

Remembrance.

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh—All
Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he goes;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends:
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes?
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restrains which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
Its faded bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by;
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

—Robert Southey.

CHOOSING A PARTNER.

There were two things patent concerning Miss Mary Dunlap—one that she was an exceedingly pretty girl; the other, that she was as arrant a coquette as ever bewitched a man. She had hair whose loose locks gilded a white forehead, but whose heavy masses glistened like fawn-tinted satin; she had great black-lashed blue eyes, with an enchanting way of glancing under their down-dropping fringes; her teeth were as even as the kernels of milk corn; her features fine as if chiseled in ivory; her dimples, her smile, the rose and white of her skin, were lovely and innocent as any baby's; and the depth of her guile there was no fathoming. Not that it was very guilty guile; it was but a trivial sort after all. It consisted only in making herself charming, and there were even those who said she couldn't help it if she would. She felt an interest in everybody; feeling it, she showed it; and if people chose to think it meant more than it did that was their fault and not hers. And there was no earthly reason, they said, why Mr. Popison should suppose, when half the lovely women of an older generation had refused his hand, that this spoiled darling meant anything but commiseration by her tender looks of sympathy as he told his griefs, after bringing her great bunches of red roses at thirty cents apiece.

The fact was it pleased her that Mr. Popison, who had once admired her tyrannical younger aunts, should now admire her. Then it did no harm to have James McArthur see that she could step into a pair of sumptuous shoes, and cross the threshold of the splendid old Popison mansion over the river; and time flew but slowly, and the affair amused her; and it wouldn't hurt poor Mr. Popison, who was used to that sort of thing.

It was a gay house, the Dunlap. All the family elements combined there. There were two grandmothers, a mother and father, aunts on both sides, two or three cousins, and Mary Dunlap and her sisters, and friends and lovers going and coming; and the time was heavy to no one but Mary, and might not have been to her had James McArthur had the wit to see what some others thought they saw.

But James McArthur, a handsome, high-stepping fellow, with a good business and some ambition, had his eyes sufficiently wide open. Mary Dunlap had touched his heart as deeply as he dared to let her, for he hesitated about marrying for love when he might marry for love and money too, and Mary would have little money; and he hesitated, too, about marrying a girl with whom everybody else was in love. "A coquette," said the wise young McArthur, "gives her husband little peace;" and he had different visions. Nevertheless the girl could not brush him with her garment without sending thrills through him, and he had only to

look that way in church and see the rosy edge of her velvet cheek beyond the pillar to feel the color surge all over his own face, and the sudden sound of her voice would at any time make his heart cease beating for the fraction of a second. Still he hesitated.

Not so Mr. Popison. He knew what he wanted, and he meant to have it. It is true that he had thought so in more than one instance before, but that, he said, was in his green and callow days; and if his hand had been refused, he was glad of it, as that left it free to offer Mary Dunlap. He had known Mary Dunlap since she was a baby; had given her her first gibraltars and her last butter-scothes; she had spent his pennies and sat on his knee, had combed his hair with her tiny fingers, and kissed his mouth with her sweet innocent lips; he had been her confidant, and had known every thought of her pure heart; and then she had gone away to school, had spent a winter in New York society, and had come back so gay and brilliant a heart-breaker that he found himself the victim of a passion of which all his other flames had been mockeries.

He, past forty-five, to hope for the love of a girl of twenty! Yet, hopeless or not, he hovered round her like a moth, and found James McArthur just enough in his way to hinder urging his point. Or was it Mary Dunlap herself who hindered it—Mary Dunlap, unable to decide whether she preferred James McArthur, with his bold black eyes, his proud comeliness and splendid youth, or Mr. Popison, just beginning to be bald, with his half-million of money. Once, when she heard James McArthur reproach a servant who had delayed with a note of hers, she thought Mr. Popison's indulgent kindness was something desirably restful. On the other hand, when she looked at James McArthur's dark dazzle of beauty, the daily sight of so plain a face as Mr. Popison's seemed a sorry fate—and Popison was such a dreadful name! But Mary would not have her thoughts dwell on more than the step before her. There was something too unmaidenly in even acknowledging to herself a preference for one who did not declare love for her. Yet she could not help the plunging in her breast when she found James McArthur's eyes resting on her with a light behind them that made her feel the next moment would bring the word she awaited; and she could not help just then being especially kind to Mr. Popison, partly from pity, partly from mischief, partly, and chiefly, lest she betrayed herself. Life with James McArthur—time and eternity with him—that seemed a dream of earthly romance and heavenly bliss. And yet—

"Mary," said her Aunt Sophy, "you are wrong to encourage Mr. Popison so. You certainly can't mean to marry him."

"I don't know," said Mary. "I should always like to have him around." Days and months went by, and still things remained as they were. James McArthur went his long business journeys, and in his absence Mr. Popison filled the vacant place; he returned, and then there were the moon-lit strolls, the sails, the rides again, and that was all. In spite of the temporary pleasure of such strolls and sails, in spite of her gayety and her merry flirtations with others than these, it was not a happy season to Mary Dunlap. Her nerves began to feel a strange agitation; conversation irritated her; slamming doors made her spring; small excitements set her to quivering; she had no appetite; she slept little; her color began to fade. One day Mr. Popison said to her: "Mary, I have been observing you, and I think perhaps I do you an injury in wishing to make you my wife. I shall always care for you, always watch over you. But I withdraw that tacit offer of marriage, which, if I have never formally made, you have long been conscious of."

That capped the whole. She must be growing a fright. She had lost all her charm. Even Mr. Popison did not want to marry her any more. She turned on him her eyes, like sapphires set with diamonds, like violets glittering with dew, and burst into tears. It made his heart ache. But from that moment he was person to her of a certain moral dignity, a dignity which could not belong to James McArthur, who neither declared himself nor let her alone. That month Bessie Travers came to see them; a pleasant girl—with a fortune. She was engaged to Tom Dunlap; but, through some notion about keeping their happiness to themselves, it was at present a secret—a secret of which James McArthur did not dream. For he began straightway to explore Miss Bessie's character, sound its depths and take its heights, and do his best to interest himself where it was for his interest to be interested, as Mary said. And Mary Dunlap, locking on, for all her levity, felt as if a death-cold hand had her heart-strings in its icy grip. She shut herself in her own room and suffered a month of misery—a room filled with fresh flowers, fruits, novels, candies; but James McArthur sent none of them. When she came down again all was as before, except that Mr. Popison's

visits had almost ceased. Somehow there was a dreariness without that kindly smile of hers; she found herself missing him; and when she met him she began to say so, and then to blush like a damask rose, and paused.

"You miss me? You really miss me?" he cried, delightedly.

"Oh, unspeakably!" said Mary Dunlap; and there was no coquetry in the confession.

"And shall you miss me if I go away forever?" For I must. It is impossible for me to stay where you are."

"Go away forever!" It came over her all at once that then the world would be a desert. She turned ashen. But if he could go, she should not let him know. "Very well," she said coolly. "I want to ask you something before you go. Did you really, as Tom says, lend James McArthur ten thousand dollars when he came near failing last spring?"

"Is that all?" he said. "That was a trifle, and it makes no difference now that I have lost nearly all the rest."

"You have lost your money?"—with a rush of pity.

"A great deal of it. But that was nothing; he would have done as much for me."

"Humph!" said Mary.

"Mary, I thought you—"

"Cared for James McArthur? Perhaps I did once, just as you cared for Aunt Sophy. If I did, the fire burned to ashes."

"And you will not marry him?"

"Why, he never asked me."

"The fool!"

"There is only one person in the world I would marry, and he declined one day to marry me," said Mary, archly, and with a sudden courage. And then she trembled like a poplar leaf, and the tears welled up.

"Mary," said Mr. Popison, gravely, changing the current with his words, "I shall tell your father that you have proposed to me, and that I have accepted you."

So gay, so bright, so happy, so beautiful was Mary Dunlap that evening, singing, dancing, tripping here and there, that every one felt she had returned from an absence, and James McArthur left Bessie Travers' side to follow her. But there was something about her that put her just beyond him, a fine separating atmosphere, a diamond glaze. "Why did you never tell me," said he, "that Bessie Travers was engaged?"

"Was it any affair of yours?"

"I suppose," he said, bitterly, "it would be no affair of mine if you married old Popison to-morrow."

"Have you made it so?" she cried.

And looking at him she wondered why she had ever quivered before those bold black eyes, that high color, that mighty manner of his, a great gladness filling her heart to think of the noble breast she had to lean on, the rest and comfort of her protector. And as she went to sing for some one the new air, "Dark was the day and dreary the night," James McArthur felt as if the earth had opened a little under his feet, and the song were written far him.

Perhaps it was because she had defied him so that he pursued her now awhile to see what it meant; that he stopped an hour next morning on his way down town; that he came in at nightfall with a headache for her to brow him the cup of tea she used to make; that for weeks he hung about her, with his old ardor kindled by that still rest of manner of hers, and his old silence enforced by doubt if the fruit were as ready to fall into his hand as he had thought, the doubt and the remoteness enhancing her value so that it began to seem to him there was not another woman in the world; and he forgot money and ambition, feeling at last that she outweighed everything he had ever valued, and he was made only the more earnest by her preoccupations.

"Mary," he said one noon, coming in on some pretext, bending over her tenderly, his eyes glowing, his voice softening, "I am going away to-night. When I come back, will you hear something I have to say to you?"

"No, indeed," she said, laughing. "You have nothing to say to me either then or at any other time, and I shall not be here myself perhaps."

"I should think," he said, "you were going to promise yourself to some one else, if I did not believe—if I did not know—that you loved me. Is that so? Marry some one else!" he cried. "I should rise from my grave to forbid the banes!"

But she answered by catching Tom as he went by, and waltzing down the room in her brother's arms.

It was a few minutes later, while her sister was making 5 o'clock tea, that Mary, passing the telephone as it rang, paused to take its message, and turned hurriedly to send Tom on an errand, in answer to which Mr. Popison and Dr. Dean left a phaeton at the gate within a half-hour, and came up the veranda, where the family were sitting.

"I was going to treat you all to a little surprise," said Mary then, deviously, "by being married to Mr. Popison by-and-by, and going off in the phaeton for our bridal tour across the river. But as the telephone just an-

nounced the arrival of some one who will forbid the banes, I thought we would not wait."

And with the red sunset pouring over the amazed and bewildered family Dr. Deans pronounced Mr. Popison and Mary Dunlap man and wife, and they had gone in their phaeton for their tour across the river to the noble old Popison mansion under its elms before the arrival of the man who had telephoned: "Am I speaking to Mary Dunlap? Yes? I have lost the train, and shall be with you in an hour, when I expect a circumstantial answer"—which circumstances gave him!—*Harper's Bazar.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Seeds with oily coatings, including the nuts, presents a good supply of fats for food.

The compass has been found to be sensitive to certain atmospheric perturbations which do not affect the barometer.

A Swiss experimenter is said to have produced artificial mother-of-pearl which cannot be distinguished from the genuine.

The discovery of fossil human remains has been made in a cave of Brazil. The bones seem to be those of extinct species.

The human lungs exhale about two pounds of carbonic acid in twenty-four hours. This is the product of the burning of nine ounces of carbon.

The desirability of connecting lighting conductors with gas and water mains has been recognized by the Saxon government, which has issued instructions as to the best methods of making the connections.

Assays of several hundred million dollars' worth of the native gold of California have shown an average proportion of 880 thousandths of pure metal. The gold of Australia gives an average of 960 thousandths.

The climbing perch of India is an air-breathing fish. It lives in ponds, which are liable to become dry in times of severe drought, and then travels over the scorched ground in search of water, sometimes living six days without it.

A scientific authority states that a copper wire of only half an inch in diameter would suffice to transmit 26,000 horse power, as developed by a waterwheel, losing only twenty per cent. in a distance of some 300 miles. The prime cost of the conductor would not exceed \$15 per horse power, for the power actually delivered at the distance station.

Sledging in Siberia.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, in a letter dated, Krasnoyarsk, Eastern Siberia, says: The snow and the frost have made out of the marshes of the Baraba a vast white monotony, differing little from the endless steppes that we have been traversing so long. The only difference was in the goodness of the road, on which we made nearly a hundred and fifty miles during the first twenty-four hours—a rate we could not keep up when we took to the regular roads again, when endless tea caravans caused continual obstructions, and the hollows and abysses in the road give excruciating pain. These tea caravans are enough to drive the travelers crazy. They reach from horizon to horizon, hundred after hundred of sledges, loaded with five or six chests of tea, driven by rascals who sleep at night time and allow the horses to wander on at their own sweet will, or, when awake, leave their horses to take care of themselves, while they assemble in groups on the sledges to talk or gossip. The sledges being well laden it is dangerous for your own yemshik to attempt to clear the road by the strength of his own team, as the result would be unnecessary damage to your own sledge. When the gold caravans meet these lazy gentlemen of the caravans the Cossacks clear the road in marvelous quick time, dashing among them and striking right and left with the broad of their swords or giving them gentle hints with the points of their lances. And this treatment is by no means undeserved, as the most tender-hearted would say after being driven to desperation by being jolted by their passing sledges the whole night through. From Omsk to Tomsk we met not less than six or seven thousand of these tea sledges, which in about a month's time arrived on the frontier. Still greater quantities of tea than that sent forward by land all the way are stored at Tomsk until river navigation commences, when steamboat and railroad connection with Russia is again complete. How the men and horses of the caravans live and sleep it is difficult to imagine. Each horse finds its little heap of hay placed in the rear of the preceding sledge, and the men find the black bread at the villages, but where the rest for the horses comes in I do not know, unless they, too, jog along the road half asleep, for they go night and day. Seeing the vast quantities of tea thus transported every year it seems surprising that Russia has not long ago opened up better communication with China. At present the tea caravans go from Kiatcha to Irkutsk and then along the Siberian post route to Russia.

How Santa Anna was Captured.

Captain James A. Sylvester, of New Orleans, who captured President Santa Anna, of Mexico, at the battle of San Jacinto, died recently. The story of the capture is told as follows: It was by accident, while hunting through the high grass which covered the plain on which the battle of San Jacinto was fought, that Private Sylvester stumbled upon a Mexican enveloped in a common soldier's blanket. The first impulse was to shoot him, but the Mexican throwing up his arms, cried out for quarter, and surrendered himself. Sylvester viewed him closely and on inquiry was told by his prisoner that he belonged to the Mexican cavalry, and was only a common soldier, pointing to his coarse shoes and clothing in proof thereof. But the sharp eyes of the young soldier could not be thus deceived, and on shoving aside his jacket and the cuffs, he discovered that the underclothing of his captive was of the finest linen, and very valuable diamond studs and pin were revealed. Thus detected, the prisoner admitted that he belonged to the president's staff, and that his captor could not only have his costly jewelry, but it would be made largely to his advantage if he would assist him to escape to the not distant post of another division of the Mexican army, which had been ordered to join Santa Anna at San Jacinto. The reply to this proposition was an imperative order, emphasized by the aiming of an unerring rifle at his body, to get up and forward march to camp. On the arrival at Houston's headquarters, which had no other shelter than a large and spreading live-oak tree, a number of Mexican prisoners recognized Sylvester's captive and cried: "El Presidente! El Presidente!" Thus betrayed, Santa Anna announced himself to General Houston with due dignity, recognized Sylvester as his captor, and was treated with becoming magnanimity and courtesy by the Texan commander.

A Police Report in Warsaw.

Whenever a personage of high rank visits Warsaw the imperial police authorities commission their secret agents to watch every action of that personage by day and night, and to report the results of their observations regularly every morning. One of these reports, handed in to the police office of the district in which is situated the Hotel d'Europe, where General Skobelev lodged during his recent sojourn in the Polish capital, is textually reproduced in the columns of the *Czas*. It runs as follows: "Last night, at the hour of 9, his excellency the general designed to leave his hotel. He wore an elegant silk hat and no less elegant overcoat. In his hand he carried a walking-stick. His excellency condescended to hire the droszky No. 217, and seated himself therein, to drive to Ziazd, where he alighted and straightway disappeared. His excellency did not return to his hotel until 7 o'clock this morning, wearing, however, a jacket and cap, both of which were covered with mud. It was, moreover, his excellency's pleasure to appear considerably intoxicated." "This report," concludes the *Czas*, "is absolutely authentic. We have seen it and are fully responsible for its publication."

The Paper of the Ancients.

The make up of ancient books was of papyrus. The Romans, according to the different uses for which it was employed, gave it different names: the Hieratic or sacred, so called on account of its being used in books relating to religion; the Livian, called after Livia, wife of Augustus; Emporetic, used in business relation; the Panniac and, lastly, the Lencotic, the coarsest kind of papyrus. The Egyptians made paper from papyrus, and likewise employed the roots of this valuable plant as fuel. Again it is related that by the use of this material they constructed light boats, in which they believed themselves secure from danger, as the Goddess Isis had once employed one on the Nile, the crocodiles fleeing in advance of the divinity, or posturing in submission, according to the legend, as she passed. Papyrus was in use 2,000 years before our era. Writing on this material was introduced in Greece at a very early period.

Carried Off by a Snake.

A very unpleasant account is given by a Brazilian paper of the proceedings of a huge water snake called the "scururyu," which is to be found in some of the rivers of Brazil. An accident occurred the other day on the banks of the Rio Arassuahy, owing to the voracity of one of these reptiles. A slave, with some companions, was fishing with a net in the river, when he was suddenly seized by a scururyu, and, in spite of his resistance, was dragged under the water in the presence of the horrified spectators. He never appeared again, and no doubt it entertained that he was swallowed by the scururyu, who made an effort with his hinder coils to carry off at the same time another of the fishing party. It is the exception for the scururyu to attack human beings; but it loses no opportunity of seizing deer, calves and other quadrupeds when they come to drink.

Fruit or Flower.

When orchards smile, and our gardens bloom:
In rainbow beauty from day to day,
And verdant leaf and nodding plume
Keep time to music the breezes play,
How sweet the lower
When sun and shower
Unfold the bud and reveal the flower!

Along the meadows in gleaming lines
From year to year is the promise writ;
Tassels and tendrils of clinging vines
Are never weary proclaiming it;
As bells in the tower
Toll forth the hour,
They herald the fruit that follows the flower.

We may watch and wait, but can hasten not
The sweet fruition our hearts desire,
Nor gather the grape or the apricot
Until they are fed with the nouday fire:
Though the fields we scour,
We have no power
To harvest the fruit that is still in flower.

But when the orchards are pink and white,
And all the meadows are green and gay,
In the promise given we take delight,
And breathe the fragrance that comes in May
Nor ask for the dower
Of a ripper hour,
For the perfect fruit in the time of flower.
—Josephine Pollard, in *Harper's Weekly.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The flattering taffy-giver should have a sugar-coated tongue.

Hepe never dies. Of course the undertaker has no interest in hope.

Coal is very dark in appearance, though it is often light in weight.

"I love the summer," as the boarding-school girl said when she eloped with her arithmetic teacher.

A Brooklyn man advertises a powder to "cure cats and dogs of somnambulism." It is put in a gun.

It is fearfully true that an ape in velvet is just as much ape as an ape in rags, but the world don't think so.

How may burglars be kept out of any house? By leaving the valuables out at night on the front doorstep.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because when he goes to bed somebody is sure to rap him up.

"What is love?" asks an exchange. Love, my friend, is thinking that you and the girl can be an eternal picnic to each other.

Why is a church bell more affable than a church organ? Because one will go when it's tolled, but the other will be "blowed" first.

There is nothing marvelous about curing by laying on hands. Hands laid on smartly and vigorously have cured many smart boys of badness.

As you travel around the country you are more impressed with the conviction that the chief end of man is to paint patent medicine signs on the fences.

Somehow, the ugliest man always wants to marry the prettiest woman. He is justly proud of his own good taste, but how mortified he must feel over his wife's.

In the temple of fame, it is said, there is a niche for every honest man; but the truth compels us to add that in that same temple there are a great many niches to let.

"I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones.

Italians emigrate from Italy to the United States with the fixed idea of making a fortune by picking up gold in the streets. Arriving, they sweep the streets for it.

It is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half-dressed man somewhere on the face of the earth calling for a shirt.

"Pa," asked little Johnny, "what does the teacher mean by saying that I must have inherited my bad temper?" "She meant, Johnny, that you are your mother's own boy."

A small boy, who was playing truant the other day, when asked if he wouldn't get a whipping when he got home, replied: "What is five minutes' licking to five hours of fun?"

"Beautiful thoughts are the desert of the mind." So they are, but the beautiful thought that you can never get the \$25 you loaned is a constant reminder of the desert in your pocket.

The crew of the British bark Alexander ran short of provisions and lived on half a glass of water each daily for a number of days. We've known lots of men to live on less water daily than that.

I will not ask if thou canst touch
The tuncful ivory key—
Those silent notes of thine are such
As quite suffice for me.

I'll make no question if thy skill
The pencil comprehends;
Enough for me, love, if thou still
Canst draw—thy dividenda.

The young Kate Shelly, who saved an Iowa train near Boone by her courageous and heroic efforts a year or two ago, is engaged to be married to the conductor of the train she saved. Now you'll find every woman in the State out stopping railroad trains and trying to pretend they're saving them. It's going to be a hard year for conductors.