

Forfeits.  
They sent him round the circle fair,  
To bow before the prettiest there.  
I'm bound to say the choice he made  
A creditable taste displayed;  
Although—I can't say what it meant—  
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun—  
To kneel before the wittiest one.  
Once more that little maid sought he,  
And went him down upon his knee.  
She bent her eyes upon the floor—  
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled them—his sweet behest  
To kiss the one he loved the best.  
For all she frowned, for all she hid,  
He kissed that little maid, he did.  
And then—though why I can't decide—  
The little maid looked satisfied.  
—H. C. Bunner, in the Century.

### Saidee's Expedient.

"Saidee! Saidee! where are you?  
Why don't you answer me when I call?"

"Yes, Aunt Leah—I am coming in a minute."

"In a minute!" sarcastically repeated the old lady. "It's always 'in a minute' with you, Saidee. But I suppose because I'm old and helpless my comfort is a matter of no consequence whatever."

"Dear Aunt Leah, you must never think of that!" answered a bright, cheery voice; and Saidee Lynn came into the room with a little tray, where was arranged on a snowy napkin some tea-biscuits, half a dozen pink radishes, a few thin-cut shavings of smoked beef and a little pot of tea, with a cup and saucer of old blue china which would have been invaluable to a collector.

"You see I had you in my mind all the time, Aunt Leah," she said, merrily. "I gathered the radishes from our own garden. Don't they look nice?"

Aunt Leah, a withered little old lady in a dress of worn black silk, and sharp, gray eyes, peering through gold-bound spectacles, tasted of the tea and shook her head.

"It's too weak," said she. "It isn't fit to drink!"

"I put in all the tea there was in the canister, Aunt Leah," said Saidee, with a distressed countenance.

Aunt Leah pushed away the cup with an expression of distaste.

"It is as I might have expected," said she. "My nieces have too little thought for my comfort to study my poor and few necessities. Never mind the tea; I can drink cold water, I dare say."

Saidee wrung her hands in despair. How could she tell this weak, feeble old lady, above whose declining years hung the threatening Damocles sword of heart disease, of their narrowing circumstances, of the empty exchequer, the clamoring creditors, the pitiful straits to which they were reduced?

"What shall I do?" she asked herself, as she went slowly back to the little kitchen of the ruinous gothic cottage, which they had obtained for a ridiculously low rent because it was ruinous. "I've borrowed of the rector's wife twice, and I'm ashamed to go there again, and I've sold everything I can lay my hands on. But," glancing up at a picture which hung in a hall beyond, "there's the Velasquez still. A Velasquez is always worth money."

Belle will scold about parting with it, and Aunt Leah will mourn; but we can't live on air and dew, like the fairies. I'll take it down to Mr. Bruner, the artist, this afternoon, and ask him to get us a purchaser. Poor people, such as we are, can't afford to retain old family relics."

And so, when Aunt Leah was indulging in her afternoon nap, and Belle, the beauty of the family, was ironing out the flounces of her white muslin dress for the morrow's picnic, valiant Saidee climbed on a chair, took the unframed picture down (it was the head of some old Spanish grandee, with a stiff pointed ruff and an evil leer in the eyes), wrapped it up in a newspaper, and crept across the meadows with it to the village.

Mr. Bruner was in his studio—a grizzle-headed, blunt old gentleman, in a belted linen blouse and a faded velvet cap. He nodded kindly at Saidee, who had once taken a few lessons from him, but when she displayed the canvas he shook his head.

"How much do you think it is worth?" asked Saidee, wistfully.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Bruner.

"But," cried the girl, "it is a Velasquez!"

"That a Velasquez?" said Mr. Bruner, contemptuously. "My dear, there isn't a picture-dealer in the country who would give fifty cents for it! It's a mendacious imitation, and a wretched one at that!"

So Saidee tied up the poor picture and went home again, shedding a few tears as she walked under the whispering trees.

"My last hope gone!" she thought.

"But I'll not tell Aunt Leah or Belle that it is an imposture. They have always taken such innocent pride in the Velasquez."

As she came past the old brick house at the foot of the locust lane a load of furniture was being carried in, for it was the second week in May. Wicker chairs, twined with blue ribbon, a cottage piano, cases of books, engravings, bird cages, plants—all sorts of pretty things.

Saidee paused and looked at them, not without interest.

"I wonder who our new neighbors are to be?" she thought.

Just then out trotted a stout, cherry-cheeked old lady, with her cap all on one side and a worsted shawl tied over her shoulders.

"Oh!" said she; "are you the young woman who disappointed us yesterday about cleaning?"

"No," said Saidee, crimsoning to her temples.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the old lady; "what is to become of us! All the furniture coming in and my daughter lame from falling off a step-ladder, and the girl gone, and— But," with an eager look, "perhaps you can recommend some one to help us settle?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," answered Saidee, and she vanished beyond the lilac-hedge, rather amused at the mistake which the old lady had made.

Belle was full of news that evening. "Oh, Saidee," she cried, "such a nice family is moving into the Locust house!"

"Yes," said Saidee; "I saw the furniture carts at the door as I came back from the village this afternoon."

"Oh, the village!" cried Belle, tossing her blonde head. "It's strange, Saidee, how much time you get to run about and enjoy yourself, while I am drudging at home. But there's a young gentleman there—the handsomest man, Alice Aikin says, that she ever saw—and Mr. Pyre knows him, and he is to be at the picnic to-morrow to get acquainted with the young people of the neighborhood. Won't it be delightful?"

"Very," said Saidee, indifferently.

But while Belle was talking she had made up her mind what to do on the day of the May picnic.

Early in the morning, while the flush of sunrise was still crimsoning the sky, and blonde Belle lay asleep with her yellow hair in crimping-pins, Saidee arose, dressed herself quietly, and slipped out of the back door like a little gray shadow.

At 8 o'clock Aunt Leah rapped with her cane on the ceiling of her room, which was directly beneath the one occupied by her nieces. Belle made her appearance presently in a faded calico wrapper, rubbing her eyes after a drowsy fashion.

"Where's breakfast?" said Aunt Leah.

"Where's Saidee?" counter-queried Belle. "Oh, I know the selfish thing! She has got up early and gone down to the woods to get some pink azalias for her hair before the other girls think of it. She wants to astonish us all at the picnic. But I think she might have told me."

"I'm afraid Saidee thinks more of herself than she does of us," said Aunt Leah, sourly.

And Belle, in a very ill humor, began to prepare the breakfast—a task generally assumed by her elder sister.

While Saidee, hurrying down the path by the swamp, took the short-cut across the clover meadow, and was presently knocking at the door of the brick house where the load of furniture had stood the day before.

The old lady with the crooked cap and the cherry cheeks came to the door.

"Have you yet engaged any one to help you get settled?" said Saidee, blushing very prettily.

"We can't hear of a soul," said the old lady. "Every one is engaged just now, and—"

"If you thought I could be of use," faintly began Saidee.

"Bless me, child!" said the old lady, "you are too slight and small. Besides," looking closer at her, "you are a lady."

"But I know how to clean house," said Saidee, valiantly. "I've done it every year at home. We are ladies, but we are not people of means. And I think you will be suited with my work. It is necessary that I should earn a little money, and—"

"Come in, my dear," said the old lady—"come in and have a cup of coffee with us. I am Mrs. Hartwick—and this is my daughter Kate."

"Saidee Lynn!" exclaimed the soft voice of a pretty young girl, lying with a sprained ankle on the sofa.

To her amazement our heroine recognized one of her schoolmates, Katherine Hartwick, who had graduated in the same class with her at boarding-school two years ago.

"But you surely have never come here to work?" said Kate, in amazement.

"Yes, I have," said brave Saidee.

"Why, is it any less creditable to clean paint and wash windows than to play croquet or do Kensington stitches? And my Aunt Leah has lost all her little property and we are very, very poor! So now you know all about it."

And when I have eaten my breakfast if Mrs. Hartwick will give me a cleaning cloth and plenty of soft soap I'll show her what I can do."

So that Miss Lynn was mounted on a step-ladder, polishing off an antique mirror, when Katie's soft voice was heard saying:

"Oh, Harry! is that you? We supposed of course you were at the picnic. Miss Lynn, this is my brother Harry. Harry, let me present you to Saidee Lynn, my dear old schoolmate, who has come here to help us clean house."

Miss Lynn made as graceful a bow as she could under the circumstances. Mr. Harry Hartwick inclined his head.

"At the picnic, indeed!" he retorted, merrily. "Not at all. I've been hunting high and low for some one to help you, and for lack of any success I have returned to do a little light white washing myself."

"Oh, have you?" said Saidee. "I know such a nice recipe for calcimining as white as alabaster, and it won't rub off at all."

"Let's make it," said Mr. Hartwick, promptly.

No picnic could ever have been more delightful than this day among dust, whitewash, scouring-sand and brooms.

Kate, on her sofa, hemmed curtains; Mr. Hartwick bustled to and fro; Saidee, with her curly hair tied up in a handkerchief, scoured paint, and Harry whitened ceilings; and at twilight they had three rooms in perfect order.

"We have achieved wonders," said Kate, looking around at the neatly-tacked carpets, the soft, garnet plush hangings, the pictures on the walls, the crystal brightness of the windows, while Mrs. Hartwick took Saidee mysteriously on one side.

"My dear," said she, "I do not know how to thank you sufficiently. But I am ashamed to offer you a dollar and a half, although—"

"But I shall not be ashamed to take it," said Saidee, smiling. "Why should I? That is, if you really think I have earned it."

"My dear, you have more than earned it," said the old lady, "and if you could possibly come to-morrow—"

"Of course I will come," said Saidee.

Wearily as she was Saidee went around by the village to buy some Young Hyson tea for the old lady before she returned to the gothic cottage.

"Well," she cried, brightly, to her sister, "what sort of a day did you have at the picnic?"

"Awfully stupid!" yawned Belle.

"And the handsome young gentleman from Locust lane didn't come at all."

"Didn't he?" said Saidee.

"And where have you been?" demanded Belle, in an injured tone.

"Oh, spending the day with a neighbor!" said Saidee, with a laugh.

They finished the house-cleaning that week. Mr. Harry Hartwick found it necessary, we may add, to walk home with Saidee the next evening, and he developed a remarkable talent in the amateur painting and calcimining line before they got through.

"Isn't she pretty, Harry?" said Kate, when at last they were settled comfortably and Saidee had gone home for good.

"She is pretty," said Harry, enthusiastically; "and she is brave, and she isn't afraid of honest work; and altogether she is my bean ideal of a girl."

"Mamma," whispered Kate, laughing, after her brother had gone out, "I believe our Harry is in love with Saidee Lynn."

"I'm sure I don't blame him," said Mrs. Hartwick. "She is a little jewel."

Aunt Leah never knew where the Young Hyson tea came from, nor the sponge-cake, nor the white grapes, nor all the little luxuries which had cheered her of late; nor did she expect anything until one day Harry Hartwick came to her and formally asked her for her niece's hand in marriage.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Leah.

"But how did you ever become so well acquainted with him, Saidee?" questioned Belle, half-pleased, half-jealous.

"Because I cleaned house for his mother," said Saidee, laughing.

And then under solemn seal of secrecy she told Belle all; and Belle declared that it was too romantic for anything, never pausing to think that real life is as full of romance as a summer meadow with buttercups, and that fortune comes to those only who go bravely out to seek fortune.

It is customary in some localities to teach children to think of a text as they drop their pieces of money into the contribution box. A certain little girl at Sunday-school recently saw the box approaching and began to search in her memory for a text. She hesitated for a few moments, dropped the dime into the box, and exclaimed triumphantly: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

A man wrote to the paragraph writer on a Western paper thus introducing himself: "I am the man who laughs at your witticisms." "Thank heaven!" said the paragrapher, with a weary sigh, "I have found him at last."

### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Monkeys, like man, have a peculiar natural abhorrence of snakes.

In many of the Oriental languages the name for five means a hand.

Stamps for taxation were invented in Holland in the seventeenth century.

Clovis, gratified by a visit from the bishop of Toulouse, gave him a hair from his beard.

Chica, a liquid which in Peru is handed round like coffee after meals, is prepared from maize moistened and fermented by mastication.

The year 1881 will be long remembered for its earthquakes. Not since 1812 had there been such a wide circle of terrestrial disturbances.

Mount Ararat consists of two peaks joined by a sort of neck, the greater peak rising 17,000 feet above the sea level and the lesser 12,800.

Ants have been known to build galleries of clay over the surface of a pineapple, to shelter those of their number who were destroying the fruit.

A board sawed from a catalpa log, which had lain on the ground for 100 years, was found to be sound, fair and susceptible of a good polish.

One of the choicest fans in the world is one that belonged to Mme. Pompadour. It is made of lace, was nine years in making, and cost \$30,000.

The cultivation of the sweet scented violet is nowhere pursued with such ardor and success as at Hamburg. Many persons have from 2,000 to 3,000 pots.

In Germany sawdust is combined with glue or some other binding material, the result being a plastic mass which is pressed into molds, into door knobs, piano keys and various other articles.

The emerald was once believed to possess wonderful qualities. It was supposed to be good for the eyes; to serve, taken internally, as an antidote to poisons and the bite of serpents, and to cure the plague and infectious fevers.

Some of the Asiatic races have a peculiar manner of kissing. Instead of placing lip to lip, they place the mouth and nose upon the cheek and inhale the breath strongly. Their form of speech is not "Give me a kiss," but "Smell me."

A scientific professor records the following singular instance of self-cannibalism: He cut in two a male cricket, and immediately the forepart, probably experiencing a sensation of emptiness, turned upon the hinder part and devoured it.

By the will of Peter Symonds, made in the year 1598, sixty of the youngest boys in Christ's hospital, London, after divine service on every Good Friday morning in Allhallows church, Lombard street, receive each a new penny and a bag of raisins.

### Oldest City in the United States.

Nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea stands Santa Fe, the oldest city in the United States. Its history is the history of New Mexico.

Three hundred years ago the Spaniards found it an old Indian village, large and populous, for history tells us that in 1580 Espejo, traveling through Mexico to rescue, if possible, some Franciscan friars who had been deserted by their escort somewhere in the valley on the Rio Grande, attempted to visit Santa Fe, but was driven back by 40,000 Indians. In 1598, however, the Spaniards succeeded in making a permanent settlement there. They built churches, convents, the governor's palace, homes and fortifications. Many of these same buildings are still standing, and are used for the purposes for which they were built. For over one hundred years they held the place, undergoing changing fortunes, as the Indians were friendly or hostile, their crops a failure or a success. But during these hundred years the Spaniards had, throughout the Territory, taken possession of the mines, forced the Indians to hard labor, taken them from their homes and reduced them to slavery. In 1680 the Indians revolted, and drove the Spaniards out of Santa Fe and New Mexico, and remained master of the country for twelve years. They had become so embittered toward the Spaniards that they destroyed everything that could be destroyed in Santa Fe, particularly whatever reminded them in any way of their hated masters. In 1692 the Spaniards returned to New Mexico, and a company under De Vargas Ponce De Leon, after a desperate battle, took up a position on the heights near Santa Fe, remained there some months, and then moved into the city, although strongly opposed by the Indians. During the Mexican war the city was taken by the United States troops, and in our civil war it was occupied by the Confederates. Notwithstanding these varying fortunes we are told that Santa Fe has changed but little.—Boston Traveller.

He who lives only to benefit himself confers upon the world a benefit when he dies.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

Work does not wear either men or women so much as worry.

When a man is wrong and won't admit it he always gets angry.

Prosperity is not just scale; adversity is the only balance to try friends.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from it.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

Beautiful lives have grown up from the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance have blossomed on slimy, stagnant waters.

Think twice before you speak once, and tell not all that you think; nor taste all you desire; nor say all that you know; nor give credence to all you hear.

If all were as willing to be pleasant and anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors they would have happy homes.

It is amusing to detect character in the vocabulary of each person. The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperament.

Earnestness is the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path to death. Those who are in earnest do not die, those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

If a man's word is not as good as his bond the best thing is to get on without either. If this can't be done look well to the bond and treat the word as though it had never been spoken.

Work is honorable, and no one should be ashamed to do any labor that is honest. Boys who try to get through the world without working, because they think it degrading to work, will not make the right kind of men.

### Arsenic for the Complexion.

"Are you ever called upon by women to give them something to improve their complexion?" asked a New York reporter of a city physician.

"Quite often, as a matter of course. Women are always looking for something to intensify their beauty. They are not to blame for it; the first inquiry most men make about a woman is whether or not she is pretty."

"Do you prescribe arsenic for that purpose?"

"Not as a beautifier. In the treatment of certain true skin diseases, however, Fowler's solution is often used, and rightly managed is a valuable remedy. But arsenic is oftener prescribed for malaria, neuralgia and dyspepsia."

"Yes, arsenic does, though not always, produce the effect ascribed to it. Its beautifying powers, however, if such they be, are much exaggerated. It is possible, but not probable, that a physician would give arsenic to a woman who wished for it, as something with which to heighten her charms at the expense of her health. No respectable practitioner would do it. There are any number of old women and quacks to attend to that sort of thing, and the number of those who use arsenic in this way is considerable. I have prescribed sulphur in such cases half a dozen times, but never afterward heard of my fair patients. Stop! one of them did return. She said that my medicine was not strong enough. 'Arsenic was good,' she had been told, and she not only asked me for it, but was indignant when I declined to write a prescription."

"The reasons for not giving arsenic in such cases should be obvious enough. The patient almost always adopts the principle of the more arsenic the more beauty. It is not, by the way, a habit confined to women. I know of two cases in which arsenic was used by young men for the same purpose. I have had several cases of women who had seriously injured themselves with arsenic, all of them within seven or eight years. Twenty years ago they were rare. The symptoms in most of these cases are very severe. The trouble begins with nausea and abdominal pains. Then the eyes redden, and the upper lids become thickened, having taken on a dropsical character which soon extends over the whole body. Frequently the arsenic produces severe skin eruptions. The nervous system in time becomes seriously involved, and wasting of the flesh, falling out of the hair, and sometimes paralysis follow. Young women should be careful how they meddle with Fowler's solution."

A druggist said that calls for arsenic were not infrequent, and came quite as often from middle aged as from young women. "I never sell it to them," he added, "without a prescription. I know, however, that it is sold for a beautifier, and I have reason to believe that it is bought of the wholesale druggists, put up in bottles, and disposed of by peddlers of nostrums, who, no doubt, get high prices for it."

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Ozone has an odor similar to a spot that has been struck by lightning.

Colored spots on decaying food are caused by animal or vegetable growth.

Stammering may be produced by sudden fright suffered during childhood.

The sugar cane, when perfectly ripe, contains sixteen to eighteen per cent. of sugar.

Strawberries contain 5.86 per cent. of their weight of glucose, and hot-house grapes 18.37.

Where birds fly very little their feathers never acquire, or else soon lose, their distinctive quill-like character.

All solid bodies become self-luminous at about the same temperature, beginning to show a dull light at about 1,000 degrees.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectanagram. It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

With thermometers placed at four feet and at fifty feet above the ground, Mr. George Dines has obtained readings which lead him to believe that the average maximum temperature for every month is always greater and the average minimum lower near the ground than at a considerable elevation.

Experiments have shown that firing with a nine-inch twelve-ton gun at armor plating three and four inches thick, representing a deck of a vessel inclined between ten degrees and fifteen degrees, in no instance caused penetration, although full charges were used.

The general belief that the joints of animals have always a synovial fluid serving as a lubricant is, according to Dr. Lambert, an error. The elephant, with his relatively moderate motions and great weight, has admirable cartilages, but absolutely no lubrication therefor.

Spices.

"Indeed there are but very few people outside the trade who can realize the amount of business done yearly in this city in such seemingly small articles as nutmegs and cloves," said Mr. W. A. Morris, a New York spice broker, to a reporter. "There are as many fluctuations and as much speculation in spices as there are in coffee or stocks. Our trade changes with the season as much as any other, and at the present time cloves are weak. There is always a heavy demand for cloves during the winter theatrical season, as that spice goes far in making a play enjoyable. There were during the past year received at this port 1,170,697 pounds of cloves. Just imagine how far back that will put the population of the country when you consider the number of matrimonial engagements a single clove has been the means of breaking. As to nutmegs there were received during the year 589,544 pounds, or 263 tons, which, at the rate of 100 nuts to the pound, make 58,954,400, or a little over one piece to every person in the United States. The white powder you see on nutmegs is lime, which is used as a coating against worms. Of pepper there arrived here during the year 14,621,843 pounds, which represent \$2,100,000, with the duty, which is five cents a pound, paid. The importation of other spices, such as cinnamon, ginger and allspice, is carried on in as large a proportion, and many fortunes are made and lost in a year in what is seemingly considered a petty business."

### Glass Shingles.

A Pittsburg firm has been granted a patent for the manufacture of shingles composed of glass. It is claimed for this material that it is so much more durable, stronger and more impervious to rain than slate or any other substance now used. The manufacture of the shingles will also be comparatively inexpensive, and can be placed in position by any ordinary workman. These shingles have the advantage of slate in several particulars. In consequence of their shape they lie solid on the roof, and can be used on comparatively flat roofs, and they will admit of persons on them without danger of fracture, a quality which slate does not possess. They are interlocked so as to leave no interstices between them, and one rivet holds each pair of shingles, so that they cannot be forced from their places by the wind or other atmospheric disturbances. They are also made so as to have very little waste material. It takes 300 slates, each 8x12 inches, to cover what is technically known as a "square" of roof (a square measuring ten feet either way,) but 150 of these shingles will suffice for the same space. Glass is likewise a non-conductor of electricity, and houses with these roofs will need no lightning conductors. Although the kind of glass intended to be used in these shingles is non-transparent glass, a roof with colored border and opalescent body is said to be very handsome.