

### The Greater Wrong.

He murdered her, you say—with one quick blow  
In her fair breast let all her young life out,  
And then, above her, with a maniac's shout  
And shriek, rejoiced to see her lying low.

Hastened her down, you say, in life's glad spring,  
When hope and faith and love and joy were strong  
In her glad heart, and life was like a song:  
There could not be, you think, a sadder thing.

I have seen murder that was fouler far:  
I have seen sweet hope slain, and joy, and faith,  
And tender true love stricken unto death,  
With weapons sweet as smiles and kisses are.

The quick, sharp blow that does not mar nor miss,  
Nor torture long, but lets the white soul go  
Unrobbed of all the best that souls can know,  
Is very tenderness, compared to this.

—Carotta Perry, in Lippincott.

### AUNT DEBORAH'S DRUDGE.

I had worked in Aunt Deborah's kitchen till nobody expected anything else of me. I had been retained in the house on sufferance at first, because Aunt Deborah's brother, my father, had run through all his property and was only distinguished for his shiftlessness and the size of his family. I suppose I was never missed from that superabundant home circle; anyway, they never came to see me nor ever inquired after me, that I know of.

Aunt Deborah had a great deal of company, being a rich and childless widow, and fond of society. But no one ever noticed me. I was not even snubbed, for it was not worth while to snub a mere drudge like me.

My cousin, Elsie Allston, was also a member of my aunt's family, but she received very different treatment from that which fell to my lot. Her father was auntie's favorite brother; therefore she was educated and was understood to be certain of a home and life's comforts always and of a fortune at Aunt Deborah's death.

Yet I did not envy my fortunate cousin, for while I was let alone, and at least took pride in the consciousness that I earned my own living, Elsie was continually being taunted with her dependence, and was kept in abject servility by constant threats of disinheritor.

Elsie would have been kind to me if I had allowed it, but I had a sort of pride which forbade me to receive patronage from any one. I must be received on an equal footing or not at all. The only pleasure of my life was unlimited liberty to use the books in my aunt's great and ever-increasing library. My rough work unfettered my hands for sewing, a fact for which I was sufficiently thankful, as it increased my leisure hours.

For the first two or three years of my stay I read novels exclusively. But one of the novels happened to have a noble and aspiring woman for its heroine. Somehow, the story of that life haunted me day and night, and I resolved to be something worthy of love and respect, whether I ever received my reward or not.

My first step was to map out a line of thought and conduct, and a course of reading. My intellectual nature was to be molded by some of the best books in my aunt's library, and that ideal woman of whom I had read was to be my moral lever, lifting me into an atmosphere of self-forgetting holiness and love. I believed that if Aunt Deborah's drudge never had an opportunity of showing her devotion to the human race, her own soul would grow rich by the quiet effort.

It had been years since I formed this resolution when Mr. Gleason, forming one of a party of visitors, came to my aunt's house. But having company to cook for in the summer had come to be a settled thing, and all company meant to me was more drudgery and less time to read.

There was no prophetic voice to whisper to my heart on the morning of Mr. Gleason's arrival that my fate, my hope and my despair, my blessing and my misery, had come to me. He was only one more guest, to be cooked for and to be waited upon by the drudge.

One day Elsie came to me with her sweet, weak face tearful and pleading. "You must help me, Hannah," said she.

"Help you do what, child?"  
"To keep Aunt Deborah's good-will and marry Mr. Gleason. You see Mr. Gleason is very poor, and if aunt threatens to disinherit me it may lessen my chances of getting him."

I think my astonishment and disgust showed themselves in my face as I answered:

"Have you so little confidence in your promised husband? So little faith, and yet willing to be his wife?"  
She made an impatient gesture.

"You don't understand," she said, slowly and unblushingly. "He has not yet asked me to be his wife, but he will. I am sure he will! He does not love me very much, but when we are married and he sees my devotion it will be different."

Then she put her face in my apron and sobbed bitterly, and I knew by her tears that she had many misgivings.

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied through her tears; "but you can manage anything, I am sure. Aunt Deb says you are to this house what grease is to an axle; that is, you seem to make everything run smoothly."

I could not help smiling as I replied:

"That is the first compliment I ever received, and I think it an exceedingly doubtful one. It cannot be expected that a kitchen drudge can successfully intermeddle in so delicate a matter as a love affair. Why, Elsie, I was never in love in all my life, and I daily pray Heaven to preserve me from any such calamity, because the man I could love would not notice such a person as I seem to be."

"I don't know," said Elsie, dubiously, and for the time forgetting her troubles. "There is something about you different from other servants—something strong and masterful; but I think you are troubled with morbid sensibilities. Promise that you'll help me if you can, Hannah."

"Yes, I can make that promise with perfect safety," I replied.

I formed a little plan of action very speedily. That evening I went to Aunt Deborah's room, and being bidden to enter, my first words were:

"I suppose you mean to leave Elsie penniless, if she marries a poor man."

"Yes," replied she, "I have secured for her the offer of a very eligible husband. If she does not see fit to accept him her future must be whatever she makes it."

"Then," said I, "Elsie's loss will be my gain, I hope. Don't fail to consider me after she has flung away her chances for some day becoming your heiress."

Aunt Deborah looked at me steadily for a moment, as if she felt inclined to think I was taking leave of my senses; then she sat in her chair and laughed long; laughed until her round face was very red indeed. As soon as she was in a condition to speak, she said:

"You had better have practiced awhile on some one else before you tried to overcome my purpose with strategy. Your face betrays you. You are not earnest enough, and you are most mortally ashamed of yourself. You know that I am contrary and you know that I am always angry with the person that wrongs Elsie; therefore, you thought that by making me angry with yourself, you could get me to vow eternal fidelity to Elsie. Not so. It is just as I have said. Elsie must obey me or she will not receive a penny from me. As for you, you have strength and ability to earn your own living. You know how to work, and do not care for the luxury that money brings. You do not need my money, and further, I do not believe you want it."

I turned away with a bitter smile. How little did my aunt know of my tastes, only because I was too proud to make them known! And my intended aid to Elsie had proved a failure.

The next afternoon, having a leisure hour, I went into the library, intending to carry a book up to my room; but becoming interested in the volume I had selected I forgot my purpose, and seated myself near a window in an obscure corner. Not long after the door opened, and Mr. Gleason entered. He spent some time searching among the books, and at last turned to the door with empty hands and an air of disappointment. Then I rose and suggested that I might perhaps be able to find for him whatever he wanted.

He turned and surveyed me for a brief moment; then asked:

"Whom do I address?"  
"Hannah Allston, the cook and floor-scrubber," I answered.

"I was searching for a work on architecture, and am disappointed at not finding it, because I wished to settle a warm argument, fast descending to dispute, which I left in full progress in the drawing room. I am sure I could establish my point if I had the book I saw here yesterday."

I returned to the afore-mentioned corner, and produced the volume I had been perusing with so much interest.

"This is probably what you were looking for, sir," I said.

He took the volume from my hand with evident pleasure and just as evident surprise.

"Ladies do not usually care for this sort of literature," he said, apologetically, when he saw that I had read his face.

I replied:

"Ladies have little incentive to care for such things, because society promptly and most emphatically discourages all such indications of strong mindedness. Of course it can make no difference to a woman whether the house she lives in is built in Corinthian, Doric or Gothic style, or has no style at all. In her affection of pretty, childlike simplicity is considered very interesting, and if she can be interesting, why need she aspire to become intelligent?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Allston. I think the days when a woman was admired for her ignorance may safely be named in the past tense."

"You are a man of society, and

ought to know; but my small field of observation has shown me that some women, at least, affect frivolity and simplicity in the presence of company; from which I inferred that society admires that sort of women.

"Perhaps it does, after a fashion," he replied with a smile. "But depend upon it, Miss Allston, the scepter of belleship was never yet wrested from an intelligent conversationalist by an ignorant woman, even though the brilliant woman has a much plainer face than the other. People love to be entertained, and one who can offer wit and wisdom without pedantry is sure to be admired, and, if she can add genuine unselfishness to her list of accomplishments, to be loved also."

"Perhaps," said I. "But have you not forgotten to return to the drawing-room?"

"Thank you for the reminder, Miss Allston; may I venture to hope that this will not be our last meeting?"

"I am, as I told you, a servant, and prefer not to be patronized. We met by accident. If we meet again, I shall not recognize you."

He smiled good-humoredly, bowed, said "We shall see," and turned away. I felt vexed with myself for having conversed so freely with a stranger, and made sundry good resolutions by which my future deportment was to be governed.

I do not understand what there was in the trifling event just narrated to stir my nature, but that night I did not close my eyes till 3 o'clock. I began to hate myself for having remained so long in a mental position without a single struggle to rise above it. A beautiful thought came to me at last, with the suddenness of inspiration. I had in many instances proven myself to be a good nurse for the sick. I had more than once administered simple remedies with success in the absence of a physician. I had been fascinated by the study of anatomy and physiology; why not add to these a knowledge of therapeutics? Why not become a physician, practicing among women and children?

The thought was healing oil to my troubled spirits, and I was soon asleep, happily ignorant of the long struggle entailed upon me by my resolution, of the cost of medical courses and the difficulty of persuading patients that a woman can be fit to undertake a "case."

It was wonderful how often Mr. Gleason found it necessary, after that, to come to the pump at the kitchen door for a drink, and how he persisted in not noticing the glass which I placed there for his accommodation, but must always come into the kitchen, no matter how busy I was, and trouble me to get one for him, and pause awhile to talk.

I found out one thing. I could talk, and no one had ever tried to draw me out before.

I was not alarmed when I found that I watched eagerly for his coming. I told myself that no one whose friendship was worth caring for had ever before treated me like a rational being and an equal, and that had this friend been a woman, my love would have been just the same.

We talked on every subject, from the lore of legends to international politics, and I never dreamed that it was more than the pleasure of speaking on subjects remote from puddings and pies that made me care for Mr. Gleason.

I had a terrible awakening. One day he was just leaving me when a voice on the lawn was heard to call out:

"Where's Mr. Gleason?"  
"Down in the kitchen, I suppose, courting the cook," was the answer, more suggestive than ladylike.

It was not the heat of the stove that made my face burn at that moment, and the thought flashed into my mind that I had an unquestionable right to be courted, just as Mr. Gleason re-entered the room and said:

"That coarse jest on the lawn has made me resolve to ask you now what I had intended to defer to a later day. I love you, Miss Allston; will you be my wife?"

"Oh, no, no, Mr. Gleason! Where is your honor, to trifle with the affections of Elsie, then seek to wed me? I am surprised beyond measure. I thought better of you. Go!"

"I cannot tell what you may have heard," he replied with a pale, stern face, "but I have certainly been no more attentive than courtesy demanded. I had dared to hope for a different answer. You have accused me of dishonor. That parts us."

Then he was gone. The same day he departed from my Aunt Deborah's. "A sudden fancy for sketching among the mountains. Never thinks of anything but his art," complained the guests. The following day Elsie's engagement was announced to the person whom Aunt Deborah had chosen for her. She could not live without plenty of money, she said.

Six years passed, during the most of which I was not in communication with Aunt Deborah or any of my relatives, they having with one accord refused to forgive me for being "strong-minded" and persisting in the study of medicine. They were years of hard work

and almost unendurable loneliness. I was engaged in professional labors in a village in Vermont.

One day a messenger came in great haste to call me to the bedside of a stranger who was very ill, perhaps dying. No male physician was to be found. Would I go? I hesitated but a single moment. How thankful was I afterward that I obeyed the impulse of mercy, and cast aside that of prudery! It was Mr. Gleason!

When he became conscious, days afterward, he reached feebly for my hand, and said:

"This is what I have been praying for. I have found you at last, Hannah."

That was five years ago, and now we have been married just four years and eleven months, and are as happy as mortals, subject to the age and their neighbors' chickens, can ever hope to be. On our marriage day I threatened to "throw physic to the dogs," but my husband said:

"No. You shall always be my physician."

The Old Rail Fence.

I am told by foreign tourists that while many of our fences are reflected in those of other lands, the counterpart of the zigzag fence is to be seen in no other country. It is typical of Yankee-land. It is known as "Snake of Virginia fence," and as a relic of a lapsed era of unlimited forestry. History does not chronicle the name of its inventor, but I have long since learned to cherish a profound respect for the memory of this untutored backwoodsman, and I never follow the course of one of those fences without feeling a certain consciousness that its original builder must have seen his work through eyes artistic as well as practical.

The careless abandon of its lines—a repetition of form in which absolute repetition is continually defined by the capricious convolution of the grain, for there are no two rails made in the same mold—and their gray satiny sheen, their weather-beaten stains of moss and lichen, and the ever-changing play of lights and shadows from the waving weeds and vines, make the old rail fence truly an object of real beauty in our landscape. Often have I lingered in its angles, and a hundred times have I thought of the host of pictures and reminiscences which might fill a book to the glory of a fence corner.—Harper.

America's Coal Fields.

Miners in Illinois are only making \$7 a day.

Coal dust is manufactured into bricks in France.

All the Canada railroads get their supplies of coal from the United States.

The Chesterfield county (Virginia) coal mines are the oldest in America.

In the manufacture of iron last year in this country 9,979,503 tons of coal were used.

Coal is being prospected for in the vicinity of Pittsburg, Kan., under very favorable circumstances.

Dams and reservoirs with a storage capacity of 100,000,000 gallons have been built in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania.

The biggest tow ever brought down the Mississippi was a fleet of thirty loaded coal boats and barges recently arrived at New Orleans from Pittsburg.

The fear of spontaneous combustion prevents vessel owners accepting the high prices offered for freight on bituminous coal to Japan. As much as \$5 a ton has been offered.

Nine hundred square miles of coal territory have been developed in Bates and Vernon counties, Mo., showing veins six feet in thickness at a depth of from forty to eighty feet from the surface.

Indians at Baseball.

The Modocs are very good baseballists. A very fine game was played on the open prairie between the Modocs and the Peorias. The Peorias appeared to be the more athletic and taller, but the Modocs, although a shorter, squat set of men, seemed to hold their own. They are really skillful baseball players, being splendid catchers, throwers and excellent runners. The Peorias are finely uniformed in white shirts, black velvet breeches trimmed with gold stripe down the leg, red stockings and regulation shoes. They play a very quiet game, seldom speaking a word, and seem to thoroughly understand and utilize all the tricks practiced by the best clubs.

A Novel Industry.

A novel but profitable industry in mountains of North Carolina and East Tennessee is that of collecting roots (mostly laurel). The roots are shipped to Philadelphia and Boston, and used for the manufacture of door knobs and pipe-bowls. The roots frequently weigh from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty pounds. There is a constant demand, and good prices are paid for them by the ton.

Cape Cod Cranberries.

Any one driving in the fall of the year, perhaps during the month of October, over the sandy roads of the cape, says a Sandwich (Mass.) correspondent, would be surprised to find almost every spot of low and swampy land, without regard to size or shape, covered with the thickest cranberry vines, from which great numbers of the people are picking. The meadows, or bogs, as they are usually called, vary greatly in size and shape, but are generally laid out in the form of rectangles.

Nearly all of them are intersected or surrounded by streams of water, which serve the double purpose of drainage and overflow; the latter for protection from frosts of winter, and, in the summer, from very destructive insects peculiar to the vine. Where there is no water the bog must be left to the mercy of these destructive agencies. Stretched across the bogs in time of harvest is a phalanx of industrious pickers, a few feet apart, working hard to fill their measures. Although the prices paid for picking are small, hardly ever exceeding one and a half cents per quart, yet, even at this figure, the older pickers can make from \$2 to \$3 per day, while the younger ones can earn \$1 easily.

I know of ladies leaving their homes in cities, being fatigued by the noise and excitement of city life, and the impure air incident thereto, who come to some village on the "Cape," roll up their sleeves, glove their hands, and at once proceed to the picking of these berries, and, after inhaling the fresh bog air, mingled with the air from the salt water, which borders both sides of them, they return to their homes greatly improved in health and strength.

Since the first cultivation of cranberries on the Cape, some eighteen years ago, this industry has grown to be an enormous one. The cape berries are considered the best, and, accordingly, are in prompt demand. They are not white and small, as you generally see in stores, but are of a bright red, and sometimes of a dark color, and are of a good and uniform size. These berries are put up into neat, new barrels of a regular size, holding one hundred quarts each, and, if picked over and the frozen and wormy ones removed, they will command the highest price, while, on the other hand, the frozen ones will barely reach half price.

In about every village on the cape lower small, may be seen in harvest, time teams driven by people of all colors and nationalities, directing their way to the nearest shipping station loaded with the rich-bred berry. Stormy weather does not interfere with them; all that concerns is the price the berries will bring in the market, provided they reach their destination before the fluctuation. Some keep their berries for speculation, and often, in the spring, they command an enormous figure; but keeping them in cellars does not improve the quality, as more or less of them spoil.

Nearly all these berries are shipped direct to New York, where there are established markets for them. It is difficult to state how many barrels of these berries go out of the Cape towns in a season, and still harder to estimate the hundreds of dollars that come into them. A good yield is considered from eighty to 100 barrels per acre. If the soil is in good condition one can reap 150 barrels. As the prices are at present (\$17 per barrel), this could be called a profitable business. The crop fell short of its usual amount last year, and consequently the prices are the highest.

An Arkansas Snake Charmer.

Mr. Black, who resides in Hillsboro, Ark., exhibits a control and influence over the reptile family astonishingly mysterious. In the woods, creeks or wherever he finds a snake, it matters not of what type of deadly poison and venom it may be, he succeeds in capturing it alive and suffering as little from the clasp of its fangs as if it were an ordinary pin-scratch. He handles and fondles them about his person with as much indifference as if they were so many harmless toys. He will allow the largest rattlesnake to deliberately strike and bury his fangs into his flesh, and apparently suffer no inconvenience or serious consequences from the tragic risk. By a certain weed or growth of vegetation he claims to destroy the effect of the bite. When bitten he chews and swallows the juice of the weed, which acts like a charm.

A Boy's Couplet.

Said a teacher to a class in composition, "Make a rhyming couplet including the words nose, toes, corn, kettle, ear, two, and boil." There was silence for a little while, and then a little boy held up his hand in token of success. "Read the couplet," said the teacher, and the boy read:

"A boil in the kettle's worth two on your nose,  
And a corn on the ear's worth two on your toe."

It is with happiness as with watches, the less complicated the less easily deranged.

The Farmer.

Let the wealthy and great  
Roll in splendor and state;  
I envy them not, I declare it;  
I eat my own lamb,  
My chicken and ham,  
I shear my own fleece, and I wear it;  
I have lawns, I have bowers,  
I have fruits, I have flowers,  
The lark is my morning alarm;  
So, jolly boys, now  
Here's Godspeed the plow,  
Long life and success to the farmer.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The original soar-head—The balloonist.  
A cool reception—An ice cream festival.

A man should not resign—even an umbrella—while under a cloud.

If a musician enjoys himself without "measure," can he have a good time?

Hanlan has won \$80,000 by his skill with the oars, and that is good sculler-ship.

Paris green is the fashionable color for buckets, but it's bad taste for curant worms.

It is a terrible come down for a man to fall out of a balloon and be obliged to walk home.

It takes the whole legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change hers by the act of a single man.

A correspondent wants a cure for laziness. Let him try nitro-glycerine placed underneath his rocking chair.

A dynamite mine in Russia is not nearly so destructive as a brand new ten-million dollar silver mine in Colorado.

"H'm!" ejaculated Fogg. "So they say this play is taken from life? I should say rather that the life is taken from the play."

"No, you don't; you must pay as you go!" exclaimed the landlord, as he caught an impudicious boarder trying to skip away.

"Does poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply, "even the little chickens shell out."

Old Crusty, who has two pretty daughters, says he has kept a bulldog for years for the express purpose of distributing the males.

"Who was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Moses," "Very well; who was the meekest woman?" "Never was any."

Persons with boys in the family should know that the boys have a platform, and that they always stand on it. It reads: "Scolding doesn't hurt, whipping doesn't last long, kill they dar'nt."

Physiology—"Mother, what have people got noses for?" asked a child of her mother, who had seen better days. "To turn up at poor folks, my child," was the cynical response.

Don Carlos, the would-be king of Spain, and his wife have parted. The cause of the disagreement is not given, but the neighbors say she used the royal scepter to stir soap with, and set a hen on fourteen duck eggs in his kingly crown.

Every little drug store has a soda water fountain, which simply raises frictions with a fellow's bank account.

For he meets his girl at twilight, when he's coming home from his,  
And he sweetly has to ask her if she'd like to hear it fix.

"Poor man," exclaimed the physician, as he approached the patient's bed, "he seems to be suffering from neuralgia." "You're mistaken," said the sick man. "Her name isn't neuralgy, it's Sophia, and we've only been married six months."

J. M. S.: "Can you give me any recipe for preserving fence posts. Please reply in your next issue." We can't do it. We have asked several ladies, and all of them say they never tried it, believing that it would take too much sugar, and that the thing wouldn't be much of a delicacy anyway. But they say if you want to know how to fit tomatoes or can green corn, they can flood you with information.

"Is Mr. Vanderbilt in?" asked a gentleman of a person who was lounging at the entrance of the officers' apartments at the Grand Central depot, New York. The latter regarded his interrogator with a look of mingled pity and contempt as he answered: "In? Well, I should say so. Lake Shore stock was 98 three weeks ago and now it's 112. He's in about \$500,000 if he's in a cent."

A Texan stopped into a Philadelphia tonsorial saloon to have his hair cut. The officiating artist having enveloped his victim's neck in towels and compressed him securely in the chair opened the conversation by saying: "You are a little nervous, sir, I perceive. Allow me to say that our 'Capillary Elixir' not only covers bald heads with a luxuriant growth of hair, but calms the mind and restores the whole nervous system to a healthy equilibrium. What do you do for nervousness in Texas?" The representative of the Lone Star State looked up serenely and answered: "We usually go out and kill a habdar."