The Postillion of Nagold.

A stranger came to Nagold town
One stormy winter's day,
A queer old man with visage brown
And hair all streaked with gray—
A man of most forbidding ways;
His glance was shrewd and cold.
And all his looks and actions days
Of hard denial told.

He came at noon—the worthy dame
Who kept the inn—"The Bear"—
All vainly wondered whence he came,
Or what had brought him there.
He set apart and ate his bread
And drank his pint of wine.
"I want a coach," at length he said,
"At three, for Adlerstein."

"For Adlerstein?" the dame replied,
"'Tis three good hours away;
The mountain streams are deep and wide,
And waning is the day:
By daylight there is naught to fear.
Our hearth is warm and bright;
You'll find good cheer and comfort here;
Stay then and rest to-night."

"Ha! What care I for rain and sleet,
And perils you forbode,
With driver sure and horses fleet
I do not fear the road."
The worthy hostess sighed "Ah, me;
I'll not entreat him more."
And, as the village clock struck three,
The coach was at the door.

The driver was Postillion Dorn,
A lusty youth and true,
Whose notes upon the bugle-horn
Were known the Schwarzwald through;
And village maidens used to cast
Admiring glances down
Whenever he, with cheery blast,
Came dashing into town.

Full half an hour through mud and rain
The team had dashed along,
And Dorn had tried and tried again,
By merry jest and song,
And frequent word of cheer, to break
The silence so forlorn—
'Twas vain. "At least," thought he "I'll wake
The echoes with the horn."

Then first a martial air he played—
An air that he had learned
In days when armies stood arrayed
And blazing camp-fires burn·d—
An air that told of battle's call,
Of carnage fierce and hot.
The stranger sat unmoved through all,
And seemed to hear it not.

"Aha!" quoth Dorn, "I'll try again,"
Then, 'midst the rain and sleet,
He warbled forth a tender strain,
A love-song soft and sweet.
Through wind-tossed pines the plaintive lay
Its murmuring echoes woke;
Yet, when its music died away,
No word the stranger spoke.

Another hour in silence passed.
Each spectral bush and tree
Seemed mocking Dorn's despair. At last
"I'll try once more," said he.
Then, mid the blust'ring wintry gale,
In chorals grand and clear,
The "Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele"
Broke on the stranger's ear.

Its solemn notes the echoes woke
Through dim-lit forest aisles
In sweet and pleading tones that spoke
Of Heaven and angels' smiles.
O'er every lonely mountain track
Its softened cadence stole,
And distant hillsides murmured back
"Oh! love the Lord, my soul."

Then to the stranger's raptured gaze
At that sweet hymn's command
Came back the scenes of boyhood's days
Passed in that Suabian land—
His mother's love, his father's care;
And all the peace benign
That hovered round the hearthstone there
Long since at Adlerstein.

He saw the tree beneath whose shade
He used to sit and sing—
And where he'd plucked in sunny glade
Fresh violets in spring—
The cross-tipped spire, and, standing near
The churchyard on the knoll,
And ever sounding in his ear,
"Oh! love the Lord, my soul."

The tears burst forth—he meekly bowed
His head upon his hand.
"God bless you now," he sobbed aloud,
"This is my native land.
I've wandered from it far abroad
O'er mountain, seas and plain,
My soul, indeed, doth love the Lord
Who brings me home again."

Postillion Dorn has now grown old.
Grandchildren round him play,
And he full oft, I wot, has told
How well he played that day.
Let's hope, in age, for memory's sake
Some brave Postillion Dorn
For us, in turn, such notes may wake
Upon his bugle horn.

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

United States Consulate, Stutgart.

IN BLACKBERRY TIME.

"Go down and pick a few quarts of blackberries, Hulda, child, and don't sit doubled up over that book any longer," said Mrs. Holt, as she dumped down a basket of linen she had just brought in from the bleaching patch—fresh, fair, fragrant linen, with the odor of new-mown hay permeating through every fold of it.

Hulda lifted up her golden brown head and gazed at her aunt with great, soft, appealing eyes.

"Oh! aunty, it's the 'Two Orphans,' and I do want to know whether they ever find each other again. You know Louise is blind, and—"

"There, that'll do. I bet they found each other all right in the end. You know if they did it right off there wouldn't be any story. Take your basket and get enough berries for supper. You know Joe Travers and Aleck Hunt are helping your uncle with the hay, and hungry enough they will all be. Go along."

So the "Two Orphans" had to be laid aside, and Hulda, somewhat reluctantly, took her way to the blackberries. They grew at the foot of the meadow by a running stream, and they were tempting, luscious and plentiful. Hulda's thoughts were with blind Louise, while her fingers were busy with the berries, and she scarcely let her eyes wander from her basket.

She was fair to look upon, this orphan niece of the old New England farmer. Tall and slender, with gold-tinted, bronze hair, brown eyes, and sun-kissed, soft, smooth cheeks, with a peachen down on them. Her eyelashes were particularly long and curving, and she had a way of looking out from under them that had a great effect upon the young men she met at "meetin'" and singing school. Not that she tried to fascinate them, but she could not help doing it, any more than a rose can help smelling sweet. Hulda was not quite seventeen. Her father had been a teacher of music; her mother a sister of Silas Hope. They both died young and poor, so Hulda came to the Hope homestead when she was a shy girl of eleven, slender but not ungraceful, looking, with her wistful brown eyes, like a young fawn. Her uncle welcomed her with open arms, and his wife, though childless herself, was a woman who had a heart big enough to have a place for all the friendless little ones that came in her way.

Hulda was happy—thoroughly happy and content. The fresh air, new milk and early hours soon built up her slight form. Though she remained slim, she filled out with the roundness of beauty. Her warm cheeks glowed with a sunset flush, and her lips were like coral. Hulda's dress was a simple dark-blue print, and her head was covered by that well-nigh obsolete form of ugliness, a sunbonnet. Still the waves of golden hair showed on the smooth young brow, and the blackberry gatherer formed a pretty picture.

Not unobserved, either, for across the brook, under the shade of some drooping willows, a tall man in a gray shooting dress lay watching her.

"What a study for Evangeline!" said he to himself. "What a Marguerite?"

The man kept very still, and in all probability Hulda would never have been conscious of his presence if another party had not appeared on the scene. The new-comer was a stout man about forty years of age, with a long, black beard, large, soft hat and brown velvet coat.

"Hullo, Morley! What luck?" he exclaimed. The sound of his voice startled the girl, but a healthy existence had endowed her with strong nerves, and her surprise was not alarm. She gazed at the strangers with calm interest, for they were unlike the men she saw in her daily life.

"Poor luck, Carltone. I fear the trout are too sensible to take much notice of my unsophisticated efforts to attract their attention."

"Possibly so. Well, I have whipped the stream also with more skill than success. Let us adjourn."

Hulda had returned to her berries, but her cheeks were flushed and her young heart throbbed, for she felt Morley's eyes fixed on her face.

"What a pretty girl!" said Carltone, in an undertone.

"Yes; an unusual style of beauty. I never saw anything more lovely than the mixture of tints on her face. No common pink and white blonde beauty but the ripe tones of the old Italian masters."

The basket was full now, and the girl was turning away, when Morley rose to his feet and addressed her gently and respectfully.

"Can you tell me where I can buy some milk or cider—anything cool to drink?"

"Yes. If you go up to the middle of the meadows you will find a bridge. I'll wait here for you, and that red house is where my uncle lives. Aunty will give you some milk; we haven't any cider."

"Thank you."

She stood waiting for them, basket in hand, while Morley gathered up his fishing tackle and sought the bridge, followed by his friend.

Hulda was shy, but she replied to the questions addressed to her by Morley with self-possession. He was surprised to find how well-informed she was. She had a passion for reading, and fortunately had been able to gratify it, for the library of the old clergyman who lived near the Hope homestead had been placed at her disposal.

When they reached the house supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hope expressed no surprise when the number of guests at her table was increased by the arrival of the strangers. She made them welcome and showed them their places. Fresh, home-made bread, cold boiled ham, corn cakes and Hulda's blackberries, washed down with creamy milk, engrossed their attention for a reasonable time, then the men sought the doorstep with their pipes, and Hulda, her aunt and the hired girl went out to milk.

Silas Hope was a shrewd, middle-aged Yankee farmer, God-fearing and sober, smart and far-seeing, and Morley and Carltone soon became interested in his conversation. He asked them no questions that bordered on the inquisitive, but still learned that they were strangers in the neighborhood—Carltone, an English lawyer, come over to look for a lost heir; Morley, also a lawyer, from New York.

"I've almost given up hope of finding the man I am in search of," said the Englishman. "I lose all trace of him since the war. He was a music teacher in Boston, and joined the army, was taken prisoner and escaped from Libby prison."

"An Englishman—music teacher—served in the army. May I ask the name, sir?"

"Certainly. His name was an uncommon one—Stanly Earlwood. He was the younger son of a younger son, and when he left England had no expectation of ever coming into the title or estate."

Silas Hope took his pipe from his mouth and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Supposin' the man's dead, sir. Supposin' he married out here and left children. What then?"

"If those children can prove their descent they will inherit the title and estate."

"If they are boys, maybe; but what would they get if they are girls?"

"If they are girls they will inherit large fortunes, but the title will pass into another branch of the family. I wish I could find any trace of Stanly Earlwood. I shall return to England next month, but I have done nothing."

"You can find a trace of Stanly Earlwood, sir."

"Where?" cried Carltone, startled out of his careless attitude by the marked significance of his tone.

"Yonder," replied Silas, pointing across the meadows, where in the early autumn moonlight the white tombstones of the churchyard glistened.

"What, here?"

"Yes, here. Stanly Earlwood married my only sister Maggie after the war. He met her in Boston, and they went to Portland. He was sickly and couldn't get along, and they came home for six months. Then they went to Baltimore for a spell, but he got worse and worse. Now and then they would come and stop with the old woman and me, but poor Earlwood was mighty independent and didn't like to be a burden. Well, he died five years ago, and he is buried in my plot, and his headstone is there—you can see it to-morrow—and all his papers is in my sittin'-room in his own desk, and his only daughter, Hulda, is out there with Miss Hope milkin' our brindle cow."

So the object of the search was accomplished in an unexpected manner. The next day the grave was visited, the papers examined—fortunately Earlwood had been a methodical man, and in his desk all the necessary documents to prove his daughter's rights were found.

Hulda was surprised to learn that she was a member of an old aristocratic family. Her aunt said she always knew her brother-in-law belonged to good kinsfolks. Silas took the matter very calmly, and only seemed sorry at the prospect of losing his niece, whom he loved like a daughter.

"I spose you will go to England and live among the lords and dooks?" he said, placing his arm around her and drawing her to his breast.

"No, I will not, Uncle Silas. I don't know the lords and dukes. Can't I stay in the States if I like, Mr. Carltone?"

"Certainly, Miss Earlwood. I think your wish is natural. Still it might be better to go home, just to form the acquaintance of your father's family."

"I don't want to know them. They never did my father any good. Uncle Silas was the one who always helped us. I'd rather stay."

Morley did not leave the Hope homestead till he won Silas' consent to return. He told him that he admired Hulda, and he sought him to give him permission that he might address her.

"No!" replied Silas, sturdily. "The girl is too young. Go back to New York and come here in a year's time. Then we shall see."

Morley obeyed, though he was loth to do so. He took a long walk with Hulda, but, faithful to his promise, said no word of love. He was wealthy, but he worked hard during his probationary year to better his fortune.

* * * *

It was a glorious moonlight night, and Hulda stood beside Silas, who smoked his pipe on the stoop. Hulda was simply dressed in a flowing robe of thin texture—of a pale shade of silver gray. She was beautiful, and the past year had been well employed by her, for she had used her new-found wealth to improve her mind, with the assistance of a good teacher—a lady of genius and culture. She was sometimes thoughtful, her governess thought a little sad, but never expressed any reason for being so.

As she stood looking across the meadows listening to the chirp of the crickets, and watching the shadows of the clouds as they crossed the gold queen of heaven, a click of the gate caused her to turn in that direction. A tall form in a gray suit stood before her—a face that looked unnaturally pale in the moonlight.

"Frank Morley!" cried Silas Hope, in tones of warm welcome.

"Yes. I've come to ask the question that you would not allow me to ask a year ago. Hulda—you know what it is. Do you not?" He took her hand, which trembled and turned cold in his. "Do you, can you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you."

The marriage took place at an early day. And sorry as Silas was to part with his niece, he knew she had found a husband worthy of her. So ends the story of how a wife was won by waiting till the blackberries were ripe.

Advice to Would-be Journalists.

Four hundred dollars per year is said to be the average salary paid to the editors, reporters and printers of the United States engaged on newspaper work. Young men, you who are longing to join the band of public opinion molders, just think of that. Four hundred dollars a year for the best slice out of your life! Hadn't you better stick to the farm, the counting-room or learn a good trade, that, when you become tolerably proficient in it, will pay you remunerative wages? Hundreds have learned that "molding public opinion" is a mighty poor business. Molding stove lids pays much better, and don't cause half the wear and tear on the molder's system. A good many people think newspaper work is just as easy as falling down on ice, or finding a girl's lips in the dark. We used to think so ourself, but that was when we were a bigger fool than we are now. We knew a young man once, out West, who for two years longed for a place on a newspaper as a reporter, and at last he got it. The first day he was required to report a horse race, a temperance meeting and a fire seven miles out of town. After he had done all this the managing editor told him he might write a Washington letter, giving a summary of the political situation at the national capital, and then he could go out and get some points on the pork market for the next day's paper. He wanted to know of the managing editor how in the dread future he could write a Washington letter at a point 714 miles from the national capital, and when he had never been there in his life. The managing editor coolly replied that "if he could't write a letter from any point in the known world on fifteen minutes' notice, he'd better quit the newspaper business before he disgraced it." He resigned that evening and went back to his old counting-house stool, and his old time, independent ten-dollars-a-week air, and never asked to be a journalist again. Some men seem to be born to do newspaper work, and they will do it if they have to live on cold hash and button their coat up to their chin while their only shirt is in the wash. And they will be just as happy, too, as the son-in-law of a monopolist with a bad cough. They would never be contented in any other calling, even if it paid them ten thousand dollars a year and fire wood. All others should keep out of the journalistic field.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Zylonite.

One of the most remarkable uses to which paper has been put of late years is the manufacture of zylonite, a substance which, at the will of the manufacturer, may be made in imitation of horn, rubber, ivory, tortoise shell, amber and even glass. The uses to which zylonite are adaptable are almost infinite, but perhaps the most extraordinary is the manufacture of cathedral windows. The discovery was made by an Englishman named Spills, about fifteen years ago, but it was only about five years ago that a company was formed in London for its manufacture. Within the last two years a company has been formed here. The base of zylonite is a plain white tissue paper, made from cotton or cotton and linen rags. The paper being treated first with a bath of sulphuric and other acids, undergoes a chemical change. The acid is then carefully washed out, and the paper treated with another preparation of alcohol and camphor. After this it assumes an appearance very much like parchment. It is then capable of being worked up into plates of any thickness, rendered almost perfectly transparent or given any of brilliant colors that silk will take. It is much more flexible than either horn or ivory, and much less brittle. Combs or other articles made of it in imitation of tortoise shells are said to be so perfect in appearance as to deceive the eye of the most practiced workmen in that substance. The difference in the materials can be detected only by tests. A plain white tissue paper also forms the basis of celluloid, and the treatment in the early stages of preparation are somewhat similar. The chief difference, however, between celluloid and zylonite is that the former cannot be rendered transparent, and, therefore, cannot like the latter be made to imitate so many different substances.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Faith in God.

Faith in God justifies self-respect and defense of one's individual rights. In the godless theory of the universe men are momentary products of nature's loom, woven and unraveled as they make up the progressive woof of human history after the pattern of a slowly perfected humanity. The individual is nothing; humanity is everything. One soul comes and another goes, each made by its place and for its place; and both endure for a moment and are gone. Before the relentless march of this advancing horde the single soul is trampled into annihilation and forgetfulness. From the crest of this foaming sea, myriads of drops are for an instant whirled into life, wrought into forms of beauty, and then whelmed into the cruel waves. Human rights and joys, human affections and hopes, human responsibilities and fears—are but the flying foam on their restless waves that with accelerated speed hurry them toward the ocean.—*President Porter.*

Religious News and Notes

There has been a net gain of ninety-nine in the twenty-seven Congregational churches of Rhode Island during the past year.

Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who has been lecturing in Japan, warned the people that "if their country did not become Christian it would not succeed in its new free development."

Rev. J. C. Price, of the African Methodist Episcopal church, has returned from England with $10,000, collected there for the Zion Wesley institute, devoted to the training of preachers for the colored race.

Rev. Dr. Martyn, a missionary of the Presbyterian church, is president of the imperial college of Pekin, China, and Rev. Mr. McFarland, of the same church, is superintendent of public instruction in Siam.

The British Wesleyan Missionary society raised $20,000 at its annual breakfast meeting, and another $20,000 at its public anniversary, thus extinguishing the debt which had burdened it. At the close of 1880 this debt amounted to $190,000.

There is about to be formed in Great Britain a "Green Ribbon" army, composed of all members of the Roman Catholic temperance organizations throughout the kingdom. A green ribbon will be worn at the buttonhole by each member of the army. There is already in active work a "Blue Ribbon" army.

The Free Methodist church was organized by former members of the Methodist Episcopal church in Western New York, in August, 1880. Its latest annual report shows 13 annual conferences, 271 preachers, 368 local preachers, 12,642 lay-members, and 339 Sunday-schools, with 2,188 officers and teachers and 11,401 scholars.

The vicars of two of the most popular Episcopal parishes in Bristol, England, both of whom are evangelical clergyman, have originated a church mission army, designed to reach the masses somewhat on the lines of the Salvation army, but without their eccentricities. Regiments have already been formed in their respective parishes.

The Methodist bishops who, a short time since, seemed to be on the threshold of death, appear to have gained a new lease of life. Bishop Bowman has gained strength enough to make a journey West, and Bishop Foss has been able to ride out several times in a carriage. Both expect to resume active duties in the fall. Bishop Peck is also recovering slowly.

When Whitfield preached before the seamen at New York he used the following apostrophe: "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? don't you see those flashes of lightning? A storm is gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars suddenly rose and exclaimed: "Take to the long-boats!"

What is a Census "Family?"

I had occasion to inquire concerning the average size of the family circle, and was dismayed at learning that the average is produced by considering the inmates of one house whether it be hotel, tenement-house, or private residence, to constitute the family. To illustrate: In a square containing two hotels with 520 guests each, two tenement-houses each containing four families of five persons, fifty private dwellings with ten persons to each, and one household consisting of an old maid and her cat, the average of the "family" is twenty.—*Washington Republic.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The walls of ancient Ninevah were 100 feet high, and thick enough to drive three chariots abreast.

A pound of charcoal will melt ninety-five pounds of ice, and a pound of coal will melt ninety pounds of ice.

The art of working paddles and oars by oxen in a circular wheel was known to the ancients and used in the middle ages.

Tarring and feathering is a European invention. It was one of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seaman in punishment for theft.

It is estimated that there are 587 languages and general dialects in Europe, 937 in Asia, 226 in Africa and 1,264 in America; in all nearly 3,000.

In the fourteenth century, to maintain a lion in the tower of London cost sixpence a day, while human prisoners were supported for one penny.

In the United Kingdom there are 103 women to every 100 men. In the United States there are two and one-half per cent. more males than females.

In China the first class are the literati; the second, the husbandmen; the third, the artisans; and the fourth, the interchangers. The priests hold no office.

In old times a Jew never asked interest of a brother Jew, but took it out of the next Christian that came to him. In this way money accumulated in Jewish hands, for they never preyed upon one another.

Ohio papers are telling with some show of astonishment of a lady who has lived for forty years within a few miles of Cambridge, that State, and who last week saw strawberries for the first time and did not know what they were until she was told.

The longest three-quarter-inch rod ever made was rolled at the Albany iron works recently. It is 263 feet long, free of flaw, and plump from end to end. It is said to be forty feet longer than any rod ever before produced in this or any other country.

One of the most arbitrary acts of William the Conqueror was forcibly turning out from their lands and tenements all the people who dwelt in a space of thirty miles around Winchester, for the purpose of planting a forest there as a hunting ground. The operation required the demolition of twenty-two churches.

The tensile strength of glass has been shown to be between 2,000 and 9,000 pounds per square inch, and the crushing strength between 6,000 to 10,000 pounds per square inch. By trials a short time ago, M. Tranlionie found that flooring glass, one inch square, and one foot between the end supports breaks under a load of 170 pounds.

In some Eastern countries the larger shells of the mother-of-pearl family are used in the construction of houses. Mounted on a framing of wood, they make at once strong and elegant panels, blinds for windows, etc. The cathedral and other sacred edifices at Panama are lined with shells, and the soft light they diffuse is said to have a most pleasing effect.

Stabbing His Coat Collar.

Some years ago a story came from Paris that a criminal condemned to death had been executed in a novel way and without blood-letting. The culprit was blindfolded and laid upon a marble slab after being informed that he was to be bled to death. A needle was used with which to prick his arm, and as the point touched him drops of warm water were sprinkled so that they ran down his side, and to the condemned it appeared that he was bleeding to death. In a little while the experiment proved successful, and the man expired, such was the force of imagination. A case somewhat resembling this was brought to the notice of Police Officer Jones the other day. As he passed the Vandills building he saw a man lying on his back in the entrance. The stranger's hands were crossed upon his breast, and his legs were close together. As Jones afterward said, "He looked every inch a corpse." The face was bloodless. The eyes were closed as though in death. The handle of a jackknife protruded from a point between the collar and the jugular vein. The blade was hidden. Jones jumped to the conclusion of suicide. He took hold of the knife and drew it out of its resting-place. The blade was unsullied. Being aroused, the man said that he had attempted suicide. Instead of wounding himself he merely stabbed the collar of his coat. Then he felt that he was dying. Visions of father, mother and home passed through his mind, he said only for a moment, and then he became unconscious. He was perhaps just entering the spirit land when Jones called him back.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

There is great joy at the re-establishment of the drum in the French arms. In the barracks and canteens soldiery are preparing to welcome it back with festivity. The army, it was found, was losing prestige in the eyes of the people for want of the drum.