

The Stars.
They're nestling on the streamlet,
And trembling on the seas;
They're sparkling in the dew-drop,
And peeping through the trees!
And while like sparkling diamonds
They deck the brow of night,
They hide behind the cloudlets,
And gild them with their light.

But oh, those silent watchers,
So radiant in the sky,
Are to us all bright beacons,
To guide our souls on high,
And from those far-off regions
They soar through clouds of night,
With glorious, radiant fingers,
Into the realms of light!

The Curtain Patterns.

Willie Vane was only a cash boy in Myrtle & Ruban's great Chestnut street palace—a pale, big-eyed child, with brown hair drooping over his forehead, and a sensitive little mouth.

He was merely one of the bits of human machinery which made the great, glittering whole revolve so smoothly.

At the store nobody gave him a second thought or a second look; but here at home he was "Willie," the youngest, and the pet. His chair in the window seat was kept sacred to him; his little shelf of books was undisturbed, and the ugly little terrier dog by the fire was petted and caressed and treated to occasional bones because it was "Willie's." For even cash boys occasionally have homes and mothers!

"Why don't you eat your turnover, Willie?" said Mrs. Vane, watching the progress of his supper with true maternal anxiety. "I baked it on purpose for you, with fennel seeds scattered inside, and the edge stamped with a scalloping iron!"

"Just wait a minute, mother!" said Willie, who had darted away from the table and was scratching away with a lead-pencil on a bit of buff wrapping paper. "One minute! There, Lita! I thought I could carry the pattern in my eye. What do you call that?" triumphantly holding up the piece of paper.

Manuelita Vane—a tall girl, who was stitching away at a roll of pearl-white flannel, carefully enveloped in old linen—leaned over to look at his trophy.

"Stalks of flower-de-luce," said she, "with wild vetch vines tangled around them. Oh, Willie! where did you get such a pretty pattern?"

Willie chuckled, and laying down the paper cut deep into the turnover apple pie, and rewarded himself by a mouthful thereof.

"Could you embroider it, Lita," said he, "in deep, deep blue—almost black—on an olive-satin ground or old gold?"

"Could I?" said Manuelita. "Of course I could. But what does all this mean? What are you talking about, Willie?"

"Just this," said Willie, swallowing a second mouthful of apple pie. "Three times two is six, ain't it? And twice six is twelve, and twice twelve is twenty-four, and ten times twenty-four is two hundred and forty."

"Willie," cried Manuelita, "are you crazy?"

"Not a bit!" nodded Willie. "Now listen—you and mother were crying as I came in, because the rent was overdue and the landlord was insolent; and I was wishing that I was big enough to pitch the fellow downstairs or to earn enough to settle with him and move our traps somewhere else. Now here's the way, clear and square, to earn two hundred and forty dollars. Say a hundred and twenty of it clear profit."

"Willie," said Mrs. Vane, "I think you must be dreaming."

"No, I'm not," said Willie, chasing the last delicious crumbs of the apple turnover around the plate with evident relish before he pushed it back. "Only hear me out. There was a lady customer at the store to-day, Mrs. Hampstead, of No. — Broad street, looking at that very pattern of curtain light blue flower-de-luce, all wreathed—with dark blue vine-leaves, on old gold satin, for four windows. Hand-embroidered, Mr. Sellall said—imported from Paris. And she would have taken it at ten dollars a yard, only Mrs. General Gurleyton had just ordered it for her boudoir. At least that was what Sellall said. And couldn't it be duplicated? Mrs. Hampstead wanted to know. And Sellall said no, not possibly. Now, Lita, if you'll embroider the design—I guess you can work it out from these scribbles of mine—I'll go to Mrs. Hampstead and sell it for you."

"Oh, Willie!" cried Manuelita, with a gasp at the comprehensiveness of the idea. "But where on earth should we get the material—twenty-four yards of satin?"

"Get the Old Miser to lend it to you," said Willie, succinctly.

Manuelita shrank back.

"I couldn't ask him," said she.

"Then I will," said Willie, "if you try the experiment, Lita. Come—nothing ventured, nothing won. Say yes."

"Yes!" whispered Manuelita.

And away scampered Willie to unfold his schemes to an old wood-engraver who lived in the top story of the house, and who, having been nursed through a tedious attack of inflammatory rheumatism by Mrs. Vane and her daughter, was popularly supposed to care somewhat more for them than for the other lodgers.

He was old and he was shabby, and he had a small account in the savings bank, which three facts had won him the appellation throughout the tenement house of the Old Miser, but his real name was Jenkins.

"Lend you a hundred dollars, eh?" said Mr. Jenkins, looking up at Willie Vane through his goggles like a huge specimen of the lobster tribe. "Humph! that's a pretty cool request, ain't it? What should I lend you a hundred dollars for?"

"Because we need it," Willie answered, valiantly. "And because Lita and mamma are so—so poor! And because—"

"Because," said Mr. Jenkins, quietly, "they were good to me when I was sick and alone. That's the best reason of all. Well, what are you going to do with a hundred dollars?"

"Speculate, sir," said Willie bravely. "And then he explained his ideas.

"There are the germs of an enterprising business man about you, young fellow," said Mr. Jenkins. "Yes, I'll lend you the money. Or, rather, I'll lend it to your sister."

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Mrs. Hampstead was sitting in her boudoir at No. — Broad street, writing cards of invitation to a musical lunch party, wherewith she was intending doubly to enchant the senses of an especially favored few, when the blue-ribboned maid showed in a little lad with a bundle under his arm.

"He would insist upon seeing yourself, ma'am," said Matilda, the maid. "It's the boy from Myrtle & Ruban's, I think."

"Would you be so kind as to look at these curtains, ma'am?" said Willie, without allowing the grand lady time to express any surprise at his appearance. "It's the wild vetch and flower-de-luce pattern—peacock blue on old gold, you know."

And as he unfolded the glittering fabric, exquisitely embroidered in the artistic pattern, Mrs. Hampstead uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise.

"It's exquisite!" she cried. "It's superb! Even more beautiful than the other. Did Myrtle & Ruban send it here? And how much do they ask for it?"

"It's ten dollars a yard," said little Willie. "And there are twenty-four yards. Enough for four windows."

"I'll take them," said Mrs. Hampstead, promptly. "Tell Mr. Myrtle—"

"Please, I don't come from Myrtle & Ruban's," said the boy, valiantly. "My sister embroidered the curtains. I saw how much you were pleased with the pattern last month, so I copied it as nearly as I could, and Manuelita—that's my sister—worked it. And if you are suited with it we shall be very glad, ma'am."

Mrs. Hampstead took off her jeweled eye-glasses and stared at the boy.

"I never heard anything so extraordinary in my life!" said she. "Do you mean to tell me that that exquisite work was done by your sister? Here—in this country?"

Willie's face beamed with pride.

"Every stitch of it, ma'am," said he.

And he carried back with him the rich lady's check for two hundred and forty dollars.

But this was not the end of it. The next day a card came up—Mr. Hampstead's card—and Mr. Hampstead himself followed it, to Manuelita's secret dismay.

"If I could only have had time to brush out my hair!" thought the girl, not knowing how lovely she looked in the picturesque disorder of her fair, yellow tresses, as she sat at the everlasting embroidery frame.

The gentleman raised his hat as courteously as if she had been a princess of the blood.

"I am Mrs. Hampstead's emissary," he said. "She wishes to order a mantle lambrequin to match the curtains, and she hopes that you will undertake the commission."

"Gladly!" cried Manuelita, with sparkling eyes.

And the two sat down together to design the pattern, as enthusiastic as two children.

"He's the pleasantest gentleman I ever saw," said eager Manuelita, when Willie asked her about the visitor when

he returned from the store. "But I thought you said she wore eye-glasses and a false front of hair, Willie?"

"So she did," said Willie. "But all ladies wear those wiggy concerns nowadays."

"He must be a great deal younger than she," said Manuelita, thoughtfully.

"Married her for her money, probably," said Willie, as he sat down to his supper.

Manuelita began the lambrequin the next morning. Old Mr. Jenkins had been repaid his loan with interest, the landlord was paid, a score of petty debts had been settled in various directions, and still there remained a little residue in the family treasury. No wonder that the golden-haired girl sang at her work.

Mr. Hampstead called the next day to take Miss Vane to a "Needlework exhibition," where there was a device of water-lily buds, something similar to the flower-de-luce stalks.

Afterward he bought a book of old engravings, with illuminated borders, for her to look at; and there was the Renaissance to discuss, and the growing pattern on the old gold satin to criticize.

And one day Mrs. Hampstead herself wrote a note to Manuelita:

"I want you to come and look at my conservatory portieres," she said. "They are stiff and ugly, and I know that you could remodel them. I have heard so much of your artistic skill that I am beginning to have great faith in you."

And Manuelita entered the rich lady's carriage and was driven to the Broad street palace. Mrs. Hampstead welcomed her with the sweetest grace and cordiality.

"My dear," she said, "I'm glad to see you."

Manuelita glanced timidly at her. Oh how old and wrinkled she seemed to be his wife!

"Your husband told me—" she began.

"My husband?" repeated the elder lady. "I have no husband, child. I have been a widow for fifteen years. It isn't possible that you mistook Lovel for my husband! It isn't possible, my little, shy beauty, that you are ignorant that he loves you?"

Manuelita turned first red then pale; she might have fallen if her arm had not been gently drawn through a stronger one.

"Mother," said Mr. Hampstead, smiling, "go and look at the conservatory portieres. I will wait for you here."

The end of it all is easy to be conjectured. Mr. Vane's pretty daughter is queen of the Broad street palace, and Mrs. Hampstead senior has subsided into a graceful dowager.

Mrs. Vance toils no longer now, and little Willie has exchanged the drudgery of the store for a preparatory school.

And all this romance grew out of a tangle of flower-de-luce blossoms and wild vetch leaves.

So truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction.—Helen Forrest Graves.

Tortures of the Sun Dance.

A gentleman who has spent three years among the Sioux Indians at Standing Rock agency said to a New York reporter: Great preparations are made for the sun dance. A huge, straight tree is brought from the forest and planted in the selected ground. About it are built about forty clusters of poles, with four poles in each of these clusters. There are covered places arranged for the spectators. The young bucks who are to perform the dance are stripped to the waist, and are expected to perform the ceremonies for three days without eating, drinking or sleeping. They begin by standing in the sun the first day, tooting whistles, dancing and looking at the sun as long as they can stand. Sometimes they fall from sheer exhaustion. On the second day they are prepared for the closing ordeal. The medicine men cut four strips of skin loose from each man, two strips in front and two behind. These strips are cut about an eighth of an inch deep, and in such a way that a stick may be thrust through behind, to which a string of raw hide is attached. The men are each tied to one cluster of the four posts in such a way that there is no escape without tearing the strips of skin apart. The pain is very great. The skin is so elastic that it breaks with great difficulty. Often a man is obliged to pull all day before he can break the four strips of skin and release himself. Those who endure the pain best are the bravest men. Those who fall from exhaustion are called women, and are fined heavily. It is a sort of religious ceremony, and is observed with great earnestness. The Indians are great gamblers, and have a game similar to poker. They are all familiar with ordinary playing cards.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Bible and Its Circulation.

No book has ever had the circulation of the Bible. The British and Foreign Bible society alone, since its organization in 1804, has circulated nearly 94,000,000 copies. To this we may add the issues of the American Bible society, organized in 1816—40,000,000. Also, we must add the issues of the National Bible society of Scotland, which distributed nearly 500,000 copies, in whole or part, last year. There are other Bible societies—the American and Foreign, the Russian, German, etc. What book had a circulation of 150,000,000 in the past seventy years? The Bible has been translated since 1804 into 226 languages. When you hear young gentlemen with the modern culture intimate that this work has been superseded, it is well enough to bear these facts in mind.

Religious News and Notes.

There are 5,744 Presbyterian churches in the United States.

The Wesleyans of England during the last twenty years have added more people to their church than John Wesley did in fifty years.

Protestant missionaries entered Japan in 1859, but they were compelled to wait a dozen years before they could do any direct Christian work.

The *Churchman*, in speaking of Dr. Newman Smyth, says of him: "The more Presbyterians of this sort the better it will be for the church of the future."

Two American Seventh-day Adventist missionaries were killed by the mob in Alexandria during the riots. These were the only Americans killed so far as known.

The Rev. Mr. Gring, Reformed missionary in Japan, takes his wife with him on his preaching tours. She starts the hymns and enjoys it as much as Mr. Gring enjoys preaching.

Of the population of the globe 120,000,000 are nominal Protestants, 200,000,000 are Roman Catholics and 175,000,000 are Mohammedans. There are less than 10,000,000 Jews.

Ninety years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of evangelical foreign missionaries is 5,000, and they are leaders of a native host of 30,000 helpers of all kinds.

There are twenty Baptist theological seminaries, with \$630,000 property and \$1,000,000 endowment, eleven Congregational, with \$1,438,000 property and \$1,669,000 endowment, fourteen Methodist Episcopal, with \$620,000 property and \$500,000 endowment, and thirteen Presbyterian, with \$1,489,000 property and \$2,842,000 endowment.

Do Red Colors Lead to Crime.

The Chicago *News* says a physician of Chicago asserts that red colors are powerful factors in crime; that their predominance in cities excite murder and other crimes, and that firemen's red shirts are accountable for most of their fights. The physician says:

No one will deny the exciting effect of red upon the inferior animals. At certain seasons it transforms even the timid deer into a demon of fury. Any one who has interviewed a vicious bull in close paddock won't need much argument to convince him of the maddening effect color exerts on the bull. A child wearing a red sash will change a gander or turkey-gobbler into a veritable harpy. Butchers used to be thought unfit to sit as jurors in capital cases, because their occupation was supposed to blunt their sympathies and make them fierce and careless of life. There is no doubt that they are more truculent than those of other callings, but I don't think the cause of their harder hearts is the one assigned. If my theory is correct, the color which is constantly present before their eyes, both in the blood and the flesh of their victims, is chargeable with a portion, if not all, of the unenviable mental condition.

Now, as to the frequency of the recurrence of red in cities. A man with half an eye can see that it is the prevailing color. Nearly half the business house and three-fourths of the dwellings are built of staring red brick. Dead walls are brilliant with the color depicting scenes that would excite if done in more somber hues. The pigment is used in signs of all sorts to catch the eye, and just now shop windows fairly blaze with it. The women have fashion's warrant for adorning themselves with colors that were not thought to sort with modesty a few years ago. And just now we have a carnival of crime of the very kind that the exciting color produces. Murder and suicide follow each other in almost monotonous procession. The outburst of crime is certainly contemporaneous with, if it is not traceable to, the predominance of red.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Telegrams and telephonic dispatches are now, in France, transmitted simultaneously over one wire.

Fillings of lead placed in a mold of steel and subjected to a pressure of 2,000 atmospheres are converted into a solid block. At 5,000 atmospheres the lead becomes a liquid.

It is said that Dr. Gehring, of Landsbut, in Bavaria, by means of an enameling liquid, renders any species of stone or cement harder than granite. The process, it is further reported, admits of being applied to metal which is completely protected from rust.

The amount of heat poured down annually on the surface of our earth exceeds a million times the heat producible by all the coal raised, which may be estimated at 280,000 tons a year.

The Italians are rapidly adopting the cremation process of disposing of the dead; and it is surprising how many people in this country have of recent years begun to think that the speedy consumption of the body by the flames is infinitely better than the slow combustion in the grave.

Professor Fairchild thinks there are reasons to believe that the common house fly, with numerous lenses, capable, as has lately been proved, of change of focus, like the human eye, by a circular muscle, overlooked by early entomologists, can avoid the serious difficulties we meet with in higher powers, and could distinctly recognize objects only 20,000,000th of an inch in diameter.

A Missouri doctor proposes the use of the arc electric light for killing the moths from the eggs of which the destructive cotton worm is hatched. It is well known that brush fires or burning rubbish will attract these pests, and it is probable that the brilliant electric light would destroy in a short time enough moths to make good the cost. At any rate, the experiment is worth while being made.

Ministers' Sons Who Were "Signers."

The New York *Observer* has this list of ministers' sons and grandsons who were among the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is probable that several others beside those here named were grandsons of clergymen, but taken as here this enumeration shows that at least one in seven of the signers was a clergyman's son, while probably not one man in a hundred was at that time of the cloth.

John Hancock, of Massachusetts, was the son of a faithful and industrious pastor, and was born near the village of Quincy, Mass., in 1737. His father was devout, a friend of the poor, a patron of learning. He died while John was an infant, and left him to the care of his brother, a wealthy merchant of Boston. His grandfather was also a clergyman.

Robert Treat Paine, of Massachusetts, was the son of a clergyman, and his mother was a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Treat, of Barnstable county. He was born in Boston in 1731.

Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was the son of a daughter of one of the first Baptist ministers of Rhode Island, and was born in Providence, March 7, 1707.

William Williams, of Connecticut, was the son of a clergyman who was for more than half a century pastor of the church in Lebanon, Conn. He was born April 18, 1731. His grandfather was also a clergyman.

Philip Livingstone, of New York, was descended from a Scotch minister of the gospel of "exemplary character."

Francis Lewis, of New York, was the son of an Episcopal minister, and his mother was a clergyman's daughter. Francis, their only child, was born in Llandaff, Wales, in 1713, and was left an orphan when five years of age.

The Rev. John Witherspoon, D. D., president of the New Jersey college, was the son of a minister in the Scottish church, and was born at Teston, near Edinburgh, February 5, 1722. He was a lineal descendant of John Knox, the great reformer, who prayed "Give me Scotland or die."

Francis Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania, was the son of a daughter of the Bishop of Worcester, England. He was born in Philadelphia in 1737. He was a poet and wit as well as a statesman.

George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Ireland in 1716.

George Ross, of Pennsylvania, was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in New Castle, Del., in 1730.

Cesar Rodney, of Delaware, was the son of a daughter of an esteemed clergyman.

Samuel Chase, of Maryland, was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born April 17, 1741, in Somerset county, Md.

A Baby as a Bear's Pet.

The *Chico (Cal.) Record* tells this strange story: Henry Flynn, who resides up in the hills near Inksip, is in town to-day, and had the following incident to relate, in which a bear of the cinnamon species abducted his three-year-old daughter, not with any desire to harm the child, but through a strange kind of affection. It appears that Mr. Flynn started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from his house, and as his little girl seemed anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that she continued standing where he left her, and on looking back, after going a little further, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about her of her mother, who said she had not seen her, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear.

The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for a trace of their child; nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods, calling the lost one by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen from below, who are traveling through the mountains buying stock, came to the house, and, being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to find her. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swamp spot where the undergrowth was thick heard her voice. They then called her name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where she and the bear were they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across a swamp. The bear had undertaken to cross a swamp on a log, and being pursued left the child and got away as rapidly as possible. She had received some scratches about the face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also.

The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face when she would slap him, and the bear would hang his head by her side, and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her, and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.

The Erie Canal.

A few figures given below will show the importance of the Erie canal. The principal lines of transportation from the West to the East include ten thousand miles of railway, seven hundred miles of river, sixteen hundred miles of lake and sixteen hundred of canal. Of the freight brought over them nearly one-fourth of the whole quantity comes through the Erie canal alone, though it is open only six months of the year.

Exclusive of its branches the canal is three hundred and fifty-two miles long from Albany to Buffalo, and it has nearly eight thousand boats upon it, which travel nine million five hundred thousand miles in a season. The number of men and boys employed on the boats is twenty-eight thousand, and the number of horses and mules used in towing is about sixteen thousand.

In the busy season about one hundred and fifty boats reach tidewater through the Erie canal daily, and bring more cargo than twenty miles of railway trains could carry.

The time of transit between Buffalo and Albany is about eleven days, and the cost of carrying a barrel of flour between those points varies from forty to fifty cents.

The railway train attracts attention in every village through which it passes, but the canal-boat glides through the narrow inland water way unnoticed, so unobtrusive is it; and yet should a delay occur at one of the locks, in twenty-four hours hundreds of boats would accumulate, with as much grain on board as would feed a nation for at least one day.