

The Closing Days.

Ere wild winds come, or long sad rains,
We walk the pleasant meadows,
With beauty crowned, the fruitful plains,
The wood-path flecked with shadows,
Where, in the room of starry bloom,
Are little fox-grapes glowing;
While cardinal, to light the gloom
Its blood-red flag is showing!
With glory every scene is fraught;
The miracle of old is wrought.
The autumn's bright memorial hue
Now gilds familiar places;
How shines the stream, the skies how blue,
And every bramble graces!
A trail of fire the vines creep higher,
Among the cedars waving;
The roving eye doth never tire,
It finds no dull engravings.
With glory every scene is fraught;
The miracle of old is wrought.
The bursting hanks the schoolboys see,
Where polished chestnuts cluster,
And they with glee round chosen tree,
To glean the walnuts muster!
And hanging down so ripe and brown,
The russet harvests finding,
While husbandmen in every town
The latest sheaves are binding.
With glory every scene is fraught;
The miracle of old is wrought!

—George B. Griffith.

A SEA MONSTER.

Tom Langtry, walking along the pebbly beach a few miles from Mullingar, came upon a sheltered inlet where undisturbed he might indulge in the luxury of a swim. It was a warm afternoon, and Tom, oppressed with the fatigue and dust of a long railroad journey from Dublin that morning, could not resist the temptation of a "dip" in the cool, sparkling water. Leaving his clothes half-hidden among the rocks, he plunged in and struck out boldly from land. After half an hour's lusty buffeting with the waves, he swam slowly back to shore, and, scrambling up the shelving beach, saw, to his indescribable consternation, that of his garments left on the rocks not a trace remained.

Hestood for a moment looking about him in breathless dismay, shivering and miserable, but with energy enough left roundly to malign the rascally thief who had taken his clothes. He shouted in a strong, clear voice—once twice, three times—but no answer came. What was to be done? He could not walk back to the town as he was, and it was growing late and unpleasantly cool. What a fool he had been to risk his property within reach of a possible thief! Yet the spot he had chosen had seemed so safe.

A quantity of rank, coarse-fibred seaweed grew on the rock, and the remains of a fish-net were hanging from a stake driven into the sand. No better idea occurring to him, Captain Langtry tore great handfuls of the slimy weed from its stony bed, and, winding it about his shivering form, secured it with fragments of the net.

The oily seaweed, thickly besprinkled with barnacles and sharply-edged cockle-shells, was but a sorry substitute for the neat tweed suit and fine linen, the loss of which he so bitterly regretted. He advanced a few steps, when the absurdity of his appearance struck him, and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Would his gay companions in Dublin recognize him now? How differently from of old would the belles of that bright city regard him could they see him, clothed in yards of slimy seaweed!

He made his way inland from the beach as fast as his unshod feet would bear him over the rough stones, and, crossing a barren meadow came at length upon a cabin more picturesque than the average, shaded by several fine oaks. Help seemed finally at hand, for surely the roughest peasant would have more suitable attire than seaweed to lend in an emergency. Captain Langtry hastened toward the open doorway, and proclaimed his arrival by a knock and loud "Hallo!"

His summons was quickly answered by a girl of sixteen or eighteen, who, after one swift glance at the newcomer, threw up her hands and exclaimed:

"The saints defend us, but it is the Old One himself!"

Captain Langtry gave no heed to this inhospitable greeting, so pleased and fascinated was he by the girl's beauty. Her real Irish eyes of clear dark blue shone with excitement, her cheeks were flushed, and her glossy black hair, curling and soft, had fallen over one shoulder in picturesque confusion. But her mental summing up of the captain was far from complimentary; she saw only a shaggy, dripping creature, with little human about him except a tawny mustache and saucy blue eyes.

"Begone, you villain, or I will throw this hot water over you!" she cried, seizing the boiling kettle from the hob.

Tom saw that she was in earnest, and as she absolutely refused to listen to his pitiful story, he thought it better to avoid the scalding water and depart in peace. With a last regretful glance

at the beautiful little fury brandishing the ten-kettle, he disappeared behind the house, and found himself in a flourishing potato field.

In a far corner an old woman, in one of the long dark, blue coats of the country, was busily bending over the hillocks. For the first time in his life Captain Langtry played the part of a sneaking thief. He stole softly up behind the helpless old creature, and, seizing her cloak, tore it from her shoulders and sped like the wind across the potato field, wrapping himself in the ample covering as he ran.

"Howly mother, preserve us!" he heard screamed behind him, and then a groan and execration reached his ears. One swift glance backward revealed the old woman on her knees among the hillocks; but whether she had assumed this position by accident or to pray for the return of her cloak, Captain Langtry had no time to inquire. His trials were now well-nigh over, for the cloak, though an odd garment for a man, robbed him of his troublesome, supernatural appearance. Beyond the fire of sarcasm from urchins encountered on the way, he was allowed to re-enter Mullingar unmolested, where, over a cup of hot tea, he laughed at his adventures of the afternoon.

Six months passed, and after an extended tour in Norway Captain Langtry found himself again in the little fishing village of Mullingar. All through his wanderings in foreign lands he had oddly enough been haunted by the bright eyes of the fiery little country lass who had threatened to deluge him with hot water on the day of his formation with avidity, and, after having assured himself that the blue-eyed heroine of the tea-kettle still held her sway in the household, he engaged a room for a month in the little lodging-house, which rejoiced in the name of "The Gull's Nest."

Folded in the bottom of his trunk, which was shortly conveyed to its new dwelling, lay the long blue cloak which Captain Langtry had found of such service on a former occasion. If he found it expedient to acknowledge himself the thief he would restore the old woman's property without delay, as his conscience troubled him for not having done so long before.

Shortly after his installation in his new abode a timid knock, accompanied by the rattling of dishes, sounded at his door. To Captain Langtry's great delight his attendant proved to be no other than the charming little girl for the sake of whose pretty face he had given up his comfortable rooms in the town. She sat at the tray, containing a carefully-prepared tea, on the table and asked, bashfully, what the gentleman's further wishes might be. It was hardly possible that in the well-dressed, polite man who greeted her with a pleasant smile she should recognize the shivering wretch who had come to their cabin door the previous summer, and Captain Langtry felt safe against questionings on that disagreeable subject.

"What shall I call the graceful little fairy who brings my refreshments?" he asked, gallantly.

"Who, please, sir?"

"What is your name—Rose, Lily, Daisy? Something equally suggestive, I am sure."

"Norah, sir."

"Norah—a pretty name that suits you exactly."

The pleased blush on the girl's cheek showed plainly that this time the captain's words had been understood, and with a half-saucy, half-deprecating courtesy she left the room. During the six months that had elapsed Norah had grown more charming than ever; her manner had lost its wildness, perhaps through greater contact with the people of the town; and Captain Langtry discovered, almost with delight, that she was an orphan with some gentle blood in her veins, her father having been a poor gentleman who had been disowned by his family for the mesalliance he had contracted with Norah's mother.

In Norah's cousin Teddy there was nothing to excite admiration, either as to comeliness of person or brilliant qualities of mind; he was a freckle-faced, red-haired man, belligerent of disposition and adverse to all attempts at improvement.

When Captain Langtry happened to stroll out into the garden Teddy was always ready to pause in his occupation of hoeing potatoes and chat by the hour, his most eloquent theme being the abuse of the rascally villain who stolen his grandmother's cloak.

"Faith, captain, never was such an ill-lookin' thief seen before," he would say, leaning on his hoe, "wid his wild

eyes and the weeds trailin' about him. It wasn't enough to frighten Norah into fits, but he must chase the poor old woman in the pratty-field and rob her of her warm cloak, the like of which she couldn't replace again in the winter. May the Old Boy crack his bones! And she's been limpin' and groanin' ever since wid the pain in her knees from a fall when tryin' to run after him. The villain, wouldn't I like to have him within reach of me two fists!"

Captain Langtry thought of the cloak lying at the bottom of his trunk and could scarcely suppress a smile.

"Old Nelly and Norah think it was a ghost, or the Evil One himself who stole the cloak; do you not agree with them?" Captain Langtry asked.

"No, your honor; even though Norah declares she saw the two horns of him stickin' up through his ragged hair, I have rayson to believe it was a man like ourselves who stole the cloak;" and Teddy chuckled to himself, and a knowing light shone in his eyes, but he could not be prevailed upon to express himself further.

As the summer wore on, Captain Langtry threw worldly prudence to the winds, and allowed bright-eyed Norah to take complete possession of his heart; and, what was of more importance, he knew that love had awakened in her bosom for him. He had not a relative in the world. His aristocratic friends might scoff and make sport of his tender heart if they chose; he would take this wild rose for his own, and they could wander away to a newer country, if their life in the old was not happy. So more and more Norah became his companion in his daily walks, his rambles by the seashore, and his idle half hours in the garden; and each day he grew more convinced that, without her, happiness could not exist for him.

As the autumn drew near the villagers heard rumors of a quiet wedding that was to take place in the little rustic church; and old Nelly waxed eloquent and her cap-frills swayed over a very radiant face as she spoke of Norah's elevation to a place among "the quality."

A fair was in progress on the outskirts of the village, and Teddy was to grace the assemblage with his presence; before starting forth he appeared among the dwellers of "The Gull's Nest" for their approval. As Captain Langtry was complimenting him upon the neat fit of his leather breeches, a noise in the street drew the young Irishman outside.

During his absence the captain caught sight of the bowl of a meerschaum pipe which looked strangely familiar; it was peering forth from the pocket of Teddy's coat, which had been hung across the back of a chair. He examined the pipe and found, as he expected, initials and a date on the silver band near the mouth-piece.

"Teddy traded off an old pistol for it at the last fair," said Nellie, noticing her guest's interest.

"I wonder if that old witch is an accomplice, or if the fellow humbugged her?" muttered the captain to himself.

As he retired the pipe to its hiding-place, he could scarcely suppress an indignant exclamation, for he discovered a silk handkerchief bearing his own monogram and crest in the same dingy pocket, but, when Teddy re-entered the room, all trace of astonishment had vanished from Captain Langtry's face, and he allowed the young man to depart without remark.

"Confound the rascal!" the captain exclaimed, when he was alone. "To think of his having my pipe and handkerchief in his possession all this time, besides all the other things that he stole from the rocks that day! No wonder the villain had 'rayson to suppose' that the sea monster was a man 'like ourselves'—uncommonly like myself! In truth, I should like to give this young man a taste of a prison cell; but I dare not accuse him for Norah's sake. It is well for the villain that I want to keep that adventure a secret from his cousin; her tender conscience might rebel against marrying the man who had so ill-treated old granny. No; Teddy may keep his spoils, and I will hold my tongue. My sweet little Norah's confidence in me must not be disturbed for a thousand times the value of those paltry clothes."

It was the day before the wedding and "The Gull's Nest" was the scene of a cheerful bustle and confusion; the bridal pair were to start for Paris, and the little house was full of the tasteful new clothes that had been bought for Norah.

As Captain Langtry walked up and down the garden paths some one touched his shoulder softly from behind; he turned and beheld Teddy, who, instead of breaking forth into

one of his many voluble greetings, beckoned to the captain to follow him into a small summer-house. There was an air of mystery mingled with malicious triumph about the boy which excited Captain Langtry's curiosity as to what was coming.

"Savin' your presence, but I never before believed it was a viper we were takin' to our buzzums, your honor," Teddy began, somewhat confusedly.

"Speak out, man! What have you on your mind?"

"Indade, sir, but you might have told us long ago before Norah, the foolish child, lost her heart to you. In movin' your big trunk this mornin' I let it fall down the stairs; all the things tumbled out, and at the top of the heap I found granny's blue cloak. My heart is broken entirely thinkin' of poor Norah, for the curse of the O'Tooles will follow her if she marries the man who robbed the old woman, not to speak of the lame knees."

"Have you told Norah of your wonderful discovery?"

"Not yet, captain," said Teddy; and then his tone changed. "If your honor wouldn't mind givin' me a trifle—a bit to put by in the bank for a rainy day—I perhaps would say nothin', though it was shabby of your honor to so deceive honest folks."

"Are you quite sure of the honesty, Teddy?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that for stealing my pipe and handkerchief, which you have in your possession now, and the other things, which you may have disposed of, you deserve a year in the penitentiary."

Teddy's dismayed face was a picture; he fell upon his knees and began in beseeching tones to ask forgiveness.

"Get up, Teddy," said the captain, "we will let the subject drop. We have both done wrong; but you have been more in fault. You may keep my pipe as long as you keep this affair a secret; but, if you tell Norah, I will prosecute you—do you understand?"

"I do, your honor."

A year has passed, and Teddy still keeps his pipe and secret; and Mrs. Langtry, who has settled in Canada, after having, through Tom's generosity, provided for old Nelly, will never know, except from her husband's lips, that she married a sea monster.

His Last Lecture.

Captain Paul Boyton, in describing his project of floating down the Colorado river in his rubber suit, talked so well that a reporter asked him why he did not enter the lecture field. "No, sir," he answered, "I've had enough of that. My last experience was at Helena, Arkansas. I was forced by the people there on my voyage down the Mississippi to stop over for a lecture. I couldn't speak in my rubber suit. I hadn't any baggage. The mayor lent me his dresscoat and a white handkerchief, which he tied very artistically around my neck as a cravat. The doctor promised me the trousers. He was called off by a patient and didn't turn up. The stage was a small one; the people were howling. The mayor fixed up a table covered so with a red cloth that nothing below my waist could be seen. I was forced on. I got to talking and was well received. When I came to tell about my encounter with a shark I became a little excited, forgot about my costume, stepped to one side of the table, and—well, when the audience yelled with laughter I made a bee-line for the green room, and haven't lectured since."

Why Some People Fail in Life.

They neglect details.
They fail to push business.
They talk politics too much.
They have no eye to business.
They imitate their neighbors.
They know not the power of method.
They become rusty and lose ambition.
They let their help waste and destroy.
They have too much outside business.
They fail to invent or have new ideas.
They are not polite or accommodating.
They are penny-wise and pound foolish.
They are not liberal to home enterprises.
They hope for fortune to drop in their laps.
They think most things take too much trouble.
They attend to everything but their own business.
They do not advertise their business in their home paper.

"I am dressed to kill," as the recruit said when he had donned his uniform.

Thanksgiving, Then and Now.

"Thanksgiving" originated in the pious sentiment that to the Lord of the Harvest were due the public thanks of the harvester. The pilgrims of Plymouth began it. Prompted by their sympathy with the Jewish "Feast of Harvest," and by the fitness of things, they set apart a day on which to rejoice together, "before the Lord," for the yield of "twenty acres of Indian corn" and "six acres of barley and peas."

In the spring of 1621, "when the leaves of the white oak were as big as the ear of a mouse"—that being the Indian season for planting—they "set" the corn and sowed the barley and peas.

"Squanto," the friendly Indian who had been kidnapped by lawless Englishmen, showed them "how to set, fish-dress and tend" the corn.

So thoroughly did they manure the ground with herrings that their old chronicler writes: "God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good; but our peas not worth gathering, for we feared they were too late sown."

It was one year after the Pilgrims had sighted from the deck of the Mayflower the sands of Cape Cod. "Our harvest being gotten in," writes the chronicler, "the governor (Bradford) sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors."

Thus began New England's Thanksgiving—a Harvest Home, celebrated when seven log huts housed its founders.

Nine years after the Puritans of the Massachusetts colony observed their first Thanksgiving. It commemorated the arrival of the provision ship which saved the people from starvation.

Governor Winthrop, seeing that the supply of food was likely to run short, had sent the ship Lyon to England for a load of provisions. Storms and contrary winds detained the ship so long that the people of Boston were forced to live on clams, muscies, ground nuts and acorns.

They became discontented and murmured. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed. Winthrop had put his last batch of bread in the oven, and was distributing his last handful of meal to a poor man.

Suddenly some one saw a ship at the mouth of the harbor. The half-starved people flocked to the beach. The good ship Lyon dropped her anchor, and her cargo of provisions was distributed according to each man's necessities. The day of fasting was turned into a day of thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving struck its roots deeply in New England's soil, because it symbolized both the Godward and the manward side of the people's life. It expressed thankfulness to the Bountiful Giver; it extended hospitality and charity to man.

Associated with the ingathering of harvests and families, it became the climax of New England's social life; the crisis of its feasting; its day of "holy convocation."

Now, as when first set apart from the days of the year, it is both a domestic and religious festival. It is the day that brings back children and children's children to the old home. Its point of attraction is the family, that vital unite and subtle nexus, whose spiritual gravitation molds a tear, preserves the man and guides a nation.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Baffled Ambition.

Peter Thulluson, a banker who died in England over a hundred years ago, was ambitious to found several great families, or, failing in that, one prodigious family. His property amounted to over six hundred thousand pounds, and he directed that it should be left to accumulate during a period which was estimated would extend to seventy-five years. Then it was to be divided among the representatives of his three sons.

An actuary calculated that the fortune, at the end of that period, would amount to at least one hundred and thirty-six million dollars. If one descendant only should take it, his yearly income would be nine million dollars.

The banker's sons disputed the validity of the will on the ground that it was contrary to public policy to allow such an accumulation of property. The whole, they said, might fall to a single individual, who, thereby would become too powerful for a subject and too dangerous to public liberty.

But their apprehensions were allayed by that effectual instrument for dissipating large fortunes, the court of chancery. The law expenses eat up almost the whole of the accumulations. When, in 1859, the heir came into possession of the property, it amounted to little more than six hundred thousand pounds, the sum originally devised by his eccentric great grandfather.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Some French chemists have succeeded in solidifying petroleum, in which state it burns like tallow. This solidification is affected by adding to distilled petroleum twenty-five per cent. of the purified juice of plants belonging to the family of the Euphorbiaceae.

The notion that dogs and cats contract hydrophobia because they are confined, chained or muzzled does not appear to be well sustained by fact. At any rate, rabies, according to Professor Xavier Landerer, is very common among the wild dogs, cats and jackals of the East.

Recently, while a stiff southeasterly gale was blowing, seventy gallons of oil were pumped upon the waves in Aberdeen harbor from three valves twenty-eight feet apart. The effect is said to have been very marked, the waves disappearing wherever the heavy belts of oil were traced.

Mr. John Field has prepared an estimate from the accounts of the companies of the quantity of gas used in London last year. It was, in round numbers, 20,230,000,000 cubic feet. This is equal to a bulk of one mile square by 720 feet high. Consumers paid \$14,555,000 for this immense supply.

At the Munich electrical exhibition one of the curiosities was a telephone transmitting music performed at Ober-Ammergau, over a distance of sixty-three miles. At the palace a huge telephonic arrangement brought over music from the English cafe so that the whole immense audience could hear the pieces quite distinctly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coal mines of Miesbach, where it was generated.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are 262,366 Indians in the United States.

One California orchard ships about twenty tons of peach stones every year.

Seventeen thousand five hundred and forty-five stray dogs were taken into custody in London during 1881.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett owns the smallest pony in the world. It stands thirteen inches high and is five years of age.

An apple thirteen inches in circumference one way and fourteen inches the other way, and weighing one pound, is the boast of a gardener at Racine, Wisconsin.

It is asserted that in the three years ended 1880 there were no fewer than 252 theatres destroyed by fire, or partly so, resulting in 4,370 deaths and about 3,400 injuries.

With a new apparatus for ascertaining the velocity of railway trains, a train weighing 125 tons and traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour has been found to run on a level track a few feet more than five miles after steam had been shut off.

One of the curious consequences of the construction of the Suez canal has been the introduction into the Mediterranean sea of sharks, which were formerly almost unknown there. The sharks have proved very destructive to the edible fish, and it is now difficult for fishermen to supply the demand.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A handful of flour bound on a cut will immediately stop the bleeding.

The best treatment for sprains and bruises is the application of water of such temperature as is most agreeable.

Dr. Foote's Health Monthly advises people not to be "too anxious to check a cough by some quieting syrup; the mucus is better raised than left to decompose, irritate and cause ulceration."

A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves that extend from the stomach to the head.

A good remedy for warts and corns; Drop a little vinegar on the wart or corn, cover it immediately with cooking soda or salaratus; let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day for three days, and the warts and corns will be gone.

General Longer, the editor of a newspaper called the Key West Democrat, is twenty years old, forty inches high, and weighs thirty-five pounds. The general was born in San Domingo and raised in Florida.

The first newspaper published in Europe is said to have been sold in the streets of Paris in 1494, during the Italian war. It expired in 1495, and can now only be found in the public library of Nantes.