

The Little Ones.

Oh! when at dawn the children wake,
And patter up and down the stairs,
The flowers and leaves a glory take,
The rays light a splendor shares
That nevermore these eyes would see,
If my sweet ones were gone from me.
And when at eve they watch and wait
To fold me in their arms so white,
My burdens, whether small or great,
Are charmed away by calm delight
And, shutting out the world, I live
The purest moments life can give.
But when at bedtime 'round me knee
Wee, tender, loving, white-robed forms,
With hands upraised in fond appeal—
Ah! then are hushed life's weary storms;
And heaven seems very near to me,
With my sweet darlings 'round my knee!

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

It lacked quite half an hour of Curfew toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the watted roof of his cottage stoop and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service, but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess, and with tears scarcely dry he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned, and expiated his weakness before all England in Jasper's time; and now he, who under his army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch, and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin in sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over—so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before—that there seemed little room for anything in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village; that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away; he only knew that the bell that had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step towards the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street and stood beside him; a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble with all its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips were forming words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass; I am deaf and cannot hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and rung themselves together palm and palm.

"For Heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew to-night!"

"What, not ring curfew! Ye must be daft, lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your long life, forget to ring the bell. Fail this once, and my lover shall live, whom Cromwell says shall die at curfew toll. Do you hear? my lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is money to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me, and the gold shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily de Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as ye're mother had. What, corrupt the bell-ringer under her Majesty, good Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! What is your lover to me? Babes have been born and strong men have died before now at the ringing of my bell. Awa!"

And out on the village green, with the solemn shadows of the heavens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood, handsome and brave and tall—taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who guarded him.

What had he done that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell yielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late Lord up at the castle, and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without asking, while the gentle Lily de Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army. But a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world laid as a vivid picture before him. The dark green

wood above the rocky hill where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun with its hazy veil lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and God-serving man. He had long made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death—nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him, but the sweet face of Lily de Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded for his life. She had wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last red rim was hid behind the greenwood. Thirty seconds more and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine had ceased their lowing and had been gathered into the brick-yards.

All that are had sounded her curfew; but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer with his gray head yet bare had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale, shadowy robes flitting around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah!" the old man muttered; "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's; it was Lily de Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose towards the cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps; her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow tints thrown by the stained glass across her death-white brow; up—still up—past open arcade and arch, with griffin and gargoyls staring at her from bracket and cornice with all the hideousness and medieval carving—the stairs, flight by flight, growing frailer beneath her young feet, now but a slender network between her and the outer world, but still up.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Up—ah!—there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung.

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one hand had clasped itself above the clapper, the other prepared, at the tremble, to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off, and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet swung from their rest and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing. There was a groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro; but she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come, and a thousand might follow, for its fatal work would be done. She wretched her white arms about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes it crushed into the flesh, it tore her, and wounded and bruised; but there, in the solemn twilight, the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew, and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself: "Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms. My ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears

that have gone false, and not you, Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless at her side.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen before the dismantled May-pole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye; but his lips did not give utterance to the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying towards him. Pike-man and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover; with trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived—why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms, and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance. Then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eye and sepulchred her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper died, and at curfew toll he was laid beside the wife who had died in his youth, but the memory of whom had been with him always.

If We Knew.

If we knew that every particle of stale, musty, or adulterated food not only poisoned but weakened body and brain;

If we knew that a musty egg for breakfast might cause us to make a bad bargain before dinner;

If we knew that the milk of one unhealthy or feverish cow will infect with its distemper the milk of twenty other cows;

If we knew that our coal stoves were continually sending forth metallic vapors unfit to breathe;

If we knew that every useless muscular motion, the result of habit, such as leg swinging while sitting down or walking nervously about to no purpose is in expenditure of nerve force for naught as is money idly flung into the sea;

If we knew that every tight-fitting binding and compressing garment was in the expenditure of strength necessary in wearing equivalent to the carrying of pounds of needless weight;

If we knew that the person who can sit perfectly still and hold his or her mind directly to the present moment and the things of the moment, and not allow it to go straying off in longings to the place where it most desires its body to be, was hoarding up strength to be used as occasion shall require;

If we knew that we who despise thus the day of small things and go on in a few years' time we vainly applying to some doctor to tinker up our worn out bodies;

If we knew that every bodily pain, every feeling of lassitude, weariness, whether weariness of the spirit or weariness of the body, was a reproving and admonishing sermon against some act of disobedience either near or remote;

If we knew how blindly and stupidly we warred at times against our physical and mental happiness;

If we knew that the mind, which schemes, plans, studies, buys, sells, makes bargains, builds houses, navigates ships, gets us into difficulties, gets us out again, acts in the drama, paints on the canvas, cuts out of marble the statue, thrills from the platform, writes the story, fights the battle, discovers the continent, directs the voice in melody, manages the fingers on the piano, is not an unseen myth but an invisible power within us built up out of our bodies, improving as the body improves and influenced for good or ill, for quickness or slowness, for keenness or stupidity by every breath we inhale, by the quality and purity of what we buy, by the cleanliness of our bodies, by the fit and ease of our clothing, by the presence and influence of the people about us, by our habits of method and precision or the reverse;

If we knew, believed and realized fully all this, what then?—*New York Graphic.*

A woman once went for a pound of candles, when, to her great astonishment and mortification, she was told that they had risen a penny in the pound since her last purchase. "What can be the cause of such a rise?" said the old woman. "I can't tell," answered the shopkeeper, "but I believe 'tis principally owing to the war." "What?" exclaimed the old woman, "do you fight by candlelight?"

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

Some Superstitions Concerning Fair Lanna's Influence on Crops, Etc.

No belief is more general than that the moon exercises an influence over the weather. People who declare that they are not superstitious in the smallest degree, believe that a change in the weather is almost certain to occur with every change in the moon. Perhaps they inherit the belief, but if not they acquired it very early in life and strengthened it through years of observation. Their observations were not very accurate, and their methods of recording them far from methodical. They believe that the weather changes with the moon, and when a sudden change did occur at the appearance of a new quarter, half or full moon they remembered it and sometimes noted it down. If the weather did not change at or about the same time the moon did they did not charge their memory with the failure. By means like these they became more strongly convinced of the influence of the moon on the weather.

Scientific men in different times and in various countries have attempted to overturn the popular and almost universal belief that the moon influenced the weather. They have been at the trouble of keeping an accurate account of the prevalence of winds, the fall of water, the degree of temperature and other phenomena, with a view of showing whether changes are more likely to occur at one time in the lunar month than at another. They have all come to the conclusion that no coincidence exists between the changes of the moon and those of the weather. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, this year, Sir William Thomas stated that "careful observation with the barometer, thermometer and anemometer, at the time of new moon, full moon and half moon, has failed to establish any relation whatever between the phases of the moon and the weather," and that "if there is any dependence of the weather on the phases of the moon, it is only to a degree quite imperceptible to ordinary observation." Still, it is questionable if this announcement will in the least shake the faith of farmers and sailors who, more than other classes of persons, are directly interested in the weather, in their old ideas about the influence of the moon upon it. They will go through life not expecting to see a "drought broken" or the cessation of a continuous rain till the moon changes. Neither will their faith be changed in the favorable or unfavorable influence of the moon on certain crops planted at different times in the lunar month. They will continue to plant potatoes and other root crops "in the dark on the moon," and to sow small grains "in the light of the moon." They will slaughter their hogs and their bullocks, if they are intended for home consumption, when the moon is on the increase, so that "the meat will not waste away in the frying-pan." They will, however, lay up rail fence while the moon is decreasing in size so as to prevent the rails from warping and from rotting out before their time.

It may be said that no evil results from believing in a harmless superstition. Such, however, is not always the case. Dr. Harper has shown that superstitious people are very likely to be conquered in war. They will not set out on a march or engage in any hazardous undertaking unless all the signs and omens are favorable. If they place reliance in lucky and unlucky days they will accomplish less in a given time than people who regard all days as of equal value. If they rely on supernatural aid they will not use their best exertions. They will attribute victory or defeat to other than human and natural causes. If such are the effects in a belief in superstitions on a people engaged in war, similar unfavorable effects would be observed among people engaged in a peaceful pursuit like that of farming. The delay of two weeks in planting a crop would often result in failure. It is likely that the general belief in certain agricultural superstitions has had much to do with rendering farming unprofitable. It is generally very difficult to discover the origin of a superstition, on account of its great antiquity. Superstitious beliefs are the oldest we inculcate. They are also among the first we receive in childhood. They are taught in the nursery long before we learn to read, and many years before we begin to study science. Such beliefs are very difficult to dispose of. Our judgment may condemn them as follies, but they remain to influence our actions. Few persons are willing to acknowledge that they are superstitious, although they hold to beliefs having no foundation on carefully considered observations made by themselves or others. They hold to the doctrine that relations exist between certain things that cannot be explained with our present knowledge of science.—*Chicago Times.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Ether spray; in the practice of Dr. McColgan, has not only immediately relieved facial neuralgia, but has effected a permanent cure. The intense cold produced is considered to have acted on the affected nerve so as to have produced a complete change in the nutrition and its action.

Dugong-oil, which is yielded by an herbivorous cetacean of the waters of Australia and the Eastern Archipelago, has all the medicinal qualities of cod-liver oil, without the repulsive taste and odor and the tendency to decay. The dose is the same in quantity as cod-liver oil.

In the neighborhood of the Thuringian town of Kosen there are some disused saltworks with considerable water-power. The latter is now to be utilized for the electric lighting of the town, and Kosen will thus be the first German town to introduce the electric light for illuminating the whole town.

Mr. G. H. Darwin maintains that while there is some evidence of a yielding of the body of the earth to the tidal forces exerted by the attraction of the sun and moon, that yielding is very small indeed, and that the rigidity of the earth may as a whole be set down as equalling that of steel.

Chicory will hardly be longer made to serve as a substitute for coffee if it is true that, as a European technical journal asserts, it can be made to give an alcohol of a pleasant aromatic taste and great purity. An adulterant of higher value than the substance it is designed to simulate is never introduced, and for very obvious reasons.

A Zuni Courtship.

There were two unmarried members of the house; a nephew and an adopted girl. The nephew was an over-grown, heavy-faced, thick-lipped, yellow-haired, blue-eyed blonde—a specimen of the tribal albinoism, a dandy, and the darling of the white-haired "Old Ten." One day, after I had presented the latter with a pane of ruined negative glass, he ventured to compare her favorite with me. My flattering acknowledgments of this compliment made decided winnings of the old woman's hitherto restrained affections. The governor spared this youth no more than the others. With characteristic irony, he called him "The Family Milkman," or "The Night Bird," the latter term referring to his eyes, "which," the governor usually added, "wiggled like those of an owl in strong sunlight."

The maiden was jolly, pretty, and coquettish—the belle of "Riverside street." Her lovers were many, but soon, of the long row who waited under the moonlit eaves, only one was admitted—the governor's younger brother, my sympathetic friend. There was but one room in the house in which the two could hope to be left to themselves—mine. Here they came night after night. They paid no attention to the lonely *Me-luk* in his hammock, but sat opposite in the darkness on the low sloped bench, hour after hour, stroking each other's hands, giggling and cooing in low tones just like so many of my own people of the same age, only in a different language. An occasional smack, followed by feminine indignation, taught me the meaning of "Stop that!" in Zuni, and the peculiarities of the Pueblo kiss. If the blissful pair remained too late, the slab door would rattle on its wooden hinges, and the governor, preceded by a lighted torch of cedar splints, would stalk in, and, as near as I could make out, rate the young man soundly for his want of respect to the *Washington Me-li-Rana*, whereupon the pair would vanish, the maiden giggling and the young man cursing.—*Frank H. Cushing, in the Century.*

Where Smoking Is Always Allowed.

It is strange that a people so scrupulously polite and so thoroughly controlled in all their movements by the iron hand of etiquette should not only tolerate but encourage some of the very things which the laws of English and American society positively prohibit, says a Saxony correspondent of the *Chicago News*. But it is custom which determines what etiquette is and is not. In Saxony it is not impolite to smoke in the society of ladies; not any more than it is to carry a cane or wear a watch. Smoking is allowed in many of the first-class theatres; smoking is allowed usually after the first part of the fashionable concerts. Smoking is allowed at the dinner table in the fashionable cafes and clubs. The Saxon ladies are accustomed to tobacco smoke and pay no attention to it. It is not polite to smoke in a private house until you are invited to do so, but the invitation comes along as naturally as the request that you be seated on a chair or sofa. At the evening receptions and parties no smoking is allowed—that is, not in the company rooms, but there is a smoking chamber or a veranda or balcony close by, where the gentlemen can go out and puff to their heart's content.

A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE.

Child Who Drops into a Sound Sleep Without Warming at any Minute in the Day—An Embarrassing Introduction.

A very strange case of a little girl, four years old, suffering from narcolepsy, has been reported in this city. The disease is a very peculiar one, and the patient is liable to go off into a sound sleep at any moment, which may continue for several hours, and at times, even two or three days.

A few weeks ago Dr. Robert H. Porter was called to see the child in question at her home, on Portland avenue. She first developed symptoms about a year ago, after an attack of typhoid fever. The first indications her mother had of the trouble was the restlessness of the child, which would often have "nodding spells." These attacks of sleep gradually increased in severity and frequency until she used to have at least twenty a day, and often as many as five or six at the table while eating. These attacks only lasted for about a minute, but they were very profound and it was impossible to wake her until the spell passed away. When she recovered the child would immediately resume whatever she had been doing, perfectly innocent of the intermission which had taken place. When the attacks would come on she would fall forward on her face, and a large tumor was produced on her forehead from the frequent contusions. A few months ago she began to have spasms in addition to the narcolepsy, and became very destructive, having a desire to kill everything she came in contact with, and it required great care to restrain her.

The case is a very remarkable one, from the development of the disease so early in life, as with children. The usual tendency in such cases is to idiosyncrasy instead of insanity, as it is a very rare occurrence for a child not over five years to become insane. The little girl was put under treatment for the disease, and is now perfectly recovered.

The freaks that have been produced in cases of this kind are very curious and sometimes amusing. A couple of years ago there was a man afflicted with narcolepsy in the city, whose attacks of sleep used to last from two to three days, and come on once or twice a month. Sometime ago a well-known sporting man, who was a narcoleptic lived here and was a source of much curiosity. Occasionally he would astonish his friends by going to sleep at the bar while taking a drink and remain perfectly unconscious for a few moments, when he would wake up and take his drink, perfectly unconscious of any interruption.

He created considerable amusement one night at a gentleman's house by falling sound to sleep while just in the act of receiving an introduction to a young lady, much to her discomfiture and his friends' amusement. It is impossible to arouse the patient out of these sleeps, and the attacks are liable to come on at any moment, no matter how the victim may be situated. This mysterious and unaccountable disease was first described about ten years ago, and since then it has received much attention from neurologists, but its classification has not yet been definitely settled. From the spasmodic character of the disease and its frequent association with epilepsy, physicians believe it one of the branches of this disease, and ere long, no doubt, it will be given its appropriate position with the epileptic class.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Introduced Animals.

The bare enumeration of the animal organisms that have in various ways enlarged the area of occupation through the direct or indirect agency of civilized man would occupy the greater portion, if not the whole of the columns of an issue of the *Record*, and if to this were added the more or less exactly known data respecting the date and circumstances of their introduction, the various countries they are distributed in, and other facts of interest, a thick quarto volume would not suffice to contain all. So, leaving out insects and invertebrates generally, as well as fishes and reptiles, many species of the former of which classes have lately been transplanted with success, we will confine ourselves to a short mention of some of the mammalia and birds that have been brought into the hemisphere we live in. Our domestic dog, cat, sheep, goat, ox, pig, ass, horse, fowl, guinea-fowl, peacock, goose and canary, are all natives of the Eastern hemisphere; only the turkey is a native, taken eastward, domesticated and re-introduced, just as the Spaniards re-introduced the cultivated Indian fig or prickly pear (a cactus.) All these and more man brought, but with them came the black and brown rats and the common mouse—creatures which live with man and at his cost, in spite of all his efforts, aided though he may be by cats, dogs, auxiliaries of other carnivorous tribes, and all the paraphernalia of traps and poisonous food.—*Philadelphia Record.*