

Surprise.
Did no one ever long to see a face
With such intensity of strong desire
That their swift soul went seeking it through
space,
In eager restlessness that naught could tire
Then, one good day, lo! at the open door,
The face was there—a glad and sweet
surprise—
And they with kisses touched it'er and o'er,
Catching fresh love from the bright bend-
ing eyes.
Did no one ever for a voice so long
That they were aching with a listening pair
Then start to hear it shedding sudden sound
And sweet glad laughter through the
home again?
The angels of our lives, who sentinel
Our hearts and homes and ways with
guardian eyes,
Rarely to those who watch a joy foretell;
For they delight in giving sweet surprise.
—Harper's Weekly.

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

Milly Barrington was only eighteen when she came to live at Holly Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossips of the neighborhood; still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of the household. And there were not lacking divers doleful prophets, who declared, with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down, that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on" with the old colonel.

"He is so fastidious," said one.
"So difficult to suit," said another.
"His ideal is so impossibly high!" declared a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment in which they looked upon each other's faces.

Milly was so anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great, roomy old farmhouse, so ambitious to excel every house-keeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son: "Don't let that little girl under ake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holly Lodge have always been first-rate housekeepers, you know. And if a woman is at work, she isn't spending money foolishly, or gossiping."

Colonel Barrington's keen, blue eyes regarded his son, sharply, for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" said he.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not to all!" said the colonel. And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent, his wife.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until, one bright October day, the colonel, chancing to pass the low kitchen window, where the hop-vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly in to where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Have you got a glass of cool milk for me, little girl?" said he.

Milly brought the milk promptly.

"See, papa," she said, triumphantly pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done to-day! Three applepies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuit, a loaf of cup-cake, and a dozen plum-tarts!"

"Bravo!" said the colonel. "But, Milly, why are you baking? Where is Hannah?"

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly, rather soberly. "And Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl, when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" asked the colonel. "In itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered, with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose early and swept the house through before breakfast, so as to have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law. "But we mustn't let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast lashes, and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that—"

"Well," said the colonel, encouragingly.

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money?" echoed Colonel Barrington, in surprise. "Doesn't Dudley give you all you want?"

"Once more Milly hesitated.

"He wants to know what everything is for," said she. "He thinks fifty cents is too much for ribbon, and he says bonnet-frames ought to be had cheaper than a quarter of a dollar, and he declares it's all nonsense to buy silk gloves when cotton will do as well. And I do need another plume for my hat since the rain spoiled the canary-

colored one, but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Colonel Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill, "that you don't have a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa!" said Milly, lifting her prettily-arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money, and that a wife should always receive every cent she spends from her husband. And—I tell you, papa, because you are so kind to me—I am so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I do really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of. It's a little hard, sometimes."

Colonel Barrington took a goodly roll of bills out of his pocket and laid them on the window-sill.

"Here, little girl," he said; "you have earned them a dozen times over!"

Milly reached up to kiss him through the vine-leaves.

"Oh, papa, you are such a darling!" she said.

He only patted her cheek in reply. "Dudley don't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered, as he kept on his walk up to the front verandah, where a great maple-tree was showing its yellow trophies over the steps, and the balmy sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Circassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And the colonel took his book, and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reveries.

It was the next day that his son came to him, in the library, where a little fire of logs had been kindled, for a chill northeast rain had blown all the yellow maple-leaves away, and the sun was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said the colonel, kindly, "you are off for the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, junior, a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion, and dark, sparkling eyes. "And before I go, perhaps you had better give me a cheque on the bank, if it's quite convenient."

"A cheque?" said the colonel. "For what?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley, carelessly, "and a little spending money would come very handy for current expenses."

"Ah!" observed the colonel. "And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need a fall suit, sir," said he, "and—"

"Yes, yes!" nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a fall suit now?"

"Oh, thirty-five or forty dollars," answered Dudley.

"Thirty-five or forty dollars!" echoed Colonel Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly—," explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know!" interrupted the old gentleman. "And now I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Lanier, don't you? And aren't there cheaper places?"

"And," added Dudley, "I've a little bill at the cigar-store to settle, and there are some new books I should like to read; and—"

"Just send in the bills to me," said Colonel Barrington, gravely. "Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays! But, as I said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending-money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out a bank-note, and handed it to his son. Dudley stared at it in amazement. It was a one-dollar bill.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

"Did you?" said Colonel Barrington. "It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley, sharply. "I'm not accustomed to it, and—"

"Not agreeable, eh?" said the colonel, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rest. "Then why do you practice the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need," asserted Colonel Barrington.

"I am a man!" said Dudley.

"And she is a woman!" retorted the colonel.

"I am the manager of your downtown warehouse, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is no cent which I ask that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases? Do not think me a meddling old fog, my son," Colonel Barrington added, rising and placing his hand kindly on his son's shoulder. "But I have been ob-

servating all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson in political economy. You see how it humiliates one to have to beg humbly for the money that one has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. Don't put your wife into such a false position as this. Treat her as one of the firm of Barrington & Co."

Dudley Barrington stood still a moment, pondering; and then he said earnestly: "I will, sir! You are right!"

And Milly was delighted, that very day, to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried, with glittering eyes.

"Yes, all," Dudley answered, laughing.

"But what am I to do with so much money?"

"Lock it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur."

"But I never had so much before all at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley Barrington. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are no child to be given a few cents at a time. You are my little housekeeper, and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you this check of fifty dollars, for your own personal expenses, at the beginning of every month, and you shall use and economize it, as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

Milly clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life!" said she. "Now I can dress like other women, and give a little money to the church, and help the poor, and feel independent! And I can lay up a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be!"

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa!" she cried, "I am to have fifty dollars a month, all for my own, and never to give account of a cent of it, unless I please! It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head, and answered, gravely: "Very kind, indeed!"—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Casting Sins into the Sea.

A strange scene was witnessed by an English visitor at Odessa on the first day of the present Jewish year. Late in the afternoon a large number of the 50,000 or 60,000 Jews inhabiting Odessa wended their way toward the sea with the purpose of throwing their last year's sins into it, in order to begin the new year with a clean soul. They stood about in groups, closely packed together in some places, looking toward the water, reciting, rayers, or reading Psalms or a portion of Isaiah. The groups were formed for the most part of listeners, with a man, and, in a very few instances, a woman—an old woman with spectacles on her nose—reading to them. Some of the people turned their pockets inside out and shook them toward the sea. Others merely made a sign of throwing something into it. *Leisure Hour.*

In the Matter of Rest.

Judge Blackley, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, having resigned, read the following verses on the conclusion of his last opinion. The verses may be found in 64 *Os.*, p. 452:

Rest for my hand, and brow, and breast,
For fingers, heart and brain!
Rest and peace! A long release
From labor and from pain!
Pain of doubt, fatigue, despair—
Pain of darkness everywhere,
And seeking light in vain.

Peace and rest! Are they the best
For mortals here below?
Is soft repose from work and woes
A bliss for man to know?
Bliss of time is bliss of toil;
No bliss but this, from sun and soil,
Does God permit to grow.

Burdette tells about it and says it happened at Lancaster, Penn. The major sat looking earnestly and affectionately at his friend. "Bob," he said presently, "I dreamed about you last night."

"Did you, Ad," his friend replied, his eyes filling with tears. "Yes," said the major in heartiest tones, "I had the nightmare." And then the sounds of two strong men "rastling" under the table was heard in the distance.

The *Insurance Chronicle* reports 424 deaths by suicide in the United States in the three autumn months of 1882. The occupation furnishing by far the greatest number was farming 54; next comes merchant, 28; clerk, 12.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

An ancient and remarkable clock has been recently set up in the reading-room of the municipal library of Rouen. A single winding keeps it running for fourteen months and some odd days. It was constructed in 1782, underwent alterations in 1816, was brought by Rouen for 1,000 francs in 1838, and has recently been repaired and just set going.

The enormous multiplication of rabbits in New Zealand has caused such destruction to the crops that the colonial government has asked the Government of India to send out for acclimatization a number of mongoose, animals chiefly distinguished for their disposition and ability to destroy the particular pests from which New Zealand is suffering. So urgent is the necessity for a war of extermination that it has not been thought worth while to consider whether an exchange of rabbits for mongooses will not be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The mongooses meanwhile are being collected from various parts of Bengal and carefully kept in the zoological gardens at Calcutta, whence as soon as a hundred couples have been gathered they will be sent to their new home.

A New York paper estimates the night-laboring population of the city at about 100,000—telegraph operators, printers, teamsters, restaurant-keepers and others. The work is hard on boys, but not unendurable by men on the condition of taking plenty of sleep in the forenoon in a quiet, darkened room. Neither is this kind of work necessarily bad for the eyes. They can be used as much by an artificial light as by sunlight, if care is taken to have the lamps or gas-burners properly arranged. First, there should be plenty of light, which will not often be provided, without the necessity of it is pointed out to the employer. A great point is gained when the walls of the room are white. The light should be so placed that no shadows fall on the paper, and so evenly balanced that there is no strain on either eye; that is, there must not be more light from the left than from the right. There should be no flickering of flame, and a shade over the eyes will serve to keep the heat from drying the eyeballs. The eyes should be perfectly clean. If the dust has blown into them on the way to the office they should be carefully washed in cool water. The eye is a delicate instrument, but hardy, and if common-sense precautions are taken it can be used almost steadily, without harm, by day or night.

Snobbery

Even in these enlightened days there are people who affect to "look down" upon women who are obliged to work for their own livelihood. According to their code it is far more creditable for a woman to depend upon the grudging bounty of relatives and friends—to be, in fact, a pauper in all but name—than for her to go out into the business world and win a livelihood for herself. A girl may accept costly gifts from her male acquaintances on the most flimsy pretexts and not lose caste, but if she enters a factory, store or office, the doors of society are closed against her. This applies to all the industries and to all but a few of the professions. For the great body of working women society has not only snubs or at best condescending patronage. Contempt for those of the sex who work for wages is deliberately fostered. In a private school in New York the young girls when instructed in deportment are warned against walking on the west or east avenues at six o'clock or thereabouts, and adjured never to appear on the street with ungloved hands, and all this that they may not be mistaken for working girls. Could snobbery go further? It is not to be wondered at that in order to escape so disgraceful a fate as that or being compelled to support themselves, girls should resort to all manner of unwomanly and indelicate manoeuvres to secure rich husbands. If a girl is without money, and if she may not earn it, she has no choice but to marry it, and if the spectacle of a girl paying court with matrimonial intent to a rich man is repulsive, the blame for the unwomanly exhibition should be laid at the door of society, which scorns the woman who works.

A Schoolmistress and Stocks.

"Guess I won't go to school to-day," said a Carson urchin with an *Appeal* in his hand.

"Why not?"

"Concordia has fallen off ten cents, and I don't dare show up until it picks up some."

"What has the fluctuation of Concordia got to do with your studies?"

"A good deal," answered the boy. "My teacher has 100 shares of the stock, and when it falls a few cents we catch it heavy. I keep my eye on the list, and when there's a break, you bet I don't go to school. I play sick. Golly! how she basted me the time Mount Diablo went down to \$2. When it was swelling at \$20 she was as good as pie. I was the first feller that got on to the break, and told the boys of my class that if she didn't sell there'd be the devil to pay. I heard Uncle Frazier say that it was a good short, and I never slept a wink for a week. I grabbed the *Appeal* the first thing every morning; when I saw her keel down to \$16 I skipped to the hills. My! how she did bang Johnny Dobson around that morning! I was in hopes that blasted mine would pick up, but the water got into the lower levels, and I knew we were in for it. She licked somebody for every dollar it dropped. After it struck \$8 it picked up a little, and we had time to git. My mother's been patching my pants ever since the big break in the Sierra Nevada, and if the market don't take a turn pretty soon I'm going to quit the public school and go to work on a ranch."—*Carson City Appeal.*

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it creates more wants than it supplies.

Royal aquarium, London. According to the published accounts she was caught with her parents in the forest near Laos by a Norwegian explorer named Bock. When the little one attempted to wander the parents called her back with a plaintive cry, "Cra-o," and that is the name which has since been given to her. The father died at Laos, and the King of Siam retained the mother at Bangkok, but allowed the child to proceed to England. Her eyes are large, dark and lustrous; the nose is flattened, the nostrils scarcely showing; the cheeks are fat and pouch-like, the lower lip only rather thicker than is usual in Europeans; but the chief peculiarity is the strong and abundant hair. On the head it is black, thick and straight, and grows over the forehead down to the heavy eyebrows, and is continued in whisker-like locks down the cheeks. The rest of the face is covered with a fine, dark, downy hair, and the shoulders and arms have a covering of hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is, it is said, a slight lengthening of the lower vertebra, suggestive of a caudal protuberance; and there are points in the muscular conformation and otherwise which will provoke discussion. Krao has already picked up a few words of English. She is said to be of a frank, affectionate disposition, and shows truly feminine delight in her clothes, jewelry and ribbons.

The Origin of the Rose.
In its green pastures sporting,
A lamb in hedgerow twigs,
Tore from a thorny twig
Its fresh green drapery.
The twig, in its sharp fingers,
Snatched from the Tender ewe
A little tuft of fleece,
To clothe itself anew.
A nightingale came seeking
Soft things to line her nest,
And thought this snowy fleece
Was prettiest and best.
"Oh! give me the fleece,
To line my nest," said she;
"And, when I've finished it,
I'll sing my thanks to thee."
It gave; the nest was finished;
And as the sweet bird sang,
Out of the bush for joy
The lovely rose-bud sprang.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The dancer's road to ruin is a tow-path.

A heavy mash—"Truth crushed to death."

Raising food from the plate to the mouth is the best health lift.

Don't despise a thing because it's little. A quart jug will hold more than most men.

The toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be alight acquaintances.

Skeletons are now sold at the ridiculously low price of \$25. At that rate almost every family can have one in the closet.

The zodiacal sign for the opening of winter is a goat. The goat is a hard butter, and hard butter is almost always a sign that the weather is cold.

The turtle is so slow that he must take his house with him when he goes out for a walk. Otherwise he might not be able to reach home by bedtime.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A young man who was told by his employer that his services were no longer needed, but was given no explanation, said that he considered his discharge quite "out of place."

Why bugle trimmings are so-called: "Why are those things on your dress called bugle trimmings?" George wanted to know. "Oh," Emily replied, lightly, "because pa blows so over the bill."

A Philadelphia inventor has worked for a year trying to make a pin which women would not put in their mouths. He has succeeded, but don't expect to sell many. The pins are as big as railroad spikes.

A young politician explained the tattered condition of his trousers to his father by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree enjoying himself when the farmer's dog came along and contested his seat.

Mrs. Ray, the first woman that went to Leadville, dug in the mines, scoured the plains as scout, took in washing, and now has a fortune of \$1,000,000. Her husband undoubtedly regards her as a "bright ray."

"Jane," said a father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—"

"Why, pa, who said he was stingy?" "Oh, nobody," replied pa, "only I could see he was a little close as I passed through the room."

Woman's love: "Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the Benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

Unconscious repartee. Uncle Dick (an artist)—"Well, Johnny, and what are you going to be?" Johnny—"I shall be a judge, like papa." Uncle Dick—"Ah! but you haven't brains enough, my boy." Johnny—"Oh, then I'll be an artist, like you."

"My mother's awful fickle," said little Edith to Mrs. Smith, who was making a call. "When she saw you coming up the street she said, 'There's that horrid Mis' Smith; I hope she isn't coming here,' and a minute after she told you she was real glad to see you."

A farm item remarks that in fly-time cows should be kept in stalls. This is for the convenience of the fly, increasing his opportunity of concentration, and economizing much valuable time that would be otherwise consumed in chasing a frisky heifer through a ten-acre lot.

At the butcher's: Irate customer—"That goose I bought here last week was as tough as leather judgment, and you said it was only six months old. My wife says she bets that goose has seen twenty winters." Butcher—"Quite likely." Irate customer—"What do you mean, then by saying it was but six months old?" Butcher—"You forget, sir, that it was a female. Gallantry to the sex would not permit me to put the age beyond that."