

### THE MYSTIC LAND.

In that strange and mystic land,  
Where the skies are soft and bland,  
And never blight or sadness comes a-ear,  
Where joy ruleth endlessly,  
And all things are glad and free,  
Year by year,

I have wandered near and far,  
Grasped all wonders that there are,  
Climbed the pinnacles that touch its friendly  
skies;  
Wrapped in its perfect ease,  
I have heard its melodies,  
Rise and rise.

In that land of calm divine,  
All things I choose are mine;  
For its treasure-houses open wide to me  
The choicest of all time—  
The spoils of every clime,  
Vast and free.

Oh, land of corn and wine!—  
Oh, land, sweet land of mine,  
Whose gilded turrets crowd the spicy air!  
Land of unfading streams—  
Oh, magic land of dreams,  
Thou art fair,  
Heavenly fair!  
—Emma M. Cass, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

### IN DISGUISE.

"I suppose I must give you up some time, my child," said Martin Vanstone, "and if you can find it in your heart to choose Fred Graham I should be very much pleased. He is so genial, and his character is above reproach."

Daisy's face flushed slightly as she replied:

"I will never choose a husband, papa, until I know that the man is worthy."

"You are right, Daisy, and I trust you will choose wisely," and Martin Vanstone left her alone in the drawing-room.

"I wish I knew my own heart. Fred seems to be all I desire in a husband, and yet—"

She paused as she arose and walked slowly to a window. She stood within the folds of the lace curtains, looking absently down into the street.

"Harry Clifford is my ideal of a true man, but—"

Again she paused, and a flush stole over her face.

Before it faded away a little girl came slowly in view carrying a basket on her arm.

She was scantily clothed, and her bare toes protruded from her well-worn shoes.

Her face wore a pinched, hungry look that went straight to Daisy's heart.

Touching a bell she bade the footman take the child into the dining-room and give her a good meal.

He was accustomed to her eccentric freaks and obeyed.

After the child had finished Daisy entered the room, carrying a large bundle.

"Well, little one, I have brought something for you, and if you can carry it home you will find some warm clothing in it. What is your name?"

"Dot Green, miss."

"Are your father and mother living?"

"My mother is alive, but my father is dead."

"I suppose your mother is very poor?"

"Yes, miss. She does laundry work, but Mr. Graham, he's so mean he won't pay, and he made me take four shirts back to have 'em done over, an' Jemmy's ill, an' mother's tired almost to death," and a sigh escaped the child's lips.

Daisy's face flushed as she caught the name, and her heart throbbed wildly.

"Can I look at the shirts, Dot?"

"Yes, miss, I ain't ashamed of 'em. My mother's a good ironer."

Daisy took them out one by one and examined them carefully.

"They are beautifully done. I can see no fault with them."

"Nobody ever finds fault 'cept Mr. Graham, an' he never pays till he owes for lots an' lots, an' he's so cross I hate to go near him."

Daisy walked to and fro across the room, plunged in thought. At length she paused beside Dot, and said:

"Dot, when you return with these shirts, come here first before you deliver them, and say nothing about it to any one."

"Yes, 'em, I'll do it."

The next day Dot returned with her basket.

"My mother didn't do the shirts over again, 'cause she said she couldn't make 'em look any better."

"Never mind, Dot. Wait here for a few moments; there is a lady here who desires to go with you."

A short time after a young Irish girl, in a shabby dress and coarse, red shawl, entered the room. Her face was very red and freckled, and she wore large blue glasses.

"The top of the mornin' to ye, me gurl," she said to the child. "An' what is yer name?"

"Dot," said the child, scanning her florid face.

"Well, Dot, my name's Biddy, and

I'm going wid ye to the house, an' if that gentleman trates ye bad I'll give him a piece of my moind. Come along, me lass."

Dot followed her reluctantly.

"They reached their destination, and were soon admitted into Fred Graham's room."

"So you have returned, have you? I suppose the shirts are all right this time."

"Look and see!" said Dot.

The shirts had never been moved from the basket until Daisy had arranged them the morning previous.

"Two of them are much improved, but the other two look much worse than they did before. Take them back, and tell her to iron them better."

"Please, sir, and would you be kind enough to send me mother the money that's comin' to her?"

"Not one farthing until you do my work satisfactorily. It's an outrage to ask money for work like that. Away with you!"

"Please, an' do just pay what yer ownin' the child. It is her just due, an' would keep the wolf from the door," said Biddy, putting her arms akimbo.

He looked at her from head to foot, and a sneer overspread his face.

"Never meddle with other people's business. I will not pay one penny."

"Sure, an' it is jokin' ye are! You, a gentleman, would niver ground the face iv the poor, niver! Yer too honest-lookin' for the loikes iv that. Jist pay the child now."

His face became pale with anger, and pointing to the door, he said:

"Go!"

They turned without another word and left the room, Dot's sobs falling on the air.

As they passed down the street they met Harry Clifford.

"Hallo, Dot! What's the matter child?" he asked in a kind tone.

"I couldn't get the money that's comin' to mother and—I—s'pose we will—have to—leave 'cause the lan'lord's awful ticular 'bout the rent."

"There, there, don't cry like that, child. How much is it?"

"Two dollars—just what Mr. Graham owes."

"Is it possible he is so careless in these matters? Well, there's the money. Your mother can credit me with it. Run away home or you'll be perished with this cold."

They turned a corner Biddy paused, and bid Dot good-bye, telling her she should hear from her again.

Two weeks passed, and one evening Fred Graham, the pet of society, proposed formally for the hand and heart of Daisy Vanstone.

"I cannot give you my answer now. Wait awhile, and when I am ready to do so I will let you know. Until that time arrives you must not come here again."

"Your will is my law, Daisy, but the most cruel part of the stipulation is debarring me from your presence. You were always eccentric, and I am willing to humor you."

One week later Daisy received an offer of marriage from Harry.

"Call to-morrow evening and you shall have your answer."

His manly face flushed.

"Surely you are not trifling, Miss Daisy?"

She looked up in his honest eyes, and in her fair face he read love's language plainly written there.

"Can you not trust me, Harry?"

It was the first time she had ever addressed him thus, and a flush of joy mounted his brow.

"Yes! to the death, my darling!" He seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Come to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, and you shall have your answer."

He was punctual to the moment.

Daisy received him kindly, and after some commonplace remarks she laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, smilingly:

"I am going to treat you to a scene in real life this evening. It is time for the play to commence, and if you will seat yourself in that alcove and remain a hidden spectator, you will oblige me very much."

He could only bow and assent, and was soon screened from view. In a few minutes Fred was announced. He came in faultlessly attired, his face wreathed in smiles.

Daisy received him cordially, and after a few women's conversation, he said:

"I received your note, and am here to receive your answer. Is it life or death, my darling?"

"You shall have my answer directly; but there are a lady and child who wish to see you first. You can surely wait a little longer."

A troubled, anxious look came over his face.

"A lady and child! I—I—do not understand!"

"I will send them in, and afterward I will give you my final reply."

Finding himself alone he rose and began to pace the floor nervously.

Ten minutes later the door slowly opened, and Biddy, with Dot, came timidly into the room. His face became colorless for an instant; but presently the blood rushed in a torrent to his brow.

"Please, sir, an' would you pay what you owe me mother? Me brother is ill still, an' me mother needs the money sorely."

She stood before him clothed in rags, her large toes protruding from her torn shoes.

The tableau was a striking one, as the richly-attired pet of society paused before the child of poverty and the florid-faced Irish girl who was wrapped in a long, shabby cloak.

He drew his purse from his pocket and placed it in Dot's outstretched hand.

"There, take that—it is more than I owe, but it is all right. Run along home now, that's a good girl, as fast as you can," he said, in a low tone.

She turned and left the room and Biddy coolly seated herself.

"Will you oblige me leaving the room? I have an engagement with a lady."

"An' aren't I a lady? Wouldn't I answer jist as well? Sure an' the very bist blood in ould Ireland flows in me veins!"

He scanned her face keenly while he grew pale with apprehension.

"In Heaven's name who are you?"

She took a handkerchief from her pocket, and after removing her glasses passed it over her face. She then removed the hood, the red wig and the cloak, and Daisy stood before him in her elegant evening attire.

"Miss Vanstone, this is a cruel farce! I did not dream you capable of it."

The end justifies the means, Mr. Graham. A man who will refuse to pay his honest debt, and thus cause a poor woman and her helpless children to suffer, can never be my husband. You have my answer. Good-evening!"

She turned and walked slowly toward the alcove, and the crestfallen Mr. Graham beat an inglorious retreat.

Harry Clifford stepped from his hiding-place, his face radiant, and clasping Daisy to his manly heart, he said:

"May I not claim you now, my darling? Your little play was perfect. I pity Fred, but I trust he will profit by his sad experience. You are quite an actress. But you must give me my answer now; what is it? If it is yes, give me the kiss my heart has hungered for so long."

She raised her face suffused with blushes, and their lips met in the first ripe kiss of love.

That was Daisy's answer.

### Curious Calculations.

This elaborate calculation is sometimes found in old family Bibles:

Books	Bible	Testament	Total
Books	29	27	56
Chapters	929	293	1,222
Verses	23,284	7,900	31,184
Words	392,438	181,253	573,691
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

### APPOCRYPHA.

Chapters	183
Verses	6,091
Words	152,185

The middle chapter and least in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is Psalm cxvi i, 8.

The middle time is 2 Chronicles iv, 16.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times, and in the New Testament 10,684 times.

The words "Jehovah" occurs 6,855 times.

### BIBLE.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix, between the 17th and 19th verses.

### TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between Romans xiii and xiv.

The middle verse is Acts xvii, 17. The last verse of Ezra vii, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

Second Kings, xix, and Isaiah xxxvi are alike.

The above took three years casting up.

### The Elder's Reproof.

An elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go to who play marbles on the Sabbath day?" "Ay," said the boy, "they gang down to the field by the water below the brig." "No," roared out the elder, "they go to hell and are burned." The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa, Jeanie, here's a man swearing awfully."—*Dean Ramsey.*

Dakota has twenty-one national and eighty-seven private banks, with an aggregate capital of over \$10,000,000.

### FIVE HUNDRED AN HOUR.

The Marvelous Celerity With Which Hogs Are Killed in Chicago Packing Houses.

A Chicago letter contains an interesting account of the methods of operation in the big packing houses of the Western metropolis. Says the writer: We began where the hogs were driven from the stock-yard pens and followed them until they were cut into pork, made into sausage or the hams put into the smoke-house. The killing was not a pleasant sight, but it was a wonderful one. The hogs were driven into a narrow pen, some fifty at a time. There half-grown boys fasten a clamp, resembling a handcuff, about a hind leg, hooked it to a chain and a man at the bench above them touched a lever. Thus the animal was raised by machinery until the snout was about waist-high, when another lever threw it upon an incline and it slid toward the steeper, who stood, knife in hand, ready to sever the jugular vein. As the hog passed him, he, by a quick turn, applied the knife and the animal passed on to the scalding vat, and the man killed the next before the first had hardly passed him. Thus a constant string of hogs was passing continually. Five hundred hogs an hour is the average work for ten hours each day of each of the two men who officiate as executioners in this house. It is expert work, and the men receive \$5 a day for their work. From the moment the hog is hoisted to the slide it never stops until hung up thoroughly cleaned. It is dead when it reaches the scalding vat, and when the procession begins to move in the morning the machine is constantly throwing hogs in and out with the certainty of clock-work. As they are thrown out of the vat men scratch the bristles off and lay them carefully by. Machinery then takes them up and scrapes the hair off. At the end of the cleaning table a man stands knife in hand, who must sever the head with the exception of enough flesh to hold it, with one blow. He strikes the joint every time, and gets \$3.75 per day for his work.

A man opposite hoists the hog off the table to another slide and down it goes in the long procession that never halts until the hogs are finally dressed, for the heads are fully severed while moving by men who stand, knife in hand, to do the work. The entrails are taken out much in the same way. It is many hundred feet from where the animals go to the slaughter to the cooling-out room, but they never stop from the time they start until they reach it. Not a word is spoken by the hundreds of men who take part in the killing and dressing. Every man knows what to do and does it without orders. It is a feature of the whole establishment that there is no talking in any of the departments. The work is so systematized that orders are not necessary, and the business is so driving that there is no time for frolic.

The cattle are killed and dressed in much the same way as the pork, except that they are first shot and then hung up by machinery and dressed. It takes from three to five minutes from the time an ox is shot until it is hung up, cut in half. From 1,000 to 1,500 cattle are slaughtered every day.

### A Fever-Proof Costume.

There was exhibited at the rooms of the National Health society, London, a novel dress, intended for the protection of sanitary visitors, nurses and others who have to enter the rooms of persons suffering from infectious diseases. The garment is of mackintosh, glazed inside and out, and made completely to envelop the wearer and with a hood to cover the head. Thus only the hands and face remain exposed—a matter considered of comparatively little importance, as these can be easily washed with disinfectants. A not less important object proposed to be effected by the use of this dress is that by its removal when the wearer leaves the sick-room the clothes which have been protected need not be changed, and the danger of the disease being carried from house to house or communicated to susceptible persons in public vehicles is obviated. At the end of the day, or as often as may be convenient, the dress can be cleaned with disinfectants. Further protection is given by a simple form of respirator. This is made of two folds of thin washing-net, between which is placed a layer of medicated cotton-wool, through which the wearer can breathe though no germs can pass. The respirator has tape strings which tie round the ears. After use the wool is burned and the net washed.

There are 40,000 square miles of almost unbroken forests in North Carolina, which it is estimated will be worth in ten years' time more than the present total valuation of all the property in the State, including land.

### Neal Dow's Rat Story.

Neal Dow, the temperance leader, tells this rat story in a letter to a Boston paper: My home is supposed to be rat-proof, and was so when quite new, but at one time, more than twenty years ago, we had a large colony of the rodents, greatly to our annoyance, and it was with us a matter of daily wonder where they found a weak spot in our defenses against them. One evening a young lady from a friend's family, living in a large, fine house nearly a mile away, was with us, and the talk turned on rats, as we heard ours galloping in the ceiling and scampering up and down the walls. The young lady said that none had ever been in their house, and she did not think there was any point at which they could enter. My eldest daughter, a great wit, said: "I've heard that, if politely invited to do so in writing, rats will leave any house and go to any other to which they may be directed, and I will tell ours that at your house they will find spacious quarters and an excellent commissariat."

At the moment, before us all, she wrote a most grandiloquent letter to the large family of rats that had so long favored us with their presence, pointing out to them that at 65 Pearl street was a large, fine house which had never been favored with the residence of any of their family, where they could find ample quarters and a fat larder. When finished, she read the missive to the company, and we had a great laugh over it. As an old superstition, she then put lard upon it and carried it into the attic, where it would probably be found by those to whom it was directed to. A few days after the young lady was at our house again, and burst into a laugh, exclaiming: "Our house is overrun with rats!" This recalled to us that we had heard none in our walls. My daughter went to the attic and the letter was gone. While we were talking and laughing over the curious affair a friend came in, and hearing the tale, said that two evenings before, in the bright moonlight, he saw several rats running down Chestnut street, which was the straight road to Pearl street. We have never been troubled with them since, but I have not heard how it has been with the house to which our beneficiaries were directed.

### A Floral Follower of the Sun.

That the sunflower follows the sun in its westward journey is well known, but when does it turn its face back again to the east to greet the morning sun? Mr. C. A. White, of Washington, in a letter to *Nature*, relates an incident which throws some light upon the subject. One evening, he says, during a short stay at a village in Colorado, in the summer of 1881, I took a walk along the banks of a long irrigating ditch just as the sun was setting. The wild variety of helianthus anans grew abundantly there, and I observed that the broad faces of all the flowers were as usual in the clear sunset, turned to the west. Returning by the same path less than an hour afterward, and immediately after the daylight was gone, I found to my surprise that much the greater part of these flowers had already turned their faces full to the east in anticipation, as it were, of the sun's rising. They had in that short time retraced the semicircle, in the traversing of which, with the sun, they had spent the whole day. Both the day and night were cloudless, and apparently no unusual conditions existed that might have exceptionally affected the movements of the flowers.

### Bob Law Near London.

Bob violence is by no means peculiar to this country. The village of Hounslow, near London, was lately the scene of something not unlike an American lynching. This was an incident of the Edwardes-Whitmarsh case. Dr. Edwardes, a popular young physician, committed suicide, leaving a letter which stated that a lying charge of dishonorable conduct had been brought against him by a woman; that Dr. Whitmarsh, his partner, had taken advantage of it to crowd him out of a thriving practice, and concluded with the words, "May God curse Michael Whitmarsh." Edwardes had been popular, and Whitmarsh was disliked. Day after day there was rioting in Hounslow, and Whitmarsh was forced to hide himself and all his family. He was burned in effigy, bricks were hurled through his windows until not a pane of glass was left, his brougham was demolished, and preparations were being made to burn his residence when the police finally restored order.

The British house of lords consists of 516 peers. In pay or pensions these noblemen receive £21,336 per annum. This includes the amounts received by peers of the royal family. The peers have between them 14,258,527 acres of land with a rental of £11,880,308.

### ANIMALS AND HUMAN SPEECH.

Intelligent Dogs and Parrots—Possibilities of the Future.

The Manchester (England) *Guardian* says: A writer in the *Journal of Science* deals with the interesting subject of the attempts of certain of the lower animals to acquire human speech. At the outset the observer is struck by the curious fact that the most successful attempts of this nature have been made not by the animals that are usually held to rank nearest to humanity, but by certain birds. M. A. Roujon tells of a dog that can pronounce the words "mama" and "papa." Considering the intelligence of dogs, it is perhaps a matter of surprise that such stories are not commoner. It has been suggested that the cause may be in the difference in structure of the vocal organs. At all events, the lower mammalia as a rule do not learn human speech. It is the parrot and not the monkey that learns to talk. This has struck the observant negro, who is said to have a theory that the monkey can speak but will not do so, lest he should be made to work. If the monkeys had arrived at this generalization, they would soon find that even the mutes must do something in the complex organization of civilized life. It is clear, however, that in addition to the possession of certain physiological and mental characteristics an animal must be in close contact with man before he can be expected to become familiar with his speech. It is evident that the animals that would appear most promising for such an experiment are not available for the purpose. They do not increase in captivity, and hence the hereditary influences of selective development carried on for generations is entirely absent. It is gravely doubted by some whether the birds that imitate the speech of man have any perception whatever of the meaning of the words they use. Do they employ their phrases with definite purpose or intention, or do they merely reproduce what they hear, as a boy may imitate the quack of a duck or the grunt of a pig? The writer of the article mentioned recites the case of a parrot which always preferred the petition, "Give Polly a bit, if you please," when she saw that food was being prepared, but did not offer that observation at any other time. He also mentioned a magpie at Stowmarket that knew and used with accuracy the names of several members of the family. The Abbe Gras has two parrots that use general phrases with appropriateness. When a supply of seeds is given to Coco she cries: "Here is something good." If her companion screams, he says: "Come, Cocotte, don't scream; sing." If her request is complied with she patronizingly observes: "You sing well—oh, very well." M. Gras was giving some directions to his housekeeper, when Coco interjected: "How, don't you understand?" Intelligent parrots occasionally vary their phrases, and like children who are learning to talk, never speak of themselves in the first person. The child calls itself "Baby," as the parrot styles itself "Polly." The bird and child alike puzzle and blunder in coming over a new phrase, and have especial difficulty in mastering the final part of the sentence. Considering what an individual bird can accomplish, it would be rash to limit the possibilities of that which might be if generation after generation of clever parrots were matched. "Perhaps," says the writer, "in these days of cram and of the equal rights of animals, we may in five centuries have magpies in the fifth and sixth standards, macaws preparing for the examination of the science and art department, and cockatoos—sweet bird graduates—taking their degrees at the University of London."

### Self-Made.

"Do you see that old man near the frog-pond on the common?"

"Thirty-two years ago that old man came to Boston with one suspender and a sore toe. He also had a basket of apples which a farmer in Lexington had given to him. He peddled the apples on Washington street and netted eighteen cents the first day. How much do you suppose he's worth now?"

"Oh, a million and a half," said one.

"Two millions," cried another.

"Six million three hundred thousand," was the estimate of a third.

"I give it up," remarked No. 4.

"How much is he worth?"

"Not a cent, and he still owes for the basket."—*Boston Globe.*

The United States spends \$600,000,000 a year for alcoholic drinks. It is estimated that more than 200,000 people are engaged in selling that amount of liquor.