

The End.

The rich man at morning looked over his lands,
All bright in the gold of their harvest pride:
He counted the plenty that came to his hands,
But he saw not the angel who stood at his side!

For death waits not, though riches increase:
And the sordid may trust in treasures that cease,
But their boast must end in mourning.

Quoth he, "The wealth of my fair fields teeming,
I will hoard, and eat while the years roll on:
And I'll build broader barns"—but a voice
Broke his dreaming.

And his flush'd cheek with terror turned
haggard and wan.
For death waits not, though riches increase,
And the hope that flatters a miser's peace
Is the hope that ends in mourning.

That night, still and cold, in the silence dim
Of his stately chamber the rich man lay;
And his barns, and his harvests, what are they
to him?

And whose was his wealth when his soul
fled away?
For death waits not, though riches increase,
Nor the gold of the miser can buy him release,
When the day of his doom comes in mourning.

—Theron Brown.

The Belle of the Bakery.

It was not one of your common bakeries. It was a very genteel bakery, indeed, with a solid plate-glass window, and "Parties and Weddings Supplied" gilded in sprawling letters across the front. The floor was of chequered marble, and the walls were frescoed with peacock feathers and half-open fans. And Mrs. Biggs knew nothing at all about "the business," but came in and out of a private door, and Miss Edelgitha, her daughter, was taking lessons on the piano, and in arranges work, and read D'Israeli's novels.

As for Mr. Biggs himself, he was invisible half the day in the subterranean region, whence he would occasionally emerge with a very red face, and hair and whiskers powdered with flour.

"They ain't nothin' like the master's eye," Mr. Biggs would observe, with a noble disregard of grammar, which was peculiarly aggravating to Edelgitha, his daughter.

Then there was Mary—"Polly," as Mr. Biggs called her. Mary Biggs had come to visit Edelgitha, and be educated with her, when the sudden death of her father left her unprovided for, and all but friendless.

"She's most educated, ain't she?" said Mr. Biggs. "Del'll put her through and make a teacher of her, eh, wife?"

"Pray, Mr. Biggs, don't go to putting such nonsense into the child's head!" said Mrs. Biggs. "It's a deal too expensive, and it will be three years at least before she will be qualified to teach. And we can't board and clothe her all that time. Let her go down into the bakery and help you. You were complaining only yesterday of being short of hands."

"But it's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mr. Biggs, who was a kind-hearted soul. "Such a bright, smart little creature as Polly is."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Biggs. "You want bright, smart creatures, don't you?"

"But I somehow calculated to give Polly the same advantages as Edelgitha," urged the baker, wriggling like an uneasy eel.

"Then you calculated entirely without your host," observed Mrs. Biggs, tartly. "We are not Rothschilds, and Signor Caracoli charges eighty dollars a quarter; and I've spoken to a French man'selle about daily lessons in conversation at a dollar a-piece. Besides"—with a sudden change of base—"Mary was telling me, only yesterday, that she pined for something to do. She has always been used to such an active life."

So Mary, in her black calico dress, with the mist of tears still heavy on her eyelids, went down into the work-rooms, to help her uncle.

She was a brisk, efficient girl, who had what Uncle Biggs called "a level business head." She was a good accountant, and kept the books below stairs; and once in awhile she amused herself with making up a pile of dainty, snow-white meringues, or a batch of old-fashioned doughnuts, for the store. It was lonely down there, to be sure, among the busy workmen, and she sighed at times when she heard her Cousin Edelgitha practicing the scales.

"It is very ungrateful of me," she said to herself. "I ought to be glad and thankful to help good Uncle Biggs."

And it never occurred either to Mary or her uncle that if she hadn't been so very much prettier than Edelgitha she never would have been banished to the basement of the bakery.

"Edelgitha must marry rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "We have prepared her to adorn any station; and Mr. Lilburne, certainly was very attentive when he met her at the private view of the picture gallery. I really think he likes Edelgitha."

"He's a queer old fish!" said the baker, meditatively.

"But he's rich," said Mrs. Biggs.

"Well, then, let's ask him to supper, and leave him and Edelgitha alone together afterward?" suggested Mr. Biggs. "That is, if she likes him."

"Biggs, don't be a goose!" said the lady, irritably. "You haven't a soul above one of your own flour-barrels—no, nor you won't never have."

So Mr. Biggs retired, and gave his whole attention to the checking off of a load of St. Louis flour, which was being delivered at the alley-door.

Mary Biggs had come up into the store to whisper one of her uncle's messages to the stylish young woman behind the counter, when a servant-girl hurried in and emptied about a peck of little, flat, brown cakes on the glass top of the show-case.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, miss," said she; "and they're trash!"

"What!" said the shopwoman.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments; and they're trash!" repeated the maid. "He said they wasn't ginger-snaps at all; they was only lard and molasses. He wanted the kind his mother used to bake of Saturday mornings. The very first one he tasted he threw on the floor."

"Well," remarked the shopwoman, tossing her head, "if our ginger-snaps don't suit the gentleman, then it's impossible to suit him. That's all!"

"He's been sick, you know," said the maid-servant, apologetically. "And he's just getting better, and his appetite's dreadful uncertain, and Mrs. Pugsley—my missus—she thought she was sure to tempt him with these 'ere 'Ginger-snaps' said he, 'Just what I've been a-longin' for. My mother used to bake 'em for me, when I was a child. Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, said he, 'you may order 'em for me.' But," with a mild sigh, "missus might ha' known they wouldn't suit. Nothin' suits when a gentleman's just off a sick bed."

"Is it Mr. Lilburne?" said Mary.

"Oh, I remember him. He came here once, and went to sleep while Edelgitha was singing, 'Oh, Summer Night!' I liked him. He talked to me about the country. He knew all about calves and chickens, and cranberry swamps and robins' nests. Does he like ginger-snaps? I'll make some for him. I know an old-fashioned receipt that is always good. Come here tomorrow, my good girl," to the maid, "and I'll have some ready for you. Poor Mr. Lilburne! I'm sorry he's sick!"

The smart shopwoman stared as superciliously as Liszt or Chopin might have done if a village bugler had volunteered to them the first principles of music.

A country-girl, like that, expect to compete with "Biggs's Celebrated Bakery!" Well, really, the shopwoman didn't know what the world was coming to.

But little Polly hurried down stairs again to where Mr. Biggs, all powdered with flour, was laying down the law to some of his satellites.

"Ginger, my dear?" said he. "And flour? What you like—what you like! As I was telling you, Johnson, a barrel of prime flour has to be humored. You can't drive it. Flour is flour, and must be handled accordingly."

Mr. Leonidas Lilburne, stalking un- easily about his sick-room, and anathematizing the sluggish current of the hours, was secretly making up his mind to get married.

"After a man has once been sick in a boarding-house," he said to himself, "he's a fool if he don't look around for a home of his own. I am forty next month. It's high time I was thinking of settling in life— Eh, who's there?"

"It's me, sir, please!" said Mrs. Pugsley—"with some ginger-snaps."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Fling 'em out of the window! Give 'em to the dogs! I don't want any more of your city humbugs!"

"But please, sir, these are quite different!" Mrs. Pugsley coaxed—"made by a young woman from the country, as works in Mr. Biggs' bakery. And I was to ask, would you be so very good as only to taste 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I'll taste them!" said Mr. Lilburne, sarcastically. "It's no trouble to poison myself, just to oblige people!"

And Mrs. Pugsley, entering with an apprehensive air, put the plate of round, golden cakelets on the table.

"I really think, sir," said she, "if you would only taste them—"

"Hum! ha!" said Mr. Lilburne. "These are quite a different article! These are the kind my old mother used to turn out! They're ambrosia—they're food for the gods! Who made them, I say?"

"I—I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pugsley, rather discomfited by this direct address. "Some young person in Mr. Biggs' bakery."

"Order a carriage!" said Mr. Lilburne—"and bring me my sable-trimmed overcoat at once! I'll go and see that young woman. I don't believe there is another person on the American continent that can make ginger-snaps like these, now that my poor old mother is buried!"

Mary Biggs came, laughing, up from the subterranean depths of Biggs' bakery.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lilburne," said she, "I made the snaps! Don't you remember me—Edelgitha's cousin?"

"But what are you doing down here?" demanded Mr. Lilburne, in some amazement.

"Earning my own living," Polly promptly answered. "And they told me you didn't like the store snaps, so I baked some after my grandmother's old receipt."

Mr. Lilburne looked at Polly with the respect due to a maker of incomparable ginger-snaps, mingled with chivalrous pity for a desolate maiden.

"Miss Polly," said he—"that was what they called you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Polly, "that's my name."

"Perhaps I ought to warn you that I'm going to be a little abrupt," said he; "but—I should like to marry you."

"Oh, dear!" said Polly, starting back in amazement; "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Lilburne. "Think of it, that's all. Think of it for a week, and then let me know your final decision. I'm not exactly what the world calls a gay young lover, but I can give you a good home and an honest, loving heart. Your uncle can tell you all about Leonidas Lilburne. There, I won't tease you any longer. Just take my proposal into consideration, that's all."

So he went away, and Mary, in her perplexity, went in among the flour barrels, and took counsel with Uncle Biggs.

"Uncle," said she, "what am I to do?"

"My dear," said the good man, stroking her head with floury, yet not unkindly, hands, "what do you think? Could you learn to like him?"

"I think so," confessed Mary, with downcast eyes. "He spoke so pleasantly to me, and he has honest brown eyes."

"Then I recommend you to say yes," said Uncle Biggs. "Lilburne is a good, warm-hearted fellow, if a little eccentric, and his wife will be a lucky woman."

And he thought of Edelgitha and sighed.

A week subsequently, Mr. Lilburne gave his hand to Mary.

"I hope I haven't failed to suit you, sir," said she, plaintively.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Pugsley," said he. "But I'm going to be married."

"I'm sure, sir, I congratulate you," said Mrs. Pugsley, faintly.

"You may well do so, ma'am," said Mr. Lilburne. "She's as lovely as Venus, as domestic as Dorcas, and—she makes ginger-snaps such as my poor mother once did! Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, I feel that I have gained a prize."

So Polly Biggs' ginger-snaps won the treasure which Miss Edelgitha's frills and French conversation had been powerless to reach.

"I really can't see what Mr. Lilburne saw to fancy in my Cousin Polly!" said she, with spiteful tears.

And Mrs. Biggs could not enlighten her daughter.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

About Authors.

Baxter was one of the most voluminous writers in the English language. He wrote no fewer than 158 separate works.

Dr. Owen published seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. He wrote so carelessly that Robert Hall said of him: "He is a Dutchman floundering in a continent of mud."

Samuel Clarke was an indefatigable worker. His edition of "Caesar's Commentaries," his seventeen sermons, his twelve books of the Iliad, etc., prove the fact.

Otway performed an immense amount of literary labor before he had attained his thirty-fourth year.

Doctor Lardner was a voluminous writer. His "Credibility of the Gospel History" alone comprised fifteen volumes.

William Cobbett wrote more than one hundred volumes.

Thomas Miller author of "Fair Rosamond," "Lady Jane Grey," etc., wrote one hundred volumes in twenty years.

Theodore Hook produced thirty-eight books in sixteen years, and as he was during that time editor of a paper, and contributor to the magazines, he may well have been considered a great worker.

Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo Books" wrote more than one hundred volumes for his juvenile series.

Killed by a Grizzly.

William Farley, who has just arrived from the Medicine Bow country, says a Denver paper, tells the story of a thrilling bear hunt in which two old frontiersmen lost their lives. Farley and two companions, James Wilson and Jake Schultz, were on a prospecting trip on the Little Pass Creek, which debouches into the Medicine Bow fork of the North Platte south of Elk Mountain. One night about three weeks ago a grizzly was seen near the tent, and Farley and Schultz went to take a shot. The two men had not gone more than half a dozen yards from the tent when Farley broke the limb off a fallen tree in stepping over it, and the loud report startled the bear.

The grizzly fell back on his hind quarters, uttered a furious growl, and then made for the tent on the run. Before Schultz or Farley could shoot or collect their frightened senses, the bear had broken through the tent. They knew that nothing less than a miracle could save Wilson's life, and immediately took shelter among the low branches of a cottonwood tree. In the dim light of the camp fire they saw the tent heaving with the conflict for life raging within, and while praying that Wilson would come off victorious, a wild death-cry told them that the struggle was at an end. The commotion within ceased with the fading away of the horrible echo, and the grizzly bear shambled out into the light. He staggered around the fire, surveyed the pool of syrup on the ground, but seemed to have no further appetite for it, and then departed as abruptly as he came.

It was some time before Farley and Schultz could muster up sufficient courage to descend from the tree, believing that the bear was still in hiding close by. When they entered the tent the light of a pine knot disclosed to their horrified gaze the form of poor Wilson, literally torn to pieces. One side of his head had been laid bare by a blow from the grizzly's paw, and the left side of his body, including the heart, had been almost torn away. The yet warm life blood covered everything around, and in the pool lay the knife with which Wilson had vainly tried to defend himself.

Following the bear's trail Schultz and Farley discovered the bear in a clump of bushes. Schultz cautiously crept through the chapparal. One-two and three minutes seemed to stretch into so many hours. Then there broke out on the morning air a yell that froze the very blood in his veins. After that came the echo of the despairing cry, "Farley! My God—I'm killed!" A deathly silence that was only broken by the splashing of a beaver's tail in one of the open dams ensued, and Farley knew that he had lost his second partner. It was with the feeling that he was walking into the jaws of certain death that he entered the chapparal to seek Schultz.

There was no danger, however; the bear had again fled. In a dark spot in the undergrowth, to which the sun was unable to penetrate, Farley, while crawling on all fours, fell over the body of Schultz. When he had recovered from the horror of the discovery, he dragged the remains out into the light. It was apparent from the wounds that Schultz had stumbled on to the bear and received his death wound before he could make an effort to defend himself. His gun was in his right hand, as if trailing it. The bear, surprised, had struck him on the left shoulder, tearing away cloth and flesh, and then bit him through the heart, as he had Wilson, the two wounds being almost identical.

Knocking Dog.

Everybody in Medway, Ky., knows old "Ned," the children's dog. He formerly belonged to the late Mrs. Margaret Buford, but as there were no children at her house he came to town and took up his abode at Mr. N. S. Roger's. He goes to school with the children every morning and remains there all day. When they go out to play he goes, too, and is quite expert at catching a ball; indeed, in a game, he takes the place of a child. When the bell rings he is the first to run into the school-house, and when the classes are called up to recite he takes his place in line at the foot. After the child next above him has recited, he answers the next question by an intelligent bark and bow of the head. Should a question be missed by the child at the foot of the class and passed to the next by the teacher, "Ned" will answer it in his peculiar way. Spelling seems to be his favorite branch of study, his answers in that being exceedingly quick and vigorous. Although he turns the children down, after his fashion, he never goes above them. He will fight for any of the pupils, as well as teacher, and could not be induced to stay where there are no children.

Japanese Dancing.

No nation ever carried a love of dancing to such an extent as the Japanese. There is scarcely an occasion, whether serious or comic, in which they do not cut the most extraordinary capers. If a warrior throws out a defiance to his enemy, it is done in a dance, in which he brandishes his spear and kris, pronouncing an emphatic challenge. If a native of the same country runs a muck, ten to one but he braves death in a dancing posture. When they swear eternal hatred of their enemies or fidelity to their friends, the solemnity is accompanied by a dance, in which a great deal of vivacity is displayed. All orders executed in the presence of a Japanese monarch, on public occasions, are accompanied by a dance. When a message is to be conveyed to the royal ear, the messenger advances with a solemn dance and retreats in the same way. The ambassadors from one native prince to another follow the same course when coming into and retiring from the presence of the sovereign to whom they are deputed.

Previous to the introduction of the Mohammedan religion, it appears to have been the custom in all the oriental islands for the men of rank, at their public festivities, when heated with wine, to dance. Upon such occasions, the exhibition appears to have been a kind of war-dance. The dancer drew his kris and went through all the evolutions of a mock fight. At present the practice is most common among the Japanese, with every chief of whom dancing, far from being considered scandalous, as among the people of western India, is held to be a necessary accomplishment. Respectable women, however, never join in it, and with that sex dancing is confined to those whose profession it is. In the midst of friends or in sight of strangers, a Japanese chief will exhibit in the mazes of the dance with an ordinary dancing girl. The dance, at such times, is nothing more than the slow and solemn pacing exhibited on other occasions.

The professional dancers differ little but in inferiority of skill from the common dancing girls of Hindostan. The music to which the dancing is performed is indeed generally incomparably better than that of western India, although the vocal part of it is equally harsh and dissonant. Now and then a single voice of great tenderness and melody may be found; but whenever an effort is made at raising it for the accommodation of an audience, it becomes harsh and unmusical. The songs sung on such occasions are often nothing more than unpremeditated effusions; but among the Japanese there are some national ballads that might bear a comparison with the boasted odes of the Persian minstrels.

Is Friday an Unlucky Day.

Perhaps the world will never get over the idea that Friday is an unlucky day, says an exchange. But admitting all that is claimed, there have been many events occurring on this unlucky day that were decidedly the reverse of unlucky. Of course a long list might be given, but a few connected chiefly with American history will do. On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos on his memorable voyage of discovery, and on Friday, October 12, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII commissioned John Cabot, and this commission is the first English state paper on record concerning America. On Friday, September 7, 1565, St. Augustine, Fla., was founded—the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower made land at Princetown, and on the same day the Pilgrims signed the compact which was the forerunner of our constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth rock. On Friday, Feb. 22, 1732, Washington was born. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 8, 1777 occurred the surrender at Saratoga. On Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was discovered. On Friday, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and the war for independence ended in complete victory. Other events might be named. In the war with Mexico the battle of Palo Alto began on Friday. The northwestern boundary question, which threatened war with England, was settled on Friday of the same date.

Recent investigations into the density of population in Paris, as published in the Globe of that city, develops the fact that there are 68,126 houses with a population of 2,269,000 inhabitants, giving an average of 33 persons to each house.

Echo Song.

I call across the rolling plain,
"O mountains from your sleep awake
O stupid rocks your slumber break,
Hear and give back my words again!"
And hark! the Echo doth rebound
In accents made the soul of sound,
Replying to my laughing voice,
"Rejoice!"

There loitereth by a flock of sheep,
Above whose clamorous bleating swell
The tinkling of their hundred bells.
In sympathy with me, the steep
Takes up the wild pell-mell of sound,
Makes jargon human in rebound,
Compels uproar to flow along
In song.

Where curves the lake's green crescent coast,
The fishers flock with net and boat,
With song and shout ashore, aloft:
Yet all the babble of their hoar
Melts into music in rebound,
Confusion into tuneful sound,
One heart of overflowing cheer
I hear.

Behind me is the murmurous sigh
And rustling of the forest trees,
While loud or low as flows the breeze
Comes song of birds afar and nigh,
And, shrouded into the one rebound,
One note on Echo's lips is found
As if from one poetic brain,
The strain.

And thus from all the race ascends
Earth's myriad sigh and song and prayer
Of hope, of anguish, praise, despair;
Not gathered into one descends
Divine—not Echo, not rebound—
One answer from the blue above,
"Thy love!" —From the French.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A bill that will pass—Any good bank bill.

A trying question—"Guilty, or not guilty?"

No bank should be without a chest-protector.

When a man loses his balance, where does it go?

In these days it should be changed around so as to read, "Where there's a will there's a way to break it."

"Never sit without a coat at an open window when heated." It has been scientifically determined that there is nothing more absolutely dangerous than a heated open window.

Believers in the William-Tell-shooting-the-apple-off-his-little-boy's-head story will be glad to hear that there actually was a Gessler, notwithstanding the iconoclastic effort to spoil the little legend by proving that there was not. And everybody knows there was an apple.

It is said that litigation is so rare in Searey county, Ark., that a lawyer could not make a living at his practice if he were to receive all the fees on both sides of every case. When a man has any trouble with a neighbor in that county, they go out and settle it with shotguns.

There is a young lady in San Francisco who is six feet four inches tall, and is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow—I'd wed thee, ride or wrong; a man wants but little here below, but wants that little long."

Queer Catch-Pennies.

Many of the "olds-and-endists," like the nut-counter, are ministers of some slight amusement for the public. One of these wanderers used to stand in by-streets and draw sweet music from a tin coffee-pot. This quaint instrument was pierced with holes, the musician blew into the spout, and skilfully governed the "vertages" with his finger. Another, of wild aspect and gabbling speech, relied upon a much simpler music. He carried a crazy German concertina, which he did not play, and probably could not. What he did do was to pull it steadily in and out, and produce a horrid hee-haw, until he was paid to go away. This blackmail, for it was little else, he received with the stolid complacency of a deserving man. No bagpipers ever harrassed a street more effectually.

An entirely different entertainment was and possibly is still supplied by a stout man of dignified presence. He would walk solemnly into a restaurant or bar, and would stop suddenly before any knot of three or four people he might happen to see. When they turned their eyes upon him, as they naturally would do, he proceeded, with great gravity, to unbutton his waistcoat. The result of this was the disclosure of an enormous beard some two feet in length, the lower part of which was kept inside the waistcoat when not required for professional purposes. He would then, after receiving any comments with perfect silence, button up his waistcoat, and hold out his hat. His whole demeanor seemed to say, "This truly magnificent beard speaks for itself; no mine can add to its beauty, and I haven't sense enough to appreciate it and to drop a copper in the old hat, words would be wasted on you." [London Globe.]