The Old Clock.

I.

The old clock croons on the sun-kissed wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The merry second to minutes call;
Tick, tock! 'Tis morn!
A maiden sits at the mirror there,
And smiles as she braids her golden hair;
Oh, in the light but her face is fair!
Tick tock! tick, tock!
Far over the sea the good ship brings
The lover of whom the maiden sings;
From the orange tree the first leaf springs;
Tick, tock! tick tock!

II.

The old clock laughs on the flower-decked wall—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The rose-winged hours elude their thrall;
Tick, tock! 'Tis noon!
The lover's pride and his love are blest;
The maiden is folded to his breast;
On her brow the holy blossoms rest;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
Oh, thrice, thrice long may the sweet bells chime
As echoing this thro' future time!
Still to my heart beats that measured rhyme—
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

III.

The old clock moans on the crumbling wall—
Tick, tock! tick tock!
The drear years into eternity fall;
Tick, tock! 'Tis night!
The thread that yon spider draws with care
Across the gleam of the mirror there
Seems like the ghost of a golden hair;
Tick, tock! tick, tock!
The sweet bells chime for those who may wed;
The neroli-snows crown many a head—
But tree and maiden and lover are dead.
Tick, tock! tick, tock!

—*Guy Carleton in Life.*

THE DOOR-STEP.

Hannah Gneldt leaned upon her broom and looked out from the low kitchen door across the wintry fields and ice-glazed streamlet which lay between her home and the village of Greenock, with its one tapering spire and sloping roofs and blank white walls, bare now of the summer verdure. She had done her household work, polished every article capable of polish and soaped and sanded all the rest. At the last she had swept clean her door-stone and now felt free to do what she choose, to rest or gossip or sit down to needle-work—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order. Just now she felt like neither gossiping or sewing; her heart was very full, and she found it necessary to stand still and think awhile. Only that she was not used to it, she would have cried, she was so very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people were those who lay in their green graves in the churchyard, with crossed hands upon their bosoms, and felt quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that Hannah Gneldt was tired in body or weary with the toil of household duty; for she was strong in frame, and her health was perfect as her hands were willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay; her spirit was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved him well and worked hard and faithful to keep things decent, and it has come to this at last. Things had been better," said she, "if he'd married Miss Lester."

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneldt, harassed by toil and debt, had said that very morning; and it seemed to Hannah like the confession of long repentance, forced from her husband's lips at last.

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I doubt he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the door-step.

"I can mend that, anyhow," she said, "and I have time, for work is done."

So she hung the broom up and peeped into the oven and set the kettle on and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simeon Gray.

On one spot were men at work breaking up stones lying about.

Hannah Gneldt nodded to the old farmer, and he came to meet her.

"I want a stone," she said, "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all" said the farmer. "A lot of rubbish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old graveyard at last. Wife talks to me o' sacrilege and disturbin' bones Bless you, there ain't been none for years; and these hard times men can't let land go to waste. I tell wife she don't know nothin' about it. What do you want to do? Have a bit around the well?"

"No, I want a step," said Hannah. "That great white one is just the thing." And she pointed to a slab hard by.

"Ike shall bring it over to-night," said the farmer.

"No," said Hannah, "I can roll it along."

"I wish I could tell what that was," she said. "Some one's age and name. Ah! there were sore hearts what that was new. I hope when I die Oliver will have written over me that I was a good wife. I've tried to be. I ought to know that big letter—wait a bit; I believe it's Z."

Then she turned the inscription downward and washed the other side clear and white and fitted it into place.

She received little credit for her work. Oliver only muttered:

"You needn't have published the fact I couldn't afford a porch to the place." And no one noticed the step afterwards save Hannah, when she scrubbed it.

Matters were very bad with the Gneldts. Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless sorrow and grew graver and balder with each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off a little by making a home of the poor house and a feast of the humble fare by her house wife's skill. She might even have been cheerful but for the memory of that luckless speech.

Working in her garden one day when the first spring grass was growing green, Hannah heard footsteps, and, lifting her head, saw two gentlemen beside her and arose precipitately. The nearest gentleman, an elderly man with bright, dark eyes, addressed her:

"Mrs. Gneldt, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

She asked him to walk in, and he did so, the other following. In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneldt, Oliver Gneldt's wife?"

"Yes, sir; it is about—about—excuse me, you look like a lawyer, and I fear it is more trouble for Oliver."

"Re-assure yourself, madam," said the gentleman; "re-assure yourself, madam. Your husband is not concerned, save through you, and that, I hope, pleasantly. Your name was Burns before you were married."

"Yes, sir; Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, sir."

"You have, perhaps, a record of family events—your own birth, your parent's marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneldt wonderingly replied, "I have mother's Bible, and they tell me it's all there."

"How far back?"

"To grandfather's birth, I believe—Grandfather Burns. He had one child, and I am the only one my parents ever had. Oliver set down our wedding day and our two boys' birthdays."

"And your great-grandfather—the record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait I'll call Oliver."

Going to the door, Hannah took down a horn used for that purpose and uttered a call, which brought Oliver Gneldt home from the field at once. He also felt alarmed, but explanations quieted him. Almost as much astonished as his wife, he brought out the Bible.

"The death of my wife's great-grandfather, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he said. "The first record is in his hand, I believe. It is the birth of his eldest child."

So it proved, and the lawyer looked disappointed.

"You cannot remember the day of his death?" he said. "I mean the date of the month?"

"He died long before I was born," said Hannah, "and, though rich, left nothing to grandfather. They had quarreled, I believe. He told odd stories of him. He must have been very eccentric, and a servant or housekeeper had great influence over him; she had all the property. Margery — Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Hannah. "I remember now."

"You are quiet people, not likely to talk too much," said the lawyer. "I will tell you something. We have found, something. We have found a will among the effects. He died in a fit of apoplexy. Don't hope too much, mind. A will in your favor, as your father's only child. It was written by him on his death-bed, dated 10th of March, 17—, and leaves all his property to your father, his grandson, then a boy. Hush! don't hope too much. Margery Wilbur or her heirs now hold this property under a will dated March 15th, 17—."

"A later will," said Oliver. "Then of course, they are the rightful possessors. What need of all this? The latest must stand."

"Not if it is a forgery," said the lawyer.

Oliver laughed the bitter laugh of care and disappointment.

"Who can prove that?" he said.

"No one, perhaps. Yet the record of the old man's death might. A man whose dying hand signed a will on the 10th of March would scarcely make another on the 15th. We believe the will a forgery, written on old parchment. Since the discovery of the one I have spoken of Margery Wilber took possession with legal forms, for no one appeared to test her title. Where was your great-grandfather buried?"

"Here," said Hannah. "They say he was brought down at his request—Mrs. Wilber as chief mourner, and his son—grandfather—not even sent for. An old graveyard somewhere. Oh, Oliver! Oliver!"

She turned quite white, and uttered a cry, "Oliver, that must be the graveyard on Gray's place that he dug over last winter in the warm spell."

"Then it is gone," said Oliver. "And our last hope with it. No, gentlemen good luck would never come upon us. Poverty means to cling to us to the last. I wish you had better clients."

"Oliver! Oliver!" grasped Hannah Gneldt, "tell me one thing. Zebulon was great grandfather's name. Zebulon is spelled with a Z, isn't it? Oh, do speak!"

"I think you are going mad, Hannah; of course it is."

"Oh, the big Z, I remember it so well. I know it was Z; and it would have been broken to pieces before now. Oliver, don't you remember my door-step that you were so angry at? I believe it is my poor old great-grandfather's tombstone. And not to know it when I stared at the great Z!"

Oliver Gneldt said nothing. He feared his wife's brain was turned, and that made him faint and cold as he followed her into the garden and there watched while the three others lifted at the flat slab.

It lay before them on the green spring grass, black letters on the whiteness, and bending over it they read aloud:

"Zebulon Burns. Born May, ——. Died March 14th, 17—," with eulogistic verses, with long s's, underneath, as in duty bound.

"It's poor grandfather's," said Hannah. And the lawyer extended his hands, grasping those of Oliver and his wife.

"The proof is found," he said; "the latest will is a forgery, for it is dated the day after the old man's death. Mrs. Gneldt is heiress to a large property. I congratulate you."

And Hannah, with her head on her husband's shoulder, whispered: "Oliver, it wouldn't have been better to have married Miss Lester, after all."

Employment of Women and Children.

The United States census statistics relating to "gainful" occupations show some significant results as to the employment of women and children. The whole number of females reported as pursuing gainful occupations in the United States in 1870 was 1,836,288. In 1880 the number was 2,647,157, showing an increase during the ten years of 810,869. This result shows that the number of females engaged in occupations has increased at a much higher rate than the female population, and also at a higher rate than the number of males pursuing occupations. It further appears that the rate of increase in the number of females pursuing occupations has been far higher in manufacturing and mechanical industries—that is, in factories chiefly—than in any other kind of employment.

Similar results are shown by the census statistics with reference to the employment of children. In 1870 the whole number between ten and fifteen years of age reported as pursuing gainful occupations was 739,164. In 1880 the number was 1,118,356, or an increase during the decade of 379,192. The rate of this increase was greater than the rate of increase in the population between those ages, and it was also greater than the rate of increase in the number of adults pursuing gaining occupations. As in the case of women, so in the case of children, the rate of increase in the number employed has been greatest in factories. Nearly three hundred thousand more women, and about sixty thousand more children, were employed in manufacturing industries in 1880 than in 1870. —*New York Herald.*

Rabbit Transit.

The vicinity of Austin is very hilly and rocky, and abounds in rabbits. A little boy, who had not been long in the place undertook to capture a rabbit. He chased the animal up a steep hill, but when he undertook to follow it down the other side he lost his balance and got a bad fall. When the boy came home in a used-up condition, his mother asked him what he had been doing.

"I had such a nice race with a rabbit."

"Well, which of you won the race."

"Going up the hill the rabbit was ahead, but in coming down on the other side I beat the rabbit."

TRUTH.

A Beautiful Illustration of Its Power.

The following beautiful illustration of the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the Albany *State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the higher courts of New York.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidingly up into his face with a calm, clear eye, and with a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought that he intended to inquire if she ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean, were you ever a witness before?"

"No, I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible, open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read.

"Has anyone talked with you about your being a witness here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent " he continued. "Were I on trial for my life and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray to God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with indefinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony it was scattered like chaff. The little child for whom the mother had prayed for strength to be given to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devises of matured villiany like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given, and sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean to the prisoner and his associate—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

MADE INSANE BY EXILE.

A Russian Author's Hard Fate—How he Was Sentenced.

The New York *Volks-Zeitung* has information that Nicolai Spasskoff, a Russian refugee who arrived in Vienna recently, reports that Tschernyschewskij, the Russian author who has been for nineteen years an exile, has been insane since the beginning of the year. When Spasskoff saw him he was confined at Wilujsk, in the government of Irkutsk. He was raving mad. Tschernyschewskij was banished for writing the romance, "Schto Djelatj." The ceremony following upon his sentence is thus described by an eye-witness:

It was on May 20, 1864. A large crowd was hurrying to the Kasan place at St. Petersburg, where a scaffold was erected, guarded by a detachment of soldiery. From far away I could see the pillory overtopping the scaffold and the surrounding crowd. From the Kasan steeple the clock struck nine, and at the same time from a small alley leading to the Kasan place a cart issued; it was painted black and accompanied by two gendarmes. The cart made its way through the crowd toward the scaffold. Two men descended from it, one of whom was an officer, the other a civilian, who looked very pale. The officer beckoned the civilian to mount the scaffold. The pale man obeyed. He was received upon the scaffold by two men, who were standing near the pillory; they wore red shirts and red caps, and were the helpers of the hangman. One of them hung a blackboard about the neck of the pale man. In white letters these two words were painted upon the blackboard: "Gossudarstwennyj Prestupnik"—State Criminal. This was, then, the official title of N. G. Tschernyschewskij, the beloved of Russia's youth! The officer took from his pocket a paper and commenced reading the sentence of the court, setting forth that the Honorable Councillor Tschernyschewskij had been condemned to serve fourteen years at hard labor in the mines for having issued and circulated socialistic literature; and that, having served his term, he would be banished for life to Siberia. Having finished with reading, the officer commanded the prisoner to kneel down. Tschernyschewskij bent his knees, and then two thin swords were broken over his head, which was to signify that he was now divested of his title, honors, and citizen's rights for all time to come. At this moment a beautiful bouquet was thrown to the "dishonored" man of letters; a shower of bouquets and flowers followed them from all sides. The officer made Tschernyschewskij stand up to the pillory that he might not pick up any of the flowers.

From the scaffold he was hurried directly to Nertschinsk in Siberia, where he was compelled to dig in the mines under a continual torture of blows from the knout, and of mental and physical deprivations. After those seven years of agony he was sent from one prison to the other until they drove him crazy.

Hard and Soft Water.

The hardness or softness of water depends upon the amount of mineral ingredients which it contains. These mainly consist of carbonate and sulphate of lime, the former giving rise to what is called temporary hardness—it being for the most part removable by continued boiling, whereby it becomes incrusted as chalk on the inside of the vessel in which the water is boiled; and the latter to permanent hardness, because it is not thus removable. A very hard water is injurious for drinking purposes because its power as a solvent for food is impaired, and because it is absorbed by the stomach with greater difficulty than a soft water, thus giving rise to indigestion or dyspepsia. In addition to the long train of distressing symptoms which are included under the term dyspepsia, there is strong evidence to prove that the habitual drinking of very hard water also gives rise to goitre, a disease associated in many places with that fearful form of idiocy known as cretinism. In many parts of England goitre is found to prevail only in those districts where the magnesian limestone formation is abundant. In some districts in Switzerland the use of certain spring waters of unusual hardness has been followed by the production of augmentation of the disease in the course of a few days, and similar results have frequently been observed in India.—*Prof. Simpson, M. D.*

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

Knavery is supple, and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.

He who is the most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity. The former is but human, the latter is divine.

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

Precept is instruction that is written in sand, and washed away by the tide; example is instruction engraved on the rock.

Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, is it not as though the earth were carpeted with leather?

Try to repress thought, and it is like trying to fasten down steam—an explosion is sure to follow. Let thought be free to work in its own appropriate way, and it turns the machine, drives the wheels, does the work.

Cavair.

There are many people who pretend to like caviar, and it is possible that a few may have forced themselves to relish the intensely salt or rancid preparation of sturgeon eggs called by this name. We believe the "delicacy" first came from Russia, and we can imagine that a native of Siberia, half Indian and half Esquimaux, might find caviar a delightful change from whale's blubber and decayed seal. We have tasted caviar, and think that old rusty mackerel brine is nectar beside it.

The Germans pretend to love caviar and Americans who have been abroad eat it before their friends to show their acquired taste contracted in foreign lands. We read in the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung* that some Germans have been making caviar from the eggs of the pike, and we wish them success in their search after a new source of supply of delicatessen. Shakespeare speaks of something which the general public cannot relish as being "caviar to the general." The bard is correct, as usual. Caviar is caviar, whether made of triple-salted rancid sturgeon eggs or of the ova of the pike flavored with seal blubber and stale mackerel brine.

To our friends who have not yet met this luxury we will say that at dinner, after the pudding, ice cream, cheese, nuts, figs and raisins have passed, you take a piece of toast about three inches square and cover it with a quarter inch layer of something that looks like broken rice stewed in coal tar. On this you put a thick layer of finely-chopped raw onion and squeeze lemon over it. You raise it to your lips; you bite into it and roll your eyes heavenward and declare that you never tasted anything half so delicious before. At the first opportunity you slip down stairs and take a quiet drink out of the kerosene can to get up a proper aftertaste in your mouth.

Yes, the Germans have discovered a new source of caviar in the pike, and don't we wish we had some of it. The memory of the caviar we have eaten comes over us like the recollections of an Arctic explorer when he thinks of the train oil he has swallowed.—[*Forest and Stream.*

Expecting a Letter.

"I don't see how it is," exclaimed an east side man, as he entered the postoffice the other morning; "I can never get my letters on time!"

"Are you expecting something by mail?" asked the postmaster, politely.

"Expecting something! I should think I was. I've been expecting it for the past three days!" continued the man, impatiently.

"This is probably what you expected," said the man of letters, with a self-satisfied smile, as he took a bill from the man's box and handed it to him.

"Yes," growled the man, taking the envelope which he supposed contained the expected letter, which he ripped open; "this was due three days ago!"

"Three days ago!" exclaimed the postmaster, a little surprised. "Why, your tailor said when he put it in that it was due three months ago!" It did not take that man long to discover the true inwardness of the postmaster's remarks, but when he did he was mad enough to lick the postmaster and every stamp in the office.—*Statesman*