

### Something That Nobody Knows.

The stars are spinning their threads,  
And clouds are the dust that flies;  
And the suns are weaving them up  
For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

The ocean in music rolls,  
And the gems are turning to eyes;  
And the trees are gathering souls  
For the time when the sleepers shall rise.

The weepers are learning to smile,  
And laughter to glean the sighs;  
Burn and bury the care and guile,  
For the day when the sleepers shall rise.

Oh, the dews and the moths and the daisy red,  
The larks and the glimmers and flows;  
The lilies and sparrows and daily bread,  
And the something that nobody knows.

George Mac Donald.

### The Three Good Gifts.

A GROWN-UP FAIRY STORY.

"Lill, Lill! run to the door—quick! There's some one coming down the road."

Lill Penfield started to her feet with alacrity, thus ruthlessly destroying all the bright visions which had built themselves up around the glowing logs in the deep chimney.

"How much is it for a foot-passenger?" said she, calling up the narrow, wooden stairway.

"But it isn't a foot-passenger," irritably retorted Delia, with her mouth full of hair-pins. "It's old Miss Merrydeer, with her donkey-cart. Ten cents."

It was a stormy March sunset, red and threatening along the west, with a frozen breath of icicles in the air, and black masses of cloud piled overhead, through which old Miss Merrydeer's cart seemed to advance.

Lill Penfield stood on the toll-house porch, looking with surprised eyes at the gaunt, old woman, who sat on a heap of cut branches and whipped up a phlegmatic donkey in front of her.

"Oh, you're always ready enough to stop," satirically remarked old Miss Merrydeer, as the donkey came to a dead halt in front of the toll-bar. "Now, then, young woman (to Lill) why ain't I to be allowed to go on?"

"Ten cents, please," said Lill, timidly holding out her hand, with all that she had ever read, dreamed or heard about witches coming back into her mind at the sight of the yellow, old face, with its fringe of white elf-locks, the red cloak and the nose that was hooked like a bird of prey.

"Ten cents!" shrilly repeated old Miss Merrydeer. "And what for, I should like to know?"

"It's the toll-gate, please," explained Lill, wishing more than ever that her cousin would come down stairs.

"I don't know anything about toll-gates," said Miss Merrydeer. "Stand aside and let me go through! The road was here long afore they built the toll-gate. It's swindling—that's what it is. Get up, Nedly!"

She settled herself back among the green spruce boughs and protruding roots with an air of determination, and chirruped to her drowsy steed, as if she meant to ride roughshod over all opposition; but just here Delia Penfield came running down stairs and swung the bar back into its place.

"Ten cents, Miss Merrydeer," said she, "or you can't pass. That's the law."

Miss Merrydeer uttered a curious grunt of dissatisfaction.

"If it's law, it ain't justice," said she, fumbling in the pocket of her tattered old coat—a garment which had evidently been cut down from a man's ulster. "There, as true as you live, that there dime has fell out and got lost in the woods!"

"That's nonsense," said Delia, tartly. "Ten cents—and do hurry. I can't stand here in this wind all night."

"But I hain't got it," blunty spoke out the old crone. "Lemme pass!"

"Not without the ten cents," said Delia, resolutely. "I've pa's orders, and I must stick to 'em. If you haven't got the money you must go around by the mill road."

"But that's four miles further," said the old woman, despairingly. "And Nedly's dead tired, and so am I. And it's growin' colder every minute, and these March winds is hard on my rheumatics."

"You should have thought of that before," said Delia, indifferently.

"Delia, why don't you let her pass?" whispered Lill. "She's so old and—"

"Old?" pettishly repeated Delia. "Why, she's the worst old harpy in the country. We always have just this wrangle every time she goes through the gate."

And she bolted the bar with ostentatious noise. Old Miss Merrydeer was slowly and reluctantly turning the donkey's drooping head around, when Lill herself came to the rescue.

"Stop a minute, Miss Merrydeer," said she. "Here is a ten-cent piece. It seems such a pity for you and the poor old donkey to go so far around this bitter cold night. And—and you

can pay me the next time you come this way."

"Eh?" said Miss Merrydeer, shrilly. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lill," said the girl. "Mr. Penfield's niece, from Omaha."

"Ah!" said the old woman. "Well, whoever you be, you've done a kind and a merciful deed this night. And you'll get your reward for it, too. Shall I tell your fortune?" once more stopping the donkey as he was half-way through the toll-gate, to Delia Penfield's infinite disgust. "Oh, yes, I've a charm. We that live in the woods find out many a spell that other folks know nothing of. Well, here it is. Three Good Gifts for you. There's a lover coming; there's a gift of money coming, and there's a clear conscience to go to bed upon this night. Good-by—good-by."

And the donkey trotted away over the frozen road, his hoofs ringing like muffled bells, while Delia adjusted the bars with a laugh, and both girls ran hurriedly back to the glow and shelter of the fireplace.

"Is she crazy?" said Lill, earnestly.

"Not half so crazy as you were to listen to her," said Delia. "It's old Miss Merrydeer. Every one knows her. She gets roots and herbs from the woods and boils them into drinks and dries them, to dose people with. There are families around here that would rather have old Miss Merrydeer in sickness than any doctor in town. And she's a nurse, too; and some think that she sees and hears more than other people."

"How old is she?"

"A hundred at least," said Delia. "Now let us make haste and get the tea ready, for pa will be half frozen when he comes."

"I wonder if my Three Good Gifts will come true?" said Lill, laughing.

"Oh, undoubtedly!" Delia answered, with the most marked satire.

But Delia Penfield herself was surprised, about a week subsequently, when a letter arrived for Lill from "the lad she left behind her."

"What do you think, Lill? he wrote, 'I am coming East. I am coming to the very same part of the country where you are. Do you know the old Red Mill? Well, Oriel Halj has bought it, and we are to run it in partnership. And when we have saved a little money Oriel is coming back West for the girl he is engaged to, and I—well, Lill, you know the rest. It may be several years first, but we must be patient! For the present, dear, it will be enough for me to be near you."

"There's the lover!" cried Delia, as Lill sat radiantly dreaming over the letter. "And the clear conscience we'll take for granted. Now, if old Witch Merrydeer would only supply the money, I should really believe in her."

"I guess," said Jeberam Hawley, the hired man, who had come in at this moment with a pot of glue to warm over the kitchen stove, "that old Miss Merrydeer won't supply many more things in this world. She's at death's door with pneumonia. That's what I've heard."

"Is she, poor old thing?" said Delia, carelessly. "Take care, Jeberam; don't spill that glue!"

"She's got a lawyer's clerk there, a-makin' of her will!" chuckled Jeberam. "He's to take out his pay in four bottles of Ague Spruce-Cure and a gallon of root-beer. But law! there ain't no use—she'll never die! She'll fly up on a broomstick some day, or disappear in a flash of lightning."

The next day, however, came a tattered little messenger to the toll-house—a bright eyed, colored lad.

"Old Miss Merrydeer wants to see the young woman as she give the Three Good Gifts to," said he, rolling his coffee-colored eyeballs around. "I'm to show her de way. Right off, please!"

Lill looked at Delia in amazement.

"Shall I go?" said she. "Oh, surely I ought!"

"It's a lonely spot," said Delia—"up in the woods, with not a neighbor's house in sight. Jeberam had better follow you at a little distance. Old Witch Merrydeer may turn you into a white dove or a red fawn, for all that I know!"

She laughed, but there was a certain vein of seriousness that underlay all her mirth; so Lill started out in the gray March afternoon, with little furies of snow pricking her cheek like frozen needles ever and anon, and the rime-frost crackling underneath her feet, while, some few paces behind-trudged Jeberam, charged to look as little as possible like an escort.

"For nobody knows," said Delia, "what the old witch may take offense at."

But, to confess the truth, Lill was almost frightened when she entered the little one-storied cabin, one side of which was all awry with the force of many a winter's tempest, in whose

low-ceiled apartment old Miss Merrydeer lay dying.

"Is it my bonny girl?" she said, lifting her glance to the newcomer's face. "Yes, it's she as gave me the dime! Out of her own pocket she gave it to me. Everyone else turned their backs upon me, and laughed to see the old witch go by. No one ever gave me anything before but sneers and curses. For what good to anybody was old Witch Merrydeer? But she took pity on me, Lord love her! And I promised her Three Good Gifts. I've made her my heiress, that's what I've done. Come here, pretty one, and put your hand in mine."

But even as Lill finally touched her warm palm to the old crone's fast-purpling hand, she gave a quick little gasp, turned over and died.

Lill closed her eyes, tied up the poor old toothless jaws with her own scented pocket handkerchief, crossed the hands on the pulseless breast, and went home again, leaving Jeberam to do what he could for the watchers and attendants. And as she walked she carried the strange, aromatic odors of pine and birch, and dried pennyroyal bunches in her dress, curious remembrances of old Miss Merrydeer.

They buried her on the mountainside in a quaint little graveyard, where the cows grazed at will, picking their way among the moss-grown tombstones, and where the fence had long ago fallen to ruins; and people laughed at the idea of Lill Penfield being constituted heiress of the dead woman's estate.

"Oh, yes; the will is all right and tight enough," said Uncle Penfield. "But, arter all, what does it amount to? An old hovel, crammed chuck full of yarbs and roots, twenty gallons o' root-beer, four dozen bottles of ague cure that never yet cured anybody, and four acres of land with the stones so close together on't that even the sheep can't get their noses down to browse. 'Taint much of a fortune', accordin' to my way o' thinkin'!"

"But she meant kindly toward me, poor thing!" said Lill, softly. "And all because I gave her—a dime."

The next afternoon, however, Uncle Penfield came back from town with a beaming face.

"Look here, Lill," said he. "You've got the fortune' arter all. What d'ye think? Old Witch Merrydeer had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank. And it's all yours. I declare I never would have belived there was that much money to be made out of roots and yarbs!"

"Eight hundred dollars!" cried Delia, springing to her feet. "Then Lill can marry Tom Catesby after all, when he comes East."

For to these simple people eight hundred dollars signified a fortune.

So this gentle-natured heroine inherited the Three Good Gifts after all. Tom Catesby came East and set up in life as a miller, with Lill as the household help. And of course they lived happy ever after. Who ever heard of a pair of true lovers that did otherwise? While the neighbors all marvelled exceedingly, and remarked, with various nasal inflections and wagging of the head, that it was "most extr'ordinary, but old Miss Merrydeer always was queer!"—Helen Forrest Graves.

### The Popese Indians.

A gentleman of Montreal, Canada, on a fishing excursion in the northern part of the province of New Brunswick, discovered a small tribe of Indians calling themselves Popese. The narrator describes them as differing in important respects from the typical Indian, yet veritable Indians. Upon inquiry of the chief, a man of fine bearing, it was found that a tradition had been handed down from father to son that they originally came from the coast of Maine; that in ancient times a colony of white men came from over the seas to their former home and during their stay intermarried with the young girls of the tribe. Hence the difference between them and other tribes of Indians.

As singular testimony to their tradition, the chief brought from his tent a sword of English make, on the worn scabbard of which was legibly inscribed the letter "P," and, a more curious relic still, an ancient tattered English prayer-book. Though no one of the tribe could read it, yet it had been sacredly guarded. Upon the narrator's return to Montreal he immediately instituted inquiries and soon was convinced that these were the descendants of the noted Popham colony of 1607-8, that the sword was none other than the sword of their progenitor, the illustrious Popham, and the prayer-book was one in use by that colony. Evidently the tribal name Popese is a contraction of Pophamese. —Boston Transcript.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A Dresden artist has made a watch entirely of paper, which keeps good time.

During a fierce storm at Beloit, Wisconsin, a number of live fish, one weighing a pound, were dropped on the business streets.

A Mexican lady of rank has hair two and a half yards long. She wears it in two braids, and has a page to carry the ends as he would a train.

Washington tailors say that the right arms of nearly all men of note are from one to two inches larger than the left, on account of hand shaking.

Of all the birds forbidden by the Levitical law as unclean, the cormorant is the only one which is eaten.

The history of the brooch or clasp can be traced back for almost 3000 years, and in that time it has assumed an infinity of shapes.

A little more than 100 years ago in England, when the Sankey canal (six miles long) was authorized, it was upon the express condition that the boats plying upon it should be drawn by men only.

The ostriches in California have exploded the old story that the female covers up her eggs and leaves them to be hatched out by the hot sun. The female sits on the eggs in the daytime and the male assumes that duty at night. This arrangement enables the matron of the family to know what her spouse is doing after sundown.

The celebrated aqua tofana, by which so many murders were committed in Rome between 1654 and 1658, was composed of lead filings, arsenic and antimony. It was given in doses of five or six drops for several days. The antidote prescribed was lime juice or vinegar in three-ounce doses. The quantity of arsenic employed was so small that nothing was needed to counteract it.

Among the numerous benevolent societies of London is the Southwark "Help-Myself," out of which has grown the "Help One Another," which is devoted to the work of bringing the women of South London together and persuading them to adopt the principles of total abstinence and Christianity. The two organizations have several thousand members.

### Flint-Stone Soup.

A good story is told of two soldiers, one of whom went without broth, while the other made it of excellent quality of a flint-stone. The first begged at every door of a whole village which they had just entered for all the materials of simple broth; but the villagers told him he asked too much, and shut their doors in his face.

His comrade, however, picked up a stone, knocked at the nearest door, and asked if they would be so good as to oblige him with a pot in which to boil the stone. Even a miser would have granted so modest a request. They lent him the pot, and soon the wily soldier was boiling a large stone under the curious eyes of half a dozen bystanders.

"Could one of you give me a little salt?" the cook asked. The salt was given.

A minute later, he observed, "A few herbs make a pleasant seasoning for stone soup, but I must manage for once to relish without a perfect flavor." In a trice, one of the spectators threw a bundle of herbs in the pot, saying, "so clever a fellow should have soup to his taste, when he shows us how to make it of a stone."

A few minutes later, the adventurer remarked, "Stone broth is good, but there is no question that a scrap of beef or bacon brings out the flavor of the flint." Another kind spectator at once supplied him with a piece of bacon.

Half an hour had not passed since his arrival in the village when the soldier was enjoying an excellent and substantial repast made of the material for the "improvement" of his broth.

### An Odd Method of Defense.

Oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. The blind-worm, or slow-worm, is a little snake-like lizard common in the old world. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such manner and degree as to break its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender, while the lizard himself slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow another tail, so as to be prepared for another adventure. There are other lizards which have a similar power, though in less degree.

### How Cold Waves Travel.

Cold waves, so called, a name for which we are indebted to recent meteorological science, do not appear to move in some instances much faster than a railroad express train. They vary, however, in their rate of motion. Where do they come from? It is not easy to say. It might be found, if one could travel at express speed from the mountains of Montana, and the frozen regions farther north, that the cold continued all the way to Eastern Alaska, and on to Behring Strait, with even a greater degree of intensity. In fact, the coldest region is probably the wide expanse west, and especially northwest, of Hudson Bay, in the neighborhood of the magnetic pole. A "cold wave" is a wave of heavy air, following the rarefied track of "low barometer," and changing the rarefied and milder atmosphere (which is usually also stormy) to one of clear, cold skies; a heavy air, full of tonic power, and exhilarating and hunger-producing to sound and healthy animal life. The establishment of the modern government weather observation stations, with their appliances, including the electric telegraph and daily press, has enabled the country to see and comprehend something of the movements of these frequent cold waves. The movement is as marked as the advance of a veritable sea wave. The telegraph heralds its start from the Rocky mountains (it always seems to begin there, though in fact it rarely does, having its origin much farther north,) and its advance can be timed like that of a railroad train. Its speed varies from forty to sixty, or sometimes even seventy miles an hour, usually it would seem about fifty. It rolls over the country, a real wave, an aerial counterpart on the shore of its congener, the tidal wave of the ocean, and its direction is usually from the northwest to the southeast. It sweeps slowly down from the frozen wastes of the Asiatic shore, and the equally frigid wilds of the American mainland in the arctic circle, to our Atlantic coast, its breadth reaching all the way from Nova Scotia to Cape Hatteras, and frequently making its chilling presence felt as far south as Florida. The Bermudas which lie just south of the Gulf stream, a little over 600 miles almost due east of Charleston, feel the influence of our "cold waves" very perceptibly. That solitary little group of small, low-lying coral islands which can be reached by steamer from New York in the same time that it takes to go to Savannah, happen to lie on the leeward side of the Gulf stream; and that great thermal current of the ocean forever saves them from frost, and keeps them in spring foliage all winter; but, while it finely tempers and modifies the north wind, it cannot quite rob it of all its intrinsic character, and the result is a wind that may be at times cool, and frequently boisterous, but never really cold; and those lonely islands, surrounded by wide-reaching coral reefs, have all winter a pleasant climate of spring. That is almost all they ever know of our winter "cold waves." Those come in an almost rhythmical succession, and have their causes doubtless as potent as those of the ocean's tides, which they strikingly resemble. —Ice Trade Journal.

### His Only Chance.

A passenger on a small steamer, running along the American shore of Lake Huron hunted out the captain and said:

"Captain, the mate is drunk."

"Yes, I presume so," was the reply. "That's his greatest fault—he will get drunk."

Pretty soon the passenger returned with further news. He had found that the chief engineer had been accidentally left behind.

"Oh, well," replied the captain, "some of the firemen will put her through all right."

In the course of half an hour the passenger discovered that the boat was overloaded, short-handed and leaking, and he returned to the captain and reported, and added:

"I expect nothing less than to be blown up before we reach Lexington."

"My friend," said the captain in a fatherly way, "that's your only chance. We won't have a storm, the mate is sobering up, the boys have gone down to stop the leaks, and if we can't blow you up and settle with your widow for about \$250, I'm afraid you'll live for several years yet. I'll go down and see if there is any chance for an explosion!"

A correspondent wants to know why green turtle is the sort almost exclusively used for food. We are not very sure, but we surmise that the green turtle is caught easier than almost any other kind.

### LIFE-SAVING MEDALS.

How the United States Government Rewards Those Persons Who Save Others from Drowning.

The Washington correspondent of The Philadelphia Record says: If you jump into the Delaware and, at the imminent risk of your own life, save the life of another, the secretary of the treasury will give you a medal. If your risk was "extra hazardous" or your services particularly distinguished you will get a gold medal; if your risk was of a lower degree it will be silver.

When the life-saving service was reorganized under its present efficient chief, Sumner J. Kimball, congress established these rewards. They were then called the first-class and the second-class medals, and were given only for the actual saving of life at the actual risk of life. People who had saved life at the risk of life objected, however, to receiving a second-class medal for what they deemed first-class service. One spirited young lady returned the silver second-class medal sent to her. She wanted the best or none, and it now reposes on its velvet bed in Mr. Kimball's office safely. It was found, too, that men often saved life at a risk of property or of limb not tantamount to a risk of life, but deserving of some recognition. It was thought, for instance, that the master of a laden vessel who delayed his voyage to save a wrecked crew at great personal expense and inconvenience deserved a medal equally with the man who simply moistened his clothes in the surf. So congress, to meet these suggestions, changed the names of the medals to "gold medal" and "silver medal," and made the provisions of award so comprehensive as to take in all life-savers at risk. The terms of award are, however, not loose. This is evident from the fact that while many applications are received (through "my congressman," of course), few medals are issued in a year; sometimes as few as four or five, and never more than a score. The applications, which must be supported by affidavits, go to a committee composed of the chief of the life saving service, the chief of the navigation division of the treasury department, and the chief of the steam-vessels inspection service. These gentlemen have to be convinced by evidence that would satisfy a court of law. They cannot be bulldozed by "your member." Once convinced, however, they recommend you to the secretary of the treasury, and he sends you your medal with a handsome little letter. The medals are very handsome in themselves. A new series, somewhat differing from the old, is now being prepared in the Philadelphia mint. These I have not seen, but the old ones were good enough. The gold one had a life-boat in the act of rescuing a drowning man on the obverse, and an angel or two on the reverse with the necessary inscriptions. It is not strange, perhaps, that a man or woman should deserve a medal of this sort several times in the course of a useful life. As a matter of fact, these medals have been earned, again and again, by the same person. They never get more than one medal of each class, though; but for each subsequent achievement deserving of a medal, they are given a bar of gold or silver, as the case may be, to be placed on the ribbon of the decoration as the clasps are on European war medals.

### Just as He Said It.

An excited gentleman, who took exception to a personal notice made of him in the paper, called at the office the other day to demand a correction. He said that he did not take any stock in newspaper apologies; that they were generally an aggravation of the original offense, and to guard against any such possibility he insisted that just what he would dictate should be printed in contradiction and precisely as he uttered it.

Perhaps the gentleman did not consider that, as he had a very bad cold in the head, his caution to print his remarks "precisely as he uttered them" would involve his name somewhat ridiculous, for he was especially emphatic in saying that he "did not wadt ady doosedds about it;" but having agreed to his demand, we feel in honor bound to abide by our promise, and the following is what he said and just as he said it:

"Id lass week's dubber of this dewspaper ad iteb appeared statidg that Bister Johd Dicolas spedt Sudday id Colubbus. As this was dot id accordance with the facts add codflicts with the geddliebai's stadebedt to his fabily add fridds that he was id Greed Towdshib od Sudday, the correctid is cheerfully bade that Bister Dicolas did sped Sudday id Green Towdshib add dod id Colubbus, as errodiously doctied." —Cincinnati Saturday Night.