

Trip Lightly.
 Trip lightly over trouble
 Trip lightly over wrong;
 We only make a grief double
 By dwelling on it long.
 Why clasp wee's hand so tightly
 Why sing o'er blossoms dead?
 Why cling to forms unloved?
 Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
 Though all the ways be dark,
 The sun may shine to-morrow
 And gaily sing the lark.
 Fair hopes have not departed,
 Though roses may have fled,
 Then never be down-hearted,
 But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
 Stop not to rail at doom
 We've pearls to string of gladness
 On this side of the tomb;
 Whilst stars are nightly shining,
 And the heaven is overhead,
 Encourage not repining—
 But look for joy instead.

DELILAH.

Sir Thomas Winton was a widower, and his present family consisted of two daughters somewhere between eighteen and thirty and a son. There were several guests besides myself at Winton hall—Capt. Seymour, a brother of the late Winton's, with a suspected desire of forming another fraternal connection with him; "Paddy" O'Brien, a sort of social Crichton, and others. Of the fairer visitors, I need only mention one, Ada Dart, for what man of sound mind could notice any other girl when she was in the room? Well, Capt. Seymour, could do so, but then he was infatuated and not of sound mind—suffering from younger Miss Winton on the brain in fact. It surprised me very much to see the beautiful Ada sail into the drawing-room before dinner on the evening of my arrival. I had met her at a dinner party and three balls; I had attended her with grateful humility throughout the whole of a picnic, and her image rose before me rather more than I liked.

I could not remain long by her side; the room was full of strangers, with many of whom I had now to form acquaintance for the first time, even the ladies of the house being unknown to me. I was eventually paired off with a companion, and dinner was spoiled by a perpetual dread of speaking with levity of things she revered.

The place I coveted at the side of Ada Dart was filled by Paddy O'Brien, who had a wonderful and enviable power of showing politeness and apparent attention to the general company while really attaching himself to one selected individual.

Before the evening was over I felt certain that I had no chance of "walking over" for the prize, and also that she was worth winning; for Paddy was not the man to court undowered beauty. Indeed, he could not afford so romantic a proceeding.

When the ladies retired, most of the men repaired to the billiard room, where cigars were provided, but the majority were tired and went to bed, early, leaving O'Brien and myself to finish a game.

"Well," said he, as soon as we were alone, "I suppose that you and I have been asked down here for the same thing."

"Oh yes; the shooting, you mean," I replied.

"Shooting! That's the polite way of paying us. They want us to help them with their private theatricals."

"Oh, they're going to get up private theatricals, are they?"

"To be sure, or you would never have been asked to Winton hall, nor I either, faith! I got it out of Miss Dart."

"Who'll tell us what to do about scenery, dresses, and all the little details?" said Miss Winton, when the family took the stage fever badly last summer. "Don't you know some one, papa?"

"I have it," cried Sir Thomas. "One of my acquaintances is great on the drama; at least he talks of nothing else, and though not a Solomon, that seems to be his speciality."

"But is he presentable?" asked Julia Winton—"Seymour's girl, you know."

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Thomas; "he has paid up on his shares, and he aspires his A's, and he has really very fine whiskers!"

"Shut up, O'Brien!" said I. "Do not foist off your own imperfections upon the innocent. And what were you asked here for?"

"To act, of course. If it had not been for my success in Sir Lucius O'Trigger at Lady Sock's I might have gone hang before ever I'd have been a guest in this elegant establishment. Oh, there is no shirking the truth with me, my boy; nobody does anything for nothing in this world."

There was undoubtedly a sentiment of truth at the bottom of this frothy cynicism of O'Brien's; for on the following day the subject of private theatricals was quietly broached in my presence by the Misses Winton.

My theatrical tastes had never as yet led me to take a part in any performance, and, indeed, of the ladies and men forming the present company, Ada Dart and O'Brien were the only two who were not about to make their first appearance upon any stage. Of course, these experienced members took a prominent lead, besides being necessarily drawn together in a confidential way which it was very unpleasant for me to witness. Jealousy and envy so stirred my bile that I was inclined to regret the good old days of duelling, when I might have picked a quarrel with my rival, and so had a chance of removing him from my path. But the way in which the odious Irishman knocked over pheasants and rabbits, and a particular snap-shot, fired from the hip, which was fatal to a woodcock, forced me to own that there was a deep truth in the ingenious assertion so constantly repeated in newspaper articles, that private combat is a "cowardly practice."

The fine old hall of Winton park was to be our theater, and it was my particular province to take the best advantage of the many natural facilities of the place; to arrange about the scenery; to find out what were the proper dresses for the plays we were to perform, etc., and Ada Dart, being the only person whose counsel was of real service in case of a difficulty, I was perpetually obliged to appeal to her. Dangerously intoxicating were those conferences, which, I confess, I prolonged needlessly; indeed, I used sometimes to get up a vexatious opposition to her wishes in order to give our discussion a matrimonial flavor. Heigh-ho!

The plays selected were "The Belle of Penance," followed by the farce of "Eyes and Nose," and the distribution of parts was a work for Job and Solomon, most of the company at first declaring their utter inability to take the simplest characters, and coming round gradually to demanding the principal roles. At our first general meeting it really seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to cast the mildest and lightest of pieces, but at the end of a fortnight if "Othello" could have been rewritten with three Moors, four Desdemonas and two Iagos, our little company "had stomach for them all."

I was cast for Fortescue, which was too prominent a part for my taste; for beside that, on principle, I very much prefer that other people should amuse me to reversing that proceeding; I hated having so much to learn by heart.

In a little time matters began to run smoothly and we had our first rehearsal. By recalling to mind the different actors I had seen in my part, and endeavoring to imitate them, I succeeded better than I had anticipated, and gained considerable applause. "But," said O'Brien, "you must shave, you know. The idea of Fortescue with those whiskers is too absurd."

Now, my whiskers were black, pendant, silky, and had cost me an infinity of trouble. It had taken five years of constant care and scientific training to bring them to their present state of perfection. Any one without experience in the matter would scarcely credit the amount of time and labor, not to mention the mere money, that I had expended upon them. Little soft brushes, delicate combs, bottles of a peculiar oil, more delicate than is ever used for the head, were appropriated to their service. When I visited my hair-cutter that artist would deliberate for at least five minutes before he could come to a definite conclusion upon the important point whether he should take the "hends" off. When I took my walks abroad and the breeze fluttered them over my shoulders, scornful indeed was the beauty whose eyes did not light up with admiration as she passed. Even envious men were unable to withhold their tribute of praise.

"Cheevers, my boy," observed Rivers, who has spent his own fortune and is looking out for a wife, "my figure is twenty thousand, but, by gad, if I had your face hair, I'd make it forty!"

You may judge my feelings, then, when it was seriously proposed that I should shave. I repudiated the notion with a shuddering earnestness which seemed to amuse some of the company, and they all set to work to argue me out of my objection to the sacrifice.

"They will grow again," said one Miss Winton.

"I am sure Mr. Cheever's face would look better without them," added the other.

"Yes; there is a particularly fine contour, which is completely hidden at present," said O'Brien.

"How do you know that, Paddy?"

"Contour or not," said I, firmly, "if you cannot put up with a whiskered Fortescue, some one else must take the part." And to that resolution I stuck in spite of flattery, persuasion

and satire for three days. And I got it hot, too, at times.

First one and then another male visitor was tried in my part, and found wanting.

On the fourth morning after breakfast, Ada Dart expressed a wish to learn how to play at billiards. O'Brien was not in the room, and I seized the opportunity of offering my services, which were accepted.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Cheevers," said she, "that you cannot take the part of Fortescue. You must change with Mr. O'Brien; that is the only way in which we can manage it, and even that will spoil the play."

"Is it quite necessary that Fortescue should be whiskered?" I asked faintly.

"Why, judge for yourself; how would a powdered wig look with—them? The worst of it is," she added, "that when I undertook the part of Maria it was with the supposition that you would be Fortescue," and she blushed slightly.

Those who are unacquainted with "The Belle of Penance" must be told that Fortescue is the lover of Maria, and several half-romping, half-loving scenes are enacted between them.

"Hit your ow-own b-b-b-ball in the exact center, and rather high," I stammered, "and you—you would not like O'Brien—that is, any other fellow to—to—to take that part, in fact."

"I declare I won't answer you!" she cried. "Of course, I know you, and never saw most of the others before, and such things make all the difference, you know. To be kissed, even in make-believe, by a man one has seen for the first time a week before, makes one feel nervous. But there!" (At this point I went down on one knee.)

"Get up; there's some one coming!" It was Miss Winton and Captain Seymour, who came just in time to prevent a formal offer. I went off to my bedroom, locked the door, opened my dressing-case, took out scissors and razor, and finished the dreadful task.

On my way down stairs, I met Sir Thomas, who stopped, stared, and asked my name. He did not recognize me. Young Winton, who was always late, was breakfasting when I entered the morning-room. He dropped a cup of hot coffee over his knees, and nearly choked. Leaving him in his misery, I encountered a young lady visitor, who crammed her pocket-handkerchief in her mouth and fled. But it would be tedious to recount the effect I produced upon each individual member of the household. All, even the faithless Ada, laughed at my appearance, except O'Brien, who looked upon my transformation from a purely dramatic point of view. Others were divided as to whether I most resembled a plucked fowl or a recently shorn sheep, but the veritable amateur said: "Sure, he will make an elegant Fortescue," and stuck to that view of the question. The company soon got used to the alteration, and the dramatic business now went as smoothly as a hand passed over my cheeks. I had the intoxicating privilege, the tantalizing element in which was tempered by hope, of making second-hand love to Ada in daily rehearsals, till at last the day of positive performance arrived.

We all knew our parts, but whether we acted them well or not it is difficult to judge; our audience was bound in common politeness to be pleased, and the flattering applause and profuse congratulations we received cannot be counted for much. At any rate, everybody seemed delighted, and the whole affair was voted a success.

On the morning following the performance, I awoke early with a firm determination to turn mimic courtship into earnest, and force a plain yes or no from her that very day. To lie in bed with such a prickle in the pillow was quite impossible, so I got up, dressed and went for a walk. On passing through the garden on my way back to breakfast, I became aware that some one else was also in high spirits, for a well-known voice behind the shrubbery was singing "The Pigs in the Morning," and on turning the corner of a path which brought me into a little open dell, I came upon O'Brien, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, executing a *pas seul* to a vocal accompaniment.

"Ah!" he cried, on seeing me, "sure you have caught me making a fool of myself. But it is a good thing my mother's only son has done for me this morning. Congratulate me, my boy!"

"Certainly," said I, feeling a little sickly. "What on?"

"I am going to be married to the prettiest little angel that ever wore boots, and has a nice little sum all at her own disposition into the bargain. Whoop!"

It was too true; he had stolen a march upon me. I left Winton two hours afterward.

At present my whiskers are in the blacking-brush stage.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

M. Schlumberger recommends that a bottle of ammonia should be placed in each barrel of petroleum. On ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break and the ammoniacal vapors would at once extinguish the fire. Dr. Pietra Santa proposes to apply this method to collieries liable to fire-damp. Tanks filled with ammonia, would, it is said, stop the combustion, as it could not continue in an ammoniacal atmosphere.

How do earth-worms increase the fertility of the soil? is a question which may well be asked, since it is plain that these creatures can add no new material to the soil. Herr Hensen has answered by proving that the worms greatly aid plant-growth by making burrows through which the delicate roots reach the moist subsoil. They also draw into their burrows vegetable matter from the surface (where its fertilizing ingredients would be wasted) hasten its decomposition and distribute it through the various layers of the soil.

Besides the conspicuous displays of aurora borealis so frequent in Arctic regions, several observers have reported the presence at times of a peculiar diffused light after the total disappearance of daylight. The phenomenon was witnessed last winter by Prof. Lemstrom from his observatory in Lapland. He describes it as a phosphorescent shine or diffused luminosity, of a yellowish white color, rendering the night as light as when the moon shines through a thick hazy air. He is disposed to believe that the appearance has an auroral nature, and that it is present in Northern Lapland during most winter nights.

Dr. Goetan Delaunay has just communicated an interesting paper to the French Anthropological society, in which he seeks to establish that right-handedness is not an acquired habit, but is a natural attribute, characteristic of the superior races. Savage tribes, he states, and communities in an inferior state of civilization, show a much larger proportion of left-handedness than highly-civilized people do. Idiots and epileptics offer a very large percentage of left-handed individuals, and there are more left-handed women than men. His general conclusion is that in the evolution of the species there has been a steady tendency to the development of the right side of the body at the expense of the other, and that the examples of left-handedness still to be met with in the superior race are mere "survivals."

Prince and Princess of Wales.

The London correspondent of the New York Commercial, having seen the Prince and Princess of Wales at the opera, draws this picture of the royal pair: "The Prince of Wales, who was looking uncommonly well, studied his libretto with his usual diligence. I have remarked this fact, that the royalty scarcely take their eyes from their books. The prince has probably seen 'Lohengrin' fifty times. I will venture to say that during as many evenings he has held a libretto in his hands from the commencement almost to the close of the performance. The Princess of Wales, by the way, usually—in fact, always—does the same. How much she is loved by everybody. Her eldest son sat beside her, and she looked young enough to be his sister. She was dressed in a dinner gown of pale blue silk, high in the back, and trimmed with magnificent Valenciennes lace. Her hair was dressed high, and several diamond ornaments glittered among her tresses. She is to my mind the most distinguished and lovely woman in England. Her face is sweet beyond words, but very sad. I have never seen her smile more than good breeding would suggest. Is it etiquette or melancholy which imposes such quietness upon the features of so charming a woman? I have often wondered."

Catching a Prairie Dog.

I was assured that I might as well try to dip the creek dry, as each dog had a passage from his residence to the level of the creek, that all the water that could be emptied in would not raise an inch above the river bed. I didn't take much stock in this water passage idea, however, so, after securing a box for the game and half a dozen water buckets, I took three or four men and ran the engine up to the water tank, filled up the engine tank, and then ran down to call on the denizens of prairie dog park. The old pioneer was at his post as usual, but disappeared like a flash when the engine stopped opposite his door. I disconnected the hose on the engine tank, and the bucket brigade went at it lively. Dozens of buckets of water were used, and the tank was getting low, when at last the hole was filled to the mouth, and shortly the old fellow put

his nose out for a little fresh air. He was put in the box, and in less than an hour he had a dozen more to keep him company.—*American Field.*

Why Cochineal and Carmine are so Costly.

The *Ironmonger*, of London, explains why the beautiful cochineal and carmine colors are so expensive. It says: One of the best and most powerful animal dyes used in the arts and manufactures is the body of the female cochineal insect, dried. This insect exists on a species of cactus, and when alive is about the size of a ladybird, or perhaps a trifle smaller. It is wingless, rather long, equally broad all over, and is marked behind with deep incisions and wrinkles. It has six feet, which, curiously enough, are only of use directly after birth, and secures itself to the plant by means of a trunk which is found between the fore feet and derives its nourishment from the sap. The male cochineal is like the female only during the larva period. It changes into chrysalis, and eventually appears as red flies. The female deposits some thousands of eggs, which she protects under her body until they are hatched, and on the appearance of the young ones the parent dies. While the young are in their larva state their sex cannot be determined. They lose their skins several times, and while the female fixes herself on the plant, the male, after getting over the pupa state, is winged. Two or three months is the extent of the life of these little insects. They are gathered before they lay eggs, and are then rich in coloring matter.

Carmine is prepared from the cochineal insect, the *Coccus acti*, which is collected by brushing the branches of the cactus with the tail of a squirrel or other animal; this is very tedious work. They are killed by immersing them in boiling water, and this has to be done at once or they would lay their eggs, and thereby lose much of their value. There are many processes for preparing the carmine. The French process may be taken as an example: one pound of the powdered cochineal insects is boiled for fifteen minutes in three gallons of water; one ounce of cream of tartar is then added, and the boiling continued ten minutes longer; then one ounce and a half of powdered alum is thrown in, and the boiling continued for two minutes longer. The liquid is then poured off, and set aside for the carmine to settle down. In other processes, carbonate of soda or potash is used.

Color-Hearing.

Popular expressions are often very significant. "I saw three dozen lights of all colors," or some similar expression, may frequently be heard from persons who have received violent blows on the head or face. Under the influence of shocks of this kind, the eye really seems to see infinite numbers of sparks. Shocks of a certain class impressed upon the nervous system seem to have the faculty of producing phenomena of light. This remark has been suggested by the facts which we are about to relate, which lead us to suppose that sonorous vibrations are susceptible in certain cases of provoking luminous sensations. There are, in fact, persons who are endowed with such sensibility that they cannot hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors. Each sound to them has its peculiar color; this word corresponds with red, and that one with green, one note is blue, and another is yellow. This phenomenon, "Color-hearing," as the English call it, has been hitherto little observed.

Dr. Nussbaumer, of Vienna, appears to have been the first person who took serious notice of it. While still a child, when playing one day with his brother, striking a fork against a glass to hear the ringing, he discovered that he saw colors at the same time that he perceived the sound; and so well did he discern the color that, when he stopped his ears, he could divine by it how loud a sound the fork had produced. His brother also had similar experiences. Dr. Nussbaumer was afterward able to add to his own observations nearly identical ones made by a medical student in Zurich. To this young man, musical notes were translated by certain fixed colors. The high notes indicated clear colors, and the low notes dull ones. More recently, M. Pedrono, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, has observed the same peculiarities in one of his friends.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A man asked for admission to a show for half-price, as he had but one eye. But the manager told him it would take him twice as long to see the show as it would anybody else, and charged him double.

There are only five states in which no beer is brewed—Arkansas, Florida, Maine, Mississippi and Vermont. Last year Alabama produced only eight barrels and North Carolina thirty-one,

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Schools Out.

Boys and girls
 Come out to play,
 Put book and slate
 And study away.
 Come with a shout,
 Come with a call,
 Come with a good-will
 Come one and all.
 There are
 Cherries and berries,
 And sweet-scented clover,
 Rosies and posies,
 The whole wide world over,
 Out in the meadows
 Beneath the warm sun,
 Rip'ning and waiting
 For children to come;
 Put book, and slate, and study away.
 Vacation's here, it's time for play.
 —*Christian at Work.*

Patty's Swarm.

One day Patty ran into the house with her yellow hair a tumble, and her blue eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Mother, O mother," she cried, her little brown hands fluttering like the wings of a bird, "the bees are swarming."

"Sure?" asked her mother, doubtfully. For, you see, Patty was the least bit in the world like the boy in the fable who cried "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. Not that she meant to be, but so many bees would fly about making such a buzzing in the warm spring sunshine, that Patty was often quite certain that they were swarming, when they hadn't any idea of it. And that is why Patty's mother asked in a doubtful way, "Sure?"

"Yes'm," said Patty meekly. Her mother stepped to the door. True enough, there was a roar like that of a very small waterfall in the air, and over the bee-hives floated a little black cloud.

"I do believe they are," she said. "But they're not all out yet, I guess, and will not begin to light for some little time. Run down to Mr. Jessop's, Patty, and tell your father—no, I'll go," with a smile, remembering that Patty had gone for her father once before, when the bees were not swarming after all.

"May I go out and watch 'em, mother?" asked Patty, dancing heel and toe on the white kitchen floor.

"Yes; put on Aunt Nabby's shaker and don't go too near." So Patty got into Aunt Nabby's big shaker bonnet which was so much too large that you could not see her little round face, unless feeling quite sure it was there, you stooped and peeped in; and the brown calico cape almost reached the hem of her short skirts.

Then Patty went into the garden and sat down on a box by the cucumber bed.

She watched the dancing black swarm until her eyes grew heavy. The sun shone brightly, the west wind blew about her warm and soft and fragrant. The buzzing of many bees grew louder and louder, until it seemed to swallow up every other sound. Then the big shaker began to droop, and that was all Patty knew, until—

"Patty! Patty, child! Don't stir for your life!"

This was what called Patty out of Dreamland, her father's voice, deep and hoarse.

At first she wondered where she was. There was a roar, like distant thunder, in her ears.

"Don't move, Patty dear. Don't lift your head!" That was her mother. The words sounded to Patty a great way off, and there was a tremble in them and a sob at the last. What could it mean?

Patty was frightened, but she was a brave little girl, and had always been taught to obey. So she sat very still, with scarcely a quiver of an eyelid, and presently she felt the big shaker gently lifted from her head.

"All right!" said her father.

And Patty looked up with a little cry to see the shaker—Aunt Nabby's shaker, truly, but bigger than ever, with that great cluster of moving buzzing bees hanging to it—disappeared within an empty hive.

Then Patty laughed. "Did they light on my head?" she cried, jumping up. "What fun!"

But her mother took the little girl by her arms, and carried her into the house and cried over her. Mother are such queer people.

"That shall be Patty's hive," said her father, coming in later; adding with a twinkle in his eye, "I've heard of a bee in one's bonnet, but I never saw so many bees on one's bonnet before."

"Nor I," said Patty, laughing still. "They shall make me some honey to pay for that."—*Youth's Companion.*

In ten years the wheat and flour of the United States has nearly doubled. In 1880 the United States exported 19,000,000 bushels of wheat and 10,000,000 barrels of flour. In 1890 the United States exported 38,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000,000 barrels of flour.