

The Children We Keep.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were
three,
And the big brown house was alive with run
From the basement floor to the old roof
tree.
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest
care;
Warmed by love's sunshine, bathed in its
dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.
But one of the boys grew weary one day,
And, leaning his head on his mother's
breast,
He said, "I am tired and cannot play;
Let me sit awhile on your knee and rest."
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest
song,
And rapturous love still lighted his face,
When his spirit had joined the heavenly
throne.
Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eye,
Who stood where "the brook and the river
meet,"
Stole softly away into Paradise
Ere "the river" had reached her slender
feet,
While the father's eyes on the grave are
lent,
The mother looked upward beyond the
skies;
"Our treasures," she whispered, "were only
lent."
Our darlings were angels in earth's dis-
guise."
The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world out-
side;
And as each, in his turn, became a man,
The boys proudly went from the father's
side.
The girls were women so gentle and fair
That lovers were speedy to woo and to
win;
And with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left, new home to
begin.
So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five, and the girls were
three;
And the big brown house is gloomy and
lone;
With but two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together in evening,
And say, "all the children we kept at last,
Are the boy and the girl who in childhood
died."

Out of the Poor-House.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do
about it," said Mr. Griggs, hopelessly,
scratching his ear with the feather-end
of his quill pen.
It was a glorious August day at Bil-
berry Four Corners. The mullein-
studded pastures were baked with heat;
the closed cups of the morning
glories hung disconsolately among the
wilted leaves, while the cattle stood
knee-deep in the Bilberry River, where
pollard willows made a friendly
shade.
At the Town House, however, there
was no such luxury as trees. Trees
shaded the cabbage field; their roots
drew all the strength out of the gar-
den soil, where onions, potatoes and
sugar-beets were to be grown, and
their leafage made a green mold on
the roofs. The Town House was
meant for use, not show; and the
selectmen had no nonsensical scruples
on the subject of beauty; and so the
sun came in, like the breath of a
fiery dragon, through the uncurtained
casement, and smote Mr. Griggs, the
superintendent, on the very crest of his
bald head.
"Pull down the window-shade,
somebody!" said Mr. Griggs, writhing
uneasily in his chair. "Oh, dear! oh,
dear! I wish Mrs. Bibb was here. She
knows!"
"What is the man calling about?"
said Mrs. Griggs, bustling in from an
adjoining room. "Don't you know
that Mr. Demas Dodd is waiting?"
"Take the books for yourself," said
the superintendent, pushing a huge
pile of folios toward his better half.
"What is one to do? There was two
of 'em left on the doorstep the same
night. We called one Ruth, and the
other Naomi; and we surnamed her
Snow, because it was an awful stormy
night. The equinoctial, don't you
remember? And here's Demas Dodd
says one of 'em is his darter, and he
wants her; and Mrs. Bibb is gone to
bury her second son. And how in
the name of all creation be I to tell
which was which?"
"Let him pick and choose for him-
self," said Mrs. Griggs, impatiently.
"Tell him jest how it was."
"No," said Mr. Griggs, authoritatively.
"That would derogate from the
dignity of the town superintendent.
I ain't to be took unawares like that.
It ain't to be supposed that the Town
House authorities can be mistook."
"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs.
Griggs. "We're all human, ain't we?
But if you feel like that, why, slip up a
penny. If it comes up heads, say
Naomi; if it's tails, say Ruth."
And she produced a copper cent on
the spot, twirling it nimbly on the
table.
For a second or two it spun around
—then fell heavily on its side, revealing
the expressive lineaments of the God-
dess of Liberty.

"Heads!" said Mrs. Griggs. "Send
Naomi down to him. And I ain't
sorry, for Naomi always was a careless,
flighty thing, and Ruth is dreadful
handy with the house linen and men's
wash."
"But a man ought to have his own
daughter," feebly remonstrated Mr.
Griggs.
"We can't do no better by him," said
Mrs. Griggs. "And if he hadn't no
more nateral affection than to leave
his own daughter on the door-step such
an awful stormy night as that
was—"
"It wasn't him; it was old Miss
Dudgick, his wife's aunt," explained
the Superintendent of the Town Poor.
"You see he was awful down in the
world, and he had gone to the Azores
to gather yarbs to make a cough cure
as should knock everybody's colds into
the middle of next year. An' when he
heard the child was dead he hadn't
no heart to come back. And he never
know'd she was livin' until old Miss
Dudgick made an affidavit on her
death-bed, and it was sent to him by
the lawyers. And here he is now."
"And here's a grown-up darter for
him," said Mrs. Griggs, curtly. "And
he'll be suited, and we're suited, and I
dare say Naomi'll be suited into the
bargain, and nobody need never be no
wiser."
With which astounding succession
of double negatives the matter termi-
nated.
Naomi was a pretty, blue-eyed girl
of seventeen, who was to have been
"bound out" the very next week to
the clergyman's family.
Ruth was a dimpled, smiling brun-
nette, whom all the little children
instinctively sought in times of trou-
ble, and who was Mrs. Griggs' right-
hand woman. And the two solitary
young things had always loved each
other like twin sisters.
"I wish papa could take us both!"
sobbed Naomi, with her arms around
Ruth's neck.
"Don't hint at such a thing," said
Mrs. Griggs, indignantly.
"And after all," said Ruth, who al-
ways saw the consoling side of things,
"we can see each other often. And
isn't it exactly like a novel, that your
father should come to claim you after
all these years?"
So Naomi went to the pretty old
brick house which Demas Dodd, who
had contrived to make a fortune out of
his "Oriental Cough Cure," had pur-
chased—a picturesque old place, all
mantled with ivy, where there was an
ancient garden, full of sweet williams
and lilac bushes, and wandering ten-
drils of clematis; where monster pear
trees flung their pennons of shade
across the box-bordered paths.
What a change it was after the soil
and drudgery of the Town Poor
House, this life of easy comfort, with
the softly-carpeted floors, the curtains
of snowy muslin looped with ribbon,
the books, the flowers, the atmosphere
of repose!
Naomi's young life seemed to expand
within it, like a daffodil in the sun-
shine. And Demas Dodd, himself
scarcely forty, was so gentle, so refined,
so companionable.
"Papa," cried Naomi, who was an
impetuous little creature, and always
spoke out her thoughts and feelings,
"you are so nice! I don't think I ever
loved any one as much as I love you."
And yet there was a certain shadow
of awe in the girl's manner toward
him.
"What is it?" Naomi asked herself.
"I am not afraid of him. Do all girls
feel so toward their father? But then
I haven't known papa all my life. Of
course that accounts for it. It's sim-
ple enough when one comes to think
of it."
Demas Dodd's daughter had scarcely
dwelt in her new home a month when
a greasy, ill-spelled note arrived from
Mr. Grigg, the superintendent of the
Poor House.
"He wants me to come down there,"
said Mr. Dodd. "I wonder what
for?"
"Papa, can't I go, too?" asked
Naomi.
"Not this time," Mr. Dodd responded
gently, "but perhaps I will bring Ruth
back with me to spend the day—if Mrs.
Griggs can spare her."
The superintendent was sitting up
in state before his ledgers and account-
books, when Mr. Dodd was shown into
the reception-room.
"Mrs. Bibb has come home," said
the superintendent. "Mrs. Bibb is
our matron."
"Has she?" said Mr. Dodd. "But I
am at a loss to know how that fact
can possibly affect us."
"She has opened our eyes," said Mr.
Griggs, with a flourish of his left
hand.
"Oh!" said Mr. Dodd.
"Prepare yourself," said the super-
intendent. "We've been mistook. Na-
omi's the wrong one. Ruth was your

darter all along. Mrs. Bibb knows.
She brung 'em up both, by hand,
Naomi belongs to the old brickmaker,
who fell into the kiln and broke his
neck, sixteen year ago. Truth is
truth! And I ain't the man willingly
to deceive my fellow creatures, not if it
was law to. Naomi's the wrong one,
and Ruth is your darter, Mr. Dodd."
Mrs. Bibb, an elderly female, with a
bottle-nose, and a succession of double
chins, was called to give her testimony,
and it was incontrovertible.
"I am sorry for this," said Mr.
Dodd, gravely; "I have grown very
fond of Naomi."
"Ruth's a deal handier about the
house," interposed Mrs. Griggs. "Na-
omi always was a feather-headed crea-
ture. She's got a pretty face, and that's
all."
Little Ruth came in, trembling and
pale. Was the fairy story about to be
revived? Was she the disguised prin-
cess, after all?
She would rather have drudged on
at the poor house all her days, than
that Mrs. Bibb should have divulged
Naomi's identity thus.
But, as Mr. Griggs declared, "truth
was truth." Naomi returned to the
poor house, and Ruth took possession
of the pretty old red brick house,
where the China roses smelled so
sweetly, and the canaries sang in the
bay window.
"My dear," said Mr. Dodd, stroking
the pretty head, "I hope you will be
very happy here."
"Papa," said Ruth, plucking up cou-
rage, "I can't be happy without Na-
omi."
Mr. Dodd smiled. A tendersoftness
came into his eyes.
"That's what I was thinking my-
self, Ruth," said he. "Shall I go after
her?"
"Oh, papa!" cried the girl, ecstasi-
cally, "if you only would!"
Toward evening Demas Dodd came
back to the old red brick house with
Naomi sitting beside him in the pony
phaeton.
Ruth ran to meet her, and in half a
minute the girls were clasped in each
other's arms.
"Oh, Naomi—my Naomi!" cried
Ruth. "I have been building such a
castle in the air."
"Have you?" said Naomi. "What
is it?"
"You are to stay here forever," said
Ruth. "Because you know, dear, we
can't be separated from each other
Papa will fall in-love with you. He
can't help it. And he will ask you to
be his wife, and—"
"Oh, Ruth! Ruth!" cried Naomi,
clapping her hand on the other's mouth.
"You are a veritable fortune-teller.
We were married this morning."
Ruth uttered a little outcry of joy,
and showered kisses on Naomi's fore-
head, lips and throat.
"Oh I am so glad!" she exclaimed—
"I am so glad!"
And it is not probable that a step-
mother ever received a warmer wel-
come than Ruth accorded to her that
day.
The troublesome question was settled
satisfactorily at last. Ruth and Na-
omi were happy, and so was Mr.
Demas Dodd.
And the whole thing went to prove
that romances may be evolved, even
from the stone walls of a town poor
house.—Saturday Night.

Tricks in the Markets.

Cut this out and run it over prepar-
atory to marketing:
Oranges are occasionally boiled to
make them larger.
Dried peas are soaked to imitate the
fresh, green article.
Samples of nuts or fruit cracked or
cut and exposed are not at all truth-
ful.
The best or biggest fruit is always
on the top of the box or basket.
Observe if your butcher allows
your meat to remain on the spring bal-
ance scales until the scales have ceased
to quiver and the index is station-
ary.
The markets are full of these little
tricks of the trade. They come of
generations of study and practice,
and as a rule in buying any kind of ar-
ticle, if you find the dealer putting up
a package out of sight look out for
some kind of shave.
In the pyramids and regular em-
bankments of oranges the best are al-
ways in front, while the dealer fills
your paper bag with the poorer ones
concealed in the rear.
Keep your eye on the dealer when
he fills your banana paper bag, for if
your glance wanders a moment he
defly casts in from a poorer lot close
at hand.
Look at the nice, flat bunches of cel-
ery and you find the greener and
tougher stalks in its rear.
The steamer Durham City passed
through several large icebergs on her
voyage, one of which was two miles
long and three hundred feet high.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is now thoroughly believed by as-
tronomical and other scientific persons
that the cyclone epidemic is caused by
spots on the sun.
Dr. Brown-Sequard has discovered a
new anesthetic which destroys sensi-
bility, but not consciousness or phys-
ical activity, for an entire day or more.
It is found by the survey of the
Great Lakes that there is a slight tide
in them but not of sufficient extent to
be noticeable without special care, the
amount of rise and fall not exceeding
two inches.
It is denied by Schmidt Muhheim
that the formation of part of the milk
obtained from a cow begins with the
process of milking, and that the udder
is too small to give room for all the
fluid to be obtained at one milking.
On the contrary, the most thorough
effort will leave some milk in the
ducts, whence it is driven into the
milk reservoirs by the newly formed
secretion pushing from behind, and
which may be obtained after the lapse
of an hour from the time the milking
began.
The heat from an arc electric lamp
of 100 candle power is from 57 to 158
heat-units, that of the incandescent
lamp of equal brilliancy from 290 to
536. The argand gas-burner is the
next best light in point of coolness,
but this is represented by 4,860 heat-
units, a colza oil lamp by 6,800, flat
wick petroleum lamp by 7,200, a para-
fine candle by 9,200, and a tallow can-
dle by 9,700. Light for light, there-
fore, the heat of an electric arc lamp
under the most favorable circumstanc-
es is to the heat of tallow candles as
1 to 170.
A new explosive has been invented
by M. Turpin, a Parisian chemist. It
is said to be very powerful, and, un-
like nitro-glycerine, dynamite and gun-
cotton, it has the highly important
property of not being affected by con-
cussion. It is made by the combina-
tion of two liquids, which can be trans-
ported like ordinary chemicals, and need
only be mixed when the explosive is
about to be used. It can be employed
in its liquid form, or when absorbed by
silicious earth. Frost does not affect
it. At Cherbourg experiments have
been made with this substance upon
slaty rocks containing quartz, and also
upon old cement-work, and the report
of the engineers praises it very much.

An English Picture.

The fish markets at Shrewsbury and
the other cities were full of fine fish
fresh from these rivers. The reason
is that there is a strict system of pres-
ervation. There are times when net-
ting is allowed, and rod-fishing in the
season is permitted on application; but
the American method of scooping out
the contents of a river in one year,
and of indiscriminate and improvident
consumption, is not tolerated. At all
the railroad stations in this vicinity
you see fishermen with rod and reel,
and, of course, water-proof overcoats,
on their way to or from the river.
With all the abundance, however, the
salmon is not so very cheap. It brings
a shilling, or twenty-five cents a
pound, in the markets, and I regret to
say they do not meet at the hotels to
know how to cook it. As a rule, they
fry it. When they undertake to boil
it, they stop before it is half done, and
thus save coal, and fish also, for that
matter. This, though, is the only
hasty act I have yet discovered. As a
rule, as much time as possible is con-
sumed at whatever is done. For in-
stance, they pronounce Hereford in
three syllables, instead of two, which
can be accounted for on no other
ground than to use up time.
The place itself, however you pro-
nounce it, is one to be heartily en-
joyed. Here, for the first time, we put
up at a real English inn—the Green
Dragon. It was neat as wax, and save
for the boot-black and porter, officered
throughout by women. The clerk was
a young woman; the bar was tended
by two neat and tidy maids with
pretty white caps, and the bar-room
was as quiet and orderly as a parlor.
It is possible thus to pass judgment
upon it without tasting the liquors,
because with its flowers, its easy
chairs, its big, open chimney, and its
opportunity to smoke there, it was the
coziest room in the house. It certainly
offered a most suggestive contrast
to the bar of an American saloon.
Here there was no vulgar talk, no spit-
ting on the floor, no profanity or filth-
One man after another, and one group
after another, would drop in and order
their drink, oftener whisky than any
other, and would drink it, chat a bit,
and, with a pleasant good-night, go
out. At home such a room is a scene
of riot, confusion and profanity, noisy,
and indecent. Perhaps it is better
that it should be so, but I am only
drawing a contrast and not a moral.—
English Cor. Hartford, Ct., Courant.

A THIEF'S CURE.

The Unfortunate Mania From Which a
Convict was Relieved by a Surgeon.
Said Governor Blackburn, of Ken-
tucky:
"I knew a young man of excellent
family who had the misfortune to be
wounded in the head with a pistol-ball.
Shortly after he had apparently recover-
ed he robbed a store of a lot of stuff
that was of no earthly value to him.
He then stole a buggy, loaded the other
stolen property into the vehicle and
hauled the entire business into a piece
of woods, where he concealed the
buggy and contents. The young man
was arrested, the property he took was
recovered, and he was sent to the
Frankfort penitentiary. He served
his time out, and, going back home,
burglarized the same store, taking the
same class of goods, which he loaded
into the buggy he had run off with be-
fore, and he concealed the things in the
same place he had hidden them on
the occasion of his first offense.
"Once more the youth was sent to
the penitentiary and had nearly com-
pleted his second term when I got a
friend of mine, whom I knew to be an
intelligent gentleman, to act as physi-
cian to the prisoners. The case I
speak of was brought to his attention
because it was one of unusual inter-
est. The doctor gave it as his opinion
that the bullet which had struck the
young man's head had indented the
skull sufficiently to cause it to press
on the man's brain, and that this was
the reason he committed the burglaries
that couldn't possibly benefit him, but
were sure to send him to prison. The
doctor said that he believed the young
man could be cured by trepanning the
skull, but as his time was about to ex-
pire, he wouldn't take the responsibil-
ity of performing the operation. So
the prisoner was shortly afterward
sent home. He lost no time in loading
up the old buggy again with the same
class of goods that he had obtained
on two previous occasions when he
burglarized the same store that he en-
tered for the third time. Of course,
immediately after the things and the
buggy were missed, the owners knew
where to find them, and in no time at
all my young friend was back at the
prison.
"The doctor then said that he was
going to trepan that fellow's head if it
was the last act of his official life, the
death of the prisoner, and he did. Not
only that, but he did it successfully,
and I pardoned the young man. He
went home and behaved himself like a
perfect gentleman, sir, and never made
the slightest attempt to steal even a
pin. I firmly believe that if that man
had not been operated upon he would
have repeated the offense of burglar-
izing that store and hiding that old
buggy in the woods till doomsday,
could he live so long. There is nothing
like having intelligent officers
about a prison, sir. They save life and
reputation, sir, and property."—Cin-
cinnati News.

The French President at Home.

Making jam is one of the favorite
holiday recreations of President Gre-
vy, according to the Paris Figaro,
which tells us that the head of the re-
public may frequently be seen in his
kitchen at Mont-sous-Vaudrey, envel-
oped in a large blue apron, and skim-
ming preserves over the fire. Every-
thing in the president's country home
is of the plainest description. Sport-
ing trophies ornament the dining-
room, the drawing-room is scantily
furnished in red damask, and even the
boudoir of the president's daughter,
Madame Wilson, contains no pretty
feminine nick-nacks, but is full of fire-
arms, and collections of coins and in-
sects. M. Grevy's study is hung with
an ugly green paper, and the walls are
covered with books; while the bust of
Voltaire surmounts the clock. When
not engaged in his favorite pastime of
shooting, M. Grevy strolls about the
neighborhood in an old blue cotton
coat and big straw hat, talks to every
peasant he meets—carefully eschewing
politics, however—and delights to take
children on his knee to recite to them
one of La Fontaine's fables.

Swimming in High Altitudes.

Tenderfeet should know, and all
others should not forget, that it is
more difficult to keep afloat in a high
altitude than in a lower altitude. That
accounts for the numerous cases of
drowning even in comparatively small
streams. Young men who could
swim with great facility in the east
have found out to their sorrow, and
too late, that they could not do the
same in Colorado. The light atmos-
phere considerably reduces the buoyant
power of water. This is the case to a
remarkable degree on Lake Tahoe, the
highest body of water on the conti-
nent. In this water even pine wood
sinks, and when a man is drowned his
body never rises.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

There are more than 9,000 brass
bands in the United States.
The old smiths had a tradition that
the best sword blades should be cool-
ed in mountain streams.
International military races are to
be held at Vienna next year for offi-
cers of all the standing armies in
Europe.
Lieutenant Southerland, of the Brit-
ish army, is eight feet four inches
high, and weighs about three hundred
and sixty-four pounds.
The most costly pharmaceutical
preparation in the market is the Dres-
den ergotine, the active principle of
ergot of rye. The manufacturers'
price is \$3.50 a grain.
The dome of the new Paris observa-
tory will be floated in a trough filled
with an aqueous solution of chloride of
magnesium, which will not freeze,
and will preserve the equilibrium of
the dome even if the building should
settle unequally.
It is estimated that Pennsylvania
has coal enough to supply the demand
for three centuries. The total anthrac-
ite area before mining commenced
was 320,000 square miles. Allowing
1000 tons to the acre, a foot in depth
would give 320,000,000 tons. Assum-
ing that the depth averages thirty feet
it gives a grand total of 9,600,000,000
tons. At the present time the consump-
tion averages about 30,000,000
tons a year.
London jewelers have been making
a remarkable ring for the king of
Siam, which is to be used by his maj-
esty only once a year, and then as
head of the Buddhists in Eastern
India. The central stone is one and
one-fourth inch in diameter, and is en-
circled by a ruby, an emerald a saph-
ire, and five other stones. The
mounting is described as light and ele-
gant, though strong. Emblems of the
Buddhist faith are displayed.
A Pugnacious Sailor.
Lord Beresford is small in stature, a
careless, easy-going fellow, with a good
face and bright eyes. He is a brother
of the marquis of Waterford, and be-
longs to a family of fighters. William,
the son selected for the army service,
would sooner scuffle than eat. It is
nothing to hear that one of the Beres-
fords has broken a bone. Charles
William de la Poer Beresford, the
naval captain, is a favorite of the
Prince of Wales, because he is "one of
the boys." About his face and head
he resembles Lord Byron, and has the
shoulders of an athlete. Several
times he has jumped overboard and
saved some of his men. William
Beresford is said to like nothing better
than to prow about of an evening
with some other military officer, put
their caps in their pockets, turn up
their collars, enter a saloon, and engage,
unrecognized, in a rough-and-tumble
fight with privates.
A great social and diplomatic scan-
dal has just transpired from the actions
of "Lord Charley." M. Waddington,
the French minister to London, was
given a special entertainment and
dinner at the house of a noble lady at
his summer retreat at Cowes, on the
isle of Wight. The occasion was
graced by the presence of the Prince
of Wales. The French minister was
accompanied by Admiral Keppel.
Everything went well and merrily
until after the ladies retired from the
table and the cigars and light wines
were brought in for the gentlemen.
The conversation soon drifted to the
Chinese war and then a debate was
started by Lord Charles Beresford upon
the merits of the English and French
navies. The hero of Fort Merv grew
warm with wine, and he gradually be-
came very offensive in his remarks.
The efforts of the Prince of Wales and
others to check him into decorum
served only to make him pugnacious.
He fell to ridiculing the entire French
fleet, and wound up with the state-
ment that he could take the Condor,
the little gunboat with which he nosed
around Fort Merv during the bom-
bardment of Alexandria, and chase
the whole French fleet in Chinese
waters away from the Annan coast.
M. Waddington considered Lord Beres-
ford's conduct so extremely insulting,
that he arose from the table, demanded
his carriage, and actually left the
house. The hostess followed him, and
by the most earnest solicitations, final-
ly persuaded him to refrain from going
to a hotel and to re-enter the house.
In the meantime the British officers
present compelled Beresford to leave
the place, and such was the noble lord's
resistance of this treatment that his
ejectment practically amounted to
being kicked out. Every effort was made
to hush up the matter but nothing
could suppress M. Waddington's indig-
nant denunciations of the treatment to
which he had been subjected, and the
affair is the scandal of London.