A Hammock Song.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
Ever lightly to and fro!
On the bough the robins sing,
Violets dot the grass below.
Ah! how sweet the spring-time weather,
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
All the fields are drifting snow,
Daisy faces nod and sway
To the south wind, bending low.
Passing sweet the summer weather,
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
Maples, gold and crimson, gleam.
Cardinal flowers make gay the waste,
Asters nod beside the stream.
Like a dream the autumn weather;
Youth and love are young together.

Swing! my netted hammock, swing,
From the limb so cold and bare,
Thro' the boughs the north wind sings,
Snow-flakes fill the frosty air.
Dear and blest the winter weather,
Youth and love are young together.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

At the death of her brother Wilfred, Vivia de Forest felt broken-hearted. He had been her only near living relative. The news of his death had come to her with fearful suddenness. Called to a Western city for the purpose of superintending some business connected with the estate of his late father, Wilfred (who sometimes, though rarely, had periods of dissipation) was shot in a barroom quarrel.

Poor Vivia had suffered terribly. The funeral was over now, and the dull quietude of her present life had a monotony which almost made her long for the more exciting painfulness of the previous week.

A distant cousin of hers, an elderly lady, had come to live with her in the large family mansion, which was now Vivia's exclusive property. But old Winifred Carr was rather doleful company.

To-day it had rained dismally from dawn until late in the afternoon. Vivia could not fix her thoughts very long upon the books she was reading. In spite of herself they would somehow wander back to recollections of her dear lost brother, of their childish life together, and of the untimely death which had parted them now.

Several times during the day Vivia went to the window and looked out upon the rainy street.

In the house directly opposite was one special window, where, ever since morning, she had seen a girl of her own age.

The girl was very pale, and wore an expression of undoubted worriment. Sometimes Vivia thought that she gazed toward her own window, with a wistful, appealing look.

She had known, in years past, the previous occupants of this house, but it had recently passed into other hands, and she had never heard the name of the people who had taken it. Now and then the pale girl whose sad looks had to-day attracted her notice, had been before seen by Vivia, while ascending or descending the stoop. But she had never seemed as troubled as at present.

"I wonder what her trouble is," thought Vivia. "Ah, I am sure it is not as bitter as mine!"

She started while this thought was crossing her brain, for the girl opposite had made with one hand a quick, beckoning gesture, that there seemed no mistaking. And after having made such gesture she had hastily left the window.

In about ten minutes she returned again, however. Vivia was waiting for her. If ever girl had a kindly heart in her breast, that girl was Vivia de Forest. She now made signs which plainly indicated:

"Do you wish me to come over?"

An eager nodding of the head gave emphatic affirmative to this silent question.

"She is in trouble," thought Vivia. "I may do some good; I will go!"

The rain had stopped. It was now almost nightfall. Vivia threw a dark shawl about her shoulders to defend her against the raw December wind, and ran across the street. She had not to ring the bell. The door was opened as she reached the top step of the stoop. The pale girl opened it herself.

"It was so good of you to come," she said, while her dark, sad eyes swept Vivia's face as they stood in the hall together.

"I hope I can be of some service to you," Vivia answered. "You seem to be in trouble. I know myself what trouble is. Pray tell me how I can help you."

They were presently seated together, and the girl had taken one of Vivia's hands between both her own.

"I have a brother, here in this house," she said, "who is pursued by the police. He wishes to escape. Once in a foreign land, he can elude the law's vigilance. I am quite alone, being an orphan, and only having Hugh to love and care for out of all the world. I wanted to fly with him, but that, he says, is impossible. He will not hear of it, though he promises to write for me to join him after he is safely beyond pursuit."

"And what crime has he committed?" asked Vivia.

"Oh, it was no crime," answered the girl. "He has been falsely accused of murder."

"Falsely accused," murmured Vivia; "how terrible! Have they convicted him?"

"No; he has not been tried yet. He was in St. Louis only a short time ago, when a friend of his, from whom he had but recently parted, was found killed in his hotel. Hugh was arrested on the charge of having murdered him, but escaped."

"And why should he not have faced his accusers?" questioned Vivia. "Was he afraid to do so?"

"No," said a voice in the doorway.

Vivia looked in the direction whence he voice had come.

A very handsome young man, though worn and haggard-looking, had just entered. It was Hugh.

"I see, Ella," he said, "that you are trying to enlist the sympathies of this lady in my behalf. But have you thought of what a reckless thing you are doing?"

"You need not feel any fear of me sir," said Vivia, quietly. "I should have no motive in betraying you, even though I thought you guilty."

"Hugh is as innocent as I am!" exclaimed his sister, in a plaintive, tearful voice.

The young man was now close at Vivia's side. The dimness of the room had not previously let her see how handsome he was. He fixed his darkly-brilliant eyes intently on Vivia's face, and said:

"If I had passed through a trial I might have been sure that circumstantial evidence would have convicted me. Can you understand this?"

"Yes," said Vivia, "but surely, if you are innocent, it would have been better to suffer conviction than go through the rest of your life a fugitive from justice."

"I do not think so!" cried Ella at this point. "I would have him live at any cost!"

More than a hour elapsed before Vivia went home again. And she visited that house many times more during the next few weeks. Both she and Ella believed that her exits and entrances were watched, and that Hugh's presence there was suspected by certain spies posted in the neighborhood, but they were not by any means sure.

By this time Vivia had silently admitted to her own heart that she loved Hugh Robertson. It had been "love at first sight" with her. His beauty and his melancholy fate had both produced disastrous results with her young, romantic soul.

She had determined to help him to escape. She was a girl of strong will and inflexible determination. One day she said to him:

"I have been working out a plan. The house directly in the rear of yours is mine. I purchased it yesterday. To-morrow night it will be quite vacant. You can cross by the back fences, and get into the next street through that house. There will be a carriage waiting for you a few doors below. It will drive you wherever you wish to be driven."

Hugh's face lighted with a softly grateful smile. Ella threw both arms about Vivia's neck and rapturously kissed her.

On the following night they all three met for a few last words of farewell, just before Hugh's venture was tried.

In the back garden a ladder was ready, by which Hugh would climb into the garden of the other house. Hugh, Vivia and Ella all stood in a room which communicated with the rear piazza. Hugh first said farewell to Ella, who clung for a few minutes sobbing about his neck. Then he turned to Vivia. He was frightfully pale.

"What I have to say," he began, "Ella ought not, perhaps, to hear. It may kill her. It will probably give you, Vivia de Forest, an intense anguish. I have deceived my sister up to this moment. I am not innocent. I shot the man of whose murder I am accused—shot him openly enough, in a barroom in St. Louis. He insulted me! I was very much enraged! We had both been drinking. There is no doubt that I was terribly to blame!"

"Hugh!" now broke from Ella's lips, "this cannot be! You are deceiving us!"

"Would I were!" he murmured; "and would, too, that this were all I had to tell. But it is not all. Vivia de Forest, from the first moment that I looked on you I loved you. But it was days before I knew who you were. Wilfrid Caldwell was your half-brother! You bear a different name from his."

"What do you mean?" faltered Vivia, with paling cheeks.

"Ah, why did you not remember when you first met me," Hugh Robertson now cried, "that I bore the same name (common a name as it may have been) as the man who shot your brother? But you did not think of this! You pitied me! Then you cared for me—even loved me, Vivia, since at this hour I need not deny that I guessed your love! Yet all the while I was—oh, Heaven! how hard it is to speak the words!—I was your brother Wilfred's murderer!"

A faint shivering moan broke from Vivia's lips. The next instant she and Ella were clinging together, as if for mutual support. It was a common impulse with the two unhappy creatures. Each had been cruelly deceived. Each now woke with horror to a realization of the truth.

"Farewell!" they now heard Hugh call to them, while they stood with heads bowed on each other's shoulder. "God guard both of you if we should never meet again."

They heard him open the window and go out into the garden. Then came quite a long silence. And then a gruff voice, whose tones seemed to curdle their blood, called out amid the still night: "Stop, or I will fire."

There was no answer. Perhaps three seconds of silence followed, and then a keen pistol-shot rang out on the tranquil night air. After that there was a long, heavy groan.

"He has been shot!" cried Vivia, looking with dilated eyes into her companion's ghastly face.

It was true. Vivia's plans, shrewdly as she had conducted them, had been watched. A neighboring house had been taken by the detectives as a post of observation. Perhaps, after all, Hugh Robertson's appearance, climbing the fence there in the bright Winter moonlight, had been somewhat of surprise, else the shot would not have been fired. But it was a shot that proved fatal.

A few years later Ella Robertson married, but Vivia de Forest has never changed her name, and never will. There are some wounds that, although they do not kill, never heal. And Vivia's is one of them.

Village Government in Russia.

Every commune, every mir is governed just the way it wants to be. The Russian mir is the perfect realization of the perfect commune dreamed of by certain Occidental socialists. The property of the commune is indivisible, and as each has always more land than it is possible to cultivate, a regular conference is held every year and a decision made as to what part of the soil shall be planted and what products shall be cultivated. Every soul in the village is employed in the work and after harvest the profits are equally divided. The "mir" has the privilege of banishing lazy or worthless characters. If a crime be committed all the inhabitants are held responsible until the guilty party is found. In the same way every member of the community is held responsible for the payment of taxes. But in practice things do not run so smoothly by any means as the theory of the system might lead one to suppose. There are plenty of lazy folk, turbulent and dangerous characters, ambitious men, and over all these tower the employes of the central government, who rule tyrannically and make the peasantry pay them heavily for overlooking certain things or pretending to ignore deficiencies.—*Paris Figaro.*

Rich Indians.

The Navajos are a great nation, numbering some 27,000 souls. Of this number some 10,000 are warriors. They are well armed, but, fortunately for the whites, have immense flocks of sheep and many cattle and ponies, which tend to keep them at peace.

Man-ue-li is reported to be worth not less than $300,000, most of it being in sheep. He has been an Indian of great power and character, but of late has become a great drunkard. The Navajo Indian agency is forty-five miles north from Fort Wingate, New Mexico. They manufacture curious and unique ornaments from silver coin, and their blankets and rugs have already become famous for curious mingling of colors and remarkable textures. They are eagerly sought for by the whites, and have a high value, ranging from $5 to $100 each, which is really not extravagant when one considers that they often occupy weeks and months in weaving them. There is neither cotton nor shoddy in the blankets, but pure, unadulterated wool, colored with unfading dyes. We saw a few of the tribe, great, strong, repulsive-looking creatures.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The first and worst of all faults is to cheat one's self.

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.

We never deceive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.

Whatever is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

The mere wants of natnre, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple; but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.

Young man, in building thy temple of life let the foundation be honesty, the timber wisdom and the root thereof temperance, virtue and manhood.

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other.

It is as absurd to pretend that one cannot love the same woman always, as to pretend that a good violinist needs several violins to execute a piece of music.

Traits of Michigan Lumbermen.

In a letter from Michigan describing the lumber interests of that state the New York *Evening Post* correspondent draws this pen picture of the hardy lumbermen:

The human product of this remote, isolated existence, with its strenuous work, its rigid discipline under the iron rule of the foreman of the camp, is a strange sort of being. In physique the lumberman is generally a tremendous fellow, with mighty thews, deep shoulders, and a body whose every sinew above the waist has been thickened by incessant toil. A good many, too, particularly those of Scotch birth or extraction, have classic profiles and lofty foreheads that belie their crude intellects. But one may search far before he finds a set of men, as a whole, whose external traits are more radically vicious. Almost every man drinks when he has the chance, and for redundant and voluble profanity they vie with the mates of the Mississippi boats. All emphasis is lost in the torrent of oaths, and the profane tongue so interlards ordinary talk as to obstruct sense and cause a most lamentable waste of colloquial energy. When, after their four or five months of winter labor, these big fellows are paid off and go down with full pockets to Bay City or some other lake town, they change a peaceful community into a wild pandemonium. Like sailor Jack after a voyage, their hard-earned dollars melt away in the vilest orgies and a few days finds them penniless and with sunken cheeks seeking a job among the looms or saw mills. In these terrible spells, coming once or twice a year, the strongest constitutions are sapped, and the local proverb, "Smell pine without whisky, in old age you'll be frisky," is rarely realized. Yet underlying all the lumberman's callousness and laxity of morals, there are some substantial traits. He is good-tempered, spite of his prolific and aimless profanity; generous and hospitable beyond his means; in camp, at least, he is said to be honest; and he submits to discipline and bends to his yoke of toil with cheerful composure. The yoke is certainly a rasping and heavy one. All day long during the short cycles of winter he must labor from sunrise to nightfall, often in peril from the falling tree or ill-balanced log. He must put up with a pabulum of which boiled potatoes, salt ham, and astringent pork are the foremost luxuries. He has to separate himself from all civilized life and fall back for his diversions on the rude amusements and coarse yarns of the camp; and all this he must endure for $30 a month and board, under a foreman whose powers within the pale of the camp are absolutely despotic.

His New Clothes.

First tramp—"Hullo!"

Second tramp—"Hullo!"

First tramp—"Where'd you git your new clothes?"

Second tramp—"Sh! Don't give it away! Farmers have begun to dress up the scarecrows in the cornfields."

There are between 700 and 800 professional models in Paris, thirty-three of whom are Americans. They are of every age, from children of 6 to men and women of 60.

A Greedy Wood-Chopper.

"Tough business? Well, I should say so." The ex-steamboat clerk referred to the old days on the Upper Mississippi, Minnesota and St. Croix rivers.

"The people living along the river used to think it was righteous to beat a steamboat whenever they could. We had to keep our eyes open for all sorts of swindlers. Steamboaters were common prey for those people. I remember once our boat worked all day to get through the Hawk Creek chute, a narrow, shallow and tremendously swift place in the Minnesota River. An old codger on the bank saw us working away with all our might and burning our wood at a fearful rate. He calculated we'd need wood by the time we got through the chute, so he harnessed his oxen and hauled several cords of green cottonwood down to the bank. Sure enough, when we got through we had used up all our wood, and were burning almost clear rosin out o' the barrels. When we landed I asked the old curmudgeon what he wanted for his wood.

"'Four dollars a cord.'

"'But,' says I, 'we buy the best maple for $2.50.'

"'Four dollars for this. Take it or leave it.' The old skinflint knew we had to take it, although green cottonwood is the poorest of all fuel.

"Well, I measured off two cords—just enough to take us to the next woodpile. While the rousters were taking it aboard I whispered something in the mate's ear, and then when the wood was all shipped, I told the old swindler to come to the office on the boat and get his pay. When they were well in the office the mate pulled in the staging and we put into the river. I paid the wood man his $8.

"'Here,' says he, as he stepped out on deck and saw we were in the middle of the river, 'I want to get ashore.'

"'Do you?' says I. 'Well, you'll just pay us $8 to land for you.

"'Then I'll go to the next landing with you,' says he.

"'All right, you can go, but it'll cost you just $8 for the ride,' says I.

"He finally paid me the $8, and we ran up nigh the bank and let 'im jump off in the mud. Yes, those people along the river used to abuse us steamboat men shamefully." — *Chicago Herald.*

A Good Place for a Nest.

John Burroughs describes in the *Century* "The Tragedies of the Nests," and commends the shrewdness of the bobolink: "If I were a bird," he says, "in building my nest I should follow the example of the bobolink, placing it in the midst of a broad meadow, where there is no grass, or flower, or growth unlike another to mark its site I judge that the bobolink escapes the dangers to which I have adverted as few or no other birds do. Unless the mowers come along at an earlier date than she has anticipated, that is, before July 1st, or a skunk goes nosing through the grass, which is unusual, she is as safe as bird well can be in the great open of nature. She selects the most monotonous and uniform place she can find amid the daisies or the timothy and clover, and places her simple structure upon the ground in the midst of it. There is no concealment, except as the great conceals the little, as the desert conceals the pebble, as the myriad conceals the unit. You may find the nest once, if your course chonces to lead you across it and your eye is quick enough to note the silent brown bird as she darts swiftly away; but step three paces in the wrong direction, and your search will probably be fruitless."

Size of Sun-Spots.

A single spot has been measured from 40,000 to 50,000 miles in diameter, in which, as will be readily seen, we could put our earth for a standing point of observation, and note how the vast facular waves roll and leap about the edge of the spot, and how the metallic rain is formed from the warmer portions of the sun. In June, 1843, a solar spot remained a week visible to the naked eye, having a diameter of about 77,000 miles; and in 1837 a cluster of spots covered an area of nearly 4,000,000,000 square miles. When we call to mind that the smallest spot that can be seen with the most powerful telescope must have an area of about 50,000 miles, we can readily see how large a spot must be in order to be visible to the unaided eye. Pasteroff, in 1858, measured a spot whose umbra had an extent four times greater than the earth's surface. In August, 1858, a spot was measured by Newall, and it had a diameter of 58,000 miles—more, as you will see, than seven times the diameter of the earth. The largest spot that has ever been known to astronomy was no less in diameter than 153,500 miles. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Florida has raised a water-melon weighing seventy-five pounds, and fifteen people couldn't eat it.

The total number of species of flowering plants in the world is roughly estimated by Bentham and Hooker to be 95,620.

There is a vinegar vat in London which will hold 53,000 gallons. One hundred men were entertained at dinner in it by the owners.

Oysters are sensitive, both to cold and heat. In shallow waters enormous quantities perish by frost, and enormous quantities perish in great heat.

In France, until the introduction of postage-stamps, and the rule of double postage for unpaid letters, it was considered ill-bred to prepay a letter addressed to a friend.

An old lady in Greenwood, Ohio, has a wonderful hen which recently laid an egg that weighed five ounces, and was as large as a goose egg. On breaking it, it was found that it contained inside another egg, fully developed, which was of the ordinary size.

Drs. Sitherwood and Hanlan have expressed the belief that excessive mental work produces a rapid decay of the teeth. As an explanation of the alleged fact, another writer suggests that the overworked brain steals all the phosphates and leaves none for the teeth, or else that too much study causes the general health to deteriorate.

The cassowary catches fish by wading into the water, spreading and submerging its ruffled wings and staying quite still. The fish mistake its feathers for a weed in which they are accustomed to shelter themselves, and swim in among them. Then the bird closes his wings, straightening its feathers, steps ashore, shakes out the fishes and dines.

The largest amount of gold held by one owner in the world is that of the United States. The actual metal on hand, the property of Uncle Sam, is $198,000,000. The next largest gold-owner is the Bank of France, whose latest report shows in the vaults $193,275,000. So the United States has in excess of the Bank of France gold to the amount of $4,625,000.

The Chinese have some very ingenious methods of capturing fishes. In Swatow, for instance, they employ a boat drawing a few inches of water, with a rail nearly level with the surface. A narrow plank on one side is painted white, and in the moonlight the fish mistake this for water and jump over it into the boat. At Ningpo, cormorants are systematically trained to fish, while at Ichang, a wild animal, such as the otter, is trained, not to fish, but to frighten the fish into nets.

An Old-Time Humorist.

Poor Lieutenant Derby, who whiled away the weary hours at Yuma, Arizona, as well as at the other posts at which he was stationed on the Pacific coast, in concocting the rare drolleries he gave the world under the nom de plume of "John Phœnix," completely ruined Yuma's reputation as a summer resort by his famous joke about the soldier stationed there who died and brought up in the infernal regions, which he found so chilly by contrast that he found it necessary to send back for his blanket. Since that period, it is said, "sin-hardened invalids repair to Yuma to die, with a view to becoming inured to the great trials of the hereafter." It was also Lieutenant Derby who, being left in charge of one of the San Diego papers at one time for a few days during the temporary absence of the editor, changed the politics of the sheet, to the horror and chagrin of that trusting victim of misplaced confidence. It was also he who, on being presented to General Augur and family for the first time, expressed his pleasure at the meeting, and then, looking down blandly at the children, said, "And these, I suppose, are the little gimlets," for which untimely ebullition of humor, it is said, the general never forgave him.—*Inter Ocean.*

The German Emperor's famous horse Ganges, on which he made his solemn entry into Berlin after the wars of 1866 and 1870, has recently been destroyed; but having undergone the taxidermic process, he now stands in the *atelier* of Prof. Siemering, and is to be reproduced in bronze in the great equestrian statue of the Kaiser for the soldiers' monument at Leipsic. The horse will afterward be placed in a public gallery at Berlin.

Steam yachts grow in favor in Great Britain. In 1863 there were only 30 steam yachts of 3,752 tons; there are now 466, and the aggregate tonnage is 51,809.