

LIGHT.

What does the blind man, blind from infancy, Note in the vistas of his sleeping dream? Living in darkness 'neath light's glowing stream, What can dreams show him that would lovely be? Loud would he sing, joy-brimming, suddenly To know the blessing of day's faintest gleam— Brighter than bright dream pictures then would beam Life's radiant beauties in his vision free. And would not we, reposing in the gloom, Dreaming in shadow, reft by death of sight, In awe-struck joy and wonder wake to see, Like the day breaking into sudden bloom, About us burst the rolling sea of light That glides the whiteshores of eternity? —R. K. Munkittrick, in the Century.

MISS DILLOWAY.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

Miss Dilloway locked the back door of her small house, and hung the key in plain sight near the kitchen window. How far the safety of her goods and chattels was ensured by this simple act she never stopped to consider; but nothing would have induced her to leave the door unlocked.

On her way down the narrow gravel walk she stopped to pull a weed here and there from the flower-bed, and to pick up an obnoxious piece of paper which had somehow found its way into the midst of the flowers. She straightened a young Balm of Gilead tree, and tied it more securely to the small stick which served as a prop; then, closing the gate carefully behind her, she walked briskly down the village street.

She had walked rather timidly along the platform of the little railroad station, and was about to enter the waiting-room when she was accosted by a man standing near, who was checking a solitary trunk.

"Wal, wal, Miss Dilloway! Goin' on a journey?"

"Not much of a one," she answered, curtly.

"Wal, go right in, and I'll be in in a minute." He soon appeared at the ticket-office window, curiosity written all over his face. Miss Dilloway noted it.

"I want a ticket to Preston. How much is it?" she said.

"Oh, to Preston! Eighty-five cents. Let me see; got any relations up that way?"

"No. Can you change five dollars?"

"Oh yes—twenty-five, if you say so! Wal, didn't Ezry's folks move up Preston way, or nigh there?"

"No; they moved to Clar'mont. Eow soon'll the train go?"

Old Mr. McQuestion leaned forward and looked out through the office window at the clock on the wall.

"In 'bout fifteen minutes. Set down; set down over there in the rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. Taint every depot that's got a rocking-chair. Ahem! Goin' to be gone long?"

"No," answered Miss Dilloway, with a slight smile, rather enjoying the situation.

"Not H'm—h'm! Wal—"

But the good man's curiosity was not to be gratified that morning. A call from the baggage-room necessitated his hurrying away, and the ten o'clock accommodation soon bore little Miss Dilloway out of sight and hearing.

In two hours' time she was standing before a large brick building, over the massive door of which were the words: "Home for the Friendless." She trembled a little as she ascended the granite steps, and waited a little time before she rang the bell.

A white-capped servant showed her into a small reception-room. It seemed as if her nervousness increased with every moment's waiting, and when a tall, serious lady came slowly into the room, Miss Dilloway wished very much indeed that she were safe at home.

"You came to see our little ones!" said the lady, with a smile which drove all the stern lines from her face.

"Ye-es; I did come to get one—to adopt; but now I'm here, I don't know that I'd ought to."

"Perhaps you can tell better after seeing."

"Yes, yes, I suppose I can. You see I made up my mind rather suddenly. Mr. Thornton, our minister—I come from Rentham—preached a most powerful sermon last Sunday from the text, 'Whoso shall receive one such little child, and that sermon has been haunting me ever since. He had just come from a visit to Boston, where he saw an orphan asylum; and he said it made his heart ache to see so many little children who never knew what it was to have a mother's kiss on their foreheads.'

Miss Dilloway wiped a tear from her eye, and went on.

"And then he said, if the Lord was going to ask us by and by what use we had made of the talents He had given us, he didn't see why He shouldn't ask us what use we'd made of our homes, especially those folks who had been given houses bigger than they needed. He asked them if the people didn't think it wasn't burying rooms, as the man buried the talent, to keep them shut up; and he urged them to open their hearts and homes—to be mothers and fathers to some little waif who didn't have any parents."

"Then he capped it all by saying that he and Mrs. Thornton had just adopted a five-year-old boy from that very asylum. They've got seven already! But that's like Mr. Thornton; he always practices what he preaches."

"Well, when I sat down that afternoon with my Bible and hymn-book, I couldn't get my mind off that sermon. When I heard it, it didn't seem as if 'twas meant for me, but for marrie'd folks; but somehow the thought of Abby's chamber upstairs—Abby's my sister who died last year—kind of worked its way into my mind, and I wondered if the Lord would say to me, 'Cynthia Dilloway, have you kept that room of yours hid in a napkin'?"

"Then I thought of the cellar full of provisions, and more than enough in the bank to take care of me if I lived to be a hundred; and before I knew it, I'd said aloud, 'I'll do it! I'll give one of those poor things a home, and I guess I can be a kind of a mother to it, if I am an old maid!'"

"It's surprising how much company just the thought of having a little girl around has been, for I made up my mind, of course, it should be a girl. Since then I've been kind of getting ready—and—well, here I am!"

By this time little Miss Dilloway was wiping the perspiration from her face. She had talked an unusually long time for her.

"My friend," said the matron, who had been listening with interest to her story, "I am sure you will be blessed in sharing your home with one of God's unfortunate ones. Come with me and let me show you my 'family.'"

She led the way up a broad flight of stairs. Miss Dilloway soon found herself in a large room, which contained so many children that the first sight of them almost took her breath away. She had expected to see a dozen or twenty, perhaps, but here were surely a hundred. How could she choose from among so many.

Over in the corner one of the older girls was trotting a baby. Miss Dilloway was very fond of babies, and she stopped instinctively to speak to this one.

It looked up into her sweet face confidently, and then held out her small arm toward her. She took it eagerly, and pressed the little firm close.

"I do love babies so!" she said half-apologetically, to the matron, who was looking on with a smile. "I often say to the folks at home that I don't envy them their husbands, their big houses, or their rick-rack, as they call their ornaments nowadays; but I do envy them their babies. They seem to think it's queer, I don't see why old maids shouldn't love babies as well as married folks."

"Why not adopt a baby?"

Miss Dilloway had intended to adopt an older child, and the suggestion that she should take an infant took her so much by surprise that she hastily returned the baby to its young nurse, and sat down in a chair. Then a strange thing happened; the baby's lip began to quiver; tears gathered in its eyes, and its arms were held out again appealingly to Miss Dilloway.

She took it instantly, and asked the matron:

"She ain't more'n six months old, is she?"

"He was just seven months old yesterday."

"He! Is it a boy?" she almost screamed, looking at the child as if he were to blame for not being a girl.

The baby seemed to realize that an important moment in his young life had arrived. He patted Miss Dilloway's cheek with his fat palm and then snuggled close to her side.

Miss Dilloway cleared her throat.

"Well, I never liked boys very much after they're grown up, but if I should take this one, I guess I should get used to his ways before that time. Do you anything about his parents?"

"Yes. They were very nice people. The father died only eight months ago, and the mother was so affected by his death that she never rallied after the baby came. The little fellow seems to be wholly alone in the world."

Miss Dilloway's mind was made up from that moment, and early in the afternoon Mr. McQuestion, for the first time in his life, lost his voice as little Miss Dilloway got off the train with a baby in her arms.

Of course the people of Rentham were surprised. It seems a very amusing thing to some of them that Miss Dilloway should adopt a baby, but those who knew her well and loved her, commended her worthy act and rejoiced in her new happiness—for happy she certainly was.

It was certainly a beautiful sight to see Miss Dilloway with the baby in her arms. The child cried, cooed and was unmistakably very fond of his foster parent.

Donations of slips, stockings and sacks for baby's wear came in almost daily. One thoughtful neighbor sent a cradle. Children came in with toys innumerable.

Miss Dilloway held council with the mothers in the neighborhood as to the merits of anise and the demerits of soothing syrup. Advice was freely given, but often of such a contradictory nature that poor Miss Dilloway was puzzled. Nevertheless, baby grew and prospered, and made sunshine in the little old lady's heart.

One day, about three months after baby's advent in Rentham, a very unusual sound rang through Miss Dilloway's dwelling. There were one, two, three clangs of the brass knocker on the seldom used front door.

"Then, with baby in her arms, she opened the door, she faced a tall, well-built man of substantial appearance in more senses than one, with streaks of gray in his hair.

The man glanced at the baby and said, without ceremony:

"I guess I've struck the right place. This is Miss Dilloway, an't it?"

Tremulously, holding the baby very tight, and with an awful foreboding at her heart, she answered: "Ye-es. Will you walk in?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I will, seeing I've come all this distance to see the little fellow. There, now, don't get scared! I've no notion of taking him from you. I shouldn't know what to do with him if I had him."

Miss Dilloway's face continued to express astonishment.

"Well, well," said the man, "I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Reuben Russell, late of Minnesota, at present of nowhere in particular. I got to Preston three days ago, and went to work the first thing to hunt up my niece Clary. I didn't know she was dead until I reached the place where she used to board. I hadn't heard from her for over a year, and I was pretty well taken aback when they told me of her death and her husband's, so nigh together."

"But I was more taken aback when I heard she'd left a baby, and that it had been sent to an asylum. Clary Dayton's baby, my neevy—or grand-neevy—in an asylum!"

"I traveled pretty quick to the place, and I don't know whether I was glad or sorry when I heard it had been adopted. Anyway, what I came here for's to see the little chap—look round here, sonny—and to make some arrangement with you about his—board—or whatever you call it. I don't want Clary's child to be living on charity."

"But it isn't charity, sir, it isn't charity! You see it belongs to me," Miss Dilloway said with a half-vidicative air. "I had the papers regularly made out."

"Well, by and by, when he grows up, he'll have to be educated, and clothes bought for him. I'll start him a bank account. What's his name?"

"I—I've always called him 'Baby.' I haven't thought of any name yet," answered Miss Dilloway, not liking this "look ahead," when this bit of humanity in her arms would need education and boy's clothes.

"Land o' liberty! Clary's baby without a name! Well, well. Ahem! What do you say to calling him after me—Reuben?"

"I don't know that there's any objection," said the little woman, somewhat meekly.

"Well, you think it over. I've got a little business down this way that needs looking after, so I shall probably be round here for a day or two, and I'll come in again."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CELERY SALAD WITH MAYONNAISE. Cut away the green leaves and thoroughly clean some celery; cut into shreds crosswise; season with salt, pepper, vinegar and a little oil; dress up and serve over it a mayonnaise dressing as follows: Rub the inside of an earthenware bowl with a piece of onion; break in two raw yolks of eggs, a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a little salt and white pepper; mix well and add a few drops of oil from time to time, stirring meanwhile with a wooden spoon; when a foundation is started add a little vinegar; to thin it a little keep adding oil and vinegar alternately until sufficient dressing is made. —New York Press.

SPAGHETTI. The real Italian spaghetti is the best, although macaroni of all sorts is good. This delicious article of food is prepared in many ways. Spaghetti should always be thrown into boiling water; it is ruined if cooked to long; from ten to twenty minutes is ample time. Drained from the water into a hot dish and well seasoned with good butter is the simplest and one of the best ways of cooking it. A sauce, together with grated Italian cheese, may be served as a dressing with spaghetti when boiled plain. The sauce may be a simple tomato sauce, made by stewing either canned or fresh tomatoes, straining them from the seeds and seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. If desired onion or garlic, celery, curry powder and the like may be added. The sauce can also be made thick with beef-stock, but real spaghetti eaters prefer to eat their favorite dish plain or with the simple relish of grated cheese. —Chicago News.

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Florida Phosphate Beds. "The phosphate beds of Florida have since their discovery about one year ago given employment to thirty-two millions of capital. And," continued Commissioner R. Turnbull, a guest of the Palmer House from that State, "many more millions will be invested there before the close of the present year. Moreover, good, substantial returns are being had on the money. Phosphate mining is not like gold and silver mining—you don't have to spend thousands of dollars before you learn where there is anything in the ground worth digging for. The phosphate lies in flat beds, the top of which is only a few feet under ground, and one man can in a short time figure pretty close to the actual amount of phosphate obtainable from any particular plot of ground. So that an investor can put in his money and be sure of getting it and something beside back. That is the kind of a State Florida is." —Chicago Post.

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Transactions at the Stamp Exchange.

In Paris there is a stamp exchange where transactions are carried on from 2 to 7 o'clock of every Thursday and Sunday. It is the Champs Elysees, under the chestnut trees at the corner of the Avenue Marigny and the Avenue Gabriel, just behind the Guignols and in front of an aristocratic mansion inhabited by one of the Rothschilds. By 3 o'clock the exchange is in full go, and all ages and all conditions of society are represented. There is very little trading carried on at this petite bourse, most of the transactions being buying and selling. Men and boys, wearing satchels slung by a strap over their shoulder, and in which postage stamps are piled like coins in the scrips of cashiers, shout what they have to sell, their albums are looked through, philatelic papers read, discussions held and bartering takes place amid lively vociferations. "I have sixty blue Koepcke," "Who wants any 1872 Uruguay?" "I will take 1873 Ceylon at thirty centimes." "I will sell 1862 Turkey, paper peelings." "Who'll take 1866 Perus at forty centimes?" "I want 1849 presidents." "I have an emperor with laurel and an emperor without laurel." "How much for Columbians?" "Who wants Cape of Good Hope?" "Here are 1500 for twenty-five centimes," a fellow cries. "Show them," others shout, and then it is his turn to detail the merchandise. Packets of ordinary stamps are usually sold without being opened, but sometimes the buyer unseals the envelope, then cries: "This! black guard! old cheat!" and the crowd laughs heartily. —Chicago Herald.

There are people using Dobbins' Electric Soap to-day who commenced its use in 1865. Would this be the case were it not the purest and most economical soap made? Ask your grocer for it. Look out for imitations. Dobbins' & Co., New York.

A MILLION oranges were used in constructing a pavilion at the California fair.

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