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**A Hundred Years Ago.**  
Where, where are all the birds that sang  
A hundred years ago?  
The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
A hundred years ago?  
The lips that smiled,  
The eyes that shined  
In flashes upon  
Soft eyes alone  
Where, O where are all the lips and eyes,  
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,  
That lived so long ago?  
Who peopled all the city streets  
A hundred years ago?  
Who filled the church with faces meek  
A hundred years ago?  
The evening hymns  
Of sister frail;  
The plot that worked  
A brother's hurt;  
Where, O where are plots and sneers,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That lived so long ago?

## THE BEACON LIGHT.

Yes, I was to be married the coming fall to Rollin Weatherbee, heir of the Weatherbee estate. How matters had progressed so far and I had been engaged to Rollin I knew. Did I love him I asked myself many times, without being able to answer the query. My mother had very quietly and in her determined way settled the whole affair, and I supposed I had nothing to do but quietly submit to the decree. I did not dislike Rollin, and indeed there was little about him to make one do anything but like him. I knew my young female friends envied me.

I was paying my last maiden visit with my mother, and the wedding day was drawing near. At the seaside where we were, I met Brece Rogers, and our acquaintance at once ripened into friendship. I had scarcely noted the growth of this intimacy until one evening Brece and I were taking our accustomed walk, when he suddenly turned to me and said:

"Is this thing true your mother tells me?"

"What thing?" I almost whispered.

"You know," he answered fiercely. "Is it true that you are to be the wife of Rollin Weatherbee next October? That you are here to make your preparations?"

"Yes," the word came almost with a gasp. He took my hands in his and looked down at me with a stern gaze.

"You shall not—you shall not! I love you, you are mine, now and forever."

Before I could speak or cry out he had taken me in his arms, and was raining kisses upon my lips. I was young, romantic and impulsive. This man had aroused a strange feeling in my heart, and now, as I lay in his arms, I believed must be love. I could see the reckless beauty of his face as it bent above me, and almost unconsciously I clasped my arms about his neck, sobbing wildly, and whispering: "Oh, if I had known you sooner—if it were not too late."

"It is not too late," he cried, passionately, straining me to his heart. "You are mine, now and for all time. You must be my wife!"

"But I cannot," I sobbed, "I am bound to another—the wedding day draws near."

had loved, and that one man was Rollin Weatherbee. But my heart was filled with regrets for my past folly, and fears for what might follow. But two weeks passed by and I heard no word and saw nothing of Brece Rogers until that chill October night, when my story opens.

I turned my face away, lest the light of those dark eyes should bring back the old delirium. For at that one glance I felt the blood leap through my veins, and a strange glow shoot through my heart. I thoroughly despised this man, yet he had a power over me still. A woman who has ever been held in a man's arms, and felt his kisses upon her lips, can never learn to despise or forget him that the sight of his face will not sometimes move her. At length I arose and moved away from the window. A second later something struck the glass with a sharp click.

"What was that?" asked mamma.

"The wind whirled something against the window pane," I answered. A moment later and it was repeated. "Why, it sounds like something thrown against the glass," mamma said. "Tell Harwood to see what it is, Rose."

I got up and went out of the room. I knew it was useless to resist Brece Rogers' summons longer. I must go and see what he wanted. I threw a dark cloak over my shoulders and went out. He heard the door open, and glided into the shadows again.

"What do you want?" I asked, idly.

"Why are you here? I told you never to approach me again."

"Yes, but you were angry then. You have had time to think more kindly of me since, and I came to tell you that Cora is dead. She died last night, and with her dying lips she forgave me whatever wrong I have done her. If she could forgive me, surely you ought. I know I did her a great wrong, but I repent of it, and she has forgiven me; will not you do the same and come to me?"

He took a step toward me, but I retreated. I have nothing to forgive, I answered. "I have forgiven you, well and good. I owe you no ill-will, but I do not love or respect you now, and never can."

"Rose!" he cried, "you are cruel! Oh, come to me, and fly before it is too late."

"Hush!" I said sternly. "All that will do for you is to stay away from me. The wife of the only man I ever loved. That mad fancy I conceived for you died as suddenly as it sprang to life, and can never live again. Go away now and leave me in peace. Good-night and good-bye."

I sped back into the house, and locked the door behind me, leaving him alone in the darkness. I found mamma had fallen to sleep in her chair by the stove, and was relieved that I would thus be spared answering any more of her questions. Thursday morning came, and I was up at dawn, and I had my face in my hands, praying to God to forgive me, and send Rollin to me in safety.

The days that followed were damp and chill, with mist and wet east winds. But the dreaded storm did not come on. Each night I went to rest with a heart full of anxious fear; each morning I arose, thankful to find only wet winds and no rain. On Thursday morning came gray, cold, chilly, like the ones that preceded it. Thursday night the ship Cora Bell was expected, and by that ship Rollin Weatherbee would come to me.

I was restless and uneasy all the long day. No glimmer of sunshine lighted the dull, gray skies. A jump mist fell, and the wind blew bitter over the moor. By night I was almost hysterical, and my heart was like lead in my breast. "A wretched bride ye'll be, if you dinna brighten up a bit," Harwood said to me, and I did not wonder as I caught sight of my dead white face in the mirror.

could be done—how could the danger be averted? Without even a glance back to the house, I opened the gate and sped toward the lake. I know every inch of the ground.

On I went till I reached the hut of a fisherman. I gave a loud knock at the door, then I waited without waiting to be bidden. A stalwart man and his burly son sat over the grate. Both started to their feet at the sight of my deathly face and staring eyes. "Why, Miss Rose—but—" I stopped them.

"For God's sake," I cried, "come with me. The beacon at Avondale landing has not been lighted, and the house on the rocks is burning a white light, and the Cora Bell will be a wreck unless something is done. One of you go to Avondale and see why the keeper has neglected his duty, and one of you come with me to the lighthouse on the rocks."

"With you, Miss Rose, why?"

"Yes, with me! I can't say here, I must go with you in the boat and see that the light is put out. I am not afraid. The night is dark, but the lake is not rough. The only danger is threatening the Cora Bell. We must be quick."

On we hurried, I keeping pace with the long-limbed fisherman. Down to the landing the young man hastened, and up into the lighthouse, while I sprang into the boat which the old man unlocked, and, scarcely waiting for him to seat himself, seized an oar and rowed with all my might. How slowly we went—how slowly. Would we never reach the rocks? And all the time that wicked, hateful light burning into my very eyeballs. There at last! The light made the landing less dangerous than I had thought. The old man fastened the boat, and I clambered up the rocks.

"Careful, miss," he continued. "Those rocks are wet and slippery," but I reached the lighthouse, and entered with a heart so wild with fears for the Cora Bell that I forgot all danger for the moment. I ran like a squirrel up the stairs, up the ladder—up—up—filling the lantern. I opened the door, I leaped into the loft, where the lamp gleamed and flashed its white light into my very eyes. A man, with a dark devil face, turned at the noise. He had been so intently gazing through a glass out upon the waters that he had not heard my approach. "Fie!" I cried, "what would you do?" and with one bound I dashed my whole force against the lamp, shattering it in pieces, and extinguished the baleful light. For one moment we were left in utter darkness and a man's voice hissed: "Girl, you shall rue this, I have you in my power now." I felt his iron grip upon my wrist and screamed outright. Then the door burst open, the light of a lantern flashed into the tower, and the burly form of the fisherman entered and stood beside us. "Seize him—bind him!" I cried.

The burly fisherman set down his lamp and caught the arm of Brece Rogers, and quick as thought pinioned them at his back. I tore up the skirt of my dress and twisted it in a stout cord that securely fastened the villain's limbs. He scarcely moved—so sudden had been the fisherman's attack, so iron-like his grip. "Now bind him down," I said, "I will lead the way with the lantern." He took Brece Rogers' lithe, slender figure in his arms as if it had been a child's, and followed me down the ladder. It was a treacherous descent, but we landed safely upon the rocks and took our seats in the boat.

Breec was so tampered with that he would make no sound. We had not rowed half the distance back to the landing, when, joy of joys! the light flashed out from Avondale beaconhouse, reaching far over the waters, and I knew the Cora Bell was saved.

The strain upon my nervous system had been too great. As we reached the Avondale landing I fell in dead faint, and knew no more till I awoke in my room surrounded by a crowd of anxious faces. Harwood was rubbing my hands, mamma bathing my forehead, some strange faces were scattered about the room, and—Rollin, my Rollin, bent over me, with tears in his blue eyes. We were strong enough they told me all. How I had been brought back by the fisherman, hours and hours before, and the story of my adventure briefly stated by him. How the fisherman's son had found the keeper of the lighthouse in a dead stupor, a drugged sleep, and the lamps so tampered with that it took him a full hour to right them and make them burn. How they did burn at last, in time to guide the Cora Bell safely to shore, and bring Rollin and the wedding guests in season for the morrow's bridal.

I was a pale bride and had to be supported by my husband's arm, but it was a glad bride for all that. We left Avondale, mamma, Rollin, and some few of the wedding company, that very day, and I have never set foot there since. Brece Rogers was tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison, where he died two years later. In 1872, at the age of eighty-three, leaving a considerable estate. By a will which is the subject matter of the surrogate's decision, she left some \$240,000, being the larger part of her estate, to the American Bible Society and the Board of Foreign Missions in equal parts. This will was executed Jan. 2, 1868, after a long illness, which changes the method, but not the purpose, of the previous paper, was executed July 20, 1869. In opposition to the probate of the will, it is alleged by Mrs. Cruger's next of kin, who under an intestate distribution of the property would be her heirs, that the testatrix was at the dates of the will and codicil incapable of making a valid will, on account of an insane condition of mind, with special reference to the subject matter of those instruments. Surrogate Hutchings, after considering the evidence in the case, rejects the papers and decides that Mrs. Cruger died intestate. The Bible Society loses the large bequest, and it goes of course to the heirs of the deceased.

## Superstition in Kentucky.

The following story seems incredible, but it is told, apparently in entire seriousness, by the Colonist (Ky.) Messenger. There lives within a few miles of Clinton, in this county, a well-known and respected family by the name of Berry, the oldest daughter of which has been married, and lives in the edge of Ballard county. This daughter has poor health, and it seems must be at least partially deranged. This daughter told the family that a man by the name of McDonald had died near Charleston, Mo., and that he had since appeared to her in the form of an angel and made various revelations to her; that he had told her the nature of her disease, and what to do to effect a cure, and that she had followed the directions given, and was relieved, thus proving the reliability of the spiritual communication. She also told them that on another occasion this spirit had informed her that certain neighboring ladies were witches, and that they would come to the house in the form of cats and do them some injury. The family were firm believers in the power of spiritual to communicate with physical beings, and their minds were so wrought upon that they fully believed the insane story that their daughter told them. The Holy Scriptures were searched for confirmatory proofs to prophecies and in particular the history, as well as authority as to what should be done with the witches. Here they convinced themselves that the "witches" should be put to death. In the meantime the ladies who had been accused of witchcraft were apprised of the state of mind existing in the Berry family, and became greatly alarmed. Finally, one day while the two boys in the family were out getting wood a couple of cats came running and cowering near by. The boys, to use their own words, "thought the witches had them," and scampered into the house; the older boy, aged probably fifteen or sixteen years, took a gun and went out to shoot the cats, or witches, or whatever they might be; but failing to find them, he began making threats against the ladies who he supposed to be identical with the cats, for he firmly believed that these ladies could transform themselves into cats, or witches, or whatever they might be. Some reports say that he actually went to their houses in search of them, making threats by the way. Having gone thus far, other neighbors interfered and caused the arrest of the family, consisting of Mr. John Berry, his wife and two young boys. They were taken to the insane asylum, and there they solemnly believed these stories of witchcraft, and that in justice and in obedience to the Scriptures the witches should be killed. One or two attorneys and some other citizens told them that such belief was insane, and that they should be put in the insane asylum. After considerable reasoning they admitted that they might be mistaken, and they were released on giving bond in the sum of \$500 for good behavior.

**The Olden Time.**  
Hon. Allen W. Dodge gives the following account of his first examination when making application for the position of schoolteacher:

I was reading an account of Concord—well, I was young man in college, over fifty years ago. I taught school there two winters—and all of a sudden I came to the picture of old Ezra Ripley, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was the very man who examined me and gave me a certificate—I have it at home—certifying that I was worthy of good moral character, and certifying, too, that "I was qualified to teach school in the town of Concord," and he signed it in a sort of John Hancock style, "Ezra Ripley, minister," and the minister par excellence in the town of Concord. If you will pardon me, I will tell you how he examined me. I went there in a very nervous, and trembling, and sat down and told him that I was the man he was to examine. He looked at me, and I trembled from head to foot, and he spelled me—"spelling matches" of that kind were rare—he even made me read, and examined my writing, and then put me through a grammar addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, vulgar fractions, and that sort of thing; and said he: "I am satisfied with your attainments, but there is one thing, before I give you a certificate, I must require of you, and you must consent to do." I said: "What is that, sir?" You must open and close your school every day with prayer!" I said: "I am not a professor of religion; I never prayed out loud in my life, and I think it is unfair for you to require it of me." He said: "Young man, I want no arguing," I said: "What do you want, Dr. Ripley?" He said: "I want you to pray," and I said again: "I could not do that, and he said: "You cannot keep this school." Well, now, I wanted to keep the school badly; it was my first attempt, and I thought to be set aside from any cause whatever would be a lasting disgrace. I thought it over; I thought very quick, and I said: "Will you allow me, Dr. Ripley, to write out the form of prayer on a piece of paper or a slate, and pray with one eye open until I get it by heart?" He said to me: "Any way you can fix it, young man; I am satisfied if you pray." And I said: "I will keep the school." And—well, what do you think? He had to call his daughter Hannah—Hannah was there in a moment—he executed Jan. 2, 1868, after a long illness, which changes the method, but not the purpose, of the previous paper, was executed July 20, 1869. In opposition to the probate of the will, it is alleged by Mrs. Cruger's next of kin, who under an intestate distribution of the property would be her heirs, that the testatrix was at the dates of the will and codicil incapable of making a valid will, on account of an insane condition of mind, with special reference to the subject matter of those instruments. Surrogate Hutchings, after considering the evidence in the case, rejects the papers and decides that Mrs. Cruger died intestate. The Bible Society loses the large bequest, and it goes of course to the heirs of the deceased.

**How He Won Her.**  
The reader must imagine that the following takes place in a snug little parlor before a bright fire. The speaker is a short, dark-complexioned man, who seems to enjoy life thoroughly. His companion is a younger man than himself and a bachelor.

"How did I come to get the prize? Well, now, that is a question. If you have patience enough to listen I'll tell you. As you know, I was what my family called a queer boy. I didn't drink and keep late hours, but much to the pity and possibly annoyance of my relatives, who were strict Methodists, I wandered in the neighborhood of W. church."

"Rather timidly I sat down in a pew on the right hand side of the church, and fixed myself so that I could have a view of every person coming in, and at the same time see the preacher. While glancing around my eye fell on what you have called my prize. I was so struck with it, she was so good and so beautiful. For some time this was our only acquaintance. I attended that church Sunday after Sunday. At last I was introduced to her. This was what I had been looking for, and now that I had it I was fixed in the third heaven. I was timid at first, but one evening after church I heard her say: "Oh, dear, I've no one to leave me home, my folks are all gone."

"I at once volunteered to be her escort; my offer was accepted, and from that day onward I grew into her confidence. I gave her my whole heart. I would do anything for her, and she was so beautiful. Four years ran on and I ventured to pop the question, although it had been mutually popped a long time before. We were sitting alone one evening in the cozy little parlor of her house. Her hand was in mine. I nervously said:

"Katie, do you remember that little two-story house I said I'd like to live in?"

"Yes, what of it?" she said, her large blue eyes looking into mine.

"Well, I have one of them now, and it is a very lonely place. I want some person to take care of it for me. Can you recommend any person?"

"I really don't know a single person I could trust," she replied.

"I do," said I, "and that one is yourself, Katie. Will you come and take care of it—take complete possession?"

"A gentle pressure on my hand was the answer. That evening we asked 'Pa' and 'Ma,' who both said 'yes.' "There is the whole story. You know the rest. How happy we have lived. Not a single quarrel here she comes herself, the best little wife any man could wish for."

**The Cheese Industry.**  
According to the *American Grocer*, the cheese industry is in danger of ruin, and the only salvation, it is said, is to abandon the manufacture of every quality except fine cream cheese, which is the only kind entitled to the designation of cheese. So-called cheese is made of every gradation of quality, from the poorest skimmed to the richest full cream cheese, and sells in the market from two cents to thirteen and a half cents a pound. If the milk is all skimmed, the poorest product is the result, and this quality proves an exceedingly unprofitable manufacture, as it costs to make and sell it at least three cents a pound, and nets a loss of one cent a pound. The next quality above, with five per cent. of cream, and made of good texture and properly colored, and so on for all gradations of quality until when the cheese is made with a mixture of morning milk skimmed and evening milk unskimmed, in equal quantities, an article may be produced by proper care that will pass very well with those who are not experts for a full cream cheese.

Then comes in the oleomargarine cheese, the cream all taken off and the oil called oleomargarine, from the fresh fat of the calf of an ox, substituted in equal weight for the cream. This produces an article which in many respects so closely resembles the full cream cheese as to be readily sold for it.

## THE WONDERS OF THE SEA.

Viewing Fish from Under the Ocean—Amphibious Life at the Isle of Wight.

After several days' energetic sight-seeing in very hot weather, says our correspondent of the *Graphic*, we packed our valises and stole away to the Isle of Wight, by way of Brighton, where we stopped over for three hours to see the aquarium. You descend a series of elegant terraces, and find yourself apparently at the bottom of the sea. Every arch, grotto-like halls extend in every direction, ending in ferneries bright with falling water, while along the sides of the long arcade, only a crystal wall separates you from the watery homes of fishes, eels, and all the innumerable finny and finny inhabitants of the deep. You look up through the green water as though you were a fish yourself, and know for the first time how it feels to be at the bottom of the sea. Great, solemn, aldermanic-looking cod-waiting swim up and stare into your very eyes; enormous conger eels writhe playfully around your head; idiotic-looking dogfish lie piled on one another, and blink placidly into your face like so many sheep, while the skates and the stingrays are flattened out in panting flatidity upon the gravel at the bottom. Little silver herring and golden-hued young salmon drift about like clouds lit by the moon, and on all sides, against the rocks that vary the surface of the tanks, wave the exquisite fringes of the sea-anemones. Here, above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world.

Every variety of fringe and flower-cap is mimicked here in hues that fairly rival the colors of the garden. Purest white, soft, creamy yellows, rich salmon tints, every shade of tender rose and glowing red and royal purple and vivid green spring from these rocks a living flower, with petals as delicate as they are deadly. For these beautiful fringes and ethereal-looking bubbles of color are so many murderous arms outstretched for food. As we watch them swaying gently in the current, a poor little transparent shrimp comes paddling swiftly by. He touches a rose-colored petal, it flashes round him, he is sucked into the gorgeous heart of the flower, and it closes contentedly over his vanished form. They know that danger generally, these poor little creatures, and did they touch ever so lightly the tip of a floating fringe, would spring away from it with an electrical recoil. It is a very interesting thing to spend a few hours at the bottom of the sea to see the eight-armed *Diadema* hanging from the rocks, or the green turtle sleeping peacefully below the surface of the water; to watch the hermit crabs scuttling busily about, each in his stolen shell; and to study the manners of the tip-toeing crayfish and the unboiled lobster. There are curious fresh-water fish here, too, in large globes. Among others the Mexican azotus, most melancholy of fish, draped in inkly hues, black as a hearse and feathered with plummy tufts, waving all about their discolored heads. Then there are the telescope fish from China, swollen and distorted golden carp, with their eyes so goggle that they really look like spy-glasses.

**A Word to Young Mechanics.**  
Every one that ever learned a trade knows that many a time he has been without any clear idea of what he was doing, having merely acted as the machine of a master who was credited with being a No. 1 mechanic, and all which that should imply, but who just lacked one thing, and that a very important one—he did not understand how to tell another how to do what he could do exceedingly well himself, and, as a general rule, got into a passion because his "cub" didn't do it just to his mind. Now I could drop a word of advice here to journeyman; but you know, boys, as well as I do, that it is not our place to tell a "jour," anything, for fear his dignity might suffer, and ours too, by consequence. But my advice to you is simply this: In starting out to learn a trade, make up your mind to learn and study both at the same time. This combination of occupations, it unfortunately happens, is rarely agreeable at fifteen or seventeen years of age, when one has just left school, and all study is looked at as something belonging to bygone days. I have been told by many a young man that work was his portion now, and that he didn't have time to study, and besides he was so tired at night that it was out of the question. My reply to those who speak in this way is:

"But you misunderstand me, my young friend. The lessons you need to study now are not taught in schools, colleges or seminaries. You never see the books you need to apply your mind to now in libraries."

I lay a piece of wood before the carpenter and say: "My boy, that is one of your books." I present a piece of black iron to the blacksmith, and say: "That is another of your books." I say: "You never see the books you need to apply your mind to now in libraries."

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## The Milkmaid's Song.

In Tennyson's new drama, "Queen Mary," we find the following little song: MRS. KAMM (singing without). Shame upon you, Robin, Shame upon you now! Kiss me would you? with my hands Milking the cow? Dishes grow again, Kingpins blow again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me, Kiss'd me well I vow; Cuff him could I with my hands Milking the cow? Swallows fly again, Cuckoos cry again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin, Come and kiss me now; Help it can I? with my hands Milking the cow? Ringdoves cry again, All things woo again, Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

**A Strange Superstition.**  
A singular case has been heard before the English courts. A laboring man was tried for the manslaughter of his son, a child two years of age, under circumstances of the most extraordinary character. This prisoner was a member of a sect called the "Peculiar People." One of the rules of this denomination is that in all cases of illness it is against the law of God, as written in the Holy Scriptures, to call upon medical men for assistance. The church provided that in all cases they should rely entirely upon "prayer and anointing the body with oil." The infant son of this laborer was attacked with pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. No doctor was summoned. The elders of the church visited the child, prayed over it, laid their hands upon it and anointed it with oil. In time it died, and the father was arrested on the charge of manslaughter, in virtually contributing to the death of his son. 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