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A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener
Who earned his daily meat
By toiling zealously all day—
His zeal was hard to beat.

He was a man of tender parts,
And thoughtful for his years—
E'en when he cut his onions down
His eyes would fill with tears.

He was so pitiful and kind
He'd dread to cut his lawn;
But though he'd never shock his friends,
He'd often shock his corn.

A score of carrots oft he'd give
To feed a widow's kine;
Such gems of charity are rare—
Full twenty carats fine.

His wretched horse could hardly creep,
Bill propped him while he grazed;
He said he'd have a better steed
When his celery was raised.

He'd sometimes cauliflower to him
When he had done his work—
He loved it stewed in buttermilk,
Or boiled with greens and pork.

But death at last mowed William down,
And they planted him in loam,
And gave him for his epitaph—
"He found sweet peace at home!"

HIS WIFE.

The sun had just set when I arrived at Somerset station. A whole mile to walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world! Soft hills, bathed in the sun's parting glow, dotted the landscape on every side, and over all stretched a tender, brooding sky. What keen enjoyment the anticipation of a summer all alone with my best friend had afforded me—and now I was almost there. There was the house; old, brown and many-roomed, and most of the rooms on the ground floor. Grandmother herself had been the architect of the establisnment.

An enthusiastic lover of nature was this old lady of seventy years. Yes, there she was! I caught a glimpse of her white sleeve on the window-sill. I would walk softly in and surprise her. How exquiste the taste of this presiding genius! Heliotrope, mignonette and white roses! Grandmother's rose bushes were the envy of the whole neighborhood. Shy little violets bordered the graveled walk leading to the low door-stone, and over beyond, in grandmother's pet field, millions of yellow-hearted daisies nodded and beckoned to the soft evening breeze. Avoiding the treacherous pebbles, I cut quietly across to the front door, stealing with cat-like tread through the long, narrow hallway, and entering the sitting room on my tip toes. Wonderful victory! Twice before had I tried this wonderful dodge, and each time had the old turkey gobbler betrayed me. Where was he on this occasion; and why, when I really need his services, did he not prove my friend? Softly, softly, only a step or two more. The sensation of the next minute wasn't anything to speak of; I mean by that it was indescribable. The back of grandmother's big armchair quite hid the occupant, and nothing doubting, I made with great dexterity for grandmother's eyes. I found the eyes, but they didn't belong to grandmother. I knew that before their saucy owner had imprisoned my hands.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first awakening from a sleep. "Let me guess. The fingers are too little for Madge, and too long to belong to Sarah!"

I found my tongue then. I would not wrench my hands away. That would be rudeness; for he evidently supposed them the property of some intimate friend.

"Please release me," I said; and then, as he rose quickly—apparently surprised by the voice of a stranger—I added, rather ludicrously, I suppose, for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves laughed right heartily, "I thought you were grandmother?"

"Never was taken for an old lady before," he answered, with provoking nonchalance; and then added, as he hastily threw on a dressing-gown, "what do you think about it now?"

"I think I should like to know where grandmother is, and—"

"And what am I doing here?" he interrupted, with another laugh "Your grandmother has gone to spend the evening with a sick neighbor. I belong to the next house—or rather am visiting my sister. She was unexpectedly telegramed away, and as I have been ill, and am not quite well enough to take care of myself in the absence of a housekeeper, your blessed grandmother offered to look out for me until my sister's return. My name is David Alcott, and yours, I take it, is Miss Susan Ellis." And then we shook hands.

That evening marked a new era in my life. I was comfortable, as was always the case at grandmother's, and I was happy too—happier than I had ever been before. What it meant was of no sort of consequence to me then. I did not stop to analyze my sensations, but enjoyed to the utmost the strange entertainment fate and placed before me. Mr. Alcott showed where grandmother had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk, and prepared my supper.

"You have been to tea, of course?" I inquired of the gentleman, who had again taken up his book.

"Yes, but I should like a few strawberries, if you can spare me some." So it chanced that he drew a chair up to the little round table, proving a most interesting companion.

In an hour or more after our little meal was over, I sat on the door-stone alone, watching for grandmother. Then he came to the door and said:

"You needn't expect her before 9 o'clock. I wish I could sit here with you."

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because I am still in quarantine. Perhaps I might make it pleasant for you indoors. If you are fond of being read to, I will do my best."

"And there is nothing I am fonder of," I answered, and followed him into the house.

"Make your selection," he said, pointing to a table quite overlaid with books.

"Something of hers," I replied, picking up an edition of Mrs. Browning.

"All right! now to please me, open at random, and I will read there."

I laughingly assented, and placed my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's wife—

"But why do you go?" said the lady, as both
sat under the yew,
And her eyes were olive in their depths, as
the kraken beneath the sea blue.
"Because I fear you," he answered; "be-
cause you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of
your golden hair."

"Please don't go on," I interrupted. "I like the poem, but someway it isn't pleasant now."

"I thought as much," said grandmother, entering just here. "I felt sure you had come when I saw the light;" and no pet last child, a baby, was ever more welcomed than I by my dear dead father's mother.

"You promised me, David, you would certainly go to bed at 8 o'clock," said the old lady, reproachfully, after having satisfied herself that I hadn't changed a bit since she last saw me.

"But how could I?" he asked, with a comical gesture in my direction.

"Well, I hope you won't be any the worse for it to-morrow," said she; "and now to bed with you this minute!"

"Dear old Vagrant, good-night," said the gentleman, with a rare smile, obeying instantly; "and pleasant dreams to you, Miss Ellis."

"Nice boy that," said grandmother, as the door closed.

"Boy?" I repeated.

"Yes, boy!"

"He is twenty-five years old if he is a day."

"What of that? You are twenty, and what are you but a girl, I should inquire? Four weeks ago there didn't anybody round here think he'd ever get out again. The doctors gave him up, and his sister was almost crazy; but the fever turned, and he went to sleep and slept two days steadily, and when he woke up he was as bright as a button."

I did not see my new friend for two days. He had overexcited himself, and the result was solitude for this length of time. I roamed the fields, and haunted the woods, read, wrote and thought. I never did so much thinking in so short a space of time, with such unsatisfactory results.

"Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, as at sunset the second day I dragged into the kitchen porch. "You have torn a great slit in your dress, Sue, and you look like a fright. I have wanted you—mor'n your worth—for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grandmother?"

"Panada."

"How many quarts of this stuff does your patient consume, Mr. Ellis, in the course of twenty-four hours?"

"That is according to his appetite, Miss Saucebox," said a rich voice at my elbow; and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"They've sent for me up to Jones'. They think the baby is dying," broke in grandmother, while I stood blushing like an embarrassed school-girl. "And I want you to keep house and take care of him while I go up a while and see if I can do anything to help them." And the provoking old lady tripped away as composedly as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for a young lady to be left with the care of an invalid, and the said invalid a man and a stranger. A few minutes sufficed to place me entirely at my ease, and no veteran hospital nurse was ever more composedly exacting than I in my new role. Grandmother's orders were explicit: David musn't think of such a thing as reading aloud, and he must lie on the lounge in the sitting-room until she returned. Such an evening as that was! I read to him out of Auerbach—and this took us naturaly to the Rhine—and then found that my companion had traveled among all my favorite European cities. What wonderful pictures he drew me of the Campagna, the Coliseum and the Forum! How exquisite was the play of the moonlight on the Sabine mountains, and how charmingly picturesque the sketch of the old Roman ramparts, in some places bare and black with age, with here and there patches of scarlet and green made of poppies and ivy.

Grandmother came all too soon. She never was unwelcome before. Six weeks of this dolce far niente life—and then

There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good is a mere shade flung
from love—
Love gilds it, gives it worth.

I knew as well as the queen and poor Constance what there was in life worth living for—what love meant. Not one word was spoken between us of the one subject that all-engrossed us, and yet I knew that his heart was as irrevocably in my possession as was mine in his.

One day, when he was fully well, we attended a little picnic in the grove down the road.

"We'll have a good time to-day, Lorchen," he said, as we made our preparations in the morning. "I will take out my scrap-book, and when the others are engaged, and won't miss us, we'll wander off by ourselves, and enjoy after our own fashion—won't we, Lorchen?"

"Lorchen!" How that word thrilled me! and how it epitomised the tender purity of his regard for me!

Oh! day long to be remembered! Oh! day of heartache and agony indescribable!

Steep the soul in one pure love,
And it will last thee long.

What kind of a love was my soul steeped in? Ay! love has its wormwood and gall, as well as its honeyed sweetness.

A party of friends—David's friends—came down from the city, and as we were walking slowly into the grove they came upon us from the depot road. I had David's arm. It was my arm—I knew it—and we should walk that way forever. Greetings and introductions were over. Shall I ever forget the face of that man who aimed straight for my soul with his poisoned arrow? Walking up to David's side, with a contemptible familiarity, he said:

"Saw your wife last week, Dave."

"Ah," replied my companion, perfectly at his ease.

"Coming down in the 3 o'clock train, if possible."

"Good," replied David; and then followed inquiries about various friends in a thoroughly cool and self-possessed manner. It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. The hand on his arm involuntarily clenched itself, and there it remained until we arrived at headquarters, a little round bunch of cords and knuckles.

"You won't be gone long, Lorchen?" inquired David, as I moved away, ostensibly to help the committee of arrangements to decide where the tables should be set.

"What's that you call her?" my mortal enemy asked, inquisitively.

"Lorchen," replied David.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't it? I thought she looked like a foreigner."

I heard no more, waited for no more, but watched my opportunity, and when sure that no eyes were upon me, struck the path leading to the road, and in less than an hour was home again in Grandmother Ellis' sitting-room.

"Oh! grandmother! grandmother! What misery has your terrible indiscretion brought me!" I groaned aloud—for grandmother had gone away to spend the day. There at the foot of the lounge were his slippers—there on the back of the lolling-chair his dressing-gown. I could not turn my eyes without beholding fresh evidences of his precious personality. What should I do? I could not leave until grandmother returned. Such a blow as that I felt sure the old lady would never rally from. I must suffer and keep it to myself, and get away at the earliest possible moment. In my agony I threw myself upon the lounge, and buried my head in the pillow—the pillow upon which his head reclined so often—the head I had so foolishly called mine. After awhile tears relieved the heated brain, and I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in the water. I could not stir. Huge waves threatened to submerge me. Just beyond on the bank, almost within speaking distance, stood David, a beautiful woman by his side—his wife!

"David! David! take hold of my hand! Don't you see I'm sinking?" I cried out in my terror.

"Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!" said a familiar voice at my side. "Here are my hands, dear. They are both yours—not one, Lorchen, but both. Do you understand that?"

"But, David—but—"

"But what? Can it be that my little brown bird was scared home because of—"

"Because of your wife," I managed to say, with his face close to mine.

"It was my chum he meant, Lorchen! That's what we always call them at college. I'll get a divorce from that fellow, dear, if you will promise to be my own real wife?"

And I did.—*Belgravia.*

Lucky Lawyer.

An Austin lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed:

"You scoundrel, I'll have you tried and sent to the penitentiary."

"Let go my neck, colonel. If you are going to have me tried, I reckon I had better engage you for my lawyer as you have the luck to be on hand."—*Siftings.*

One year ago there were not over 200 people in Dickey county, Dakota. Now the population is from 4,000 to 5,000, and rapidly increasing.

A GREAT LUMBER REGION.

TIMBER CUTTING IN THE MILLS OF THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

How a Big Saw Log is Handled—The Gang Saw and its Swift Work—Mechanical Devices of the Industry.

A long while before one reaches Saginaw, Mich., says a New York *Evening Post* correspondent, the signs of the prevailing industry become apparent. The streams are clogged with old slabs, browned and rotting logs, and chaotic masses of wooden debris from the size of a match up to the huge sawn beam which in some ancient flood has escaped its bonds. In the fields still remain the tree stumps or piles of sawdust a dozen feet high, marking the old site of a sawmill now removed because the material that fed it has been cut away. But all these initial symptoms of the lumber region are eclipsed and forgotten when the Saginaw river is reached and with it the busy center of the industry. For sixteen miles down to Bay City, near Lake Huron, the stream flows between wooden strands. The eye strains itself in vain to see beyond the lumber horizon that stretches east and west. The yellow waters, perhaps two hundred feet wide, pass first between continuous booms, each inclosing its army of giant logs. These booms reach far above Saginaw, and if we include tributaries of the river and count both sides, make up a reach of log posts seventy-five miles long. Next to the logs and on the bank proper rise, most impressive of all, the tracts of sawn lumber. Pile on pile they rise on either side for sixteen miles up and down the stream, covering acre after acre until the wooden monotony becomes oppressive. Now and then the wooden strand becomes thinner only to rise again to more imposing height and width around a new cluster of mills. These mills, often of grand proportions, spring from their lumber heaps as a giant of fairy story looms amid the disintegrated bones of his victims. Their tall iron chimneys belch black smoke, the rattling saws cut the air with their distant rasp, and the sense of industrial activeness is filled out by the hives of workmen swarming over the lumber hills and loading them, by slow but steady toil, into barges whose hulls rival the capacity of a Cunarder.

Along this stretch of sixteen miles of the Saginaw river there are cut annually a billion feet of lumber, and last year the figures went fifty millions higher than that amount. Since to most readers these figures are a vague immensity of numbers, let us try to simplify them by an illustration. The Saginaw mills turn out each year so much lumber, large and small, that if it were all cut in inch-thick boards, each of them one foot wide, and then these boards were placed end to end, they would reach about 200,000 miles, or four times around our planet. The product, to put the illustration a little differently, would supply lumber enough for a fence four times around the world, made of solid wooden posts, with a double row of boards, each six inches wide.

Up the Saginaw in a wild region, reached either by the river or its tributaries, the great pine saw log, often three feet in diameter, has its birth. Pine forests, now rapidly thinning out, once covered several thousand square miles around the headwaters. Entering that lumber region in the late autumn, the lumbermen establish camps, round which the whole winter long the axes resound, the tall trunks fall, and in sections are rolled to the adjacent streams for the spring floods to bear away. Floating down to the main river the "boom men" pick out each other's logs, as identified by the brand, and gather them inside of the booms, which may be curtly described as long tree trunks chained together at the ends, often inclosing a smooth water surface of several acres. The coves of the Saginaw—called locally "bayous," a term borrowed from the lower Mississippi—are specially adapted for the gathering and organization of these log armies. The military metaphor, indeed, has peculiar fitness here, for the logs are mustered side by side in companies held together by a rope fastened to each log by a device not unlike the domestic clothespin. As the logs down stream are worked up by the tireless mills, these upper booms are drawn upon for more, until the freezing river finds them quite empty, and another winter comes on to yield its fresh supply.

But the saw log's story becomes most dramatic as it nears the mill and, loosed from the restraining rope, is steered into the glade of open water that leads up to the wooden slide. Enter now the great lumber mill, and we shall be in at the saw log's death. Down the slide on a wooden railroad runs a heavy track, fitted with two cross lines of heavy iron teeth. With a plunge it dashes below the water, still holding its place on the rails. Then three giant logs are floated above it. At a signal the steam is let on, the machinery reversed, the strong chain holding the truck tightens, and the truck itself begins to ascend. The sharp teeth catch the logs, which in a trice are lifted dripping from the water, whisked up like twigs a hundred feet to the mill, and rolled off opposite the first set of saws. These saws are two in number: one set below is of the buzz variety, perhaps six feet in diameter, and cutting therefore through a three-foot log; but as this semi-diameter is often insufficient for a big log, a second and smaller "buzz," placed above and in front of the first, cuts the slice, which otherwise might still hold fast the slab. One of the largest logs weighs a number of tons, and human strength alone would never suffice to turn it after one of its sides has been "slabbed." Just here comes in a beautiful piece of powerful mechanism. At the touch of a lever a stout beam, armed with iron teeth, rises by the forest Titan's side. It snatches the wood, and in less time than words can tell it the log is tumbled over, and the framework, rushing back and forth with amazing speed, has driven the edges of the tree athwart the saws, until the once rough stick stands forth a symmetrical square. Then, in another instant it is shifted before the "gang," a set of ordinary upright saws placed an inch apart, and often with thirty or even thirty-five blades. Below an ordinary circular planer revolves in front of the gang and smooths the lower edges of the boards. The immense piece of timber is run through in a few moments, and what was five minutes before a rough tree trunk has passed into the inch boards of commerce. Nor does the work end here; for the slabs are passed to a new machine, which grasps them with almost human intelligence, and whatever part of them can be made so become laths. Other machines take the harder woods, ash, elm or oak, and covert them with equal speed into staves, barrel heads or shingles; and finally the otherwise useless debris passes to the furnaces to feed the fires of the engine.

Sometimes, particularly in the more modern mills, the routine as described is varied by lifting the logs from the river on an endless chain, and a number of minor mechanisms fill out the devices by which the lumber is cut and distributed. One ingenious machine, working double emery wheels, sharpens the buzz saws on both sides of the teeth during a single revolution, and requires no attention beyond simply the fastening of the saw upon it and the unfastening after the work is done. Another flattens out, by a clever mechanical expedient, the teeth of the saw, so as to cut a wider rent and prevent clogging as the cut becomes deeper; finally, a system of elevated railroads takes the lumber-laden trucks and distributes the boards at the points in the yard or on the wharf whence they are to be shipped. Some additional conception of the size and importance of the industry may be derived from the fact that the Michigan Central company takes away from one station here a hundred car-loads of lumber for each day of the working season, to say nothing of the large quantities shipped from the river by the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad line and even large shipments by the lake barges.

A Bat Can See With Its Wings.

There is a singular property with which the bat is endowed too remarkable and curious to be passed altogether unnoticed. The wings of these creatures consist of a delicate and nearly naked membrane of great size considering the size of the body, but, beside this, the nose is, in some varieties, furnished with a membraneous foliation, and others the external membraneous ears are greatly developed. These membraneous tissues have their sensibility so high that something like a new sense is thereby developed, as if in aid of the sense of sight. The modified impressions which the air, in quiescence or in motion, however slight, communicates, the tremulous jar of its currents, its temperature, the indescribable conditions of such portions of air as are in contact with different bodies, are all apparently appreciated by the bat. If the eyes of a bat be covered up, or if he be cruelly deprived of sight, it will pursue its course about a room with a thousand obstacles in its way, avoiding them all; neither dashing against a wall nor touching the smallest thing, but threading its way with the utmost precision and quickness, and passing adroitly through apertures or interspaces of threads placed purposely across the apartment. This endowment, which almost exceeds belief, has been abundantly demonstrated.—*Forest and Stream.*

Effect of Tobacco on Boys.

Dr. G. Decaisne has had in his charge thirty-eight youths, from nine to fifteen years of age, who are addicted to smoking, and has made known some interesting results concerning the effects of tobacco upon these boys. The extent to which tobacco was used varied, and the effects were of course unequal, but were very decided in twenty-seven cases. With twenty-two of the boys there was disturbance of circulation, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, sluggishness of intellect, and to some extent a craving for alcoholic stimulants. Twelve patients suffered from bleeding of the nose, ten had constant nightmare, four had ulcerated mouths, and one became a victim of consumption. The symptoms were most marked in the youngest children, but among those of equal age the best fed were least affected. Eleven boys stopped smoking, and were cured within a year.

A laughing stock—A collection of good jokes.—*Boston Courier.*

DAWN.

The dawn flits from somber fold
Of the mantle of night, and with tints of gold
Illumines the skies;
And as he beckoned his myriad hosts
The night with its weird and spectral ghosts
Before him flies.

He sends the breath of the morning air
To drive the wolf to his tangled lair,
Out of man's sight;
And the serpent crawls with a hissing sound
Back to his caverns under the ground,
To await the night.

He speeds the wind, with its murmurs of rest,
To awaken the robins within their nest,
And bid them sing;
And tells it to pause as it wanders away,
To caress the leaves and the flowerets gay,
And their perfumes fling.

He sees a lily, with low bent head,
Drooping and withered and almost dead,
Out in the street;
He sends the raindrops tenderly down
To wipe from its face the dust of the town
With their silvery feet.

The breath of the flowers and the early morn
Touches a mother whose child, newly-born
Lies on her breast.
She looks through the vine-wreathed window-pane
At the glittering drops of falling rain,
Filled with rest.

And he spreads on the face of the little guest
All the rainbow hues that he loves best;
And the mother's eyes
Are filled with the holy mother-love
(That is nearest kin to the angels above)
And a sweet surprise.

The light is gilding the tall tree tops
That are laden with myriads of sparkling drops;
One fleecy cloud
Floats like a ship in the distance away,
And the dawn making room for the full-grown day,
Lies in his shroud.

—*Effie M. Land.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.

A hog may be considered a good mathematician when it comes to square root.

Watermelons are here and the population will soon double up.—*New York Journal.*

People should inform themselves about the tariff. It is every man's duty.—*Picayune.*

To wash a mule safely, do it with a garden hose, and stand on the other side of the fence while you do it.—*Puck.*

We are told that last year nearly 400 persons were killed by the wind in this country. This is probably a mild way of informing us that they were talked to death.—*Statesman.*

"Sponge underclothing is the latest sensation," writes a fashion scribe. It is nothing new. Tailors sponge everything, and fashionable young men sponge the tailors.—*Picayune.*

A Syracuse soda fountain exploded the other day, breaking a young man's leg and his jaw. We have always tried to impress the female mind with the fact that the blame things were loaded.—*Hartford Post.*

An exchange informs its readers that servant girls are flocking to China. American servant girls always were death on that kind of crockery. China needs to keep her weather eye open or the domestic may succeed in breaking her.—*Statesman.*

A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in this city three or four full-grown policemen have been found asleep on a single beat.—*San Francisco Post.*

Mr. Bergh, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There wouldn't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under the water and hold chlorofrom to a fish's nose until it became unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—*Norristown Herald.*

In North Brazil there are no professional dressmakers, the finest ladies usually making their own costumes. When a man buys his wife a two-dollar dress he doesn't have to give her ten dollars to get it made. There are some things in North Brazil worthy of imitation in this country.—*Norristown Herald.*

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might have it there and it wouldn't sink."—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

On the Market.

"Well, what is the best thing on the market this morning," inquired Jones of his youthful partner the other day.

The young man deliberately scratched his head and replied:

"The best thing I have seen on the market since my experience in the exchange is a nice young lady."—*Irrepressible.*