

“OH, LOVE IS NOT A SUMMER MOOD.”

By Richard Watson Olden.

Oh, love is not a summer mood. Nor flying phantom of the brain. Nor rhymer's fancy of the blood. Nor dreamer's phantasmagoria. Love is not born of blighted chance. Nor bred in simple ignorance.

But love hath winter in her blood. And love is fruit of holy pain. And perfect flower of maidenhood. True love is steadfast as the skies. And once alight she never flies. And love is strong, and still, and wise.

GETTING A LIFT.

“And who, Marjory, by that time somebody may give us a lift.” Marjory shook her head. “I had not just now her lover's hopefulness; but she smiled, as she always did, at his Scotch accent, glancing up archly, and the smile of the head was not very discouraging.

“The two were standing before that mossy little cottage at the corner of the lane. Just where the sweeping shadows of the great elms overhung the roof, the cottage was Marjory's day-dream—a tiny, cozy, flower-clad day-dream, with a good substantial wall and a vine-covered ledge about it. In that distant future when she and Adam should be forlorned enough to wed, she liked to fancy herself mistress of this pretty cottage, going in to see the sunny porch, or waiting for Adam at a summer evening down at the little gate under the elms. The place belonged to Squire Acton upon the hill, but the Squire was away, and the place unoccupied, and Marjory was at full liberty, therefore, to tenant it with a dream.

“She never passed the cozy little nest without a longing for it. Her father had spoken of it when she was a child, and Marjory it seemed somehow this morning farther off than ever.

Adam, the sturdy young Scotsman, saw no cause for despair in this new country, with its fertile soil and sunshine. He was a gardener, known in all the regions of the north, and he trusted to shape the future with his own strong hands. Yet to be owner of a pretty place like that, with its own eaves, its shell-bellied pines, and its elm shadow, was a thing worth dreaming about, and he let Marjory have her pretty dream.

“It's no unlike the one bit place at home,” said Marjory, eyeing it with a lingering glance as he turned to the road.

“Well, well, go your way, Adam,” said Marjory, as he longed to see the lake to stop down the lane with this I've got for Widow Gray.”

And Adam, lifting the basket over the stile for her, went his way, whistling thoughtfully.

Slowly Marjory passed up the lane with her basket, summer odors about her, and summer blossoms every where shedding their sickly perfume. A fragrant snow-fall, not whiter nor sweeter than the clean linen she was carrying to the Widow Gray for Marjory was a capital work-woman, and she did dream over her tasks now and then.

The basket was refilled from the widow's garden with a goodly offering of vegetables for the household of youngsters for whom the young girl was purveyor, and the basket was lengthening as patient Marjory went her way up the lane once more. She paused a moment at the stile to rest. Two low summer fields, a soft, hazy sun, a light fell; the meadows were golden; a veil of impalpable mist hung in the crocus air. Marjory lingered, with her red hood and her white apron, her shoulders, looking wistfully yet wearily at the scene. Her eye wandered to the hills lying afar, fleecing cloud and drifting shadow, seeking them. How distant they seemed, yet how dear and familiar! She had never visited them, though they seemed so near. All her life had lain along the beaten track of a household, and she had never had a moment's rest from her old folks and the little ones.

Never, in her remembrance, had there happened to Marjory such a long day for a holiday. Her father, the old familiar figure, as now, when setting down her laden basket, she leaned upon the stile, and shading her eyes with her hand, she looked wistfully yet wearily at the scene. Her eye wandered to the hills lying afar, fleecing cloud and drifting shadow, seeking them. How distant they seemed, yet how dear and familiar! She had never visited them, though they seemed so near. All her life had lain along the beaten track of a household, and she had never had a moment's rest from her old folks and the little ones.

“Shall I give you a lift?” Marjory looked at the questioner, doubtful if she would venture on anything so bold. There sat the vision, serene, smiling, and holding out its gloved hands to help her in with her basket. Marjory felt herself dusty, and she was, in the contrast. This might be the young squire, who was coming home to live, she had heard; but she smiled a smile as she found herself actually lifted to the vacant seat, and the young man thought he had never seen any thing quite so bright and summery as that smile. He conferred if all country girls were like this, with sun-beaming eyes and sun-tinted cheeks; and as they rode along he chatted pleasantly, just to evoke that smile again. How fresh and uncontented was the smile of rare sweetness which not such a girl, brought up in the woods, and breathing in their clean, clear air! He was tired of city women, and he was, both men and women, of an unconventional—impossible to do any thing out of the habitual routine in the city. Now a man ought to do good in the world. He had often thought of this duty to strike out in a new path, and break through old usages. All the men of his family had married fashionable women; they had wealth, and were content; but not one of them had a smile like that. Now a bright cheerful heart, with a pleasant face beside it—that might in time do something worth while with his life. Such a girl as this, now—

Marjory, sitting by his side, blushed as she rode along, and she was, both men and women, of an unconventional—impossible to do any thing out of the habitual routine in the city. Now a man ought to do good in the world. He had often thought of this duty to strike out in a new path, and break through old usages. All the men of his family had married fashionable women; they had wealth, and were content; but not one of them had a smile like that. Now a bright cheerful heart, with a pleasant face beside it—that might in time do something worth while with his life. Such a girl as this, now—

“I'll 'em 'at' the basket, and walk the rest of the way with 'em.”

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The young squire woke up. What strange directions were in his life, to be sure. Here was a girl whom he had actually been contemplating in the light of a wife. In his musing he had dressed her like a queen, and had seen her sweep gracefully in at the wide portal of his manor house. But of those who have a special fondness for either. And the fault is not with the cook, but with the parties who handle the vegetables. The repeated excuses for excuse for wilted cabbage, because the old-fashioned burying in the ground, heads down and roots exposed, keeps it always fresh, the repeated excuses for wilted cabbage so long as it is left in the ground. But in the city how shall we keep it? The question of keeping turnips is not easy, especially in the great vegetable country. If put in a cellar, with potatoes, apples, etc., the temperature is too warm; if buried in large heaps, they soon become spongy. The simplest course open is to bury in small heaps or keep in a root cellar that can be kept cool, even to freezing. A correspondent of the Rural Magazine writes on this subject. He put fifty bushels of turnips in an unused leechouse, left the doors open until the turnips on top were frozen solid then covered with a light coat of straw until spring, when they were taken out in good condition, not a wilted, spongy or rotten turnip in the lot. He in short kept his turnips in a root cellar, in winter, or so near it that no change in their condition was possible. He draws the inference that once freezing does not injure turnips, covering them with a light coat of straw, and slowly in the dark.—Chicago Tribune.

By and When Lamps Explode. All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. When full of oil, of course, a lamp contains no gas; but immediately on lighting the lamp, consumption begins, and a space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate in the space above the oil, and a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheap or inferior oil is always the more dangerous to sit by.

The flame communicated to the gas in the following manner: The wick-tube in all lamp-burners is made larger toward the wick than it is past through the burner, and the wick fits tightly in the burner; on the contrary, it is essential that it move up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is prevented from being drawn up the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas.

When a lamp explodes, it causes the flame to pass down the wick and explode the lamp. The Scientific American says: A lamp may be standing on a table or mantle, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or sudden opening of a door, may cause an explosion.

A lamp may be taken up quickly from a table or mantle and instantly explode. A lamp is taken into an entry where there is a strong draught, or out of a room, and it explodes. A lighted lamp is taken up at night, or is raised quickly to place it on the mantle, resulting in an explosion. The explosion occurs regularly, and is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draught, or forcing air down the chimney against the flame.

Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a tin to form a cap on the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draught is variable and the flame unstable. A careless, thoughtless person puts a small sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving a considerable space along the edges of the wick.

An old burner, with its air draughts clogged up, will not light, and will throw away, is sometimes continued in use, and the final result is an explosion. Assisting at an Eclipse. The Chinese view an eclipse with wonder, mingled with great extent of fear and terror, and most of them take some steps to aid the sun or moon, as the case may be, in the hour of need. They employ a great variety of means, such as gongs and gongs, without which no ceremonial observance of any kind is complete. The officials of their royal yamens and local residences go through regular and prescribed motions on these occasions. They call in the aid of Taoist priests, and an incense vase, and a pair of large candlesticks, containing red candles for use as an altar, are placed in the lun-ting, or audience hall, but sometimes in the court in front of it. When the eclipse is beginning, the officials, dressed in their robes of state, take some lighted incense-sticks in both hands, and bow low in front of the altar, saying the incense about according to custom, before placing it in the vase. He next proceeds to perform the ceremony of “to tu” (lit. knockhead), kneeling down three, and knocking his head on the ground. Then he gets up, and huge gongs and drums are beaten to frighten the devouring monster away; and finally the priests march through the audience square, repeating certain prescribed formulas in a sing-song tone, until the termination of the eclipse. The officials are of course all supposed to be successful in their endeavor to rescue the sun and moon from their perilous position, and the ignorant masses in China fully believe in the happy result is brought about by the ceremonies just described.—All the Year Round.

The Song of the Shirt. An anecdote, which Mark Lemon told to relate to the period when Tom Hood became a contributor to Punch. Looking over his letters one morning, he opened an envelope, including a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for Punch, he suggested the editor, who knew him slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was “sick at the sight of it.” The poem was signed “The Song of the Shirt.” The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in Punch, and was considered so much out of keeping with the spirit of the publication, that the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed in his mind by the beauty of the work, but with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter from Tom Hood to Mark Lemon, which we have for the moment mislaid, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up “Punch's Profession” on Dec. 18, 1851. “The Song of the Shirt” is a poem of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain.—Linton Society.

Sir Walter Scott. Scott was a great lover of dogs, and always had many fine ones around him. One day in conversing with a friend he said: “Those dogs, pointing to two fine hunting dogs on the surface, understood every word I say.” The friend expressed his doubts of this statement. Sir Walter, to prove it, took up a book and began to read aloud. “I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cat run my garden.” Both dogs instantly sprang up and ran on to the garden, and finding no cat in the garden, returned and lay down by the fire. The baronet again read from the book the same story. Again the dogs ran to the garden, and when, instead of going out, the dogs came up to him, and he said: “I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cat run my garden.” Both dogs instantly sprang up and ran on to the garden, and finding no cat in the garden, returned and lay down by the fire. 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