

IF ONLY YOU WERE HERE.

If you were here to-night, I might lift my longing eye to trace your dreamy eyes down-looking on my face. With their half-veiled, half-smiling tenderness. Oh, first, and best, and dearest, can you give me, in my lonely hour, your assurance? Would you leap to sudden glances there, and shame all these sad, darkened hours of fear and blame.

Harley's Chances.

Prior to the great financial crash of 1873, Joshua Martin was deemed the most prosperous merchant in the then frontier city of St. Joseph, Wis. He was noted for his sterling integrity and stainless character, and, if he revelled in wealth, he did not parade it before the eyes of the people.

He came to St. Joseph in 1831, and at once began to amass a fortune. Those who pretended to know said that the merchant operated in Eastern stocks, and that the bulk of his wealth was staked among the bulls and bears of New York.

The memorable crash of that decade which embraced the dates above written ruined Joshua Martin. He had staked everything in Eastern securities, and he suddenly found himself a comparative beggar. Poor, blinded man. He could save nothing from the wreck, and he sat among the ruins of his fortune, like Marquis among the ruins of Carthage.

When a rich man suddenly becomes poor, the grave is the best place for him. It is a house of refuge, where he is safe from the scorn of those whose equal and superior in social position he once was.

Mother and daughter took quick remedy to their new life. They sold much of the gorgeous furniture which had ornamented their late home, but kept the piano and a few other pieces which Maureen loved.

the funds of the house have mysteriously disappeared. "What! Say that again boy." The young man repeated his words, and added: "One afternoon while you were absent East, I placed \$500 in the safe, and the following morning \$45 were missing."

"You have committed an error in counting, possibly." "I cannot count money correctly when it is before my eyes. I deserve to be thrown out of employment," said the youth, in an insulted tone.

"Three hundred dollars have been purloined within four weeks," said Lee, turning from his desk. "It staggers me," returned Harley, "but we will watch the thief, and if we catch him he shall have his reward."

For a moment his eyes remained fixed upon the brief communication, when he started from the desk, while something like an oath fell from his lips. "So, Miss Maureen Martin," he said, hurrying the letter to the floor and gazing angrily at it, "you possess a lover beside Andrea Harley. Girl—woman—I will not speak to this. If you prefer the employe to the employer, you must hunt another home. But by the heavens, you shall not wed him by the stands before the world now. He has held the keys to the safe. He has robbed it! The crime shall be fastened upon him. Harley's chances do not look so bright now, but I fancy that a little sternness will bring the girl to terms. She's a beggar now, almost. Then he picked the letter up, read it again, and placed it on the desk where the youth had left it.

Several days of quiet preceded the bursting of the storm. Clerk and employer encountered each other often, but no unusual words passed between them. It was evident that Andrea Harley was displeased at his disclosure as much as possible.

"I saw Lee standing by the store last night at eleven, while I was going home from the club," continued Maureen, evincing an eagerness to unburden himself on something that pruned upon his mind. "He did not speak as I passed him, but perhaps he did not see me, as he was raining and he carried his umbrella low—a little lower than was necessary, I fancy."

the doomed building. The other day a tall, double-breasted individual, with a white choker and a Quaker hat on, stepped into the Halifax Custom House and beckoned Mr. Morris over to the corner of the room. Mr. Morris responded promptly, and the "double-breasted" man addressed him as follows: "Were you aware, sir, that this building will be one mass of ruins in twenty minutes' time?"

"What are you giving me?" said Mr. Morris. "I am giving you the straight tip, and if you take warning in time you will live to thank me for my timely hint."

At this point Mr. Morris began to look serious. "Do you remember," continued the "double-breasted," "about seven years ago, a building in Boston, known as 'Scollays,' tumbled to its ruin, twenty-five minutes after the inmates were warned?"

"I have found the right man," he knew much of Theodore Mason's habits, and she judged him to be the robber of the merchant's safe. At the first he denied the charge, but when he saw the pistol clutched by the girl's fair, white hands, he changed his tone.

Little long since a man stopped at the little window of a little bar office in the "Hub," the inhabitant evidently of a little sphere of his own, out of which he was lost in the mazes of life.

"I want to telegraph," he proceeded, growing confidential, "I want to telegraph to my wife and tell her I missed the train."

ver from his belt and quick as thought sent ball after ball into the card, till there were six balls in a spot not much larger than a silver dollar.

"The scholars will take their seats; I open school with prayer," he said solemnly. Five minutes after the bell rang the scholars sat down silent almost breathless.

From that day on, Harry kept school for two years in Cranberry Gulch, his salary doubled after the first quarter, and his pupils learned to love, as well as respect him, and the revoivers went out of sight within a month.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes after time had been wasted away, and yet the doomed building never as much as staggered. One by one the spectators sneaked off, and quiet was again restored.

"I am glad to hear you have all the learning that is required in a school-teacher, but it was more than learning to make a man able to teach school in Cranberry Gulch. You'll soon find that out if you try. We've had three who tried it on. One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye and left the last one opened school and left before noon-time for the benefit of his health, he hasn't been back since. Now Harry's slender build, and all your learning will only make it worse, for our young folks are roughs and don't stand no nonsense!"

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the Mocking-Bird. During the no-sleep I removed my writing materials to the front porch, overlooking the lake, and a bright glow of shining water, broken by islands of oak, hickory, magnolia and the far line of cranking coast, with tree trunks visible in the clear air, two miles away. Try to distinguish such objects across the Ohio, at Cincinnati, a dark mass of foliage, not a light background. There are mocking-birds nested in the orange trees all about me, who keep up a constant melody of song. One fellow especially likes to perch on the castle's opposite peak and ang his very heart out. My appearance on the porch this morning was a signal for a rapturous shout among them, for these birds learn to know that you like their voices, as well as any prima donna at Springer Hall. One voice I distinguished, particularly, by the rapidity with which its tremulous ran from one to another; when, finch, linnet, chick, partridge were all run together in a marvelous phantasy of notes. As the hearing of one ear is slightly affected, I was at last to get his position, and stepped from the porch to see if he was on his favorite perch on the peak, as I did so, I saw his graceful gray coat and whitening fluttering on a pine. But soon as the gray fellow saw that I noticed him, he went mad with vanity and conceit. Down he jumped on lower branches, until he was just above my head, executing a variety of fantastic trills, and fluttering and throwing his body about in a state of intense excitement. A fellow likes to be appreciated, and know it, in this world. I walked back and he stopped, cocked his head aside, as if to say, "Try that again old fellow, but you don't do it right; here's the way," then off he went. They are very fearless. One flew into the room and I caught it on the window pane. In five minutes or less, holding it by the feet, it was eating rice from my open hand. But the wild bird dies in confinement; and even of the young taken from the nests, five out of six are lost in raising. It is pitiful to see the mother bird come to the cage to feed those taken in this way; and a popular superstition asserts that the mother bird poisons her young, captured and caged, if you let her at them. Poor thing! I suppose the worst to be said of her is that in her over-anxiety, she over-feeds them.

They had found a man at last who could keep school. This is a fact.

In the beginning of 1866, when the feeling between Prussia and Austria had become a very bitter one, a young Hungarian magnate desired an audience of Bismarck. This same young man, Baron..., was known in his native country as a very eccentric personage. He had not paid a single farthing in the shape of taxes during the long reign of absolutism; his lands had been left uncultivated to save his being obliged to pay any taxes. On being admitted to Bismarck's presence, he stepped up to the latter and informed him that he had invented a system of mail that was not only bullet-proof but was not uncomfortable to wear. The Chancellor smiled, upon which the magnate observed that he wore such a shirt, and requested Bismarck to test its powers of resistance. The Chancellor is not a man to be trifled with, and seeing he had not a fool before him, seized his revolver and fired five shots successively at his visitor. The latter remained unharmed and immovable, while the bullets struck him and fell to the ground. Hereupon, he showed the Chancellor his invention. It was a shirt of many folds sewn together. The elasticity and denseness of the stuff gave it such a powerful resistance. The Hungarian nobleman now advised the Chancellor to accept his invention, and when the latter inquired what was to be the price of it, he said "Beat the Austrians." "We shall do that in any case," replied Bismarck. Some days after this occurrence, Baron... made an attempt on Bismarck's life, firing five shots at the latter at a distance of two or three paces. The newspapers stated that the Chancellor appeared quiet, cool, and even smiled while being shot at. Not one of the bullets had hurt him. A month later Bismarck had kept his promise—the Austrians were beaten.

The sword-fish. The sword-fish weighs from 100 to 600 lbs. Their only known breeding ground is in the Mediterranean. There the same fish are found weighing half a pound; from that they go up to very large measurements. It is naturally inferred from this that all our sword-fishes are Mediterranean products. What mysterious ocean currents guide them over here? Or is it the instinct that teaches them that here they will find the mackerel and menhaden that they feed on? One can almost imagine that game of flight and pursuit kept up by two of its species strait at Gibraltar. The sword-fish drifts upon a school of its prey, and by skillful use of its sword would those that it afterward captures and eats. Until this season nobody ever thought of catching it by harpoons. This year, however, it has taken on the Cape Ann cod fisherman, and many sword-fish have been caught in that novel way. What they come up and "sleep" for is one of the puzzles of their nature. They come and go as the mackerel and menhaden do, and from that it is naturally concluded that they spend their time chasing these small fish. What with sharks, sword-fish, porpoises, bluefish, sea-bulls, eagle, and all the rest, after them, the fish of the herring tribe have led such lives of flight and terror that it is no longer a wonder that the movements of any school of them seem always guided by an inherent idiosyncy. It is less strange of them that they are all the while victims than that being caught by the nets, they should steadily increase. There were never more menhaden on our coast than this year.

Discreet wives have sometimes net their eyes no ears.

His hair had been compelled to obey.

the capricious fashion of his country, and was, therefore, worked up into furious rages, a natural consequence, bearing a curious resemblance to the formation of the land about Umbonia. I wonder if the art grew by perceiving Nature's fashion and the mold of his country. Descending from the face, which was crude, large-featured, rough-hewn, and bore witness to the possession of much sly humor and a kindly disposition, my eyes fastened on his naked body. Through the ochreous darts I detected strange freaks of pricking on it, circles, squares and crosses, and traced with wonder the many hard lines and puckers created by age, weather, ill-usage and rude keeping. His feet were monstrous, the soles as hard as hoofs; and his legs, high up as the knees, were plastered with strata of dirt. His loin cover, or queer "girdling tunic," need only be described. They were absolutely appalling to good taste, and the most rugged British beggar or Neapolitan lazaroni is sumptuously—nay, regally clothed in comparison with this "king" in Umbonia. If the old chief appeared so unimpressive, how can I paint without offence my humbler brothers and sisters who stood around us? As I looked at this array of faces I could only comment to myself, "Ugly—ugly—ugly—ugly." As I looked at their nude and filthy bodies, and the enormous dugs that hung down the bosoms of the women, and the general indecency of their nakedness, I ejaculated "Fearful!" as the sum total of what I might with propriety say, and what, indeed, is sufficiently descriptive.

All needles are made out of steel wire which is furnished of various sizes. The wires having been cut and straightened, are first roughly ground on a metal power, and then drawn into the hands of the dry grinder, who sits before his grindstone pointing each wire (which is to make two needles) at both ends. A fan wheel as he works, drives the deadly dust away from him. The wages of the needle point remain the same as of old, but each man is taxed about twenty-five cents a week for extra expense of his sewing machinery. Next, the two related wires are "guttered" in a stamping machine and then the eyes are punched. The twin needles are then separated, but they look rough and rusty, and are soft enough to bend at a touch. They are hardened by being heated red hot, and then plunged into cold water. They are subsequently tempered by a green heat on a metal plate; if they get too little heated they bend; if too much they break. Lastly, they must be polished. For very superior needles this has to be done six times, for none less than three. The polishing is accomplished in a sort of mangle, by oil, soap and emery. Each polishing requires eight hours; and when all is finished the wire still to be cleaned, dried, sorted and put up for sale.

Effect of Electricity on Vegetation. Probably every one who has entered a wood or forest has noticed the stunted or scraggy growth of the underwood, and the cause of that peculiar condition has always been attributed to the fact that the shrubs or smaller trees were over-shadowed by the foliage of the larger ones and deprived of the light and air necessary to their full development. M. Grandean, Professor of the Ecole Forestiere, states that his researches on this subject led him to the conclusion that, although a certain effect was to be attributed to that cause, it was not sufficient to account for the great depression in the vegetation. After long reflection he came to the conclusion that the large trees acted as conductors of electricity and thus deprived the undergrowth of an element necessary to their full development. In order to test his views, he tried a series of experiments on various plants, but we need only refer to one, which elucidates the most striking, will fully elaborate the principle he advances, the means he employed and the results obtained. In April, 1877, he took two tobacco plants, each weighing three and a half grammes, and having four leaves. They were both planted in half grammes of soil of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth. But one of them had placed over it a cage, consisting of four iron rods, one meter, fifty centimeters high, joined at the top and covered with fine gauze, which permitted the free circulation of air, light and water, but completely protected the plant from the action of atmospheric electricity. In order to interfere with until the middle of August, when the results obtained were as follows: The plant in open air had attained a height of three feet five inches, while the other was only two feet four inches; the former weighed 273 grammes and the latter 140 grammes, when dried, their respective weights were thirty grammes and fifteen and a half grammes. Similar experiments made with maize and wheat gave precisely analogous results, so that M. Grandean has come to the conclusion that the electricity of the atmosphere is equally necessary to vegetation as sunlight, air and water.

Seeing The Ichthyosaurus. Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were called the British Museum a visit. While they were in the department now presided over by Prof. Owen, the attention of the royal pair was directed to an ichthyosaurus, which, it will be remembered, was displayed on the wall. Just at that moment Mr. Konig entered the room, when Sir Henry presented him, as the then head of the department to the Queen and the Prince. The latter, whose car was struck by the German name, desired to know from whence in Germany he came, and asked "From what part?" Konig, supposing the inquiry to refer to himself but of the fossil, replied: "From the blue lias at Lynton, Devonshire." In our next Highgate, Sir Henry said that the Queen was especially diverted by the Maenopros reply, and laughed heartily.

An exceedingly learned but somewhat stately clergyman, who preached last Sunday evening, in one of our very costly and fashionable churches, told, by way of illustration, one of the most remarkable snake stories that ever found its way into the American pulpit. He said that he had read it some where, but he omitted to say where. It was to the effect that an eagle, spying from his lofty perch a snake which was crawling on the earth, swooped down for the reptile, caught it in his beak and began to soar aloft. The eagle was proud of his prize, but the snake objected to thus being made game of, and began to wind itself around the extended and widely flapping wings of the noble bird. The noble bird thereupon found himself crippled and powerless to fly according to his customary manner. The hideous reptile wound itself more and more around the wings of the noble bird. Noble bird found it more and more difficult to fly. His wings reptile took a more turn around noble bird's wings and plucked them almost to his sides. Noble bird struggled and could hardly fly at all. Hideous reptile took some more turns around noble bird's wings, and noble bird was unable to make any notion of his wings whatever. Thereupon noble bird, made a captive by the creature he had possessed upon for his own, tumbled lifeless to the ground. A lawyer's little daughter, who had listened with breathless interest to the narration, turned to her father and asked, "Pa, what became of the snake?"

It is computed that Minnesota is capable of producing 700,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and that the water power of Minneapolis alone can manufacture half of it into flour. Hate no one—hate their vices, not themselves.

"My home," said a tramp, in Chicago, is a few miles west of Philadelphia, Pa., and my father, a farmer there, is now fortably situated in a financial point of view. Last February on my return from school, I conceived the idea of going west to California. I could not bear the idea of settling down to a farmer's drudging life, as my father and grandfather had done, and so, against my father's wishes, I packed my trunk and started for San Francisco, with \$200 and a through ticket in my pocket. I intended to engage in some mercantile pursuit upon my arrival there, which took place in due time. Within three weeks I had run through with my little sum of money and then cast about for something to do. I at first tried to obtain a clerkship, but could find no vacancies, and finally left the city through fear of being run in by the authorities as a vagrant. I went up near Sacramento and engaged with a farmer at a few dollars a month, but as I was totally unfit for farming, having done but little of it as my employer, who worked some sixty hands, discharged me at the end of the first month. I tramped then until harvest set in, but I was utterly worthless as a plowman of grain on one of the large wheat wagon and took to tramping again. I beat my way to Virginia City and from there to Salt Lake, thence up to Ogden and took a job of section work on the Central Pacific railroad. I soon tired of that, and breaking upon a car of silk one night—did not steal any—stole a ride to Cheyenne. There the cars were inspected, I was detected and fired out. Then I wandered down to Denver, doing odd jobs, just making a living, nothing more, and there the first of the present month found me. I was growing more vagabondish every day, and concluding that the west was no place for Chris Brown—a young humble servant—set about devising a plan to get back east. In my wanderings around the Kansas Pacific depot and yards, I had observed that there was quite a space underneath the body of the coaches and the brake beams and platform supports, and one day I secured a short, strong piece of plank and investigated the matter personally. The plank worked nicely, so, providing myself with some cords and a few soda crackers, I went down to the depot to await the train east-bound. As soon as it was made up, I crept under the next to the rear car, unobserved, and adjusting my board, making it fast with the cords I had provided for that express purpose, anxiously awaited the signal that would send me on my journey. It came in due season, and was presently one of the grandest surprises of my life. As the train gathered momentum I gathered courage and within a very few moments I was blinded. That was undoubtedly the most terrible night I ever experienced, and I anxiously awaited the coming of the dawn. Such a horrible din and clatter came up from the track, and how rough it all was. Every moment I expected to be dashed in pieces, for the train ran at a great rate of speed, and I felt as if it was bound to leave the track and crush me like an egg-shell. It passed through—the night—as it always does, and morning brought a little comfort with it, and I ate my crackers with the knowledge that I was traveling homeward—no man had done before me. All that day I rode, all the next night and until we had entered eastern Kansas, and I was discovered by the wheelmen, and taken out nearer dead than alive. One of the inspectors was a man with a white hair, and he took me home and let me stay there until I had recovered from the shock and eaten several meals, and then he got me a pass some way or other, and I came on to St. Louis. I have made a few cents since my arrival, but not having a dime to-night, he that what I take to lodge at the Bethel—I came up here to the station."

"What do you intend to do in the future; tramp always?" inquired the reporter.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I have a cousin in Seymour, Indiana, and if I can only beat my way to that point I will borrow a few dollars and go home."

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