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I SHALL NOT WANT.

I shall not want, in deserts wild
Thou spreadst Thy table for thy child;
While grace, in streams, for thirsting souls,
Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

I shall not want; my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light;
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

I shall not want; Thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress,
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

I shall not want; what'er is good,
Or daily bread or angel's food,
Shall to my Father's child be sure
So long as earth or heaven endure.

THE INVALID CLERK.

It was the twilight of a crisp, cold winter day. Outside, the cawing of a flock of belated crows made sorrowful music, as their wings were outlined against the deepening orange of the sunset, while in the cosy farm kitchen, the lamp was already lighted, and Mrs Flint was bustling about preparing the evening meal, while Marah, her niece, sat and sewed with flying fingers on the household linen.

"I should like it so much, aunt," said the girl, lifting her eyes wistfully to the old lady's face.

"But, Marah," said Mrs. Flint, setting the earthenware teapot where its fragrant leaves could steep slowly on the back of the stove; "I don't see that I can spare you, my dear. There's so much to do, now that grandma is feeble, and your uncle has to hire two men for the wood cutting, and they've got to be boarded here, and your cousin Louisa is coming here with her chil ren until spring."

Marah sighed softly. Was it always to be her lot to be sacrified for the general good of others?

"I never earned any money for myself, aunt," she said. 'And this is such an excellent opportunity to get a place in Mr. Marchland's store. Sue Nellis has written to me that there will be a vacancy in the fancy department very soon, and——"

"John Marchland is a sort of distant relation of ours, too," said Mrs. Flint. "Though I've never seen him, I knew his mother well. And I dare say he would give you a good place and be kind to you, if you entered his store. It would be an excellent chance for you to see the world, too. For I know it's a dull life here, my dear, but I don't see any help for it! Perhaps in a year or two we can spare you better."

So Marah Flint was compelled to give up the little plan over which she had dreamed so many pleasant dreams. For Marah was only eighteen, and she had always lived in the backwoods, and worn her aunt's old dresses made over, and waited meekly on grandma and Uncle Abner.

Mr. Marchland himself was, perhaps, a little disappointed, when Miss Nellis, the forewoman, whose father owned the next farm to Abner Flint's, asked him if she should promote one of the packing girls to the vacant place in the fancy department.

"But I thought you were going to write to that little unknown cousin of mine?" said he.

"So I did," said Miss Nellis; "but they can't spare her from home, it seems. It's a clear case of Cinderella among the ashes. She is the sweetest, most unselfish girl I ever saw; but, all the same, it's a shame that she should be buried alive in that sort of way."

"Very well," said Mr. Marchland, "I suppose she understands her own business best. Put Julia Finch in the place."

The next day Uncle Abner Flint, to his infinite amazement, received a brief note from Marchlands & Co., asking him if it would be convenient for him to receive, as a boarder for a few weeks, a young man from the store, whose health required change and rest.

"I will be responsible for the board," wrote Mr. Marchland. "He has only his own exertions to depend on, and I am sure I may so far presume on our distant relationship as to trust that you will receive him kindly."

"Marah," said Mrs. Flint, in some perplexity, "what are we to do?"

"Why, take the poor fellow, of course," said Marah.

"But it will make work," said Mrs. Flint.

"Never mind the work," said cheery Marah. "I dare say we can manage between us."

"Marah always did look on the sunny side of things," said Uncle Abner, who serenely left the domestic administration to his womenkind.

"We don't want no boarders here," said Cousin Louisa, a low-spirited young matron, who talked through her nose, and cried and sniffed a good deal over her troubles. "There's only just room for the dear children and me, now that the wood-cutters have the north bedroom."

"There's the little room with the sloping roof close to the chimney," suggested Marah "where we keep chests of linen, and herbs, and seed corn. We might fit that up nicely. I could put down a breadth of new rag-carpet beside the bed, and make curtains out of the worn-out sheets; and, I dare say, the young man won't be particular."

"But he's a mere clerk a porter for all we know," whined Cousin Louisa, whose deceased husband had been bartender in a railway saloon.

"I guess it won't hurt us to associate with him," said Uncle Abner, dryly; and I tell you what, mother, if our Marah has all the extra work and care, she shall have the board money, eh?"

"Of course she shall," said Mrs. Flint.

And Cousin Louisa sighed deeply, and remarked "that some folks always had all the luck, and she never got no chance to earn money."

The young man from the store arrived—a mild, unassuming person, who was very quiet and made very little trouble. He walked in the pine woods, —for his health, he said,—and helped the stalwart wood-cutters now and then. He sat by the fire and read. He answered Uncle Abner's questions about the house of Marchland & Co. with great frankness. Yes, he liked the business. He hoped in time to work his way up in it. Mr. Marchland was very kind to him. He did not consider Mr. Marchland a haughty miser (this in reply to Cousin Louisa). Mr. Marchland probably had his faults, but it was not his place to criticise his employer.

"Poor fellow," said Cousin Louisa, when he had gone out with Uncle Abner to ride with the ox team into the woods.

"I don't s'pose he gets six dollars a week, to judge by his talk. I thought p'raps I might be induced to change my widowed condition, if he was a likely fellow, with a good income. But I guess I shan't waste none of my attentions on him!"

"He seems very quiet and pleasant," said Marah.

"And he steps about awful spry for a sick man," remarked grandma, who sat knitting in the chimney corner.

"Oh," said Mrs. Flint, "he isn't real sick. He's only a little down with malaria and over-work. He'll be all right by spring; you just see if he won't!"

At the end of the first week, when he offered to pay his board, Mrs. Flint gave it back to him.

"You needn't mention it to your employer, Mr. Johnson," said she (John Johnson was the name on the boarder's valise). "But we was thinkin', me and Marah, that p'raps you wasn't very well off, and so we'd make you a present of the board."

"You are very kind," said the young man, with a slightly flushed face, "but——"

"It's Marah's present, not mine," added Mrs. Flint, bluntly. "We told her she could have the money for the board. But she thinks you need it more'n she does."

"I do not know how I shall ever thank her," said the boarder, fervently. But he did not argue the point any further.

And Mrs. Flint confidently informed her niece that "she believed the board money was quite an object to Mr. Johnson, poor fellow."

While Cousin Louisa elevated her Roman nose and remarked that "she didn't take much stock in paupers. If folks couldn't support themselves decently," she thought, "they'd ought to go to the poor-houses."

Marah, however, had all her sympathies thoroughly enlisted in behalf of the silent young guest. She mended his stockings on the sly,—she saw that his linen was kept in good order,—she made little dainties to tempt his rather feeble appetite, from time to time.

"You are very good to me," he said, one day, as he saw her swift needle gliding in and out of a pocket-handkerchief of his, which had got torn among the bushes from which he had been gathering scarlet wild berries. She smiled.

"We are both solitary and alone in the world," she said. "Only that you are friendless, and I have my good uncle and aunt to rely on."

"I am not so friendless as I was a few weeks ago," said he. "For I venture now to count you among the list of my friends. I have even dared to hope——"

"What?" she asked, without looking up, while the color deepened on her cheek, and her eyes were intensely fixed on the gleaming progress of her needle.

"That if I can provide a humble home in New York on my return you will not disdain to share it with me. Tell me, Mara, do you think you could care for me?"

The tears sparkled in Marah's eyes.

"Have I betrayed myself?" she said.

"Have I allowed you to discover how dearly I love you?"

"And I loved you, Marah," he said, gravely, "when first I looked upon your face."

So Marah Flint promised to be the wife of the young man from the store.

Mrs. Flint sighed and shook her head, and said she didn't know how ever she should manage without Marah. Grandma expressed herself to the effect that Marah would make the best little wife in the world. Uncle Abner said, "he s'posed gals would get married, and they couldn't expect to keep her forever." Cousin Louisa said "she thought the gal was crazy, to marry a poor clerking fellow like that!"

The young man smiled as he sat beside Marah, in the light of the huge burning logs which crackled upon the evening hearth.

"I don't call myself a second Rothschild," said he, "and I am certainly convenant with all the duties pertaining to a clerk's office. But after all, perhaps I am not quite a candidate for the almshouse. For I have not claimed all the names in this house to which I am entitled. I am John Johnson it is true, but I am also John Johnson Marchland, the head of the firm of Marchland & Co. And I am Marah's third-cousin into the bargain."

"Je-rusalem!" exclaimed honest old Uncle Asner. And what brought you here!"

"Well," said Mr. Marchland, "I had heard Miss Nellis speak of my cousin Marah, and I felt a sort of curiosity to see her just as she was. I had been sufficiently disgusted by the airs and graces of city young ladies to wish for a genuine wild-wood blossom, so I came to the old Connecticut farm, and here I have succeeded in finding my ideal."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Flint. "So our little Marah will be a rich lady after all, and wear a silk frock every day, and keep a hired girl to do the kitchen work!"

"She deserves it all," said grandma.

"Laws-a-massy!" said cousin Louisa.

While silent little Marah was perhaps the most astonished at all. She felt like the heroine of fairy tales, whose sober, brown-coated peasant-lover is turned suddenly into the beautiful young prince, all sparkling with diamonds.

But she was very happy. And it was as grandma said:—she had deserved it.

An Electric Wagon.

The improvements in the storage of electric energy and in electro-moters have so far advanced, that tricycles can be lighted and propelled by electricity, as was seen from the tricycle lately ridden by Professor Ayrton in London. The Faure accumulators in which the energy was stored for the lighting and driving were placed on the footboard of the tricycle, and the motion was produced by one of Professors Ayrton and Perry's newly patented electro-motors, placed under the seat of the rider. Using one of these specially made tricycle electro-moters and the newest type of the Faure accumulators, the total dead weight to be added to a tricycle to light and propel it electrically is only 1½ cwt., a little more than that of one additional person. In the tricycle ridden by Professor Ayrton the ordinary foot treadles were entirely absent, but with ordinary electric tricycles it may be desirable to leave the treadles, so that while electric propulsion alone is used on the level, the rider can, on going up a steep hill, supplement it by using the treadles, instead of, as at present with the ordinary non electric tricycle, having to get out and ignominiously push his tricycle up the hill before him.

—Ohio manufactured over four million pounds of plug tobacco last year.

The Artist's Death Model.

Saint Anne is the patron saint of the little town of St. Anne du Salat. Many years ago a painter, then a young, a wild roving, careless fellow, named Buccaferratta, was engaged by the clergy of the church of that town to paint an altar-piece called the Death of St. Anne, the picture only to be accepted if it pleased those who were to pay for it. Naturally the artist was anxious about his work, and most anxious about his model. Many a round brown-faced country woman would have posed behind his easel for a little money, but round, brown-faced country women do not look like a dead St. Anne.

The priests were very anxious that their saint should have the proper expression, and the artist did not find himself able to conceive the face without a model. He was in despair; he had gone from cottage to cottage—he had peered in at windows, stopped at shops, looked about him everywhere; the regular features and solemn and divine expression were not to be found. At last, followed by the boy who ground his colors and carried his canvasses, Buccaferratta entered a tavern where wine was to be sold, and sat down at a table to drink. Night had set in, torches gleamed from sconces set in the wall. The landlord was not present, and the drinkers spoke in low voices, or even in whispers.

"Something is the matter here," thought the artist, and he questioned the servant who brought him his wine.

"Indeed there is," responded the lad. "My master's wife is dead. She lies in the next room. She was a good woman. My master finds himself desolate. We are all grieved, no one knew madame without loving her."

"She lies dead in the next room," thought the artist. "Poor woman! I remember her—a jolly, red-faced soul. She did not resemble Saint Anne even in dying, I am sure."

He sat long over his wine. One by one the other drinkers slipped away. The boy sat drowsily at his side; the waiter slept on the bench; the artist was alone. Through the crack at the bottom of a door a ray of light shone. Within the watchers sat beside the corpse. They had with them, as was the custom of the country, great quantities of wine and brandy, and has been drinking steadily all day. It was now nine o'clock. There had been some noise and some loud talking, but all was quiet now. An idea occurred to the artist. It was this: Death, at least, was in that room. It might be death in no saintly shape, but at least in some things death bears the same traits. He would look upon the woman's face. As an old acquaintance he might to that, and it might spur his imagination to the necessary point. He might idealize what he saw. It was possible that he might yet paint his altar piece.

Rising he stepped toward the door, opened it and looked in. The coffin stood on trestles in the center of the room, the candles about it flaring with long, neglected wicks, and gullies of wax running down their sides. The watchers, husband and all, had drunk themselves into stupor, and lay on the bed, on the floor, across chairs, anywhere, asleep and snoring.

The artist advanced and looked down upon the face of the dead woman. In life Madame Hortelle had been rosy and round, coarse and jolly; her features were fine, but too plentifully cushioned with flesh. Now there lay in the coffin a marble woman, with a strange, heavenly smile, as though in passing from her body she left with it the memory of her first glimpse of heaven.

Amazed, almost terrific, the artist looked upon that face. Then he rushed into the outer room, ordered his boy to bring the great bag of painting materials he carried for him, and snatching a torch from the wall, thrust it into his sinad hand.

"Hold that so that the light falls upon the face," he said. "So—so—do not dare to stir!" And withdrawing a little distance he went to work.

For two hours he labored alone with death and sleep, and that trembling lad, who, almost paralyzed with terror, still did not venture to refuse his task.

The sketch grew beneath his fingers. Madame Hortelle's lineaments were transferred to the the thin board on which he paintee—the eyes closed, the mouth smiling divinely, the banded hair beneath the white cap, the grave-clothes folded over the still bosom, the hands crossed upon them over the crucifix.

"Master," panted the boy at last, "I can bear no more. I am dying."

"Hold the torch higher," cried the artist.

The youth attempted to do so, but the action so altered the flickering light upon the features, that it appeared to him that Madame Hortelle moved her head and looked at him.

With a shriek of horror he dropped the torch and fled.

The artist looked after him, but his sketch was done, and he also felt a certain terror of the super-natural creeping over him. He extinguished the torch, gathered up his paints, took his picture in his hand, and having made the sign of the cross, hurried from the chamber of death.

To-day, a picture called the Death of St. Anne hangs over the altar of the church of St. Anne du Salat. The priests are very proud of the divine expression of saint; and no one knew, no one in the village ever guessed, that that divine countenance was the one worn in death by Madame Hortelle, the tavern keeper's wife. Only after he had grown to manhood did the boy who held the torch over the coffin that night, whisper the story to his friends.

Nothing Mean About Him.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning an old woman sat in the Michigan Central station wiping the tears from her eyes. It was nobody's business in particular to inquire whether she had fallen heir to a million dollars or was traveling through life with a broken heart, but one certain man stepped forward after a time and made some inquires. Then he passed around among the crowd and said:

"Gentleman here is a poor old woman who wants to get to Columbus to her friends. Let's take up a collection."

In the course of four or five minutes a purse of $3 was made up, but when he had counted it, the man said:

"Gentleman, let's chip in enough more to buy her a new dress. I'm a poor man; but here's a quarter for the old lady."

The purse was now increased to nearly $7, and the woman had just pocketed the money when a man stepped forward and said to the collector of the purse:

"Why, Banks is this you?"

"Of course it is."

"And that women is your own wife?"

"Well' Mr. Knickerbocker," replied the man as he buttoned his coat, "it's a mighty mean man who won't chip in a quarter to buy his own wife a dress and help her off on a visit!"

He who speaks ill of his wife dishonor himself. True or false, it will injure a woman.

The Millionaire Cash-Boy.

Little Tommy Loeman, the millionaire cash-boy is the lion of Boston. Hundreds of inquiries have been made for him by curious customers at the dry goods house where he was employed. But Tommy was not at his post. He bade farewell to his envious friends at Jordan & Marsh's recently, when the youngsters gave him a glorious "send off," so they say. "Yes, and he's going to do something handsome for us when he gets to Australia," added one enthusiastic urchin. "He's going to write to me every week." The fortunate lad is at Amesbury, Mass., where he has been taken for a brief visit before starting for St. John. A correspondent had a chat with the little fellow, who proved to be a bright lad of considerable intelligence. He has not yet completed his 14th year, and he knows little of the luxuries of life. Already, however, he has shown a sturdy independence and manly courage under recent misfortune which will particularly fit him for an influential career if he can bear the test of good fortune. The vast property to which he and his younger brother and sister are made the prospective heirs is even larger than was at first reported. It is expected that more than $4,000,000 will sooner or later be divided among them.

The history of this great fortune and its possessors is soon told. Some forty-five years ago Michael Loeman of county Tipperary, Ireland, graduated from Dublin University, and started for Australia to seek his fortune. His success was immediate. He was employed by a wealthy resident of Melbourne, in whose service he rapidly advanced, and finally he married his employer's daughter. His own fortune was augmented by an inheritance of his father-in law's entire property, and today he is one of the most wealthy men on the continent. Meantime his brother, Daniel Loeman, had emigrated to America. He left two children—James, the father of the the three children who are to be the heirs to their granduncle's property, and Mrs. B. Higgins, a poor woman of New York; who has been giving a home to Tommy and his brother since the death of their father in June last. The mother of the three children died some years ago. Elder millionaire granduncle learned a few weeks ago of his nephew's death, and being childless, he determined to make the orphans, whom he had never seen, his heirs. On the death of his father last summer, Tommy Loeman, who had spent his childhood in the public schools, announced his intention of going to work instead of being a burden on his aunt. Accordingly, a few weeks ago he obtained employment as a cash boy at Jordan & Marsh's at $3 per week. His brother James 9 years old, continued to attend school. and Minnie, aged 12, went to friends at St. John.

Tommy's employers speak of him as an active enterprising little chap, full of mischief and pluck. His blue eyes dancen with delight when the reporter jokingly congratulated him on becoming a capitalist. He had never before heard of his uncle Michael, he said, but he was very glad to go with his brother and sister to live with him. When asked what he proposed to do with his money he was almost at a loss to enumerate his wants. He was very generously inclined, however, and declared that he would remember the boys at the store and his aunt and some of his schoolmates, whom he named. The three children will remain two years in a convent school in St. John, and will then go to live with their granduncle at Melbourne. Mr. Loeman is nearly seventy years of age.

Bees.

Sir John Lubbock read to the members of the Linnean Society, London, lately, an account of his observations on the habits of insects made during the past year. Two queen ants which he has had under observation since 1874, and which are therefore eight years old, are still alive, and laid eggs last summer as usual. His oldest workers are seven years old. Dr. Muller, in a recent review, had courteously criticised his experiments on the color-sense of bees, but Sir John Lubbock explained that he had anticipated the objections suggested by Dr. Muller, and guarded against the supposed source of error. The difference was, moreover not one of principle, nor does Dr. Muller question the main conclusions arrived at, or doubt the preference of bees for blue, which, indeed, is strongly indicated by his own observations on flowers. Sir John also recorded some further experiments with reference to the power of hearing. Some bees were trained to come to honey which was placed on a music box on the lawn close to a window. The musical box was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was then brought into the house and placed out of sight, but at the open window, and about seven yards from where it had been before. The bees, however did not find the honey, though when it was once shown them they came to it rapidly enough. Other experiments with a microscope were without result. Every one knows that bees when swarming are popular, and have been ever since the time of Aristotle, supposed to be influenced by clanging kettles, etc. Experienced apiarists are now supposed to doubt whether the noise has really any effect, but Sir John suggests that even it has with reference to which he expresses no opinion, it is possible that what the bees hear are not the loud, low sounds, but the higher overtones at the verge of or beyond our range of hearing. As regards the industry of wasps, he timed a bee and a wasp for each of which he provided a store of honey, and he found that the wasp began earlier in the morning (at 4 A. M.) and worked on later in the day. He did not, however, quote this as proving greater industry on the part of wasps, as it might be that wasps are less sensitive to cold. Moreover, though the bees proboscis is admirely adapted to extract honey from tubular flowers, when the honey is exposed, as in this case, the wasp appears able to swallow it more rapidly. This particular wasp began to work at 4 in the morning, and went on without any rest or intermission till a quarter to 8 in the evening, during which time she visited the store of honey 116 times.

A Large Sheep Owner.

The largest individual sheep-owner in Texas is a woman known all over the State as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep, more than fifty thousand in number, wander over the ranges of Uvalde and Bandera counties, in the southwestern part of the State. Their grade is a cross between the hardy Mexican sheep and the Vermont merino. They are divided into flocks of two thousand head each, with a "bossero" and two "pastoras" in charge of each flock. At the spring and fall shearing long trains of wagons transport the "Widow's" wool to the market at San Antonio.

A French Fortune-Teller.

Desbarolles, the noted author of "The Mysteries of the Hand," has returned to Paris. The professor of the singular art of chiromancy is not, as one might imagine, an ordinary fortune teller or a vulgar impostor. He was the intimate friend of the elder Dumas, and some of the most noted personages of France have found their way to his unpretending suite of apartments on the Boulevard St. Michael. He affects none of the airs of a sorcerer; his simple little parlor is as common a place as possible, its only remarkable ornament being a portrait of the elder Dumas hanging upon the wall, with the inscription beneath it. "To my dear friend Desbarolles," penned by the novelist himself. A letter from Dumas, neatly framed, hangs near this portrait, and a copy of Les Impressions de Voyage occupies the place of honor on the table. A good many Americans, I am told, come to test the skill of the famous chirmomancian. In one instance two American ladies came to consult him. After telling them a number of curious particulars respecting their traits of character; their tastes, their intellectual tendencies, etc., he added some information respecting the future. To the one he predicted the approach of the greatest sorrow that her life had yet known—she lost a near and passionately beloved relative before three montus had elapsed. To the other he said; "You will shortly be placed in great danger of death, should you escape the coming peril, your life will be a long and happy one." Before the summer, which was then just opening, was at an end, this second questioner came near being drowned while on a fishing excursion with some friends near Paris, and was only saved by the courage and presence of mind of one of her companions, who seized her by the wrist and managed to hold her above water, till more efficient aid could be summoned, Desbarolles was also frequently consulted by the Empress Eugenie, who was fond of prying into the future; despite her bigotted Catholicism. It is said that he predicted to her in 1880 that she would lose her throne, and would end her days in exile, "Not upon the the scaffold. M, Desbarolles?" asked the Empress eagerly, as she had always been haunted by a presentiment that she was destined to perish as did Marie Antoinette. On receiving a decisive negative she sought to learn no more, Desbarolles also foretold Mme. Musard the splendid fortune which she was to owe to the liberality of the king of Holland, and which made her one of the richest women in Europe. But it was not from Desbarolles, but from the scarcely less famous clairvoyant, Edmond that Louis Napoleon learned that he was fated to die by the knife in London. The emperor, who was extremely superstitious as was also Napoleon the Great, fancied that he was to meet his death at the hands of some political refugee. As he died from the effects of a surgicrl operation, the prediction was, oddly enough fulfilled, though in a different sense from what is at first apparent. Desbarolles is a small, dried-up, white haired personage, with very charming and polished manners. He is now about seventy years of age.

The Camera as a Detective.

Instantaneous photograpy is apt to catch the amateur's affections, for it is most interesting. The use of electricity to lift the shield from the inside of the camera tube by the pressure of a button enables the operator to take a picture while the subject of it remains in ignorance. The use of gelatine plate, which is highly sensitive, makes it possible to get a photograph while the operator counts three. The amusement of photographing an opposite neighbor or a caller, or a pretty woman in the park, or bathers at the seaside, must be very great. It is said that a New York dentist, living up town, has a concealed camera by which, for the amusement of his friends, he has taken the pictures of a number of fashionable young ladies reclining under the influence of laughing gas, but naturally he keeps his trick very dark or it would ruin his business. In Europe there is said to be a detective camera in one of the great banking houses. A man of suspicious appearance makes his way up to the cashier's counter and presents a letter of credit or a draft. The bank clerk is doubtful as to the look of the man. His lineament, he thinks, is worth taking. The clerk, when the man's face is in full front toward him, touches the button. Presto, a concealed camera is exposed and in an instant the man's photograph is taken. Further than this, this wonderful detective camera is to play another role. The head of the house leaves his business and confides it to his clerks. Some of the clerks go to sleep, or smoke cigars, or skylark, or do other things not exactly in keeping with their calling, and off starts a series of plates worked by clockwork, and every action of the clerks during a series of hours is recorded.

A Hairy Hurricane.

Some time in October a party of three hunters, named W. Chambers, J. S. Martin, post surgeon, and J. Brown, of Pagoza Springs, started out into the great dark woods of the Blanco Mountains, in Colorado, in quest of deer, which are found in great abundance, as large game is coming down to lower altitudes in large herds. In less than two days the party succeeded in killing eight fine deer. They were making ready to return when a huge black bear was seen affronting the camp. Fire was opened upon him with three rifles, and in a short time he was badly hurt. Chambers made for him with the expectation of an easy victory. The bear raised up on his hind feet and had the look of thunder asleep. Chambers got in a shot at short range, breaking the bear's upper jaw. That shot saved his life, for an instant and like a flash bruin bore down upon him like an inflated Hercules, his savage tusks gleaming out of his jaws of darkness.

Chambers realized the desperate situation and fought with the fury of a fiend; it was but the question of a few seconds which would first enter the gateway of death. It was a terrible struggle for the mastery. For a time the bear had the advantage and with savage thrusts he tossed Chambers hither and thither with the fury of a hairy hurricane, got him between his legs and kicked him from hindfoot to forefoot and back again The principle thing the man did while there was to listen low and strong and think loud. In another minute he couldn't have got a job as a scarecrow. There wouldnt have been enough for the birds to light on. But Brown came to the rescue, placed his rifle close to the brute and banged away. Both went into the fight to win and the bear lost. When they dug Chambers out he had all he wanted; he was covered with blood, his clothes ripped off and himself badly torn and bruised. The bear weighed over five hundred pounds and was a magazine of bullets.

Her Majesty's Players.

Let us take a peep into the Globe Theatre, London, in olden times. On one of the posts dividing the carriage from the footway is a play-bill. Apprentices, foreign-looking merchants with well-bronzed faces, a dandy staining his lace ruffles with snuff from a silver box, and a broad shouldered countryman, evidently up for law-term, are conning its rough large letters. If we look over the shoulders of one of the apprentices we can read it. There is now being performed, it states, "The most excellent historie of the "Merchant of Venice," with the extreme crueltie of *Shylocke the Jew* toward the sayd merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and obtaining of *Portia* by the choyse of three caskets, as it hath diverse times been acted by the Lord Chamberloin, his servants. Written by William Shakespeare." There is no cast of the performers. We enter in good time for the play. This is the wooden O mentioned by the bard himself in his Prologue to "Henry V." The pit is already fairly filled and worth studying. Leather-belted apprentices abound some with permission of their masters, others, to judge from their dissipated looks, evidently without. Some are grouped in busy gossip on the earthen floor, others are playing at cards, whilst eating, smoking and chaffing and hustling are going on all around. There is a good deal of pushing toward the front. These are the "youths that thunder at the playhouse and fight for bitten apples," referred to in "Henry VIII." A few women, wearing masks, are visible here, but they rise no higher than the wives of citizens, and some of them sink much lower. In the boxes, whose fronts are hung with painted clothes, are the more fashionable persons, curled and perfumed, looking down on the tumult below with great curiosity. In a high box is the band, playing an overture, in response to a trumpet call, but not much regarded. The instruments apparently are shawms, violins, sackbuts, and dulcimers. The worsted stage curtain is down, and we can see that it opens down the centre, and that each part draws back from behind. Whilst the groundlings are pointing out the notables in the boxes—a well known courtier, a new embassador, a great sea captain—the trumpet sounds again, and the curtain is drawn aside.

We are introduced to a street in Venice, as appear by a label in antique type. Had there been a prologue, it would have been spoken by an actor in a long black cloak, and had it been "Hamlet" or "King Lear," the stage itself is rather broad than deep. It is covered with green rushes. A curtain at the back hides a raised balcony, in which are unemployed actors, and possibly Shakespeare himself. The actors speaking wear common clothes, suitable to their rank in England. Before *Bassanio* enters, several dandies, in trunk hose and short cloaks, and dainty low-crowned hats, have lounged on to the stage, with boy attendants bringing their stools. Their rosetted shoes are plainly visible as they cross their eyebrows the better to study the pit. One of them, dreadfully bored, discards his stool, and lies all his length on the rushes. Another takes out his pipe and his tobacco, and begins to smoke through his nose, and to blow the blue cloud upward, in ring after ring, to show that he has learned to "take tobacco" from the very best professors.

The play proceeds. *Portia* and *Nerissa* are played by boys, as are all women's parts. Presently *Shylock* enters in his Jewish gaberdine, such as can be seen any day in the Jewerie, or in Lombard street, and there is fierce clapping in the pit. Surely, it is Richard Burbage himself. The dandies on their stools seems momentarily interested. One takes from his pocket his table-book, made of small pieces of slate, bound together in duodecimo, such as Autolycus sold in "A Winter's Tale," and such as Sir Nathaniel drew out to write down the most "singular and choice epithet" used by Holofernes, in "Love's Labor Lost," in describing Don Adriano de Armado as being "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, to peregrinate." We are unable to see what he is writing down, whether comments on the play, or passages for conversation at St. Paul's or over his ordinary. Probably his friends will hear him saying to-night, "How like a fawning publican he looks," "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose," or "In religion what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it, and approve it with a text." Concerning the dandies turned critics, Ben Johnson once wrote: "Let them know the author defies them and their writing-tables." Many of the pithy quotations still in common use were first introduced by the writing-table gentry, who made them classic before the plays in which they were contained were printed for public reading.

Amidst whistling from the select sitters on the stools, and much yelling from the pit at *Shylock*, and a good deal of cherry imitation when Bassanio sings in the casket scene, the play goes on. The sprawling gentleman, who is evidently ill at ease, wishes the audience to see that he cares nothing for Portia and her domestic arrangements, and so he crosses the stage at the back, and joining another exquisite on the opposite side, they fall to cards, to pause for a few minutes while a jester appears, between the third and fourth acts, to dance a jig and sing a rude snatch full of what are now called "topical allusions." The trial scenes comes on, and down go the cards into the rushes. The pit is still as grave. All eyes are on the stage. A bystander whispers in our ear, "The Duke is played by the author, a right noble-looking fellow." We recognize him at once. He delivers himself with effect, in a soft but round mellow voice. One or two table-writers are busy with their slates the scratching of their pencils distinctly audible in the pauses of the dialogue. The performance at length comes to an end. The players come forward to the front of the stage. They kneel together and say in concert, "God save the Queen," as the Epilogue save himself, in the second part of "Henry IV.," and as it used to run at the end of our own play-bills. The curtains cross together, and amidst hooting, jostling and chaff the crowd disperses. Presently Shakespeare and his companions will go to the Falcon or cross London Bridge for a night at Mermaid, pointed at as they pass, and individually as well-known as rotund, Johnson and reverend-looking Chapman. Such with small variations, was the play-acting of the days of Elizabeth and James.

Elizabeth never visited any of the public theatres. Very few respectable women ever did, or there would have been less coarseness in the plays of the time, which may be said to have been written solely for men. But she frequently had Shakespeare's pieces played before her. She was a great admirer of the two parts of "Henry IV." "Othello" was played before her in 1602.

As exchange opportunely advises the destruction of all old corn shocks, straw piles and heaps of litter on the farm, where chinch bugs are being harbored, to issue when the weather becomes settled.

Consider well, and then decide positivejy.

Above the Clouds on a Railroad.

A recent trip to Gunnison City afforded me, says a writer from Denver, an experience not often enjoyed by any, and utterly unknown to those readers whose homes are away from the the mountains—a railroad ride through a dense stratum of cloud—to the clear sky above the storm. Returning from Gunnison the Denver & Rio Grande Railway crosses the continental divide, through the Marshall Pass, at an altitude of nearly 11,000 (10,882) feet above the sea level. As a specimen of ingenious engineering and a proof of the success of indefatigable energy, it is a marvel as well as a curiosity. Upon the occasion referred to, we left the dining station (Sargent's) at about two p. m. It was raining—a cold, disagreeable, drizzling rain. Slowly the train began its long and difficult ascent of the grade of over 200 feet to the mile, toward the summit. As we advanced the veil of cloud whose fringes we had been watching resting on the mountain tops and waving from point to point, drew closer. Soon its damp folds had shut us in, and we were in the bosom of the clouds. All view was shut out; nothing to be seen but the grey mass of mist; nothing to be heard but the labored breathing of the asthmatic little engine, buckling down to its task. At snail's pace, ten miles an hour, we crept up the mountain's side. Now we passed at a tank to replenish the engine's supply of water, and again we resumed the ascent. Gradually the mist became brighter; soon a gleam of light shot through; then the light, fleecy, upper clouds became visible, with blue sky between. Up, up we labored till the mist had passed beneath our feet, and the sun shone as brightly as ever. We were above the clouds. Blue, intensely blue was the sky, relieved here and there by a few light summer clouds. Below us the mist lay like a vast gray sea, from the bosom of which emerged the frosty heads of Ouray, Antoro, Snavano and their companion peaks, like islets against whose rocky sides the billows of cloud rolled and receded. It was a sight not soon to be erased from the memory. Above the clouds, imagination, aided by memory, could picture the people of mortals only a few miles below us shivering in their rubber coats, while we were reveling in the bright sunshine. But like time and tide, the Rio Grande Railroad waits for no man, and we began our descent. It is not long before we left the sunny heights, and again approached the folds of mist. The gulches beneath us resembled huge cauldrons from which great masses of steam were rolling up toward heaven. It was a grand, an awful sight, thus to see a whole mountain side apparently enveloped in boiling water while the great clouds of vapor rolled and tossed like the surf of a tempest lashed ocean. We entered the confines of the cloud: slowly and carefully the train crept down the mountain side, clinging tenaciously to the steep slope. Again the rain reappeared, increasing in force till upon our arrival at Poncho Springs we were in a pouring storm. In the short space of six hours we had risen from the region of storm and discomfort through and above the clouds, basked for a little time in the unclouded light of heaven, gazed upward to the deep blue above, and looked triumphantly down upon the source of our morning's discomfort; then descended again to the common level to have our share of the disagreeableness of life. What a picture of life's journey. Often from the midst of discouragements and trials and petty annoyances may we rise for a while above them all, and on the mountain tops refuge in the unbroken sunlight of Divine love and paternal care. But vain is it for us to wish to remain. It is not God's purpose that we should ever stay on the heights. Forbidding though the clouds may look, we must descend again to encounter the storm, the driving rain, the chilling dampness of the mist, but to be supported by the memory of our late exaltation and the consciousness that "behind the clouds is the sun still shining," that our Father still smiles upon the clouds and that in due time the storm shall pass away, the blue sky again appear, and the sun of joy and peace shine once more upon our heads.

A High Business

As you stand at the foot of the terrace below and look up at the immense dome of the Capitol at Washington the workmen there seem midgets, clinging by toes and finger tips to the convex surface. To the nervous spectator the sight is more exciting than interesting. The narrow landings surrounding the lower and upper ends of the dome appear as threads of white marble on which hardly a fly could obtain a secure foothold, much less a man. You shudder as you see a human form uprear itself from the interior of the cupola and with apparent carelessness climb backward over the narrow ledge to the ladder beneath. That ladder seems fearfully small and unable to support the weight of or give foothold to several men who are upon it. They lean forward at times until only their feet and one hand are on the ladder as they run their brushes over that part of the dome within reach. They seem suspended in mid-air, and you tremble lest the next blast of the autumn wind, which, you know, blows fearfully hard up at that dizzy elevation, should loosen their frail hold and dash them, shapeless masses, against the cold, cruel stones of the pavement, two hundred feet below. Suddenly, while you gaze, one of them rapidly descends the ladder to the lower landing, which is in reality about eighteen inches wide, but seems to you a mere line, and lightly, recklessly even, jumps down upon the projecting edge of the column immediately below. You notice, however, that he climbs back with much more care. And you watch with a sort of fascinating interest till the eye grows dim with its constant gaze, and you seek inside for further information.

Dangerous as this work seems to be, very dangerous as it is in fact, a more gruesome job is that of painting the pedestal on which the Goddess of Liberty stands. The statue is of bronze, the pedestal of iron, and the latter must be frequently painted so as to correspond in hue with the goddess. From the very top of the dome the cupola uprears its graceful proportions without any interior means of access to the statue's pedestal. Ascent must be made vertically from the outside. When the pedestal is to be painted, riggers from the Navy Yard are detailed to erect a temporary structure by which the workman ascends to the top of the cupola. To climb over the outside ledge of the latter, either in coming down or going up, is said to be the most dangerous undertaking. So hazardous is the entire job of painting the pedestal that only one man on the force will do it. He is a native of Capitol Hill and said to be utterly indifferent to danger, apparently unconscious that he runs any risk whatever.

—There are 3,800,000 farms in the United States.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Cincinnati is going to spend $1,000,000 on sewers.

—The Lebanon Valley railroad is being laid with steel rails.

—There is still a large migration from Canada to Montana.

—The excellent harvests have made good shooting in France.

—There are 117,000 Sunday school scholars in New York State.

—Lieut. Dannehower has recovered the sight of one eye, but still wears blue glasses.

—The mildest hazing in the Wisconsin University is promptly followed by expulsion.

—Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, is to become coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco.

—Colonel Boudinot, an educated Cherokee, is editing a paper in English, at Fayetteville, Ark.

—The prince of Wales persists in his desire that the young princes shall not yet take part in active public life.

—A Nebraska saving bank has opened a children's department, in which a deposit as small as one cent can be made.

—There are fifty-two breweries in Brooklyn which produce 4,000,000 kegs of lager annually, and paid a revenue of $1,000,000.

—Prince Victor Napoleon has gone back to Germany, to complete, at Bonn, the course of study begun by him at Heidelberg.

—Ninety-three thousand acres have been planted under the new arboriculture act in Kansas. Preference is given to the cotton tree on account of its rapid growth.