

HONEY.

When bees wend forth in black continuous stream, And steadily return unto the hive, When all the air with humming is alive From peary down to day's last golden gleam: Then it behooves to work and not to dream! Up! if your honey store you want to thrive, (Ere hungry drones with robber bees connive.) That you may gather all the blossom-cream. Yet let me pause a moment on the brink— Between yon flower-calyx and its spill What labor interveneth! Only think, What you deem play, to bees and me 'tis toil, Yet labor, perspiration, many a sting, So I've the honey—cheerfully I sing! —The Academy.

THE YOUNGEST CLERK.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"Please, ma'am," said Jane, "there ain't so much as a drop of milk left, and you gave the last of the cold beef to old Gideon Gallup. And besides, ma'am, I don't think it is a tramp at all. It's quite a respectable young man, in a brown linen duster, and a carpet bag."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Troop. "A new boarder, eh?"

"Well, ma'am, I ain't quite sure," said Jane, discreetly. "Folks is so different."

"Jane," said Mrs. Troop, mysteriously, "I see it all now. It's the youngest clerk."

"Ma'am?" said Jane, in a bewildered way.

"Oh, don't be so stupid?" cried Mrs. Troop, who was one of those nervous women who are perpetually instinct with electricity, and who saw and comprehended things by flashes. "Call Barbara, and make haste about it!"

Barbara came into the green gloom of the little parlor, whose window was thickly shaded with morning-glory vines—a tall, slim lassie, with solemn blue-gray eyes, brown hair, and a slow grace of manner which she must have inherited from the birches on the mountain side and the reeds in the swamp, for other teachers she had none.

"What is it, mother?" said she. "I was just emptying the feathers out of the old pillow-ticks."

"Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, "don't bother about pillow-ticks. It's the youngest clerk! He's waiting just over there on the porch, with his bag. Can we accommodate him, do you think?"

"Mother," said Barbara, "what on earth do you mean?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Troop, with an impatient gesture, "don't you remember old Mr. Fanshawe, the book-keeper in Brown, Brownson & Browne's, telling us about the youngest clerk there who had the weak lungs and the small salary? And he said he'd recommend him here for his vacation, and he hoped we'd take him cheap and do what we could for him."

"Oh!" said Barbara, arching her pretty eyebrows. "Yes, it seems to me now that I do remember something about it. But, mother, where can we put him? Every room is full—even to the two sloping-roofed chambers in the garret."

"But a poor young man," said Mrs. Troop, in a distressed voice, "with hereditary consumption and almost no salary! Barbara, we never can turn him away."

"No, of course not," said Barbara, reflecting. "Mother, I can manage it. Don't fret any more. Tell him he may come."

"And high time, too," said Mrs. Troop, nervously, "with him waiting there on the porch and wondering, no doubt, what all this delay means."

She bustled out, with kindly hospitality. There, in the purple twilight, apparently listening to the song of the whip-poor-will on the mountain-side, sat a slender man, dressed in cool, brown linen, with a valise resting on the floor beside him. How was Mrs. Troop to know that he had heard every word of the brief colloquy?

"Madam," he said, lifting the straw hat from his curly head, "I—"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Troop; "I know all about it. Your name is Browne—with Browne, Brownson & Browne. Mr. Fanshawe told me all about you. You are the youngest clerk there."

"Madam, I—"

"It isn't necessary to explain," kindly interrupted Mrs. Troop. "We'll give you a room and board for two dollars a week. I can't promise you the dainties they have at the Chocoma House, but everything shall be clean and wholesome. Mr. Fanshawe told us that your means were limited. Mr. Fanshawe knew I would be interested in you, because I had lost a son of about your age."

"Indeed, Mrs. Troop, I am very much obliged to you, but—"

"Here comes my daughter Barbara," said Mrs. Troop, evidently desirous to abbreviate the new-comer's thanks. "Barbara, this is the youngest clerk. His name, I believe, is Browne."

Barbara let her soft, blue-gray eyes rest upon his tired face for a second, with the most angelic sympathy.

"Is your cough very bad?" she asked. "Oh, I hope the mountains will do you good! How long a vacation have you—two weeks?"

He smiled.

"You are very kind," he said. "The firm will allow me to be gone as long as I like."

"And your salary will go on just the same?"

"And my salary will continue just the same."

"That is what I call real generosity," said Barbara. "Oh, I should like to thank Messrs. Browne, Brownson & Browne! Well, come in. Our little cottage is full of boarders, but my mother and I will contrive to make room for you somewhere."

And the pale boarder slept that night in a rose-scented room, with a strip of bright rag-carpet on the floor, hand-painted china vases on the wooden mantle, and cheap muslin curtains at the window, after a supper of blackcaps and milk, delicious homemade bread, fresh honey and Johnny cake.

"Two dollars a week for such fare as this, to say nothing of my cunning little corner room!" said Mr. Browne to himself. "I never boarded so cheaply before in all my life."

At the end of a week he was more than delighted. Mrs. Troop was the kindest and most motherly of hostesses. Barbara was the impersonation of sweet and gracious refinement.

The mountain was full of purple gleams, merry voiced cascades, winding footpaths and breezy heights. Mr. Browne enjoyed himself intensely. He believed that he had come to the right place.

"Don't you think," said Barbara to her mother, "that he's very strong for a consumptive?"

"It's that herb tea and the diet of honey and new milk that is building him up," said Mrs. Troop, triumphantly. "I never knew it to fail yet in lung diseases. But he's very pleasant, Barby, isn't he?"

"Very!" said Barbara, earnestly.

Mr. Browne had not been a month at the little cottage on the mountain when, overtaken by a sudden shower, he sought refuge in an old, unused barn not far away from the house, where a thicket of blossoming elder-berries concealed the rude stone basement, and a veteran yellow pine tree flung its banner of black green shade over the mossy shingles of the roof. Unused, except to stow sweet hay in—and in one corner a little chamber had been finished off long ago with a brick chimney and a tiny paneled lattice.

The door was half open, and Mr. Browne could discern a little cot bed, draped with white, a dimity covered toilet stand, whose coarse, cheap bowl and pitcher were enriched with purple and crimson autumn leaves in hand painting, and a little needlework rug which lay at the foot of the bed.

"Ah," said Mr. Browne to that best of confidants, himself, "I comprehend it all now! I have displaced Mademoiselle Barbara from the little corner room in the cottage. Upon my word, I feel like a usurper! But how good they are, this mother and daughter, whose only income is derived from this precarious occupation of taking boarders! How unselfish, how utterly self-sacrificing!"

When the door opened, with its yellow leaves, the clusters of vivid blue asters, the tangles of the woods, Mr. Browne prepared to return to the city.

"You are sure you're strong enough to resume work?" said Mrs. Troop, anxiously.

"Mother," said Barbara, "he isn't at all like an invalid. Either old Mr. Fanshawe was mistaken, or Mr. Browne has made an almost miraculous discovery."

Just at this instant Jane came to tell Mrs. Troop that neighbor Jackson was at the door waiting to borrow a drawing of tea.

The gentle widow bustled out; Mr. Browne turned to Barbara.

"Yes," said he, "I am going to return to New York. But I shall leave something behind me."

"We shall be very happy to take charge of anything for you," said Barbara, who was sorting over red-checked pears for preserving.

"Shall you? But you don't know what it is, Barbara," suddenly lapsing into extreme gravity. "It is my heart. I am driven to confess that I have lost it—and to you!"

"You are joking!" cried Barbara, coloring and half-disposed to be indignant.

"I never was more serious in my life," asserted Mr. Browne. "I do love you, dear Barbara, truly and tenderly. Do you think you could dare to trust your future to me? Poor as I seem, I could yet give you a good home."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that!" said Barbara, with rising color and drooping eyelashes. "I have been brought up to be independent, you know, and I believe I could earn a little money by art work, if I ever had the chance. If—if you really care for me—"

"My own darling!"

"Then—yes, I do love you!" So Barbara was wooed and won.

"Of course, the dear little mother must live with us," said Mr. Browne. "I couldn't do without her!"

Mrs. Troop, who had once more joined the group, looked worried.

"Is it a flat?" said she, wistfully.

"No, I occupy a whole house."

"But, dear me!" cried the mother-in-law-elect, "isn't that extravagant?"

"I think not," said Mr. Browne, seriously.

"But must you really be married at once?"

"I should like to carry both Barbara and you back to the city with me," said the lover.

"And poor Jane? Though, of course, it would be out of the question for Barbara to keep a hired girl?" hesitated Mrs. Troop.

feared Mr. Browne, while Barbara raised her soft eyes in amazement. "I am not the youngest clerk in the firm at all the youngest clerk went out to Bermuda, at the expense of the firm. I hope he is doing well in that climate. This man was Ferdinand Brown. I am Augustus Browne, the youngest partner."

"But however came you here?" eagerly questioned Mrs. Troop. "Didn't Mr. Fanshawe recommend you?"

"Not at all. I came to the hotel, but it was full; and they thought that perhaps I would be provided for at Mrs. Troop's cottage until there was a vacancy in the Chocoma House. But when the vacancy came I didn't care to claim it."

"So you are not poor at all?" said Barbara, in a low voice.

"Not in your sense of the word, perhaps; but I shall be poor indeed, sweet Barbara, if I have forfeited your favor," he uttered, fervently.

"Nor consumption?"

"No, nor consumption," he admitted.

"You have been deceiving us all along?"

"Yes, I have been deceiving you all along," said Mr. Browne. "But, under the circumstances, do you see how I could help it?"

"It is very strange," said Barbara. "I ought to be thoroughly indignant with you; but somehow—somehow I love you more dearly than ever."

Mrs. Troop could hardly believe her own ears. A palace in Fifth avenue; a double carriage driven by two fine gentlemen who wore choicer suits and glossier hats than the parson himself; double damask napkins, with monograms embroidered on them, at every meal; egg-shell china; all the luxuries which she had dreamed of, but had never known! And all these gifts bestowed by the hand of the poor young clerk whom she had undertaken to board at two dollars a week because he was alone and friendless, and for whom she had saved the choicest slices of honeycomb and brewed the most invigorating herb-tea!

"One often reads of these things in novels," said she; "but how seldom they come true in real life!"

Kind, simple-hearted Mrs. Troop! If she had been a student of the great "novel" of Human Nature, she would have known that we are all of us living romances at one time or another. And why not? Is not the world always full of Love and Youth.—Saturday Night.

What the Chinese Eat.

A member of the English Parliament, Florence O'Driscoll, has a lively paper in the Century describing life and street scenes in Canton. Mr. O'Driscoll says:

The food purveyors make a most striking display; the fruiterers exposed on flat trays bananas, pineapples, melons, figs, pears (the latter beautiful to the sight but hard and tasteless), together with many Chinese fruits whose shapes and tastes were familiar to me, but whose names I knew not. Some of these fruits were most artistically peeled, pineapple peeling being quite an art. A great variety of vegetables was offered for sale. Among them were the white shoots of the bamboo, which seemed to be a favorite article of diet. But to what use, indeed, may not this wonderful grass be put? From it Chinamen make almost everything conceivable—hats, cloaks, sheets, carpets, roofs, buildings, baskets, chairs, carrying-poles, fishing-tools—the list might be prolonged an infinitum. And then they eat it as well.

Preserving ginger in many forms was a noticeable trade. The roots were washed and left in water, as an English cook treats potatoes before boiling them. A number of men and women holding a two-pronged fork in each hand sat around a table with the tubs of peeled ginger beside them; they picked ginger roots out of the water, and laying them on the table, pierced them all over very rapidly with both forks until quite soft. The pierced roots were then put into another tub, where they were boiled in syrup. The ginger went through various minor processes, until eventually it was packed in the earthen jars in which it is sold in European shops. The whole process was certainly a clean one, and the smell of the aromatic root in preparation was both grateful and pleasant.

In the bakers' shops I saw nothing corresponding to our English loaf; solid-looking yellow patties, slabs of flabby brown cakes, emblematic of concentrated dyspepsia; scones, or an equivalent, apparently of fried batter, and great flakes of milk-white, slippery-looking paste not above an eighth of an inch thick—to be rolled up and deftly sliced with a cleaver-shaped tool into long strings like macaroni. These foods were to be seen everywhere in the city, but nothing light and open. To my eyes the breadstuffs seemed sad, solemn, sodden and bilious.

The Lion of Belgium.

The most lionized man in Europe just now is the Baron d'Hanis, commander of the Belgium troops in the Congo Free States, who has just arrived at Antwerp from a three-years' bloody and victorious campaign against the slave traders of that district. Before the steamer reached port she was boarded by a special messenger from the King of the Belgians, bearing his Majesty's congratulations to the general on his safe return, and on the success of his work. Great crowds of people gathered at the wharf to greet the Baron, and he landed amid boisterous demonstrations of welcome. A series of entertainments in honor of the Baron were inaugurated the same day. He brings with him three converted Arab chiefs, with their wives and children.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE BIBLE'S HOME.

WONDERFUL WORK OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Seven Thousand Bibles Issued Daily —They Are Sent to Every Land and Are Printed in Hundreds of Languages.

NOT far from the busy whirl of Broadway and with the Third Avenue Elevated trains running close behind it stands, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Astor place, one of the most famous buildings in this country, if not in the world. Nothing in its architectural appearance, its history or its cost contribute to its fame, for it is modestly constructed of red brick, has been the scene of no great event, and, as buildings are considered now, was built very cheap. Nevertheless, its name is known in every land beneath the sun and spoken in nearly a hundred dialects and languages. It may be said to be the American home of the Bible.

From it issue each working day in the year 7000 Bibles and Testaments, more than 2,000,000 a year, that go into the four corners of the earth through the distributive agency of the American Bible Society. For nearly eighty years this famous organization has carried on the work of spreading the word of God among men. The American Bible Society was founded on the 8th of May, 1816, at a convention held in this city for the purpose, and attended by delegates from thirty-five local societies, with the same object, in various parts of the country. Hon. Elias Bondinot, of New Jersey, a son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the first President. He was succeeded in that office by the Hon. John Jay, and in the eighty years of the society's life there have been a succession of men of National reputation at the head of the organization. The President now is the Hon. E. L. Fancher, who has held the office nearly thirty years. The society is a benevolent institution. Those who founded it, and their successors, have even aimed by all wise methods to place the Holy Scriptures within the reach of all. The publications of the society are in no case sold at a profit. Those who are able to purchase them can do so at the mere cost of their manufacture, while those whose circumstances call for such consideration are supplied without price.

The society is also strictly unsectarian. Its Board of Managers represents seven different denominations of Christians. It labors to circulate the Scriptures among all classes impartially, and its affairs are managed without denominational bias or control.

The government of the society is entrusted to a Board of Managers, consisting of thirty-six laymen, one-fourth of whom go out of office each year, but are re-eligible. The number of elected managers since the organization of the society is 1,200 and twenty-eight.

Since the society's organization, about six thousand persons have sustained toward it the relation of life directors or life members. Many of these have already passed away to their heavenly reward. There are still living, however, so far as the officers can ascertain, more than 40,000 of this honored company.

The society has had on its register for a considerable time about 2000 auxiliaries, and these have more than 5000 branch organizations; so that it is probably there are not less than 7000 Bible societies in this country which, directly or indirectly, center in this institution.

The working force in the Bible House is divided into two branches—the executive and manufacturing. The former comprises the departments of the corresponding secretaries, the treasurer and the general agent. The latter includes the printing, electrotyping, proof-reading and binding departments, and those of the depository and engineer. In the printing department and the bindery many of the employees are women.

The aggregate number of persons engaged in the service of the society in the Bible House does not vary much from 250.

The society owns 135 sets of stereotype and electrotype plates of the Bible, or portions of it, comprising 80,000 words.

Since the society was organized its receipts have been over \$26,000,000, including legacies amounting to \$4,000,000.

The total number of volumes issued by the society, from its organization, is 56,926,771.

The work of the society in distribution is really marvelous. Its agents are in every part of the United States and in every heathen land. Among the soldiers during the war, and before and since, nearly 3,000,000 Bibles were distributed. In 1896, to celebrate the first half century of the society's history, an organized attempt was made to place the Bible in every house not possessing one. This is the third time such a task had been attempted, and the reports of 1882 showed that nearly 9,000,000 families were visited, and of these over 1,000,000 had no Bible and were supplied. In 1882 the managers began a fourth supply which was finished in 1890, and showed that Bibles were keeping pace with the growth of population.

It is worthy to note that the entire distribution of Scriptures in this country, during the eight years embraced in the fourth resupply, was 8,146,803 copies, in twenty-seven different languages. Some of these are as follows: In Welsh, 29,287; German, 473,920; Dutch, 11,807; Norwegian and Danish, 153,707; Swedish, 230,777; Italian, 57,883; Finnish, 2314; Polish, 2317; Hungarian, 2543; Bohemian, 9224; Chinese, 7243.

The American Bible Society has aided in the translation, printing, or distribution of the Scriptures in the following languages and dialects—ninety-five in all: Hebrew, Greek, English, Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, French, Spanish, Hebrew-Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, German, Hebrew-German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Finnish, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Latin, Modern Greek, Albanian, Roumanian, Servian, Bulgarian, Slavonic, Russian, and Reval-Estonian, Turkish, Osmani-Turkish, Græco-Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, Ancient Armenian, Modern Armenian, Koordish, Azerbaijani, Arabic, Ancient Syriac, Modern Syriac, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi, Telegu, Canarese, Tamil, Marathi, Pahari, Kumaoni, Gurmu'chi, Siamese, Laos, Mongolian, Burmese, Chinese (classical), Easy Wenli, Chinese (Mandarin), the Foochow, Swatow, Shanghai, Soochow, Canton, Ningpo, and Amoy Colloquials, Japanese, Japanese (Kunten), and Korean, Hawaiian, Ebon (Marshall Islands), Gilbert Islands, Kusaian, Ponape, Mortlock, and Ruk, Dakota, Musko-kee (Creek), Choctaw, Cherokee, Mohawk, Seneca, Ojibwa, Delaware, and Nez Perces, Zulu, Benga, Grébo, Mpongwe, Dikele, Tonga, Umbundu, and Sheetawa, Creolese, Arrawack, and Aymara. The entire Bible has not yet been translated into even 100 languages, and more than sixty of the 350 languages and dialects in which the Holy Scriptures have been printed have received only a single book of the Bible. It is clear that the work which is yet to be accomplished will demand the patient efforts of the devout and benevolent for many coming years.—New York Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

SAVE THIS TABLE. Four teaspoonfuls of liquid equals one tablespoonful. One pint of liquid equals one pound. Two gills of liquid equal one cup or one-half a pint. Two round tablespoonfuls of flour equal one ounce. Four cups of bread flour equal one quart, or one pound. One cup of butter equals one-half pound. One pint of butter equals one pound. One tablespoonful of butter equals one ounce. Butter size of an egg equals two ounces. Ten eggs equal one pound. Two cups of granulated sugar equal one pound. Two and a half cups of powdered sugar equal one pound.—New York Journal.

SYSTEM IN THE STORE-ROOM.

Some housekeepers keep a supply board on which is a list of the groceries which are usually kept in store; opposite to each is a small hole with a long wooden peg to fit it. The girl who takes charge of the store-room puts a peg in the hole opposite to all groceries that are nearly gone, so the housekeeper, who does the marketing, can easily see what is needed.

A memorandum book should hang in the store-room and the quantity and date of buying should be kept.

Where there is no store-room a want-book or slate should hang in the kitchen and the cook be instructed to write down every morning the names of groceries that are needed.

A store-room should be light and cool and well aired.—American Agriculturist.

SOME PRESERVING STATISTICS.

A preserving and canning authority, Mrs. Redford, says in the Philadelphia Ledger: "For pineapples, blue plums and gazes I use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one of fruit, and water in the same proportion as for the others, except in the pineapples. They require no water to make a syrup, as they have sufficient juice without it. Pineapples should stand in sugar at least twenty minutes before heating, to start the flow of juice, and should steam forty-five minutes, or until they look clear. They should be shredded with silver fork, as the large slices of pineapples that look so tempting in cans are awkward when served at the table, it being almost impossible to cut them with the spoon without soiling the tablecloth. Damson plums require five pounds of fruit to three of sugar. Quinces should first be steamed before putting them in a syrup. Fruit should be measured by the scales; as sugar does not vary, it may be measured in a pint or half-pint measure. Fruit juice that remains after filling the cans may be canned and used to flavor sauces and ices.

Tattooed on a Snake.

Very few readers ever dream that there is any single piece of reading matter in the world which lives, breathes and circulates on its own individual account.

But any one who will take the trouble to walk into a certain shop in Piccadilly, not far from the Egyptian Hall, will be rewarded by seeing a species of snake, known as the lemon box, with the whole of the third chapter of Genesis tattooed on its body. The reptile is only lent for exhibition, but the gentleman who purchased it states that on board the South American sailing vessel, the scene of this remarkable tattooing, it is a common diversion among the sailors to capture live snakes, extract their fangs and cover the body with any number of inscriptions, legends and devices, and then dispose of the reptiles at the first port.

Few of the purchasers, however, care to have charge of live snakes—be they ever so harmless—so it is customary to either stuff these latter with fine straw and putty, or else immerse them in alcohol, although this process commonly has the effect of taking all the brilliancy out of the pigments employed.

In the case of the above-mentioned fine inscriptions, alcohol, however, shows up and preserves them to great advantage. A sailor who spent six months in tattooing one of the "Sketches by Boz," containing 4520 words, upon the skin of a rattlesnake, which he afterwards sold to a gentleman for eight guineas.—London Answers.

A High Honor.

Charles Sartow, of Omaha, Neb., has had a great honor conferred upon him by Kaiser Wilhelm. The Kaiser has sent him an official letter inviting him to visit Germany at the imperial expense. The letter recalls to Sartow's memory a day, August 16, 1870, when the Prussian army was battling with the French at Mars la Tour, and a mitrailleuse stationed on a hill was decimating the German ranks. Nearly 150 men had fallen under its deadly fire, and it was necessary that the gun should be captured, or the Germans could not hold their position. To charge the battery meant almost certain death, and volunteers were called for. Fifteen men went up the hill. The gun was captured and silenced, but only three men came back from the deadly assault, and one of them was Sartow.—New Orleans Picayune.

To Extract the Essence From Flowers.

Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers that smell sweet and fragrant. Take thin pieces of muslin or fine linen, and after having dipped them in good Lucca oil or Florence oil place them as layers between the petals. Sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers, and put a layer of linen and a layer of flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top over with oiled silk, or parchment, then lay the vessel in a south aspect in the heat of the sun, and in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away from the whole mass.—New York Dispatch.

Exorcising the Frost.

In some of the wine districts of France frost bells are tolled when there is likely to be a severe frost, and immediately on hearing the warning the inhabitants hurry out of their houses and place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. Then a signal is given to light the tar, and in a few minutes a dense cloud of smoke arises, and thus the vines are said to be completely protected from the severity of the weather.—New York Dispatch.

Couldn't Sell Them.

Properly licensed for the experiment, a Boston reporter appeared in street, offering to sell silver dollars for a quarter each. He displayed his dollars in a tray, and had a large sign on them announcing his offer. He also addressed passers-by. He allowed no one to handle the dollars. He sold but one.—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar Theft.

Thomas Keegan, the proprietor of a marble yard in Brooklyn, reported to the police the other day that some thief had during the night stolen white marble tombstone and caskets from the yard.—New York Post.