

Like an Anvil.

"Stand like an anvil" when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast.
Storms but more deeply root the oak.
Whose brazen arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil" when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks.
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil" when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast,
Duty shall be life's leading star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil" when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
True but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

—Our Dumb Animals

MISS BETH.

BY MISS E. S. SLAYBACK.

By all odds the most attractive house in town was that of Miss Beth Davenport. It was a charming little modern affair, full of gables and windows, with a square porch before the front entrance, and set back in a yard overflowing with flowers and shrubs. Miss Beth was pleased to stee herself "an old maid." She was thirty years of age, and in the ripe prime of a beautiful womanhood. Being without near kin, she kept house alone, save for her servants, and lived a happy independent existence. She was a believer in fresh air and exercise, and her rosy cheeks and graceful movements were very pleasant to gaze upon.

So, at least thought a young man of five-and-twenty, who leaned upon the fence one day, and watched Miss Beth watering and tending her flowers. She had on a large white hat trimmed with poppies, and wore a white dress with wide puffed sleeves, through which gleamed the outlines of her shapely arms. She did not at first see Mr. Mendon, then, looking up in a quick way, as people sometimes do at feeling the eyes of others upon them, she bowed and smiled.

"I suppose you want me to ask you to come in?" she said.

"Oh, no," he answered lazily. "I see you are busy. It struck me at home, however, that this cloudy morning would be fine for a game." And he nodded in the direction of the tennis court.

"Oh, indeed, Sir Laisurely! And it occurred to me that this would be an admirable time to foster my neglected plants. Come! I have some exercise for you. You shall be a horny-handed son of toil now for a while, and help me train up those vines over the porch."

Mendon looked down at his spotted flannels.

"They are spanking clean," he said. "Go home and get into some working clothes," said Miss Beth's voice from somewhere near the ground. She was weeding.

"Pshaw!" he said, opening the gate and coming in. "I was trying to creep out of it, but you make me feel ashamed of myself. You're a great worker, Miss Beth."

"That is the only way to be happy," said the spinster. She stood up and looked at him with clear grey eyes. "What is it with you?" she asked. "You must confess tennis was not your only object here today. Shall I keep you from anything if I make you tie up vines? Did you want to see me—particularly?"

"Yes, I wanted to see—you particularly," he said, changing the emphasis.

"Has she been cruel again?" she asked, showing her white teeth as she smiled.

"That is all over," he said. "It has been off for three weeks."

"Why, Max? You never told me."

"No, I was ashamed to tell you."

"Why?" she asked shortly. "Was it your fault? Ah, Max, it was, you feeble thing!"

She said the last in a low, disapproving tone that made the blood rush to the young man's face. He pulled a leaf from the lilac bush and turned toward Miss Beth.

"There!" he said. "I thought you were my friend."

"So I am," she stammered. "But I am her's, too, and though I have seen you every day you have never told me before. And I had been thinking her so happy."

"She is not," he said, wretchedly. "She is miserable. Every time I meet her I hate myself for the pain I have given her. But it was as useless to struggle further, Miss Beth. I had ceased to love her."

Miss Beth said nothing. She turned toward the house, up the little gravelled walk, and Max slowly followed. They soon began to work upon the vines, and Max's little love affair was not mentioned again.

Miss Beth kept her own counsel. She puzzled her active brain for a

reason for the little quarrel—she felt sure it was a little one—although she would ask no questions of either side. Now, when Elizabeth Davenport was twenty years old, she had been very much in love with a young man, and was betrothed to him. She afterward decided that she did not love him, and had sent him away. He was proud, and did not return. She at length realized that she did love him, but she could not call him back, for she had no idea of his whereabouts. Then the news of his marriage reached the town.

So, drawing from her own experience, Miss Beth desired to save Max and Ethel much sorrow. She admired Max extremely. He was college bred, unusually bright, and promised to be a light in the literary world. She had once laughingly told him that it was fortunate he was five years her junior, she might strive to rival Ethel. All this Max parried good-naturedly, and they were excellent companions.

Max lived next door to Miss Beth, and had a little habit of dropping in at all hours of the day. He did not offer to go in the evening unless Ethel was to be there, too.

Miss Davenport frequently summoned the young people of both sexes to help her overcome the quiet of the evening hours. The old woman who lived with her was not a factor in the entertainment problem, and the young people adored Beth.

One day, after Max Mandon had been over in Miss Beth's yard all the morning, she wrote a note asking him to come for a while to chat with her that evening. Max was nothing loth to go. If he were fortunate enough to be the only caller, they would discuss plots and material, pick books to pieces and argue the progress of art generally.

It was perhaps two weeks after Max had confided to her his misunderstanding with Ethel, and it was about 8 o'clock in the evening when he strolled over in answer to Beth's summons. There was a light in the parlor, and another in Miss Davenport's little room over the porch. He stood for a moment wondering whether she were ready to receive him yet, and thinking it would be better to walk up the street for a while. But he decided to enter.

He was very much at his ease in the house, so when the old woman who let him in told him Miss Davenport was at home, he crossed the little square hall, laid his hat on a cane on the table, and lifted the curtain of the parlor door with perfect composure.

But inside—what then? He saw a young lady seated facing him, evidently waiting for Beth; a girl with large blue eyes and masses of pale brown hair, seated with one hand resting between the back of the chair and her head, looking straight at him with a very frightened little gaze. It was Ethel.

Max did not enter beyond that first step. With a movement quick as lightning, he turned on his heel and was out in the hall. He seized his belongings and fled.

Now Miss Beth's house, as I said before, was a modern one, and somewhat peculiar. Max, in his perplexity and confusion, rushed out by a door that led straight to the back yard, and the walk ended in the door of the stable. John, Beth's hired man, was in the yard. Seeing a figure flee from the house and running toward the stable, he naturally supposed it to be a thief. One of these gentry had been making great excitement in the neighborhood. So, before Max could halt on the threshold of the stable door, perceiving that it was not the gate, he found it clapped to behind him—upon him—and himself a prisoner.

In vain he shouted and argued. Through the heavy door his voice sounded unnatural; and John, excitedly happy at having captured the burglar who had been terrorizing the vicinity, could not recognize it at all. At length, finding expostulation useless, Max lay down upon some hay and fell asleep.

He was awakened by a light shining in his eyes. He opened them to find a policeman with a warrant and a pair of manacles; John, looking much crest-fallen; Ellen, the cook; two or three men, and last and most, in perfect agonies of laughter, Beth Davenport herself.

It was then about 12 o'clock. It took some time to make explanation to satisfy the crowd, and at length they were all gone, and Beth and Max stood on the front porch alone.

"You understand, do you not?" he said. "I saw her, it was your doing. I know, you thoughtful creature. You believed you were doing me a kindness. Well, perhaps you were," musingly. "It enables me to speak my mind. You know they say 'better be off with the old love before you are

on with the new.' You know that. My love! Can't you see that I don't want Ethel? I want you—I love you!"

She shrank back against the wall, in the shadow.

"Max," she said, "I am five years older than you are."

"Ah! But if we love each other," he said, "what can that matter?"

"What will people say? What will Ethel say?"

"I do not care. It is enough that I love you and you love me. We shall be happy, and Ethel will find speedy consolation."

"Once I loved somebody else," said Miss Beth, thinking of her little buried romance.

"Then you can love me better now," he replied. "Come, Beth, you have not answered my question yet."

"Well," she said, "if you insist upon having me, take me, for I love you."

And he was answered.—[New York Journal.

"The Star-Spangled Banner."

One afternoon in September, 1814, a party of Baltimore gentlemen, grieved at the defeat of the American troops at North Point, met together in an old house at Upper Marlborough, and there formed a plan for capturing some of the British soldiers who would pass through the village that night. Meanwhile the main body of the British army had gone on to a point some distance beyond. Their plans were so well laid that they actually took over twenty men prisoners and put them in "shutance vile." News of this attack was, however, carried to the British fleet beyond by one man who contrived his escape, and the tables were unexpectedly turned. A detachment of Britishers descended on the village, compelled the liberation of the English soldiers and took as their prisoners the gentlemen who had planned their capture.

Angered by what they considered a violation of the rules of war, the British colonel in command refused to allow the gentlemen, who were all asleep in their beds, time even to dress. They were placed on horseback and carried to a British ship, hooded and jeered at, Dr. Beans, with whom the idea of the capture had originated, being especially insulted. A day or two later all but the poor doctor were set free, but he was detained as a valuable prize worthy of taking back to England.

Meanwhile his friends in Baltimore went to work with a hearty will to obtain his release, and as he had been known on more than one occasion to have treated wounded British soldiers with great kindness, his niece, a girl of eighteen, ventured herself to write a strong appeal to the English officer in command of the fleet. She succeeded in persuading a Mr. Francis Key to take the letter with a flag of truce, and the young man procuring a small boat and permission to use the white flag, set out. He boarded the admiral's vessel in safety, but found preparations for the bombardment of Fort M'Henry in full swing, and, as a consequence, he was detained by Admiral Cockburn's orders.

It was a moment of most critical importance, for which the fall of M'Henry Baltimore's doom was sealed, and we can easily fancy Mr. Key's feelings as he saw the English flag-ship he watched during the long hours of that day and night the furious onslaught upon the fort. So long as daylight lasted, he could scarcely take his eyes from the flag floating from the fort, and with feverish anxiety, he hailed the "dawn's early light." The first break of day showed him his country's flag proudly floating to the breeze, and in the first "enthusiasm of rapture," as he told a friend, he wrote the verses dear to every American heart, "The Star-Spangled Banner."—[Harper's Young People.

Large Libraries of Asia.

In Asia there are some twenty large public libraries, containing 20,000 and more volumes. The Royal Asiatic Society Library in Bombay has 80,000 volumes, and annually expends 8000 rupees in increasing the number. This society possesses, also, a valuable and large collection of Sanscrit manuscripts, as also a goodly number of Persian. The Tiflis Library has 35,000 volumes. It was established in 1816, and receives \$6000 annually from the Russian Government for the purchase of books on the Caucasus, Persia, Asia Minor, etc.—[New York Independent.

Unselfish.

Sweet Girl—Is your love for me absolutely unselfish?

Adorer—Absolutely. Sweet Girl—Then I wish you'd go somewhere else tonight. Jack Hanson promised to call.—[New York Weekly.

CANALERS' VILLAGE.

TOW-PATH MARINERS IN THEIR WINTER'S SNUG HARBOR.

A Merry Floating Settlement Temporarily Annexed to Gotham—The Social Side of Life on a Canal Boat

CAPT. S. J. BUNCE is commander and owner of the Champlain canal boat E. S. Adair, and his craft is one of a hundred or more now lying at Coenties Slip, says the New York Recorder. This aggregation of boats is one of the unique sights of the city that most people miss, for comparatively few have business along that part of South street. It is well worth a visit, not only to look at the boats from the stringpiece of the pier, but to walk about upon them and call upon the people who live in them. The "canalers" are very hospitable people, and are rather pleased than otherwise at any attention paid them by strangers.

The basin between the piers at Coenties Slip is a genuine village in winter-time, in most respects as different from the great city as if the inhabitants were living in some remote part of Ulster County. It is as if a rural community, with its peculiar customs, had been lifted up, houses and all, and set down at the edge of the city, there to remain a while, maintaining contentedly its rustic life, and having but slight communication with the busy town.

A reporter for the Recorder entered the canalboat village to learn what manner of existence might prevail there. He had been attracted to the spot by the spectacle it presented one pleasant afternoon. The white streets of the village—that is, the roofs or upper decks of the boats—were alive with women and children hanging out clothes. Posts had been set up on every boat to support the lines, and in a few minutes thousands of garments—socks, shirts, skirts and so on—were flapping merrily in the breeze. There was an unconscious art in the picture, with bright red and dark blue skirts standing out



IN WINTER QUARTERS.

boldly as points of color here and there in the prevailing white. The next day not a sign of pole or clothesline could be seen anywhere about the village. It was evident that one of the unwritten laws of the community made that day a general wash day.

When the reporter began his investigation of the village he was directed to Captain Bunce as the "likeliest" man to give information. The captain, a tall, powerful-looking man, was just leaving his boat, but he turned back willingly and led the way to the cabin. The roof of the cabin is about two feet above the level of the deck—or shall we say street? To enter the cabin, a hatch had to be pushed back and a tiny door opened. Then down a steep, narrow flight of stairs, and the captain was at home. People who feel cramped in an eight-room flat, and have to use an empty coal bin in the basement for storage purposes, would be woefully dismayed at the prospect of housekeeping in that place. There are three rooms in Captain Bunce's home. The living room is perhaps as much as eight feet square. Two rooms open from it, one just large enough to hold a bed, with space to walk by it and turn around; the other sufficient for a cooking stove, with very little space left for the cook. Keep house in such quarters? Certainly; Captain Bunce does it and is bringing up a family there, too.

When the captain and his visitor entered Mrs. Bunce was attending to her housework, and two children were playing upon a couch. A third child was away at school. That makes a family of



THE MULES' QUARTERS.

five living in apparent comfort and content in the E. S. Adair, and, besides them, there is a frisky pet dog, and in summer time there is a hired man who sleeps in a bunk in the forward end of the boat. A very cheery, neat little place is the captain's home. There are

pictures on the walls, books and papers on a table, curtains at the little windows, a carpet on the floor—in short, everything except space that the most fastidious housekeeper could demand. "I suppose," said Mrs. Bunce, smiling, "that most housekeepers would wonder where I manage to put things. Well, I have all the room I need. The cabin, you see, really extends the whole width of the boat, and that part of it that is under the deck is made into a series of lockers."

"What do you do with the children at night?"

"The couch where the little ones are playing now is made into a bed at night, and there's a berth just back of you."

"The reporter turned, and, raising a little curtain, saw a regular steamer berth made up for occupancy."

"Plenty of room, you see," said Mrs. Bunce, "if you understand how to economize. Why, in some of the cabins they have a parlor organ or an upright piano!"

"That implies some social life among canal people, doesn't it?"

"Social! I should think so!" Mrs.



INTERIOR OF CABIN.

Bunce spoke with enthusiasm. "We are all acquainted, and make calls back and forth just like other people. I've had as many as six callers at a time in here, all friends, who just happened to drop in about the same hour."

"Oh, yes," put in the captain, "we frequently arrange parties, and pass the jolliest kind of evening together. The entertainment? Oh, we tell stories and pop corn. This social life is maintained to a considerable extent, even during the working season. On the way up or

this vicinity, besides the one at Coenties Slip—in Eric Basin, Brooklyn, at Jersey City, and at the foot of Fourteenth street, Hoboken. They are of the same character as the one at Coenties Slip, and are inhabited by the same kindly, hospitable class of people.

A Roman Relic.

Four of the most remarkable Roman relics recently discovered have just been found in the Western Oasis of Thebes, and sent to the Louvre in Paris for exhibition. They are plaster casts of busts. These busts originated during the brief era of prosperity at the close of the second and the beginning of the third century of our time. They are not, as it would seem, detached pieces of statues, but are complete in themselves. They are masks used for a special class of mummies, and like most of the Egyptian



curiosities come from the grave. The departed members of wealthy families were provided not only with sepulchres but with a sort of armor composed of several pieces which completely incased the body. The feet were thrust into a pocket shaped affair like a carriage foot warmer, and separate pieces were made for chest and neck, as well as the hair, with a mask for the face, which often resembled the features of the dead.

These peculiar coverings were made of several pieces of fine linen, which were glued together and pressed into a mould, then bedaubed with several layers of plasters, over which the artists traced the most peculiar characteristics of the defunct. Each bust is composed of several pieces, the face comprising one which is painted in deep yellow and other tints, as in the case of the Egyptian statues. Hair and beard are painted black. The mantle, part of which covers the back of the neck, is white, with purple stripes.—[Post-Dispatch.

Make a Box of Old Dossiga.

To what is the decorative craze coming? The latest object which it has attacked is the unassuming leg of a chicken, and a newly killed chicken at that. The first step in the transformation is to pull up the tendons of the chicken's leg, so making the claw almost flat. Tie the tendons at the top of the leg with a piece of fine wire and then twist the wire in and out around them so that a sort of cup shape is formed. Take an egg, prick a hole in it, and pour it contents out; then break off the top. Cover the chicken leg and claw with bronze paint and gold the egg. Fill this with matches, and there you have a match case which will rival all others in oddity of design and peculiarity of origin. If there is any trouble to make the match case stand up with proper dignity this may be obviated by twisting fine wire in



THE CHICKEN LEG TRANSFORMED.

and out the toes of the claw until a round mat is formed. This should, of course, be gilded.—[New York World.

The Ibis.

You have all read about Egypt, that ancient country which has its great pyra-



THE SACRED IBIS

mids and monuments thousands of years old, and dates back beyond the times of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Many of the old Egyptian monuments have hieroglyphics on them, in which the figure of this bird is frequently found. Their mummies, or preserved remains, are also found in old Egyptian tombs; hence it is called the sacred ibis, as it must have been an object of worship to the ancient Egyptians, who, as your Bible tells you, were idolaters. It seems indeed strange that human beings should worship a mere bird like the ibis, which is only the size of an ordinary fowl.—[New York Mail and Express.