

RACE.

Leaves me, here, those looks of yours
 All these pretty airs and lures
 Flush of cheek, and flash of eye,
 Your lips' smile and their deep dye;
 Gleam of the white teeth within
 Dimple of the cloven chin.
 All the sunshine that you wear
 In the summer of your hair;
 All the morning of your face;
 All your figure's swiftest grace;
 The flower-poss of your head, the light
 Flutter of your footsteps' flight
 I own all, and that glad heart
 I must claim ere you depart.

Go yet go not unconsented
 Sometime, after you are old,
 You shall come, and I will take
 From your brow the sunset ache,
 From your eyes the twilight gaze,
 Darkening upon winter days,
 From your feet their pale pace,
 And the wrinkles from your face,
 From your locks the snow, the drop
 Of your head, your worn frame's stoop,
 And that withered smile within
 The kissing of the nose and chin
 I own all, and that glad heart
 I will claim ere you depart.

I am Race, and both are mine
 Mortal Age and Youth divine
 Mine to grant, but not to fee;
 Both again revert to me
 From each that lives, that I may give
 Unto each that yet shall live.

—N. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine.

Miss Belinda's Beehives.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.



WHEN the city visitors who swarmed around Maple Center and registered their names by the score in the books of the village hotel strolled out on the Maple road, they always stopped at the Bubble farmhouse and cried: "How exquisite! How picturesque!" And

for the life of her, Miss Belinda Bubble did not know why. "It ain't as if I could afford a coat of paint to the old house," said she. "It's just a slate brown with water-stains and summer-suns; and the grape-arbor's all a-tumbin' down for lack of a brace or two of solid timber; and the well-wear ain't half as convenient as Mrs. Claghorn's new chain pump, no way you can fix it; and the ston wall's all overgrown with them pesky runnin' vines and briars! To be sure, the four-o'clocks and mornin'-glories are sort o' pretty by the fence, and there ain't no prettier hollyhocks in the country than them dark-red and cherry-colored ones just this side of the pear-tree. As for the beehives, I always did like beehives, even if it wasn't for the honey. My mother set a heap o' store by them beehives, and there they've stood, nine of 'em, in a row, ever since I can remember. And there ain't no honey in all the county as has got the flavor of ours. I don't know whether it's Squire Carbuncle's buckwheat-field or that there clover-meadow of Mr. Darnell's as does it. But you can fairly taste the sunshine and the flowers in it!"

And it was a genuine sight, at swarming-time, when Miss Belinda issued forth into the black and booming clouds, all gloved and veiled and tied up in mosquito netting, with a tin pan and a skimmer in her hand. "I generally have first-rate good luck with the swarms," said Belinda. "I don't know when I've lost one, if only folks would let me alone. But it's the meddlin' people that come to offer their help, that upsets me and the bees. Squire Carbuncle, now, he's real sensible. He don't never come round interferin' if he sees the bees makin' up their minds to swarm, he just gets up off his garden-chair and goes into the house. For bees, they're dreadful sensible. They have their likes and their dislikes, jest as human creatures have—and they never could get along with Squire Carbuncle!"

Squire Carbuncle was a quiet, grizzle-headed man of fifty, who farmed a model farm, with all the new machinery patents liberally oiled with gold, read the agricultural papers, and was always "just going to" write an article for the Gentleman Farmer. Miss Bubble herself was not much younger. She supported herself in a genteel way by vest-making for a factory in the neighborhood.

"I 'pose," said Miss Bubble, "Squire Carbuncle 'll get married some day, and I hope he'll choose a sociable wife that I can take comfort with, exchanging patterns and chatting of an evening over the garden fence."

"Belinda Bubble's a sensible woman," said Squire Carbuncle, in his deep, sonorous voice. "To my certain knowledge, she has refused one or two shiftless fellows who wanted to marry her merely to be supported. She's a good deal better off single than married."

Miss Belinda never said a word when Squire Carbuncle's superb liver-colored setter killed her favorite Muscovy duck—and the squire, on his part, condoned the offense, when Miss Bubble's chickens scratched up all his early lettuce and made havoc with his seedling panies and pinks.

"Neighbors order he neighborly," said Miss Belinda. "And dog's nature is dog's nature!"

"I must stop up the cracks under the fence," said the squire. "Of course, Belinda can't help her chickens getting through! No woman could."

Thus matters were, when Miss Belinda's cousin, Fannie Halkett, came to visit her—a plump, peach-checked young woman who was cashier at a glove store in the city.

"Cousin Bubble," said Fannie,

"why don't you marry Squire Carbuncle?" "La, Fannie!" cried the elderly damsel, starting back so suddenly that she stepped on one of the velvet-white paws of the pet kitten. "Yes, truly, why don't you?" said Fannie. "He needs a wife: And it would be very nice for you to have a husband. Now wouldn't it?"

"Go 'long," said Miss Belinda. "I never thought of such a thing! Nor him neither. Go out, Fannie, and pick a mess o' white Antwerp raspberries for tea and don't let me hear no more such nonsense."

"Nonsense!" echoed Fannie, laughing, as she went off with a blue-edged bowl in her hand. "But I think it ain't nonsense at all!"

And among the Antwerp raspberries she talked the matter over with Julian Hall, Squire Carbuncle's nephew, who had come to the farm for a week's trout fishing, and who had developed a very strong propensity for reading novels under the old pear-tree that overshadowed Miss Bubble's garden fence.

"Wouldn't it be nice?" said Fannie. "Splendid!" Julian answered, leaning over to put a handful of raspberries into the blue-edged bowl.

Whether he leaned too far and lost his footing or how it happened he did not know; but certain it is that, just at that moment, one of the beehives fell—crash!—over among the raspberry bushes. Fannie fled in wild fright, and Julian himself, recovering his balance as best he might, was driven to ignominious flight.

"Who did that?" said Squire Carbuncle, issuing out of the door. "I'm afraid I did, sir!" confessed Julian.

"And what am I to say to Miss Belinda Bubble?" sternly demanded his uncle. "I'm sure, sir, I don't know!" answered Julian.

"Such a thing never happened before in all the years that we have lived as neighbor to each other," said Mr. Carbuncle. "Of course, the bees have got away and the glass honey-boxes are broken?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Julian. The squire, an eminently just man, harnessed up his gray pony and drove to town the next day. That evening he called at the Bubble Farmhouse with a square package, neatly done up in brown paper, in his arms. Fannie Halkett came to the door.

"My dear," said Squire Carbuncle, "is your cousin at home?" "Yes, sir!" said Fannie, fluttering all over and showing the way into the best parlor, where the blue-paper shades were down and the stuffed owl on the mantel transfixed the chance visitors with its eyes of glittering green glass.

"Tell her I've called on very particular business," said the squire, sonorously. "Yes, sir?" said Fannie, and away she ran.

"Cousin Belinda, take your hair out of those crimping-pins at once," said she; "and let me fasten this blue-ribbon bow at your throat. He's in the parlor. He's come to propose."

"Nonsense, Fannie!" "But he has! He as good as told me so!" cried Fannie, standing on tip-toe to kiss Miss Belinda's withered apple of a cheek. "Do made haste! Don't keep him waiting. Men don't like to be kept waiting." And she fairly pushed Belinda Bubble into the best room.

"Miss Bubble, said the squire, solemnly, rising to his feet. "I have called to ask if you will accept—"

"Yes, Seth," cried Miss Belinda, flinging herself into his arms. Luckily he had bethought himself to lay the square package down on the table. "Yes, dear Seth, I will. Fannie told me you were going to propose to me, but I didn't believe it. And I'll be as good a wife to you as I know how. And oh, Seth, I've always loved you ever since we were young people and went to singing school together."

The squire opened and shut his mouth as if it were some curious piece of machinery. "Eh!" said he, staring mechanically at the owl.

"I hope," faltered Miss Bubble, "you don't think I've been too hasty in accepting your offer?" "No, Belinda, no," said Mr. Carbuncle, swallowing down a lump in his throat. "I am much obliged to you for saying 'yes,' and I am quite convinced, my dear, that you will be a good wife to me."

And so this autumnal couple became engaged; and the squire never told Belinda that it was the colony of Italian bees he had brought her, not himself, to lay as an offering at her shrine.

"But it's just as well," said the squire to himself. "I ought really to be settled in life, and Belinda is a most worthy woman. It is best at times to abandon oneself entirely to circumstances."

LIFE IN JAPAN.

EVERYTHING IN THAT COUNTRY IS VERY CHEAP.

One Dollar is Worth Two—Food Costs Almost Nothing—Servants Are Cheap and Good—Japanese Houses.

JAPAN is doing all she can to keep silver in the air, says Frank G. Carpenter in a letter from Tokio to the New York Press. She has to pay for the goods she imports from America in gold, and the silver question is a far more important one here than it has ever been in the United States. The country is now on a silver basis, and there is sure to be a general rise in the prices of everything.

At the present writing the exchange is going up every day, and a good dollar in Tokio looks as big as the cover of a Japanese umbrella. Such foreigners as are here who get their incomes from America are rich through the fall of silver, and they now get two dollars for every one that is sent out to them from home. I made out a draft of \$100 on my New York letter of credit at the bank this morning, and got \$208 for it, and the money I have brought with me has doubled in value. This makes traveling comparatively cheap, and though I have been paying \$1 a day at the Grand Hotel in Yokohama, it really costs me only two.

The treaties with Japan prohibit her from charging more than five per cent. duty, and labor is worth so little that one could come across the Pacific and save the expenses of the trip by laying in a stock of clothing for himself and his family. The tailors are Chinese, but they give you good cuts, and you



GOING TO A FIRE IN TOKIO.

do not need to pay if the clothes do not fit you. You can get a good business suit of English goods, made to order, for about ten American dollars. Patent leather shoes, made to order, cost \$2.50, and a fur-lined overcoat, with beaver collar and cuffs, can be bought for about \$30 in gold. You could not buy the cloth, to say nothing of the fur linings, for that amount in America. Ladies' dresses are equally cheap, and you get wonderfully embroidered gowns of silk crepe for less than the ordinary street dress costs you in the United States.

This reduction in silver makes a wonderful profit for our missionaries

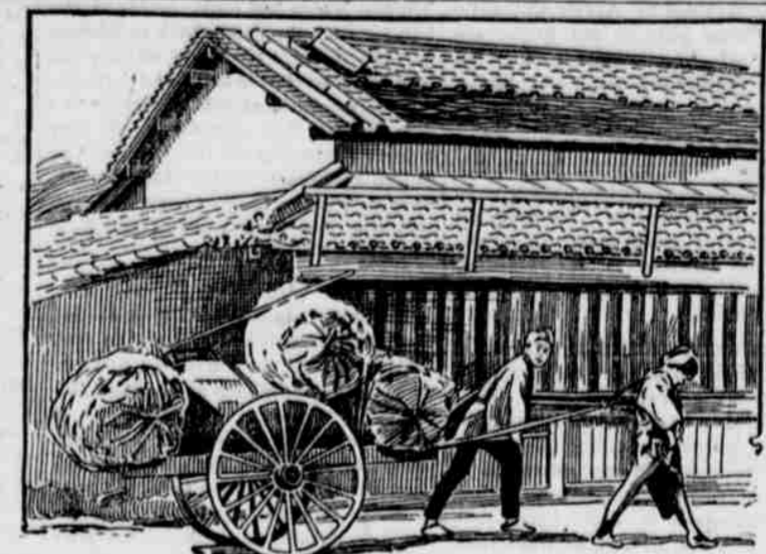


A PAIR OF JAPANESE BEAUTIES.

and diplomats. A missionary who is getting a thousand dollars a year has now two thousand dollars to spend. The American Minister to Japan, who receives, if my memory serves me, \$12,000 annually, gets at least \$24,000 worth of value out of it, and the salaries of all our consuls are practically doubled by the change. An American family living on a fixed income at home could now come to Japan and have twice the comforts for half the money, and I am surprised at the wonderful cheapness of all sorts of eatables from cabbage to champagne.

I took an interpreter with me to the market this morning and spent some hours in finding out the prices of the necessities of life. I found the articles sold fully as good and in most cases superior to those you find in America, and the prices were from one-tenth to one-half those we pay. I have reduced them from the silver to the gold basis and give you a few of them. Meats are very high, as the Japanese do not use them; they are chiefly demanded by foreigners. I

found that fine rib roast of beef cost eight cents per pound, and was shown veal and bacon at ten cents. Chickens are worth from seven to twenty cents apiece. You buy teal ducks for eight cents each, and eggs are worth from six to ten cents a dozen. Quail cost from six to seven cents. Reed birds, sixteen cents a dozen and snipe five cents each. Think of it! A good snipe for a nickel. All fish are sold when they are alive or still kicking. Lobsters run from a half cent to five cents apiece. Fine fresh mackerel bring from one to four cents, and sole from two to ten. You can get perch as low as two cents each, and tai fish, the best fish in Japan, at from five



THE JAPANESE SUBSTITUTE FOR HORSES.

cents to fifty cents, according to size. Oysters are worth twelve cents a gallon, and eels bring ten cents a pound. As to vegetables, they are sold in most cases by the pound, ranging from half a cent upward. Cabbages bring from one to three cents each. Lettuce about a quarter of a cent a bunch and radishes about the same. You get a fine cauliflower for from eight to ten cents, and fresh mushrooms cost five cents a pound.

Servants are very cheap and very good. The foreign housewife has nothing to do and she lives like a queen. The Japanese cooks are far better than ours, and \$20 a month will pay the board and salaries of the help of an eight room house. I have a friend who lives as well here as many a millionaire does in the United States and he does not expend more than this amount. He pays his cook \$5 a month. His butler gets \$2.50 and his gardener and second girl get about the same. These servants all board themselves and the cook does the marketing. His rent costs him less than \$20 a month, though he lives in one of the best parts of Japan, and he could have a coachman at \$5 more. He has no trouble about getting good servants, and he tells me they watch after his interests and see that he is not cheated by any one else but themselves. I predict that the time will come when many American families with fixed but comparatively limited incomes will come to Japan instead of going to Europe as they are now doing.

As to the living of the Japanese, they pay still less, and these forty millions of people could exist well on what America wastes. Only a few of the middle classes have more than

with babies so fastened upon them, taking care of them. Such girls, when employed outside of their own families, get their board and clothing and a present now and then. A woman who works in a tea factory will often pay a cent a day to have her baby thus cared for.

Out in the country the wages are even lower, and there are parts of Japan where the women do not get more than ten cents in silver a day, or about a nickel of our money. Women dig up the ground with long spadelike mattocks, and I visited a tea-firing establishment yesterday, where I saw about 100 girls bending over hot oven-like pans and rubbing the green

leaves of the tea around in them, while the perspiration rolled down their cheeks and now and then dropped into the dainty mixture, which was being prepared for American breakfast tables. I asked as to their hours and their wages, and I was told that they worked from daybreak to sunset, and that they got the enormous wages of from thirty to forty cents a day in silver.

I see men everywhere I go carrying loads that the ordinary American could not lift, and they do the work of both horses and men. There are few horses used, and many of the carts are pushed and pulled by women and men. I saw a woman breaking stones



A JAPANESE NURSE.

for the roads this afternoon, and I was told that she got about ten of our cents for twelve hours' work. She sat bareheaded and barefooted on the stones and pounded away with a hammer, breaking the rocks into pieces. As I watched her, two Japanese men in blue cotton gowns passed by, carrying a stone weighing about 400 pounds, which was tied by a rope to a pole which rested on their shoulders, and a third man pushed past them with a load of long boards on his back.

There are no such things as stone boats and lumber wagons in Japan, and human labor takes the place of steam and horses. There are no lumber mills in the country, and logs are sawed into boards by hand. A lumber yard consists of a lot of boards tied up into bundles containing about five or six boards six inches wide and half an inch thick, and usually about twelve feet in length, and it is of such lumber that the most of the Japanese houses are made. The heaviest of the rafters of the temples are sawed out by hand, and it is by men that they are carried up and put into place.

The roof of a Japanese house is put on before the walls are fitted in, and there is a big scaffolding made of the height of the proposed structure and running all around it before the work of putting up the house begins. The scaffolding is made of bamboo poles tied together with ropes of straw, and the men who put it up have nothing to do with erecting the building itself.

Almost all of the Japanese houses are of wood. They are built close together in the towns and cities, and a fire sometimes sweeps them away by thousands. It is said that Tokio burns down every seven years, and fires which destroy a thousand houses are not uncommon. There are now steam fire engines in the large cities and all of the smaller places have fire departments and hand engines.

The Japanese go wild whenever there is a fire in the neighborhood. They turn out en masse, each carrying a paper lantern, upon which is painted the name of his house or his business place, and rush toward it. They have lanterns hung up in their houses, ready to run out with them to fires, and it is a matter of etiquette if you have a friend in the neighborhood of the conflagration to call and leave your card and tell him that you came to help him, thinking the house which was burning was his, and to leave your card, with congratulations that he escaped.

The firemen themselves carry

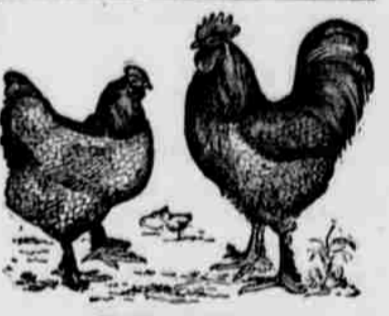
lanterns, and they yell as they run. Each fire company has a leader, who carries a lantern fastened to the top of a long pole and ornamented with streamers of paper. He climbs with this to the roof of the building which is on fire and directs the men, and he is expected to stay at his post until these streamers catch fire. The firemen of Yokohama have blue hats, like better bowls, and on their backs are the characters which mean Yokohama fire brigade. The country firemen tie a handkerchief on their heads, and are more often barefooted than otherwise.

Until lately there was no such thing as a fire insurance company in Japan. Now there are several, and they are doing well. There are no foreign companies, and the insurance companies of other countries confine their risks here to life.

Black Langshans.

The Langshan is a Chinese breed of fowls which has been known and appreciated in England for the last twenty-five years, though their introduction into this country is comparatively recent.

The Langshan is a strikingly handsome as well as a most useful fowl. In color they are jet black, with a beautiful greenish tint on neck and back. The male carries himself well up and has a well spread tail, with long sickle feathers also of a green tint. The average weight of the cocks is from nine to ten pounds, while the hens weigh about eight pounds. They are the most rapid growers among the Asiatic breeds, and resemble the black Cochins in many respects. They are active, mature early, lay well and are good sitters and mothers. They are much less inclined to sit than the other Asiatic breeds.



BLACK LANGSHAN.

The flesh of the Langshans is white and they have a very thin, white skin, which causes them to be regarded, most unjustly, as second rate poultry in those markets where golden yellow carcasses are in demand. They begin to lay at about five months old, the eggs being of a good size, generally of a rich brown color, and it is claimed, the best flavored of all eggs. As winter layers they are equal to the Brahmas, whom they rival in many other respects. The Langshans stand confinement better than most breeds, are quiet, gentle, and very hardy. As table fowls, the pure Langshan is equalled only by the Dorking and some varieties of game.—New York World.

Physical Exercise Always Popular.

All authorities that have treated on longevity place exercise, moderate and regularly taken, as one of the main factors of a long life. That there are many exceptions does not alter the fact that physical exercise is as useful in keeping one healthy as it is to prolong life. Good walkers are seldom sick, and the same may be said of persons who daily take a certain prescribed amount of exercise. Exercise is both a preventive and remedial measure. In my own practice I have seen a case of persistent transpiration that followed the least bodily effort, and which annoyed and debilitated the person at night—this being a condition left after a severe illness—disappear as if by magic after a day or two of exercise on a bicycle. Pliny relates that a Greek physician who took up his residence in Rome was wont publicly to declare that he was willing to be considered a charlatan if at any time he should ever fall ill, or if he failed to die of any other disease but old age. Celsus, in speaking of the same physician, observes that his faith in the benefit to be derived from exercise was so great that he had in a great measure abandoned the administration of internal remedies, depending mostly on hygienic measures and exercises. As an evidence of the correctness of his views, Pliny tells us that this physician lived to be a centenarian, and then only died from an accident.—Popular Review.

Not So Funny, After All.



—Judge.