

### SHUTTERS.

When you are darkened, and your fate deplore,  
Rise—seek to make the sum of sorrow less;  
And life's true meaning, unperceived before,  
Will dawn from out the new usefulness.  
Shutters of self close the complainer's view;  
But some small action for another's weal  
Will stir their hinges, and a ray break through  
Which shall a glimpse of Duty's face reveal.  
Each earnest service for humanity  
Will set self's shutters more and more ajar;  
Flooded with God's own light the soul will be,  
When thrust wide open with good deeds they are.  
—Charlotte Fisk Bates, in Harper's Bazar.

### THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

**M**R. VANDERVELDT'S wife and daughter had gone to the theatre, and the city man had been dining alone, having arrived home rather late, with a beaming countenance and a bulged pocket. He was lazily following with half-closed eyes the wreaths of cigar smoke which floated out through the open French window, when a rap fell upon the door of the room.

"Come in," said Mr. Vanderveldt, still following the dissolving smoke with his sleepy gaze.

"I am a gentleman, sir, there's a person in the passage who would like to see you in private; and, please, she says it's very pertic'lar."

"You are the owner of this house, sir, I believe," said the seedy-looking man, stuffing his one glove into his trousers pocket.

"What right have you to ask?"

"Ah! my garden! What do you want to know for?"

"You will very soon find out, sir," said the man, who was a very cool kind of a customer, producing a piece of paste-board as he spoke, and thrusting it into the city man's hand.

"That is my name, sir," and he bowed. Just Mr. Vanderveldt gazed at the card.

"Mr. Stephen Priddy," he murmured.

"This house and garden is your property now," cried Mr. Priddy, with certain air of earnestness, "and, therefore, any treasure—"

"I suggested burying the gold in the garden for the night. She jumped at the idea, and begged me to carry it out. Accordingly, I procured an empty box, placed the bag of money in it, dug a hole in the soil and hid it."

"The old lady then went calmly to bed, but when next morning came she was discovered dead, stone dead, sir. Heart disease, the doctors called it."

"Well, this was a pretty considerable shock to me, as you may suppose, and drove all recollection of the buried money clean out of my head for the time being."

"Well, sir," he continued, "it happened, owing to circumstances which I cannot very concisely recall now—it being, as you say, twenty years ago since the thing occurred—that I was obliged to leave this house on the day following the decease of my old lady relative. I went away, still forgetting all about the money that I had buried."

"My motive in calling this evening is just to inform you that the money still lies hidden where I buried it with my own hands twenty years ago. It is yours now, sir, as, alas! this old house is, too," and the dirty-faced man threw what was intended to be a pathetic glance around the room, his eyes lingering especially long upon the dinner table.

"But," said Mr. Vanderveldt, throwing the end of his cigar out through the open window, "why did you not return yourself years and years ago to dig up your buried treasure?"

"A month after I hid it I sailed for Australia, and I only returned to England a few weeks ago," promptly replied the seedy man.

"Then what makes you come to me now?" continued the city gentleman.

"People are not usually so honest. Why did you not come in the night and dig up the money yourself, and quietly carry it off?"

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Priddy,

with a proud smile, "I am a gentleman, despite my present humiliating condition. I would scorn to take that which no longer rightfully belongs to me. To put the matter on a business footing, what will you give me to show you exactly the whereabouts of the money?"

"Why," said Mr. Vanderveldt, an expression of perplexity coming into his stolid countenance, "I don't know what to say. How do I know you are not a swindler, for instance?"

"Oh, as to that," replied Mr. Priddy, with a superior smile, "give me a shovel and I will reassure you at once."

"Good," replied the city gentleman, rising. "There is still light to see by. Lead the way, sir."

"Hold! the bargain!" said the seedy man, picking up his hat and halting upon the threshold. "If the money is there I take half. Is that fair?"

"It will be quite fair if the money is there," said Mr. Vanderveldt.

Mr. Priddy took the shovel, and, carrying it in his hand, walked straight to the large oval plot in the middle of the green, pausing to gaze about him when he arrived on the edge of it, as though to get his correct bearings.

Mr. Priddy then fell to digging. The earth was moist, and the large, brown sods were easily turned.

Mr. Vanderveldt, regardless of the flying mould, drew to the edge of the plot and stood staring with expectant gaze down into the slowly deepening hole.

Suddenly the blade of the shovel smote something hard, and there was a slight sound of the splintering of wood. Mr. Priddy redoubled his efforts without a word. Mr. Vanderveldt gave vent to a deep "ah!"

In another moment a small square box was disclosed to view, the wood of it discolored almost to the hue of the clay soil, which still adhered in lumps to it.

"For heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Vanderveldt, fairly overcome with excitement, "let us go in the house and divide the money, man—the money!"

The city man, with trembling hand, lighted the gas. Mr. Priddy took up the door mat and very carefully deposited the befoond box upon it. The shovel had scattered the fragile lid, and with the aid of a carving knife he speedily pried open the splintered fragments. Then, putting in his hand, he drew forth a small red canvas bag, nearly round in shape, and tightly bound with a cord at the mouth.

"Cut it!" cried the portly city gentleman, thrusting a knife into Mr. Priddy's hand, when that worthy had been calmly trying to undo the knot for about three minutes.

"I trust you are no longer inclined to question the motive of my visit?" said the seedy man, passing the keen blade through the string.

"Oh, hang it, no! There, open, do! Ah!"

A large heap of glittering gold rolled out upon the snowy tablecloth as Mr. Priddy turned the canvas bag upside down.

Both men stood regarding it for a moment in silence; then Mr. Vanderveldt's fat hand wandered mechanically towards the little pile, and he fell to counting.

"Ah, that's right!" said Mr. Priddy. "See how much we have here."

"Five hundred dollars," announced the city man, after a long interval of silence.

"Good. I thought as much. Two-fifty each. A good night's work, Mr. Vanderveldt."

"My friend, you have behaved like a gentleman. The money was all within your grasp, yet you chose to say: 'No, it belongs to the owner of the house!' Give me your hand, Mr. Priddy!"

"And now let us divide!" continued the city man.

"Stay!" One little favor, Mr. Vanderveldt. Two hundred and fifty dollars in gold is no light weight. Would you give me paper for the amount, your check or notes?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Vanderveldt, and going to a desk he unlocked it, drew forth a check-book, and filling in a check for the amount handed it to the seedy man, who, with the greatest sang froid imaginable, placed it in the breast-pocket of his shabby jacket.

The two men sat awhile smoking and chatting, and then Mr. Priddy took his leave and departed.

Again Mr. Vanderveldt sat after dinner complacently surveying his garden, this time in the company of his wife and daughter. Again there came a tap at the door, again the servant maid announced a visitor, and again she was directed to show him in.

A tall man in a frock coat entered, bowing very politely to nobody in particular, in a manner peculiar to shop walkers.

Mrs. Vanderveldt instantly recognized him as Mr. Mercer, the silk merchant, to whom she was under various pecuniary obligations.

"Very sorry to trouble you, sir, at this unseasonable hour," said Mr. Mercer, with an apologetic glance at the tablecloth. "Do you remember settling a little account of mine this morning, sir?"

"I gave you eight eagles," said Mrs. Vanderveldt.

paid me, sir—are all of them counterfeit coins?"

Mr. Vanderveldt turned pale. He had taken the coins from the heap of gold which the seedy man had dug up the previous night.

For a couple of minutes he sat in silence, staring vacantly at the shopman before him. Suddenly there was another rap on the door, and almost before he could reply, a stout little man bounced into the room.

"I beg pardon for intruding," cried he, in a coarse, excited voice, "but are you aware, Mr. Vanderveldt, sir, that that there money you paid me in discharge of my account this afternoon was all bad?" And he threw down five eagles close to the silk merchant's little heap.

The two tradesmen exchanged looks. The confusion of Mr. Vanderveldt's mind rendered his stolid countenance more miserable than ever.

A vague suspicion was slowly taking form in his mind. He rose and went to his desk, from which he laboriously drew forth the red canvas bag containing the residue of the previous night's windfall.

He emptied upon the table, and taking coins from the heap at random, he sounded them upon the table. They all fell dead as lead.

"Ha!" whispered the stout little man to the urbane silk merchant, "looks rummy, don't it?"

Mrs. Vanderveldt came to the rescue magnificently. She took in with the full grasp of her woman's mind the significance of the mistake which had occurred, and which, unless dextrously explained, would ruin her husband's reputation.

"My goodness, Corney!" said she to her stupefied husband, as she examined the coins under the gaslight. "Do you know what you have done? You have been paying accounts with the card counters?"

And she forced a spasmodic little laugh. Then, turning to the two trades people, she said calmly:

"My husband has been subject to fits of absent-mindedness of late. He has been working too hard. I must ask you to excuse this stupid blunder, and if you will send in your bills afresh they shall be paid without delay."

The people accepted the explanation without a word, bowed one after another, and quitted the room. Mr. Cornelius Vanderveldt, with a little groan, sank back into his armchair.

Suddenly, however, he struck his massive brow a prodigious slap, and sprang erect.

"That scoundrel!" he roared, "he has got my check for \$250.—London Tid-Bits.

### The Vanishing Woman.

A juggler stepped at Madras on to the deck of a Peninsula and Oriental Company's steamer, and offered the company assembled, who were lounging about highly bored by the old method of cooling, if they would subscribe, to show them something better than common juggling. The collection, of course, was forthcoming at once; he cleared a space on the deck, and told his wife to lie down. The young woman, who may have weighed seven stone, but more probably six, lay down, and her husband placed over her a shallow, flat basket, with a handle at the back, exactly resembling the baskets used for vegetables in East Anglia and called a "frail."

Then, with a light and graceful gesture, he took up the basket, and laid it down two or three feet off.

The woman had vanished, and the audible amazement seemed deeply to gratify the juggler.

Unfortunately, the writer, essentially an awkward man, in stepping back stepped on to the edge of the frail, and heard a little cry of pain. The whole thing had been a piece of superb acting. The young woman had learned to hook herself with her fingers and prehensile toes into the strong matwork forming the top of the frail, and the husband, a slight but powerful man, had learned to lift her as if he were lifting nothing but the basket. The writer, of course, said nothing about his awkwardness; the juggler, after one savage glance, said nothing either, and only two years ago the case was quoted as one of those only seen in India, and which, owing to the total absence of machinery, could not be explained away.

—The Spectator.

### Queer Kid Documents.

A new glove is, of course, always a permissible topic for feminine gossip. In the absence of the moment, however, of any special novelty in the way of gants from Paris or Grenoble, Brussels or Copenhagen, or even Worcester, it is perhaps worth noticing that a new use has been found for old gloves. All who may be smitten with a psychological mania that chirography, capillogy, scarpology and graphology have separately or collectively failed to satisfy, have now before them a new article known as "manicology."

All they have to do is to dispatch a pair of old gloves—and a few postage stamps—to the manicologist, and this enterprising gentleman will help them to "know where they are." Your manicologist is a clever fellow. He claims that after gloves have got thoroughly "set" to the shape of the hands they have become documents bearing witness to their wearer's character, disposition and "prospects in life"—documents written in a sort of universal and yet mysterious language, with which only the manicologist is as yet acquainted.—New York Journal.

According to his daughter, Lady Betty Balfour, Lord Lytton was unpopular because of his versatility. The public would not believe that any man could be a great viceroys of India and at the same time a great poet.

### 17-YEAR LOCUSTS.

#### CURIOUS HABITS OF THESE NOISY LITTLE INSECTS.

The Impression That They Are Destructive to Vegetation is Wrong—How They Make a Noise.

**A** CURIOUS fly, belonging to the family of the Cicadariae and the sub-order of Hemiptera, or half-winged or gauze-winged insect, is now making the residents of a large territory miserable by its monotonous screeching. Fortunately, it goes to sleep at night, or the plague would be as unbearable as that of the ancient Egyptians. This insect is commonly known as the seventeen-year locust, for the reason, possibly, that there is a common custom of calling things by names that do not belong to them. For this is not a locust, which is a member of quite a different family, known as Orthoptera, and is so closely related to the common grasshopper as to be taken for it by all but scientific people.

Every summer the song of the harvest fly is heard sung to his mate, who, unlike other females, has no voice of her own, and is content to live a quiet

life and make no noise in the world. This song is made up of one long-drawn-out note, shrill but soft at first, gradually increasing in its crescendo, and maintained for a few seconds, when it gradually loses its force and subsides into a low note until it is heard no more, until, at an interval of a minute or so, it begins again, and so continues the whole day long.

This sound is the effect of a vibrating septum drawn tightly over a frame like a semi-globular drum, or, in fact, a pair of them, under the wings of the insect, and this membrane, acted upon probably by air drawn in and forced out of the drum, makes the strident sound uttered by this insect.

This sound is the effect of several hundred vibrations of the parchment-like septum per second. It may be bearable by strong nerves when there are but a few in the concert, but when there are millions in it, and the performers occupy every branch and twig of every tree and bush for miles around, the hubbub is indescribable, except as a sound that shakes the ground and pervades the whole air, drowning one's voice and deafening the ear. Fortunately, it comes but once in seventeen years.

Its last appearance was in 1877, when it extended from Troy, on the Hudson, through Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the District of Columbia. It has again returned in due time, has completed its term of imprisonment and come to perpetuate its race and revisit the scenes of its birth. For it has not been far away. It has been quietly feeding upon the roots of the apple and the oak trees, probably never straying from its first selected tree, doing no harm, but fulfilling its curious purpose in nature of making up for seventeen years of silence by a terrible din when it gets the chance. And then it dies happy.

It is a stout-bodied insect, with broad gauze wings, as may be seen in the illustration. It is far better looking in its few days of maturity than in



Fig. 2—Newly-hatched larva.  
Fig. 3—Pupa.  
Fig. 5—Egg deposited on a twig.  
Fig. 6—Empty pupa case.

tion. Doubtless the moles in their burrowing find and devour them in great numbers and thus keep them in safe subjection.

The grubs stay near the surface, not descending more than six or eight feet, making circuitous burrows with their strong forefeet, well adapted for this



FLY, SHOWING THE DRUM.

purpose. As soon as they reach a root they follow it, feeding on it as they go, and changing from root to root as they find it necessary for fresh supplies. Doubtless the damaged roots die, and are replaced by new ones, without much injury to the trees. Thus they live and await the stage of maturity. As this approaches they gradually work to the surface, burrowing their way and filling the passages behind them with the earth dug out in front. This is perceived by the discolored earth filling the burrow behind the insect, and the last place of rest, where it makes its transformation, is only a few inches in length, close to the surface of the ground and lined with a sort of cement, covered with a waterproof varnish, to make it dry and comfortable. On warm, sunny days the insects have been found peeping forth, as if curiously surveying their future scene of life and gathering information about it. It has been observed by Mr. Rathvon, a skillful entomologist, that when the ground happens to be wet these insects, impelled by instinct, build up a burrow, projecting above the surface, in which they take refuge when the ground may be overflowed by a heavy rain. This is seen in the illustration.

When the proper time, which Solomon tells us every creature knows by natural intuition, comes, the mature insect, fully provided with wings, crawls out of the ground, always at night, and seeks a tree, up which it creeps and fastens itself by its strong, sharp claws. Then it is a soft, whitish grub of the shape shown. In this condition the skin dries, cracks and

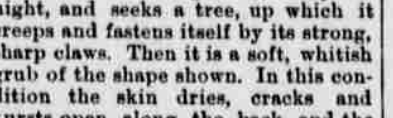
turns open along the back, and the perfect cicada creeps out through the rent, leaving the empty shell still adhering to the tree as a semi-transparent, parchment like skin. Then it emerges into the air and, after a few preliminary attempts to spread its wings, by which they are stiffened and dried, the fly rises in the air with a strong, swift flight, and, selecting its temporary home in which to pass the few days of its perfect stage, proceeds

to active business. The female, hearing the call of its mate, selects its partner and makes preparations for depositing its eggs. This is done on the small branches of the trees, the eggs being deposited in neat double rows parallel, and arranged, as shown, up and down the bark. Many such rows are made on each twig, so that the majority of them dry and die, leaving the tree often bare and dead, apparently, but wholly so as to the injured branches and twigs. The fly is not known to feed in this stage, but simply performs its parental functions and then dies.

The letter "W" is quite plainly marked on forewings of the mature insect, and some superstitious persons have greatly alarmed themselves, most unnecessarily, by thinking this meant war. Others, more sensible, think it means warm weather, and prepare their thin clothing for immediate use. Other persons have feared that these insects may sting, and carefully avoid handling them. As they have no sting, and are only armed with a beak for sucking, which, however, is never used by the perfect fly, such fears are groundless. There is nothing poisonous about them, and, like some other noisy animals, their bark is worse than their bite, if this may be said of a creature that cannot bite.

This periodical insect does not appear all over the country at once, but each locality has its different period. Next year it is due in Missouri, Iowa and Illinois. Some persons have thought that it was this fly that made the plague that so much worried the ancient Egyptians in the time of Moses, and, indeed, it might well be called a plague, if the whole country were swarming with these screeching, noisy creatures, formidable in their appearance and dreadful to the ignorant by their sudden and overwhelming possession of the land.

Few persons would think for a moment that this large and conspicuous fly could be a close relation to that minute and insignificant creature, the plant louse, which may be seen sucking the sap from the fresh, succulent young growth of the roses and other plants, or which are found so numerous on the leaves of cabbages; soft, dusty-looking creatures they are, gathered in masses and busy sucking, the sap from the leaves. The common chinich bug, is another close re-



ABOVE-SURFACE BURROWS OF THE FLY.

lation of the harvest fly and this cicada, and so is that bloodthirsty insect that disturbs us in the watches of the night and murders sleep as it bites its victims and sucks their blood. The cicada is a sort of half brother of these bugs or sucking insects, and if it feeds at all during its mature stage it does so by suction, by means of its sharp proboscis, seen in its portrait.

There are several varieties of this insect. One is an annual, appearing every year in the summer, mostly in June. Another appears in the autumn and lays its eggs on the goldenrod. Another comes in the dog days, and is thus named the dog-day harvest fly, or cicada. In all, there are twenty-two varieties known to entomologists, of which three are periodical, one appearing every seventh year, and another every thirteenth, and this which is here described is the seventeen-year variety.—New York Times.

### A Coronation Chair.

Who can determine which is the throne of Great Britain? Is it the stone coronation chair of King Edward the Confessor, in which every sovereign who has reigned over England during the last thousand years has been crowned? Is it the gorgeous chair of state which occupies the centre of the dais in the House of Lords, or that queer kind of music-stool arrangement on which the Queen half sits, half leans, when she presides at the Drawingrooms held at

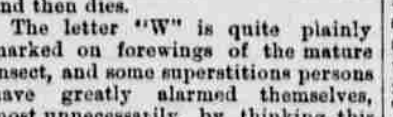


CORONATION CHAIR OF ENGLAND'S KING.

Buckingham Palace? Or is it, perhaps, the gilt armchair on which she takes her place when she accords audience to foreign envoys at Windsor for the purpose of receiving either their letters of credence or recall? Not one of these seats can claim the exclusive right to describe itself as the throne of England, though were they forced to choose, most people would be inclined to accord the title to the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. And yet it is only used once in a lifetime by each of the English sovereigns, namely, on the day when they are invested with the crown by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, in the presence of the Peers, of the Parliament and of the great officers of the realm. There is only one sovereign in English history who has sat twice in that seat, and that is Queen Victoria, the second occasion having been the jubilee anniversary of her accession. The chair is familiar to every American who has visited Westminster Abbey, and the venerable relic is, to my mind, infinitely more imposing and impressive in its simple grandeur than the somewhat gaudy chair of state in the House of Lords, surmounted by its highly decorative canopy, which is panelled in the most intricate and rococo manner with roses, shamrocks, thistles, lions passant, unicorns and, in fact, all the heraldic emblems of Great Britain and Ireland. This chair itself is made of wood, gold, ivory and silver. The royal coat of arms is carved and gilded on the back, while the arms of the chair are serpentine creations terminating in a pair of lion's maws. Some idea of its intrinsic value may be gained when it is stated that the cloth of gold with which it is upholstered cost in the neighborhood of \$5000.—New York Tribune.

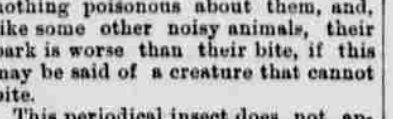
### Misses' Waist.

This handsome design has the full waist and sleeve puffs of pink crepon, the ripple skirt, bretelles, belt, collar and lower sleeve portions being of pink and black changeable brocade, trimmed on the loose edges with black guipure insertion over pink satin ribbon. It is also suitable for pretty



cotton wash fabrics, batiste, chambray, lawn, etc., the ruffles being edged with narrow embroidery or lace.

If Texas were laid down in Europe, it might be so placed as to include the capitals of England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria and Germany.



MISSES' WAIST.