

Madrigal of Love.

If every rose has its thorn,
I wonder where is this;
If this heart's love could find it,
I'd claim it, dear, as mine;
And in my heart I'd wear it
To relieve you of its pain,
And wish you'd never ask it
Back from me again.

If every star that shines, dear,
In God's fair, purpling skies,
Would add its glorious beauty
To the lustre of thine eyes,
To me you'd not be fatter,
O, nest love of my heart;
Ah, thou art not of earth, dear,
But of heaven itself a part.

If every bird that sings, dear,
With passion in its breast,
Would sing his songs for you, dear,
And brought unto you rest,
I'd wish their tenderest music
Would whisper unto thee,
That I loved you and only you,
For all eternity.

—THOMAS H. DAWSON, in Detroit Free Press.

ULRICA.

"Ulrica! Ulrica! ain't it time to put the kettle on?"

Old Mrs. Hopwood, in her wheeled chair by the window, was watching the clock, with now and then a glance at the yellow line of sunshine that crept along the floor, while her knitting lay idly in her lap.

Ulrica paid no attention to her words, but walked straight to the little looking-glass that hung above the cherry table, and stared intently into its depths.

"Granny," she burst out, "why am I different from other girls?"

"Child, what on earth do you mean?"

Ulrica shook the tawny locks from her sun-burned forehead, and flashed the great inquiring eyes into her grandmother's face.

"I don't know," said she, "but when I go into the village every one looks at me. Kate Linley calls me 'that wild gipsy,' and just now, when I was picking dandelion greens along the road, I chanced to look up, and there was that artist from Philadelphia coolly sketching me. 'Please stand still for just another minute,' said he, exactly as if I was a stick or a stone."

"And what did you say?"

"Just nothing at all. I came flying into the house, and left him standing by the gate."

"It's because we're poor, child," said Mrs. Hopwood, sorrowfully.

Once more the long, blue-gray eyes flashed.

"Is it a crime to be poor?"

"Well—no; but don't you see, Ulrica, that you can't dress like Miss Linley, or go to boarding-school like Dr. Mason's daughter?"

"But why?" persisted Ulrica, pacing up and down the room like a young lioness. "Why are we poor?"

"Well, your grandfather wasn't no manager," crooned the old dame. "He was always lendin' money to help other people, and he never seemed to get it back ag'in, and your father hadn't no faculty. The Hopwoods always was unlicky, and when he hurt his hand in Milo Stevens' stoneyard and couldn't work no more, every-thing went to rack and ruin. Why, child, what be you a-cryin' for?"

"I—don't—know!" sobbed poor Ulrica. "I wish I was like other folks. I'm tired of wearing old faded gowns and shoes all burst out at the side. I'm tired of people calling me 'that graveyard girl!'"

And she glanced vindictively out at the white gravestones and gray marble shafts on the hillside opposite the window.

"Don't talk so foolishly, child," said Mrs. Hopwood, picking up the dropped stitches in her knitting work. "We get our rent that way, looking after the cemetery gates and keeping the grass cut. And it's a very nice little house. You always used to like to play in the graveyard."

"That was when I was a little girl," said Ulrica. "I didn't know any better then."

"Run and shut the gate," said Mrs. Hopwood. "There's Mr. Smith's red cow comin' down the road. Them cows is always so greedy arter the high, thick grass. And there's the tulip bulbs Widow Graw wanted planted in her lot!"

"Let her plant them herself," said Ulrica, straightening her slim figure and going diligently to work to get the old woman's dinner.

Mrs. Hopwood looked wistfully at her as she knitted on. Yes, it was quite true. She only wondered she had not noticed it before. Ulrica was unlike the other girls of Willowfield. She was like a disguised princess, or one of the royal red roses that grew so rankly in the cemetery beyond.

But in spite of her rebellious words, Ulrica did plant the Widow Graw's tulip bulbs. It would not do to offend the trustees of the cemetery.

Granny Hopwood was old, and they had no other home. One of these days, perhaps—and a strange, soft light sparkled into the girl's eyes—one of these days!

The sunset was reddening the old gravestones as she planted the last bulb. Hush! Was not that the sound of footsteps on the path below? She drew back into the shadow of Deacon Holt's old vault where she had been used to play with her dolls as a child.

It was Willis Harron's voice, and it was Letitia Wynne that was at his side. Letitia, the very spoiled beauty that had once called her "that graveyard girl!"

"I would not have her see me planting flowers here for the world!" said Ulrica to herself, the rich pomegranate hue dyeing her cheeks.

And with a sudden inspiration, she lifted the rusty old latch of the discolored iron gate and took refuge in the ancient vault.

Almost the next minute Mr. Harron and Letitia came down the terrace to the very spot. From Ulrica's hiding place among the dead, she could look out into the world of sunset crimson and see the two slim young figures. She could see the wind blowing Letitia Wynne's fluffy brown curls about and the very glow of the red carnations in Willis Harron's coat.

"Somebody has been planting flowers on old Thomas Graw's grave!" cried Letitia. "It's the widow, I declare! How ridiculous! when all the world knows that she is just going to be married again to Captain Stilwell! But everything is in shocking disorder. Where's that girl that takes care of the graves? What a horrid business it must be! But they say she is only half civilized."

In her place of concealment, Ulrica felt the hot blood glow through her veins. She would have given the world to spring out and confront her slanderer, but she dared not.

Willis Harron turned short around and faced his fair companion. At the same time he faced the vault door also, and to Ulrica, shrinking back against the stone shelves, it seemed as if he actually looked into her eyes.

"Are you speaking of Miss Hopwood?" said he, coldly. "Perhaps, Letitia, I ought to tell you that Ulrica Hopwood is the girl of all girls whom I most admire in the world."

"You!" gasped Miss Wynne, so pale that even the red sunset could not light up the chalky whiteness of her face.

"And not only that," slowly went on Mr. Harron, "but I intend this very day to ask her to be my wife."

"Willis, you are not in earnest? That strange, eccentric girl?"

"That is the very reason," he said. "I love her because she is so unlike the other women—the shallow, selfish favorites of society whom I meet. And I assure you, Letty, I never was more in earnest in my life!"

And now it was that Ulrica Hopwood was amply avenged for all the slights and taunts she had suffered at the haughty beauty's hands.

Miss Wynne burst into a shower of tears.

"Willis," she cried, "I thought—I fancied—oh, I don't know what I thought! I am a little hysterical, I think, walking here among these dismal graves—or, perhaps, overtired. And all this is so sudden!"

In an instant, as it were, the sun dropped behind the horizon; the landscape, which but now had blushed the most celestial carmine, was dull and gray again.

The two pedestrians were gone, and Ulrica leaned her cheek against the stone ledge of Deacon Holt's last resting place, in a sort of delirium of happiness.

She looked around on the rows of graves, the solemn, arched vaults.

Was it possible that people could die and leave this happy, sunshiny world?

Oh, what a gust of pity overwhelmed her heart as she thought of all those, dead and buried, to whom life and love were but a forgotten dream! Her pulses whirled joyously; her eyes shone; a sort of rapture pervaded her whole being. It would almost seem as if her young vitality must inspire the dust of all those dead-and-gone people with a new life.

Old Mrs. Hopwood looked up as Ulrica came into the kitchen, where the gray remnant of daylight yet lingered—came in with both her hands full of sweet wild roses, whose color her own cheeks rivalled.

"Ulrica," said she, "I've been thinking. It is a lonesome life here by the graveyard. Perhaps we'll give it up and go to live with Betsy Dacy, north of the factory."

Ulrica stooped and kissed the withered forehead.

"Granny," said she, "I shall never

be unhappy again. Oh, I have been so wrong, so wicked—but I know better now!"

"I—don't—understand—you," said the old woman, looking with wondering eyes at her.

At the same moment, however, a knock came to the door. It was Willis Harron himself.

"What's he here for?" faltered the poor old woman. "Is it the interest? But, Mr. Harron, tell your father it ain't due until next month. Something may turn up between this and next month."

"It isn't about the interest," said Willis, quietly. "The interest doesn't matter, Mrs. Hopwood. I came to see—Ulrica."

By this time the girl had lighted the lamp in the other room, and stood there, flushed and beautiful, with a certain air of expectancy. And all of a sudden, Mrs. Hopwood comprehended it all.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she said to herself. "My pretty lassie! The wild roses in the graveyard—everybody that goes leans over to gather one—and now my rose is to be gathered. And Mr. Harron is a fine man, and he will give her a grand home—my little Ulrica."

So that she was not so much astonished as one would have supposed when, later in the evening, Ulrica came blissfully to tell her secret to the only mother she had ever known.

"And isn't it strange," said the girl, burying her face on granny's shoulder, "that he should have loved me because I am so different from other girls?"—Saturday Night.

Jackknives as Bait.

The Lancet takes occasion to cite various cases of extraordinary gormandizing. "There are," it says, "recorded instances of men who have devoured the whole of a sheep or of a sucking pig raw; and there is one at least of a man, an attendant at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, who ate the whole of a dead lion. Another Parisian, by name Tarrare, who made a livelihood by swallowing corks, pebbles, apples and such unconsidered trifles, would occasionally, to satisfy a bestial craving, eat a live cat, and appears finally to have taken to cannibalism. Francis Battalia, who ate half a peck of small stones with his beer every day, served as a soldier in the seventeenth century and refused other rations. The feats of John Cummings, an American sailor, at the beginning of this century, are as wonderful as any, and are generally received as authentic. It appears undoubted that this man swallowed thirty-five clasp knives and that, although in Guy's Hospital, he lived ten years with a considerable, though uncertain, number of clasp knives in his stomach."

A Horse Well Named.

It is said that the wife of a citizen of Boston was struck with the style of a horse attached to an express wagon that called at her residence, and begged her husband to purchase the animal for her coupe.

The indulgent husband consented, and in due time the horse well-groomed and handsomely harnessed to Madam's elegant coupe, was driven up to the door by the Hibernian coachman. Madam descended the steps of her mansion, and, looking admiringly at her new acquisition, said to the coachman, "I am going to call the new horse Rex, Michael—don't you think it is a good name?" Michael, looking critically at the beast, who had spent a good part of his life hitched to a wagon and hammering the pavement, replied:

"Wrecks, is it, Mum? Faith, judging from the fore legs av ul, I think he's well named."—Boston Bulletin.

An Alleged New Metal.

The low price of silver in Paris has stimulated the inventive genius of a manufacturer, who has consequently made a new metal by means of an alloy of copper and silver, using the successful portions of the two. He has really obtained an entirely new metal, one of a most extraordinary degree of strength, and most valuable for resisting sudden or long-sustained strains. There seems little doubt that the cost of production will not be so great as to prevent its large use in the future, even should silver greatly increase in value. To the low price of silver will be credited the idea of using it as an amalgam for a specially high class of metal.—London Court Journal.

Indiana's Laziest Man.

It is said that James Hole is so lazy that when registering or writing his name he simply writes J. and then punches a hole in the paper.—Vevay Twice-a-Week.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO CLEAN SATEENS.

Frenchsateens will clean beautifully by putting them into a lather of lukewarm soap-suds in which there has been a cupful of salt dissolved; rinse in water also having salt in it; dip in very thin starch and roll up in a clean sheet; in two hours iron on the wrong side.—New York Journal.

KITCHEN HINTS.

The kitchen ought to be by the most interesting room in the house and be the best furnished—in proportion, of course, and yet it is too often the case that it is the most dismal hole imaginable. Many house builders pay no attention to the location of the kitchen at all. They put it off in a lower dark corner, one that is too gloomy for any other purpose, and there the woman who does her own work has to spend two-thirds of her waking hours. The kitchen should be—for health's sake, if for no other—the brightest room in the house excepting only the nursery and the room where the children sleep. It should have every convenience for saving labor and steps and be well ventilated. It need not be a very large room if everything is compactly arranged in it, and it should have the walls lined with cupboard, built in the house. The sinks should not be inclosed, for if they are a bit damp they will get smelling bad in a very short time and nothing will ever overcome it. You will find on inquiry that in old houses where the kitchen is poked off under the back stoop and has but one window, facing on a wall up area, or north, the people of that house had always some member of the family sick. Microbes and infection love dark kitchens.—Washington Star.

RICE IN PLACE OF POTATOES.

An eastern woman, Mrs. Hanna Korany, of Syria, who has been in this country a year, thinks it absurd to eat potatoes every day.

"In American homes," she said to a New York writer, "it is potatoes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner—always and everywhere potatoes. Why do not these intelligent American housekeepers who manage and manage well, much besides their homes, and who are on the alert for every new philosophy and doctrine that can help them to better living, why do they not learn the value of rice, rice cooked as the restricted eastern woman can cook it, as a substitute of the everlasting potato?"

And then she tells how rice is cooked in the orient.

First, cautions the Syrian cook, rice must be washed thoroughly in four, five or six waters, until the final water is clear; then in a dry vessel put a piece of butter the size, perhaps, of a small egg to a cup of rice and heat until, as she says, "it is purified," but which may be taken as meaning until it is well melted and bubbling; then add the rice and mix it well with the butter.

Then salted water is generously added, and the rice is cooked slowly and without stirring until all the water is absorbed and it is tender.—Atlantic Constitution.

RECIPES.

Parsnip Fritters.—To half a dozen boiled mashed parsnips of medium size add two tablespoonfuls of flour, two eggs and a little pepper and salt. Form into small cakes and fry to a brown in a little hot suet or in butter.

Nutmeg Cookies.—Mix together a cup of white sugar, three-eighths of a cup of butter, a third of a cup of sour milk, one egg, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, plenty of grated nutmeg and enough flour to roll thin. Bake in a quick oven.

Pineapple Cake.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, three and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of cold water and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers, spread each layer with icing, then cover with grated or finely-chopped pineapple.

A Simple Salad Dressing.—Put the yolk of a raw egg in a soup plate with a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard. Turn the oil in at first, drop by drop, then in a thin stream, stirring all the time with a fork. If it gets too thick pour in a few drops of vinegar to thin it. The yolk of one egg will use up half a pint of oil.

Breakfast Muffins without Eggs.—Two cups flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, one and one-half cups milk, one tablespoonful butter melted; mix the dry ingredients, add the milk gradually and lastly the butter; beat vigorously and bake in a hot oven in muffin pans twenty to thirty minutes.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The song of the nightingale can be heard a mile distant.

A shock of earthquake is transmitted at the rate of 16,000 feet, or three miles a second.

A lilliputian electric light has been invented for the use of newspaper reporters. It is fastened to the top of a pencil.

Venus and the moon are exactly alike in one respect at least, each revolving on its axes in the same space of time taken to complete its orbit.

The silk of the great spider of Madagascar is fine, strong and elastic. It is used by the natives to fasten flowers to sunshades. A single female spider has been known to spin two miles of it in 25 years.

Some practical experiments are being made in Berlin with a view to ascertaining what food is most beneficial for the soldier and on what diet the best marching performances can be obtained.

Galton declares that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable throughout life, but that the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one in 64,000,000,000.

The scintillation of stars, according to a new theory suggested by S. E. Christian, is largely due to the constant passage between the earth and the stars of small meteoric bodies, which are now believed to be drifting in space in the immense numbers necessary to produce this effect.

Edward Whymper, the well known mountaineer, has offered to attempt the climbing of Mt. Everest, the world's loftiest peak. The great difficulty in the way of the trip to a height of 29,000 feet he believes to be that of getting \$25,000 or \$30,000 for establishing a series of resting stations.

Experiments are being conducted at the armory in Springfield, Mass., in the use of aluminum for the bayonet scabbards for the new rifle. While the metal works well in bending and is about 50 per cent lighter than the steel scabbard, no satisfactory method has been devised for soldering the edges together.

The best existing map of the moon's surface, one devoted expressly to the mountainous regions, shows 132,856 crater shaped projections, of which number upwards of 100,000 may be seen by aid of a telescope of medium power. The origin of the craters has been the object of much discussion of late among astronomers, it being the opinion of many eminent authorities that they were caused by the lunar surface (probably at a time when it was in a plastic state), being bombarded with aerolites or meteorites.

A Street Scene in Bombay.

A man clad only in a yellow scarf and turban opens a mouth stained with the vivid vermilion of betel juice to show that the mango seed just swallowed has already become a small tree with green leaves pushing toward the light.

A woman appears next upon the scene bringing a crying baby in a closed hamper of bamboo. A dozen swords are instantly thrust through the interstices amid the ear-piercing yells of the supposed victim, but as soon as the formidable blades are withdrawn the nine-lived infant tumbles out of the basket, and salams to the assembled audience, holding out her tiny brown hand for the well-deserved "backsheesh."

As the fun waxes fast and furious sundry quarrels and recriminations between the rival magicians attract the intervention of the native police, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," symbolized by red turban and blue tunic, soon disperse the performers, bag and baggage, hastening the enforced departure with unlimited kicks and thumps submissively received.—All the Year Round.

A Useful Alarm Clock.

One of the newest inventions among clockmakers is an electrical alarm clock, illuminated by an incandescent light. It consists of a small polished wood case, in which is a little electric battery. Immediately above the dial there is a tiny incandescent light, the reflector of which is set in such a position that the light is thrown upon the face of the clock. At the bottom of the box is a button, by pressing which the light is turned on so that a person may be able to know the time at any hour of the night.—New York Advertiser.

There is a greater proportionate number of men capable of bearing arms in the Northern and Western than in the Southern States.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are 370,000 acres under tea cultivation in British India.

In a well stocked hive there are from 15,000 to 20,000 working bees. The water line has risen twelve inches all around the Gulf of Mexico since 1850.

It has been calculated that there are at least 20,000 proverbs circulating among European nations alone.

Australian provincial officials keep poisoned grain in their offices for the benefit of farmers who wish to destroy small birds.

In Germany a merchant was recently fined heavily for using a quotation from the Bible at the head of an advertisement.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high and spread from 60,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvass.

According to a custom of Korea all loyal Koreans must wear a white hat for three years after the death of one of the royal family.

Out of 66 Irish kings who ruled between A. D. 4 and 1127, no fewer than 52 died of violent deaths, either in battle or by murder.

It is about 30 miles across town in London, and for that entire distance there is said to be an unbroken line of residences and stores.

The greatest fish eaters in the world are the Japanese. The eating of meat is nearly entirely confined to the rich, and even they use it sparingly.

Robert M. Loes, of Duluth, Minn., boasts of having remained in the hot room of a Turkish bath, at a temperature 132 degrees, for three hours.

The royal library of Nebuchadnezzar, recently unearthed at Babylon, contains innumerable tax lists and records of taxes paid and unpaid.

A lady at Maple Valley, N. Y., is raising in a cage an albino robin, which she found in the grass under a tree. Every feather is white, and its eyes are pink.

Mary Ellen Waymore, aged 11 years, weighs 32 pounds. She lives with her parents in Wagner's Falls, Pike County, Penn., and is bright and intelligent.

During the cyclone at Harrisonburg, Neb., a horse and buggy were picked up and carried 200 feet through the air. The horse was uninjured, but the tires of the buggy wheels were blown off.

The oldest chicken in the world is believed to be at Excelsior Springs, Mo. It is 14 years of age, blind in one eye and very decrepit, and it drools constantly from the left side of its bill, which is nearly all clipped away.

"Who Owes the Eyes?"

A pleasant way for a party of young people to entertain themselves at an informal gathering is for them to try to distinguish each other by seeing the eyes alone: Pin a shawl across the doorway about five feet from the floor. Cut two holes in a large sheet of wrapping paper, or a newspaper will answer the same purpose, which will show the eyes distinctly, but will not expose any other part of the face.

When the paper is pinned above the shawl, the company should be divided into two parties, one to remain in the room as spectators and guessers, the other to go "behind the scenes" (otherwise the shawl) as performers. If there are over half a dozen of the latter a line should be formed; the one at the head stands behind the mask so that his eyes are distinctly seen by those in the room, and another of the performers asks:

"Who owns the eyes?"

If a correct response is given the performers clap their hands. Then the one who has taken his turn goes to the foot of the line and number two takes his or her place behind the screen. After a time the parties change places and the fun is renewed.

A Veteran of 126 Years.

Our military veterans are rather commonplace beside the survivor of the Grande Armee who is still residing in the town of Saratoff. This old soldier, who recently celebrated his one hundred and twenty-sixth birthday, is a Frenchman named Nicholas Savin. He served as a lieutenant in the Russian campaign of 1812, and was taken prisoner at the crossing of the Beresina. Being imprisoned at Saratoff he never cared to leave the place, but remained as a teacher of French. He is said to be remarkably vigorous, notwithstanding his great age.—London Globe.

So varied is the climate of Mexico that all the products of the polar and the tropical regions can be raised there.