

THE GUEST.

From out the great world's rush and din
Their cabin is quiet;
The liner that's entered in,
And sat at rest.

Close on the wild tide of affairs
The gates were closed;
Afar the hungry host of cars
At last reposed.

Then through the dim doors of the past,
All pure of blame,
Came boyish memories floating fast—
His mother's name

"Ah! all this loud world tells the best
I'd give," he said,
"To feel her hand, on her dear breast
To lean my head.

"I cry within the crowded day,
That would be joy,
Could she but bear me far away,
Once more her boy."

Man's strength is weakness, after all—
He stood victorious;
None quite can still the heart's wild call,
None quite are blessed.

Across the face that knows no fear
A shade swept fast,
As if a following angel-hour
That moment passed.

The sacred silence of the room
Did softly stir,
A slender grace within the gloom
Of her, of her!

Out to the great world's rush and din
Has gone my guest;
The battle blouse, the praise men win
Are his—not his.

Far out amid the earth's turmoil
A strong man stands,
Uplift in triumph and in toils
In woman hands.

But who may lift with subtle wand
The nooks we wear?
I only know his mother's hand
Is on his hair.

I only know through all life's harms,
Through sin's alloy,
Somewhere, somewhere that mother's arms
Will reach her boy.

—Mary Clemens, in N. Y. Independent.

A HEROIC GIRL.

Miss Emma Richards, of Akron, a girl verging on 20 years of age, was with her mother visiting at the residence of Mr. Timothy Loomis, in Lodi, when a son of Timothy, surname Phineas, proposed that he should show her a small herd of deer that were kept in an inclosure on their premises. The young lady consented, and Phineas started into the brush to start them up, the young lady meanwhile standing at the gate to await the appearance of the menagerie. Suddenly she heard a cry of "murder" in the somewhat juvenile voice of Phineas. Never thinking of fear, Miss Richards started in the direction of the noise, and after going a few rods discovered the boy pinned to the earth, while and angry buck stood over him, with the prong of one horn through the flesh of the boy's side and, imbedded in the earth. She instantly grasped a club and went for Mr. Buck. He paid no attention to the first and second blows, but when she gave him the third crack he turned and went for her. Unable to ward off his approach with the club, she dropped it, and grasped him by the antlers, at the same time calling to the boy to rise and put for the fence. He was either too much hurt or too badly scared to mind her, and so, disengaging one hand, she lifted the boy to his feet, at the same time crowding the deer back with the other. Once on his pins young Phineas found his speed, and put for the fence like a streak of lightning on a copper rod, while the brave girl gave all her attention to Mr. Buck. It was a lively tussle, and it kept all her nerve and pluck to prevent her being thrown to the ground. Still holding on to the horns, she backed off gradually, and in that manner reached the fence, but not till her clothes were badly torn and her body was bruised again and again. At last, nearly exhausted, she reached the fence and succeeded in getting over it without receiving any serious injury. It was a close call, but the spunk that many a man could not have furnished won the day.—Cleveland Leader.

THE "PACKSADDLE."

The view upon this page represents a locality somewhat celebrated in days of primitive travel. It is situated upon what was then, and is now, one of the favorite routes to the central West, being very much the same that is now followed by the Pennsylvania railroad; in those days, however, the iron horse had not yet made its advent, and water was the means of transit. Leaving the valley of the Susquehanna, the traveler journeyed slowly and laboriously up the Juniata—fired by keel boat or canoe, after wards by canal boat—until its headwaters were reached. Here there was a portage of 20 or 30 miles across the Alleghany mountain summit to the waters of the Conemaugh, a bright little mountain stream which empties into the Alleghany some 30 miles above the junction of that river with the Ohio. Upon this Conemaugh river is situated the "Packsaddle," represented in our engraving. This was a point where the plucky little river, having forced its way through one of the outlying ranges of the great Alleghany chain, tumbled and foamed down through the gorge it had made in a style that forbade all attempts to pass it with any save the lightest of crafts. Keel-boats and, later on, canal-boats, coming either way, were compelled to stop and unload their freight on to the backs of mules or horses, and in this way it was carried on a well-beaten trail over the steep mountains, past the obstruction to the clear water on the other side. This was the origin of the name the "Packsaddle," which still clings to the locality, though the railroad has long since done away with the old water-travel, and an old-fashioned packsaddle would now be looked on in the neighborhood as a curiosity.

FASHION journals report that broad gusseted garters of the style worn in the time of James I. are coming into vogue. "Madam," said a gentleman to a lady who accidentally dropped one while passing out of a Broadway store, "you're losing your dog collar."

AN ECONOMICAL WIFE.

We had been out to the graveyard to bury Mrs. Pidgeon, and we were riding home in the carriage with the bereaved widower. While he nipped his eyes with his handkerchief he told us about her: "In one respect I never saw her equal. She was a manager. I've known the woman that's lying out there in the tomb to take an old pair of my trousers and cut them up for the boys. She'd make a splendid suit of clothes for both of them out of them old pants, get out stuff enough for a coat for the baby and a cap for Johnny, and have some left over for a rag carpet, besides making handkerchiefs out of the pocketings. Give her any old garment and it was as good as a gold mine. Why, she'd take a worn-out sock and make a brand new overcoat out of it, I believe. She had a turn for that kind of economy. There's one of my shirts that I bought in 1847 still going about making itself useful as window curtains and jan-talletter, and plenty of other things. Only last July our gridiron gave out, and she took it apart, and in two hours it was rigged as a splendid lightning-rod, all except what she made into a poker and an ice-pick. Ingenious? Why, she kept our family in buttons and whitens out of the ham bones she saved, and she made 15 princely chicken-coops from her old hoop-skirts and a pig-pen out of her used-up corset bones. She never wasted a solitary thing. Let a rat die around our house, and the first thing you knew Mary Jane'd have a muff and a set of furs, and I'd begin to find mince pies on the dinner-table. She'd stuff a feather bed with the feathers that she got off of one little bit of a rooster, and she'd even utilize the roaches in the kitchen so they'd run the churn

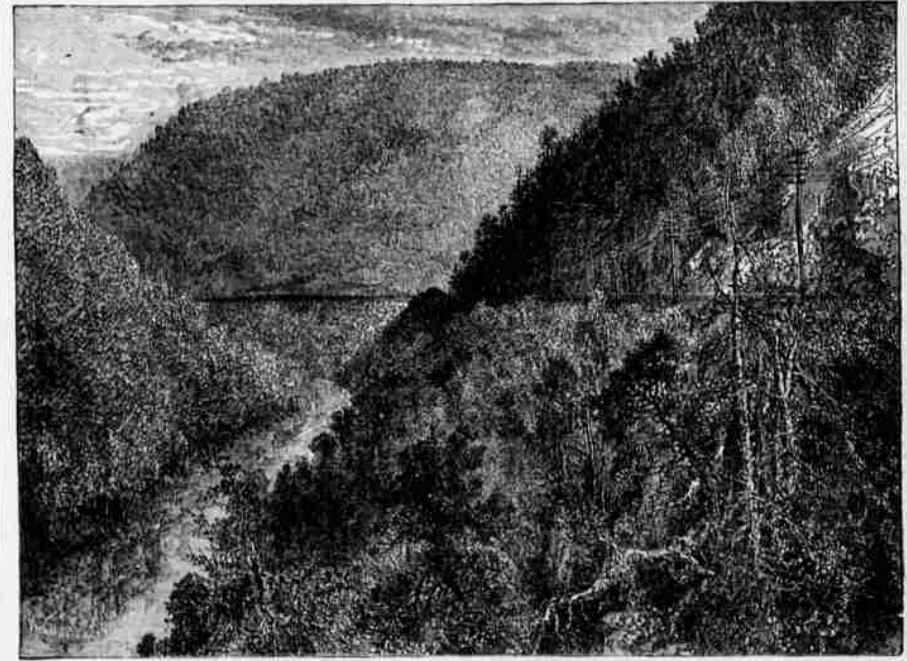
LADIES NECKTIES.

Economical and very pretty ties for the neck, says a writer to the Rural New Yorker, may be made of gros grain ribbon which has done service as a belt or bonnet ribbon, even though it is considerably worn and faded, for after being raveled and finished, only the bright new side appears. The ribbon should be cut exactly by a thread in strips from one-half to three-fourths of an inch wide. These strips should be raveled out on each side, leaving about four or five threads in the center; then twist each strand with the right hand, holding it with the thumb and fore-finger of the left, pressing the center closely with the thumb-nail. This gives the appearance of chenille cord. Sew together at the ends—with silk thread, of course—some five or six of these twisted strands of a suitable length, and fasten a tassel, or two or three small ones, at each end. The tassels are made of the raveled thread which should be carefully saved for this purpose, as they are pulled out.

One of our friends has four or five of these ties, each of a different color. They are much admired, and one who did not know all about it, would not even suspect that they were home-made. If a ball is preferred at the top of the tassel, it may be made by sewing the raveled silk many times over two circular pieces of pasteboard about three-fourths of an inch in diameter—smaller, if for small tassels—and having a circular hole in the center, near one-fourth inch in diameter; then with the scissors cut the silk between the boards on the outer edge, and tie it firmly between them with a strong silk thread. Pull off the boards, and if you have filled in enough silk, you have a pretty

PRESERVING CITRONS.

At the last meeting of the New York Farmer's club, Miss Juliet Carson remarked that the genuine citron is the rind of a kind of lemon very thick-skinned and fragrant which grows in Italy and the south of France. The recipe used by European confectioners for preserving citron is as follows: The citrons are cut, pared and pricked with a large needle; put over the fire with cold water and gradually heated and boiled until tender enough to pierce easily. They are then laid in cold water while the following light syrup is being made: Use one pound of white loaf sugar for every pound of fruit. Put the sugar over the fire in a copper sugar-boiler, adding half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, and beating the white of an egg with every six pounds or less; bring to a boil, and as soon as it begins to rise in the boiler throw in a little cold water to reduce it; let it rise in boiling three times, throwing in a little cold water each time; the fourth time it rises skim it thoroughly; then strain through a flannel bag and it is ready to use. Put the syrup over the fire and boil it to what confectioners call a small thread, i. e., until, when tried between the thumb and forefinger (which is done by slipping the fingers in cold water and then quickly into the syrup), the sugar breaks as you part them, leaving some on the fingers. When it has reached the "small thread" put the citrons into the boiling syrup and let it boil over them twice; then take off the boiler, skim and turn both preserves and syrup into an earthen vessel to stand until the next day; drain the fruit, boil the syrup again (this time until the sugar does not break when the fingers are parted); then put in the fruit as before directed; the third day boil the syrup again, and again on the fourth day; after this put the



THE "PACKSADDLE" OF THE CONEMAUGH.

—had a machine she invented for the purpose. I've seen her cook potato parings so's you'd think they were canvas-back ducks, and she had a way of doctoring up shavings so that the pig'd eat 'em and grow fat on 'em. I believe that woman could 'a' built a four-story hotel if you'd 'a' given her a single pine board, or a steamboat out of a wash-biler, and the very last thing she said to me was to bury her in the garden, so's she'd be useful down below there, helping to shove up the cabbages. I'll never see her like again." I don't believe he will, either.—Max Adler, in Philadelphia Bulletin.

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

The Baltimore Sun describes an official visit to the lighthouses of that port by the Collector. Among the number is one at Seven-foot Knoll, known as the "iron cheese-box" pattern, which stands on legs out of the water. The visitors climbed a ladder through a trap door and found themselves in the garden, which is an iron balcony running around the cheese-box and filled with flowers growing in pots and boxes, with several children playing in it. Inside the cheese-box was found a large suite of apartments, including a parlor with a piano, a large sitting room, sleeping rooms, kitchen, etc., quite as commodious as a French flat in a large city. Mrs. Bolling, the keeper's wife, said she and the children were never sick. A little girl, three years old, who was born in the lighthouse and had never been on land but once, appeared rather shy of strangers. Three children and two grown people form the child's world, save the broad expanse of waters and the ships that come and go, and the sun and moon and stars overhead. When the ice jams against the piers of the lighthouse in the winter it rocks like a cradle. Last winter it occupied two men nearly all the while to watch the stoves and keep them from overturning. Everything was found to be very comfortable and homelike, and the occupants of the singular dwelling were as happy as if they lived on solid land.

A strong, free and happy womanhood seems to demand, in addition to moral, mental and physical culture, such a direction of practical energy as will make self-support as easy as it is for men.—Anna C. Garlin.

hall, though possibly it may need a little trimming with the scissors.

PHOTOGRAPHING COLORS.—Joseph Albert, according to the Vienna Press, has finally succeeded in inventing photography to render the natural colors in the picture by a photographic steam press of his own construction, without the aid of a pencil. I have seen some of the proofs of such colored photographs by the Albert press. An expert painter could hardly give the colors of the object more faithful in living reality and with a distinctness to the nicest shades. The secret of the invention consists in the analysis of the white light into the three colors—yellow, blue and red—and in their recovery of the three colors ready for the press. On a plate, chemically prepared, so as to receive but the yellow parts of the light, and the tones of the colors of the object to be reflected, the first photograph is taken, when a negative of that plate is at once put under the press, whose cylinder is dulled over with yellow paint. None but the tones of the yellow colors are now seen in the impression. After that the object is photographed on a plate made to reflect but the blue colors. This plate now under the press reflects a blue impression, the cylinder being dulled over with blue paint. In the same manner he receives but the tones of the red colors by means of a third plate. Printing the individual pictures of a yellow, blue and red, over each other, a picture is produced true to nature, the colors intermixing by having been printed over each other. The idea, long entertained and prosecuted by Albert, to photograph colors, may no longer be considered as not feasible. It is hard at present to foretell what revolution the new invention will produce in the many departments of art.

FASTENING INDIA RUBBER ON METALS.—A mastic for fastening India rubber on metals may be obtained by steeping gum-lac, in the form of pulverized scales, in 10 times its weight of concentrated ammonia. A transparent mass is thus formed, which, at the end of three or four weeks, becomes fluid without the use of warm water. This substance, applied on India rubber, becomes hard, and completely impervious to liquids and gases.

BRICKLAYERS and their helpers—masons and hoddlers.

preserves in stopped glass jars until wanted for use.

TO CANDY CITRONS.

Prepare and preserve as directed above, only, after the fourth boiling, take the fruit from the syrup, wash it clean in lukewarm water and dry it in a moderate oven while you boil the syrup to a "blow." To ascertain this point, dip a skimmer in the boiling syrup, and after shaking off the syrup, blow into the holes; if the syrup in them shows bubbles, it has reached the right degree. Put the fruit into it and let it reach the "blow" again; then take the kettle off the fire and let it stand ten minutes, after which push the fruit outside and drain the sugar by rubbing the inside of the pan with the skimmer; as soon as the sugar turns white, take each piece of fruit on a fork, stir it well in the drained sugar and then lay it on a wire grating to drain; as soon as dry, put it away from the air until needed for use. A strong solution of gum arabic added in "graining" the syrup improves the luster of the fruit and helps to keep it.

PRESERVATION OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—In the Tribune report of the Nashville meeting of the American Association of the Advancement of Science, it was mentioned that a series of resolutions had been passed with reference to measures for the preservation of the natural curiosities of Yellowstone park. The Secretary of the Interior is charged by law with the maintenance of that reservation as a National park, but no provision has been made for carrying out the intent of the law. The American Association will petition Congress to take active steps to prevent further destruction of the natural curiosities of the park, as their loss would be irreparable, and they have a value to science as a means of settling some open questions. The committee having the subject in charge consists of Prof. Joseph Henry, O. C. Marsh and Theodore B. Comstock, Maj. J. W. Powell and Lieut. George M. Wheeler. The first meeting of the committee will probably be held within a short time, at Washington. It is to be hoped that the measures for preserving the beauties of the park from the ravages of tourists, will be taken before the devastation is complete.

In Cincinnati, every part of a hog is turned to account except the squeal. In this State they use the squeal to call other hogs.