

## THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good night and be kissed;  
Oh, the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace!  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shielding the sunshine of love in my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart will remember,  
When it wakes too the love of the past.  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,  
And the fountains of feeling will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,  
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;  
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,  
His glory still gleams in their eyes;  
Oh, those trunco from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild,  
And I know how Jesus could liken  
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayer would bound back to myself,  
Ah! a sinner may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod,  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God;  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,  
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient correction,  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To travel its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That met me each morn at the door;  
I shall miss the "goodnights," and the kisses  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at evening,  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and the tasks are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed,"  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good night and be kissed.

—Charles Dickens.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]  
A GIRL'S TRIBUTE TO HER UNCLE.

Hallie Evans, daughter of Senator George S. Evans, of San Joaquin, is 11 years of age and a student at Washington College. She is quite accomplished in the art of composition for one so young, and has taken prizes in this branch of school work which is generally so hated by scholars. We propose, for the encouragement of young composers, to print one of her compositions. Although the style of expression is rather stately for so young a lady, Miss Hallie sets all young people a good example in choosing a subject from her own thoughts and experiences, and concerning which she can write familiarly and feelingly. Young composers too often make a mistake in choosing a far-off theme instead of picturing their own thoughts and describing incidents of their own lives. The following is Hallie's tribute:

In memory of my dear uncle, JAMES LANE, who died in Stockton, on the 25th of January, 1872.

Six years ago to-day, dear Uncle Jim, thou didst pass away. Art thou dead? Oh, no! thou art not dead! but gone before—one more link to draw us to the golden shore.

The bells were tolling, slowly tolling, for one

just past away. Oh, it was a sad, sad home, where he on his narrow bed did lay!

Little fingers were on his face, of one he loved so well, and the child of five thought it passing strange that he from the bed did not rise and take her to his heart again.

I thought how often thou didst say, "Come, little Hallie, stop your play, and I will tell you what I have thy mother many a day."

Then I to your knee would climb, and to your neck hold tight, while you told me the self-same stories you had told her many a dreary night.

One little poem, I loved so well, which thou didst oft repeat. Oh! how it made my blood run cold as I thought of the father lost in the snow! and I clung still closer to thy heart, and thought we will never part.

"Little one, come to my knee; hark! how the rain is pouring; your father was lost in the pitch-dark night, in just such a storm as this is."

This is one of many verses, I cannot forget. Six years have gone since that dark day, but I distinctly hear it yet.

No! thou art not dead; I know thou art near me. I feel thy bright presence day by day. My guardian angel, thou wilt not leave me, but will guard your little girl and keep her in the narrow way.

At night, o'er my pillow thou leanest and whispereth the stories thou was wont to tell me, and you push from my brow the curl that you loved to twine around your finger when I sat on your knee.

At morn I am rested, contented and peaceful, my brain is not weary, and I am happy again, for I think of the dear one who comes to me in dreamland, and the day's tasks are made light by your presence last night.

My playthings had no charm for me, I did not care to play, and thought my cup of sorrow full when thou didst go away; but now I'm older grown, and in my heart I know full well that God, He doeth all things well.

THE TUOLUMNE CAVE.—This cave has been explored for half a mile; and Gardner, the discoverer, thinks he has determined the extent of it to be over four miles. On the 1st of December, 1878, Gardner says he was engaged in working his placer claim, which is distant 300 feet from the entrance of the cave, when a squirrel perched itself upon a tree near by, and commenced to chatter and spit acorn chucks at him. He repaired to his cabin, armed himself with a double-barreled shot-gun, and fired seven rounds at his squirrelship—the seventh just as his little tormentor was disappearing in the dark recesses of this crevice in the ledge above his claim. Descending by ladder 10 feet, you reach the floor of an inclined archway, dipping at an angle of 35 degrees from 20 to 30 feet in height, by 30 feet in width. Descending the incline, which is 100 feet in length, you reach the floor of the grand archway, from 40 to 60 feet in height, varying in width from 20 to 30 feet, from which radiate scores of similar archways leading to spacious chambers. Lofty ceilings draped with brilliant stalactites glitter and sparkle in the light of a lamp like gem. The floors and wall of this subterranean hall are entirely coated with stalagmites. The location is between the South and Main Stanislaus rivers, near their junction, and one mile northeast of the ancient and classical town of Pine Log.

Do it Now.—Do not live an other hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and go straight through from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and clearly; then do the next thing without letting any moments pass between. You may often have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to do it." There is the secret—the magic word now.

## HOW TO COOK MACARONI.

The following recipes for cooking macaroni came from Miss Juliet Carson's work entitled "Twenty-five Cent Dinners for Six Persons," published by Orange Judd & Co. of New York.

Macaroni.—Wipe it carefully, break it in whatever lengths you want it, and put it into boiling water to every quart of which half a teaspoonful of salt is added; you can boil an onion with it if you like the flavor; so soon as it is tender enough to yield easily when pressed between the fingers, drain it in a colander, saving its liquor for the next day's broth, and lay it in cold water until you want it. When more macaroni has been boiled than is used it can be kept perfectly good by laying it in fresh water, which must be changed every day. After boiling the macaroni you can use it according to any of the following directions. Half a pound of uncooked macaroni will make a large dishful.

Farmers' Style.—Boil half a pound of macaroni as above, and while you are draining it from the cold water, stir together over the fire one ounce each of butter and flour, and as soon as they bubble, gradually pour into the sauce they make a pint of boiling water, beating it with a fork or egg whip until it is smooth; season it with a level teaspoonful of salt and a level saltspoonful of pepper, and put the macaroni in it to heat; then cut an onion into shreds, and brown it over the fire in a very little fat; when both are done, dish the macaroni and pour the onion out of the frying pan upon it. It is excellent, and ten cents will cover the cost of it all.

Macaroni with Broth.—Put half a pound of macaroni, boiled as above and washed in cold water, over the fire with any kind of broth, or one pint of cold gravy and water; season it to taste with pepper and salt, and let it heat slowly for an hour, or less if you are in a hurry; then lay it on a flat dish, strew over it a few bread crumbs, which you will almost always have on hand if you save all the bits; then set the dish in the oven, or in front of the stove to brown. It will cost less than ten cents, and be delicious.

Macaroni with White Sauce.—Warm half a pound of macaroni boiled and washed in cold water, as above, in the following sauce, and use it as soon as it is hot. Stir together over the fire one ounce each of butter and flour, pouring in one pint of boiling water and milk, as soon as the butter and flour are mixed; season it with salt and pepper to taste and put the macaroni into it. This dish costs less than ten cents, and is very good and wholesome.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Boil half a pound of macaroni, as above, put into a pudding dish in layers with quarter of a pound of cheese (cost four cents), grated and mixed between the layers; season with pepper and salt to taste; put a very little butter and some bread crumbs over it, and brown it in the oven. It will make as hearty and strengthening a meal as meat, and cost 12 cents.

CHLORAL AS A COUNTER-IRRITANT.—Among the many uses to which chloral has been put, we have not met before with the following from the *Bulletin Therapeutique*: Made into a mass with gum tragacanth, spread on paper and applied to the skin, it will produce a blister without pain. Applied as a powder, on cotton, it causes a painful burning sensation. By the former method a portion is absorbed, and the patient falls asleep. Its action is not so uniform as cantharides, but as a mild vesicant, or as agreeable revulsive, the author quoted would commend such "chloral paper" to physicians, the more so, as it will keep for months without losing its activity, if well prepared.

SMOKE is not, as many persons imagine, lighter than air; it is, however, carried up by the heated air, which being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, is pressed upward. Smoke ascends because it is intermixed with vapors, gases and warm air.