

DEAR MOTHER'S GROWING OLD.

Her eye is not so lustrous,
Her voice has less of cheer,
While in her hair, once dark as night,
The threads of gray appear.

THE NEW MINISTER.

Scrugg End suddenly decided that
instead of occasional preaching by the
Ponkapawket minister, it was entitled
to a "stated supply." No longer would
it go without the "regular gospel priv-
ileges."

Adoniram Hewitt, whose father had
been a deacon, was deputed to make
application to the proper authorities in
that denomination to which Scrugg End
almost universally belonged for a min-
ister to supply the Scrugg End pulpit,
or rather the school desk until a church
should be built.

Adoniram Hewitt received an encour-
aging answer to his application. A very
earnest and talented young preacher,
lately graduated from a theological sem-
inary, would at once be sent to Scrugg
End.

The minister was to board at Adon-
iram Hewitt's, the Hewitts being well-to-
do beyond the majority of Scrugg End
people, and being regarded as possessing
book-learning, which qualification would
make them congenial companions for a
minister.

Adoniram Hewitt's house presented a
holiday appearance on that summer
afternoon when Lysander drove over to
Ponkapawket station to bring back the
minister.

As night came on Lysander drove up
—with only a girl beside him. What
could be the reason that the minister
had not come? The young lady was a
stranger. She had probably come to
visit some one at Scrugg End, and as
there was no one to meet her at the
station, Lysander had brought her over.
But he was helping her out at their
own gate. She was walking up the path.
Mrs. Hewitt adjusted her glasses, and
satisfied herself that the face was unfa-
miliar. She was a grave and dignified
young woman, with a self-possessed
manner, but with a bright flush on her
face. Why didn't Lysander come up
and introduce her, instead of attending
to the horse.

"I suppose you were expecting me,"
said the young lady, extending her hand
in a friendly way. "I am the new min-
ister—Miss Barton."

As Mrs. Hewitt afterward declared,
"You could have knocked me down with
a feather." And her overwhelming as-
tonishment was so plainly shown that
the new minister became very much em-
barrassed.

"Of course you know—certainly you
ought to have been told that—that I was
a woman."

"We didn't know. Why, we never
thought of such a thing. They didn't
say a word about it," exclaimed Mrs.
Hewitt, and in her astonishment and dis-
may she utterly ignored the outstretched
hand.

The young lady had a strong and re-
solute face, but Mrs. Hewitt suddenly
became aware that the corners of her
mouth were drooping, and there was a
hurt as well as a weary look in her face,
and all her motherly compassion was
roused.

"But it don't make any difference,
child—I mean ma'am. I have no doubt
you can preach as well as half the men.
We know what is going on in the world,
if we do live a good ways out of it, only
there never happened to be a woman
preacher anywhere about here, so it took
me by surprise. We believe in giving
women a fair chance here in Scrugg End,
I can tell you."

"I was afraid you might have objec-
tions," said the young lady, a smile
chasing the weariness out of her face.

"Oh, we shall think everything of
you, I've no doubt—after a while. You
don't know what it is to be without
regular preaching as long as we have.
Come right in and get rested, and have a
cup of tea, for I expect you've had a
hard journey."

Before escorting her guest to her room
Mrs. Hewitt managed to slip upstairs
and slyly abstract Lysander's new shav-
ing set from the toilette table, where
she had placed it for the convenience of
the new minister.

It is undeniable that at the first receipt
of the news a general dismay overspread
Scrugg End. The older people were
disposed to consider that a trick had
been played upon them, and were angry
accordingly, some even going so far as to
wish to have Miss Barton told that her
services could be dispensed with. But
nobody seemed willing to tell her, and
there was a great curiosity to hear her
preach.

There were a few courageous spirits
who openly avowed that they saw no
reason why a woman should not preach,
and were glad to have one for a min-
ister. Many complained of Miss Barton's
youth, but acknowledged that they
would not have objected on that score to
a young man of twenty-six or twenty-
seven, which was her age.

There were some who thought she was
too handsome for a minister, and others
who thought that since she was going to
set herself up for everybody to look at,
it was a pity that she was not handsomer;
some who thought women ought not to
preach at all, and others who thought
some women might be allowed to, but a
woman minister as a stated supply was
not what was wanted.

But on two Sundays Miss Barton con-
quered Scrugg End, except a few of the
most prejudiced, who would never own
themselves conquered. She was so sim-
ple, so earnest, so sympathetic. There
were no long words, no far-fetched
analogies, such as Mr. Ericson used;
there was no rattling of the dry bones of

theology; she touched the chords that
vibrated in their every-day life.

"She comes right home to you, that's
a fact," said Joshua King. "She's scrip-
tural, too, and she makes as feeling a
prayer as ever I heard. I don't like to
see a woman in the pulpit, and I ain't
a going to say I do, but she's edifyin',
and no mistake."

"I never went to meetin' before when
I didn't have terrible hard work to keep
from noddin', but somehow her talk is
kind of plain and sensible, and keeps me
awake," said Luke Pettungill, who was
wont to disturb the congregation by
audible breathing.

People flocked to Scrugg End from far
and near to hear the new minister, at
first with much the same curiosity that
they would have shown to see a white
elephant, but soon for the sake of the
preaching. Nobody could quite ex-
plain Miss Barton's popularity. Perhaps
old Mrs. Simmons came as near to the
truth as anybody when she said "she
wasn't any smarter than anybody else,
but somehow she seemed just like own
folks. And she knew just how folks felt
without being told."

Ponkapawket was scandalized. It was
a disgrace to the whole town to have a
woman preacher holding forth every
Sunday, and drawing such crowds—
drawing half the congregation away
from the Ponkapawket church, too! The
deacons requested Mr. Ericson to preach
a sermon from the text: "Let your
women keep silence in the churches."

Mr. Ericson was known to hold the
Woman's Rights movement in contempt;
but he had been twice to hear Miss Bar-
ton preach, when there were no services
in his own church, and he had also
called upon her several times, and when
the deacons conferred with him about
preaching that sermon they found it im-
possible to obtain any satisfaction; he
was very polite, and he did not say that
he would not, but "he smiling put the
question by."

One day he surprised Miss Barton by
inviting her to an exchange of pulpits
for the following Sunday; but that was
in harvest-time, and she had come to
Scrugg End in June. Even Ponkapaw-
ket had become accustomed to the idea
of a woman preacher, if it did not ap-
prove of it.

He had found her sitting on the piazza
on a warm afternoon in late September.
She had a large basketful of stockings
beside her, and was darning them dili-
gently. Some were her own, some were
Adoniram Hewitt's and Lysander's, for
Roxey had gone away on a visit, and Mrs.
Hewitt's hands were more than full. She
looked as housewifely as if she had never
aimed at any wider sphere.

The shadow of a smile thickened about
Mr. Ericson's mouth as he observed her
employment. Although Miss Barton
looked up only as much as politeness re-
quired, she saw the smile, and it
brought a flush to her cheek. Though
she looked so strong and resolute, it was
evident that Miss Barton was keenly
sensitive.

He sat down beside her, and immedi-
ately proffered his request, perhaps as an
audioté to the smile.

"Your people would be shocked.
They don't approve of me," said Miss
Barton.

"I never suspected you of any want of
courage," said Mr. Ericson.

"I am a dreadful coward. I don't
think I fully realized it when I began.
If I had been sent anywhere but to
Scrugg End, I don't know what I should
have done. Here they are humbled-
minded people, without strong preju-
dices, and I do seem to have found the
way to their hearts. But I am afraid I
should never dare to enter another pul-
pit—certainly not yours at Ponkapaw-
ket."

"You would soon conquer there as
you have conquered here, said Mr.
Ericson.

"I couldn't endure their unfriendly
gaze. I should display all my woman-
ishness. I should blush, I should trem-
ble, I might faint. I should be a stum-
bling-block to the women who are fol-
lowing in the same pathway. I don't
mean to be that. My work in Scrugg
End suffices me, and I am so thankful
for it."

"I am sorry you feel so about Ponka-
pawket, because I have a proposition in
my mind much more audacious than the
one that I made," said Mr. Ericson.

Miss Barton raised her eyes inquir-
ingly, and dropped them again instantly
under the minister's gaze.

"I thought we might unite the
churches," Mr. Ericson's voice trembled
a little, as if he were afraid.

"I don't see how it could be done,"
said Miss Barton, frigidly.

"Of course there is but one way," said
Mr. Ericson, quietly. "I dared not ask
you to be my wife without suggesting to
you the fact that your work need not be
given up."

The girl rose to her feet. Lysander's
stocking fell from her hand, and was
blown away by the wind, unheeded. "I
don't know what I have done to deserve
this—this insult. I thought that at least
you respected me, and I thought my
calling made me sacred from such—such
attacks altogether."

"I am sorry that you should think it
an insult. I can hardly see how a man
could give you a better proof of his re-
spect than to ask you to become his wife.
And as for your calling making you
sacred, we don't believe in the celibacy
of the clergy, you know." In spite of
his evident mortification and distress,
there was a sly twinkle in Mr. Ericson's
eyes as he said that.

"But I—I am a woman," said Miss
Barton, sitting down again, and covering
her face with her hands.

"The more reason why you should be
married," said Mr. Ericson, calmly.
"You need a protector."

"I am perfectly sufficient for myself.
And I shall never care for anybody—
anything—but my work."

Mr. Ericson arose. "I am sorry to
have troubled you," he said gently. "I
love you, and I have never known what
it was to love a woman before; that is all
my excuse."

Miss Barton watched him as he went
down the road, with the yellow leaves
falling upon him. She observed, as she
never had done before, how finely his
head was set upon his broad shoulders,
with a manly grace there was about his
strong, well-knit figure.

"But he has no business to love me,"
she said, drawing her brows into a tight
frown.

Then suddenly she remembered Lys-
ander's stocking, and went down in the
grass to look for it. It had blown over

the fence into the field. She stretched
her arm between the slats and drew it
back. As she did so she caught sight of
Lysander. He was gathering squashes
and pumpkins on the little south hill;
she saw his figure in silhouette against
the sky. He started to come toward the
house, and she waited for him—waited
until a sudden thought sent a flame of
color over her face.

"It can't be—" she said, half aloud,
inquiringly. "I will keep that out of
my life. I won't be a failure! I won't
be!" And she rushed up to her room
and locked herself in.

She came down as calm and grave as
ever when the tea-bell rang, and after
tea she and Lysander read their daily
quantity of Greek, for Lysander was
pursuing his studies with renewed avid-
ity since he had a companion to help
him, and had not yet given up his long-
cherished hope of studying for the min-
istry, though there seemed no prospect
of his being able to leave the farm.

After that day Miss Barton devoted
herself more zealously than ever to her
work. She darned no more stockings.
When she was not writing her sermons,
she was visiting the sick and the poor,
and making, or suggesting and inducing
others to make, improvements, sanitary
and moral as well as religious.

"She was practical and efficient as if
she was not a woman," many people said,
and old Jeremy Grimes, who had wished
to tell her when she came that they did
not want a woman preacher, said: "They
couldn't have had such women in St.
Paul's time, or he never would have
written what he did."

But Mrs. Hewitt had a grievance.
Miss Barton didn't seem to make herself
one of the family as she used to. She
was shut up in her own room almost all
the time now, and she and Lysander
didn't seem to get along together as
they used to. She never came into
the kitchen and wanted to help make
cake now, or sat with them around the
fire in the evening while Lysander read
aloud. She "didn't seem to have any-
thing against them, but she wasn't free
and sociable any more."

Lysander was teaching school this win-
ter and attending to the farm work in
his leisure time. His habit of studying
with Miss Barton had gradually died out.
To his mother's persistent questionings
Lysander replied that neither of them
had any time for it now.

Mrs. Hewitt could not make it out.
"Pa," who prided himself on being long-
headed, hinted that he could, but he
would not say outright what he thought,
and his wife regarded hints with lofty
scorn.

One afternoon, after school hours, Lys-
ander went down to the woods back of
the house to superintend the operations
of some men who were cutting timber.
Just at dusk Miss Barton, coming home
from a visit to a sick parishioner, en-
countered four men carrying on an im-
provised stretcher Lysander's apparently
lifeless body. He was lying white and
rigid, and there were scarlet spots upon
the ground all the way that he had come.
Down on her knees in the snow fell Miss
Barton, and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, my love! my love! have you gone
so far away that you cannot hear me say
I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold
and hard because I thought it was my
duty, but if you could only come back—"

And then they had to raise Miss Bar-
ton and carry her into the house, for she
had fainted.

"That's just what I could have told
you a good while ago if I had had a mind
to," said "Pa," as he rehearsed the scene
to his wife an hour afterward. "She's a
terrible sight like a woman, if she is a
minister. And Lysander—well, I calcu-
late he won't complain of having his foot
out, if it does lay him up for a while.
I can't say whether she'll let him do the
preaching, or whether they'll both do it,
but you'll see them married before sum-
mer."

"I don't want anybody to think it's be-
cause I'm a woman," said Miss Barton,
rather inconsequently, when Lysander
led her, blushing and tearful, to his
mother's arms. "But I didn't seem able
to help it. And Lysander says I needn't
give up my work."—Harper's Bazar.

**The Power of Suppressing Pain.**

There are cases which I doubt not are
very familiar to you, in which we can
withdraw ourselves, as it were, from
even severe physical pain by determin-
edly fixing our attention upon some-
thing else, either external objects or in-
ternal trains of thought. A very admir-
able example of that kind was presented
not long since by a well-known physician
of this city, Dr. Edward H. Clarke, with
whose case I have become acquainted
through my friend Dr. Oliver Wendell
Holmes, who wrote a charming little
notice of him affixed to the work on
"Visions," which has been published
since his death. The fatal malady from
which he suffered during the latter
months of his life produced the most
agonizing pain; and yet he could deter-
minately withdraw his consciousness, so
to speak, from that pain by fixing it upon
another object, that object being the
working out of his own neutral train of
thought in the composition of this book.

This is well known to have been the case
also with regard to Sir Walter Scott,
who, during a very severe and painful
illness, dictated the "Bride of Lammer-
moor." And the most remarkable fact
about his composition was that, after his
recovery, he entirely forgot all that he
had done, the book on its publication
coming to him as an entirely new work
with which he had had nothing—what-
ever to do. He only remembered the
general outline of the story upon which
he had composed his novel; this he had
heard in early life, and it remained with
him; but of the working up of this story
into the novel, while he lay on his sofa
contending with paroxysms of agony, he
had no recollection. Thus, in the case
of Walter Scott, as in that of Dr. E. H.
Clarke, we see the effect of determined
fixation of the attention upon a train of
ideas in mastering physical pain. And I
shall give you another most remarkable
example of the same thing in the case of
Robert Hall, one of the most celebrated
preachers of my early years, of whom, I
suppose, most of you have heard. He
used to go into the pulpit suffering from
the most agonizing pain, which was found
after his death to have resulted from a
large calculus in his kidney, with pro-
jecting points, the terrible suffering pro-
duced by which every medical man will
at once appreciate; and was obliged ha-
bitually to take some of the largest doses
of opium that were ever administered in

order to keep this under at all. But from
the moment he began his extempore ser-
mon (the introductory service having
been performed by his colleague) he
seemed utterly unconscious of it. During
the latter portion of his life, which was
passed at Bristol, I was often his hearer,
and, like everyone else, was most deeply
interested in his discourses, while at
times quite carried away by the torrent
of his eloquence. I was assured by eye
witnesses that when he went down into
the vestry he would sometimes roll on
the floor in agony, though during his
pulpit address he had ceased altogether
to feel pain.—Dr. Carpenter in Medical
Journal.

**Freaks of Forgetfulness.**

Of all the ills to which flesh is heir
forgetfulness is the one that furnishes
the greatest number of laughable epi-
sodes; and while many of them are very
annoying, the mirthful feature which is
their invariable companion affords a cer-
tain degree of compensation.

Near one of our Atlantic sea-ports
there resides an old whaling captain
commonly known as Uncle Gurdon. To
keep from getting rusty, he made his
home on the river bank, where he could
keep a boat, fish and paddle about as he
liked. The place was about five miles
from the city, and, as occasion required,
Uncle Gurdon would journey toward
the purpose of shopping. Reaching
the city, the horse and wagon would be
left at the watering trough on the Pa-
rade, and each would go in different di-
rections, carrying their bundles to this
common receptacle, the first through
waiting for the other. On one of these
shopping excursions Uncle Gurdon made
several trips to the wagon, finding that
each time additions had been made to
his stock of bundles—a sign that his
wife was busy. Having completed his
purchases, he unhitched his horse, and
the ferry boat having arrived, climbed
into the wagon and drove on board.

While crossing the river one of his ac-
quaintances stepped up and asked how
he was getting on.

"Well, I'm getting on nicely, but I'm
bothered just now."

"Why, is anything going wrong?"

"No, nothing special; but I came
down to do some shopping, and I have
forgotten a package I was to get," and
the old gentleman scratched his head in
a perplexed manner.

"Well, I wouldn't worry. You will
think of it next time," said the neighbor;
and the boat having reached the landing,
Uncle Gurdon drove ashore and went on
oward home.

When nearly half-way there he met
another friend, who stopped to have a
chat.

"How do you do to day, Uncle Gur-
don?" he asked.

"Oh, nicely; though I'm a bit worried
just now."

"Worried? what about?" continued the
neighbor.

"Well, you see, I've been to town
shopping and there's a parcel of some
kind that I've forgotten. I can't think
what it is, and it bothers me."

"Oh, never mind! You will recall
what it is before you go again. By-
the-way, Uncle Gurdon, how is your
wife?"

"Jerusalem!" cried Uncle Gurdon,
clapping his knees with great energy.
"It is my wife that I've forgotten! She
went to town with me to do some shop-
ping, and I was to wait for her."

And Uncle Gurdon turned around
and went back to the ferry for the parcel
he had left behind.—Harper's Maga-
zine.

**New Way of Marrying for Money.**

The proverb which warns us that it is
possible to have too much of a good
thing received a probably unique illus-
tration in the recent conduct of a French
couple of the name of Chetoo, who are at
present occupying cells in two of the
prisons of Paris. There exists, it seems,
a religious society in the French capital
called the society of St. Francois Regis,
the object of which is to encourage
couples belonging to the poorer classes
to supplement the civil marriage before
the Mayor, which is deemed sufficient in
a great many cases, with the religious
rite in the church; and small prizes are
given to stimulate the better feelings of
the lukewarm. It occurred to Chetoo
and his wife, who were regularly mar-
ried last December, both by priest and
Mayor, that they could make a few
francs by representing to the society
that they had not invoked the blessing
of the church on their union, and offer-
ing to do so for a consideration. The
society then made them a grant of five
francs, and the religious ceremony was
duly solemnized in the church—not the
same as that in which they were first
married—and at the time appointed.
Unfortunately for this ingenious couple,
their fraud was discovered. They were
prosecuted for obtaining money under
false pretenses, and they have just been
sentenced, the husband to eight, the
wife to six months' imprisonment.—St.
James Gazette.

**For the Rich Man's Amusement.**

This, I take it, is the worst and dark-
est count in the whole indictment against
professional scribblers—that they are
scribbling not for the advancement of
the world as a whole, not for the enlight-
enment of the struggling masses, not
even for the more innocent amusement
of the people who feed and clothe them,
but simply and solely for the gratifica-
tion of a class who have probably no rea-
son whatever to exist, and whom the sea-
green incorruptible, if ever he comes,
will educate out of existence with all
convenient expedition. Can a scribbler
be considered as sinning against light if
he deliberately goes on scribbling for
the classes in point after he has once
clearly arrived at this fundamental eth-
ical judgment?

When one begins to apply the rule, it
becomes obvious, I think, that it cuts
quite too widely for practical guidance.
For, after all, in the world as now con-
stituted, with the majority of the wealth
concentrated in the hands of useless, idle
and selfish people, (which, in fact, we
all admit in our sober moments,) it is
difficult to see what else the proletariat
can do but just silently perform the
tasks which wealth demands of it. Con-
sider, for example, that it is not only the
scribblers who are included in this con-
demnation, but whole thousands and
millions of laboring men who spend
their lives in making expensive articles

of useless luxury for the very wealthy.
Indeed, it is but a relatively small por-
tion of the world's population that is em-
ployed in providing or distributing really
useful things—bread, meat, clothing,
science, poetry. The remainder are
chiefly occupied in turning out mother-
of-pearl card-cases, malachite boxes,
ivory-handled brushes, crests and mono-
grams, or papier-mache monstrosities;
in preserving game, breeding bull-dogs,
manufacturing lawn-tennis bats, or dress-
ing young ladies' hair; in growing cham-
pagne, hunting sealskins, diving for
pearls, grubbing for diamonds, shooting
humming-birds, or pulling ostrich feath-
ers all the world over. If we go into a
big house, inhabited by one of Mr. Ar-
nold's greater barbarians, we see nothing
around us on every side but infinite prod-
ucts of wasted and misdirected human
labor, for the most part not even beauti-
ful, but owing their whole value and
whatever paltry interest they may hap-
pen to possess to the amount of time
and pains that has been unhappily ex-
pended on procuring them. The objects
are mostly of what we call precious ma-
terials; that is to say, materials for the
obtaining of which many individual men
have backed their luck against the pau-
city of supply, and have wasted their days
in an ineffectual search, only one out of
a hundred ever getting a fair return for
his time and labor—as in diamond min-
ing. The whole place reeks of gold, sil-
ver, ivory, jade, agate, onyx, porphyry
and tortoise shell; it slides and glistens
with polished granite, marble and lac-
quer; it dazzles us with mosaic, bull,
volvet, Russia leather, porcelain, bronzes
and emeralds. If we take a turn round
one of our great manufacturing towns,
we find it wholly given over to the mak-
ing of little electro-plate shrines for the
goddess of fashion, to the manufacture
of jewelry, bloom of Ninon, opera-glasses,
artificial flowers, photographic albums,
or blue satin coverings for chairs with
gilt legs and plaster mouldings. If we
dip casually upon any distant colony of
degeneracy, we find black men and
brown men shooting birds of paradise,
hunting for rubies, extracting elephant
tusks, growing dies, cutting down ma-
hogany, or fishing coral, all for the sup-
ply of the greedy, lazy, grasping, tribute-
exacting European market. I don't say
that all these trades are necessarily bad
in themselves, but I do say they are not
a whit better than the trade of a scribbler
who writes social leaders for the daily
press.—Cornhill Magazine.

**Leap in the Dark.**

"You are actually going to get mar-
ried! You! Already! And you expect
me to congratulate you, or perhaps not.
I admire the judiciousness of that 'per-
haps not.' Frankly, I wish you all hap-
piness in the new life that is opening to
you, and you are marrying under good
auspices, as your father approves of the
marriage. But congratulations on such
occasions seems to me tempting Provi-
dence. The triumphal procession air
which in our manners and customs is
given to marriage at the outset—that
singing of 'Te Deum' before the battle
has begun—has, ever since the reflec-
tion came to me, struck me as somewhat
what senseless and somewhat im-
pitious. If ever one is to pray, if ever one
is to feel grave and anxious—if ever one
is to shrink from vain show and vain
babble, surely it is just on the occasion
of two human beings binding themselves
to one another, for better and for worse,
till death part them, just on that occa-
sion which is customary to celebrate
only with congratulations and rejoicings
and trousseaux and white ribbon. Good
God!"

"Will you think me mad when I tell you that
when I read your word, 'I am going to be
married,' I almost screamed? Positively
it almost took my breath as if I saw you
take a leap into infinite space. You had
looked to me such a happy, happy little
girl! Your father's only daughter, and
he so fond of you as he evidently was.
After he had walked out of our
house that night, and I had got to my
room, I sat down in the dark there and
took a good cry. You had reminded
me so vividly of my own youth, when I
was an only daughter, an only child, had
a father as fond of me, as proud of me. I
wondered if you knew your own happi-
ness."—Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.

**There's No Use Bucking Against Solid
Facts.**

A farmer came into a grocery store the
other day and exhibited to the eyes of an
admiring crowd an enormous egg, about
six inches long, which he avowed to have
been laid by one of his own hens. He
had it packed in cotton and wouldn't al-
low anyone to handle it for fear of break-
ing the phenomenon. The groceryman
examined it with the rest, and, intend-
ing to chaff the countryman, said:

"Pshaw! I've got something in the egg
line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you five dollars you haven't!"
said the countryman, getting excited.

"Take it up," replied the groceryman,
and going behind the counter he
brought out a wire egg-beater. "There
is something in the egg line that will
beat it, I guess," said he, reaching out
for the stakes.

"Hold on there," said the farmer; "let's
see you beat it," and he handed it to the
grocer. The latter held out his hand for
it, but dropped it in surprise on the
counter, where it broke two soup plates
and a platter. It was of solid iron, painted
white.

"Some folks think they're darnation
cute," murmured the farmer as he pock-
eted the stakes and lit out, "but 'tain't
no use buckin' against the solid facts."—
Detroit Chaff.

**Niagara Revisited.**

All readers of "Their Wedding Jour-
ney" will keenly relish the sequel to that
episode entitled "Niagara Revisited,"
twelve years later, in the May Atlantic.
Mr. Howell's opening paragraph show-
ing how Basil and Isabel had got on in
these twelve years, may be quoted:

"Life had not used them ill in this
time, and the fairish treatment they had
received was not wholly unmerited. The
twelve years past had made them older,
as the years must in passing. Basil was
now 42, and his moustache was well
sprinkled with gray. Isabel was 39, and
the parting of her hair had thinned and
retreated; but she managed to give it the
effect of youthful abundance by combing
it low down upon her forehead, and
roughing it there with a wet brush. By

gaslight she was still very pretty; she
believed that she looked more interest-
ing, and she thought Basil's gray mous-
tache distinguished. He had grown
stouter; he filled his double-breasted
frock coat compactly, and from time to
time he had the buttons set forward; his
hands were rounded on the backs, and he
no longer wears his old number of gloves
by two sizes; no amount of powder or
manipulation from the young lady in
the shop would induce them to go on.
But this did not matter much now, for
he seldom wore gloves at all. He was
glad that the fashion suffered him to
spare in that direction, for he was
obliged to look somewhat carefully after
the outgoes. The insurance business
was not what it had been, and though
Basil had comfortably established him-
self in it, he had not made money. He
sometimes thought that he might have
done quite as well if he had gone into
literature, but it was now too late. They
had not a very large family; they had
only a boy of eleven, who "took after"
his father, and a girl of nine, who took
after the boy; but with the American
feeling that their children must have the
best of everything, they made it an ex-
pensive family, and they spent nearly all
Basil earned."

**The Effect of Age on the Eye.**

It is found on an average of observa-
tions, that at 10 years of age the crystal-
line lens in the eye may be rendered so
convex as to give a clear image of an
object three inches away. At 21 it will
accommodate itself to an object four and
a half inches from the eye. Anything
nearer will be obscure, because the lens
will not assume a form sufficiently con-
vex to refract to a focus on the retina
rays of light so divergent as any nearer
object will radiate. At 40 years of age
the "near point" has reached to a distance
of nine inches, and at 50 to thirteen
inches. At 60 years of age the lens has
so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its
power of responding to the muscle, that
it cannot ordinarily give a clear object
less than twenty-six inches from the eye.
At 75 the power of accommodation is
wholly lost; light still passes through the
eye, and is focused on the retina, but
only when it comes in parallel rays.
Parallel rays can converge on the re-
tina, but divergent rays require that ex-
tra refractive power which the aged eye
has lost by the hardening of the lens.
Not as a matter of disease, then, but in
the ordinary course of years, and in
every eye alike, is the bodily sight
weaned from the scruples of near ob-
jects around, and permitted to turn a
clear vision upon things far off.—Cham-
bers' Journal.

**Let Them Go.**

He had lived six months in Europe
and met in the street car. She, too, had
been abroad. The car was crowded, and
he held on a strap while he leaned for-
ward gracefully and talked to her. They
did not mind that all in the car heard
them. They rather enjoyed that. She
said she was so anxious to cross again.
He said so was he. She said it was just
horrid here, and he agreed.

"There is nothing at all for a fellow to
do," and he went on, "nothing for him
to see, nothing for him to buy. I put
fifty dollars in my pocket a week ago
and I have it there yet. I actually
couldn't spend it."

It was not polite, but the car roared.
I think even the horses smiled for the
front door was open—it was a spring-
like day—and the words of the idiot
must have reached them. There was a
look of unutterable contempt upon the
faces of the man and woman, but they
spoke no more. Likely they detest their
country and their country people more
than ever. The mission of Henry James,
Jr., is not yet fulfilled.

**A Royal Name for a Common Drug.**

At Croton common drugs are sold at
all the stores. Recently an Irish woman
entered one of them and said to a new
clerk:

"Would yees be after putting up for
me a pound of Queen Annie's powder?"
The clerk took down a package of bak