

The Boy's Complaint.

"Oh, never mind! they're only boys!" "Tis thus the people say; And they hustle us and jostle us And drive us out the way. They never give us half our rights, I know that that is so; Ain't I a boy, and can't I see The way that things are going?"

Teressa.

Light, heat, beauty, life-giving South; The artist seeks it in his glorious depth of color; the poet for his classic traditions and dreamy influences; the invalid for its balmy breath and reviving warmth, which still the pulses that in northern lands would cease to beat. Lionel Merton, half poet, half artist and half invalid, sought it for life both of mind and body; and his delicate frame—shattered by the chill blasts of the north—woke to a new being in the soft Ausonian climate, whilst his artist eye glanced over the luxuriant plains and olive-planted slopes, with here and there a glimpse of the yellow Tiber flowing majestically along.

He was just now standing in the doorway of the inn, gazing not at the landscape or the sky, but at a face that had attracted his attention more than once since his arrival at— He had seen it first in the beautiful gardens of the villa, not far from the inn, peering through the parted branches of a myrtle, whose dark, glossy leaves seemed to form a fitting framework for the living picture behind them. But the branches had closed hastily fixed as the girl met the blue eyes of Lionel steadfastly upon her.

"We must go home, Tina," said she to the child, who was watching the doves wash themselves in the basin of the fountain, and she turned it up to her shoulder where it wound its tiny hands in her dark hair, loosening some of the curls that fell heavily down below her waist. A flush came over the pale olive skin.

"Thou art a bad child, Tina," she said, as she hastily twisted up the long tresses under the folds of her white head-gear. The large lustrous eyes had but looked at Lionel for a moment, and yet they seem to have told him a long story that he had been in the past trying to decipher.

Next he had seen her in the church, kneeling in fervent prayer, and had suddenly watched the changed countenance until she again perceived him, and with a startled look rose and fled away.

To-day Teressa stood leaning against a stone pillar, playing with the pink blossoms of a catalpa that stood near her, when suddenly she found herself once more face to face with the English stranger.

He had discovered her name—Teressa; daughter of blind Tommaso Cecchi and his widowed wife. She was a good daughter and worked hard to support her parents. To-day she seemed to be taking life easily—drinking in the splendor of the purple mist and golden sheets of sunlight with true Italian indolence.

Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, Lionel had poured out the contents of a purse full of English gold upon the table. The quick ear of Tommaso caught the sound; he stretched out his hand as if to clutch the ringing coin, but Teressa sprang between, turning a flashing face upon Lionel.

Slowly plodded the large, gray oxen over the plains of the Campagna; lazily sauntered the drivers at their side. Here and there one heard the sounds of merriment; there again were silent toilers; here worn-out laborers who had crept into the shade and fallen asleep, and above stretched the blue heavens, still and cloudless, over the gray and purple sweeps of far-off landscape, with here and there a patch of sun-gilt water.

All this Lionel saw, for he had obtained a lodging in one of the large stone farm houses, since money will obtain anything; and the fair, delicate-looking, generous Englishman was popular among the poor Italian peasants.

Teressa knew that he was there, but she avoided him; and he, seeing this, only watched her from a distance, and gave no token that she was more to him than any other laborer on the vast plains. He had seen Tommaso and his wife before he had followed to the Campagna, and they were amply provided for during their daughter's absence.

Teressa was the one to break the silence. She feared the pestilential breath that comes with the chill blasts and heavy dews after the burning heat of the day might take effect on Lionel Merton. She noted a lassitude and feverishness, which he imparted to his state of mind, and suddenly she appeared before him.

"I have told the signore that I am not fitted for his wife. Besides, my duty is to my parents; I must tend them until they die."

"You leave them now?" "Only for their benefit."

Teressa had but few friends among the laborers in the Campagna; but one woman, whom Lionel recognized as belonging to Frascati, was willing enough to undertake the office of nurse, in consideration of the lavish payment for it, and to accompany her home when she was out of danger.

Still Teressa had a consciousness of his presence in constant supplies that needed for the sufferers at the hands of the innkeeper, and she did not refuse them, for she was almost worn out with her vigil and perhaps regarded this unexpected assistance as an answer to her prayers, and therefore not to be flung ungratefully aside.

Blue Glass Fever. The rapidity with which the blue glass has spread, especially among the dwellers in large cities, since Gen. Pleasanton's look g into general circulation, reminds one of the spread of cholera and small-pox, and verucles, and Dolly Yarden skirts, and grasshoppers, and other frights or fancies that have preceded it in seasons past. It is impossible to escape the glare of blue light in the house of any family that pretends to be anything.

Among the first of home attractions is music. If the piano or organ cannot be had, the gramophone, which is sold at any rate there may be singing, which is best of all. Music books are cheap, and any one who learns to talk can learn to sing. Among the happiest recollections of after years will be the hours when all voices were blended in the grand song, when discords of feeling were spotted and banished, care was forgotten and for a little time a higher life was lived.

How to Break in New Boots.—A correspondent sends the following: "A pair of heavy, thick-soled, calf-skin boots had been worn two years, creaking uproariously at every step. I could stand no longer. I determined to conquer them, and I did it this way: I saturated the soles thoroughly with kerosene oil, and set them aside a couple of days to exhale their fragrance. When I next put them on they creaked as badly as ever, but I had not walked half a mile before they were as silent as kittens; the soles, which before were so stiff and unyielding that I could wear them only two or three hours at a time, became soft and pliable, readily accommodating themselves to the shape of my feet, and now are as easy to wear as moccasins. I consider this a great triumph, and I cheerfully record my experience for the benefit of those who are suffering under the terrible affliction of new boots."

Washington. The following are some of the rules that George Washington, at the age of thirteen, wrote out probably for his own admonition: "Every action in company ought to be with some regard to those present. Be no flatterer, neither play with any one that delights not to be played with. Read no letters, books or papers in company. Do not read the books or papers of another, as if to over them he is writing a letter. Let your countenance be cheerful, but in serious matters be grave. Show not yourself glad at another's misfortune. Let your discourse with others on matters of business be short. It is good manners to let others speak first. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but be modest. When a man does all he can, do not blame him, though he succeeds not well. Take admittances thankfully. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the injury of another. In your dress be modest, and consult your condition. Play not the peacock, looking vainly at yourself. It is better to be alone than in bad company. Let your conversation be without malice or envy. Urge not your friend to disclose a secret. Break not a jest when none take pleasure in it. Speak not injurious words either in jest or earnest. When you speak of God let it ever be with reverence. Labor to keep alive in your heart that spark of heavenly fire called conscience."

SMALL FEET.—A Parisian boot-maker says that American women have the smallest feet in the world. Then follow in order, growing larger by degrees and emphatically big, Spanish, French, Italian, Russian, English and German—the odious comparison stopping with the last named.

THE GREAT SNAKE TAKER.—Run.

Evenings at Home. No household is properly conducted wherein there are no hours set apart for recreation, and the evening hours are best fitted for this duty. Duty may seem an inappropriate word applied to amusement, but he who neglects it, fails to cultivate that part of himself which very greatly brightens his own life and that of his fellows. The man who never consents to amusement is like dry timber compared with a living tree crowned with flowers and fruit.

Just a word here to the faithful, patient, loving and conscientious parents who willingly extend their hours of toil through the night, and to the night, and who, when they find time for anything but work, better a hundred times that there be a few dollars less for the children, less of fine clothing or of dainties on the table, than that the young people, wearied with the eternal round of work, should pine for freedom away from home and lose an opportunity for escaping to where there is something to enjoy, should learn the sweets of forbidden fruit, and away from the living influences of home, should be led to folly, dissipation and ruin.

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A Printer's Case. Among many good things of its kind, the following, from the Chicago Times, expressing both the fidelity and fertility of the reporter, and the technicalities, the brightness, the strength and weakness, the humor and frailty of the "craft"—the craft of crafts—is one of the best. It is safe to say that none but a printer could have made the report.

"You are a printer?" said Scully, as a rather good-looking young man was run from the bull pen into the "chute at the West side court."

"Yes, sir."

"This is your first case?"

"It's the first time I ever worked at a 'case' in this 'alley'."

"Did you get drunk?"

"The boys 'set' it up and gave me the 'string'."

"I don't fathom your remark," said his honor, putting one hand to his ear and bending forward.

Sponge Fishing in the Bahamas. When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men in small boats proceed to look for sponges in the waters below. The water is a beautiful light blue in color, and so clear that a sponge can easily be seen on the white sand bottom in thirty-five and forty feet of water. Of course, when there is no wind, the surface of the water still, the sponges are easily seen; but when a gentle breeze is blowing, "sea glass" is used. A sea glass consists of a square pine box, about twenty inches in length, with a pane of glass about ten by twelve inches placed in one end, water tight. To use it, the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motions of the water is overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges when seen on the bottom attached to the coral rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by big black hooks which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots are pulled from the rock. When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft, glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soft soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken upon the shore, where a crawl is built in which they are placed to dry, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fibre of the sponge. These crawls are built up by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black, glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fisherman generally the occupation is not a lucrative one. I am told that the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, beside board. There is but little diving for sponges except for a particularly fine bunch which cannot easily be got with the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects and is the live id which they live. Different qualities are found growing side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.

A Glimpse of Swiss Life. Mountains and mountain scenery make rare excellent people—in many important respects. And it is equally true that excellent people will, by their virtues, make happy homes anywhere. The following little anecdote, picked up by a foreign correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, well exemplifies the line—

"Man wants but little here below," and shows how much some can make of that little.

As I drive over the mountain passes of Switzerland, over the Furka, and down toward the eternal glaciers of the Rhoen, I wonder how the inhabitants of the many little cottages I pass support themselves on such sterile fields. So I said to the driver—

"How do the people get a living here?" He looked at me, surprised, a moment, and then replied, "Why, they all work."

And sure, just over the mountains a patch of snow and those heavy boulders, there is a green spot, and the Swiss has found he can raise a bit of grain or flax, or some potatoes there. And beyond still is another oasis he has found, and the mother and children are mowing on it. So the wolf is kept from the door, and the miserable little cottage is their kingdom, and it is clean and respectable, and all their own. By-and-by the boy is going to Lucerne, with the bright prospect ahead of becoming writer, in good time, in a grand hotel.

Our servants were devoted to him, because, with all his personal dignity, he was so kind and human in his treatment of them. I remember we had once a cook, a young woman, who took great pains to observe what dishes he particularly liked. When he visited her, he usually lived in our garden house, and his meals were carried to him there.

WHAT CAME IN A POTATO.—A friend of ours received a day or two ago through the post office from Olympia, Washington Territory, a roundish, irregular package, which on examination proved to contain a large potato. Further investigation showed that the potato had been dug in two and the inside scooped out, and in the cavity were found flowers and leaves, which, as he learned by a note previously received, had been picked in a garden in the open air on the 26th day of December. The flowers, panicles, germinations, and others, were as fresh and bright as if they had been gathered within an hour, though their journey across the continent had occupied fifteen days. Olympia is in about the latitude of Quebec, though its winter climate is not more severe than that of Memphis.—Worcester Spy.

A Tempest in Denmark. Denmark is a little kingdom that rarely attracts general attention to its affairs. Most people would therefore be surprised on being told that there is no country of Europe whose politics are more interesting, and even exciting, than the present time, than those of little Scandinavian kingdom.

A contest has been going on for more than four years between the two Houses of Parliament, which in Denmark is called the Rigsdag. The lower House, called the Folketing, corresponding to our House of Representatives, is elected every three years directly by the people, and consists of one hundred and two members. The Senate, or Landsting, numbers sixty-six members. Of these, twelve are nominated for life by the King. The other fifty-four are chosen every eight years by bodies of electors, part of whom are elected by the people and part by the largest taxpayers.

In all free countries of Europe, in Denmark, among others, the system known as the responsible ministry prevails. This includes several things. First, the Ministry, or Cabinet, and not the King, is responsible for the conduct of affairs. Second, the Ministry must be in harmony with Parliament. In other words, Parliament has the right to demand of the King that the Cabinet shall be made up of men in political sympathy with the Legislature, and possessing the confidence of the majority in Parliament. Third, as soon as it is evident that the majority will not support the Ministry, the Cabinet must resign, or Parliament must be dissolved, and new elections held to see whether the people support the Cabinet or the Parliament.

In 1872 there was a conservative Ministry in Denmark, which was very strongly supported in the Landsting, or Senate. The radicals had carried the Folketing by a small majority. The Folketing put forward the claim that the Ministry must resign if it was not in sympathy, not with either of the two Houses, but with the Folketing. The Landsting expressed confidence in the Cabinet, and the Ministry, at the formal request of the King, continued in office.

This was the beginning of a struggle which has lasted and grows more bitter every year until now. The Folketing has refused to vote any appropriations until the ministry is changed, and the Ministry has retaliated by dissolving the Folketing.

There have been three elections in the four years. Several minor changes have been made in the Ministry, but it is now, and has all the time since, conservative. At every election the radicals have grown stronger in Parliament, and now have more than two-thirds of the members.

During the late session of the Rigsdag, which came to an end in December, the Folketing was more violent than ever before. It even went so far as to put into the law which it passed, that the government proposed had no taxes and no appropriations.

If the King of Denmark were an unpopular man or a tyrant, there would have been a revolution long ago. But he is neither. He is both a good and a wise man and a man much liked by the people. Although the King has not his Ministry, and although the popular indignation against the Ministry has been very strong, not a word is breathed against royalty or its representative.

This contest seems at first sight to be one between the people and a privileged class, and those who have an ardent and sentimental sympathy with the radicals who appear to be fighting for liberty, will naturally hope for the success of the radicals in the Folketing. But those radicals are in reality seeking to obtain by violent measures larger powers than the Constitution of Denmark has often granted them, so far as it can be perceived, is office rather than liberty. Yet very noble causes have been first espoused from unworthy motives.

It is clear that unless there should be a change of public sentiment in Denmark the people must at last carry the day, and it is possible, the victory may even be won by the King through his understanding the love and reverence of his people for him. The right will doubtless ultimately prevail, and even the Danish people who make a little noise in the world, may add a chapter to the History of Freedom.

Married Life. Deceive not one another in small things or in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed the whole married life, or small domestic circle, and its consequences. Foid not the arms together and sit idle.—Laziness is the devil's cushion. Do not run much from home. "One's own health is gold worth."