

NOT TILL DAY IS OVER.

Thou shalt not praise the day till night is falling,
However fair its dawn and noon may be;
Ofttimes at eventide come storms appalling,
Setting the lightning and the thunder free.

Thou shalt not blame the day till it is ending,
Though it has brought thee flood and hurricane;
Full oft at nightfall comes deep peace, descending
In sunset gold and roses, glorious gain.

Praise each fair morn that calls thee up from sleeping,
And through the hot day work with all thy might;
Then leave the evening hour in heaven's keeping,
Which sent both winter cloud and summer light.

—Westminster Gazette, From German.

How the Old Man Outwitted Them.

BE quiet, brats! Don't disturb grandpa," shouted Mrs. Owen to a company of boisterous youngsters, who were evidently celebrating for a festive occasion with tarts and frolics.

"Let them enjoy their childish pranks to-day," said the kind-hearted grandpa, smiling.

"But they trample together the whole carpet, the beasts!" screamed Mrs. Owen, on her uppermost treble, showing and beating the youthful group out of the room.

"What's the matter? I've never before seen you so angry with the children," said the old man.

"Don't mind the chits. I know well enough how to manage them, if you'd only not interfere."

"Humph!" muttered he, reflectively.

Mr. Owen, who has here been introduced as an old man living with his daughter-in-law, had recently been a wealthy dealer in real estate. Feeling, however, that the strain and turmoil of commercial life was acting injuriously on his superannuated nerves, he let himself be persuaded by Mr. William Owen, his son, and Mrs. Amelia Bay, his daughter, to retire from business and make them a donation of all his property. On the very morning of

stirred; besides," she continued sarcastically, "he might spoil his eyes, if not also his mind, by reading so much."

"My mind must have been in disorder for quite a time," rejoined he, bitterly, "since I made a certain deed of gift."

"What! Ingrate!" Mrs. Owen burst out in a terrible rage. "Is this the way you reward me for tending your troublesome old person? Is not our taking you into the house and feeding you ample repayment for any paltry help you may have given us? You ought to feel thankful to my kind husband for taking off your lazy shoulders the burden of conducting your affairs, for which you are mighty unfit, and enabling you to loaf about here to your heart's content—you should be thankful, I tell you, instead of grumbling and sulking all day long like an unnatural parent that you are. An old man like you, already smelling of grave-dilles, should have more sense than that!" and with this she rushed out of the chamber.

For full five minutes after her exit Mr. Owen stood motionless; then he sank down upon a sofa. As if struck by a thunderbolt, his nerves protracted the vision of a furious woman ejecting

instantly they were both on their knees before the hoary father, and plunged into violent entreaties of pardon and promises of repentance. He listened with equanimity, and, after multiplied supplications and importunities, was prevailed on to stay, saying, however, with a wistful smile, that "if at any time they think they'd rather live without him, they have merely to say so, and he will depart with all his belongings." When nearing the last few words Mrs. Owen nudged her husband, and then almost fell in a fainting fit, declaring it would henceforth be the business of her life to nurse and cheer her dear papa.

Coming the next day on a visit to the Owen family, Mrs. Amelia Bay was informed by her sister-in-law of the proceedings of last night.

"But I don't quite see the reason of your affecting such obsequious respect for the dotard."

"You are simple-minded indeed. Where could he get money to buy such a suit of clothes and hire lodgings, had he not retained a large part of his property, and who knows but what it was the larger part? His ledgers, you know, were in a state of considerable confusion, and he might have kept some two or three hundred thousand dollars without anybody knowing it."

From that time the Owens and the Bays vied with each other in obtaining the good-will and, withal, the good possessions of old Mr. Owen. They deluged him with rare and precious presents, which he would put away nobody knew where; but before long the sagacious Mrs. Owen guessed that he was placing them where he kept his treasure, and that ultimately it would all return to them. They consequently began to bestow attentions on him with greater and greater frequency, waiting for their restoration with more than compound interest. One day he asked for a sum of money which amounted to a moderate fortune. They hesitated, but Mrs. Owen affirmed that she observed he was wanting from day to day, and as this was probably his last probation of them, they would forfeit all by declining to comply with the present request. Still Mr. Bay faltered, but the Owens agreeing to give three-fourths of the sum, the father at last received the money, which went, as Mrs. Owen asserted, to the mysterious place where he hoarded his vast treasures.

Eight months have worn on since the incidents related above, when Mr. Owen's family are gathered near his death-bed. A gloomy hush reigns in the chamber, while all eyes are fixed on the cadaverous, grizzled head on the pillow, whose heavy, irregular inhalation, like the tolling of a funeral knell, heralds the proximity of death. For some time previous, his unrest, together with brief, indistinct exclamations, has shown that his memory has been hovering amid the scenes of his past life. At length his countenance assumes a more placid aspect, his feverish tossing ceases, his inspiration becomes nearly inaudible, and it is evident that the worn man is lingeringly dying. Softly nearing the bedside, Mrs. Owen, having caught his lusterless eye, whispers in her gentlest notes:

"Dearest papa, haven't you, perhaps, something on your mind that you'd like to impart on such a moment, that your undoubted hopes of coming comfort and bliss have made you forget—something, for instance, touching a will?"

The half-dead features suddenly gleam up, the emigrant from the temporal world, forcibly struggling a few steps back from the boundaries of dissolution, raises himself in bed, and even something very like a sad smile crosses his withered lips.

"Tee—ta—ta—ment," stammers he, with his last breath, "testament at—Mr. Du—Duban's."

Mrs. Owen, highly displeased that the testament should be in a stranger's hands, although Mr. Duban is an old friend of the Owens, makes a wry face; but it is of no use protesting, for old Mr. Owen is dead.

Hardly, however, had the corpse grown cold, when both pious couples hurried away to Mr. Duban's.

"To what happy luck," met them that gentleman, "am I indebted for the pleasure of receiving such worthy guests? I hope my good old comrade is better?"

"We have come for his will," vociferated the flushed Mrs. Owen.

"Our loved father has departed this morning," said Mrs. Bay.

"Mr. Owen dead! And you here about the will so soon?"

"We'll hear a sermon next Sunday, but now we demand our father's testament," Mrs. Owen said impatiently.

Without another word, Mr. Duban fetched a large sealed envelope and, with the concurrence of his visitors, unclosing it, took out a neatly folded sheet of paper in which he read as follows: "In the name of God, A-men!"

"I deem it unnecessary to proceed in the legal style of a last will and testament, as what I have to bestow will probably be accounted of cheap value by the legatees; it is no more, indeed, than dearly bought advice. The best mode for impressing and emphasizing this advice is, I think, by relating the circumstances by which I acquired it myself. When I perceived

that my children were getting tired of me and disposed to treat me harshly, I resigned myself to the Most Merciful, humbly and devoutly imploring Him to protect and direct me in my helpless old age. While thus praying one midday with more than usual fervor, because I had just undergone a great indignity, I was suddenly struck by an excellent idea—at the time I thought it an apocalypse. Obeying the heaven-sent counsel, I borrowed a hundred dollars from a covey of mine, Mr. Duban, and purchased a handsome suit of clothes and prepared to move out, thus making my daughter-in-law believe that the poor old sugar-maple was not yet thoroughly drained. Thanks to heaven, the plan succeeded perfectly; I was not only respected and afforded every enjoyment, but was showered with sums of money and other gifts—all of which I have bequeathed on the Home for Old Men.

"The moral of my tale is a warning to everybody, never to part with his estate while the soul yet keeps the body. Pardoning my children and their spouses for whatever offenses they have committed against me, and bestowing on them my warmest blessings, I remain, their affectionate father, N. OWEN."

Followed by Mr. Duban's leering glances and smart chuckle, the disappointed company went back silently and demurely to the Owen mansion. On gaining which, Mrs. Owen heaved a deep sigh and ejaculated:

"What a cunning old fox it was!"—The Hearthstone.

LOOPING THE LOOP.

Fierce Upward Rush of Air, Wild Grip at One's Hat, and Then the Shock.

The "Loop the Loop" was just across the way, and the artist reminded me that it was worth seeing.

"Of course we won't ride," he said, "but it is worth while to see the others."

We entered the enclosure and gazed up at the pair of great steel loops around which cars are carried by the force of their own momentum. A loaded car was at the brink of a long incline. Suddenly it shot down; then for an instant it was in the circle—ascending, hanging, descending—and straight away up another incline, passing beyond our view. We declared strenuously against this appalling amusement. Another car went around, and another, and another. We became silent in the sort of fascination that awaits impending disaster.

Finally I felt the thing fermenting in my blood. Nobody seemed to be getting hurt, and I should like to have the record of that trip. I expected the artist to demur when I announced my intention, but he did not. Perhaps he was hypnotized. We buttoned our coats, as if starting on a cold voyage. I had an impulse to leave some word for the folks at home. Then presently we were seated in a car, slowly ascending the preparatory incline.

During this gradual ascent we had plenty of time to think. I found myself wondering if people ever fainted in making that swift revolution; also, if I had heart disease, and what would be the consequences to one affected in that way. Suddenly I remembered that the princess of the Nile had warned me against any unnecessary risk of life. It seemed a trivial thing at the moment, but I realized now that her words might have been fraught with a special meaning. I stole a look at the artist. He seemed pale and distrustful, perhaps remembering a similar warning. These trifling anxieties always ended in some frightful disaster, and doubtless this was the trip for it to occur. The next day our names would be in the head lines. I reflected that we were probably as great a pair of fools as walked the earth.

The car had reached the level stretch at the top now, and the brink was near. I recalled the starter's injunctions to keep my head up—probably to avoid losing it, as the result of a sudden jerk. Lifting our eyes, we discovered that we were on the verge. Heavens! I had realized that the incline was steep, but that—why, that was a drop! We were in a wheeled car, perched at the brow of a precipice, with a corkscrew revolution at the end. Oh, to be for a single instant on solid ground! To be—

A fierce upward rush of air, a wild grip at a loosening hat, and an instant later the shock! We were on the loop. We were shooting upward as a billow that breaks against the cliff; we were curling over as the wave curls backward; we were darting down to inevitable annihilation!

I confess that my mind was confused. I knew only that for what seemed an eternal instant we were hanging in midair, that my head was far from being up, that my body was swaying in a well-defined centrifugal impulse to close up like an accordion. Then all at once we had dropped, and were shooting outward, dazed, weak and wondering at our safety. As for our heads, they were still on, but almost in our laps. An unknown man in the back seat announced that he would not do it again for a thousand dollars. The figures did not seem extravagant.—Century.

MANY VENOMOUS REPTILES DEAF

Manifold Often Escapes Danger of Attack Owing to This Circumstance.

It is a little known fact—it has, indeed, but recently been discovered by naturalists—that a majority of the venomous reptiles with which the world is infested are wholly or partially deaf, while their sight is often defective. To this is probably due the immunity of man from the attack of these creatures, for men hear and see the serpents before they are heard or seen and are enabled either to escape from their proximity or to make adequate preparations for defense.

A German naturalist, M. Werner of Vienna, has recently reported the result of observations that he has been making for some time on the senses of inferior vertebrates.

On certain points the conclusions of M. Werner are surprising, and in all they are worthy of notice. M. Werner has observed 136 individuals, of which one-third were at liberty, and he took all precautions possible not to let the creatures know they were watched. One general fact is evident, that reptiles and amphibians are strongly attracted by water. They go straight for it, even when they are at a distance so great that they could not divine its presence by any of the senses known to us. It seems really that a sense of which we have no knowledge informs them of the direction in which water may be found.

There seems to be a sort of chemical attraction, says M. Werner. But how does this act and on what part of the creature? This remains a mystery.

Reptiles also seek the light, but independently of heat; they are positively heliophilic and in winter they often leave a comfortable and warm retreat to seek the sunlight. Sight is generally good with them. It is probably the finest sense they possess, but it would still appear to be limited.

The caymans and the crocodiles cannot distinguish a man at distances of more than six times their length, according to M. Werner. In the water fishes see only at very close range—about half their own length. This will seem, perhaps, unlikely to anglers, although some of them can cite instances showing that fish cannot see far. Snakes seem to have a mediocre sense of sight. The boa, for instance, does not see at more than a quarter and a third of its own length; different species are limited to one-fifth or one-eighth of their length.

TENNESSEE MILK SICKNESS.

Disease, Peculiar to State, Kills Man and Beast.

From time to time in the last five decades Tennesseans have been stirred to a profound sense of interest in the State's mysterious malady, "milk sickness," as its deadly reappearance in certain sections of the State has been followed by fatal results to human beings and to stock. No one has ever discovered the cause of the malady from which death relieves the victim, after such physical agony as almost deprives the human species of the power of speech and dumb brutes express their sufferings by frenzied search for water to cool the thirst which consumes them. Once by a stream, they plunge or fall into it, and quickly drink themselves to death.

The fatal sickness is known to a limited extent in several sections of the State, but exists principally near Sparta, in White county. It is contracted through drinking the milk of cows that have eaten a certain weed, known as the "milk-sick weed," which looks somewhat like clover, and grows thickly on the infected land. But what constitutes the poison in the weed is no more determined to-day than it was when first located by the keen-witted, nature-wise mountaineers, who have been its chief victims. It has been ascribed at various times to minerals, whose poison is absorbed in the roots of the "milk-sick" plant; to a vapor from some fungus growth, and to the action of the dew, producing, in connection with the life of the plant, a certain poisonous acid. But all of these theories have failed under tests applied by practical science. On the largest infected section known to exist in the limits of the State, "Milk-sick Mountain," in White county, no mineral whatsoever exists; cattle which ate the "milk-sick weed" after the dew had dried died in agony, just as those which ate it when the dew was fresh and sparkling, and the strictest search failed to find any fungous growth whatever.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Plenty of Excitement.

The man from New England allowed his glance to wander over the native of Dakota as they both stood on the narrow platform of the Gritty Plains station.

"See a good many queer-looking folks round here, don't you?" the man from New England inquired, jerking his thumb toward the landscape behind the station.

The native of Dakota had presumably not seen the jerk, as his eyes were bent on the ground.

"I reckon we do," he said, with great deliberation. "You take a place like this, where there's two trains a day from the East, and we can get our money's worth o' fun whenever we've got time to stand gaping round."



HE WAS DRESSED IN A COSTLY NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES.

the day on which the foregoing colloquy was held a notary public had acknowledged the deed which Mr. Owen, as he was now complacently rocking his armchair, thought had freed him, and for all, from the apparently endless, exhausting labor attendant on maintaining and advancing the repute of a modern large businesshouse. Having ever been treated by his children with high deference, and reposing entire reliance in their sincere magnanimity, and, as he fancied, their repeatedly tried filial devotion, he was certain of living henceforth as unconcerned and happily as a dove, until, like the noisy river which may be traced to the tranquil rillet, his dizzy, restless life should expire in calm felicity and undisturbed meditation.

These were his anticipations when the sullen, arrogant tones of his daughter-in-law's replies, contrasting with her former gentleness and lovingness, surprised him disagreeably, and all at once he recollected the story of King Lear. His fanciful day-dreams vanished instantaneously, and, notwithstanding his severe efforts to the contrary, the appalling tale of that hapless monarch haunted him so dismally that he went and took from the household library that famous drama of the bard of Avon. Its perusal was scarcely calculated to serve as a soothing balm in his present situation, and he wished that it were yet morning and a certain act undone.

Nor were his apprehensions to be unfulfilled. Day after day his children's behavior became more and more gruff and imperious, while their consorts reached an alarming degree. Coming one afternoon to the library for King Lear, which, recognizing the masterly insight of its author, he now read almost daily, he found the door locked. He inquired of Mrs. Owen what was the matter, saying he desired the tragedy of King Lear. She returned crustily, "that she did not care to have the books dog-eared and

flaming lava on his trembling heart. For a time—he knew not how long, but it seemed an age—he kept staring at the spot which she had occupied and his mind was utterly bewildered; but gradually and slowly he collected himself and commenced to sift his confused ideas. If he remained passive, he feared he would soon be shown out of the house, even as King Lear was. Yes; his catastrophe was remarkably parallel to that of the King of Britain. His children were exactly Goneril and Regan; but, mused he, shivering, "I have no Cordelia!" He could not therefore expect any counsel or suggestion from that book; he must think out his own course. After contemplating and pondering for half an hour, he seemed suddenly to have been affliated. His countenance beamed up and he arose with an expiration which was at once a sigh and a smile; his way lay open before him.

"I've given the old man a pretty good scolding to-day," said Mrs. Owen to her spouse on the following evening.

"Did you?" snuffled the dutiful son, languidly.

"To be sure I did. He has grown unbearably morose and overbearing. I am minded to have him move out."

At this moment the object of their discourse entered. He was dressed in a costly new suit of clothes, and on his lips fluttered a most benignant smile.

"Dear children," said he, sweetly, "I've hired an apartment, where I intend to move to-night, and have come to say good-by."

"What!" gasped the worthy couple, simultaneously; "what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter. Only, I presume that the presence of an aged man like me must make young folks uncomfortable, and as Providence has mercifully seen fit to provide me with the means, I propose not to intrude myself on you any further."

A thought flashed across Mrs. Owen's shrewd mind, which she immediately whispered to her consort, and