

DAY BY DAY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow... Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow...

EDITH'S ENGAGEMENT RING.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Mr. Cyrus Symington, of Symington & St. Humblethwaite, jewelers and dealers in fine watches, diamonds and precious stones...

Mr. Symington walked up and down the store—an immense, elegant place, with rows of plate-glass on bronze pedestals...

Mr. Symington gave an annihilating frown on the young man.

"I am not aware that I asked for any outside information," he said harshly.

"Santwood's condition on Saturday is of no consequence to me. I want to know where he is this morning."

He went fuming along to his private office, where the head book-keeper was waiting for him.

"Santwood is sick this morning, sir, and will not be here; but has sent his cousin to take his place, with your permission. Miss Edith Santwood, is outside there to see you."

Mr. Symington looked at his book-keeper with a frown of surprise.

"Miss Edith Santwood! Miss! What the deuce does he mean sending a woman here to do his work?"

"He glared at the unoffending man as though he had been guilty of high treason."

"Can't say, sir," carelessly. "He certainly has sent the young lady, and you will find her waiting to see you outside. That's all I know about it."

And, as Mr. Thorn was the one man in Symington & St. Humblethwaite's employ whom the senior partner never succeeded in bullying, Mr. Symington went grumblingly away, while Mr. Thorn returned to his books.

The irate old gentleman certainly was not the most reassuring of mortals, as he went down the aisle toward Edith Santwood standing beside the end of a bronze and plate glass show-case—a girl fair as a lily-white roseleaf, shining black eyes, that were looking eagerly at him with almost a fearful apprehension in their beautiful depths, with waving, jet black hair parted over her low, broad forehead, and banded, in exquisitely becoming simplicity under the little, cardinal lined, cottage straw hat—a lady refined and delicate, and wearing the unmistakable air of frugality that was almost poverty.

Somehow, a large portion of Mr. Symington's surplus spleen evaporated as he saw her.

"So you are Santwood's cousin—eh, ma'am? A substitute, I understand?" Edith bowed, and smiled slightly, showing a distracting dimple.

"I am Claude Santwood's cousin Edith, sir. He boards with mamma and me, and is unable to come, and very much worried about it—for it is the busy season, he says. Mamma said I might take his place if you would permit it. Claude has explained all the duties to me, and I am very sure I can perform them."

Nobody has ever known crusty old Symington to listen to such a lengthy answer before; but he actually did, only he frowned and twisted his beard.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said gruffly. "Santwood's duties are easy enough for that matter, for any woman to do. He has to fly around lively sometimes. But—why it is a ridiculous idea to send you here to take his place. What possessed him?"

Not that he wanted to know, or cared if he had known.

Edith blushed.

"We are poor, sir, and if Claude's wages should stop—"

"Oh, yes, I dare say! Well hang up your shawl and bonnet in the cloak room yonder, and I'll see whether or not you amount to anything. Women don't, as a general thing, I take notice."

And although Claude had, over and over again, told her how disagreeable Mr. Symington was, nevertheless Edith found herself winking to keep back the mortified tears that would come into her lovely eyes.

But—Mr. Symington found that there never had been a quicker-footed, neater-handed, more accurately-perceptive person inside his establishment.

"It won't last—of course it won't last," he said to Thorn gruffly; "but Stanwood's down for a day or so yet, she says, and I suppose she's better than nobody. Keep your eye on her though, Thorn; and I've spoken to Mason. She's a stranger, you know, and there's a sight of things lying around handy."

Thorn laughed, but gave a half-digested look at the captious old man.

"I'll stake my next ten years' salary that Miss Santwood is a lady," he said, quietly.

"All right, sir. Just be so good as to step this way. Did I understand you—crown setting or antique?"

Mr. Symington was all smiles and graciousness, and rubbed his hands in delightful, business-like jocularity, as he led the way to his special department over which he always presided—the valuable diamond rings.

Mr. Roscoe Bellair walked leisurely along after him—a handsome grave-faced gentleman of thirty-five, with tawny hair and moustache, and eyes that were as outlooking and honest, and wholehearted as a child's—a gentleman whom society had acknowledged one of its choicest favorites, by royal right of his high social position, his personal attractions, his immense wealth—just such a man as Mr. Symington delighted to honor.

Mr. Bellair took a seat beside the caskets of glittering stones, and ran them over with the eye of a connoisseur.

"I want a solitaire, Symington—something A No. 1—with a crown setting. For a lady."

Mr. Symington smiled very knowingly. "All right. If you can't suit yourself here, you won't this side of the Atlantic. I've a specially choice lot of unset solitaires, Mr. Bellair, that I am reserving for just such orders, particularly suited for lady's rings—engagement rings, and the like. Just let me show them to you."

He trotted off to the safe a few yards away, and Mr. Bellair tried on ring after ring, then leaned back in his chair, and took a leisurely look around him, to see at the next show-case, the very loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life, showing silver thimbles to a shy half-grown miss.

Then Symington came, bustling back, red in the face, but beaming all over.

"Here they are, Mr. Bellair—perfect beauties, that will make a lady's eyes shine to look at. What do you think of that, sir?"

Mr. Bellair thought enough to select a magnificent stone, and the style of setting.

"And what size?" Mr. Symington wanted to know, suavely.

Bellair laughed.

"Upon my word I don't know how we'll manage it. The ring is to be a surprise. I think the young lady over yonder was about the same size as the lady who will wear the ring."

He indicated Edith, still showing the silver thimbles.

"Very good!" Mr. Symington said. "Bunn, relieve Miss Santwood. Miss Santwood this way a moment. Just let me see your hand—hold it up."

And almost before Edith knew what she was wanted for, she found herself inside the little sacred place of diamonds, with Roscoe Bellair's handsome blue eyes looking at her fair face, and Mr. Symington fitting a ring on her tapering forefinger.

"I suppose that's the finger, sir," he said knowingly.

Bellair laughed.

"Go ahead, Symington; I hope you won't be far out of the way. Yes, that's a perfect fit, and very handsome," he said, as, in his courteous, grave way, he looked at the fair, aristocratic hand, with its slender fingers, pink nails, and dimpled wrist.

"That will do," Mr. Symington said, as he removed the costly ring from Edith's hand, "you may go back."

As she passed with her eyes bent down Mr. Bellair spoke to her, in a tone that made her lift them suddenly, flashing all their glory full upon him.

"Allow me to thank you very much."

A faint, gratified little flush—a little smile, that just suggested the white teeth and the bewitching dimple—then she passed out, and back to the silver thimble buyer, with a strange fluttering of the heart that she had never experienced before, and an impression left upon her of the handsomest face, the kindest eye she ever had seen in her quiet homely life—a sensation and an impression that were strongly upon her, when, as she stood putting on her gloves as she was about to go home in the evening, Mr. Symington stepped up to her, with a curious look on his face, that sent her vaguely delicious sensations instantly adrift.

"Where is the cluster diamond ring you stole from the tray while you were in my department to-day?"

She looked at him as if she considered him suddenly bereft of his senses.

"The ring I stole—I—from you?"

"Just so. If you'll hand it over I'll say nothing about it, only you needn't come back to-morrow. Your best policy is to admit the theft and give it up."

The color began to wane in her face until she was ghastly pale.

"Mr. Symington, you don't mean that you think I stole a diamond ring?"

"Her voice was indescribably horror-stricken and pathetic.

"I certainly mean exactly that. And I don't propose to waste many more words about it. Just step inside the private office, and unless you at once give it up I will have you searched."

She drew herself up laughingly at that.

"Sir, you insult me! I have not taken your diamond ring. Your accusation is as cruel as it is unfounded."

Her dark eyes flashed with proud consciousness of right, but her lovely face was awfully pale, and her lips quivered with womanly shame and pain.

Mr. Symington sneered.

"Oh, well, if you're going into hyster-

ics, go ahead! Thorn, telegraph for a policeman and a woman from the station. We'll search the young thief."

A cry came from Edith's lips at the horrible, horrible word.

"Oh, don't say such a thing of me—of me! Why I must be dreaming! It must be some awful nightmare I am suffering! They accuse me—me, mother's little Edith—of stealing a diamond ring?"

And just as she fell in a merciful swoon on the office floor, Mr. Bellair came walking through the store into the private office.

"Look here, Symington—the result of an attack of absence of mind! I actually wore off one of your cluster— Why what's the matter?"

For as he walked into the room, talking, and laughingly removing a magnificent cluster-ring from his finger—the ring for which Edith Santwood lay white and deathless like a perfect statue of ivory—he saw her on the sofa, where Mr. Thorn had laid her.

A livid sort of paleness spread over Mr. Symington's florid face, and he uttered a little unintelligible exclamation that Bellair instantly correctly translated.

"Good gracious! you don't tell me you suspected her? I hurried back with the ring I so unconsciously carried off, but I didn't think I should come to see this."

It is an outrage, Symington, couldn't you see the girl was a perfect lady? Symington, I wouldn't have thought this of you!"

His voice was sharp and cold, and he bent to feel the faintly returning pulse in Edith's round white wrist.

"How did I know? She's a stranger."

"That is no excuse; I wouldn't have believed it of you, Miss Edith," and he bowed almost reverently as she opened her wondering eyes, "you are feeling better I think? My carriage is at the door. You will allow me to take you home? My name is Roscoe Bellair."

She rose, almost staggeringly, a wild horror coming back to her eyes as she remembered.

"He thinks I took the ring. Oh, tell him I am not a thief! You believe me—don't you, sir?"

Bellair sent Symington an indignant glance.

"I certainly would implicitly believe your word, even if I did not have ample evidences of the truth of it. I am the sinner, Miss Edith. I wore the ring away, inadvertently, and have just returned it."

And Edith sank down upon the sofa, crying such blind, relieving tears, that, if ever Mr. Symington felt uncomfortable in his life, it was then.

Six months afterward Edith Santwood showed a lovely cluster-diamond ring to her gentle little mother, with her dark eyes full of happy tears, her lovely cheeks flushing like a wild rose.

"Roscoe insisted upon having the identical ring, mamma—that is, the same stones—reset to fit me. He says nothing is too good for our engagement ring. Oh, mamma, I am so happy!"

And, although it was a terrible experience, yet Roscoe Bellair's betrothed never regretted the episode of the diamond ring.

THE TOMATO.—It is a popular fallacy that the luscious and health-preserving tomato has its origin as an article of food in this country. But while there is some reason to believe it was found in South America, it was evidently cultivated centuries ago in Mexico and Peru.

Dodoens, the Netherland herbalist, mentions the tomato as early as 1853 as a vegetable to be eaten with pepper, salt and oil. It belongs to the nightshade family, and was used in cooking by the Malays more than a century and a half since. It is extensively raised in Southern Italy, and employed there as an accompaniment to nearly every dish, particularly macaroni. But neither there nor anywhere else in Europe is it commonly eaten, as it is here, separately and in large quantities. In England it is sparingly produced, requiring a hot-bed in the spring and in consequence high priced. The Italians formerly called it golden apple, and now love apple, as it was formerly designated in this country. The appearance of the tomato on the table has greatly increased in Europe within a few years; but in no land is it a regular dish—much as it is used for sauce abroad—as in the United States, where it is also picked, preserved and confectioned.

ACCIDENT TO A FIRE-EATER.—There was a shocking accident to a fire-eater in the market place of Leighton Buzzard, England, a fortnight ago. A traveling negro was performing on a stand, licking red-hot iron, bending heated pokers with his naked foot, burning tow in his mouth and the like. At last he filled his mouth with benzoline, saying he would burn it as he allowed it to escape. He had no sooner applied a lighted match to his lips than the whole mouthful of spirit took fire, and before it was consumed, the man was burned in a frightful manner, the blazing spirit running all over his face, neck and chest as he dashed from his stand and raced about like a madman among the assembled crowd, tearing his clothing from him and howling in most intense agony. A portion of the spirit was swallowed, and the inside of his mouth was also terribly burned. He was taken into a chemist's shop and oils were administered and applied, but afterward in agonizing frenzy he escaped in a state almost of nudity from a lodging house, and was captured by the police and taken to the workhouse infirmary.

The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

A Scandalous Dog.

Once upon a time there lived in the city of New York a wealthy old gentleman who had a wayward son. The young man liked to run with the boys, and managed to use up considerable of the old gentleman's substance for wine suppers, fast teams and other unholly dissipations. Consequently, this young man was always in debt, constantly in need of ready cash, and continually making requisitions on his governor's exchequer.

At last the old gentleman took a tumble, whatever that may mean; but the young man, in describing the course his father had concluded to pursue, remarked to a friend that the old man had taken a tumble. The said tumble consisted in his notifying his son and heir that from that on and henceforth no more cash for any funny business, and the old fellow was as good as his word.

Down in his heart of hearts the young man was grievous sore, but he assumed a smile though he felt it not, and made earnest protestations of reform. Meanwhile he kept on running with the boys on tick. Tick is one of those things that has a limit, and one day the wayward son found himself at the end of his rope, so to speak, and at his wits' end for funds to keep up his end with the other boys, and after canvassing the matter in his mind and assuring himself that the old gentleman was inexorable and no coin could be squeezed out of him on a square proposition, he hit upon a happy expedient. Entering the paternal presence and assuming a look of business, he said:

"Father, have you read about that man over in Brooklyn that can teach dogs to talk?"

If the old man had been in his halcyon days of his youth, he would probably have said, "What yergivinus?" but being the father of a family, he said, "What sort of a nonsense are you talking about now?"

"Fact, sure you live," said the young hopeful; "I've seen the thing myself, and I didn't know but what it might be a good idea to take old Tige and have him taught. A talking dog would be a cheerful thing to have about the house and would make lots of amusement for the children."

"My son," returned the father solemnly, "I'm an old man, and have seen a powerful sight of the world, and I tell you this is an age of lumbag."

"That's all right, father" but isn't it likewise an age of progress? Look at the locomotive, and the telephone and the Atlantic cable, and the patent what-doyoucall'em, and all those other things they didn't know about in the days of the revolutionary fathers."

Certainly, certainly my son; glad to see you showing such knowledge of the world's progress. And do you really think the man can teach dogs to talk?"

"Sure pop! But it don't cost a cent if it's a failure. The Professor says he don't want any money if the dog can't be taught in one week to carry on a conversation with anybody. The terms are just these: You take the dog over and pay the \$50 in advance. If at the end of a week the dog can't talk, you get your \$50 back again; but if he can talk you pay \$50 more, making an even hundred for the lessons."

"Well, it would be odd to have old Tige talking around the house, and I guess we'll try the thing, anyhow. You can take the dog over this afternoon if you like."

And the old man went down in his "kick" as the boys call it, and handed the boy a \$50 note.

Tige left the house that day.

From day to day the old gentleman inquired of his son as to the progress Tige was making in his studies. The invariable reply of the son was: "The Professor says he's just getting on fine, and is going to make a talker from base."

At last the eventful day came when Tige was to be brought home, and the young man took the other fifty from his trusting parent. That evening he came home without the dog.

"Where's Tige?" asked the Governor.

"See here, father," said the young man. "I've got something to say and it won't do to speak it out before all the family. I'd like to have about five minutes' conversation with you in another room."

Father and son retired to another room, locked the door, stuffed paper in the keyhole, and the young man spoke as follows:

"Well, I went over to Brooklyn and got Tige, and he was dreadful glad to see me, you bet. When we got on the boat I just thought I'd have a little talk with the old dog to kinder get him broke in, and astonish the folks when we got home. We sat down at the bow of the boat, and I said, 'How do, Tige?'"

"Pooty well," said he, "how's the folks?"

"Bang up," says I.

"Gals all well?" said he.

"Fine as a fiddle," says I.

"Has Miranda and that big bean of hers bursted any more of the parlor chairs, sittin' on 'em double?" says he.

"I don't pay much attention to the gal's love affairs," said I, "and Tige, you musn't talk about such things; they're sacred."

"Look a here, Jim," said Tige, kinder solemn like, and winking out of the corner of his eye. "Look a here, does the old man keep it up kissing that chambermaid with the red cheeks and pug nose every time he catches her on the basement staircase?"

"Father, just imagine how I felt to have the dog talk that way about the author of my being! Now, what was I going to do under the circumstances? Could I bring that dog home and have him scandalize the family around the neighborhood and before company? Not much! I just coaxed old Tige to the

edge of the boat and pushed him overboard. Dead dogs tell no tales."

"The judgment of the court is that the murder is justifiable and strictly in self-defense," said the old man; and he gave the protector of the family honor another fifty, and suggested that it might be just as well to tell the folks that Tige died in a fit, and not to mention anything about his conversational powers.—Virginia City Enterprise.

True Love Among Authors.

In 1811, at the age of 25, Guizot married Mlle. de Meulan, who was his senior by a good many years. She was a woman of good birth, and well known as a writer. He accidentally heard that she was in distress, and although they had never met, he could not resist the impulse to help her by writing articles for her in a journal to which they both contributed.

The relation thus formed ripened into friendship, and after some time "he wrote to tell her all that she had become to him." She associated herself with all his plans, and her sympathy was not only a source of profound happiness, but an incessant stimulus to work. In 1827 Mme. Guizot died, and for a time her husband was inconsolable. Ultimately, however, he married her niece, to whom he was as devoted as he had been to his first wife. Even her best friends can hardly call to mind or separate the details of her individual life, it was henceforth so entirely absorbed in that of her husband. She worked for him, observed for him, read and talked only for him. After five years of happiness she also died, and was followed by the only son of the first Mme. Guizot, an amiable and clever youth, who was beginning to be of essential service to his father. Guizot felt these successive blows keenly, and their influence on his modes of thought may be seen in numerous references to the more somber and mysterious aspects of human life. But they did not diminish the ardor with which he sought to promote what seemed to him the interests of his country, nor did they prevent him from finding a continually increasing pleasure in the development of his three children.

Brushing Away Gossip.

Rev. Rowland Hill was a zealous though eccentric clergyman. He had a large fund of humor, and frequently drew upon it, in order to "point a moral or adorn a tale." On one occasion, while visiting a friend in the country, the conversation degenerated into idle gossip, and the characters of several friends and acquaintances were severely reviewed.

Mr. Hill was much annoyed, but he remained silent until there was a lull in the talking. Then he rose and rang the bell. The servant appeared.

"Have you a hearth-brush and dustpan handy?" said Mr. Hill.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, wondering, as did the family and guests, what the eccentric clergyman could be thinking of.

"I wish you would let me have them for a few moments."

When they were brought to him he began brushing the carpet.

"A prodigious quantity of dust and dirt has been scattered this evening," he remarked, as he brushed away, "and I think it had better be removed."

The hint thus picturesquely conveyed was taken. During the remainder of the evening the conversation was more becoming to Christian ladies and gentlemen.

The Dollar.

A stranger who was yesterday having his boots blacked by one of the post office brigade, asked the lad what he would do if some one should hand him a dollar.

"I'd give half of it to the heathen and spend the rest on the Fourth," was the reply.

"That's right—you are a good boy," said the man. "I like to give money to such a lad as you."

When his boots were finished he handed the boy a nickel and walked off, never referring to the dollar, which the lad had been almost certain of. He had gone about half a block when the lad overtook him and asked:

"Did you intend to give me a dollar?"

"Oh, no, no, no. I simply wanted to see what you would do with it."

"Well, I've been thinking it all over," said the bootblack, "and I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd take it and hire some one to pare my feet down so I could get on No. 10 leavens without springing my juts out of line."

The stranger looked from his feet to the boy and back, then across the street to a policeman, and as he turned to go, he muttered:

"Well, I've found out what he'd do with it, but I don't know as I feel any the better for it?"

A Good Trick.—A Berlin photographer is reported to have made use of an ingenious trick to attract customers. The artist pretended he could make the photographs of gentlemen so life-like that their dogs would be able to recognize them. When these photographs were held up before the dogs of the owners, the dogs would wag their tails and lick the pictures. The other photographers of Berlin who were unable to perform anything similar, watched their colleague, and finally discovered his secret. It was a very simple proceeding. All he did was to cover the photographs with a thin coating of lard, which the dogs, of course, smelled, and then licked off.

A great deal of sickness in children may be avoided by parents eating the green fruit on their place themselves. A united effort in a neighborhood is necessary to make this remedy effectual. Hens and children are prone to ramble.