

THE ORCHARD BARE.
C. W. BROWN.
The bare are down the bare are down
And what comes flocking through
But memories that swirl and flow
In rose-leaf pink and russet brown
And eyes of faithful blue.

They take my hand, unwillingly lent,
They lead me where they will;
I catch the apple blossoms' scent,
And loving this above all else
And these are never still.

I feel the south wind on my cheek,
I hear the blue bird sing
The violet in the garden
To me the leaves and mosses speak:
It is my boyhood's spring.

I know naught of the storms that wear
Upon the souls of men
My heart is sweet, my world is fair,
And neither love and life are
Are round me once again.

And now the shade has grown more deep
Upon the orchard grass
The kindly lady's half asleep
Stretch out their fruited boughs to sweep
Our faces as we pass.

They touch her face so pure so fair!
(O thought! if you could speak!)
Her voice makes softer still the air—
A while now meditates in her hair,
A red one on her cheek!

Beside the bare we used to hear
The whistling of the first of rain
The sunset first low and clear,
And earth grows dim and heaven draws near—
We feel it—she and I.

Now with the pictures come and go—
Use the orchard seat
Through summer bloom and winter snow,
With ruddy color and half-open fans,
And laughter in the land;

I see it desolate and dumb
Through veiling mist of tears
When sorrow to my soul has come
And life grows strange and wearisome,
Holds out its blank, dead years.

O loving heart! O days of youth!
O eyes that look into the clear
I can look back no more, no more—
My eyes are dim and my heart is sore—
I will put up the bare.

THE BELLE OF THE BAKERY.

It was not one of your common bakeries. It was a very genteel bakery, indeed, with a solid plate glass window, and "Parties and Weddings Supplied" gilded in sprawling letters across the front. The floor was of chequered marble, and the walls were frescoed with peacock feathers and half-open fans. And Mrs. Biggs knew nothing at all about "the business," but came in and out of a private door, and Miss Edgelitha, her daughter, was taking lessons of the piano, and in arduous work, and read D'Israeli's novels, and was educated. As for Mr. Biggs himself, he was invisible half the day in the suburban region, whence he would occasionally emerge with a very red face, and hair and whiskers peppered with flour.

"They are nothing like the master's eye," Mr. Biggs would observe, with a noble disregard of grammar which was peculiarly aggravating to Edgelitha.

Then there was Mary—"Polly," as Mr. Biggs called her. Mary Biggs had come to visit Edgelitha, and he was with her, when the sudden death of her father left her unprovided for, and all but friendless.

"She's most educated, ain't she?" said Mr. Biggs. "De! put her through and make a teacher of her, eh, wife?"

"Pray, Mr. Biggs, don't go to putting such nonsense into the child's head!" said Mrs. Biggs. "It's a deal too expensive, and it will be three years at least before she'll be qualified to teach. And we can't board and clothe her all that time. Let her go down into the bakery and help you. You were complaining only yesterday of being short of hands."

"But it's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mr. Biggs, who has a kind hearted soul. "Such a bright, smart little creature as Polly is."

"Fahaw!" said Mrs. Biggs. "You want bright, smart creatures, don't you?"

"But I somehow calculated to give Polly the same advantages as Edgelitha," urged the baker, wriggling like an uneasy eel.

"Then you calculated entirely without your host," observed Mr. Biggs, tartly. "We are not Rothschilds, and Signor Caracoli charges eighty dollars a quarter; and I've spoken to a French man-servant about taking lessons in conversation at a dollar apiece. Besides," with a sudden change of base—"Mary was telling me only yesterday that she pined for something to do. She has always been used to such active life."

So Mary, in black and calico dress, with the mist of tears still heavy on her eyelids, went down into the workroom to help her uncle.

She was a brisk, efficient girl, who had what Uncle Biggs called "a level business head." She was quick and smart, and kept the books below stairs; and once in a while she amused herself with making up a pile of dainty, snow-white meringues, or a batch of old-fashioned doughnuts, for the store. It was lonely down there, to be sure, among the busy workmen, and she sighed at times when she heard her Cousin Edgelitha practising the scales.

"It is very ungrateful of me," she said to herself. "I ought to be glad and thankful to help good Uncle Biggs."

And it never occurred either to Mary or her uncle that if she hadn't been so very much prettier than Edgelitha she never would have been banished to the basement of the bakery.

"Edgelitha must marry rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "We have prepared her to adorn any station; and Mr. Lilburne certainly was very attentive when he met her at the private view of the picture gallery. I really think he likes Edgelitha."

"He's a queer old fish," said the baker meditatively.

"But he's rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "Well, then, let us ask him to supper, and leave him and Edgelitha alone to gether afterward?" suggested Mr. Biggs. "That is, if she likes him."

"Biggs, don't be a goose," said the lady irritably. "You haven't a soul above one of your own floor barrels—no, nor you won't never have."

So Mr. Biggs retired, and gave his whole attention to the checking off of a load of St. Louis flour, which was being delivered at the alley door.

Mary Biggs had come up into the store to whisper one of her uncle's messages to the stylish young woman behind the counter, when a servant girl hurried in and emptied about a peck of little bit brown cakes on the glass top of the show case.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, miss," said she; "and they're trash!"

"What?" said the shop woman.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, and they're trash!" repeated the maid. "He said they wasn't ginger snaps at all; they was only lady and molasses. He wanted the kind his mother used to bake on Saturday morning. The very first one he tasted he threw on the floor."

"Well," remarked the shop woman, tossing her head, "if our ginger snaps don't suit the gentleman, then it's impossible to suit him. That's all!"

"He's been sick, you know," said the maid, looking apologetically. "And he is just getting better, and his appetite's dreadful uncertain, and Mrs. Pugsley—"

my misus—who thought she was sure to tempt him with these 'ere, 'Ginger-snaps,' said he. 'Just what I've been a-longin' for. My mother used to bake 'em for me when I was a child. Yes, Mrs. Pugsley,' said he, 'you may order 'em for me. But,' with a mild sigh, 'mamma might be known they wouldn't suit. Nothin' suits when a gentleman's just off a sick bed.'

"Is it Mr. Lilburne?" said Mary. "Oh, I remember him. He came here once and went to sleep while Edgelitha was singing 'Oh Summer Night!' I liked him. He talked to me about ovals and chickens and cranberry swamps and robins' nests. Does he like ginger-snaps? I'll make some for him. I know an old-fashioned receipt that is always good. Come here to-morrow, my good girl, to the maid, 'and I'll have some ready for you. Poor Mr. Lilburne! I'm sorry he's sick!'

The smart shopwoman stared at superciliously as List or Chopin might have done if a village bugler had volunteered to teach them the first principles of music.

A country-girl, like that, expect to compete with Biggs' Celebrated Bakery! Well, really, the shopwoman didn't know what the world was coming to!

But little Polly hurried down stairs again to where Mr. Biggs, all powdered with flour, was laying down the law to some of his satellites.

"Ginger, my dear?" said he. "And flour? What you like—what you like! As I was telling you, Johnson, a barrel of prime flour has to be humored. You can't drive it. Flour is flour, and must be handled according."

Mr. Leonidas Lilburne, stalking uneasily about his sick-room and anathematizing the singular current of the hours, was secretly making up his mind to get married.

"After a man has once been sick in a boarding-house," he said to himself, "he's a fool if he don't look around for a home of his own. I am forty next month. It's high time I was thinking of settling in life.—Eh, who's there?"

"It's me, sir, please!" said Mrs. Pugsley—"with some ginger-snaps."

"Pah!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Fling 'em out of the window! Give 'em to the dogs! I don't want any more of your city humbugs!"

"But please, sir, these are quite different!" Mrs. Pugsley coaxed—"made by a young woman from the country, as works in Mr. Biggs' bakery. And I was to ask would you be so very good as only to taste 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I'll taste them!" said Mr. Lilburne, sarcastically. "It's no trouble to poison myself, just to oblige you. And Mrs. Pugsley, entering with an apprehensive air, put the plate of round, golden cakes on the table.

"I really think, sir," said she, "if you would only taste them—"

"Fahaw!" said Mr. Lilburne. "These are quite a different article! These are the kind of old mother—they're food for the gods! Who made them I say!"

"I—I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pugsley, rather discomfited by this direct address. "Some young person in Mr. Biggs' bakery."

"Order a carriage!" said Mr. Lilburne, "and let me go and see what this is. I'll go at once! I'll go and see that young woman. I don't believe there is another person on the American continent that can make ginger snaps like these, now that my poor old mother is buried!"

Mary Biggs came, jumping up from the suburban depths of Biggs' bakery.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lilburne," said she, "I made the snaps. Don't you remember me—Edgelitha's cousin?"

"What are you doing down here?" demanded Mr. Lilburne in some amazement.

"Earning my own living," Polly promptly answered. "And she told me you didn't like the store snaps, so I baked some after my grandmother's old receipt."

Mr. Lilburne looked at Polly with the respect due to a maker of incomparable ginger-snaps, mingled with chivalrous pity for a desolate maiden.

"Miss Polly," said he, "that was what they called you, wasn't it?"

"Yes, said Polly, "that's my name."

"Perhaps I ought to warn you that I'm going to be a little abrupt," said he; "I shall be about like to marry you."

"Oh, dear," said Polly, starting back in amazement, "I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Lilburne. "Think of it, that's all. Think of it for a while, and then let me know of your decision. I'm not what the world calls a gay young lover, but I can give you a good home and an honest, loving heart. Your uncle can tell you all about Leonidas Lilburne. There, I won't tease you any longer. Just take my proposal into consideration, that's all."

So he went away, and Mary, in her great perplexity, went in among the flour-barrels and took counsel with Uncle Biggs.

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, "what am I to do?"

"My dear," said the old man, stroking her head with floury, yet not unkindly hands, "what do you think? Could you learn to like him?"

"I think so," confessed Mary, with down cast eyes.

"Then I recommend you to say yes," said Uncle Biggs. "Lilburne is a good, warm-hearted fellow if a little eccentric, and his wife will certainly be a lucky woman."

And he thought of Edgelitha and sighed.

A week subsequently, Mr. Lilburne gave his ladylike warning.

"I hope I haven't failed to suit you, sir," she said.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Pugsley," said he. "But I'm going to be married."

"I'm sure, sir," I congratulate you, sir," she said faintly.

"You may well do so, ma'am," said Mr. Lilburne. "She's as lovely as Venus, as domestic as Dorcas, and—she makes ginger-snaps such as my poor mother once did! Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, I feel that I have gained a prize."

So Polly Biggs' ginger-snaps won the treasure which Miss Edgelitha's frills and French conversation had been powerless to reach.

"I really can't see what Mr. Lilburne saw in her," said his Cousin Polly, said she, with spiteful tears.

And Mrs. Biggs could not enlighten her daughter.

Heard on the street: "That handsome gentleman seemed to know you. Why did you not bow to him? Was he mistaken?" "No, not exactly. We were engaged all summer; but you know the season is over now and it would never do to recognize him in the city. He doesn't belong to our set."

"Did you give Johnny the medicine, Mrs. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes, doctor," replied the loving mother; and then she added innocently: "And he don't seem to have done him the least harm."

NEWS ITEMS.
Nine million postal cards are said to weigh a ton.
The number of Europeans emigrating to the Argentine Republic in 1880 was 41,615, in 1881, 47,492, and in 1882, 51,508.
A Philadelphia bootblack cleared \$1900 in one year, and has sent enough money to his parents in Italy to buy them a comfortable home.
An Amburst student was recently surprised by a visit from an owl, which flew in his open window. The youth is perhaps destined to be our future chief justice.
"They also serve, who only stand and wait," is the motto of the United States supreme court. It consoles men whose cases will not be reached for the next decade.
A leopard recently escaped at the zoological gardens in Philadelphia, but was shot before leaving the grounds. He cost \$800 and had been caged five months.
A Prussian city cleared 3000 marks this year by the sale of fruit grown on its byways and roads. Prussian small boys must have been spending his summer by the sea.
Li-Fong-Pao, the Chinese ambassador at Berlin, Vienna and Rome, addresses the pope officially as "Tien-To Brama," i.e., high priest of heaven, or divine high priest.
A swarm of bees has for many years occupied the spire of a New Jersey church, and it is believed that a gentle deluge of honey will some day trickle down that spire—per-spice in fact.
Philadelphia Chinese are banded together in secret fraternities. One of these is believed to be responsible for a sudden diminution in the number of Chinese pupils in the Epiphany Sunday school.
"Detectives" is what the public are taught to call Pinkerton's movable rifle corps. They seem to be an American improvement on the Swiss Guard, with a Winchester repeater attachment; and are wanted to serve corporations with the same fidelity that militia serve the state.
Emperor Francis of Austria and his empress once attended the performance of a play which abounded in political allusions. On leaving the theater, he remarked good-naturedly: "We may congratulate ourselves on having seen the piece at all, for I am sure it will speedily be forbidden."
An attempt is being made to introduce chaos into the mountains of Bolivia. It would be quite the correct thing for the young gentlemen who hunt the game fox at Newport to petition Congress to order Loring to plant the chaos in Tuckerman's ravine at Mount Washington. "American shammy" would sound very well.
Next to the fur trade, fishing is Alaska's most important industry, both in regard to the amount of capital invested and the number of persons employed. At certain seasons of the year, fish and sea mammals fairly swarm with fish, and so ravenous are these that they will readily bite a naked hook. The supply is practically inexhaustible, and fine large fish are bought by the canneries from the Indians at \$2.50 per 100. The salmon are not as large as the Columbia river fish but the great difference in price more than makes up the great difference in size.
The Newest English Word.
The latest addition to the English language is, it appears, the word "squip." It seems to mean a small measure of truth and spirit, but we are not certain on that head, because the learned authority who introduced it to the public notice at Birmingham, the other day, acknowledged that he was suffering from "squips." Being charged with having been his wife while in a state of intoxication, he pleaded that he and she had partaken of "twelve squips, besides extras," and so fell a quarrelling. On hearing this confession, the clerk of the court hastily exclaimed: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." It then seems to have occurred to him, however, that "squips" might be an innocent trifle, and in that case there would be no cause for shame. The defendant was accordingly questioned as to the meaning of the term, which he interpreted as synonymous with twopenny worth of raw rum. But he did not say whether gin, or brandy, or whisky to the same value would not be equally a "squip." One thing, however, is clear—the practice of drinking small doses of raw spirit must be pretty common at Birmingham, or this ugly monosyllable would not have been invented to signify the favorite drink.—Liverpool Mercury.

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