

[Allegorical.]
GOLDEN ROD.
In all the world, embraced in mortal sight,
There's nothing seems more like the smile of
God.
Than flowers do when kissed by morning light—
And Queen of those is lovely golden rod.
In ancient days where'er sweet Flora grew,
In every path the charming goddess trod,
Her forms, with lovely hand, the frothy threw,
To deck her fields with brilliant golden rod.
What'er the songs that Nature's voices hymn,
There can be none more like the songs of God
Than songs of birds, alone attuned by Him,
For Flora's gorgeous fields of golden rod.
Though every bud that blooms with beauty
shines,
And bears the tender touch of love of God,
There's none that wilder blooms and brighter
shines
Than Queen of all, the gorgeous golden rod.
In bloometh not in spring or summer rays,
When countless minor beauties staid the sod;
But later on, in robes of ripper days
And regal splendor, blooms the golden rod.
No rival beauties justly can contend
That decorate the field or velvet sod—
With softer shades its richer colors blend,
Adorning all, this brilliant golden rod.
'Tis not the dainty sort of tender care,
Nor doth it need a special clime or sod,
But bountiful it bloometh everywhere,
This royal beauty, splendid golden rod.
And though it royal be it blooms for all,
And sweetly, lowly bends with queenly nod,
To lesser graces of the golden field,
Their noble sister, brilliant golden rod.
Although it bears itself with stately mien,
It smiles alike for all, with smiles of God,
Of every field and clime the floral queen,
This ever rich and brilliant golden rod.
The odors pure that precious flowers yield,
Exhaled by solar beams from rain and sod,
Exquisite pleasures give, through wood and
field,
Distilled by Him who gives the golden rod.
The perfume sweet that Heavenly Flora makes,
As 'twere the breath of angels and of God,
Is taste of what's beyond the "pearly gates,"
To be bestowed when fades the golden rod.
In all the world embraced in mortal sight
There's nothing seems more like the smiles
of God
Than flowers do when kissed by morning light—
And Queen of all is lovely golden rod.
—N. Y. Herald.

SALLY SPARKS.

The Pathetic Story of Her Least Disappointment.



JUST to ease my bursting heart I am going to write out an account of my last disappointment. It is meant only for my own perusal. If I thought anybody else would ever see it I should certainly faint away on the spot.
In the first place, I will set down here what I wouldn't on any account breathe to any living being—I am forty-one years old this spring; and yet I have never quite succeeded in securing a partner to walk with me the thorny paths of existence, as somebody very poetically and feelingly remarked. If I'd only known at sixteen what awaited me I really believe I should have given up. Sixteen! Only think, that was twenty-five years ago—though I give it out to the public that I'm most thirty—but I'm afraid there are some of them that don't believe it.
However, I don't intend to give an account of all my past life. I'm only going to set down the particulars of my last summer's disappointment.
It was just about the first of June that the thought popped into my head, what a good idea it would be to go to the country to board. I'd pretty much given up the prospect of finding a husband in Millville, for the fact is, them factory girls—impudent, brazen hussies, as they are—monopolize the attentions of all the men, so that those who are delicate and refined, like myself, don't stand any chance, because they won't stoop to use the same arts that they do. Bless me! what a long sentence! However, as no eye but my own is ever to read it, it don't make so much difference.
Well, as I was saying, I concluded to go to some country town to spend the summer, hoping that, by passing myself off for a rich heiress or fashionable belle, I might be able to catch a beau.
So I began to look over the advertisements of country board, and at length came to the conclusion to go up

sure the men would nibble at that bait. Of course there wouldn't be nobody in Huckleberry Corner that would know me, so I could get along well enough.
I didn't quite know what State would be the best for me to hail from, but I finally concluded that Alabama would be as good as any. So I decided on that. I likewise concluded to change my name so as to avoid suspicion, and I went down to the city on purpose to have some cards struck off with my new name. They looked like this:

MRS. COL. SPARKINGTON,
SPARKVILLE,
ALABAMA.

I thought Sparkington sounded sort of aristocratic, and as I didn't know the names of any places in Alabama, I thought I would put Sparkville, as that would give people an idea that my husband had been a man of some importance, to have the whole town named after him.

Well, every thing being arranged, I left Millville without letting anybody know where I thought of going. Indeed, I hinted round that I didn't know, but I should visit some of my relations in Boston, which wasn't a falsehood, because I do expect to, sometime, if I live long enough.

On the morning of the second day, I found myself on board the stage that went to Huckleberry Corner.

There wasn't but one other passenger in the stage but myself. He was a tall man with elegant black whiskers and looked as if he might be about thirty years old. I was immediately struck by his appearance, and considered how I might draw his attention to me, for thus far he hadn't taken any more notice of me than if I had been a cat. After a little reflection I thought I would slip one of my cards out of my pocket, and contrive to drop it accidentally at his feet, so that he couldn't help stooping to pick it up; when, of course, he would see the name, and would think more of me in consequence.

So I just took the opportunity when he was looking out of the window at the scenery, and silly dropped the card just at his feet. But would you believe it, the provoking critter kept a looking out of the window for some time, and when he got through doing that never thought of looking at his feet. So I coughed slightly, and remarked in what I considered to be an aristocratic tone: "Would you be kind enough to hand me the card which I accidentally let fall?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said he, indifferently, stooping to pick it up. But when he saw the name he said in a more interested tone: "I perceive that you are a Southern lady."
I bowed.
"Would you allow me?" he continued, "to retain this card and give you one of my own in exchange?"
"I should be pleased to have you do so," said I, quite delighted at his desire to make my acquaintance.

He handed me a card on which was inscribed the name of Erastus Lyon, M. D. "Are you indeed a physician?" said I, enthusiastically. "It is a profession that I venerate. It is the mission of the physician to go about relieving pain and sickness, and although my own health has been remarkably good, I value the profession none the less. Let me see. I haven't been sick for twenty years, and as that was when I was a mere child, under ten, I don't remember much about it."

I said this so that he might make a calculation about my age, and think me under thirty. He looked a little surprised, I thought, and pretty soon he said:

"Have you ever been North before?"
"Yes," said I. "In fact I feel pretty well acquainted with you Northerners."
"And how do you like us, may I venture to ask?"
"Very much indeed. In fact I may say that I feel quite as much at home among you as at the South. Since the death of my husband, Colonel Sparkington, I have passed all my summers at the North."

I might have said that I had passed all my springs, falls and winters also, but I thought it wasn't necessary to tell the whole truth.

"May I inquire," said Dr. Lyon, "whether you intend to stop any length of time at Huckleberry Corner?"
"I am thinking of passing the summer there if I like the place and meet agreeable people."

"You have never been there before?"
"No, and I know no one there."
"Indeed," said Dr. Lyon, thoughtfully. After a moment's pause he added: "If our brief acquaintance will justify the offer, I will suggest that the place at which I myself have engaged board is an excellent one, and very pleasantly situated."

"Indeed, sir," said I, considerably more pleased than I was willing to show. "I shall be very much obliged to you if you will take that trouble."
When we reached Huckleberry Corner, I stopped at the stage office while Dr. Lyon went over to engage board for me. He came back in about half an hour, saying it was all arranged and I could go right over.

Half an hour afterwards I found myself settled in a very comfortable room at the house of Ezekiel Preston. He didn't take but two boarders, Dr. Lyon and myself. I wanted awfully to know how much board I was expected to pay, but I didn't dare to ask, as I wanted to pass for a rich Southern widow, to whom money was of no consequence. The next day Dr. Lyon happened to mention to me, of his own accord, that they charged seven dollars a week. It almost made me jump when I heard it, for I had calculated on not having more than half that to pay, and I felt sure that they piled on the price because they thought I was rich. However, when he told me I only said very coolly: "Oh, very well. Quite reasonable, I think." I knew that remark made quite an impression on him, for after that he became quite attentive to me. So three weeks passed away. Every day regular we used to walk out together, and I knew the people of Huckleberry Corner had a good deal to say about the rich Southern lady that boarded at Mr. Preston's.

At length the expected declaration came. Dr. Lyon told me that ever since he had seen me he had been powerfully attracted by my beauty and attractions, and entreated me to accept him. I told him it was very unexpected, and I didn't know as it would be right to the memory of Colonel Sparkington to marry again, but if he thought it would be right I would make no objection, as I felt to deplore my unprotected situation. I confessed, with blushes, that I had never met a man whom I thought so worthy to fill the place of the dear departed and insinuated that he bore a very strong resemblance to the Colonel.
Dr. Lyon answered that in that case a second marriage might be considered a compliment to my late husband, and intimated that a refusal might have the effect of driving him to suicide. Well, the upshot of it was that we agreed to be married in a week by the minister of



"WHY, THIS IS THE OLD MAID, SALLY SPARKS!"

Huckleberry Corner. Dr. Lyon said he would invite a lady cousin to be present and stand up with me, as I couldn't be expected to have many lady friends at the North. Little did I anticipate who that female friend was. Two days before the ceremony she came, and to my horror I recognized her as my old enemy, Clarissa Higgins, of Millville.

"Mrs. Col. Sparkington, of Alabama," said she in her shrill voice, when we were introduced. "Why, this is the old maid, Sally Sparks, that has lived all her life in Millville."
"Good heavens! is this indeed so?" asked Dr. Lyon, looking from her to me.

As for me, I fainted away in mortification, and when I came to I was told that my husband that was to be had left town, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed. I used up my last cent in paying my board bill and stage fare, and here I am at home again, a penniless and forlorn spinster—no longer Mrs. Col. Sparkington, of Alabama, but Miss Sally Sparks, of Millville.—Caroline F. Preston, in Boston Globe.

A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

An Article That Attracted General Attention and Brought Good Pay.
It is not every ambitious writer that scores success with his first article. I knew one such, though his name has now slipped my memory. At that time he was county treasurer. For weeks after his article appeared in print he was visited by different neighbors and fellow-citizens of that county, who showed their appreciation of his article by leaving with him sums of money varying from one dollar to several hundred dollars in amount.

His theme might have been called "Discourager of Hesitancy," although it did not, for that is what the article did—discouraged the hesitancy of many citizens. The only objection to the article as a literary production was that the story had too many heroes. There were no fewer than 1,500 characters, and each character was a hero in the story. The title of the story was "D. Lynn Qu'Ent Taqueslist." The title looks French in print, but the story was entirely American, and the scene was laid in the author's own county.

What makes me remember the story so well, though I have forgotten the name of the author, is that I was one of the characters mentioned. What was said about me ran something like this:

Six lot 30 letters Ad. C. B. Holding,.....\$31.25
I bought one of the papers and took it home to show the paragraph to my wife.

I was informed by the author, when I went up a few days afterward with my father-in-law to congratulate him on his success, that the story had netted him something like \$7,780, including the \$31.25 which we left with him for mentioning my name and so graphically describing my residence.

The story was published at the author's expense. Several publishers offered to print the narrative for what there was in it, but the author chose to pay for the work outright, and declined the offers of the publishers. The end justified his choice.

I have mentioned this little incident as an offset to the theory that no writer need expect great fame or great pay at the beginning of his career. This incident also illustrates another truth. To be a successful writer one must weave into his history incidents and characters or about which his readers are thinking or in which they are personally interested. All the scenes described in this story were such as possessed real interest for every reader. Indeed the same story is published annually and never fails to excite comment and create interest.—C. B. Holding, in Writer.

Almost a Freak.

Pebble—There goes one of the most remarkable men of the age.
Stone—How so?

Pebble—He succeeded in growing to manhood without once having his father's trousers made over for him.—Clothier and Furnisher.

"We have now heard of salesmen, saleswomen, salesladies, salespersons, and salespeople," says the Toronto Globe. "Why not throw away the whole bundle and say simply 'sellers'?" Agreed, provided you will always speak of "buyers" instead of "purchasers."—Buffalo Express.

THE FAKIR'S CURSE.

A Prophecy of Evil That Came True With Crashing Effect.

James Mass, the traveler, tells this story: "It was about five o'clock in the evening, and Colonel Yeager and I sat on the veranda of the Vidullah Hotel in Bombay, and on the edge of the native city which is called Viullah, and not Bombay. The Colonel is dead; all that he once owned and loved is gone. He was expecting his wife and daughter, who had been out to England on a year's visit, and the vessel was to arrive at Calcutta next day, while we were going to get the bungalow ready to receive them. The Colonel was in the best of spirits. He joked and laughed and told old stories of love and war; how he was nearly captured and murdered by the renowned Nana-Said at Compo; of his vast poppy plantations and the revenue he derived from the opium he distilled every year. Finally we started to walk to where we had our horses stabled, and then for a canter over the beautiful roads to the bungalow fifteen miles away. We had to go through Viullah to reach our destination. What kaleidoscope that native city is! The burrah-wallah water carrier, wearing nothing but a breech clout, and the male body servant, with his red turban and long white jackets. Jews from Palestine, Parsees, fire worshipers, who traveled 3,000 miles over desert and mountain from Persia and carried their sacred fires, all in picturesque, all in white, bordered with red or other bright colors.

"Well, in turning a corner in Viullah we found a crowd being haranged by one of the best known fakirs in India. I had heard him spoken of as one who could put a blight upon you. People called him Sadi-Said, Sadi, my master. Colonel Yeager pushed through the crowd to within a few feet of the fakir, to whom he said something in Hindostanee. It seemed to enrage Sadi, who jumped from his little platform in front of Yeager, saying:

"Englishman, be careful, or blight may fall upon you and yours. Tread not upon the smallest thing Buddha has created, or it may turn and sting you."
"Before I could stop him the Colonel had cut the fakir across the face, and with an oath had shouted: 'Out of the way, you Hindoo pig!'"

"The fakir with blazing eyes said: 'Englishman, you will not meet your wife. You will not meet your child. Your plantations will be devastated; your craven heart will wither within you. You will die.'"

"The fakir's words were prophetic. I felt it then, and I also think the Colonel did. We reached the bungalow, and were soon in bed. How I slept that night I don't know. The words, 'Englishman, beware,' were continuously raging in my ear. Next morning I went into the breakfast room, and I shudder when I think of it. The Colonel was there walking up and down with a telegram in his hand, his face drawn, and he looking twenty years older than he did the night before. With tears in his eyes he handed me this message: 'Steamship Flago went ashore at the mouth of the Hoogly. Your wife and child drowned.' I have never seen the Colonel since, but I have watched his career. His poppy crop was a failure that year and it ruined him, his bungalow was burned by either accident or design, and Yeager died within a twelvemonth of a broken heart.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

An Epidemic That is Growing More Virulent Every Day.

The passion for gambling has for many years been increasing in this country, until it threatens to become pre-eminently the national vice. Whether it arose from the fever for speculation which indirectly was one of the most evil of the results of the rebellion in the North, or whether the cause is to be looked for in that general spirit hastening to be rich that is a prominent characteristic of American civilization it might not be easy to determine; but of the fact there is unhappily no room for doubt.

It is not alone that the lottery has become a national institution; for however much one may shrink from acknowledging this, it is practically the truth. It is not alone that so many millions flow year by year into the pockets of avowed lotteries, American and foreign, or that the resources of the country are constantly on the strain caused by the influence of legalized gambling of the Stock Exchange. It is in a hundred different ways that the tendency of the times shows itself. It is in the constant allusions to poker-playing which figure in the columns of every newspaper, which adorn every face, and which form half the stock in trade of the so-called comic paragrapher. It is in the complete mania for betting on horse-racing that has taken possession of the clerks and the young men of New York, and which is steadily on the increase in Boston. Every day, rain or shine, summer and winter, in snow storms which would seem to make it impossible, and in going so bad that "mud-horses" are a feature of the betting, the races go on, not at all in the interest of the sport, but entirely for the sake of the book-making.

The same spirit shows itself on every side; and if a halt is not called soon, we shall excel the Chinese in the vice of gambling. The epidemic is upon us, and who has any remedy to propose?—Boston Courier.

What's in a Name.

Millicent—I do so dislike "short" names, Mr. Jones; I never allow any one to call me "Milly." Don't you think I am right?

Mr. Jones—I quite agree with you.

Millicent—What do your friends call you, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—My name is Montmorency Shorthouse Jones, and—er—they always call me "Shorty."—Light.

Alexander Jacques, a French fast-finger man, has begun an attempt to beat the record in London. He proposes to remain for forty-two days without any food except a powder of secret composition. He says he sustained himself and his comrades for many days on this powder while he was a soldier and the Germans were besieging Belfort.

All at Once.

The falling of a big tree under the woodman's ax is always an impressive sight—and an impressive sound—as all country bred readers will testify. The historian of the "Seventy-ninth Highlanders," of New York, describes the cutting down of a whole hillside of trees under circumstances that must have made it a memorable spectacle.

It was during the advance of the Army of the Potomac after the defeat at Bull Run. Fortifications were ordered thrown up, and the men of the Maine and Wisconsin regiments were set to work at tree felling, a work with which they proved themselves perfectly familiar.

It was an interesting sight to witness the simultaneous fall of a whole hillside of timber.

The choppers began at the foot of the hill, the line extending for perhaps half a mile. They cut only part way through the tree, and in this way worked up to the crest, leaving the trees in the top row in such a condition that a single blow would bring them down.

Then, when all was ready, the bugle sounded, and the last strokes were given. Down came the upper tier of trees. These brought down those below them, and like the billow on the surface of the ocean, the entire forest fell with a crash like mighty thunder.

An Old Idea of Insulation.

After all, these insulated coffee pots do but represent the application of a device familiar centuries ago to the fishermen of south Normandy and the Brittany coast. It has been for an indefinite period the custom there for these toilers of the sea to start out with their nets in the afternoon, carrying with them a warm meal for the day following. The pot containing the stew or heated delicacy is wrapped in a mattress stuffed with feathers or inclosed in a box with feather lined cushions, and after fifteen hours the dinner is spread as hot as if it had just come off the fire, not more than three or four degrees being lost at all events. I know a man who made a little feather stuffed box on that idea and put his newly boiled shaving water in it just before he went to bed every night. In the morning, when he got up early and shaving water would not have been easy to get off hand, he opened the box and took out the water still scalding hot.—Washington Star.

Governmental Thermometers.

"The United States government don't go in for expensive thermometers," said Lieut. Finley. "I don't suppose the finest one at the headquarters of the weather bureau in Washington is worth over \$100. The thermometers used at the signal stations cost \$5. A thoroughly reliable instrument can be purchased for that amount. These thermometers are about twelve inches long. Each station has several of them. It is necessary to have two kinds, the spirit thermometer to measure minimum temperature and the mercurial thermometer to measure the maximum temperature. There are three famous makers in the United States, two of whom are in New York. A thermometer," Lieut. Finley remarked, "improves with age. The older it gets the better it is. It is absolutely necessary for the tube to season. It must be several years old before it becomes reliable."—Jewelers' Review.

A Delicious Meal.

Anything more toothsome and nutritious than the vintager's pot au feu, which I lately tasted in the Medoc during the gathering of the grapes, cannot well be imagined. It was so delicious that a supply of it was ordered into the chateau for midday lunch, and it was voted by acclamation worthy of a cordon bleu. It was made with a leg of beef, onions, carrots, cabbage and the like, and poured smoking into bowls over slices of thin bread. What a lesson it conveys to the managers of our soup kitchens, and what a meal for our harvesters!—Cor. British Medical Journal.

Suicides Want Solitude.

Dr. Cushing, a retired physician on the West side, gave me an interesting fact a day or so ago about suicides.

"Not once in a thousand times," said he, "do either men or women kill themselves while in the presence of another person. The tendency of the suicidal mania is always toward solitude. This is why, in all the asylums of the land, people who have a disposition to kill themselves are always kept together, and there is no danger then."—New York Star.

Where Olives Come From.

The olive has been cultivated in the regions of the Mediterranean coasts from time immemorial. Olive oil there takes the place of butter. Spain has about 3,000,000 acres in olives; Italy, 2,250,000, and France about 300,000 acres. Forty-five varieties of the fruit are described.—Popular Science.

A Disciple of Bahnmann.

Breezy Young M. D. (an ardent homeopath)—I assure you, miss, that in vaccination I use only virus direct from the calf.

Clara—Ah, that accounts for your excellent health. Like cures like, you know.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Worth Protecting.

Boulanjay—I attempt trees hard, but I cannot master votre langage! Poinjany—Oh, well, old man, I wouldn't give in now. You have it broken up pretty badly, anyway!—Dry Goods Chronicle.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.

A Drowsiness That Attacks People in Some Climates Months Before Death.

An interesting account descriptive of the "sleepy disease," peculiar to Africa, is given in the "Journal of an African Cruiser." Persons attacked by this singular malady are those who take little exercise and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassava and rice. Some observers ascribe it to the cassava, which is strongly narcotic. Not improbably the climate has much influence, the disease being most prevalent in low and marshy regions.

Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few minutes needed to take a little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months death comes, but only in the form of deeper slumber. The author of the book mentioned tells of a member of the royal family of Luakaka who was afflicted with this curious disease:

"I found the aspect of Queen Maumee's beautiful granddaughter inconceivably affecting. It was strange to see her so quiet, in a sleep from which it might be supposed she would awake full of youthful vigor, and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading forever from the eyes that loved her.

"This young girl was but 14 years of age. With some difficulty she was aroused, and woke with a frightened cry—a strange, broken murmur—as if she were looking dimly out in the phantasies of a dream. Her eyes were wild and glassy; rolled wildly in their sockets for a second, then immediately sunk into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her. This poor, doomed girl had been suffering for about three months—no, not suffering, for, except when forcibly aroused, there appears to be no uneasiness until after the end of the third month of this unnatural slumber, when the victim becomes wild and constantly rolls his or her head from side to side—never opening the eyes—death ensuing within a few days after these symptoms set in."

To Meet Her Lover.

At 5:30 in the morning a well dressed young woman arrived in Utica from Castle Garden. She had come all the way from a place in western Russia, and was on her way to meet her lover in Duluth, Minn., who had left her two years before to find a home for both of them in the New World. He went to Duluth and became fairly prosperous. As soon as he was able he wrote to his sweetheart and urged her to come to him, but the age and sickness of her parents kept her in Russia until this year. Both her parents having died, the young man sent her tickets to bring her to America, with what he supposed was sufficient money for the journey. The young woman began her journey more than a month ago, and when she arrived at Castle Garden thought she must be within a few hours' journey of her friend. She came on to Utica, as stated, and was taken to the Central depot, whence she was to proceed on her journey by another train.

She waited about the depot all day, and at night in broken German told Leonard Pruey, the baggage master, that she had not had anything to eat all day, and had only twenty cents in her purse. When she had recited the whole story, and Mr. Pruey told her that instead of a few hours she would yet have several days of travel, her distress was pitiful. The kind hearted baggage man promised to do all he could for her, and began his ministrations by giving her a square meal. He then interested himself in bettering her financial condition, and told Conductor John Unser, of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg, about it. Mr. Unser was bound north with his train and made no promises, but early the next morning when he came to Utica again he gave Mr. Pruey a purse of money which he had collected on his train to help the girl on her way. She finally left Utica, after a delay of about twenty-four hours, with a big bag of provisions and many good wishes.—Utica Herald.

Snakes at Scrapeskilllet.

Near Scrapeskilllet, Ind., the swamp lands are so infested with snakes as to be positively dangerous for travelers. Friday, while a farmer and his wife were driving in a wagon, they met three large snakes in the road, which not only refused to turn out to one side of the road, but showed fight. They were finally beaten off by the farmer after considerable trouble with his mules, which were almost crazed with fright.

On the same day a physician from Yanketown, driving in a road cart, was confronted by a number of snakes in the road at the same place. His horse became frightened and ran away, leaving him at their mercy, and but for the timely assistance of passers by he would have doubtless been bitten to death. As it was he had a severe tussle. The people of the neighborhood have organized themselves for the purpose of exterminating the reptiles.—Indianapolis Journal.

The newest thing in baby carriages is a contrivance that by means of various appliances may be transformed into a sled, a cradle and a go-cart. The cradle, instead of being provided with rockers, hangs from the ceiling by a spiral spring, and the spring itself plays an important part in the adjustment of the sun shade that goes with the carriage when it is used in its normal character.