

The Traveled Bumble-Bee.

A bumble-bee belted with brown and gold
On a purple clover sat;
His whiskers were shaggy, his clothes
were old,
And he wore a shabby hat;
But his song was loud, and his merry eye
Was full of laughter and fun,
As he watched the bob-o-links flutter by,
And spread his wings in the sun.

A butterfly, spangled yellow and red,
Came flying along that way.
He had two little feathers on his head,
And his coat was Quaker gray;
He carried a parasol made of blue,
And wore a purple vest;
And seeing the bumble-bee, down he flew,
And lit on a daisy's crest.

Then from the grass by a mossy stone
A cricket and beetle came;
One with black garb, while the other shone
Like an angel's changing flame;
A swaying buttercup's golden bloom,
Bent down with the beetle's weight;
And high on a Timothy's rounded plume
The cricket chirruped o'erlate.

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands
Where tropical rivers flow;
Of wide seas rolling up shining sands,
And mountains with crowns of snow,
Of great broad plains, with flower gems
bright,
Of forests, whose fragrant glooms
Showed crumbling ruins, 'ghostly and
white,
Old, forgotten nations' tombs,

Then wisely the beetle winked his eyes,
The cricket grew staid and still,
The butterfly, in his great surprise,
Went sailing over the hill;
The beetle scrambled beneath his stone,
The cricket he gave a hop,
And there the bumble-bee sat alone
On the purple clover top.

But he plumed his wings, and sang, and
laughed,
For he was a merry wight,
And rich was the amber wine he quaffed,
Sweet nectar of bloom and night.
Why should he give the future a thought,
This sunlit, delicious day?
In crimson goblets, daintily wrought,
His harvest was stored away.

—Companion.

A Strike.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from the
wash the day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft
had done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when my
daily task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with scarce a sign or motion,
Sat and read the *Yankee Notion*,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended,
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended.
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him,
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though, I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, when o'erworked,
Mind and body sick and sore.
"I will strike," When day is ended,
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending, and I'll
haunted be no more.

In the daylight shall be crowded all the
work that I will do;
When the evening lamps are lighted, I
will read the papers too.

—E.

Waste of Mental Power.

It has been said of Sir James Mackin-
tosh that his varied learning ought to have
been preserved in books, but was allowed
to evaporate in parlor talk. Lord John
Russell observes: "Conversation was his
favorite employment, and his chief seduc-
tion." The poet Rogers says: "He sacri-
ficed himself to conversation; he read
for it, thought for it, and gave up future
fame for it." The faculty of conversation
often steals away the enterprise of author-
ship. Still, many a man has controlled
public opinion by his familiar colloquies.
Uttering the right word at the right mo-
ment, he has noiselessly impressed his
own mind upon the few listeners, who, in
their turn, have molded the minds of the
community. Conversation is sometimes
like the fresh rain, while the book is some-
times like a stagnant reservoir. The river
flows from small, hidden springs. —E.

"Mother's Confidence."

BY G. W. BULMER.

They were all seated at the tea-table one stormy Saturday evening when a rap was heard at the area door.

"Poor thing! I wonder who can be out in such a storm as this," said Mrs. Smith, in her sympathetic voice.

"It's only a boy marm," replied the servant, opening the dining-room door "and he wants ter know as do yer want any toys."

"Tell him to come in," Margaret, sighed Mrs. Smith; "he shall at least have a good warm supper."

In a moment Margaret led in the shrinking little figure of a boy of ten, very wet and very dejected, and Mrs. Smith arose from the table to place a chair for him close to the fire, telling him to carefully dry his feet.

As he seated himself on the edge of the chair he cast a grateful look into her motherly face, and it may have been the rain or it may have been tears that dimmed his big black eyes.

"I am selling tin humming-tops, and I stopped to see if some of you would like to buy some," he said, at length, with much embarrassment, glancing around the long, bright tea-table, and reading kindly sympathy in every face.

"But why are you selling your tops on such a night as this?" asked Frank.

"You will have plenty of pleasant days to sell them in."

"I'm the support of the family, sir," he replied, straightening himself; "father's sick now."

"Well, we are all rather large to play with tops," returned Frank, smiling down at his sister, a young lady of fifteen, "but I'll give you the price of one for the sake of the little boy I used to be. What do you ask for them?"

"Only ten cents sir," he answered eagerly.

"Have you change for a dollar?"

"No sir; but—but—" stammered the boy, "I can't go home without no money—it's awful home when we hain't got nothing to eat. Could you—could you lend me the dollar till next week?"

"You will surely bring it back next week?"

"Hope I may die if I don't," was the prompt reply.

"You'd better not hope so," laughed Frank, handing him the dollar.

"Hope to live to pay it."

"Thank you, sir; I'll pay it sure and certain next Saturday night," affirmed the boy, tucking it away in his jacket pocket, while he hastened to eat the biscuit and cake that Kate had passed to him.

With a glowing face and erect figure the boy repeated, "Thank you all, and much obliged to you, sir," and went out into the rain.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," also, said the mother, laying her hand on Frank's shoulder. "I wished to lend him the money, but I did not have it."

"Ha, ha, mother!" laughed Mr. Smith. "Do you expect to see him again? If you do, I don't!"

"I should be as much surprised to see him come back with the money next week, as I should be to wake up at midnight and see the sun shining," added Kate.

"Of course I gave him the money," supplemented Frank. "I had no idea of lending it."

"My dear children, you must learn to have more confidence in people," admonished Mrs. Smith; "it is far better to be accused a hundred times than to accuse once."

The week passed, but the boy failed to make his appearance, and Kate and Frank made many allusions to "mother's confidence," the next week slipped by, and Frank and his father concluded that the boy had "realized his hope," but the mother smiled and trusted still.

The third week was passing, when

just at tea-time there was another knock at the area door, and Margaret announced:

"The boy that Mr. Frank lent the money to wants to see him."

"Bring him in," called Frank; and the little merchant stood hesitatingly in the doorway. "So you have come at last?" inquired Frank, "and I suppose you are to settle the chattel mortgage I have on you?"

"I haven't the money, sir. I'd have come before and told you so when I promised, but I fell down stairs and sprained my ankle, and I hain't been out of the house till to-day."

"But why didn't you wait till you got the money before coming?" asked Frank in astonishment.

"I came to ask you to lend me another dollar, I sold my tops at a toy-store this morning, but the woman said she couldn't give me the money till next week. I want to buy more tops, sir."

Kate dropped her eyes to conceal her amusement. "Well, here is another bill," laughed Frank. "I suppose I shall see you three weeks hence with two new dollar bills."

"Hope I may—pay you sooner," replied the boy. "I'll never say 'Hope I may die again,' cause I might have died when I fell down stairs and sprained my ankle. Thank you, sir, thanks." And he went out into the starlight this time.

"You are so liberal Frank," said his sister, "I think you might lend me a dollar."

"So I will, sister. If you will get a basket and sell tops, I'll lend you money enough to start in business," he replied, drawing a roll of bills from his vest pocket. "What!" he exclaimed in annoyance, turning them over, "I am minus five dollars. That little rascal must have taken it: I laid it on the table, and I am sure I gave him but one dollar. Out of my way, Fido, you are always around my feet at the table!"

"I am sure you gave him but one dollar," said Kate, rising to search for it.

"To think that I could be duped by a street boy! That must have been his game. He must be an old hand at the business to take it so before my eyes."

"O my son! don't judge so hastily" entreated the mother.

"I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, mother," said Frank, grimly, "but the facts speak for themselves. Put not your confidence in princes—or street boys either."

"Could Fido—do you think—He's chewing something!" ejaculated Kate, seizing the little dog, and thrusting her fingers into his mouth, "Here's something—spread it out Frank!"

Carefully spreading the pulpy mass on the palm of his hand, with the others all looking over his shoulder Frank discovered just enough of the bill to show its denomination, and never before was he so glad to see the number five.

"Oh! may I paste it in my scrap-book Frank, as a reminder never to judge hastily?" asked Kate, almost in tears.

"You may have it, but I need the lesson more," he said earnestly, meeting his mother's glance.

And the next Saturday evening, at tea time, the little merchant walked proudly into the dining-room, and laid two silver dollars on the table.

"What made you so honest boy?" inquired Frank.

"I go to Mission School," he answered, after a pause.

He has been an errand-boy for Mr. Smith for some time now, and is so trustworthy that Frank thinks that perhaps it was the Mission School.—S. S. Times.

—Did you ever see a man who habitually tells all he knows, who d'd not everlastingly repeat himself?

That Babe of Spain.

Scenes have occurred at Madrid lately which bring back past ages to us most vividly. A child was born in the palace, an heir to the throne of Spain. The public rooms of the vast edifice—one of the largest and most magnificent royal houses in Europe—were filled with grandees and officials, princes, nobles, knights, ambassadors, judges, bishops, all dressed in the grand costumes of former centuries, except alone the plenipotentiaries of the American republics, who were in the plain garb of to-day.

A chamberlain announced to the gorgeous and expectant throng that a princess was born. A few minutes later, the young king, in accordance with ancient usage, entered, bearing the new-born child on a golden tray covered with a veil of lace. The veil was raised and the whole company gazed upon the infant; after which it was taken to the apartments prepared for it, and *te deums* were chanted in all the churches. Everything was done as if this were the year 1492, and the child were the offspring of Ferdinand and Isabella.

What are we to think of it? Is it a good thing or a bad thing for Spain, this revival of ancient usages, this imitation monarchy?

Ignorant people can only be governed through their imaginations. As long as two-thirds of the people of Spain are quite illiterate, they will crave, and perhaps need, some such semblance of a monarchy as this. They see in the very ordinary young man who is now styled King of Spain an heir of a long line of historic kings, and a so-called representative of the Majesty of Heaven.

It is a costly taste. The present court of Spain consumes almost as much money in a year as Tweed used to steal from the city of New York, and, like Tweed, excludes from office all the men who would fill office most to the public advantage.

Let us call government by whatever name we will, it is no matter; where the people are ignorant and unthinking, they will be amused, plundered and oppressed. Spain does the plundering with stately elegance and ancient decorum. A young and happy father proudly showing his child on a gold tray to a crowd of well-behaved people is not a bad notion of a tableau, and all untaught Spain is impressed by it.—Companion.

THE VIRTUES OF BUTTERMILK.—Few persons know, says the *Country Gentleman*, the value of buttermilk. A proper and constant use of buttermilk will entirely cure the constant craving for stimulants to which many persons, from long use, have habituated themselves. Have it handy and when the appetite says whisky or other stimulants, drink half a tumbler of buttermilk; the craving desire will be satisfied, and the stomach much benefited and strengthened, instead of weakened. There are very many good effects from a free use of buttermilk. It alone will often cure sour stomach, and permanently. The lactic acid needed by many persons is supplied by buttermilk much more largely than by any other known food or beverage. One vital and important use of buttermilk is the prevention of valvular ossification of the heart, from which in this country, so many persons die, especially old persons. There are many other peculiar so called heart diseases which lactic acid, if partaken of freely, prevents. The so called fluttering or palpitation of the heart, consequent upon a disordered, dyspeptic stomach, can be entirely removed by a free use of buttermilk. There are many other unpleasant feelings thus cured, all of which have their seat in the stomach—melancholy, the blues, etc.

—To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.

Chicago Grain Elevators.

Their aggregate capacity is 16,840,000 bushels; individual capacity from 60,000 to 2,000,000 bushels. They are in different parts of the city, but those at the disposal of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad give nearly one-third of the whole capacity. One of the newest of them, Armour Dole and Co.'s elevator "D," may be taken as what it is fashion to call a "Representative" elevator. It certainly is a very fine one, and should be seen by all inquiring visitors. It was begun in 1875, is 358 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 145 feet high, requiring five million feet of lumber in its construction, and cost \$350,000. One can easily obtain permission to inspect it, and the superintendent will enlighten his ignorance, or increase and qualify his knowledge, as the case may be. He is conducted to a little "elevator" (here is this confusion of names again; it is what our English friends call a "lift"), and hoisted to the top floor. At one end he sees, swiftly passing over a shaft, the largest belt in the United States, 280 feet in length, and eighty inches in width. Below are great scales, and bins sixty feet deep. A fine and suggestive dust gradually covers his clothes, as he listens to the polite cicerone, who is telling him there are twenty-six standard Fairbanks scales in the building, and that they weigh so accurately that in an aggregate of six car loads there was only a shortage of thirty pounds between "St. Joe" and Chicago. But "look out for the engine when the bell rings." A train has come in below full of grain in bulk. Into a car goes a great chute or nozzle somebody pulls a lever, and, presto! away has gone that grain up into a weighing bin, then down into a receptacle of profundity and security. It dawns on the observer's mind that one man's property is by no means kept separate from another man's. This grain is all graded by a State inspector; it is weighed in, and weighed out, and all that is needful is that the contents of each bin should be homogeneous. But here comes another train—empty cars to be filled for the East. Men wanted with shovels to laboriously handle the grain? Not at all. Down comes that shaft again boards are put up across the doorways of the cars, and in one of them after another the grain runs up foot by foot. In less time than any one would think possible—a few minutes to each car—the train is entirely loaded, its doors are closed, and the engine is drawing out again, to be delivered to one of the Eastern trunk lines.—A. A. HAYES, JR., in *Harper's Magazine*.

INCOMPLETENESS.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads or tends to farther sweetness
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real beauty dwells not in the
meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours
But hidden in tender leaning,
Toward the summer's richer wealth of
flowers.

Dawn is fairer, because her mists fade
slowly
—Into day, which floods the world with
light;
Twilight's misery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper light above;
Human love is sweetness when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Learn the mystery of progressing duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But now we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gift for incom-
pleteness,
In that want true beauty lies; they roll
Toward some infinite depth of love and
sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

—E.

—Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along admirably together.