

## Sullied Waters.

BY SAM. L. SIMPSON.

I.  
Behold the living fountain's home—  
Among the mysteries that guard  
The purple stairways heavenward,  
Where crested peaks arise and reach  
In minaret and spire and dome  
Of templed song and sculptured speech!

II.  
Here Dian dips her golden keel,  
Low sailing for the western sea  
In maiden mild serenity,  
And diamond wreaths of drifted snow  
Blush with beauty they reveal  
In sunset's holy after-glow.

III.  
Above the tempest's murky rings,  
Within the silver mist that weaves,  
The tapestry of Summer eves,  
The fountain, like a liquid star,  
Superbly from its prison springs  
And greets its kingdom from afar.

IV.  
Away and down, a minstrel white—  
Away resplendent—beam and braid  
Of beaded swirl and white cascade,  
And soon the gleaming slopes are past  
The pines appear, a band of might,  
That sway and chant in every blast.

V.  
Lean over it, O solemn pines,  
Clasp hand and whisper dreams and fears  
To darken all the coming years—  
It gives you back the minor key  
That thrills in music's sweetest lines—  
The mystery of minstrelsy.

VI.  
And far in fragrant cañon gloom  
The golden murmurs rise and fall  
In symphony and madrigal,  
A thread of laughter rippling through  
The changes of the sounding loom—  
And something still to mourn and rue.

VII.  
Through the delightful mountain land,  
A gipsy route, as fair as free,  
A careless wandering to the sea  
In forests old and glad and green  
With cliffs and crags on either hand  
And gems of rosy vale between.

VIII.  
Away where boys, at country plays,  
Send happy clamor down the breeze  
On swarded slopes and sunny leas,  
Where maidens dress their wavy hair  
With crimson buds and tasseled sprays;  
And all the world is young and fair.

IX.  
By village, farm, and tricky town  
The widening waters play and pass,  
Swinging the magic azure glass  
Where all life's shadows, sad and sweet,  
From ruby dawn to twilight brown  
Are still reflected, fixed or fleet.

X.  
Rose gardens and sweet clover fields  
Breathe over it a rich perfume,  
And Sabbath bells and bells of doom  
Mix with its music and are part  
Of all the river grains or yields  
Of empire o'er the human heart.

XI.  
At last, before the city gates  
The broad and splendid waters roll,  
But silent—songless as a soul  
The fates have tossed and sorrows stained  
Till never more a dream elates,  
Or any seeing good is gained.

XII.  
Across the seething, sullied tide  
The wild lights flicker and the roar  
Of commerce sweeps from shore to shore  
With clang of iron and shriek of steam,  
And through it all the still ships glide  
Like spectres in a cruel dream.

XIII.  
So-rank with nameless slough and slime,  
'Twere well to pass with muffled brow,  
O river, dark with secrets now,  
To pass and give no sigh or clew  
To any damning deed or crime  
That shrouds thee in this cloudy hue.

XIV.  
The dead, the dead, the awful dead!  
That swirl and swirl in eddies dark  
By clammy wharf and creaking bark!  
It is a tale but partly told,  
'Twere well to leave it all unsaid—  
And battle on for love and gold.

XV.  
But lo, the tide, resistlessly  
Hath borne us on, and hark! I hear,  
The tread of columned legions near.  
It is the ocean's martial throng—  
The bridal music of the sea—  
The world's wild waters bold and strong.

XVI.  
Ten thousand flashing silver plumes  
Sweep by the ocean gates, and far  
Resounds the thunder of the war  
In rhythmic cadence, vast and deep,  
And o'er the squandered waves the flames  
Of splendid conflict toss and sweep.

XVII.  
And by those misted, stormy gates  
The sullied waters pass and part,  
Like old affections of the heart  
That have abided to the end—  
Thus pass and part to other fates  
While stars return and suns ascend.

XVIII.  
The salt, sad sea gives back its dead,  
O turbid river, wait no more  
The passing pageant of the shore;  
Again to April's mystic bow

And sunset roses, warm and red,  
Our eyes shall turn—and we shall know.

XIX.

The crested clouds of pearl and gold  
And all the kingly pomp that waits  
At morning round the crystal gates  
Will be but souvenirs of thee:  
The dew drops in the flowers' fold  
The jewels, rescued from the sea.

—Standard.

VOSS.

A group of young men were standing one morning last April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund the wood-carver, and half a dozen others with their sweethearts.

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble.

He talked with one eye on the girls to see the effect.

"What do you say to a race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes Leid."

Leid nodded, threw off his coat, and was beaten, in both race and wrestle. He was a big sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeannette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, undersized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeannette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come, girls!" cried Bund, "The girls drew nearer and nearer, shy but curious."

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants to try a throw with Voss, but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color; he played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength; but it was hard to be told; before little Jeannette, too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I."

"What is it?" said Nicholas eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river—yonder with me, and see which of us can reach the other shore."

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crunched and tore each other as they went tearing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed!" they said, looking admiringly at Bund. Jeannette looked, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well done, Bund!" said the other lads. "There's no cowardice in Bund that's certain!"

Bund tore off his woolen jacket and boots, straightening himself and clapping his hand. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat! You're a famous swimmer—and Jeannette is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eye.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the icy river. He did not

trust himself to look at Jeannette. In summer he had often swam the Aar at this place. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the least exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness—perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund. "Afraid eh?"

The lads and girls looked at Voss; even Jeannette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim," he said. If he had bluffed it out in a strident, jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund, insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to hear.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his old father in that mood. He went to the bear-pits. Now everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese, and Nicholas like his neighbors took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in their pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngsters!" cried a workman. "They are fierce—those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring, and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murderer!" cried a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse-maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean further over. There was a push—a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone!"

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death as people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing it curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore-legs and dragging himself towards it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away sick. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There came a wild cry from the crowd. A man had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes; but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him!"

"The others are coming on him!"

"Ach, what blows!"

"Well struck! Again again!" shouted the Englishman.

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces!"

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"See, the bear has torn his flesh!"

"He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, sobbing

shouting while struggles, went on below as silent as the grave.

The man, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the centre of the pit, placed there for the bear to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered strength, and then with a mighty bound, he reached it, and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The rope was brought, and flung towards him.

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. No it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child, and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put her baby in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help pull him in. As he swung across the chasm, going half way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but its hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety; everybody talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is John Voss, the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the Government Council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. At the theatre, somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with the vivats! Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless them.

Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot, tended by his mother and his father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at home.

In the afternoon, a messenger from the Council knocked at the door and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pasture land in the vicinity of the town.

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now, father, you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke, the sun was setting, and shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later, the father put a little case into his hands.

"Look at this, my son! Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honor!"

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

"And here," said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeannette left for you."

Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal. But the flowers he held close to his lips.—Companion.

The origin of the phrase "Flying Dutchman" is more ancient than most people suppose. To a Dutchman is ascribed the invention of the sawmill, which was in 1663; but so averse were the people to labor-saving machinery and the extinction of the old method of splitting logs with wedges to make boards, that they forced the Teuton to flee for his life. In 1768 the second sawmill was established in England, but a conscientious mob tore the building down.

## The Compensation of Life.

How wonderful are the dealings of God with His children! We are apt, at times, to complain of our lot in life and think it hard, very hard. To human view it may seem to be hard. But the trouble is, we judge God by our own imperfect standard. We can not see into the future, and therefore we make up our judgment from the very little we see and know. Could we look beyond the present and know all the reasons which infinite wisdom and love sees and understands we should be more than satisfied with what God is doing for us and by us.

But even to our short-sighted view we cannot but see how God compensates His children for all the losses and trials they have to bear. When He takes away one thing from us, He gives something else in its place which is better. That which was taken away, was perhaps, absorbing our thoughts too much, and drawing them away from our highest good. We are prone to make idols of the things we possess. To prevent this, they are gently removed. We feel the loss most keenly. But by degrees better thoughts come into our hearts, and before long we find we are really the gainer. Often are we sadly disappointed by having our plans and wishes frustrated. But after awhile we see for ourselves that it was just the best thing that could have happened us. Had our wishes been gratified, we should have lost a much greater good, which could only come to us by our disappointment.

People who have their own way are not the happy people of this world. Very far from it. It is a bad habit to look upon the dark side of life. If we would but cultivate the practice of counting up our mercies, day by day, it would brighten life wonderfully. We should then see that our Heavenly Father is dealing gently and lovingly with us; and that, after all, there is a compensation for all our losses and crosses, and that the love of God is making us richer all the time. There is nothing in the world so valuable as a quiet, submissive, contented spirit. With that we shall be rich and happy anywhere.—Ee.

## What Women Invent.

Some one who has taken the trouble to count the patents issued to women finds that the number for the year ending July, 1880, was seventy, or ten more than the average. Most of the inventions of women have to do with household appliances. Among the past year's are a jar lifter, a bag holder, a pillow-sham holder, a dress protector, two dust pans, a washing machine, a fluting iron, a dress chart, a fish boner, a sleeve adjuster, a lap table, a sewing machine treadle, a wash basin, an iron heater, sad irons, a garment stiffener, a folding chair, a wardrobe bed, a weather-strip, a churn, an invalid's bed, a strainer, a milk cooler, a sofa bed, a dipper, a paper dish, and a plaiting device.—Scientific American.

## Glycerine.

Glycerine is the sweet principle of oils, the base of compounds found in animal fats and also in some vegetable substances. It is a product of a process of saponification. As prepared by the pharmacutists, it is taken up with boiling water from its mixture in a free state with the plumbiferous soap called lead plaster. The plaster is made by boiling together litharge (oxide of lead), olive oil and water. The oil is decomposed by the lead taking its acids, and the glycerine is thus liberated. The lead is got rid of by filtering, and the water is removed by evaporation, at a temperature below 212 degs., leaving the glycerine. Various other methods of preparing it are in use.