

A WINTER SUNRISE.

Sweet falling through the frost-encumbered air
On earth's chill bosom, lighting up the white,
The first bright rays of the late-risen sun
Descend, and thrill her features to a smile.

The small white clouds, low lying in the east,
Catch radiance from his beams, and turn to gold.
While toward the west, the mist that hovered low
Retreats apace, through the blue heavens rolled.

No joyous lark upsprings to pour his strains
Of rapturous music o'er the weakened earth;
The brook is mute, firm-bound in icy chains,
Nor greets the ear with its accustomed mirth.

No sound occurs to break the quiet spell,
Save from some distance farm-house, where,
Perchance,
Some sharp-voiced colt roused by vagrant kine,
Sounds his quick "halt," disputing their advance.

Slow rising from each farm-house chimney gray,
In lazy stretches now the smoke ascends,
And, wafted by the light east wind away,
Far in the west, with morning vapor blends.

The moon that, through the cold, still hours of night,
Kept watch and lent pale luster to the scene,
Like a pale specter, lingers yet in sight,
Low in the sky its filmy outlines seen.

And now, from every farm-yard, far and near,
A mingling sounds of life, once more aroused
—morning's welcome light, assails the ear,
From cattle sheds and where the sheep are housed.

The farmer issues from the smoking door,
Urged by the loud demands for morning fare,
Scatters the golden corn and fragrant hay—
Peace reigns again throughout the quiet air.
—M. C. Brown, in Yankee Blade.

MOLLIE'S IDEA.

It Proved an Excellent One, as You Shall See.

"My mind is made up and nothing but an earthquake can change it," said Mollie, with a saucy smile, as she turned from the window, where she had been idly standing while I reasoned and expostulated until I was completely tired out.

Mollie has a will like iron. I fancy she inherits it from her mother's side of the house, though on occasions my wife has said she got it all from my side. But that has nothing to do with our story; suffice it to say the will remains.

I, elderly man that I was, with a whole regiment of book-keepers, clerks and cash-boys under my control, felt utterly incompetent to battle against one frail woman who had become possessed by what is now termed "an idea," but what in the good old days we should have called, without a moment's hesitation, a silly notion. Mollie always was inclined to be strong-minded, from her baby-days up, and I had fought many battles with her during her short life. But never before had the enemy made so fearless and daring an assault as on the occasion upon which our story opens. After hearing the last decisive sentence fall from her lips, I sat speechless for some time, but finally found breath to ejaculate my strongest expression: "Christopher Columbus!" Mollie burst into a laugh, and such a laugh as would have drawn a smile to lips more crabbled than mine—rippling, tinkling laugh, like sparkling water playing over shining pebbles.

It was also a victorious laugh over an enemy defeated. For well she knew my flag of truce—the arch little traitor!

Peace was then declared and sealed with a hearty kiss, and Molly hurried away to confide her success to her mother, who had been won over to the idea long before.

The result of all this was that the next Monday morning Mollie was in a very becoming traveling dress with hat to match, a small reticule in one hand and a well-worn book in the other, took an eastern-bound train for B—. I felt a strange goodness when the last flutter of her pink and white handkerchief disappeared from view as the train passed out of the long depot, and wished fervently that an idea had never got hold of her. She was plenty good enough before, and a great deal more comfort.

The weeks and months passed slowly by, with Mollie's breezy letters coming to us like little whiffs of fresh air. She seemed to be getting on finely with her idea, or else it was getting on finely with her. I never could quite decide which way the matter stood.

The house was very quiet without her. When I got home from the store at night how I missed her! She was the only one of our children left to brighten our old days. Some we had buried and the rest were happy in homes of their own. So we naturally clung to Mollie.

Spring came at last, and brought her home for a vacation. Whether it was a vacation from her idea or not I never asked her. I had a dim misgiving that she had it with her locked up in her great trunk, so kept quiet on the subject for fear she might produce it. At any rate it had not spoiled her. She was brighter and prettier than ever, and more interesting than a whole household of people without ideas. She played on the piano, and danced, and ran races all over the place with her pet dog; managed her own boat on the river with more skill than many a man could boast of; rode horseback, worked in the garden, tried her hand at the lawn-mower and took long romps over the country. That idea had brightened her up wonderfully. She was almost a monomaniac on the subject of fresh air.

The first thing she did when she reached home was to tear up the heavy carpets and take down the massive curtains in her room, and bundle them out to the store-room. Then she got a light

matting for the floor, bamboo furniture in place of the elegant walnut set which I took such pride in giving her on her eighteenth birthday, and hung delicate lace curtains in the wide windows, so that the sun could send his welcome rays into the room from the time he rose in the morning until he retired at night. There didn't seem to be a trace of an idea around. It was just a sweet, breezy room, with no dark corners or shadowy places wherein unpleasant spirits could dwell.

I enjoyed taking my Sunday nap up there, on the wide bamboo lounge in the sunny bay-window. I slept better and felt more refreshed when I waked than when I took my nap down in the shady sitting-room on the soft couch that every one admired so much.

When fall came and Mollie prepared to leave us again she insisted upon our moving into her pretty room. I hesitated, fearing it would be too breezy in cold weather. But she spread a great soft rug by the bed, and another in front of the fire-place, and hung some warm-looking pictures on the delicately-tinted walls, and it took the cold feeling all away.

I know I slept better in that room than I ever had in ours. It seemed to put new life in me. I almost forgot how old I was growing. Mother said the same. And I was forced to acknowledge that Mollie's idea was not so unpleasant in its effects as I had feared it would be.

Before spring arrived I had decided to remodel our room after the same plan, and send our elegant furniture, carpets and curtains as a donation to some friends in a colder country. Mollie laughed her rippling, silvery laugh when she came home for her second vacation and found another room divested of its cumbersome elegance.

I said: "It's all owing to your idea, Mollie," and she laughed harder than ever as she caught me around the neck and cried: "You don't think it's only a 'silly notion,' then, do you, father?" For, you see, that was the first time I had mentioned the idea by its proper name, always having called it a silly notion.

After that Mollie let her idea roam around considerably. In fact, I hardly think she locked it up at all, except perhaps when we had company. Several times I found her big book on my library table. I must confess I opened it on one occasion, and was so interested in what I found inside the covers that I was sorry when it disappeared. I wouldn't ask for it, however, for Mollie could laugh so when any thing amused her, and I hate to be laughed at dreadfully.

Fall came and Mollie's idea hurried her away again. Time dragged more slowly than ever this time, until toward spring when we experienced a surprise not altogether agreeable. My head book-keeper decided quite suddenly to take a trip to Europe at my expense, carrying with him sufficient means to meet all emergencies. Immediately after his departure fire broke out in the basement of the building in which I had my store, and, with the assistance of water, kindly thrown as an extinguisher, completely ruined my stock of new, unpaid-for goods. It took all I could realize from insurance and the sale of my city property to make me straight with the world again. And then mother and I sat down to look the situation in the face. Two elderly people with nothing left but ourselves and our great desolate home. Just then in came Mollie, big book, trunk, idea and all, like a fresh June breeze, or more truly speaking, a regular Western cyclone. Bless the child! We had almost forgotten her in our bewilderment. She hugged and kissed us, and shed a few tears over mother's lace cap, then, with a little choke in her brave voice, cried: "Now we'll see what that idea of mine can do for us. I think I've mastered it, and I haven't earned the title of Nurse Mollie for nothing. So cheer up, dear folks, you have something left, if it is only Mollie and her idea." And catching up her big book she pranced gayly up and down the room until we were forced to laugh in spite of the dismal state of affairs.

The weeks flew rapidly by after her coming, very busy weeks to us all, but particularly so to Mollie. By summer-time our stately home in the suburbs was filled with the most interesting company of individuals I had ever seen. Mother and I were allowed to keep our room in peace, and Mollie shared hers with a sweet-faced girl who filled the place of assistant nurse.

The small parlor was turned into a reception-room, the dining-room and kitchen placed in charge of good-natured Maggie, the cook, while the remainder of the house fairly swarmed with babies.

Babies of all descriptions, from the plump little beauty to the frail, wee morsel too weak to even smile. Over all presided Mollie, blissfully, radiantly happy. Always busy, yet never too tired to pillow a weary little head on her shoulder or to sing a fretful, wee stranger to slumberland. The babies soon learned to know her quick step, and would laugh and coo as she passed by with a smile or a kiss for each little upturned face.

Mother grew young again in spite of her silvered hair, the company of the playful elves was so inspiring. "Drama," they called her, and never wearied of her quaint, old fairy-tales as she sat in her arm-chair with her bountiful lap full of the cunning creatures, and a row of curly heads about her knee. Every evening, just before bed-time, I had a grand frolic in the

nursery until driven forth by "Auntie Mollie," and loud cries of "tum adin, drama!"

By winter I was again established in business, though on a smaller scale than before. Mollie's idea paid her well, and her wealthy patrons, the fathers and guardians of the motherless babes in her charge, would not hear to her giving up her "baby garden," as she had christened it. So she reigned mistress over the house, and steadily added to the bank account, leaving mother and me to spend our money as we thought best.

When I would see Auntie Mollie sitting in her sunny nursery, her sweet face wearing a smile, and her pretty hair all tumbled from contact with busy little fingers, I could not help thinking to myself how good a thing it was that she did become possessed by an idea, and how much better it would be for the world in general and every body in particular if every girl had tied to her apron-strings a good, sensible idea to guide her through life.

It seems I was not the only one who admired Mollie and her idea. The handsome young doctor who called to see Baby Marjorie when she burnt her hand (Mollie's old stand-by, Dr. Blake, being out of town) was fascinated also. And now the baby garden has a kind uncle as well as a loving auntie. You may laugh, but I believe that is what came of Mollie's idea. It brought her a most excellent husband; and mark my words, young ladies, that is a blessing not to be found every day.—Hattie Wise Andrews, in Chicago Standard.

UNIQUE CONSPIRACY.

How a Parisian Father Sought a Son-in-Law and Was Fooled.

M. Gallet, a Parisian business man, was and still is the father of an only daughter, and, the latter having become a young lady, he looked for a husband for her. He looked, but for a long time he did not find. Finally a luminous idea struck him, and he straightway applied to his physician, one Dr. Dibot, it seeming to him impossible that the doctor should not know some one who would do for a husband.

Dr. Dibot was not slow in discovering a candidate in a Dr. Faulquier, practicing at the Batignolles. The latter wore in his button-hole the ribbon of an officer of the academy, and he had a brother who wore the ribbon of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. How could one fail to have confidence in the people thus decorated?

The young people were presented to each other, a few weeks later the marriage was celebrated and all seemed for the best in the best possible world. The marriage took place in August, 1888, and Dr. Faulquier received the dowry, 30,000 francs.

For some weeks M. Gallet was delighted with his son-in-law and Mme. Faulquier adored her husband. But soon, although the husband declared he had many patients, the young household lacked money, and the young doctor had to resort to borrowing, even getting large sums from his father-in-law.

M. Gallet, who had made no inquiries about the man to whom he gave his daughter, thought it his duty to inform himself concerning the man to whom he lent fifty louis, and this is what he found out:

1. That his son-in-law had never been a doctor.
2. That his son-in-law wore illegally the ribbon of an officer of the academy.
3. That his son-in-law's brother was not a doctor.
4. That the said brother wore illegally the ribbon of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Judge of the despair of this unfortunate father, who had been so happy over his daughter's marriage. He entered a complaint in the courts, and the false Dr. Faulquier was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for illegally practicing medicine and illegally wearing decorations.

Meanwhile Dr. Faulquier sought and obtained a divorce.

But the father-in-law was still not satisfied. He made a complaint against Pierre Faulquier and his physician, Dr. Dibot, for swindling. When the case came to trial some days ago the fact was revealed in court that Dr. Dibot's only diploma was from the University of Philadelphia, which in Paris is looked upon as no diploma at all.

The morality of the affair appears from the following short passage from the trial:

The Court—If it had been a question of lending 30,000 francs to M. Faulquier you would have made inquiries about him, would you not?

M. Gallet—Oh, yes, sir.

The Court—But when you gave him your daughter and 30,000 francs you did not think this necessary?

M. Gallet—It is true that I was wrong, but you must remember that he was an officer of the academy.—Paris Letter.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

There's Lots of Fun in Camping Out Before You Reach the Woods.

"Oh, we'll just have a splendid time!" "Won't it be jolly, though? We can be so free and independent!"

"Of course, and do just as we please!" "I'm wild to go at once! We'll have such jolly meals!" "And I do love to sleep in a tent!"

"So do I."

"We won't have to be dressed up all the time."

"No; and the children of the party won't, either. They can just run wild if they want to."

"It will be splendid!"

"That was the way they talked before they started on a camping-out tour of three weeks. Now the scene changes. It is four days later. It has rained during three of the four days and nights. The same *dramatis personae*, seated on damp straw, boxes, shaky camp-stools and inverted pails, huddled around a smoky fire in a rusty camp stove and discourse as follows:

"Isn't it perfectly horrid!" "It's enough to kill the last one of us!"

"My dress is utterly ruined!"

"There's a new leak in the tent!"

"For pity's sake do, somebody, stop the water from dripping down on the bedding!"

"The children will catch their death of cold!"

"My rheumatism is coming on. I'm so stiff I can hardly move."

"Great Scott—if here ain't a big black beetle or some other monstrous thing in the butter!"

"And the sugar's full of red ants—one for every grain!"

"And—good Heaven's! here's a toad in—let me get out of here quick!"

"If the tent blows down again, as it did last night, and we get—"

"Do get up, child! you're sitting flat in a puddle of water!"

"I'm half starved. I could eat an ox!"

"Rain, rain, rain! We'll be drowned in our beds!"

"The bread is soaking wet!"

"So are the crackers!"

"So am I!"

"Dear, dear; this is awful!"

"I'd give ten dollars to be at home!"

"I'm going home! I'm not going to stay here and drown and starve!"

"We were crazy to come!"

"A lot of idiots!"

"Oh, it's awful!"

"Dreadful!"—Drake's Magazine.

A MAGNETIC YOUTH.

Young Louis Hamburger's Ability to Make Things Stick to His Hands.

Louis, the sixteen-year-old son of Philip Hamburger, is possessed of a mysterious power which is puzzling scientific men. This power enables him to make objects of considerable weight adhere to his finger-tips, contact only being necessary. The young man, who is quite small, has been studying chemistry some time at the Maryland College of Pharmacy, and has shown his parents and friends some astonishing feats and bits of magic. By merely pressing his fully-distended fingers against a heavy cane, he holds it suspended in air for a long time. He is also able, by placing the balls of three fingers against the side of a glass tube, to raise the weight of five pounds attached thereto. He says he has always remarked a peculiar feeling when touching small objects which are wet or greasy, and in order to get the best results in his experiments he must have both the hands and objects dry and very clean. For this purpose he always washed his fingers in alcohol and ether and wipes them and the objects dry.

In the presence of friends he gave an exhibition of his powers. The first experiment was to place a number of pins around the palm of his hands and on the tips of his fingers. On holding the palms vertically the pins are found to drop only after a long time. He next showed his ability to pick up from the table by pressing his dry finger tips against it any highly-polished, smooth body, such as a pencil or a pen. Much more striking, however, was the manner in which a pen held perpendicularly stuck to the ends of his fingers.

Both hands have the same remarkable power, though the right one does the better work. The tips of the fingers, which are more than usually fleshy, are capable of the greatest feats. He touched his fingers against a glass tube three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and they stuck with such force that, as he pulled them away from it one after another, there was a click. The end of the tube thus raised was freighted with a plaster of paris block, and on this were gradually piled leaden weights until five and one-half pounds were reached. This he was able to raise with the open palms.

The young man loses control of his secret force when the objects become damp by perspiration or otherwise, and can only show its action on very smooth bodies. Prof. William Simon, of the Maryland College of Pharmacy, has developed whatever strength and remarkable powers the young man displays from the very smallest beginnings. He has hopes of making him perform yet more wonderful feats. At present he is engaged in experimenting with him in a scientific manner in order to present the case to the public in a technical journal. He has called the attention of a number of medical specialists in this city to the case, and all are at a loss to give an adequate explanation.—Baltimore Letter.

A Curiosity of Coinage.

The word guinea owes its origin to a peculiar circumstance. In the year 1668, Sir H. Holmes, a highly distinguished Admiral, having contributed to the total discomfiture of the Dutch, under De Ruyter, was sent with a strong division of the victorious fleet to the coast of Holland, where he had the good fortune to capture or destroy, in Schelling Roads, 160 rich merchant ships, valued at about five million dollars, part of which being freighted with bullion and gold dust from Cape Coast Castle, an African settlement belonging to the enemy. This rich prize was soon after coined into guineas—21-shilling pieces—and acquired the name of Guinea, with reference to the country from which it was derived.—N. Y. Ledger.

MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.

Experiments Which Are Baffling to the Ordinary Comprehension.

The end I have ever held before my eyes, then, and which I hope I have never lost from view, is this: To study the hypnotic phenomena according to a strictly scientific method and for this purpose to employ processes purely physical and which can always be compared with one another, so that the results obtained by me may be rigorously tested by all observers who shall use the same processes under the same conditions. Take one example from among a thousand. I present to a woman patient in the hypnotic state a blank leaf of paper and say to her: "Here is my portrait; what do you think of it? Is it a good likeness?" After a moment's hesitation she answers: "Yes, indeed, your photograph; will you give it to me?" To impress deeply in the mind of the subject the imaginary portrait I point with my finger toward one of the four sides of the square leaf of paper, and tell her that my profile looks in that direction; I describe my clothing. The image being now fixed in her mind I take that leaf of paper and mix it with a score of other leaves precisely like it. I then hand the whole pack to the patient, bidding her go over them and let me know whether she finds among these any thing she has seen before. She begins to look at the leaves one after another, and as soon as her eyes fall upon the one first shown to her (I had made upon it a mark that she could not discern) forthwith she exclaims: "Look, your portrait!" What is more curious still, if I turn the leaf upside down, as soon as her eyes rest upon it she turns it over, saying that my photograph is on the obverse. I then convey to her the order that she shall continue to see the portrait on the blank paper even after the hypnosis has passed. Then I awaken her and again hand to her the pack of papers, requesting her to look over them. She handles them just as before when she was hypnotized, and utters the same exclamation: "Look, your portrait!" If now I tell her that she may retire, she returns to her dormitory, and her first care will be to show to her companions the photograph I have given her. Of course, her companions, not having received the suggestion, will see only a blank leaf of paper without any trace whatever of a portrait, and will laugh at our subject and treat her as a visionary. Furthermore, this suggestion, this hallucination, will, if I wish, continue several days; all I have to do is to express the wish to the patient before awakening her.

The foregoing experiment has been made hundreds of times by me and by others, and the fact can easily be substantiated; their objectivity is as complete as could be wished in researches of this kind. Hypnotism is directly amenable to our means of investigation, and must needs be an integral part of the known domain of science; to that goal our efforts ought to be directed.—Dr. J. M. Charcot, in Forum.

The Negroes of Trinidad.

The negroes of the Windward Islands are disposed to be the most unconscionable set of scoundrels on earth. They would steal a ship if they could carry it off, but their inventive genius is of so low an order that it vanishes in the presence of such a huge undertaking as the successful removal of a thousand tons of booty. They are pilferers. When a vessel arrives at a Caribbean port they surround it with their fleet of boats and swarm over the decks and cabins, appropriating every thing they can lay their hands on. It requires about half the crew to watch them. They have been known to steal part of a ship's rigging in broad day-light. They stole a piece of salt pork from my hook while I was fishing for sharks at Trinidad. I believed that a shovelled monster had given me a bite and was encouraged to bait the hook again and sit up all night in the hope of catching him. The same trick was tried on the captain of a British bark who fished with a harpoon, and the result was an islander on board with a piece of steel and a frightful wound in his thigh.—Victor Smith, in Chautauquan.

The cotton-picker recently tried near Rolling Fork, says a Mississippi paper, not only captured the cotton but gathered in limbs, stalks, real estate and all, and then scattered the mass all over the field. It took ten darkies to pick up after it, and the machine was declared a failure. A good, spy descendant of Ham is the best cotton-picking machine yet introduced in this country by our enterprising Yankee friends. If they succeed in making a better one we will buy that as we did the ones introduced here prior to 1861.

A California farmer threatens to add quinine to the products of the country. Well, as long as fever and ague is a regular crop, its antidote may as well be raised.—Boston Transcript.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of ourselves; neither vanity nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it.—Madam Neskar.

Virtue is no enemy to pleasure; her proper office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every blessing with moderation, and lose them without discontent.

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion! How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties!—Macdonald.