Voice, with what mounting fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion, English storners of Spain sweeping the

blue sea-way. Sing me the daring of life for life, the mag

nanimous passion Of man for man, in the mean, populous

streets of to-day.

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring, hot-sanded, Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay,

Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild beast Want, barehanded: Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing

To-day. -Helen Gray Cone, in Atlantic.

THE SICK NURSE.

In the dusky light of a fragrant and richly-adorned drawing-room two people were in animated conversation.

One, a woman of fifty, handsome still, and with a toilet suggestive of much care and thought, was speaking not only with decision, but with positive anger although her self-control was great enough to keep her voice from rising, it was not able to prevent a tremulous vibration which she vainly tried to stifle. She was sitting on a high-backed, em-

broidered chair in an attitude as faultless as the fit of her satin gown,

The other, a girl of twenty, with great clear brown eyes and fluffy brown hair and graceful figure, stood as a young child might have done at receiving a reprimand. Her eyes were cast down, the lashes drooping till they nearly touched her cheeks, and her fingers were nervously picking to pieces a sprig of hebotrope from a magnificent basket of flowers beside her.

'It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of," said the elder lady, with a I would have made all this trouble if I scornful smile. "I really can not waste had not been sure?" She stopped crying. any more words upon it. You always were quixotic, Teresa, and this perform-ance caps the climax. In nearly one and breath, you tell me you love him, and that you have refused him. Oh! it is too disappointing!"

'Aunt.

"Please let it drop-forget it."

The tone was pleading, the voice sweet.

"Forget it, indeed! Do you think I
will allow you to oppose me in this style? Have I not daughters of my own, and cares enough of my own, without being longer burdened with one so obstinate

and self-willed as you, Teresa?" "I did not know-I mean-" said the young girl, deprecatingly. But she quickly interrupted.

"Now, don't plead ignorance; don't tell me that you do not know my wishes, and did not mean to offend me.

"I really did not think of you at all." "Worse and worse! Well, this is plain speech. And whom do you think of—only yourself? Selfish child!—is this my reward for educating you, and allowing you every luxury, spending time and money on you as freely as on my own?" "Aunt—Aunt Geraldine, please for-

give me." The young voice faltered; the pink flush gave way to pallor; the brown eyes

"No, Teresa; it's mockery to ask that; and I want you clearly to understand that this is to be no longer your home; you have exhausted my patience, and now the end has come. I have rented this house, and I am going abroad. Sibyl and Gladys are both delicate, and need the change.

"But, aunt, where am I to go?-what

"A pretty question to put to me now, after such behavior! Consult your friends. e no further in

The cruelty of these words seemed to freeze the young girl. Her brown eyes opened widely, her color came and went. She stared at the speaker as if not able to believe the words just uttered, and then, rushing from the room, found her own apartment, and flung herself down in an agony of grief and self-reproach. To whom could she turn for sympathy or pity when the one she had learned to regard as her natural protector spurned her and willfully misunderstood her? What had she done that was so grievous? Had she not battled against her own feelings, and conscientiously done what

she thought to be right? Meanwhile Mrs. Geraldine Gansevoort, having spent her anger and indignation,

rang the bell and ordered her coupe. She had to drive alone. Sibyl and Gladys, her delicate daughters, had gone to a reception. Frank, her son, a young physician, was never able to go with her, "office hours" preventing. Her thoughts were far from pleasant.

It disturbed her circulation to be thus excited. Teresa, in the plain terms she used to herself, was a fool, and why should she allow a fool so to annoy her But the girl should be punished. idea of a portionless orphan refusing such an offer as that of Leroy Jones!—a millionaire, a fellow whose horses and yachts were the envy of all his comrades. And why, forsooth? Because she chose to think him unsteady, weak; because his little foibles to this fresh, young, unsophisticated girl seemed to be vices. Oh, it was too vexatious! the more so as she felt that all her good, sound, worldly wise advice and training had been wasted. As for Sibvl and Gladys-oh! if they could have had such a chance, poor, dear, delicate darlings!

Frank Gansevoort was a hard-working young physician. His mother deplored the fact that he was not a "society man," and Sibyl and Gladys mourned over the disaffection of their renegade brother as if work were vice and idleness a virtue; but Frank kept steadily on, and even went so far as to disfigure the front of you, I should not like to disappoint him."

the house with a sign. To be sure, it was a nice, neat little silver plate, with nnly "F. Gansevoort, M. D.," on it, but

it drew too many poor people.
On this particular afternoon Dr. Ganse voort had occasion to hunt up a book on the library shelves. It was an old one, and had been tucked out of sight. As he searched for it a strange sound met his ears-a sound as of some one sobbing. Now Frank knew very well whose little room opened on the library, and if he had a tender spot in his heart at all, it was for the pretty young cousin who inhabited the room; so, without finding his musty old tome, he descended from the library steps and knocked at Teresa's door. There was no answer until he had repeated his knock, and then there was a muffled response which was not satisfactory. At last he said: "If you don't come to the door, Tessie, I shall have to

break in." This brought a very dejected-looking damsel to the threshold, who, finding Frank alone, immediately fell on his shoulder in a fresh burst of tears. was all very nice, to be sure, and Frank had no sort of objection to support a weeping damsel, who, despite her tears, looked as pretty as a picture. But the grief was real, and that pained Frank. So, placing her very gently in one of the library chairs, he managed by dint of coaxing and questioning to find out what was the matter. "A quarrel with mother and a break with Leroy Jones—I wonder which is the worse," mused Frank. "Tell me, Tessie, did you care much for

Leroy?" he asked. "I did like him, Frank-I always used to care for him when he was nice. But he isn't nice any more. He's horridly fast, and I will not marry him just for his money, as aunt wants me to do, and I've told him so, and—and—" The

handkerchief went up again. "Yes, I see how it is. You are sure you don't regret it?"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think and drew herself up very proudly, con-tinuing: "Aunt Geraldine has cast me off. She has told me that this is no longer my home. I am going away this very evening. I will not stay another day in her house."

"Don't be hasty, Tessie. Mother is disappointed; she will get over it " "But I shall not; I am going, I tell

you, Frank. Oh, no, not yet, Tessie. Why, where

will you go?" "I don't know yet—perhaps to Mrs. Russell—nor do I know what I shall do. I have no money, and I am so ignorant. Oh! if I had only studied as I ought to have done, I might then teach; but I will find some way of getting along;" and she held her head more proudly

"Tessie, dear, you are a foolish little thing. I don't uphold mother's unkindness; but you must remember that I love you if she doesn't."

"Yes, dear Frank, you are always good to me." "Well, then, why not put an end to

all this bother and be my little wife?" "Oh, Frank, don't, please don't talk that way. You know we are cousins, and I've no idea of burdening you with any other relationship. You are very kind, but, all the same, that cannot be."

Frank tried to look dolorous, but did not succeed very well. He was, in truth, too much in love with his profession to have much room for any other sentiment in his good, kind heart, but he had meant to do his best, if Tessie

would let him, which she wouldn't. "Well, if you won't, you won't, and I

"Which you will do with all the ease in the world, dear Frank. And now I am going to pack, and will send you my trunks over to Mrs. Russell's, and tell Sibyl and Gladys I am sorry not to say good-bye, and aunt that I regret having displeased her, and—and— Oh, how happy I have been, and how foolish, and how foolish and-but-

She grew incoherent and tearful again and again Frank urged her to a different course of conduct: but she was not to be entreated or urged or advised. In her hot young indignation the world was her retreat; she could do anything, bear anything, but tyranny and injustice and unkindness. Little indeed did she know of the world, but she was carnest and true and strong, and ready to do her

III.

It is night in one of the great city hospitals, and all is silent but for the moans of those in pain and the mutterings of those in fever.

Pacing slowly up and down the aisle of a ward full of white cots, on which are helpless sufferers, is a nurse whose duty it is to watch and wait upon those who require the little attentions they can not bestow upon themselves.

To one she gives a glass of water, another's pillow needs raising, and another demands soothing words. To all alike she yields cheerful compliance, stopping often merely to give a kind look or a little show of interest. The dim light falls upon her slim figure in its neat gown, and reveals the sweet and sympathetic face of a woman of mature years, more beautiful even than in its first bloom.

It is a face of rare charm, so contented. so placid, and yet so bright and cheerful Evidently to these poor sick people it is a boon just to gaze upon it. But just now she is called away; a physician wishes to speak to her—probably give his orders for the night. She hastens to the office where he is waiting.

"Miss Stanton, here is a telegram from uptown. You know Dr. Gansevort, I presume. He wants you to attend a pa-

"Is there no one else who can go? I never take outside cases if I can avoid

"Positively no one, and as he specifies

"Well, then, I shall have to go, I suppose; but what is the nature of the case?" "An accident."

"Can you supply my place here?"
"Yes. We shall have to double the "Yes.

With the promptness of custom, no more questions were asked, and in a few moments Miss Stanton was on her way to Fifth avenue. As she rolled along in the darkness, with only the street lamps occasionally lifting it, her thoughts were as calm and cool as if she had been a belle to whom the triumphs of a ball-room were an old story; but she knew that she had need of all her courage and all her resources. The carriage stopped before a gloomy brown-stone house, and the door was instantly opened by a waiting footman. Over the marble hall and up the oaken stairway and under tapestries and velvet hangings she was ushered into an antechamber, where, quickly divesting herself of her wraps, she waited. In a few moments Dr. Gansevoort appeared, and briefly related all that had happened, all that was required. The man had been thrown from his carriage, causing fracture of both legs-they had been set-there was nothing to do now but to watch most carefully. Miss Stanton entered the room.

was superb in all its appointments. Though the light was low, the carved wood, the frescoes, the glitter of cutglass and brass, and the luxurious divans were all apparent. Rather different from the bare walls of the hospital ward were these beautiful reaches of landscape and rare interiors in their rich frames; but, all the same as on the narrow hospital cots, here among the ruffles and lace of downy pillows was a human sufferer; glasses and towels and sponges and all the appurtenances of surgery were about—means for relieving the terrible agony which in hospital or palace pursues its victum. With note-book and pencil, vials and written orders, Miss Stanton took her place at the bedside. The sufferer was asleep, half hidden in the clothes. Strange to say, she had not asked his name. Why was it had not asked his name. Why was it that in this silent watch her thoughts returned to her girlhood-to the far-off home of her youth, which she had left when a happy, thoughtless child for the abode of wealth and luxury, from which she had been thrust forth as unworthy and disobedient? How long the years of study and disappointment and hard work seemed! and how well she remembered all the chilling rebuffs she had met from the day her aunt had spoken those cruel words, and she had taken refuge with her old friend Mrs. Russell, whose influence and interest had at last secured her a position in the training school for nurses! Ah, it was no easy task she had taken upon herself, but how tranquil and assured now her life had become since she had been her own mistress, and filled the hours with useful work! be sure, her aunt had renounced and denounced her, and her cousins never spoke

to her. Frank only was her friend. Just then, with a moan, her patient awoke, and fixed his eyes upon her. What a shock thrilled her as he looked and looked again! How well she knew Though years and his deep those eyes! slumber had disguised him, she now was conscious that she was in the presence of the man who had once offered her his love. Why had Frank sent for her? What was the meaning of this meeting? Did he know her? Should she fly? All these questions rushed for an answer; but long habits of self-restraint calmed her, and with gentle touch she essayed some little movement for his comfort, hoping he would not recognize her. But she was mistaken; a hot hand was laid on hers, and a familiar voice said, "You have come. I knew you would."

"Yes, I am a nurse, come in response to your physician's order."
"No; you put it wrongly; you are

Teresa Stanton, come, because I, Leroy Jones, sent for you." "Not at all; I would have come to an utter stranger. I did come just that

way. Now let me quiet you."
"I have you at last; that is all I want Do you know, I have never loved any one else-never. You were quite right not to marry me: a deuce of a life you'd have led!

"Hush! hush! you are injuring your-self," she said, softly, trying to stop his impetuous talk. But he was not to be stopped; he had grasped her hand, and

kissing it. "Nonsense! As if I didn't know I had come to the end of my rope. Put your hand here on my heart. How is it going? fast, like a trip-hammer? It will stop soon. But I have you to look at again. See:" and he drew out a little locket from beneath his pillow, where it lay beside his watch and trinkets; "this is all I have had these ten years. Do you know yourself to be that girl? Isn't she a beauty? But let me look at you. Turn on the gas. No, don't leave me either; you might not come back. You are altered, Tessie; but you are a lovely woman still. You were a wise little thing; you saw what poor stuff there was in me; but I loved you, Tessie, and now-Oh, I've no pain! Don't look so distressed. I fear my time has come. Nervous shock, you know. I feel very weak. Give me some brandy. Kiss me,

It is the fourteenth of February, and Dr. Gansevoort is mounting the stairs of a New York boarding-house. He has a patient on the top floor for whom he has a scientific interest, and as he enters the room, which he has at last reached, he looks with anxiety toward the dormerwindow filled with flowers. The patient is standing there with a watering can and scissors, tending her plants. His anxiety is relieved when he sees the little tinge of color on his patient's face, and

the glad bright glance she gives him.
"So you are better to-day?" he says,
taking the offered hand and giving it a kindly pressure.

"Yes; I am getting quite strong again, I shall soon be able to resume my du-

"You need not be in haste to do that. By-the-bye, do you know what day this

"Oh, yes; there's my calendar. A woman of business must be accurate." "A woman of business—hum! it seems to me you've been that long enough; but do you know this is a day of sentiment, a day dedicated to a saint whose shrine is the human heart ?"

"Oh, Frank!" was the laughing remonstrance.

"You seem to think I am a little beside myself, but as I am a bearer of dispatches I thought best to prepare you for what is coming." And he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope.
"What! A valentine for me!"

"Really, I don't know what you'll call it. Perhaps being such a business woman, you may regard it as a bill, a receipt for services rendered, etc., etc.

It certainly was a valentine, tinted and perfumed, rose-wreathed and lace-pa-pered, and the verses were as tender as the song of the nightingale. But what fell fluttering to the floor? A bit of plain white and black paper-

a scrap from a check-book-with "Pay to Teresa Stanton's order" on it, and fifty thousand dollars in the corner.

The smiling face became grave, the soft brown eyes filled, and bent a silent, questioning gaze upon Frank. "It's none of my doing, Teresa, as you see. Leroy's an altered man. He

has always loved you, and now he seeks to show his gratitude for all your kind "But, Frank, I cannot accept this-

unless—unless "-You also accept the giver," said Frank, smiling, as he finished the sentence for her. "That is just what he wants, Teressa. I am a poor diplomatist, as you see, for I ought to have used much more circumlocution; but I will send Leroy to do his own courting.' -Harper's Weekly.

New York Station-house Scenes.

Next to the tenement house in point of degradation, says the New York correspondent of the Troy Times, is the station-house. I called at one of these places lately and spent sufficient time to get a view of what may be called "station-house life." The crowd gets very thick by 9 o'clock, but the wretches keep coming in until every square foot of space is filled. The floor is swept every day. This forms the entire sleeping accommodation. In a loft fifty feet by thirty 100 lodgers may find room, and those who come earliest obtain the best chance by the stove. The various specimens of human misery found here transcend description. Age and nationality in great variety may be noticed, and almost every one bears the sign of intemperance. Rags, filth and vermin are the principal characteristics. They seemed to draw a dismal cheer in the way of conversation, and I picked up some ideas of a bummer's life. One man remarks: "My name to-night is Jones, yesterday it was Snooks, and to-morrow it will be something else. They don't get me on the island this season." "The island!" says another. "Its so full up there now they don't want any more." This remark refers to the fact that applicants' names are taken and all who repeat three times are sent to the penitentiary. "I got a good drink before I came in," says another. "I had n't nary stamp, but I went into a Dutchman's and he put the bottle out, and before he knowed it I bummed a glassful and then he kicked me out, but I didn't care." A general hum of ap-plause followed the narration of this exploit, and then another mentioned to the company that he had a dime in his pocket and added: "To-morrow I'll have a good drink; that's the breakfast for me. I don't want any breakfast, but a good horn." Several of the company expressed regret that they were not equally provided for, and then one observed in a consolatory tone: bum all the beer I want at the brewery up town. They lets two on us get all we want for rolling casks." The speaker was immediately importuned for the name of the said brewery, but declined giving it as it would overdo the business, but one man protested that he would track him up. At this moment two of the lodgers got into a fight for the nearest place to the stove. This brought in the attendants with their clubs, who settled the dispute in a rough but effectual manner, and I took my departure, having seen enough of misery for one occasion. The female department of the station house is kept in better order and is less crowded, but the display of drunkenness and general degradation is sufficient to illustrate the power of an evil life.

A Sea Grass for Bread.

On the west coast of England grows a sort of sea grass which is made into something very like bread. In the main it is gathered by women; they then wash it and pluck all other plants care-fully from it. After this it is boiled for some two hours; then the mass is cut in pieces with knives, and kneaded into loaves. Out meal is then strewed over it to give it greater cohesion and a more inviting appearance, and then it is baked. It keeps in summer for four days and in winter for eight. Many women on the coast of Devonshire earn their living by selling this bread, and most of it is sent to Swansea (in Wales), where it is much liked by the poorer classes, -Scientific Press.

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration that nature usually in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working

THE WHEAT PRODUCTION

Wheat Produced and Consumed Since 1867—Interesting Figures.

In an article on the production and consumption of wheat since 1867, a writer in the New York Tribune says: It happens that about July 1, 1867, the supply of wheat was reduced exceedingly low. And again, the exhaustion of stocks was relatively still greater about July 1, 1867. because of the partial failure of crops the year before in this and other countries. At that time old wheat came into market that had been undisturbed for a long time—in some instances at least for seven years. Considering that the stock ordinarily held over has increased with the growth of population and trade, and that the exhaustion in 1882 was relatively unprecedented, it may be assumed that the stock in the country was substantially the same at the beginning and at the end of this period of fifteen years. Now the quantity raised in each of these crop years and the acreage, according to the bureau of agriculture, for thirteen years, and the census reports for 1869-70 and 1879-80, and the quantity exported in excess of imports, according to the official reports of the treasury, flour being included as wheat at four and a half bushels to the barrel, are shown in the following table.

Years.	Acres.	Wh't crop, bush.	Exported bush.
1867-8	18,321,561	212,441,400	25,546,919
1868-9	18,460,132	224,036,600	27,135,929
1869-70	19,181,004	287,745,626	51,347,709
1870-1	18,992,591	235,884,700	50,388,286
1871-2	19,943,893	200,722,400	36,373,210
1872-3	20,858,359	249,997,100	59,445,699
1873 4	22,171,676	281,254,700	88,474,967
1874-5	24,967,037	309, 102, 700	70,764,736
1875-6	26,381,512	292,136,000	79,444,801
1876-7	27,627,021	289,356,500	55,478,801
1877-8	26,277,546	364, 194, 146	90,055,847
1878-9	33,108,560	420, 122, 400	147,378,705
1879-80	35,430,333	459,488,187	180,448,379
1880-1	37,986,717	498,549,868	
1881-2		380,280,090	
1882-3		504,185,470	
1883-4		420, 154, 500	

According to the best information that can possibly be obtained, there were raised in these fifteen years 4,735,307,367 bushels of wheat, and there were exported in the same years, from the point of great exhaustion of stocks, July 1, 1867, to the later point of great exhaustion of stocks, July 1, 1882, 1,263,239,-755 bushels. This leaves for home consumption in all ways 3,472,067,612 bush-It is safe to say that no more accurate statement of the quantity actually consumed during any past period of fif-teen years ever has been obtained.

The consumption depends partly upon the acreage sown during the year following that in which the crop is grown. The aggregate acreage sown in fif-teen years after July 1, 1867, which includes the acreage for the crops of 1868-1883 inclusive, was 405,162,589. Formerly it was supposed that an average of one and five-eighth bushels was used for seed to the acre; later the statistician of the department of agriculture ascertained that one and one-half bushels would be more nearly correct, and more thorough investigation showed that 1.39 bushels were used for the crop of 1883 and 1,377 for the crop of 1883. Allowing only 1.39 bushels to the acre for the fifteen years in question, the quantity required for seed was 563,175,999 bushels, and the quantity which actually remained for consumption as food or in manufactures during fifteen years was therefore 2,008,891,613 bushels.

The yield of 1883 is now officially reported as 420,154,500 bushels. with the stock carried over, makes an available supply of 486,031,655 bushels. The population July 1, 1883, calculated upon the basis above explained, was 55,325,979, and the increase in six months, at the rate of two per cent. yearly, was 553,259, while the emigration from July 1 to January 1 was 238. 351. This would give a population January 1, 1884, of 56,117,589, which may be assumed as the mean population for the current consuming year. The consumption as food would therefore be 247,871,390 bushels, at 4.417 per capita. This leaves 238,160,265 bushels for export and for seed. The quantity ex-ported from all the principal ports to January 1, according to the report of the bureau of statistics, was 60,216,232 bush-els. It may be assumed that the acreage sown for next year's crop will be about as large as was sown last year; if so, 52,-000,000 bushels have been or will be consumed as seed before July 1. This leaves available for export between January 1 and July 1 no less than 125,944,033 bush-But the exports last year during these months were less than 50,000,000 bushels. Hence it would seem probable that about 76,000,000 bushels would remain July 1 to be carried over to another

Pre-historie Sharks.

"What was the largest fish of the ancient seas?" asked a reporter of a New York geologist. "The sharks were probably the largest,"

was the reply. "Here is a tooth," taking one from a drawer. "You see it is al-most as large as the palm of your hand; in other respects it is similar to those of the existing genera of sharks. It has the same serrated edges and the fine polish. Now, if you take the jaw, as I have done, of an existing shark, and arrange those gigantic fossil teeth similarly, you have a mouth large enough to drive a horse and cart in, and the length of the animal, if proportioned like our sharks of to-day, must have been considerably over 120 feet. Fine specimens of these teeth can be seen in the halls of the Philadelphia academy of science. Probably the finest collection in the country is owned by Professor Holmes, in Charleston, S. C. This is the best locality for them, the beds there being great burying grounds for the creatures of this lost