

SONG.

Some find Love late, some find him soon, Some with the rose in May. Some with the nightingale in June, And some when skies are gray; Love comes to some with smiling eyes, And comes with tears to some, For some Love sings, for some Love sighs, For some Love's lips are dumb. How will you come to me, fair Love! Will you come soon or late! With sad or smiling skies above, By light of sun or moon? Will you be sad, will you be sweet, Sing, sigh, Love, or be dumb, Will it be summer when we meet, Or autumn ere you come! —Pakenham Beatty.

OUR EXPERIMENT.

"I'm sick of it," said Kate, dashing a handful of hair-pins upon the table, and letting a big brown braid go tumbling down her back. "So am I," said Beth. "So ab I!" said Nannie, who was suffering with a dreadful cold. "What is it, girls?" said I, turning my book face down in my lap. "It's the suppers," said Beth. "It's the everlasting gossip," said Kate. "It's so differed from home," said Nannie, to whom boarding-house life was a new experience. "It's all three, and much more," was what I wanted to say, but being the oldest of the four, it seemed my duty to make the best of things; so I said, quite cheerfully, "I didn't see anything unusual about the supper to-night." "That's the trouble," groaned Beth. "It was altogether too usual. I am so tired of bread and butter and apple sauce and dry cake that I feel like gnashing my teeth at the sight of them. I should like a slice of toast or a bowl of bread and milk occasionally, without being made to feel that I had disarranged the whole internal economy of the house." "The suppers are bad enough," said Kate, but they are nothing to the gossip, I'm tired of hearing it whispered round that 'Mr. Johnson and his wife had a quarrel in their room last night,' or that 'Miss Robinson has worn three new dresses this month,' or that 'Mr. Jewett came in ever so late the other night, and it sounded as though he fell upstairs.' Bah!" and Kate looked as scornful as a round face with a dimple in it would allow. "I could stand everything else," said Nannie, "if it was only hobe-like. Oh! if I could only sit down in a clean kitchen, with my feet in the stove oven, and see a braided mat in front of the stove with a dice cat od it, I should be perfectly happy." We all laughed at this idea of bliss, but after the laugh there was a sudden silence, for each one of us recalled such a kitten, and the presence that had made it home-like. We were not sisters, or even kin to each other, but meeting as strangers in a city boarding-house, a strong friendship had grown up between us, starting, I think, in the fact that we were each orphaned and had our living to earn, and strengthened by many congenial tastes. We were doing our daily duties in rather a brave, cheerful way, usually with few complaints, but to-night we were under a cloud. Outside, a November rain was lashing the windows, and inside, the stove smoked. It was pay-day at the manufactory where Kate was book-keeper, and that was always a hard day for her; Beth had worried two of her duller pupils through their music lesson; and I had had a time in school that afternoon with a wretch of a boy, and was at my wits' end what to do with him on the morrow; and Nannie was more than half sick—so we sat there quite still for a while. Finally Beth spoke: "I suppose we might make these rooms look a little pleasanter. We each have a few pictures and knickknacks." "Do you suppose I would hang my few pictures against this awful paper?" said Kate. "Besides, what would be the use? Just as we got everything nicely fixed, some man would want the room, and we should be invited to go up higher. I've boarded in this house two years, and in that time I've advanced from the first floor back to the third floor front, and two moves more will take me out on the roof." "We might go subwhere else," said Nannie. "Oh! you poor little innocent!" laughed Beth. "You'd 'change the place and keep the pain.' They're all about alike." At this Nannie lifted such a woe-begone face that I felt something must be done. "Girls!" said I, in my most impressive school-room manner. But here there was an interruption, for Nannie left the rocking-chair and rushed toward the bed. "Oh, Nannie!" cried Kate, "don't muss the bed; it's hard enough anyway." But she spoke too late, for under the combined influence of homesickness and influenza, Nannie had flung herself on the bed in a forlorn little heap, and was lifting up her voice in a hoarse cry. This was simply dreadful. Beth and I hurried over and cuddled her, and Kate slipped downstairs and coaxed the cross kitchen girl into making a bowl of sage tea, and by the time she was back with it the invalid was somewhat comforted. When quiet was restored, I spoke again. "Girls! let's go to housekeeping." Nannie stopped the bowl halfway to her lips, Beth sat upright on the trunk, and Kate dropped the stick of wood in her hand back into the box. "Where's the furniture coming from?" said she. "Who'll pay the bills?" said Nannie. "Who'll do the work?" said Beth.

who was born south of Mason's and Dixon's line. "Well, all do it," said I, answering the last question first; "and as for the furnishing, that needn't cost so very much; and about the bills—Kate, how much do we all pay a week?" "Four times five is twenty, and two dollars for washing makes twenty-two," said Kate, with bookkeeper promptness. "Why," said Beth, beginning to be eager, "lots of families live on less than that, and pay for everything out of it—clothes and doctor's bills and everything." Well, we talked till midnight, and the more we talked, the more feasible the scheme seemed, and it was decided that we should commence tenement-hunting the very next morning; and after Beth and I had gone to our own room, Kate came hurrying across to say she had some spoons and forks which had been her mother's, and that Nannie said she knew how to make lovely waffles. We expected a tedious time finding a rent within our means; but it is astonishing how fortune helps those who try to help themselves. That very week a nice little scholar of Nannie's stopped after school to say that her parents were going to move out of the city. We knew where she lived—a pleasant house in a respectable locality; so after supper Kate and I hunted up the landlord, the next day we went in a body to inspect the place, and the bargain was concluded. Between that time and our departure we bade fair to lose our reputation of being the quietest boarders in the house, for every night there was talking and laughing in one room or the other, while we stitched and hemmed and figured—this last the hardest of all. Kate, with a confidence born of much handling of money, made out a list in a twinkling, which list was perfectly satisfactory to all of us—until we inquired prices. One thing we were agreed upon, and that was, rigid economy, so we cheapened this and left out that, until it looked quite reasonable. Well, the first day of December found us in "our own hired house," and as Beth turned the key in the hall door, we felt that we had burned our ships behind us. The outgoing tenants seemed to regard our experiment in the light of a huge joke, which they were willing to help along, so they gave us a number of house-keeping things, among others a braided mat, and a half-dozen plants all in blossom, and sold us their range at a very low price. Beside this, we had a couple of bedsteads with the furnishings, a few dishes, our trunks, and a half-dozen packing boxes of different sizes. The next fortnight was a busy one. We rose early and went to bed late, and lived in picnic fashion, while we painted and pounded, and planned. We were in a state of mind where we wished for no advice, much less help, from anybody outside; but after jamming considerable plaster from the walls, and skin from our knuckles, we decided there were times when a man could be made useful, and at Nannie's suggestion a certain young architect from the boarding house was taken into our confidence, and did valiant service in putting up shelves and hooks. One Friday night, with the last screw in the kitchen clock shelf, the work was done, and I doubt if many brides, going into houses luxuriantly appointed without care of theirs, feel half the satisfaction that we did in looking round on the result of our ingenuity and hardwork. And it was a right cosy little place. There was a good-sized sitting-room with two sleeping-rooms opening from it, a kitchen adjoining, a store-room, closets, etc., and as the house was on a corner, we had the sun most of the day. Kate and Nannie painted the floor of their room soft gray, and covered their dressing-table and wash-stand with blue and drab chintz. The one window was draped with full curtains of unbleached cotton, trimmed and looped back, with bands of the chintz, and a low cushioned chair and ottoman were covered with the same blue and drab covering. A low painted bedstead and chest of drawers completed their furniture, and strips of blue and gray carpeting before the larger pieces took away any suspicion of bareness. The room Beth and I shared was precisely similar, except that our floor was painted a bright warm brown, and our cretonne covers and bits of carpet were scarlet and white. But it was on our common sitting-room that we lavished our greatest skill. The three windows were curtained with full draperies of cheese-cloth, over cream colored shades, a big crimson bow at the top of each window where the draperies parted. Nannie, who was not in the least aesthetic, pleaded to have the whole floor covered, but as this meant twenty-five yards of carpeting, she was voted down on the score of economy as well as of art. A wide margin was stained a most delightful dead-leaf brown, and nine yards of crimson and wood colored carpet made a square large enough to come well out around the center table. And the table—we saw it one day in front of an auction-room. The top looked as though opposing forces had fought across it, but the standard was good and solid; so home it went, and when it was covered with Beth's old gray shawl dyed crimson, and the student-lamp set over the darn in the middle, the effect was all that could be desired. Then we had Beth's piano and the plants, and nobody knows until she tries it how far a piano and plants go toward furnishing a room. We had a comfortable lounge, bought "in the cloth," and covered by our own hands, a big Shaker rocking-chair, and two or three smaller rockers and camp-chairs. The wall-paper was subdued, and our few pictures and brackets made quite a show, and when we had scattered our books and

trinkets about the room, it was a decided success. "There, Nannie," said Kate, when we reached the cozy kitchen on our tour of inspection, "you can tuck your little feet right into the oven, and feast your eyes on the braided mat, and if the cat was only here, you would have reached the climax of earthly happiness." The young architect looked inquiringly, and Nannie's ideal of bliss was explained to him. He made no comments, but looked at her with a peculiar expression in his handsome eyes, and I felt that the stability of the society was threatened. The next night as we were sitting down cozily to our tea and toast, and baked apples and milk, there was a ring at the door, and Kate, answering it, came back with a basket. "It's directed to you, Nannie," she said, holding it to the light. So Nannie opened it, when out stepped a plump, self-satisfied Maltese kitten, and attached to one fore-paw was a card which said: "The Climax." Beth turned the card over, and read the young architect's name. "Oh, Nannie!" she said, turning on her reproachfully, "I hope you are not going to spoil everything." But Nannie was busy filling a saucer for the new comer, and made no answer. I may as well say here that, soon after, the young man came to me in a very straightforward way, made known his intentions in regard to Nannie, and asked permission to visit her. That night, while she was gone on an errand, I laid the question before the other girls. "I move," said Kate, who was rather given to sounding phrases—"I move that he be granted leave to withdraw." "Oh, let him come!" said Beth, with true Southern obliviousness of consequences. Well, he came, and came again, and the little romance unfolded in a kindlier atmosphere than that of a boarding-house parlor, and after a while I think we all rather enjoyed him, as he was a high-minded, intelligent young fellow, who conducted his wooing with very little nonsense. Some evenings he would come in with his drawing-board under his arm, and establishing himself at our kitchen table, put in his marvelously fine lines and figures, with Nannie sitting beside him with her sewing, making quite a Darby-and-Joan picture. Kate sometimes shook her fist at him from the covert of the sitting-room, but she usually ended with "Bless the children!" But to turn from love to figures. How much did it cost? Now, I do not expect to be believed when I say that our entire furnishing, from the small mirrors in our bedrooms to the big iron spoon in the pantry, cost exactly \$128.63; nevertheless, that was the exact total. It may seem more creditable when it is understood that our dressing-tables, wash-stands, and ottomans were packing-boxes, and that the inviting cushioned chairs were originally barrels. Of course our bedsteads were not furnished with hair mattresses and rose blankets, but we had warm coverings, and clean straw-filled ticks, which were simply luxurious after boarding-house mattresses. Our table was not set forth with cut-glass and silver (except Kate's spoons and forks), but it was clean, and the food wholesome and varied. And about the cost of living? We elected Kate treasurer, and every Saturday night each of us put five dollars and a half into a box kept for the purpose, and she paid for everything out of it. We questioned her often, during the first month, how the money was holding out, but she made no satisfactory answer. The first day of January we each found on our plate at supper the following notice: "The first monthly meeting of the Home Co-operative Society will be held this evening in the kitchen, as soon as the dishes are done. A full attendance is desired, to hear the report of the treasurer." Every member was present, and the treasurer read her report. After setting forth at some length the origin and object of the society, she presented the following figures: IN ACCOUNT WITH HOME CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY. Dr. Cr. To Cash..... \$97.43 By ton coal..... \$ 7.50 " groceries..... 22.00 " meat and vegetables..... 16.75 " milk..... 2.50 " labor (washing, ironing and cleaning)..... 6.00 " rent..... 18.00 \$72.75 " balance on hand 24.68 \$97.43 \$97.43 "Which means," said Kate, "dropping her official manner, "that we have had all this good time, and don't owe a cent for anything, and have six dollars and seventeen cents apiece coming back to us;" and she counted out four little piles of money. "And coal in the bin, and food in the larder," added Beth. The next month we paid five dollars a week each, and had a surplus, and after that, four dollars a week usually covered all expenses. When we started, though we asked no advice, we had floods of it, and no end of dismal predictions. "You'll quarrel," "You'll run in debt," "You'll find the work too hard," "You'll get tired of it," and, most dreadful of all, "You'll be talked about." "Well," said Kate, when this was brought up, "if a good name in the past, and orderly living in the future won't save us, why, let them talk. They must talk about something, and while we are under discussion somebody else will escape." So that was disposed of. And we did not run into debt, and we did not quarrel. It would be too much to say that we never differed, but our differences were never bitter.

We used to think sometimes that Beth shirked her share of the work, but she was the sweetest-tempered creature living, and always willing to make amends. Then we had to hold a tight rein on Kate, who was apt to want luxuries out of season, at exorbitant prices; and I was sometimes a trial about cooking, being absent-minded, and apt to burn things up. As to Nannie, she was never anything but a comfort. We didn't keep her long, for one day, toward our first Thanksgiving, there was an unusual flutter in the house. We trimmed the rooms with flowers, and tied a white satin ribbon on The Climax; the minister and a few friends came in and almost before we knew it, Nannie and the young architect had gone off together in a hack, with The Climax wailing in a basket on the front seat. But this did not break up the society, for another good friend stood ready to fill the vacancy, and stepped promptly in. And did we not find the work too hard? Well, sometimes it seemed a bother, but divided among four, it was not oppressive; and if the larder got empty, or other work pressed, we took our dinners out for a day or two. And we did not get tired of it, but after a three years' trial of the plan, are more and more satisfied, for it is home. We leave it in the morning with regret, and return to it gladly at night, feeling that it is ours, that we are not there on sufferance, but by right. And this sense of security and permanently encourage us to add comforts and even luxuries to our surroundings, and I think you might hunt up and down the city and not find a more contented and comfortable set of people than the members of the Home Co-operative society. —Harper's Bazar.

The Cowboy's Favorite Gun.

I dropped into a large store on El Paso street, which enjoys the reputation of selling more arms than any other house in the city, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While inspecting the glittering array of pistols of all kinds which filled half a dozen showcases, a young fellow of about twenty-three entered. He was dressed in approved frontier style, sombrero it would take three days to walk around the rim of, white handkerchief tied loosely round the neck, blue shirt, pants stuck in his boots, and large Mexican spurs upon his heels, jingling as he walked. He wished to buy a "gun." In the expressiveness and laconic tongue of the frontier a "gun" is a revolver; a rifle is called by the name of the maker; and the weapon of the sportsman, uncurtailed of its fair proportions, is known as a shotgun. Selecting from the case a handsomely mounted Colt's forty-five calibre revolver, the clerk said: "How would you like this? It is the newest thing out—a double-action forty-five." "Ain't worth a row of beans. No man 'cept he is a tenderfoot wants that kind of thing. Give me old reliable all the time. You see a man that's used to the old style is apt to get fooled—not pull her off in time—and then he'll be laid out colder'n a wedge." He was handed a single-action Colt's of the same model, which, after carefully examining, he proceeded to cock and fire, twirling the pistol around his forefinger and pressing the trigger the moment the butt came into palm of his hand. After some little "kick" about the price the weapon was paid for and the customer left the store. "There are few men," observed the clerk, as his customer left, "that can do that trick. I have been ten years on the Southwest frontier, among the worst classes, and don't know more nor half a dozen. 'Bill the Kid' could do it; so can Pat Garret, former sheriff of Lincoln county; so can Dan Tucker, deputy sheriff of Deming. Curly Bill could do it best of the lot, and that's how he killed Sheriff White at Tombstone." "How was that?" "Well, you see Curly Bill was trying to paint the town red, and White heard of it, and going up to him, covered him with his six-shooter, and told him he had got to give up his gun. Bill handed the gun out butt first, but kept his finger inside the guard, and as the sheriff reached for it he gave it that twist you've seen, turned her loose, and the sheriff passed in his checks."

Center of Earthquake Trouble.

Though some terrible earthquakes occur in Europe and Asia, South America seems to be the center of trouble. In 1812 the city of Caracas, in Venezuela, was destroyed in three shocks, each of which did not occupy twenty seconds. In 1859 the city of Callao was also completely demolished, this being the second time. The first time a wave came in from the sea one hundred feet high, and with-out warning burst upon the city. In 1822 an earthquake produced some strange changes in the Andes. Mountains were leveled, others were raised, and a tract of land one thousand miles square was bodily elevated about seven feet. It has been learned from old records that the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii was nearly accomplished by an earthquake sixteen years before the ashes of Vesuvius covered them from sight. Biblical records tell us that earthquakes were felt in Syria in the reign of Ahab, 900 B.C., and also in the reign of Uzziah, 800 B.C. In Josephus there is mention of an earthquake that desolated Judea at the time of the battle of Actium, 31 B.C., destroying over 10,000 people. Antioch has been visited by some terrible scenes. The worst visitation was in 526, A.D., when over 200,000 persons were destroyed. Sixty years later another shock destroyed 60,000 more. There are seven native-born Ohioans in the Senate, and thirty-one members of the house first saw light in that State.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The bread eaten at table in Turin is a yard long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, of a pipe stem form, very crisp, and exceedingly palatable. It is called "grissini," after the doctor who invented it on hygienic principles. The business of monarchy promotes longevity. Witness the ages of the following rulers: The emperor of Germany is eighty-seven; the king of the Netherlands, sixty-seven; the king of Denmark, sixty-six, and Queen Victoria, sixty-five. Church bells from a Baltimore foundry are in demand in England. Already China, West Africa, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, the West Indies and parts of South America have drawn upon the same establishment for its silver-toned bells. A great plague, called the "black death," beginning on the plains of Western Asia, swept over Europe during the years 1348-1351, destroying probably one-third of the whole population. This, by diminishing the number of people, doubled the price of labor. It is said that no watch will keep the same time with two people. This is owing to the temperature of the wearer, and it is claimed that even the mere physical difference in gait and movement between different people will affect the time-keeping of a watch, which is probably also affected in some degree by the magnetism of the wearer. An Australian has devised a scheme for bringing down rain to order. The concern is in the form of a balloon, with a charge of dynamite underneath it. The balloon is to be sent into the clouds, and the dynamite is to be fired by a wire connecting it with the earth. It is stated, to make a trial of the apparatus on the dry districts of New South Wales. Statistics show that the tendency to suicide is much greater among the regular gamblers from losses than among business men. The sharp strain of the gaming-table, short though it may be, spoils the nerves, and weakens fortitude more than the strain of business. Cavour, one of the most serene of men, was within an ace on one great gambling night of throwing half his fortune away rather than call a card, and only called it, as he relates himself, because a drop of perspiration rose on his opponent's forehead. The origin of the trade dollar is thus explained. The Chinese are paid for their tea mainly in silver. In 1873 the United States coined 35,000,000 of the trade dollars for use in India. Previously the Mexican dollar had practically monopolized the field. The American dollar was heavier and possessed more intrinsic value, but it was found that for some mysterious reason the Chinese merchants preferred the Mexican to the American coin, a fact probably due to their hereditary dislike of novelties, and now no trade dollars are shipped to China. The Chinese heard some years ago, that our government intended to redeem these dollars at par, and being shrewd enough to see an opportunity for speculation, they hoarded the coins and sent them to this country. At all events, they are said to have disappeared in China as well as in this country. WISE WORDS. Behavior is a mirror in which everyone shows his image. The society of women is the element of good manners. The wise men of old have sent most of their morality down the stream of time in the light skill of apothegm or epigram. No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech. Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless. Right habit is like the channel which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each year. It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it. Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us. A good memory is the best monument. Others are subject to casualty or time, and we know that the pyramids themselves, rotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. The beautiful laws of time and space, once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey it will yield us bees. Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere. A Circus Elephant in a Cage. Cole's huge elephant Sampson severed his chains at Hailey, Idaho, and started to pulverize his keeper, who made a hasty retreat. A cage of lions stood in the way of the infuriated animal, which he picked up and hurled to one side, killing two horses. The circus people called on the crowd to shoot the monster, and a lively firing began, but without appreciable effect. Finally a party of men succeeded in roping the beast and he was quieted. Thirty bullet holes were found in his hide. The damage done by him amounted to \$10,000.