WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

"I DO believe that my uncle is the most selfish man who ever lived!" exclaimed Bob Curzon.

"What has he done now, dear?" inquired Cicely, who was not unaccustomed to hear condemnatory remarks respecting that gentleman.

"Why, in the first place, darling, as you are only too well aware," replied Bob, "he refused his consent to our being married, on the score of my youth."

"Well, dear Bob, it may have been right there," said Cicely, soothingly. "Twenty is a little young to get married, isn't it?"

"Not a bit," answered Bob, impatiently. "If a man doesn't know his own mind at 20 he never will."

"But you may see some girl whom you will prefer to me," suggested Cicely. "Somebody who is better looking, or more accomplished."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the young man, irritably. "Do you think I'm a boy, to change my mind every five minutes?"

"O, no, dear," replied Cicely, caressingly, "but such things have happened, you know, and though it would break my heart to lose you, I would rather you found out you didn't love me before we were married than afterwards."

"But I do love you, my own little sweetheart, and always shall, and we'll get married in spite of all the old cantankerous uncles in Christendom."

And as Bob spoke he placed his arm around her and drew the young girl's head down on his broad breast.

Robert Curzon was a student in St. George's Hospital, and Cicely was a nurse probationer at the same establishment, aged respectively 20 and 19. They had fallen in love with one another some six months previously, and Bob had at once written home to his uncle, Major Mainwaring, who stood in loco parentis to him, as he was an orphan.

There was very little opportunity for making love in the hospital, but the young people were in the habit of meeting in the park whenever circumstances permitted, and it was on a secluded seat that the conversation we have recorded took place.

After a short interval, devoted to what the novelists of a previous generation were in the habit of calling "tender passages," Cicely drew herself gently away from her lover's embrace, and putting her hat as straight as the absence of a looking-glass would permit, inquired:

"What is this fresh news from your ogre of an uncle, dear?"

"Why, I heard the other day," responded Bob, "that he was dangerously ill, had a fall while hunting, and so I thought it would be a splendid opportunity while he was weak and ill to get his consent to our being married; an dhere is the communication which I received this morning in reply."

And pulling a letter out of his pocket, Bob extracted the contents from the envelope, and read the following epistle:

"Honored Sir—I has been derected by youre uncle, Major Mainwaring, to answer your letter He tells me to say as how he can't write himself, but he will se you, something as I don't like to put on paper, first, afore he lets you marry afore youre twenty-five. He also ses as how you bein mixed up in it like, ort to no were to get him a good nerse, and your to send him down can manege him. I also sends cheq as desired, and remain, youre obedent servant, JABEZ BUNGER."

"He's the old man's valet and factotum," explained Bob, as he finished reading the letter. "And now, don't you think that it is the most selfish lettery you've ever heard?"

"Well, dear, I think you ought to make allowances——"

"Look here, Cicely," interrupted Bob, "I know this man, and you don't. I'm the son of his favorite sister, and the only relation he has in the world; he's an old man, who can't expect to live much longer, who's had lots of fun in his day; been in the army in India, and all that sort of thing, you know, and he—er—er—behaves in this sort of way. I consider it's disgraceful. He has had his turn; why can't he let me have mine?"

"Bob, I've got an idea," exclaimed Cicely, suddenly turning round and taking his hand in hers as she spoke.

"Let us have it, my dear," answered Bob, in that patronizing manner which very young men are fond of assuming in their dealings with the opposite sex. "It may suggest something, don't you know."

"My idea, Bob, is this: Your uncle wants a nurse; let me go down and attend him, and when I've restored him to health and he is completely convalescent, I can tell him who I am."

"What would be the good of that?" asked Bob.

"Why, of course, dear, he would be so grateful that he would at once give his consent to our being married."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Bob. "O, you little goose! you don't know my Uncle Richard."

"You are unkind, Bob," said Cicely, drawing herself away from him.

"Don't be cross, little one, I couldn't help laughing, 'pon my word, I couldn't."

"But I've read of such things, Bob."

"Oh, yes, I dare say, in novels."

"Well, they do take place in real life."

"Sometimes, p'raps, but——"

"Don't you think I'm a good enough nurse, then?"

"My dear Cicely, you are the best nurse in the hospital—for a probationer," interrupted Bob, perceiving that the conversation was taking a wrong turn. "Every one acknowledges that."

"Then why won't you let me go down and see what I can do?"

"Well, my dear, I don't mind, of course," replied Bob, slowly, "but do you really think it will be of any use?"

"I shouldn't have suggested it unless I did."

"I must say that I think it will be labor in vain; but still, if you wish to try your hand at diplomacy, I suppose I must consent."

"There's a sensible darling!" cried Cicely, putting her arms round his neck and kissing him. "And now I will show you what a woman can do."

* * * * *

Major Mainwaring was what is known as a confirmed bachelor. When Jabez introduced the young nurse, who had come to him on the recommendation of his nephew, his first muttered remark was:

"I hope to goodness she won't start tidying things up."

Only one who has been left to the tender mercies of a soldier servant for nearly a week can imagine the difference which a couple of days made, not only in the Major's room, but in the Major, and nobody was more surprised than that gentleman himself when he found how much "the woman's tricks," as he somewhat contemptuously expressed it, added to his comfort.

Cicely had her surprise also, for instead of a worn-out, decrepit old man, such as she had expected to find her lover's uncle, she discovered that he was a handsome man in the prime of life, and though he was evidently suffering intense pain from his fractures and contusions, yet he bore it nearly as uncomplainingly as a woman would have done.

The weeks slowly glided away, and the Major gradually grew stronger. One morning he said in an apologetic voice:

"I am going to ask you to to do me a favor, Cicely."

"Certainly, Major," responded Cicely, with the sunny smile that made her invaluable as a nurse. "What is it."

"Why, I want you to write a letter for me to a scapegrace nephew of mine. The truth is, this fellow has been trading on the fact that he is my only living relative ever since he knew the value of the relationship, and at last I think the time has arrived when I ought to put down my foot."

"What has he done, then?" inquired Cicely, endeavoring to conceal the agitation which she felt.

"The young vagabond is a medical student at St. George's; but, of course, you are aware of that, as he sent you down here—the only good turn he has even done me in his life, by-the-bye—and I have always made him a generous allowance. In addition to this, I have paid his debts twice. And now he writes to say that unless he has a certain sum by to-morrow morning to pay his 'debts of honor,' as he terms them, he will be ruined for life. Now, I have made up my mind not to let him have any more money beyond his income, and I want you to write and tell him that as he has broken his word of honor, when he promised me on the last occasion not to gamble again, I must decline to have anything to do with his debts of honor."

Cicely took down the address and made notes of what she had to write; but, strange to say, almost immediately afterwards she met with an accident and ran a pin into her thumb in such a way as to prevent her holding a pen, and the communication had to be written by Jabez after all.

A few days after this Cicely had been reading to him, when the Major, after a short interval of silence, exclaimed:

"The doctor says I may get up tomorrow, Cicely, and that has made me think."

"What have you been thinking about?" demurely asked the pretty nurse.

"I have been wondering what on earth I shall do when you leave me and go back to town."

"Just what you did before I came, I suppose," replied the young lady, intently regarding the binding of the book she was holding in her lap.

"No, I can never do that," said the Major. "When I was a young man, Cicely, I was very fond of a girl; in fact, we were going to be married, but the week before she was to have become my wife she ran away with a friend of mine, a lieutenant in the same regiment as myself. Since then I have had a somewhat bad opinion of women, and you must acknowledge with reason, but you have altered all that, Cicely."

"How—er—in what way, Major Mainwaring?" faltered Cicely, growing rapidly "red as a rose."

"Why, I can see that though there are bad women in the world, there are also good ones, and the man who manages to get hold of a good one for his wife, cannot obtain a greater treasure, and I'm going to ask you if you will be my treasure?"

"But, Major Mainwaring, I am only a nurse—a hospital nurse—what will your friends say?"

"My dearest girl, you have saved my life, and in my opinion you possess all the graces and virtues that a woman ought to have. If I marry a girl, I do it to consult my own happiness, not that of my friends. I know I am twice your age, but in spite of that, I am a young man still; now say, dear, will you marry me?"

"Are you sure you love me?" asked Cicely, in a low voice. "That you are not asking me to be your wife out of gratitude?"

"Cicely!" cried the Major. "I cannot take you in my arms, as you well know, or I shall upset this compound fracture, but come here! come here at once, and look in my eyes. Now do you think I love you, and will you be my wife?"

Cicely beheld such a fire of love in those honest brown eyes that she felt compelled to hide her own, but as she endeavored to conceal her blushing face, he heard her whisper something which, in spite of comminuted, compound fractures, dislocations, and such other evils as attend a hunting man who "comes a cropper," compelled him to place his arms around her, and raise her head until her sweet red lips were available for kissing purposes.

* * * * *

"My Dear Robert: I was married to your uncle Richard yesterday, and we leave here for the south of France tomorrow. I did not find what you represented; in fact, quite the contrary. When I tell you that I have persuaded your uncle to increase your allowance I feel sure that you will not regret my signing myself your affectionate aunt,

"CICELY MAINWARING."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Bob, as he tore the above letter into little pieces, "it's wonderful what a woman can do."—Chicago Tribune.

Thirst in Sickness.

Thirst and great dryness of the mouth in sickness is often relieved by a teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic, beaten thoroughly with a couple of teaspoonfuls of glycerine, to which is added a glass of cold water and enough lemon juice to make the mixture palatable. The mixture may be taken freely, with great relief to the dryness of the mouth and thirst.

THOUGHT THE BEAR A CALF.

Adventure that Might Have Had a Very Unpleasant Ending.

"When I was at college," said our host of the evening, "I thought I knew everything, but time changed my florid opinion of myself, and it does me good to recall some of the occasions when I was tumbled down without much ceremony from my high altitude.

"One of those was when I was spending my vacation at home with a college mate who was as premature as myself. We were in that dreadful initiatory state when we addressed each other in the dead languages and made life a burden to everybody by the long words of our colloquies.

"My father generously placed a couple of horses at our disposal, perhaps in the hope that we would break our foolish necks, and one evening when we mounted after supper for our evening ride, he asked us to look up a stray calf which had escaped from a pasture near the house.

"'It's a black critter,' said my father, 'and as frisky as they make 'em. You can jest run him in an' not give him time to get the turn on you, an' I'll be down to open an' shet the gate.'

"We had our ride, and we found the calf. By that time it was dark—not Egyptian darkness, but the dusk of a starlit summer sky. The calf was browsing on the edge of a lonely piece of woods and at first paid no attention to our attempts to start it homeward. Our horses shied at the animal, and it was all we could do to manage them. My friend suggested that one of us dismount and drive the 'bovine.'

"'Excuse me,' I answered, 'I never had any love for farm amusements, of which driving unwieldy calves is the least enticing. If we can't drive Mr. Calf with our present force we'll leave him in the lurch. I am strongly inclined to do that as it is.'

"'Don't be disagreeable, Tom,' said my friend, 'it's the first favor the governor has asked of us. Let him see that we mean well.'

"With that he whipped up his horse and I followed suit, so the calf had to move on or be run over, and snorting indignantly he trotted on ahead, but with so many diversions after sweet spots of clover and other delicacies that we thought we had an all-night job.

"At last we sighted the gate, and as we reached it we closed up on the calf in such a way that we run him through it and past the old man before he had a chance for one of his clumsy double and twisted jumps in another and opposite direction.

"But what was our surprise to see the governor take to his heels with the agility of a boy and go sprinting up the lane to the house like a prize runner, getting inside of the porch and pulling the door closed after him.

"'Who is going to put the calf in the pasture?' I shouted after him.

"'Calf!' he roared out of the porch window, 'calf, you infernal fool—that's a big bleck bear, and he'll chew you into sausage meat if you stay out there!'

"It was a fact, and the bear story getting out, we college boys got such a roasting that we shortened our vacation and went back to the halls of learning, where they didn't know any better than we the difference between a bear and a calf."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Wife in Russia.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husband's names," observed Glanvock Kaplon, an intelligent Russian traveler. "I suppose the American holds his wife in as high esteem as the Russian holds his, but if at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplon my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on my acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplon in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."—St. Louis Republic.

Powdered Coal as Fuel.

For some years past there have been experiments with coal dust and pulverized coal of various degrees of fineness, with a view to ascertaining how much saving of fuel there is in using coal in this fine state. It has been demonstrated that with suitable feeding machinery the saving may amount to over forty-five per cent. above the coal fed on ordinary fire bars. This point is reached in a cupola furnace of the most approved contruction. There are several methods of burning coal dust. One is the use of a feeding apparatus consisting of rotary brushes that throw the dust into the fire-box in a continuous shower. This, of course, renders the fuel supply independent of dampness or the possibility of clogging up. Another plan is to drive the dust into the furnace by powerful currents of air. It seems to matter but little how the dust is fed. There is a manifest economy in its use, and as soon as the proper dust-feeding machinery is perfected the fuel problem will be much less difficult to struggle with.

Only Six Survivors.

Of the crowd of members of Parliament was, on Nov. 20, 1837, thronged the bar of the House of Lords to catch a glimpse of the girl Queen opening her first Parliament, only six are living at this day. This fact, standing alone, marks the unparalleled length of Queen Victoria's reign. The half dozen survivors are Mr. Leader, who represented Victoria in the first Parliament of Victoria; Mr. Hurst, who represented Horsham; Wentworth Fitzwilliam, of Malton, now Earl Fitzwilliam; Sir Thomas Acland, of West Sumerset, whose family is still represented in the House of Commons of to-day by the ex-vice president of the council; Mr. Villiers, now, as then, representing Wolverhampton, and Mr. Gladstone, the rarest relic of a turbulent political past, and now in retirement from public life. Of her first ministers not one is alive.

To Keep Moths Away.

Try putting tansy leaves in the winter blankets when packing them away. In former generations moth balls were not known, but tansy leaves were freely sprinkled among the furs, blankets and woolen clothing put out of harm's way during the summer months, and such things always came out fresh and sweet in the fall.—New York Sun.

Kill a snake, and turn it on its back and there will be a rain before night.

California's Good Roads.

The people of Santa Clara County may be pardoned for taking pride in their system of admirable roads. No county in the State and few in the Union, can boast of roads so well made, or so well kept. The people of this county, then, have reason to be pleased with their roads, not only because they are the best in the State, but also because they stand as an evidence of the business foresight, good judgment and careful administration of the supervisors of the county, who, in carrying out the policy of Good Roads, have simply reflected the enterprise and progressiveness of the people themselves.

Not only are the roads of this county the best on the coast, but they cost far less per mile to maintain than poor roads elsewhere. The supervisors of this county have demonstrated that there is economy in good roads. These roads were properly built in the first place, and they have been kept in first-class condition by a system of sprinkling which covers every main thoroughfare in the county and many of the lesser roads. One may ride through the entire length of the county, from the San Mateo line to the San Benito line, or from the former line by way of Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos and Alma to the Santa Cruz line, over roads every foot of which is sprinkled twice a day. All of our roads are a delight to drive over; they have attracted general attention to the county, and it costs much less to keep them in this condition than it would to permit them to deteriorate through the summer or winter, and to be compelled to spend money on them after year to spend money on them year after for repairs. As the Lompoc Record says, "One hundred dollars in sprinkling is estimated by those who have had years of experience and observation to be equal to $1,000 expended in the old way of keeping the roads in good condition for travel."—San Jose Mercury.

Good Roads and the Farmers.

Upon one point at least the bicyclers and farmers are agreed; that is, the necessity for good roads. At the farmers' congress at Indianapolis Mr. Otto Dorner, the Milwaukee member of the League of American Wheelmen national committee for road improvement, told the truth succinctly when he said: "The elements entering into the transportation of grain to the railway are time, horses and vehicles. Bad roads consume them all; good roads conserve all." He pointed out that since New Jersey had undertaken the construction of good roads the quantity of potatoes that could be hauled to the load had increased from fifty baskets to eighty-five or one hundred baskets. The chief of the board of road inquiry at Washington is responsible for the statement that it costs farmers of the country an average of over $3 a ton to market their produce, nearly two-thirds of which might be saved by the construction of good roads. The value of the saving that would result in any farming State in a single year would be very large. If rightly constructed, good roads, when once established, should be a permanent improvement, so that the addition to the wealth of the country from the economy they afford would be something enormous in the course of years.

Plantation Life.

All plantation life is to a considerable extent patriarchal, except that, instead of the women being subordinated to masculine pleasure and aggrandizement as with the patriarchs of old, they are set on a pedestal and practically worshiped. It makes little difference to this modern patriarch of the cotton belt if his cuffs are frayed and his coat rusty so long as his wife and daughters wear suits to church that are as stylish as his crops can pay for and their village dressmaker can devise. It is a feature of the day in the south as elsewhere that women are being better educated than men. In the Northern States of the Union this higher culture is tending manifestly to celibacy, but in rural localities through the South the girls come back from academies and colleges and accept the young men who stayed at home to work the plantations, the same ones they would have married had they not gone away for the education the parents sacrificed so much to bestow. They know what splendid material these men are made of, and in the attraction between the eternal womanly and the eternal manly the question of book learning counts for little. To lead a partriarchal life without a patriarch would be dull indeed, and it must be said that it requires courage of a superior order to remain single in a situation which would offer little aim and stimulus outside of wifehood and maternity after youth has waned. For this reason youth is considered the high prize, the valuable capital and stock in trade. The women fade no earlier than their Northern sisters, but owing to an inherited habit of thought, the label of decay is respectfully fastened on them by the popular mind while they are still in their prime and in the Northern and Eastern States would be accounted capable of all things, even of marrying well.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Victims of Sharpers.

Who are the small investors who are taken in by the specious advertisements of the outside broker, the firm with the syndicate—which has realized 700 per cent. on the last deal—and the man who insures you 25 per cent. for your money, sagaciously telling you that more would not be safe, and bravely adding that "this is not an investment?" The ordinary answer is that the class referred to consists of clergymen, widows, and orphans. This is absolute nonsense. Clergymen, widows, and orphans generally know that they understand nothing about business, and will not transact business except through the medium of their solicitor. The gulls are the young men with a certain amount of money to spend, a passionate desire to have still more to spend, and absolute ignorance of the ways of the world, and a partial knowledge of the city, which is more terrible, more fatal, more absolutely, wholly, and to the point of bankruptcy ruinous than no knowledge at all. It is for these that the advertiser sets his trap. And the poor young man goes in. The poor young man is to cut his losses, and he is to run his profits. The cover system is the only system, he is told, on which business men deal.

The average man would rather be a young fool than an old person of sense.

PORTRAITS IN DUST.

Wonderful Pictures Composed of Dust Deposited by Electricity.

The most remarkable portrait in the world is owned by a New Yorker. It is a photograph of a man and is composed of fine particles of dust deposited on a pane of glass. It is not the handiwork of man; it is a natural phenomenon. It formed itself out of the flying dust of the atmosphere, which adhered to the glass in varying thickness until a perfect likeness of a living human being was produced. It required eight years for completion, yet so delicate is it that all this wonderful production of nature may be wiped away and totally obliterated by the simple rubbing of the finger tip. Many theories have been advanced explaining the cause of the formation. Several leading scientists have concluded that it was caused by atmospheric electricity generated by the action of the sun rays shining against an old portrait.

It is probable that many persons have possessed dust portraits for many years without being aware of the fact. It is also possible for any person to make dust pictures—not as elaborate as the one mentioned here, perhaps, but fairly good representations nevertheless. The science of dustography, as it might aptly be called, owes its discovery to an accident. W. J. Hammer, the electrical expert, happened one day to observe a photographer remove an old photograph from its pane. When the pane of glass which had rested in front of the picture was held up to the light it was found that a photograph or tracing, the same in every respect as the original picture, was printed in dust on the glass. The phenomenon was not due to the pressure of the old photograph on the glass, for the two had been separated by a mat to the extent of one sixteenth of an inch. Besides the dust picture could be rubbed off the glass by pressing the fingers against it, and it yet bears the finger marks of persons who have thus tested its vulnerability. How did it happen to come there? Scientists puzzled over it for a long while, but could not solve the problem. Then it was agreed that it must be due to the action of the electricity in the air generated by sunlight.

Certain objects under the action of direct sunlight are constantly giving off electric currents. Different parts of the same objects give off currents of various strength. For instance, the dark parts of the picture emit a greater electric flow than the light portions. In the above dust pictures hardly any dust remained on the glass opposite the dark surface of the old photograph. The darker the surface the less dust there was opposite to it; the lighter the surface, the more dust here was opposite to it. This was because the heavy currents emitted from the lighter portions of the picture permitted dust to settle on the glass according to their strength, and therefore made a perfect copy on the glass of the original picture behind it. This went on for eight years before the perfect portrait was formed. Such pictures are liable to be formed in any household, therefore persons possessing old glass covered photographs which may have hung in direct sunlight, should remove the glass and examine it carefully to see if any electric dust pictures have been formed. The pictures will be found naturally on the inner side of the glass. They resemble a daguerreotype in appearance, and when discovered should immediately be placed between two glass plates to prevent the picture being rubbed away by the fingers of careless observers.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN ANCIENT MEXICAN CITY.

A Curious Legend—Relics of Emperor Maximilian.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest, and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand-up fight. If he won the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but, while the fight was in progress, a dark cloud came up and the Blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized.

Here the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified in 1848, and here Maximilian made his last stand in 1867, was obliged to surrender and was shot. Everybody is interested in Maximilian mainly on account of poor Carlotta, who, by the way, has just obtained permission to revisit Mexico. Maximilian was executed on the Cerro de las Campanas, and with him Generals Miramon and Media. The place is marked by three little crosses of stone. The two generals were killed at the first volley, but Maximilian, who had requested that he be shot through the body that his mother might look upon his face, was only wounded, and a second firing was required to kill him. The Emperor had been led to belive that Carlotta was dead. She became insane from grief and was kept in an asylum for many years, but she still lives, and still mourns for her dead husband and the loss of her throne. The United States government protested against the execution of Maximilian, but in vain, Juarez refusing to spare him. There are all kinds of relics of Maximilian in Mexico. The Yturbide theater, where he was tried and condemned, the table on which the death warrant was signed, the wooden stools on which the prisoners sat during the trial and the coffin of Maximilian, whose remains were subsequently sent to Austria and buried at Miramar. I confess I do not share in any sentiment of pity for Maximilian, who was an adventurer without a shadow of right in Mexico and took the chances of war. He was, it is true, a victim of Napoleon and of his own ambition and was very scurvily treated by those who had induced him to set up his throne in Mexico; but to have released him would have been to establish a claimant for the Mexico throne. It was better that this man should die than that thousands should be sacrificed in the wars he would surely have fomented if he had been allowed to live.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Law's Delay.

An example of "the law's delay" was furnished by a case settled in Hungary in 1890, which was commenced 122 years previously. The Bishop of Neustra died in 1768, leaving some property, and his relatives immediately began a contest. There were only a few relatives then, but, during the intervening 122 years, these rapidly increased, until at the time of settlement they numbered about 2,000, each one of whom was awarded the magnificent sum of $5. The lawyers got the rest.

'Twas Always So.

Stop, busy life! I do not wish to toil,
I do not wish for time in which to think;
I want to dream—afar from all turmoil,
To dream and from cave founts to drink.

'Twas always so; when just in youth's first morn,
I craved not riches nor a place of fame;
No pulse was ever in my full heart born,
By any promise of a storied name.

A rose-girt cloud against a purple sky,
A far blue haze above a verdured hill,
A humming bee, a bending lily nigh,
The low-toned cadence of a sleepy rill.

A hand in mine, a gentle voice to say
Some kindly word, mayhap a word of praise,
Were more to me than all the world's wide way,
Than all the pleasure of its changing maze.

'Twas always so, when met a joyous throng,
My thoughts went wandering to the sunlit sea;
When music swelled I heard above the song
A wild bird trilling in a leaf-hung tree.

'Twas always so; I took my burdens up
And shirked no duty which my hands did find;
And yet—and yet, the meager bite or sup,
Allays no hunger of the heart or mind.

Stop, busy life! your wheels no longer turn
With sordid grind—O give me leave to rest,
As some tired child, whose feet with travel burn,
Let nature hold me to her tender breast.
—Rosa Pearle.

The Long, Hard Hill.

They were standing in the sunlight
Of the summer time of life;
She was still without a husband,
He was waiting for a wife.
And her cheeks were rich and rosy
And her lips were luscious red,
So he pressed her dimpled fingers
As he looked at her and said,
As they stood there in the heather
Where the road had crossed the rill:
"May we not fare together
Up this long, hard hill?"

Now her hand began to tremble
And her eyes were full of tears
As she trained them on the road that
Wound away among the years;
But she had no voice to answer
Him; she could not understand,
For the future lay before her
Like a far-off fairy land.
There was sunlight on the heather,
There was music in the rill,
And they went away together
Up the long, hard hill.

Oftentimes the way was sunny,
Other times 'twas full of lures,
But the love that had come to them
Was the true love that endures.
Though the bonny brow is wrinkled,
Though the raven lock be gray,
Yet the road might have been rougher
Had she gone the other way.
Now the frost is on the heather
And the snow is on the rill,
And they're coasting down the short side
Of the long, hard hill.
—Cy Warman, in New York Sun.

Love's Passing.

Underneath the hawthorn tree,
With its boughs all pink with dawn,
Aloft in its nest, from a lark's brown breast,
We learned that love was born.

Underneath the white birch tree,
When the spring felt new and strange,
Green leaves quivering, sunlight shivering,
We guessed that hearts would change.

Underneath the apple tree,
Love's pale petals softly flying,
Our eyes were wet as they sadly met,
For we knew that love lay dying.

Underneath the maple tree,
With the sunset caught in a whirl of leaves,
Came the cry of a thrush through the evening hush
Mourning for love mid the sheaves.

Underneath the willow tree,
That trails its boughs in the sighing stream,
I sit here alone and the branches moan
Of a love that's flown like a dream.
—Boston Transcript.

"All Masks Off."

"The twelve of life's deep midnight" rings
For us the fatal hour.
Yes; we must hear the word it brings
From the Almighty pow'r,
"All masks off."

For good or bad, or right or wrong,
We keep our masks in place,
Till we are forced among the throng
His trumpet call to face,
"All masks off."

We sing, we dance, we love, we hate,
We realize no fear
Of failure of our joys, too late
Perchance, O God, we hear,
"All masks off."

We sin, repent, relapse, amend,
In anguish look above;
But he who made us is our friend,
Our Lord, and speaks in love,
"All masks off."

Still, "as ye sow, so shall ye reap,"
Ah! God grant we'll rejoice
In record clear, when, stern and deep,
We hear Jehovah's voice,
"All masks off."

Sobs and Smiles and Faith.

I sob—and feel that life's deep sorrow
Is more than I can bear;
I fear and falter lest to-morrow
Holds more than just my share.

I smile—and think that life's dark meaning
Seems not so dark to-day;
I hope, and hasten to the gleaning
Of flowers on my way.

I trust—and know that life's great trials
Are great because I doubt;
I feel and find that they are dials
To point God's wisdom out.
—New York Tribune.

Lamp Chimneys.

A German firm makes a lamp in which there is a bulb at the upper instead of the lower part, and in which the upper rim is cut obliquely. This, it is said, makes it much safer to blow a lamp out, and the flame is taller and steadier, so that the light is improved. The greater safety in blowing out will of course depend upon the blower blowing from the high part of the slanting top.

Many a man who claims to be a "sport," is a plain drunkard and blackguard.

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