

THE BUSY ICE-WORM.

A Cool Story Told in All Seriousness by a Rochester (N. Y.) Lady.

"It seems as if every year adds to the list of pests which are sent for some reason to torment poor suffering humanity," said a lady to a reporter. She evidently had something on her mind besides potato bugs, cabbage worms, grubs and thousands of destructive insects which prey upon vegetation generally and on "every thing green" except white geese and college freshmen. "I have been bothered by carpet worms, moth millers, red and black ants, roaches and Croton bugs, but they are nothing compared to the latest pest.

"What is this plague?" said the reporter.

"Is it possible that you never heard of the ice-worm?" said the lady with astonishment depicted on every feature of her countenance. "Why, I recollect that the ice crop along the Hudson was ruined by this pest several years ago, or, at least, the newspapers said it was. The worm moved West, according to report, and at least two years ago it was stated that the ice dealers inclosed their store-houses with fine-wire netting to keep the worms from getting at the congealed water. It would seem that this precaution was unavailing, and scientists now say that the worm is left in the water in the shape of an egg, frozen up in the ice and hatched out in the spring."

"How does it affect the ice?" asked the reporter.

"Its ravages are not apparent until the cakes of ice are broken up for use," was the reply. "If the men who deliver the day's supply notice that a cake is light weight they don't say anything, but put it in the refrigerator with as much apparent muscular effect as if it were solid instead of being a hollow delusion. The trouble comes when it is broken up for table use. The thin shell is fractured easily, and out comes a wriggling mass of long black worms as thick as my finger, and anywhere from six inches to a foot long. My Bridget nearly went crazy the first time she saw these horrible creatures, but now we are all used to them. They are harmless and can be tamed and taught many little tricks, and thus they afford endless amusement for the children. They must be kept in a cool place, however, else they die at once. We find just as many of these worms in lake ice as in that taken from the canal, but the latter are the more ferocious and show fight when touched. If you will call about dinner time I will give you a chance to interview the pests." The reporter did not call as he had another engagement.—Rochester Post-Express.

OUR COAST DEFENSE.

Advantages to Be Derived from the Employment of Electricity.

Electricity plays perhaps the most wonderful part in all these huge works. Not far from the main fort, there would be built a little round building. This would be the place for the "tower of observation" of the commanding officer. From here he could see all over the harbor and away out to sea. The tower would be strong, and inside would be the wonderful key-boards of the electric system. By means of these, the commander could telephone to the Captain of any battery to load his guns, and aim them at such and such an angle and direction. The Captain of the battery would do so and telephone back the moment he was ready. The commander could tell the Captain to fire, or he could, if he chose, press a little key and himself fire each gun singly or all the guns at once. He could do the same with all the batteries and forts, and he could, from his little tower miles away, by a light touch of his finger explode every gun in the harbor, and send tons and tons of metal flying with crushing force at any vessel he pleased. He could do even more. He could explode any, or all, of the mines and torpedoes at once, or he could have one grand simultaneous explosion of all the guns, torpedoes and mines. At each fort and battery would be stationed officers who by means of instruments would find exactly the course of the enemy's ships. This would be telegraphed to the commander, who would thus know at every instant just where any vessel is, and how fast she is sailing. So he could predict that a ship will pass a certain spot at a certain time, and, if she did not change her course, could press the key, and blow up the vessel, or send at her a huge bolt of iron or steel. If the enemy had landed a force on the mainland down the coast, and it was marching on the fort to take it in the rear, the commander could wait till he saw the force on a road approaching a fort, when, pressing another key, several iron doors of the fort would open and automatic machine-guns pop out, and commence firing at the rate of six hundred shots per minute apiece, and keep it up until the key was pressed again, when they

would withdraw and the battery close. It can be seen that the commander should know absolutely all that is going on, or otherwise he might fire into his own forts, or on his own patrol-boats.—Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

Time, to the housewife, is money; consequently, purchase such machines as will save both. One can not afford to beat eggs with a fork, when for ten cents a beater can be purchased that will do the work in one-tenth the time. A farina boiler is a necessity, as there is no danger of scorching and wasting the food. A meat chopper and braising pan enable one to use the cheaper pieces of meat. There are many other machines which are of great use in intelligent hands.

Facts Showing That They Sometimes Prey Upon Human Beings.

The curator of Riddell Museum, Agra, reported that the following had been found in the stomach of a large gharial, taken near the city: "About a dozen large bunches of hair (probably human), sixty-eight pebbles, averaging in size from nearly three inches to one inch in diameter, one large bangle, twenty-four fragments of vitreous armlets, five bronze finger-rings, one small silver neck-charm (a small defaced coin with a metal loop), one gold bead, one large bead of black stone, thirty small red necklace beads." These things, says the reporter, must have been on the body of some woman, if not more than one, who had been devoured. These facts prove that the gharial sometimes preys upon human beings.

Crocodiles attain a great size, up to fifteen, eighteen, twenty feet or more in length, and are found in many Indian rivers, estuaries, lakes and tanks, or marshes. All are bloodthirsty creatures; but they are said to be fonder of carrion than of fresh food.

The returns of 1887, when compared with those of past years, do not show much improvement, for wild animals still abound in many localities, and human beings are killed by them at the same rate as during former years. It would be difficult to estimate the value of property destroyed, for that of 55,000 head of cattle is not the mere money value alone, but represents food lost and tillage prevented; and who can pretend to formulate the money equivalent—albeit life has never been set very high in India—of 25,000 human lives? But one may imagine the despondency and desolation of the survivors, the deteriorating effect on cultivation, and the industrial energy of the communities which sustain these losses, as well as the paralyzing effects on progress, comfort and prosperity.—London Standard.

Grave-Yards in London.

A return has just been issued from the Home Office, dealing with the subject of metropolitan cemeteries. Of the twenty-three cases which have fallen within the scope of this inquiry, it appears that the City of London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Mile-end, leads off with a ghastly tenantry of some 247,000 bodies, while the All Souls' Kensal Green, occupies the largest area, comprising some sixty-nine acres, and also enjoys the priority of age. As regards the space allotted for each grave, some disparity is observable, nine feet by six feet six inches being the maximum limit. The common interment system is very general, it being, for instance, the practice in some districts to bury as many as eight to ten adults, or twelve children and grown-up persons mixed, in a common resting place.—London Telegraph.

ANTIQUÉ FURNITURE.

How a Clever Young Woman Has Built Up a Profitable Business.

A clever young woman is building up a business of a somewhat novel character in New York and Brooklyn. Traveling agents have long made a good thing out of antique furniture picked up in the wilds of rural Hampshire and Connecticut, inducing farmers' wives to ransack their attics and bring out mirrors that only wanted regilding, or brass-handled chests of drawers in want of nothing but polish and varnish to fetch round sums from modern worshippers of bric-a-brac gone by. The best hunting ground for such things, curiously enough, has been overlooked almost entirely. New York and Brooklyn, as things go in this country, are ancient cities. There are low-browed Dutch homesteads within the limits of the former city, and old houses on Second avenue, in the Washington square region, and on Fifth avenue itself, in New York, which only need to yield up their treasures to delight all the lovers of last century carved oak, mirror-front wardrobes, rare spindle-legged monstrosities and choice bits of buhl. This young woman has begun a series of tours among the stately old mansions sunk to second-class boarding houses, or gone yet further on the road of neglect and decay, and when she finds a relic of past grandeur, she rehabilitates it and introduces it to an art lover, or a curio lover, or a person ambitious of the repute of an art or curio lover—with money. An old ebony cabinet, inlaid with mother of pearl, an old dressing-table, with a tray of Sevres let into the top, an old chair, covered with French flowered satins of the early years of the century, these are grand dukes in banishment to be restored to their lost estate. It is pleasant business for a young woman with some knowledge, a good eye and better judgment, and she makes it profitable.

AT ARROMANCHES.

The Untold, Hopeless Love of the Poor Fisher-Girl.

Such a delightful ride as it is from Bayeux to Arromanches in blossom time! And, if one does not soon become tired, it is quite as pleasant when one walks. There are apple blossoms all the way, and bright fresh grass by the roadside. For a long time, when one looks back over the flat country, the three tall spires of the cathedral at Bayeux loom up above the apple blossoms and every thing else; but one loses sight of them at last, and thinks only of the great drifts of apple blossoms which fill the air with sweetness. By and by the Chateau de Tracy is seen, half hidden by the trees about it; and soon after the road turns, and there is the single long street of Arromanches before one on the edge of the cliff, and in front the wide, curving bay. Perhaps it is August when one goes to Arromanches, and in that case he will see red apples gleaming and twinkling among the leaves, and the gardens at Arromanches will be ablaze with tall spikes of holly-hock or lurid with gigantic sunflowers. If one likes holly-hocks and sunflowers better than apple blossoms, it is better to see Arromanches in August. But the people who go to Arromanches and lodge at the Auberge Chretien go there for the sake of the bathing and not for apple blossoms or sunflower disks. They are mostly people from the larger Norman towns, with a sprinkling of English tourists, and now and then a stray American or two.

Wilfred Avery is one of these last. Brought here by some random freak of travel, he has found the quiet life at the Auberge Chretien and on the silvery plage below the cliff so agreeable that he has stayed here week after week, with the time of his departure still undetermined. Scattered about on the firm white sands are many little red and white tents, in the shade of which people sit through long summer hours reading, talking with each other, or what is far more profitable to a contemplative mind, watching the sea. Wilfred does not find the time hanging heavily on his hands down here on the plage. He knows every one about him, and as he is fairly good-looking, with cheerful, agreeable manners, he is a general favorite and a welcome guest under any or all of the red and white tents. The fishermen like to have him stop and chat with them while they are busy about their boats, and the bare-legged fisher-girls, crossing the sands with their nets across their shoulders, often exchange a cheery *bon jour* with him when they see him under the shade of his tent. He is a simple-natured, generous soul, who would suffer torture himself rather than pain any one else by word or deed. Every day, nearly, he writes a letter there in his tent to his far-off fiancée in America; and when the year of waiting is over in which he has promised not to see her, to gratify some absurd whim of her mother's, he will return to America and they will be married in due time. Meanwhile he is amusing himself in finding out all sorts of attractive nooks and corners of travel, with the intention of bringing Eleanor to them next year. Eleanor will be sure to like Arromanches, he thinks, as he paces the hard white sands or rambles along the cliff. Sometimes at evening he leaves the Auberge Chretien for a chat with the fishermen sitting about on their updrawn boats, just out of the reach of the tide. The lights on the cliff above twinkle cheerfully, and through the line of spars and tangled rigging the sea flashes white in the moonlight. The young man takes a placid enjoyment in it all—the gleaming sea, the twinkling lights, the gossiping talk of the fisherfolk. He knows by this time the family history of half the dwellers in Arromanches. He knows why Jeanne Vauvray will not marry either Simon Cauchon or his brother Alphonse, both of whom have been in love with her from their childhood; why Louis Dumont goes every Sunday to Bernay; how much money Henri Serment made from his fish the year before;

and just what fish the *cure* prefers for his Friday dinners. At least, if he does not know all these things, it is not for want of hearing about them often. And he is communicative in his turn, and tells them much about America and of the many places he has visited in his travels, to all of which they listen intently, but with an inward conviction that Arromanches is better to live in than any one of those strange foreign places. But of Eleanor he says nothing. Perhaps it might have been well to have told them of her also.

One day he loses a little keepsake that she gave him—a small gold eyeglass hook—and all the youngsters in Arromanches scamper about on the plage the whole morning in search of it for him. But they fail to find it, and Wilfred feels a little vexed over the loss, for he remembers well the foolish little talk, foolish yet so sweet, when she first fastened it upon his coat, months before. Mme. Chretien takes a personal interest in her lodger, like every one else in Arromanches, and is quite distressed to hear of his loss.

"But what would you?" she says. "Every one must lose something in the course of his life, and when it is not one thing it is sure to be another. The week before Monsieur came she lost a silver pin that she had had for twenty years, and about the same time her cousin at St. Aubin lost his best cow, and so it was, and she was very sorry for monsieur, but what would you? If one

did not lose things sometimes perhaps one might be happier than *le bon Dieu* intended—who knows?" Wilfred laughs softly to himself at this bit of philosophy, and Madame hastens into the inn yard to speak to Pauline, the maid, who is clattering about the pavement in her wooden shoes, quite forgetful, apparently, that it will soon be time to serve the dinner. The look of vexation returns to Wilfred's face when he is alone.

"I would rather lose almost any thing else," he says to himself. Just then there is a knock at the glass door of his room, which opens upon the gallery encircling the *auberge* on the inner or court-yard side. A tall, good-looking fisher-girl stands there bare-footed and bare-legged, holding in her hand the missing eyeglass hook.

"Is it this which Monsieur has lost?" she says, somewhat timidly. Wilfred eagerly responds that it is.

"I found it on the plage but now," says the girl, "as I was coming back to the cliff with my net, Alphonse Cauchon, it was he who said to me that the American Monsieur at the Auberge Chretien had lost it, and Monsieur will see that I have brought it at once to him."

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble," says Wilfred, gently, and he is about to offer her a coin for the service she has rendered him when the girl shakes her head decidedly.

"But no, Monsieur, it is not necessary to pay Elise Rigault for doing a simple duty that costs her no trouble or pains." "True, true," assents Wilfred, "but Elise will not mind, I hope, taking some little thing from me that will help to keep the American in mind after he has left Arromanches." And, saying this, he hands her a small, velvet-framed picture of the Sistine Madonna which stands on a table by him and on which his eyes happen to fall at that moment. Elise takes it hesitatingly.

"Surely," she says, "Monsieur can not mean for me to have this!" And she looks from the picture to Wilfred, and from Wilfred back to the picture, in bewilderment.

"Yes, that is just what I do mean," answered the other, with decision.

Elise looks about the room, with its many little devices for comfort and luxury—for Wilfred has something of the sybarite in his composition—and then at the good-looking owner of them all, and seems for a moment lost in thought.

"Monsieur is very kind," she says at length, "and he may be sure that Elise will not forget him." And then she bids the American good-evening, and goes down the steep gallery staircase to the inn yard, and disappears in the twilight, holding the velvet frame fast in her hand.

Wilfred is too glad to regain Eleanor's gift to think very much about the manner of its restoration, but the next morning, as he sits under his tent, he sees the fisher-girls crossing the sands not far away from him. Among them is Elise. "Bon jour, Monsieur," they call out as they pass. Elise is the last one, and she turns her head for another look at him. He waves his hand kindly, and she smiles and hurries on to her companions.

The days go on quietly at Arromanches. One day is just like another, but the young man does not mind that. The walk down the plage after breakfast; the reading and writing under the red and white tent; the chats with the occupants of the other tents; the walks towards Bayeux or elsewhere in the afternoon; the evening spent among the fishermen and their boats—these things are what fill up his harmless, if not severely profitable, days. Every day the lines of bare-legged fisher-girls cross the silvery sands and every day he waves his hand lightly to Elise and thinks of her not again till the next time he sees her.

Elise's memory is longer. Indeed, he is never far out of her mind. When she is alone she repeats softly to herself the words he said to her, and wonders vaguely if all Americans are like him. So the days go by with her; each with a little pain, the cause of which she does not quite know; each with a little sweetness in it when she sees him under his tent on the plage, or catches a glimpse of him in the village.

But August comes at length to its end, and Wilfred makes up his mind to leave Arromanches. Every one is sorry to hear that he is going, and fully half the village gathers about the diligence in front of the Auberge Chretien on the morning of his departure. All the Chretien household are there in full force, of course, and with them many of the fishermen and fisher-girls, and a greater number of small children than one would have believed existed in the entire hamlet. It is an exceedingly pleasant thing to be young and a general favorite, and Wilfred enjoys very much this spontaneous evidence of his popularity. The farewells take up a good deal of time—so much, indeed, that the diligence is at least twenty minutes late when it starts for Bayeux.

"I shall come again next year," calls out Wilfred from the diligence, and then, amidst a general cry of "Bon voyage, Monsieur," the diligence rolls away.

At the Chateau de Tracy the diligence stops to take on another passenger, and here, by the roadside, Wilfred sees Elise. He does not dream that she has taken an early walk along the Bayeux road that she may see him once more after all the others have said their farewells. But so it is, and fortune has been kind to her, for the stopping of the diligence has given her the opportunity for a word with him while the luggage of the new passenger is being taken on. She

was on her sabots now, and is very neatly dressed.

"Monsieur must know that I had an errand at the Chateau, and so I could not bid him farewell, as the others said they should do at the Auberge Chretien."

She smiles as she says this, and Wilfred believes her, says a few kind words, hopes he shall see her there next year, climbs back into the diligence, and she is left standing alone at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy. Then, and not till then, her eyes fill with tears.

A year goes by, and Wilfred is once more in Arromanches. Things have gone well with him meanwhile, and Eleanor accompanies him this time. Every one is anxious to see the wife of the young American. She would be very nervous if she knew how critical are the eyes of these Norman villagers who look at her so closely. But she knows nothing of this, fortunately, and, without any effort to do so, she wins their hearts as completely as her husband had done the year before, and the general verdict is that she is quite worthy to be the wife of the young American. They are walking together on the sands the morning after their arrival. One of the fisher-girls is returning to the village. It is Elise, Wilfred perceives, as she approaches them.

"See, Elise," said Wilfred, gayly, "here is my wife; she who gave me the little hook you found last summer."

Elise stops short. "His wife!" She shivers slightly, although the day is warm. She tries to smile, but does not speak. Wilfred takes her silence for timidity, but there is a look in her eyes as she gazes from him to Eleanor that Eleanor understands better than her husband can.

"My husband has told me of you," she says, kindly, "and we are both glad to see you."

She wins the girl to say a few words, and then they move away, and Elise is left alone as she was a year ago at the gate of the Chateau de Tracy, but this time not even the faintest gleam of a shadowy hope stays with her to brighten the future. And Wilfred will never know. The secret was safe with Eleanor, who read it instantly when she looked in the eyes of Elise. She is sure of it when they meet Elise again with the same look of dumb pain in her eyes. They leave Arromanches in a week or two, and from behind a hedge on the Bayeux road Elise watches their departure. She has never put her thoughts into words. She is conscious only of suffering that she can not help, suffering that is no one's fault, unless it be a fault to be handsome and kind and unob-serving.

A month after the Averys leave Arromanches there reaches him a packet from Mme. Chretien inclosing some articles left behind by accident, and in an accompanying note the writer says: "Monsieur will be grieved to know of the death of Elise Rigault. It was but a day or two after Monsieur and his wife left Arromanches. It is thought by some that she left one of her nets on the rocks behind the plage, and, going to look for it at high tide, she may have fallen on the stones and into the water. It was Alphonse Cauchon who found her there floating in the water, in a narrow place between the rocks, which perhaps Monsieur remembers. It is very strange to us at Arromanches, for Elise could swim, like all the girls who go out with the nets. It may be that the fall on the rocks made her unconscious, but *le bon Dieu* only knows."

"Poor Elise!" says Wilfred, pityingly, and by and by goes out of doors and forgets.

"Poor Elise!" says Eleanor, and when Wilfred comes back he sees she has been weeping.

"Tender little heart!" he says, "weeping for one whom you saw but two or three times, and of whom you know so little."

And Eleanor is silent.—Oscar Fay Adams, in Christian Union.

PITH AND POINT.

—Labor rids us of three evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.

—Conscious innocence blushes where brazen guilt never changes color.—Philadelphia Call.

—It is often more difficult to obliterate traces of spilled ink than drops of blood.—Chicago Mail.

—Occasionally you see a rich man who is so economical that he would enjoy being poor.—Acheson Globe.

—Shallow men are generally despised, but you have less to dread from a shallow man than a deep one.

—If every man would mind his own business, there would be a heap less jar in the world.

—A good many people know the value of a dollar who do not realize the value of a hundred cents.—Somerville Journal.

—Don't go back on your friends when you're in luck, nor give away your umbrella just because the sun shines.—Detroit Free Press.

—We can all give good advice, but constant vigilance will hardly insure us setting a good example half the time.—Milwaukee Journal.

—None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift does money, for the purpose of circulation.—Colton.

—Never take the last train when you can help it, says Dr. Talmage. Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people in their engagements wait till the last minute.