

GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN.

Silence reigned in the darkness, but out from the fireplace...

AN EASTER ANTHEM.

"We praise thee, O Lord," sang the choir in the little church at Oak Hill.

The church was very lovely and peaceful in its isolation, but on this Easter morning it was radiant with flowers festooned in garlands around the pillars and reading desk...

But their special pride was in their choir and their organist, Herr Seldorf. He was a German musician, who, a year before in his wanderings, had chanced upon this little country village...

"It was so peaceful!" he said. And every stranger who happened in the church on such a perfect day as this Easter Sunday would be apt to agree with him.

A girl about fifteen, in a faded calico and sunbonnet, had stood timidly in the doorway from the beginning of the services. She was evidently a stranger, and did not belong to the rows of nicely-dressed girls who, in their fresh Spring costumes, looked like flowers themselves.

She seemed to shrink from notice until the magnificent "Te Deum" rose upon the air, and then she stepped forward with clasped hands and a face so full of rapturous delight that people turned and looked at her.

She did not see them, but slipped into the nearest empty pew, and stood there with eyes full of fire fixed on the choir gallery.

In a few minutes a new voice joined in the chant, a clear, pure soprano, of such wonderful flexibility, such sweetness and strength, that Herr Seldorf, at the organ, gasped with surprise, and rolled his eyes wildly about in search of the strange singer.

She stood in view of every one, the old sunbonnet pushed back, the dark cheeks flushed, the luminous eyes, which seemed themselves to be singing the inspired notes, raised upwards. She seemed floating away on the tide of melody utterly forgetful of her surroundings.

But when the chant was over she relaxed into the shabby girl, ashamed of her shabbiness, and pulled the old sunbonnet over her face. She seemed to pray very fervently, but her real prayers went up in the anthems, for she did not seem to know the hymns.

The service was over and the people commenced leaving the church. Each one looked curiously at the singer as they passed the pew where she sat. Some paused, and would have spoken, but she so evidently shrunk from notice that they passed on.

As for Herr Seldorf, at the very moment he had stopped to accost her, he had been seized by a friend and carried off in hot haste to explain a difficult passage in the afternoon anthem to some of his pupils. Whilst wrestling with his own bad English and the stupidity of the learner, the girl had slipped out of the church.

By this time the church was empty, and the people riding or walking homewards. The girl stopped at the stile, and sat down on the step with a weary sigh.

"Are you tired, little one?" asked the sexton, "old Father John," as every one called him, who had come up unnoticed.

"Not as tired as I was before I went to church," she answered, timidly. "I saw you there. A stranger in these parts, I reckon."

"Yes, sir. I used to live in Virginia," with another sigh. "We're moving to Texas, and the wagons have stopped over that hill yonder."

"Your pa and ma there too?" "It was a minute before the girl seemed able to answer that question, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"Mamma died when I was a baby," she said, in a low voice; "but papa, oh, my dear papa! he died after we left home. Oh! I wish he had been buried here in this sweet place, instead of in that ugly field, full of briars." Her voice choked, and Father John felt very badly for having caused such pain.

"You sang beautifully, my child!" He tried to change her thoughts. "I don't think I ever heard any one sing so beautifully before. They must have taken great pains to teach you so well."

She smiled. "Oh, I've sang in the choir at home ever since I could speak. I think Papa was wealthy once, and he liked music so much that I had the best teachers. But I like church music best of all; it takes you so far off that you can't feel sorry for anything. It's like having wings to fly away."

"Who are you traveling with?" asked the sexton. "Oh, Cousin Nan and her husband. They are my only kinsfolk in the world. Good-by, sir," holding out her hand. "The church did me so much good to-day! You see, we've been traveling so long, and I never had a chance to get to church before. God somehow seems so far off when we don't go there. I know I ought not to say this, but then I s'pose I've had so much trouble since we left Virginia, and, besides, I am not a good girl. Cousin Nan says I'm not," with a sad little smile.

Father John was too much interested in his new acquaintance to part with her immediately. He walked on, chatting by the way. Her simple history was soon learned. The father, losing all his property by disastrous speculations, determined to begin life in a new place and among new people. He sickened and died on the road, and was buried in a deserted field. The girl did not say much of the Cousin Nan, on whose protection she had been thus thrown, but the old man soon guessed that she was a harsh taskmistress to poor little orphan Alma.

"She doesn't like me," the girl said. "I s'pose I do give her trouble, and when we started she didn't expect to have the charge of me. She's poor, too, and it's hard on her."

She started off at a half run, but the old man kept up with her, determined to get a glimpse of this terrible Cousin Nan, and perhaps save the girl from reproach, or worse. "Oh, they've left me!" cried the girl, wringing her hands. "Which way have they gone? Let me follow them!"

But which way had they gone? Three roads branched from the main road, all leading for some distance in the same direction, and all equally traveled. There were fresh wagon-tracks on two of them, and Father John shook his head, not knowing what to advise.

"What did they mean by starting without you?" he cried, angrily. "Oh, they didn't know!" bursting into tears. "After breakfast I climbed up into the back of the wagon and fell asleep, and the church bells wakened me. I knew Cousin Nan wouldn't let me go if I asked, so I slipped out of the wagon and thought I'd go to church and be back before they missed me. They think I'm asleep there yet. They never do call me until they're starting. They won't miss me till to-night, when they stop to camp and get dinner."

"Then they'll be sure to come back," said Father John, soothingly. "Just stop crying, and come home with me and get some dinner. I live all by myself in a little house by the church. Come, Alma! You'll be safe with your friends to-morrow."

"Never! never!" she cried, throwing herself on the ground in a passion of grief. "They'll never turn back for me. They'll be glad to lose me. But they're all I have in the world though they are so cruel."

They walked together to his tiny little house, and lucky was it for the child that in her extremity she had fallen into such kind hands. Many years before Father John had lost wife and children. Since then he had lived alone, or as much alone as an old man beloved by every man, woman and child in that community could be.

He did his best for Alma, but all efforts to trace the wagons farther than the next town proved unavailing. About two months later a letter came from Cousin Nan to the postmaster at Oak Hill, asking for information of the lost child. If there, she was to try and get a situation with some one until her relatives could come, or send for her, which could not be until next Spring. It was a cold, unfeeling letter—no message to Alma. She was alluded to as if she had been a parcel of little value accidentally left behind, which would be sent for at some convenient season.

"Never mind, little one," said Father John, patting the girl's head. "Them that wrote that letter are not going to trouble their heads about you. You're happy as the day is long here— you fill the place of my own dead little Bessie, and this is going to be your home until the old man dies, or you choose to leave him. Are you not willing?"

She bent down and kissed his hands, for she could not speak. Two years rolled by, which brings us to the night before Easter. If Alma had been delicate as a child, she was now wasted to a transparent shadow—a beautiful shadow whose great flashing eyes had grown strangely solemn and peaceful.

"I feel almost well to-night, father," she was saying, "and oh, I do hope to-morrow will be a beautiful day!" "You don't think of singing in the choir to-morrow?" asked the old man with a troubled look.

"Indeed I do! How could they manage the solo in Loyd's Te Deum without me? Besides, it's the second anniversary of the day you found me, a poor friendless, wretched little waif, and took me to your heart. Father, your little girl must thank God in her own way for these two happy, happy years." She folded her hands in his arm and looked in his face.

It was a glorious Easter morning. The sky was shadowless, and between the sun and flowers and bird-songs in the oaks, the church was an exquisite idyll. Once more the orange-petals floated in the chancel; once more the Te Deum swelled to the arched roof; but Alma to-day was among the white-robed choristers. Paler than ever, with all the yearning and passion gone out of her luminous eyes, you could only read in them a holy hope and profound peace. The solo rose in the air. Thrilling, plaintive, every note perfect in its tender clearness, never had she sung so well. People held their breaths to listen.

"Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory!"

A sudden silence of the voice. The organ ceased. There was a cry from the choir as Alma fell heavily forwards. Not a sigh from the white lips. The sweet singer had borne her unfinished anthem of praise to the foot of the White Throne.

M. B. WILLIAMS. THE ELECTRIC BOAT.

The electric boat has little machinery and uses no fuel. The first electric launch of real promise was designed and constructed last Fall by Mr. A. Reckenzaun, C. E., and was called Electricity. She was 25 feet in length and about 5 feet in beam, drawing 1 foot 9 inches forward and 2 feet 6 inches aft, and was fitted with a 22-inch propeller screw. On board were stored away under the flooring and seats, four and a half, forty-five electric accumulators of the latest type as devised by Messrs. Selton and Volkmar. Fully charged with electricity by wires leading from the dynamo or generators in the works, they were calculated to supply power for six hours at a rate of four-horse power. These storage cells were placed in electrical connection with two Siemens dynamo furnishes with special reversing gear and regulators to serve as engines to drive the screw propeller. Either or both of these motors could be switched into circuit at will. After a few moments' run down the river and a trial of the powers of the boat to go forward, slacken or go astern at will, her head was turned cityward, and the boat sped silently along the shore, running about eight knots an hour against the tide. In about an hour London Bridge was reached, where the head of the launch was put about, and slipped down the ebb, the wharf at Millwall was gained in twenty-four minutes, the mean speed of the vessel being nine miles an hour. The total electromotive force of the accumulators was ninety-six volts, and during the long run the current through each machine was steadily maintained at twenty-four amperes. Calculations show that this corresponds to an expenditure of electric energy at the rate of 3.1-11 horse power. Quite recently, however, the famous French electrician, M. Trousse, has constructed an electric boat on a much larger scale and with a propelling force of far greater efficiency, as the electric leakage—if the term may be allowed—are almost trifling in comparison to those aboard the Reckenzaun craft, the new boat may be run far more economically. M. Trousse's boat is called Eureka, and at a recent trial she easily ran away from a four-oared racing gig, which was propelled by four stout oarsmen, and seemed to fly through the water. The electricity aboard the Eureka is generated by a six-cell Trousse's battery, in which a winch permits of the elements being more or less immersed in or completely withdrawn from the exciting liquid, consisting of one part of bi-chromate of potash, 3/4 parts of sulphuric acid, and 8 of water. The current is led through the tiller-ropes, which consists of twisted wires, covered with silk and cotton, and increased in an India rubber tube to the gouvernail motor propulseur, or combined rudder, motor or propeller.

Although there is a good deal said and sung about Jerusalem, most people know as little about the old as they do about the new one. Miss Finklestein, a native of the Holy City, is telling about it in New York. She began her lecture with an Eastern song of welcome, which, a reporter says, sounded to the untutored ears of the audience like a Cheyenne war-hoop; but as the untutored ears of the audience, or of the reporter, never, in all probability, heard a Cheyenne war-hoop, the comparison is not very significant. There are about 60,000 people in Jerusalem, which is very much crowded. There is no such thing as right of way; men, women and donkeys are all mixed up, and no policeman to help you across the street. The inhabitants live in different quarters of the city, according to their religion, each hating the other very cordially. The donkey is everywhere. When one is lost a crier goes about the streets chanting: "All good people who believe in Christ or Mohammed, or who have no religion at all, give up that donkey and you'll get salvation, and a way a dollar." When a Jew gets up in the morning he thanks God he was not born a woman. There are no lath-keeps in the East. When a man comes home late and knocks at his door, all the windows in the neighborhood open, and everyone is politely anxious to know where you have been at that hour.

"Who is it in the press that calls on me?" shouted Louis James, at Cincinnati, trying to make himself heard as Caesar. "Nobody," said a bloated person from Chicago. "The press, to a man, calls on Bob Miles and Nat Goodwin, they are such jolly fellows."

The funds voted by Parliament to aid Irish emigration are exhausted.

ECCENTRIC.

Peculiarities of Beethoven the Composer—He Orders a Dinner and Forguts to Eat It.

The Turks believe that a madman is inspired of God. The more crazy a man is, the more they venerate him as a saint. The life of many a man whom the world recognizes as a "genius" seems to favor the Turkish belief. Dryden says: "Great wits are sure to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

The life of no "genius" better illustrates the poet's lines than that of Beethoven, the composer. He was as eccentric as he was great. When composing, his mind was so absorbed that he seemed like a somnambulist. Once he ordered his dinner at a restaurant, and then forgot all about it, in the concentration of his mind upon the famous Sixth Symphony, on which he was then at work. When at last the meal was set before him, he said, absently: "Thank you, I have dined," and placing a gold piece in the hand of the astonished waiter, he left the room.

When nervously excited by his work he would rush out of the house and take a walk, and his square little figure was a familiar sight in Vienna. Beethoven had no settled home, and constantly changed his lodging-place. The other lodgers in the houses where he lodged admired his genius, but they found him so uncomfortable a person to live with that they called him a madman.

When composing he had a habit of cooling off his hands by pouring cold water over them—keeping a pitcher by his side for that purpose. As he never took the precaution to set a basin to catch the water, the plastering in the room below became wet and fell to the floor. Of course, its occupant complained.

He slept little. When a new thought came he would rush to the piano and give it expression, no matter what hour of the night it might be. As his deafness increased he played more loudly and hearily, and would beat out the time with his feet.

Like other men of genius, he had the habit of pacing his room, "roaring and howling" (as one of his pupils said to him), while trying to express his conception. But at the least remonstrance from his landlord he would secure a room elsewhere.

THE TRAMP AND THE DOG.

A big, lonesome-looking dog sat at the gate of a house on Goss avenue recently, eyes full of tears and his whole body shaking with cold. A tramp who had neither overcoat nor mittens, and whose bare toes peeped through his boots, was making his way up through the street in search of the right kind of an entrance, when he espied the dog and crossed over and said: "Well, now, this is an unexpected pleasure. Upon my soul, but I have found one living thing in the town as poorly off as myself. Say, old fellow, where do you hang out?" The dog looked at him through his tears, but had nothing to say. "Tough, isn't it?" continued the man. "I look old and seedy, and you are the homeliest dog I ever saw. That strikes a fraternal chord, and we meet on a level. I haven't had a square meal in a week, and you haven't seen a bone for the past ten days. Even again, eh?" The dog shivered and whined, and got up and sat down, and the tramp drew closer and said: "No home, eh? Neither have I. No one to whistle for you? Same here. That's even again. I can warm up my shakes with whisky, while you have to grin and bear it. That's where I've got the dead wood on you. I can talk through my nose and tell fifty different pitiful stories to excite sympathy and bring cold victuals, while you have nothing to say for yourself, and must take bones or go hungry. That's another for me. On the whole I'm ahead of you, and although you are only a dog, I'm glad of it. It's something to feel that you are one peg higher than an old, yellow, homeless, hungry cur. So long, old fellow." As the tramp started to go the dog reached out and snapped his leg, and then took a run for it. "Say, there, hold on!" called the man as he wheeled. "I said I was ahead, but I'll take it back. You can lurch on my legs, while I'll see this country teetotally busted to New Jersey if I don't die of starvation before I could come down to eating dog! Even, old fellow—just about even on the average, and no use of any hard feelings over it." [Free Press.]

At an evening prayer meeting in a neighboring town, as the nine o'clock bell ceased ringing, the clergyman who presided arose and spoke in a most solemn and impressive manner of the reminder they had just received from the bells of the flight of time and the necessity of spending time well while it is ours to improve. When he sat down an elderly female arose, and in a shrill voice startled the assembly by remarking in a contradictory tone, "I think it must be fire."

A colored brother in this city, who questioned recently with regard to the spiritual condition of his church, spoke most enthusiastically of its growth. "Had any conversions?" continued the interrogator. "Better than that, better than that," replied the brother; "since our new minister began preaching for us all the diseased ones are coming back."

SPRING ODDITIES.

Tiny silver tongs are now provided for glove-handed ladies to eat cake with.

Sir Thomas Bernard, grandson of the last British Governor of Massachusetts, is dead.

The poke is the most fashionable of all the spring bonnets.

The newest thing in letter paper is called the "Paleographic," which looks as if the edge had been scorched by fire.

Dr. and Harriet Beecher Stowe and family have arrived at Hartford, Conn., from their Florida home.

Bishop Simpson has been re-elected President of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, which circulated 175,000 volumes last year.

A bust of the poet Coleridge will be placed in Westminster Abbey. An American admirer of Coleridge's works bears the cost.

Mr. Walter Besant's story, "So They Were Married," has been dramatized and will soon be played in London.

Sir Charles Lillie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Queensland, will travel in the United States during the coming summer.

Society is at present amusing itself over "Mr. Isaacs," the new novel, the author of which, by the way, Mr. Marion Crawford, has just set sail for Europe.

An odd and quaint little bit of jewelry is a small gold basket filled with forget-me-nots, the flowers being of turquoises with diamond dew drops upon them.

Miss Kate Field is said to have a lovely figure, fine head and eyes, a great quantity of "nut brown hair." Also, she dresses with exquisite taste.

A female seminary, after the plan of Vassar College, is to be erected at a cost of \$200,000 by the Presbytery of Los Angeles, California.

Chandeliers are quite out of date, and people now light their rooms from bracket fixtures in the four corners. The light is diluted through tinted glass.

The novel, "Democracy," which English critics thought must surely be the work of Henry James, Jr., has been translated into German and French.

Round trip first-class ocean tickets from New York to Antwerp can now be bought for \$100 and \$110 on first-class lines of steamers.

It is reported that Col. "Bob" Ingersoll is to prepare an important paper to be read at the convention of the colored race in Washington next September.

Mr. Valentine's recumbent statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee has been formally accepted by the Lee Monumental Association of Virginia, and will be unveiled on July 27th.

William T. Coleman, of San Francisco, has subscribed \$2,500 to help pay the expenses of the forthcoming Knights Templar celebration in that city.

The Mobile Register publishes the marriage in that city of John T. Monaghan, of New Orleans, and Miss Florence A. Bancum, of Whistler.

George L. Catlin, American Consul at Stuttgart, has written a novel, entitled "Natalie Rey," which is now being translated into German, for publication in the Daily Tagblatt of Stuttgart.

Mr. Geo. A. McFarren, doctor of music, has refused the order of knighthood, which was conferred on him on Monday at the same time that the title was conferred on Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Joseph Nimmo, Jr., Chief of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, is preparing for the June number of the North American Review an article on the manufacturing interests of the United States.

Paul H. Hayne, the poet, accompanied by his wife, is on a visit to their old home in Charleston, S. C. It is the first time Mrs. Hayne has been in that city since Sherman's march to the sea.

John Ruskin has a beautiful country home at Brantwood, Coniston, in the North of England. A stream, a lake and a forest, with an apple orchard, are all close by his two-story rambling house.

The King of Bavaria has appointed a niece of the late Richard Wagner to be "Royal Professor of the School of Music," this being the first appointment of the kind which has ever been given in Germany to a woman.

The lecture which Mr. Ruskin gave last term, on "Rosetti and Holman Hunt," is being published as the first chapter of a book which will be completed with other lectures, and will be called "The Arts of England."

The will of George F. Wilson, of Providence, R. I., who left \$100,000 to Brown University and \$50,000 to Dartmouth College, and which was contested by a daughter, has been upheld by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island.

Mr. Labouchere has no sympathy with those who object to street noise as interfering with mental work, for "I am inclined to think that the man whose mind will not work because of noise in the street will never make much noise in the world."

H. M. Ellis, the well-known theatrical manager, of the firm of Anthony & Ellis, died at his residence in New Bedford, Mass., recently. This was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" manager, who is sincerely mourned by his bloodhounds.

"I've been here had things about you," said one bird to another. Let's stork about something else," was the response.

IN EUROPE.

No Deference Paid to Women in Matter of Smoking—Ladies Treat Contempt.

American women soon learned that traveling on the Continent meant that deference which is paid them in their own country. One seems to care whether they are sick or well, delicate or strong, as for their little whims and caprices, so generously deferred at home, they are treated by a German or a Frenchman with contempt. "European Breezes," a piece of American lady shows how American Continental habits to American women:

"My young lady friend," she said, "gave a genuine start of amazement which outdid all former efforts of my first table d'hote, when, while our ices, the waiters placed a row of lighted candles down the middle of the room."

"While I wondered if it might be preparations for a wake, the smoke began to curl up toward the ceiling, and, finally, we ladies of dinner dress—for table d'hote is a ceremonious affair—sailed out of the room through the densest cloud."

"When I descended to breakfast in the morning, I found in the gang little morning-room five gentlemen smoking. Europe must be a paradise to gentlemen; for to place on the Continent, save in a church, is it forbidden to smoke."

"I came to sit down to breakfast dinners and luncheons, with some at right of me, left of me, behind and before me, and this cannot be avoided if you do not take your meals in your room."

"I've been compelled to ride in coupes and on railway trains to see a man puffing away into my face, and a German would think quite crazy if you resented it."

"There are, however, on all the trains coupes for ladies alone."

"These trains are called 'fast' fancy, because they get stuck fast on the rails at every station, and require as much fuss and trouble to get them going again as it would take an American to move an automobile."

"You have fair notice before we start again. A bell on the starting rings, a man blows a horn, the shrieks, the gland whistles, all at regular intervals, with a few moments between."

"I do not wonder they always count distances by hours over the rail. They surely would be ashamed to mention the number of miles between two points, when it has taken me nearly four times as long to get to the ground as over the same distance at home, and on a 'fast train' at that."

MULE MUSIC.

The Composition of a Missouri Man.

A Missouri composer, incited by such musical compositions as "The Don," has written a symphony, entitled "The Mule." It is an admirable piece of descriptive music, opens with an easy, moderate movement, intended to represent the mule joggling contentedly along the road. A few grace notes indicate reaching to one side to nab a tickle as he passes. The road grows harder and the movement slower. Then the driver encourages the mule. The cluck and the crack of the whip—heard. It stops short, and then the middle basses take up one note and hold it through the rest of the symphony, to indicate that the mule balked and won't move. Meanwhile the strings give expression to the efforts of the driver to beat the obstinacy out of the beast with the whip, a few sharp taps of the horn soon coming in to indicate the breaking of the whip-stick. Dull blows upon the kettle-drum tell that the driver has taken up the cushions of the wagon seat, and is whacking the mule round the tail with it. However, the mule remains firm, and the cushion is thrown aside, and the driver goes to the fence to get a board. The tearing of his clothes in the side luskies and his ripping the board from the fence are clearly defined by the trombones and lower strings. He returns and belabors the mule with the board, and this is one of the most lively and pleasing movement of the work, and is continued until the mule begins to kick. Then the melody becomes somewhat obscured, but the force and speed of the movement are greatly accelerated. The wagon begins to break. First, the dashboard goes, then the shafts, then the whiffletree—a sharp clang of the triangle denoting the breaking of the ironwork. So it goes, till the mule has freed itself from the wagon. Then it kicks the man over the fence, and he falls in a hog-wallow. Thus comes the finale—the triumphant Bray of the mule. This is a wonderful bit of composition, so natural and true to life that a listener with his eyes closed would think himself in close proximity to the living animal. The roar is something tremendous, and can only be produced by an orchestra of 92 pieces; while the conductor has to be strapped down to obviate his throwing himself off his feet.

It is of W. W. Story, poet and sculptor, that a Roman newspaper says: "The frigid indifference of the American public has forced him to live abroad, and, by long intercourse with foreigners, he has come to pronounce his native language with a decided foreign accent."

Is the man who delivers a declamation through the telephone a helleucianist?