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At the Edge of the Day.

Son Twilight standing on the brink
That skirts the dark abyss of night,
The dew-wet roses in her hair,
Shed incense through the waning light,
Low in the West one lonely star
Shines tremulous and white.

Across the far, dim edge of day,
The task of morn and toil of noon
Slip noiselessly adown the tide
With dusky shadows thickly strewn,
And o'er the lately purple hills
Rises the yellow moon.

Go, Twilight, trembling on the verge
'Twixt shadowy earth and shadowy air,
Fold peaceful hands on peaceful breast,
Spread starlit wings and gently bear
To heaven's gate a burden sweet—
The world's low vesper prayer.
—Clarence Urmy, in Youth's Companion.

A FIERY ADVENTURE.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

The old red mill stood on the shore of the Susquehanna, a quarter of a mile above the village of Fairview, and was a popular fishing resort with the boys of the neighborhood. It was built on piles at the corner of a log dam that projected several hundred yards across the river.

In past times whole forests of timber had been sawn into boards here, but now the mill was falling to ruins, and its machinery was rusted and useless. The flood gates had not been lifted for years, and under the holes of the rotten floor lay deep, still water.

Through one of those holes Sam Gerrish, a lad of sixteen, was bobbing for eels on a dark September night. He had a short line and pole, and to the end of the line was tied a fat bunch of angle-worms. A recent rain had muddied the water, and the eels were biting hungrily. In a wooden bucket three of the slimy creatures were wriggling about.

Just as there came an extra hard tug at the bait a heavy footstep outside the mill gave Sam so sudden a scare that he let rod and line slip from his hands and accidentally upset the bucket by a knock of his elbow. As he listened sharply, he heard two persons talking in gruff tones. They seemed to have paused outside the door.

The mill was in a lonely spot, and Sam was satisfied that the intruders could have come here for no good. On the impulse of the moment he rose to his feet and crept to a nearby ladder that gives access to a loft overhead. He softly mounted the rungs and stretched himself on the floor above in such a position that he could look down.

He was just in time. A narrow bar of light from a dark lantern flashed over the rotten planks below, and two dusky figures advanced to the foot of the ladder, which stood close to the end of the mill. At first Sam thought he was discovered, but he knew better when the light vanished, and a low voice muttered:

"Take the lantern, John, and I'll put the thing through in half a minute."

"Hadn't we better give it up?" asked a hesitating voice. "This is ugly work, Dave, and if we are found out——"

"There's no danger," the first speaker broke in, sugrily, "and what's more, its too late to back out now. I put up the money a year ago to insure this rotten old shanty, and when it burns down we get a thousand dollars apiece. I ain't fool enough to throw that away, if you are."

"But the company may suspect, Dave."

"Let them," was the fierce reply. "Suspicions are no account without proof, and that they'll never have. If you're going to weaken, get out of this and keep your mouth shut. I'll do the job alone."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by a rustling and clinking noise. Then the light from the lantern showed the two men stooping over a heap of paper and shavings behind the ladder. One had a bottle and the other a bunch of matches.

Up above, Sam's heart was beating like a trip hammer. He was a sharp lad, and the conversation he had just overheard made the meaning of the plot as clear as daylight to to him. He knew the plotters well, for both lived in Fairview. John Becker was the owner of the mill, and an old man who had hitherto borne a fairly good reputation. Dave Marsh was 20 years younger, and of notoriously evil character.

Evidently the pair had conspired to insure the mill for far more than its value, and then burn it down to secure the insurance money. After waiting a reasonable length of time they were now about to commit the criminal deed.

Sam was horrified and dazed by the discovery, and before he could make up his mind what to do a laughable thing happened. One of the escaped eels—a long, thick fellow—wriggled swiftly across the heap of shavings. "Snakes!" yelled Dave Marsh, and he jumped back in such a hurry that he knocked the ladder loose from above, and narrowly missed being pinned under it when it fell with a crash.

He recovered from his fright immediately and joined Becker in a search for the reptile. They saw it slip through a hole in the floor, but they were not close enough to discover its real nature. Had they turned the lantern in a wider radius they must have seen the bucket, and then their suspicions would have been aroused.

"It was nothing but a water-snake," muttered Becker. "You made a nice racket, and some one may have heard it. We must get out of this."

"All right," assented Marsh. "It only needs the finishing touch now."

He took a couple of steps forward and bent down.

Meanwhile, Sam, whose horror had given place to a spasm of mirth at the occurrence, was pressing his face against the floor to smother the laughter that threatened to betray him. When he remembered the serious side of the situation and looked to see what the plotters were doing he found them gone. Where they had stood a sort of a fire was burning with little puffs of flame.

Had Sam been down on the floor he could have extinguished the fire in its present state by a stamp of his foot. He knew this, and it maddened him to think that the loss of the ladder made him a prisoner. He wasted half a minute in hesitation, and then, as the distance was not more than fifteen feet, he decided to drop and take the chances of breaking through the rotten boards.

But just as he was in the act of swinging through the opening by his hands the burning fuse reached the paper and shavings, which were saturated with oil. They burst into a furious blaze, and at once the roaring flames spread to the dry timber.

The conflagration was beyond control now, though there was still an opportunity for Sam to have saved himself by jumping. But he feared to risk it in the face of the flames, and when a draught of air sucked a volume of smoke and sparks upward he tumbled back with a sudden realization of his peril. For several minutes he groped blindly over the floor, searching for a window that he knew opened on the land side of the mill. Then the increasing red glare from below gave him a partial light, and he saw what he wanted.

To his horror the shutter of the window was closed, and it had been so long in that condition that it would not budge. He thumped and pounded it in vain. The open trap was within a few feet, and the heat and smoke soon compelled him to abandon his efforts and retreat to the forward end of the loft. Now his plight seemed to be hopeless. There were no other windows, and he could neither pull up any boards of the floor nor find a hole large enough to allow him to drop through.

He ran wildly here and there, kicking, pounding and shouting for help. The whole rear of the mill was now one roaring blaze; red flames were shooting up into the loft, and sparks and smoke were curling thickly forward.

Suddenly loud cries and trampling feet were heard outside. Sam knew that people had arrived from the village, and he shouted and yelled at the top of his voice. He imagined that the crowd answered, but the thought that they were powerless to aid him banished this last ray of hope.

Another minute slipped by while the flames rolled nearer. From floor to roof the rear of the building was ablaze. Suddenly the red glare showed Sam an old ax lying at his feet.

He seized it as a drowning man grabs at a straw, and desperately attacked the perpendicular planking that covered the front end of the mill.

Harder and faster rained the furious blows, while the stifling yellow smoke curled around him, and the tongues of flame hissed angrily in his ears. Crash! down clattered one board. Crash! went another. Through the gap Sam saw the crowd hurling the shore to one side, and the quiet surface of the dam, broken by rocks, just below him.

There was one single spot where the water was deep enough for such a lofty jump. If he could strike it, he might escape with a ducking; if he missed, the cruel rocks awaited him. He drew back toward the flames as far as he dared, sprang forward through the gap and plunged deep into the yellow water between two ledges of rock.

Not until willing hands had pulled Sam to shore did he realize that he was suspected of setting fire to the mill. He speedily cleared himself of that charge, and the effect of his startling and somewhat incoherent tale was to send the crowd in hot pursuit of Becker and Marsh, who had been the first to reach the fire, but had since disappeared.

The mill was left to the mercy of the flames, and Sam went home with a very thankful heart and a thumping headache. He was all right by morning, and the first thing he heard was that the incendiaries had been caught in a neighboring town.

Both men were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment on the strength of Sam's evidence, and the grateful insurance company presented him with fifty dollars in consideration of his having saved them forty times that sum.—Frank Leslie's Pleasant Hours.

How Royalty Marries.

It has been arranged indefinitely that the marriage of princess Maud of Wales to prince Charles of Denmark, second of the three sons of the crown prince and crown princess of Denmark, will take place in the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, London, on July 1. The archbishop of Canterbury assisted by the bishops of London and Winchester will officiate.

There will be a procession in state from Buckingham Palace to St. James' Palace and the Chapel Royal, and as the distance between the two palaces is very short, many thousands of people will be disappointed in their hopes of witnessing the pageant. However, everything possible will be done to give the public as good a view as possible of the turn out of royalty, and a most attractive spectacle is anticipated.

The Queen will take part in the ceremony, the streets, the park, and the mall adjoining the palaces will be held by the Horse Guards, Life Guards, Grenadier Guards, Scots Guards, Coldstream Guards and other foremost regiments.

After the wedding there will be two breakfasts at Buckingham palace—one for the members of the royal families in the state dining room, the other in the state ball room for the general company. Only near relatives of the family are coming to London from the Continent for the occasion. The royal breakfast, therefore, will be quite a family affair.

Princess "Harry," as Maud is popularly known, will have eight bridesmaids—her sister, Princess Victoria of Wales; Princess Ingeborg and Thyra of Denmark, sisters of the groom; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein; Princess Beatrix of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; Princess Alice of Albany and Princess Ena and Victoria of Battenberg.

The Prince of Wales has taken Appleton House, on the Sandringham estate for Princess Maud and her husband, and the young couple will spend four months there every year.

The Largest Water Lily.

The very largest species of the water lily family is found in the swamps and lagoons of Central America, says the St. Louis Republic. It was first discovered by white men in June, 1801, but was not named until 1837, when Dr. Lindsley, the British botanist named it Victoria Regina, in honor of the young English Queen. Seeds were first taken to England in 1850, and in 1853 were taken to Massachusetts. In both cases lilies were successfully grown. The leaves of this immense lily are of such enormous size that no one will believe the stories told concerning them until they have seen and measured one themselves. When it is asserted that single leaves of the plant are from five to nine feet in diameter, one can readily understand why most people demand ocular proof before believing or repeating the story. In Central America it is said that they have been found more than twelve feet in diameter! Their gigantic leaves have there edges upturned in such a manner that they can be used as boats, their weight-sustaining power being surprisingly great. The flower itself is no pigmy of a blossom, often exceeding two feet in diameter. The color ranges in the different varieties, immaculate white to the very deepest crimson. All of the principal botanical gardens in the United States have now specimens of the Victoria Regina in their collection, and one man at least, a Mr. Sturtevant of New Jersey, is "fixed" for supplying the giant lily market. In Europe specimens of the plant are not so common, but most of the large conservatories have them on exhibition.

A space has been cleared near Sochi, Russia, for the erection of a palace for the Czar. The site is most picturesque, and the edifice will face the waters of the Black Sea.

Children's Column

THE SUGAR MAN.

Old Winter is a savvy man,
And plays his jokes whene'er he can,
And when he covers you with snow,
Then chuckling on his way doth go.
Off comes he slyly in the night,
And barley candy, clear and bright,
Hangs out upon each separate twig,
On this one small, on that one big.
While all around, in frolic mood,
Upon each hill and field and wood
A pure white sugar dust will throw,
Then all unto doth homeward go!
And when the early morning breaks,
And fresh from sleep the boy awakes,
He sees outside his window dim
What the Good Man has done for him,
And from the house with eager feet
Runs out into the shining street,
Scooping the sugar in hot haste,
Thinking 'twill be conveyed to taste,
But when a mouthful he has taken,
The pleasure soon is lost in pain,
To find it only cold as ice,
Turning to water in a trice!
So Winter is a rogue you see,
Doing such mad pranks constantly,
While in behind the hedge he hides,
And all the day unseen abides.

For the German.

ASLEEP ON THE WATER.

Writing of the habits of the fur seal, a naturalist tells how luxuriously these creatures take their naps in the billows of the sea. The thick layer of blubber and the coats of soft fur in which these seals are enveloped enable them to sleep with comfort on the hard ledges of the shore, and it makes them seem all the greater favorites of Nature that she takes them to her bosom in the yielding waves of the sea.

As they rest on the water they seem to sleep as soundly and as comfortably, huddled on the waves or rolled by the swell, as they do on the land.

They lie on their backs, close their fore flippers down across the chest, and turn the hind ones up and over, so that the tips rest on their necks and chins, thus exposing only the nose and the heels of the hind flipper above water, nothing else being seen.

In this position, unless it happens to be very rough, the seal goes to sleep, as did the subject of that memorable song, who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep."—New York Mercury.

THE KNOWING GAMECOCK.

We all remember the story of the Athenian artist who painted cherries so naturally that even the birds were deceived and came to peck at them. A modern incident illustrates in a somewhat similar manner the power of pictorial art to deceive, and at the same time seems to show a good deal of reasoning intelligence in at least one member of the feathered tribe. Mr. Scott Leighton, the Boston artist, tells the story of a pet gamecock which he kept in his studio. Having at one time to paint the portrait of a large-sized gamecock for a patron, the pet suffered a great deal from the domineering spirit of the larger bird, and got so that he never could see him without flying into a rage. After the picture was completed and the feathered model had been removed, the canvas remained in the studio, standing on the floor.

One day the little gamecock was picking his way about the studio, when he suddenly caught sight of the counterfeit presentment of his former enemy. With a scream of rage he gave one leap and, flying at the picture, struck his spurs into it again and again. The next time that he was given an opportunity he repeated the attack, and it became the almost daily amusement of the artist and his friends to witness these impromptu cock-fights between a live bird and a dummy.

At last one day the little fellow, resting a moment after an unusually spirited attack, happened to cock his head on one side so as to get a look behind the picture. For an instant he was dumfounded. He looked in front and saw his old enemy, as large as life; another glance behind, and he was more than ever puzzled. He then deliberately walked behind and around the picture several times, carefully surveying it, and finally with a spiteful flirt, and with an air of disgust that would have done credit to a human being, marched away and hid himself.

Never after that day could he be persuaded to attack the picture, or indeed to pay the slightest attention to it. He had penetrated the sham and would have no more of it.—Our Animal Friends.

PHOTOGRAPHING A WHALE.

Whether a certain whale that breakfasted, dined and supped every day in the Santa Catalina channel, went out one morning with the determination of being photographed, I really cannot say; but the picture was certainly taken.

Living in the neighborhood the whale was probably familiar with the steamer that plowed daily through its dining-room; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commotion on the deck of the steamer, and this is what it saw. The passengers were crowding about the rail, and on the upper deck stood a man and a little girl, the former holding a square, black box into which he looked earnestly. And if the whale had come a little nearer this is what he might have heard:

"Will he look pleasant?" asked the little girl of her companion.

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rapidly from the camera to the whale that was then swimming a few hundred feet away.

The passengers had first observed it a mile or more distant, when the little girl said it was "dancing on its tail." It had really leaped out of the water, and for a few seconds exposed almost its entire back—most astonishing spectacle—and then had fallen back into the sea with a thundering crash. Soon it came to the surface again, and shooting a spout of vapor into the air that slowly floated away, at intervals disappeared and reappeared until it finally came alongside the steamer, swimming along within a short distance. It was then that the fortunate possessor of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant in this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just below the surface, its huge black form, sixty or seventy feet in length, distinctly visible, propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blowholes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed and in a little cloud drifted away.

"Didn't he look pleasant?" asked the little girl, earnestly.

"Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer, as he peered into the tiny window of the camera that reflected the scene in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout, but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of water and looks really pleasant before I touch the button."

It was an exciting moment, as never, so far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an animal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken.

"It's a tame whale, isn't it?" said the little girl, as the whale gradually came nearer.

"He certainly does not seem very timid, replied her companion; and as he spoke, puff! came the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers.

The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon its back could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its eye. Suddenly it sank, and all that could be seen in the little window was the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of velellas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh trade wind. Then, without warning, the creature as suddenly rose again, showing a large area of its back, sending at the same time a cloud of misty vapor into the air, as its top or dorsal fin appeared. The photographer saw it in the little window, and evidently thanking that the whole looked as pleasant as he in all probability would, touched the button, and, so far as is known, took the first photograph of a living whale in the open ocean.—St. Nicholas.

First Day at School.

Loving Mother—Well, Tommy, dear, what did you learn at school today?

Tommy (with an air of disgust)—Humph! didn't learn nothin'.

Loving Mother—Didn't learn nothing? What did you do, then?

Tommy—Didn't do nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, an' I told her—that's all.—Judge.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

TO MAKE DOWN.

Don't throw away large feathers of fowls, chickens and turkeys, but trim the plumes from the stalk, inclose them in a bright bag, rub or knead the mass as if washing it, and you will get a perfectly uniform and light down, nice for quilting coverlets and for other purposes.

MENDS ALMOST ANYTHING.

"An excellent cement for mending almost anything," said an experienced housewife recently, "may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-boilers, cracks and holes in iron kettles, etc. It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops, or tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, or in many other ways about the various kitchen utensils, the range, sink, and in the pantry fittings. In all cases the article mended should not be used until the cement is hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used. This cement will resist the action of water, hot or cold, acids, and almost any degree of heat."

VARIOUS USES OF SALT.

One pint of fine salt mixed with two pints of wood ashes and mixed with water will mend cracks in stoves. When cinders accumulate in the grate, throw in a handful of salt, let stand a few minutes and they will be easily removed.

A teaspoonful added to the water in which cut flowers are placed will preserve them for a considerable time, and a little rubbed on the grid lies before greasing will prevent cakes from sticking. Damp salt will remove the discolorations caused by tea on cups and saucers; if sprinkled immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, there will be no odor, and the spot will be easily cleaned. A teaspoonful put in a kerosene lamp will make the oil give a brighter light, and a small pinch added to the starch will prevent it sticking to the irons. If your ingrain carpet looks dingy sprinkle a little salt over it and let it lie for at least five minutes, then sweep it thoroughly and you will be surprised how much brighter it will look.

One of the best things for cleaning brass is salt dissolved in vinegar. Cotton fabrics are less likely to fade if allowed to lie for a short time in a strong solution of salt and water.

Sprinkle damp salt around where there are moths and they will speedily take their departure.

If a small pinch is added to the whites of eggs they will frost quickly.

Small doses given at short intervals will stop hemorrhage of the lungs, for stings or bites of any kind of insects apply it damp and bind tightly; for neuralgia or severe pains in the stomach, fill a muslin bag, heat it and lay it against the seat of pain.

If the throat is very sore, wring a cloth out of cold salt water and bind around the neck, covering with a dry towel; a weak solution gargled will also help the throat. A sponge bath in salt water will arrest night sweats, and if used cold is one of the best solutions for restoring firmness of the flesh; bathe the face upward and then wipe dry. One-half a teaspoonful dissolved in a little water will almost instantly relieve dyspepsia, or cure colic in a grown person.

Two teaspoonsful in about a half pint of tepid water will act as an emetic, or if snuffed up the nostrils will relieve a cold in the head or catarrh.

Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.—Home Queen.

RECIPES.

Bologna Sausage—Boil bologna from one hour and a half to two hours. Serve with a wall of mashed potatoes and thick brown gravy outside the potatoes.

Lobster Timbale—Take three pounds of lobster (cooked). Pick meat out of shell and chop very fine. Add a little thickened cream and heat all to a scalding point. Then line a rice ring mold with well-cooked rice and put the prepared lobster in. Turn all out on a dish and pour over all a white cream sauce.

Eggs—Convent Fashion—Take two or three large onions, slice them very thin and fry till a nice brown. Have ready a half dozen hard-boiled eggs cut in slices and a cup of nice sour stock with a little flour mixed in it; add the eggs to the onions, then pour in the gravy, and stir it all till the gravy has thickened. Serve very hot.

When the Circus Comes to Town.

When posters yellow and red and green
Are spread over everything,
To tell of the magical sights to be seen
In the tent of the sawdust ring,
When jockey and elephant march in the rear
Of the painted and pallid clown,
We know we have reached the time of the year
When the circus has come to town!

Each youngster rushes to follow and look
When the blare of the band he hears,
And grandma beams from over her book,
"I guess that I'll take the dears!"
And papa, of course, has to go with the rest
To attend to the matter of cost,
And brother is suddenly much distressed
Lest the young ones might get lost!

And mamma concludes she'll have to go,
For with all of them out of sight,
With the lions and tigers around, at the show,
She'd be sure to expire of fright.
And sister, all suddenly, too, displays
An affectionate mild distrust
Lest they might run away with the circus crazes,
And declare that go she must!

The minister watches the gay parade
With a twinkle incased in a frown,
And he seldom inquires where his little boy played
When the circus has come to town!
For a real boy once, is a boy though grown,
On the day of the sawdust ring,
When the children low at the gilded throne
Where the tinseled clown sits king!

New York Press.

HUMOROUS.

Perkins (to Jenkins)—I heard this morning that Barlow had been arrested. What has he done? Jenkins—Everybody.

Mrs. Musicus—Did you have much trouble in learning to sing so beautifully? Miss Frankly—Yes; especially with the neighbors.

Tommy—Paw, what sort of orders are "sweeping orders" that the papers talk about? Mr. Figg—Just wait till your mother gets to housecleaning.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar. "No sir," responded the policeman, "they didn't find him at all. He got away."

Mrs. Nix—I hope you are not afraid of work. Weary Willie (uneasily)—I ain't exactly afraid mum; but I always feel fidgety when dere's anything like dat around.

First Foreigner—What do those people in the gallery mean by yelling "rats?" Second Foreigner—Those must be the cat calls of which we read.

"It is said there is little difference between genius and insanity?" "Well, there's one important difference—the authorities protect us from the lunatics."

Nell—Chollie told me last night he thought my face would stop an angel in its flight. Belle—Don't you think you'd better practice on a clock first, my dear?

"Mr. Perkins, what is your idea of culture?" "Well, Mrs. Perkins, it is letting new neighbors move in without looking to see what kind of furniture they have.

"What can it be that has come between Dawson and his wife? They used to be so happy together." "Mrs. Dawson got the chafing dish habit." "O, too bad. Poor Dawson!"

"To my mind," remarked Spalding, "Nansen's greatest difficulty is not finding the north pole." "What is Nansen's greatest difficulty?" asked McSwilligen. "Finding his way back home."

Farmer's Wife—What does the weather indications in the paper say? Daughter—Clear and warm. "What does the Almanac say?" "Wind and storm." "Well, it do beat all how these scientists disagree."

Gutierz—Look here, Zapfer, do you believe in the transmigration of souls? Zapfer—No; do you? Gutierz—Most certainly I do; and I am thoroughly convinced that I was an ass at the time I lent you those fifty dollars.

Mrs. May-Fair—Well, Mrs. Parvie-New, how does your daughter progress in her piano lessons? Mrs. Parvie-New—I ain't no musician myself, but I did hear her teacher say only yesterday, "Emma, my child, you're quite ten bars ahead!" So she must be getting on.

"Do you know, Mrs. Boardman," said the young man who was two mouths behind in his board, "by means of the cathode rays I could tell everything that is in that plate of hash." "Well, it's my opinion," replied Mrs. Boardman, "that people nowadays want to know too much for nothing."

All That Was Claimed.

"Why so sad, Wilbur?"

"Lost my wheel. Bought it from a man who said it would go like the wind—and it did. Went like the deuce for an hour, and then died down completely."—Harper's Bazar.

The German warriors from the fifth century to the tenth wore horns on their helmets.