

Centennial Bells.

Ye belfrey'd blacksmiths in the air
Smite your sweet anvils good and strong!
Ye lions in your lofty lair,
Roar out from tower to tower, along,
The wrinkled coast and scalloped seas,
Till winter meets the orange breeze
From bridal lands that always wear
The orange-blossoms round their hair.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Pour out ye goblets, far and near,
Your grand melodious iron flood,
Till pine and palm shall think they hear
The axes smite the stately wood,
Nor dream the measure'd cadence meant
The clock-tick of the continent!
The foot-fall of a world that nears
The field-day of a hundred years.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ye blossoms of the furnace fires,
Ye iron tulips rock and swing,
The People's Primal Age expires,
A hundred years the reigning king.
Strike one, ye hammers overhead,
Ye rusty tongues, ring off the red,
Ring up the Concord Minute Men,
Ring out old Putnams' wolf again.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Where prairies hold their flowery breath
Like statues in the marble ledge,—
Where mountains set their glittering teeth
Through wide horizon's rugged edge,
And hold the word with granite grip
As steady as a marble lip,
And here, and there and everywhere,
With rhythmic thunder strike the air.
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ring down the curtain on To-day
And give the past the right of way,
Till fields of battle red with rust,
Shine through the ashes and the dust
Across the Age, and burn as plain
As glowing mars through window-pane.
How grandly loom like grenadiers
These heroes of a hundred years!
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Ring for the blue-eyed errand boy
That quavered up the belfry stair,
"They've signed it! Signed it!" and the joy
Rolled forth as rolls the Delaware.
The old man started from a dream,
His white hair blew, a silver stream,
Above his head the bell unswung
Dumb as a morning-glory hung;
The time had come awaited long,
His wrinkled hand grew young and strong,
He grasped the rope as men that drown
Clutch at the lifeline drifting down,
The iron dome as wildly rung
As if Alaskas' winds had rung.

Strange that the founder never knew,
When from the molten glow he drew
That bell, he hid beneath its rim
An anthem and a birthday hymn.

So rashly rung so madly tossed,
Its old melodious volume lost,
It thrilled horizon, rent and cleft,
Of sweet vibration all bereft,
And yet, to hear that tocsin break
The silence of a hundred years,
Its rude discordant murmur shake
And rally out the soul in cheers
Would set me longing to be rid
Of sweeter voices, and to bid
Centennial Bells, be dumb!

Although no mighty Muscovite,
No iron welkin rudely hurled,
That bell of Liberty and Right
Was heard around the Babel world!
Land of the green and golden robe!
A three hours journey for the Sun
Two oceans kiss thee round the globe,
Up the steep world thy rivers run
From geologic ice to June.
A hundred years from night to noon!
In blossom still, like Aaron's rod!
The clocks are on the stroke of one,
One land, one tongue, one Flag, one God!
Centennial Bells, ring on!

Scribner's Monthly.

A bridal party in Terre Haute, Ind.,
imbibed so much beer, the other day, that
two men were needed to support the
blushing bride as they walked to the rail-
way depot.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself
with her false hair last week. The Cor-
oner's verdict was that the Carr was de-
molished by a misplaced "switch."

A Japanese Bakery.

A gentleman who has recently visited
Japan, thus amusingly describes a visit
of himself and companion to a Japanese
bakery:

We stepped in to make a purchase of
cake. The oven was a bed of burning
charcoal, on which the baker laid a thin
sheet of iron when his loaves were ready,
over which he placed a large hollow cov-
er. The cakes looked nice and tasted
sweet, but left a kind of smart in the
mouth which was disagreeable. Yacca,
our Japanese servant, said that we were
near our stopping place for the night,
and it was useless to stop for eating. The
baker wished to know if we would stay
and mahequi, or something that sounded
like that.

What was mahequi?
Yacca explained that to mahequi was
to eat hot cakes, fresh roasted from the
coals.

Yes, we would mahequi. Whereupon
the baker took a handful of rice flour in
his hands, dipped the whole, (hands and
all) into a pot of something that looked
like stagnant soap grease, and then work-
ed it through his fingers until he had a
soft, sticky dough.

He then scraped all the dough that he
could easily remove from his hands, and
seizing the poker that lay on the floor,
stirred up the coal, exchanging some of
the dough off his hands for the black of
the poker.

He then seized a bladder-like bellows,
and blew away until he had a fine bed of
coals. All the while his hands had been
accumulating dirt. But, regardless of
that important fact, he thrust his hands
again into the dough, and worked all the
black off and some new on. His hair
became disarranged, and he stuck it in
place with a wad of dough and then
went on kneading again.

At last, when he had slapped the
young ones, sold cakes, greased his hands
and dropped several half-made cakes on
them (which in that case were always
worked into a whole batch again) he was
ready to put the cakes on the coals.

Just then Lem thought that perhaps
Hiwoko might be waiting for us, to which
we readily assented, and then we were
about to leave.

"What! Couldn't we stay to mahe-
qui? It would be extra nice."

Lem was sick and had the headache;
no appetite; we would call again, etc.;
I was in a hurry; Hiwoko would be
waiting, etc.

"But we would pay for the 'mahequi,'
wouldn't we?"

"Well, yes, we would do that; we had
put him to some trouble and we would
pay."

And we did; but neither then nor
thereafter did either of us eat 'mahequi.'
The baker was pleased to get his 'tempo,'
and keep his dough, too, and if he sees
the joke, will doubtless work in more
soap grease for the next European who
may happen that way.

"When mother says no there's no yes
in it." Here is a sermon in a nutshell.
Multitudes of parents say "no," but after
a good deal of teasing and debate it fin-
ally becomes yes. Love and kind-
ness are essential elements in the man-
agement of children, but firmness, deci-
sion, inflexibility and uniformity of treat-
ment, are no less important.

No selfishness is so hideous as the sel-
fishness which prevails among the pas-
sionate, who having enjoyed all the wild
delirium of pleasure with each other,
heartlessly abandon one another in the
hour of extremity.

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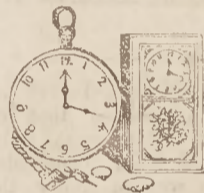
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