

**THE WASHER AT THE WELL.**

With a league to the castle still,  
The bell from the old clock tower,  
Now, leave me, for the stretch on the hill,  
Then just a gallop of half an hour.  
Half an hour, and home I'd rest,  
In the washing for him on the oriel stair,  
Or calling the ladies for their best,  
In the hush of the drowsy chamber there.

Hold! stand still! stand still!  
Scared at the wind, or the owlet's night?  
It is the wash for the Washing Week,  
Who goes there at the dead of night?

Over the stairs to the wash house,  
Where the women wash their robes at noon,  
A form like a shadow seems to creep,  
Dauntful under the doubtful moon.

Good mother, your tasks late and long,  
All goes well at the castle? say!  
No word speaks the willerous crew,  
Oray as a ghost in the empty room.

Stone still over the washing,  
Steady as a rock and strong,  
Plying the wash, she looks and gleams,  
Out and in, with never a sound—  
Never a sound save the blasted clock,  
That ticks in the wind, and the rattling mill;  
This is the face of the peasant's girl,  
With the slake of the cross she bears the spell.

Slowly, slowly she turns about,  
On the creaking horror that chokes his breath,  
As slowly she draws the linen out,  
And fastens it to the wash-tub's head.

Long and loose, like a whirling dervish,  
So sharp he pants at the brittle-rod,  
The mare starts straight on her trembling feet,  
Before she covers to the ground again.

Now she knows, with a shudder of dread,  
The Ghost of the Well he has looked upon,  
Washing the threads that he has soiled with  
Some one dear to him, dead and gone!

Well and washer and funeral-pail,  
Swim under his sight in pale eclipse.  
The good God said that the shroud be small—  
He hates the words in his bloodiest lips.

Over the lonely moor alone,  
Paying a penny for the dearest life,  
Stiffing a coat for the dead unknown,  
Child or wife: is it child or wife?

Over the threshold and up the stair,  
And into the hush of the deathly room,  
To a noiseless form in the midnight there,  
To the silent specter of the yearning soul.

And the babe on her bosom, child and wife,  
Child and wife and her jessies dove,  
Hark! overhead, with a silver stir,  
The bell in the old clock-tower booms—*one!*

**CHANG-HOW AND ANARKY.**

“What a demon!” said Anarky, our cook—black as night, eyes set square in his head, that had set level on her stout black shoulders—walked around the Chinese youth, his husband had brought home as an experiment in our domestic life—around the Chinese youth with his wry frame and insinuating stoop of the shoulders and a smile of neutral tingling placid but wary on his buff countenance.

“Lordy mussy!” Anarky, another vehement, aggressive pauser. On her part, a silence obedient and self-defensive on his. “Name of Satan, Mis’ Maud!”

“This is to be your fellow servant, Anarky.”

“Gret Bezzle! Wiah! Yur die ef I didn’t think it wor a yaller rat!”

“Anarky, I am ashamed of you! What should Mr. Smith want with a yellow rat?”

“Thought he bought it at de sduk in New York, an’ git to you like he did dat monkey. Ef it ain’t no rat, an’ an’ a’ a’ a’ monkey, name of Satan, what kin it be?”

“I ain’t a monkey, but dat yaller derg. I miss things constant—things dat I ain’t took my eyes off ‘em, ‘cep ter wink ‘an; bless de Lord! while I wor a winkin’ de hard done took to its heels or de flour in de next evening, when Chang brought in supper, Anarky walked by his side in solemn state, empty handed, dignified, watchful. He appeared totally unconscious of his wretchedness; and made no remark, but Mr. Smith, sitting in the hall on an errand, and during his absence Anarky rose to explain: “Which you see all dem biskit, Mis’ Maud?”

“Yes; I am glad we are getting all right again.”

“Well, I got dat many mo’ in de ub’n now—jes like I use ter hab ‘em dot—Here an appalling idea seemed to strike her. “War dat Chlow chow nigger?” she exclaimed, and made a dash toward the kitchen. She stopped and glared at him quietly glided in and handed Mr. Smith the paper he had gone for.

The next moment a sound came from the kitchen—something between a howl and a cry, and following in its wake came Anarky. Almost unperceived, she took Chang-how’s hand and pushed him toward the untruffled calm of a full moon beaming o’er a raging sea.

She turned to us, trembling with excitement. “Dat ain’t de trick, de beat in trick et ebber I seed! I think dat yaller houn’ ain’t stole de biskit outen de ub’n? An’, ‘or God! I didn’t know he’d been out ‘ere long ‘unif for a dog to snap at a nigger, ef you ain’t de oval-shusted!” She stopped and glared at him with the despairing, silent venom of one who felt herself a pauper in words, a verbal failure, a wretched creature who in the supreme hour of trial was proving herself the wrong person in the wrong place.

Chang-how’s hands were folded, and his eyes rested dreamily on the floor. Evidently, he was contentedly rolling tobacco in his native land. But for three days, he had been regarding the abnormal appearance of Chang-how’s neat white jacket. I forbore to rebuke my sable favorite, but Mr. Smith, not having observed the little protuberances which had attracted my attention towards his more delicately tinted protégé, said with decision, “Go to the kitchen, Anarky, and send in supper or bring it yourself; and make haste about it.”

Anarky turned again to Chang-how and fixed her great black eyes on him in silence. Then she sounded a note of solemn warning: “Lord! Lord! Shang-hai!” said she, “ef ebber I does cotch you out ‘un, ef ebber I does cotch you out ‘un, I’ll lard you all de pieces! You mammy won’t want what’ll be left ov you, ‘ces ‘twon’t be wuf berry!”

“Shut up! to much jawee,” said Chang-how benignly, and dreamed again of his native land. But for three days nothing was missing in Anarky’s apartment, and so far Chang-how escaped with unbroken bones.

On the evening of the fourth day I received a letter containing the coming of visitors, and it unfortunately occurred to me that Chang-how might assist Anarky in the laundry, thus affording her an opportunity for greater display in the culinary department. So I called him up.

“Go washem, Chang-how!”

“Oh, yes, I washes all light,” said Chang-how.

“You help Anarky iron to-day I give you more money.”

“All right, How muchee?”

“One dollar.”

“One dollar.”

“No washee one dollar,” said Chang-how.

“One dollar ap.”

**ACTIVITY NOT ENERGY.**

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others, as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them still poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry because they mistake mere activity for energy. Confining two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy they would be certain to be advancing

**A THRILLING STORY.**

The following incident actually occurred on board of a British frigate, and was communicated to the writer several years ago, by an old man-of-war’s man:

A timid boy, about fourteen years of age, hesitated to go aloft, but by the captain’s orders, was forcibly put in the main rigging, and then a boatswain’s mate was commanded to fasten him like a dog until he learned to run aloft.

The poor fellow, led and arms trembling, hesitated for a moment, and then, prodded the inhuman captain for God’s sake to have mercy on him; but all in vain. The boatswain’s mate was ordered to lay on harder, and harder, regardless of the boy’s piercing screams, which made even veteran seamen turn from the brutal scene with disgust.

His clothes were rent from his back, the blood followed the lash, and still the tyrant roared out, “Lay on, boatswain’s mate!”

With one wild scream he sprang from under the lash, and bounded up the rigging with amazing rapidity. He doubled the futtock rigging like a cat, passed up the topmast, and sprang down the mainmast, and from thence, slipping with undiminished speed, thence the unrattled royal rigging, and perched himself like a bird alongside of the mainmast. Here he paused, looking fearlessly upon the deck below. All hands ceased to say him, his cries, and cruel treatment had already enlisted their sympathy, and, if possible, had increased their hatred of the captain.

The monster was smiling complacently at the success of his experiment; he was one of those tyrants who boasted that the cat, properly applied, could break every bone in his body; but before he reached the topmast, he was seized by his hair, and swung him overboard, and his head struck the water with a splash that was heard by all.

The boy sprang upon the trunk at a bound, and raising himself erect, waded his cap and his hat, then, stretching his arms out, gave a wild laughing scream, and threw himself forward. The captain jumped to his feet, expecting to see the boy dashed in pieces on deck; but when clear of the shade of the mainmast, he saw the boy as silent as the royal star towards the foretop-gallant masthead, and heard him laugh and chatter like a monkey, as if enjoying the sport. He reached the mainmast, in safety, and then descended along the top-gallant backstay hand-over-hand. The captain looked at him, and was about to speak, but could not find words. The boy frothed at the mouth and nose; his eyes seemed starting out of his head; he rolled upon the deck in convulsions, staining it with the blood which still trickled from his back. He was a mummy. The surgeon’s skill in the case of a few weeks restored his bodily health, but not his reason.

From that time forward he was fearless. In the darkest night, the fiercest gale, he would scamper along the deck like a dog, and bound aloft with a speed which no one on board could equal.

He would run over the yards without holding, and would stand on the stays, aloft and descend by the leeches of the sails, and run upon the studding sail-booms. He was as nimble as a cat, and had forgotten fear. Some of the light duties aloft he learned to discharge in company with them—he did as they did, but could not be trusted to do anything himself. One order he always obeyed without hesitation. At the command, “Away aloft,” he was off, and never paused until he reached the mainmast. As he was harmless and rarely spoke, the captain kept him on board, and, in the course of a year, he grew to be a fine fellow, tall and thin, his bulk and height remained nearly the same at eighteen as when he became a maniac.

His ribs, breast and back seemed one case of bone, and his sinews and muscles made his legs and arms appear like spears of steel. His hair was light blue eyes and delicate skin; his face oval and full, but void of expression—neither love, fear, revenge nor pleasure could be traced to its stolid outline. His eyes stared at everything without appearing to see, and, when he spoke, there was no meaning in his words. He followed the men in their various duties like a dog following his master. Whenever he was struck or startled by a boatswain’s mate, he ran up the main rigging, screaming at the top of his lungs, and never paused until he had performed

**SINGING IN THE FAMILY.**

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is yet three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over unsomewhat mysteriously, sometimes at a time and on a very wild business, a merry ditty, the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the clouds in the sky, and new courage is given to us. The mind goes gliding to the work, and when the day’s labor is done his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife and child, and his wife table, and cheerful fireside await him, he can not but whistle or sing.

**MARRIAGE.**

Perhaps nothing shows the existence of the Divine idea in marriage so much as its incomprehensible mystery, which all those who enter it, save the most frivolous and thoughtless, are obliged to recognize, feeling themselves as much surrounded by it as if they lived among the great, primeval agencies that first set the world going—for to all it seems as strange as if they were the first and only ones, and they were at a loss to explain it or penetrate the meaning of the deep and sacred enigmas. They understand a mother’s love, with the flesh of her flesh in her children, a child’s love for the visible providence of its father; but who is to comprehend the love of the husband, who, arrived at maturity, with all his prejudices formed, his course marked out, meets one who, in scarcely more than a instant, becomes more to him than father or mother, sister or brother, or all the world—in short, whose presence the happiness of the world hinges? And who shall comprehend the devotion of the wife, who, if need were, would die for her husband?

**Varieties.**

—What pupil is most to be pitied? The pupil of the eye, because it is always under the lash.

—When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

—Austria has forbidden the circulation within her territory of all German socialistic newspapers.

—The German army is to use the telephone. It is to be especially serviceable on the outposts.

—Georgia has 236 miles of railroad completed and in operation, or about one mile of road to 488 inhabitants.

—The Sultan of Turkey is thought to have 965 suits of clothes in a year; he never wears the same garments twice.

—Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.

—An Ottawa (Can.) Alderman was attacked by a bear. The Alderman recovered from the fight, the bear it was that day.

—Heaven exercises men with trials, trials in its hands the issues of things, and determines men’s lot according to their conduct.

—None are more apparently valiant than the coward when freed from danger. What is lost in reality finds a supply in assumption.

—Prince Bismarck is becoming very corpulent. When weighed recently at Kussing, in Germany, he weighed up two hundred and forty pounds.

—German and Austrian law forbids the sale of dead fish. The fish are brought from the sea and river and are killed after being sold.

—There is a proposition to found a new conservatory in Paris for the education and teaching of actors and actresses, separating this branch from that of the musical profession.

—Opinion should guide in public affairs, not feeling. Opinion is grounded on circumstances, on observation, and on reflection. Feeling acts from impulse, which sees but half.

—Frances Alice Flintoff, of California, is dead. She was forty-four, stood six feet six inches, was a native of New York, and had travelled with Lee & Marshall’s Circus.

—The sale of Marshal Bazaine’s work on his “Escape from Fort St. Marguerite,” is interdicted in France. A number of the pamphlets were recently seized on the Pyrenean frontier.

—A lad of considerable local celebrity at Augusta, Ga., is a one-armed boy named Theodore Johnson, who, though he has but one arm, is an expert swimmer and has saved four persons from drowning.

—Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, the great-grand-niece of Washington, and supposed to be his nearest living relative, is keeping a boarding house in Washington, and has recently had her furniture attached by a landlord for rent.

—A Hartford (Conn.) lawyer, assigned to defend a thief at the Superior Court in 1874, received ten pay for his services, but has just received from New Zealand a letter from the thief asking for his definite address in order to pay him.

—Mr. Lookyer, the English astronomer, while staying at Lake View, near Buffalo, witnessed a water-spout. It was of remarkable dimensions and very complete. It traversed about two miles of Lake Erie before bursting, and was in full view all the time.

—A new species of tea shrub resembling that which grows in China, has been discovered in Armenia, near Trebizond. The peasants pick the leaves and dry them in the sun, and large quantities have been sent to Persia, where the new product is highly appreciated.

—Mr. Heulen Peterson, of Duxbury, Mass., aged 87 years, and wife, aged 81, have been married sixty years; have had seven children, four sons and three daughters; also twelve grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren, and no death has ever occurred among their descendants.

—Two little fellows found a loaded revolver on a window sill in a house in Chester county, and one of them began snapping it at the other. Two chambers were not loaded, but the third contained a bullet, which was sent into the fleshy part of one of the lad’s arms, inflicting a painful wound.

—They are at this moment the unprecedented number of thirty-three ironclads in commission in the British navy, besides many unarmored frigates and corvettes (recent construction) on the ironclads in commission fourteenth are in the Mediterranean with Admirals Hornby and Lord John Hay.

—One of Gilbert Stuart’s Portraits of Washington has been presented to the Maryland Historical Society. It was originally painted for the late Solomon Kitting, of Baltimore, and was given to the Society by his daughter, who was present, on a recent occasion when the artist was performing his work.

—A project is afoot for the thorough and systematic exploration of the antiquities of the Euphrates Valley. It is proposed to organize an expedition to leave England during next spring, the funds for which are to be raised by contributions, the Government having refused its aid. The expedition is to be on the model of the Palestine Exploration Fund.