

After the Storm. The best storm must spend its force. The baffled winds pause with a moan. For sunshine struggling through the mist Clasp the tired earth in shining zone.

LOITYS ADVENTURE.

I was quite young when I went out to service—only sixteen—and I was quite frightened at the idea of going among the grand folks; but father had not left much, except debts and mortgages, when he died, and mother was feeble, and there were all the little children to be taken care of; and Neighbor Paul told me that they wanted a parlor-maid at the court.

"There ain't so much to do," said Father Paul, "and twelve dollars a month."

"But a servant!" said mother, and she put her black stuff apron to her eyes and began to cry in that weak, uncertain way she had.

"We're all of us servants, Lydia, to the Lord," said Neighbor Paul. "And if every one of us does his duty in the state of life where it pleases God to put us, there ain't nothing more to be expected."

"Mother," said I, "only think of it! Twelve dollars a month. How much it will help! Oh, mother, I am so glad!"

"The child looks at it right," said Neighbor Paul. "She's got more sense than you have, Lydia!"

So I went to Court. There was a house-keeper there, and a butler, and seven servants besides me, and I soon learned to perform the duties of my place nearly as well.

Mrs. Christall's maid used to give me many useful hints—she was a quiet, substantial Englishwoman whom the family had brought from foreign parts with them. But her brother fell ill, and she went home to nurse him, and there came a fine French maid in her place, whom they called Malmoiseille Veronique. She spoke two or three different languages, dressed her hair like a fashion plate, altered over Mrs. Christall's bonnets and dresses until her wardrobe seemed twice as large and varied, and had a score of other accomplishments at her finger ends.

ing, tiptoeing past my bedroom door; and their descriptions of the festive gathering at the breakfast-table next day were enthusiastic in the extreme.

"There's to be a hop Friday night week," said Felix, "with a band from M. Foster. Lotty will go this time, I am quite certain, if I ask her; and M. and Mrs. Christall will be in New York that night for the 'Char' Ball."

I looked gravely at him. "Do you think it will be right," Felix?" said I.

"Oh, bah!" Mademoiseille Veronique interjected, with extreme disgust. "I'm quite sure there can be nothing wrong about it," said Felix.

"Then, why do you not ask M. Christall boldly to let you go?" I questioned.

They looked blankly at one another—and before they could answer, Mrs. Hood, the housekeeper, came in, and a signal for silence was passed around.

"Friday night week!" It came before we knew it, alas! Mr. and Mrs. Christall went to the Charity Ball, the latter so superbly dressed that the servants gathered in a little group behind the butler's pantry door to see her go out in her diamonds and pink silk. Old John, the elder coachman, was to wait at Singleton station to bring them back at 3 o'clock—the other coachman, Tompston, was in league with Veronique and her friends, and was to harness up the wagonette as soon as the coast was fairly clear for Veronique, Hatty, Julia and Felix.

"And Lotty might go, too, if she only would," said Hatty, reproachfully.

"I do not think it's right," said I. Mrs. Hood had gone to see her daughter at Singleton, leaving the house in Julia's charge, for Julia had been there some time and was regarded as quite trustworthy; the old butler always went to bed at nine; so that when the wagonette was off I was the only person left about the place.

And I had hardly seated myself by the fire with new-work before there came a tap at the door.

I started, for I was nervous and easily frightened, and the house seemed unnaturally large and hollow in the quiet evening silence. It was a little boy—a stunted, big-eyed creature—whom I did not remember to have seen in the neighborhood before.

"Are you Lotty Lee?" he asked. "Yes," I answered, in surprise. "It's your mother," said he. "She's fell on the ice and broke her leg. She wants you right off."

"Has it happened?" I cried, bursting into tears. "Was told you!" "I can't say," said he. "They've sent me for a doctor, and I ain't to delay a second."

And off he went, his small figure seeming to lose itself in the black masses of evergreen on the lawn. What was I to do? I knew that Johnson, the butler, slept like a log of wood, and there was no one else about the house.

"I can just run down home and be back in half an hour," thought I. So I locked the door, saw that the fire was all right, and started off across the dark copse and frozen fields.

sonique's brother—and that the Frenchwoman her self was in league with them. Veronique left the country, abruptly; all the other servants, except Mrs. Hood, Old John and the butler, were discharged—and I am Mrs. Christall's own maid, now.

To be sure, it isn't much of an adventure, but such as it is, I have told it as plainly as I could remember.—The Ledyer.

Historic Mansions in Washington.

A number of the Senators live in historic quarters, writes Frank G. Carpenter in a Washington letter to the New York World. Senator Cameron paid \$67,000 some years ago for the old Ogle Thayer mansion on Lafayette Square. It is a three-story brick of a dirty yellow, with an iron portico running along the second story above an English basement. The front door is painted olive green and the lower story contains the office of the Senator and his reception-room. The parlors are on the second floor, and the house is nicely furnished. In this home have been entertained all of the Presidents since the days of Andrew Jackson, and Winfield Scott and Martin Van Buren have often put their legs under the mahogany in its dining-room. One day when General Scott was dining here a violent hail-storm occurred, smashing the windows and bringing down lumps of ice the size of hickory nuts. These hailstones were brought to the table, and Scott, as he dropped one of them into his wine-glass, said:

"Ladies, we will cool our champagne with celestial ice." Just below this house of Cameron's is the house of Secretaries Baine. He rents the house, but he has refurnished and repainted it. You enter the ground floor from the street through an olive-green doorway and you find the parlors on the second floor. The drawing-room is furnished in salmon tint and the woodwork an Imperial shade of pearl-white. The dining-room is on the ground floor and its walls are hung with crimson tapestry and the chairs are upholstered in red leather. The sideboard is of old oak and the whole house is adorned with the pictures and bric-a-brac which Secretary Baine picked up in Europe. This house and lot is worth now at least \$100,000 and the lot would bring \$50,000 under the hammer. Still it was once sold for a jackass and it was Henry Clay who sold it. It is just across the street from the White House and Clay had often refused to sell it. One day, however, old Commodore Rogers came home from the Mediterranean with his naval vessel full of live stock which he had picked up abroad. One of Clay's hobbies was stock raising, and Rogers's cargo included one fine Arabian jackass. Clay saw it and wanted it. The Commodore refused to sell, but at last said laughingly:

"You can have him for your lot opposite the White House." "Done," said Clay, and the animal was shipped off to Kentucky. Commodore Rogers built a big four-story brick on the ground, and this brick has been the scene of many a Washington festivity. In it Baine will entertain this winter, and in it Seward dined the diplomats when he was secretary of state.

Thirsty Travelers' Tree.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananariva, in the interior, had emptied his water-bottle and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like it," said the native, smiling. The European saw no signs of springs or water, but the native conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for." He pierced the root of one of the leaf stems at the point where it joined the trunk with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out which the European caught in his water can, and found cool, fresh and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken supper, the native who had spoken went on.

"This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the travelers' tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains," asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

—Missionary Herald.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

There's a little mischief making Felix, who is ever nigh. Thwarting every undertaking. And his name is By-and-by. What we ought to do this minute 'Will be better done,' he'll cry. 'Tomorrow we begin it. 'But it off,' says By-and-by. Those who heed his treacherous woeing Will his faithless guidance lose; What we always get of doing, Clearly so shall never do. We shall reach our true endeavor, If you now we more rely. But unto the realms of Never, Leads the plot By-and-by.

WELL TRAINED MONKEYS AND RATS. An Italian with two remarkably well-trained monkeys and a family of trained white rats is coming money on the streets of this city. So well trained are the monkeys and rats that at the word of command one of the monkeys takes a rat in his arms in the same manner a mother would hold a baby. The other monkey plays the doctor, and not only does he look at the rat's tongue, but he pours water from a bottle into a tiny spoon and gives his patient a dose of medicine.

Both monkeys dress them selves without any assistance from their master in complete suits of clothes, even to the stockings and shoes, lacing up the latter and tying the strings neatly and securely. To prove the thoroughness of their training, the reporter was told to pick up the coat belonging to one of the monkeys and, unobserved by the animal, turn one of the sleeves inside out. This was done and the coat placed back again. The monkey of several attempts to put the coat on, took it entirely off, drew over and righted the turned sleeve and then angrily chattered at being interfered with, slipped on the garment and went on with his part of the show.—San Francisco Examiner.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Bob and Archie, running to him. "What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Bob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Bob. "Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go and play by the river."

"Was it your brother?" asked Bob. "No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes; so we went and had a good deal of sport."

"After a while I took a single for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me."

"He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him and he ran towards home."

"Then I was very angry. I picked up a stick and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"O Uncle Phil!" said Archie. "Just then Roy ran to his head and it struck him right over his eye."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Bob. "Yes, it made him angry. He gave a little cry and lay down on the ground."

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat."

"LA GRIPPE."

A New York Doctor Discusses the Disease.

What it is, its Previous History and Treatment.

In a conversation with a reporter, Dr. L. de Plasse, a prominent member of the Academy of Medicine of New York, gave much interesting information about the epidemic, la grippe or influenza, of which he made a special study in Europe as well as in this country. According to the Doctor, the first great epidemic of the kind appeared in Europe in 1580.

"Why," said the reporter, "I thought there had been one in Rome in the year 99 of our era."

"You refer, no doubt," replied the learned practitioner, "to the great mortality mentioned by the Greek historian, Dem. Cassius, as having occurred in Rome in that year. It was not the grip that caused it, but the stupid despotism of Emperor Domitian. The Roman population was assembled in the amphitheatre when a heavy rain fall came, drenching the crowds to the marrow, and the tyrant compelled them to remain to the end of the games. Thousands died from pleurisy, but not from the grip."

"By the way, let me say that the word la grippe comes from the Polish word chrypka, which means hoarseness. It has been used for the last fifty or sixty years in preference to the Italian word influenza, and is now the technical term adopted by the medical profession all the world over."

"Since 1580 this disease has annoyed Europe in 1591, 1675, 1763, 1789, 1833—which was the worst and the most deadly of its incursions—in 1826, 1833, 1837, 1846, 1885 and 1889-90."

"It is a fact worthy of remark that the actual epidemic in New York begins often with the greatest symptoms. It is sudden in its attack and strikes right and left, rich and poor, without distinction of age, sex, bodily constitution, personal habits, etc. It is often accompanied by delirium, especially among children, and to it must be ascribed many of the suicides which have taken place. Its duration is from three or four days to two weeks, and more."

"To what is the grip due, in your opinion, doctor?" "To a miasmatic condition of the atmosphere. The abnormal temperature of the present winter has no more to do with it than would prolonged fog."

"Is it contagious?" "Yes, although there are those who think that it is not, on account of its sudden appearance over large tracts of land."

"Do you think there is a special microbe in the case?" "Yes, and I am positive that the great physicians of 1850 and 1851 were right when they attributed the grip to the presence of special micrococci, which develop very rapidly in the atmospheric principle called ozone. That principle is an hypothetical body, generally admitted as being the cause of the peculiar smell which accompanies electric discharges in the air, and of the one which belongs to oxygen produced under the influence of a galvanic current in water mixed with sulphuric acid."

"If I had time I would certainly continue the researches made by the celebrated L. Tzeng, who, in 1880, declared that the grip is a mycotic affection of the blood, caused by special microbes which do not develop in the form of little chains, but in very irregular groups."

Here the doctor took from his library five or six medical works in which the grip microbes were carefully reproduced in enlarged drawings.

"Have you any particular treatment you might mention?" "Well, in the case of grip not complicated with other diseases, I attend to the symptoms at once, prescribing rest and confinement to the house. Antipyrine and salicylate of quinine are of excellent use. Bleeding must be practiced in case pneumonia sets in. It is an old remedy to which most doctors return nowadays with success."

Swiss Peasants.

I will tell some stories which prove that the Swiss peasants, though they look so stolid, have in them the stuff of tragedy. There was a lad in a valley called Schaudig, not long ago, who loved and was betrothed to a girl in the Hinter Rhenthal below Spilgen. She jilted him, having transferred her affections to another, and he went to take a formal farewell of his sweetheart in her home. Everything passed decorously, so much so that the girl's brother put his horse into the cart and drove the rejected lover with his own

aster down to Thausik. The three had sashed that passage of the Va Mala where the Rhine loses itself in a very deep, narrow gorge. It is called the Verlovene Loch, and is spanned by a slender bridge thrown at right angles over the river. Here, as they were punning merrily down hill, the lad stood up in the cart, sprang to the parapet of the bridge, and dashed himself at one bound into the grim death of jagged rocks and clashing waves below them. It was a stroke of imaginative fancy to commit suicide for love just at this spot. And now a second tale of desperate passion: A rich man in the Prattigau had two children, a daughter and a son. The daughter when told him into allowing her to marry some peasant, who was poor and an unequal match in social station. Then his son set his affections upon a girl richly indigent; the father sternly, but the youth was true to his plighted troth. During a temporary absence of the son his father contrived to send the girl off to America with a round sum of money. On his return, after hearing what had happened, the father sternly, but the youth was true to his plighted troth. During a temporary absence of the son his father contrived to send the girl off to America with a round sum of money. On his return, after hearing what had happened, the father sternly, but the youth was true to his plighted troth. During a temporary absence of the son his father contrived to send the girl off to America with a round sum of money. On his return, after hearing what had happened, the father sternly, but the youth was true to his plighted troth.

And now a third tale: Last spring, in a village not three hours distant from Davos, lived a young man who was an orphan. He had inherited a considerable estate, and expected more from two uncles. Life could be managed if he prudently, would probably have made him the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood, and he was, to boot, a stalwart fellow on whom nature had lavished all her gifts of health and comeliness. Unluckily he loved a girl of whom his uncles disapproved as a match for such a youth of consequence. One Saturday evening, as the custom is here, he went to pay his addresses by stealth to this maiden of his choice, and returning early next morning he was upbraided by his interfering uncles. I do not know what he replied, but certainly he made no room to speak of. When the uncles left he unlocked his gun from the wooden paneling of the house room, went out alone into the copse land by an old bullet through his brain.—Pittsburgh Review.

Light and Love.

If light should strike through every darkened place How many a deed of wickedness and of shame Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace. And striving virtue rise, unscathed by blame? The prisoner in his cell nor hopes would frame. The miser catch the metal's lurking trace. The sage would grasp the filth that harm our race. And unknown heroes leap to sudden fame.

If love for one short hour had perfect way, How many a rankling sore its touch would heal. How many a misconception pass away And hearts long hidden learn to feel. What sympathies would awake, what feelings glow. If perfect love might reign for one short day! —New Orleans Progress.

HUMOURS.

It is better to have a turnip nose than a cabbage head. Is a girl thought to be doing great execution when it hangs out? Culture does not make a good man. A regular boot may be a cultivated child. "Shine is gold," said the wit who wrote and sold his job, instead of telling it.

There is hope in the future for every man. Eyes for the youth with a pair of tight shoes on there is the blisful prospect of old time. "Take away my pen," said a writer on a morning paper, "and what would follow?" A man would. Give us something hard, next time. Inquisitive Citizen—What's the matter with the man? Ben ran over by a railroad train. Ambulance Surgeon—Worse than that. He was caught among the women in a bargain rush at Selby's.

A good thing can be carried to far. A Boston man, who had been told that he was about to die, kept the doctor for his bill, saying that he did not wish to depart from his lifelong rule. "Day as you go." Young lady (to editor)—I have such a pretty little story with me. Can you use it? Editor—Oh, certainly we can use anything here. (To office boy) Jimmy, put a few more man's rights in the stove; the room is growing cold.

Always Employed—The nevelant Person (to tramp)—What do you usually do in the winter time? Tramp—Wait for summer. Benevolent Person—And what do you do when summer comes? Tramp (resigningly)—Begin to wait for winter. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to never-which," she said.

Statistics as to Hunchbacks.

Ten years ago a remarkable character died in Paris. He was known all over France and the greater part of Europe as "The Learned Hunchback." He was very wealthy, and spent a million of money in the last 50 years of his life, traveling in all directions, making researches concerning his hunchbacked brethren. It was in the middle portions of Europe that he found the most fortunate the most prevalent. Spain supplied the greater number, and in a circumstantial locality at the foot of the Sierra Morena he found that there was one hunchbacked person in every 13 inhabitants. They were also found to be quite numerous in the valley of the Loire in France. The little hunchbacked statistician came to the conclusion that there was one hunchback in every 1,000 inhabitants, or an aggregate of 1,000,000 against the estimated thrason and millions of the entire earth.

After the death of this eccentric individual his heirs found in a chest of a will a voluminous manuscript of 200 pages, all concerning humps. The last page, although it said nothing about the disposition of property, expressed the author's wish to have a hump of marble raised over his grave, with this inscription: "Here lies a hunchback who had a taste for humps, and who knew more about them than any other hunchback."

The Car's Precautions.

When the Car travels, a little van-guard is sent in advance, consisting of two locksmiths, two carpenters and two masons, all of them being married men, born in the Imperial service, and devotedly attached to their august master. Their duties are to examine walls, floors, chimneys and fireplaces, locks and furniture in every room occupied by the Car. The chimneys in particular are the objects of special attention, in order that no infernal machines shall be concealed in them.

A Coincidence.

Wife—What did you ever see in me to make me your wife? Husband—Do you know I've asked myself the same thing a hundred times since we've been married.—Ezra.

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