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Awake!

Awake, awake, the dreary night is gone;
Rise with the day; gird duty's raiment on.
Awake, awake.

Whate'er in darkness thy afflictions are,
They'll vanish soon in light that comes from far.
Awake, awake.

Peace, mourning heart, shrink not to sorrow's sway;
Death dies and life's dream ends when God doth say—
Awake, awake.

—[Adam C. Orr, in Inter-Ocean.

The Van Duzener Pride.

Barring an occasional bill or advertising circular, George Mortimer's mail had, as a rule, consisted mainly of certain darling little notes which sweetly thanked him for flowers or candy; or told him that the writer would be delighted to accept his invitation to the theatre; or else, that she had a cold and couldn't go, so would he "come around," instead. Fancy, then, his dismay, one "misty, moisty morning," as the nursery rhyme goes, upon finding beside his breakfast plate in the shabby boarding-house dining room a letter addressed, in a feminine hand, to be sure, but not at all the hand which had penned the darling notes above mentioned. When Mr. Mortimer had mastered its contents, he was so upset that he forgot to eat his breakfast, but set forth down town to the office where he enjoyed the proud position and slender salary of assistant bookkeeper, with a mind full of conflicting emotions. The accountants must have done themselves that day, for Mr. Mortimer has no recollection of rendering any assistance whatever. And when night arrived, he got through his dinner with a speed that was simply frightful, and started for the abode of his heart's treasure in a violent hurry.

In a short time, Mr. Mortimer was seated in the shabbiest, easiest little sitting-room in town, pouring into the ear of the girl of his heart the most crazy, incoherent account of the contents of the letter that could possibly be imagined. Finally, he wound up with:

"It's insufferable, now, isn't it, Bella?"

Bella's pretty face looked anxious. "If one could read it for one's self, George?"

"Certainly." And he produced the letter with an air which plainly said: We are one.

After reading it carefully through, Bella handed it back, saying:

"As I understand it, the position is this: Your aunt, Mrs. Van Duzener, who has been living abroad for three years for the benefit of her invalid son, is about to return home on account of her son's death. She asks you to have her fine house put in order, servants hired and so on, and, furthermore, to relieve her loneliness, she begs you to make your home with her while she lives, and you shall receive a just portion of her worldly goods when she dies. Now, I should think that quite endurable."

"Fine, Bella, as far as it goes. Only, you see," said the young man, with an apologetic air, "this aunt of mine is as proud as Lucifer. Famous for dragging in the Van Duzener pride, you know, on all occasions, and—"

"In fact," said Bella, trying to laugh, "you think a humble person like me would not be quite in touch with the Van Duzener pride, eh, George?"

"Candidly," said Mr. Mortimer, "I don't. So I shall decline my aunt's offer immediately."

"You won't do any such thing," said Bella, promptly. "When you are so lucky as to have any relations, don't be so ungrateful as to turn your back on them. Your aunt is an old lady, and perhaps her heart is aching with loneliness. If your companionship will be any comfort to her, it is your duty to give it. As for us, we couldn't marry at present, anyway. Your salary is too small to take in grandmother, too, comfortably, and I must stay and work for her. At all events, let us each do what seems right, and surely some day fortune will smile upon us."

When Mr. Mortimer said good-night to his sweetheart, he was quite convinced that she was little short of an angel. She had unselfishly insisted upon his doing his duty by his aunt.

Bella, when she announced that she must go to work to maintain her grandmother and herself, found that the choice of an occupation, to say nothing of procuring the employment, when the choice was made, was no easy matter.

"I can't type-write," thought she, disconsolately, one morning, soon after Mr. Mortimer had taken up his abode with his aunt; "and I hate teaching, and I know I couldn't sew all day long; and, as to cooking, which seems to be quite the proper art, nowadays, for nice but impecunious young women like me, why that won't do, because there is such an awful uncertainty about my culinary performances. I never can tell until a dish is done whether it will be really good or not. Well, I'll take a peep at the advertisements in this morning's paper, and perhaps I'll find somebody who stands in need of just such a person as I am. 'Let's see now. 'Chambermaids, waitresses, sewing, cooks.' Clearly, those won't do. But, ah! now I've got it, or my name isn't Bella. I'll have to put my pride in my pocket this time, I guess."

The advertisement read to the effect that a lady wanted a person of refinement to do up laces and fine fawns each week. The person of refinement was to call at No 12 Periwinkle Place, and ask for Mrs. Goodman, housekeeper.

"And, as true as I live," exclaimed Bella, "I believe that's where George's aunt lives. Well, she can't eat me, that's certain, and I might as well do up her laces as anybody else's. Even if she should happen to see me, she wouldn't know me. I suppose when I go there that Mrs. Goodman, the housekeeper, will go to the madam and say, 'If you please 'm, the washwoman's come.' Well, I guess I can stand it. I'll ask Mrs. Cordova and the Montagues on the avenue if they have any of that kind of work to give me. And perhaps they may know of others."

And so, Bella, with a brave attempt to make "her destiny, her choice," dressed to go to Periwinkle Place.

In ten minutes after she had rung the door-bell, the interview was at an end. She had been politely treated by the housekeeper, who, after a close scrutiny, asked what she could do, and then her address, and finally gave her quite a parcel of laces, fine handkerchiefs and some delicate silk underwear to be done up. And the interview had passed and nothing had happened.

"And, pray, what did you expect?" demanded Bella of herself, savagely. "Did you think you would see George's aunt, and that stunned by your charms, she would immediately exclaim: 'Come to my arms, you poor, stricken dear!' Don't forget the Van Duzener pride, Bella—nor your own."

And so six months passed. Bella had all the work she could do, and, consequently, was so busy that she had no time to waste in wishing that the patron saint of lovers would turn his attention to that little affair of hers. In fact, just about this time the course of true love didn't run at all; it stood stock-still.

It happened that, during one of those rare, brief visits which Bella now permitted Mr. Mortimer to make her, the subject of that young lady's employment was brought under discussion. Bella, with a most becoming flush on her cheeks, and an extra toss of her curly head, explained the sort of work she had found to do.

"For Heaven's sake, Bella, couldn't you find anything in this big town to do but that?" gasped Mr. Mortimer. "What if that should come to my aunt's ears? Why, Bella, it would be the death-blow to all our hopes."

"Humph!" said Bella, coolly, though her heart beat angrily. "As for that, the mischief is done, if it can be called mischief. I marched right into the enemy's country the first thing. In fact, I've been doing up the enemy's laces and things right along!"

Mr. Mortimer's despair was too deep for words. He could only gaze blankly at his companion and wonder if woman's boasted tact wasn't an unknown quantity, after all. Certainly, Bella hadn't any.

"I haven't seen Mrs. Van Duzener even once," said Bella, after a while, with a view to placating her lover.

"Oh!" said Mr. Mortimer, brightening. "In that case, perhaps we are all right, yet. I dare say she wouldn't know you from a hole in the ground," continued he, inelegantly, but hopefully.

"Now, of course, you will give up this business immediately. Something else will soon turn up; something more suitable and—proper."

"Of course, I shall not do any such a thing," replied Bella indignantly. "In the first place, grandmother has so many poor turns that I do not dare undertake any work that may not be done at home. And, in the second place, this work that I have chosen is the only kind that I can do well. One had better be a good laundress than an incompetent teacher or a poor seamstress."

Tears stood in Bella's eyes. She had tried so bravely to do her duty, and, instead of sympathy, she met only with condemnation. But she was a plucky girl, and all the blandishments and coaxings of her lover failed to move her in the least. Then they quarreled, as only people who are very fond of each other can quarrel. At the end of fifteen minutes, he said:

"Good evening, Miss Wakefield."

And she, with a corresponding flourish of politeness, said:

"Good evening, Mr. Mortimer."

And the door closed between them. And so they parted with sore hearts and the belief that each was responsible for the unhappy ending of their love.

Bella, however, kept right on in the path which she had elected to follow. But she was thankful that Mrs. Van Duzener sent her things every week, and also sent after them.

Among the many diversions which Mrs. Van Duzener's high station and big bank account brought to her, she found none so satisfying and entertaining as watching from day to day the changes in the ingenuous countenance of her nephew. That he was in love she had long since guessed. As he grew moody and quiet and left his favorite dishes untasted, she decided that she must know what troubled him. So, one morning, at the breakfast table, she suddenly said, in her quick, snappy way:

"Come, George, satisfy an old woman's curiosity. Who is she?"

Mr. Mortimer was at first very much confused. But being very young and very unhappy, and noticing that his aunt looked particularly amiable, he soon unbosomed himself of a few of his woes.

"And why," asked his aunt, "don't you marry her?"

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, who labored under the fond delusion that he had explained every point in the story. "Because she has a poor grandmother that she would stay and work for; and because she thought you needed me; and because—well, there's the Van Duzener pride, you know. Bella is a working-girl."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Aunt Van Duzener, raising her hands impatiently. "What greater pride can anyone feel than in doing her whose duty? And the more distasteful and difficult the duty the greater the honor. That's the sort of pride I believe in."

"But, aunt," stammered her nephew, deprecatingly, feeling sure that he was dealing the final blow to his newly raised hopes, "Bella does up laces and things for a living. In fact, she—washes, you know."

"Well, and what has that got to do with it? If she is honest and brave and pretty, did you say?"

"Be-au-tiful!" exclaimed George, ecstatically.

"And will have you," continued his aunt. "I advise you to lose no time in securing your treasure. In addition to your salary at the office, I will pay you well to look after my property, so I think you can afford wife, grandmother and all."

Mr. Mortimer soon made his peace with Bella, and, of course, the wedding wasn't long in coming off. Incredible though it may sound, the rich aunt, the shabby grandmother and the young couple all lived together as harmoniously as doves.

"And to think," said Mrs. Van Duzener, "that George was so stupid as not to know what my pride, about which I've talked so much, really consisted of. But perhaps it isn't so odd after all; there are so many shoddy sorts of pride nowadays, that the real, honest kind is apt to be overlooked entirely."—[New York Ledger.

Sheep-Shearing.

Many advantages are claimed for sheep-shearing by machinery. The work is performed more thoroughly than by hand, it being calculated that on an average some ten additional ounces of wool per merino sheep are obtained by its employment. The operation, moreover, is carried out more humanely, the cuts and stabs often inflicted in hand-shearing, more especially when executed as "piece-work," being entirely avoided, together with the consequent damage and deterioration to the pelts. It has been estimated that no less than one per cent. of the animals perish from injuries due principally to hand-shearing. The labor entailed on the operator is also considerably reduced; and aching hands, swollen wrists and cuts or stabs to the worker himself should be things of the past.—[The Ledger.

A $10,000 Belt.

A belt now being made for a Louisiana electric light company will be the largest in the world. It is to be 6 feet wide, 107 feet long, and will take the skins of 125 animals to complete it. When finished it will weigh two tons and cost $10,000, or about $10 a square foot.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AN OPINION.

My grandma says that little boys
Make too much noise;
Considering of course their size,
She's very wise.
I think the birds up in the trees,
The chippy-ees,
Are noisier by far than I,
And don't half try.
And then the noise boils on the sky
By drops of rain
That patter early, patter late,
In every grate.
And so, I say, it seems to me,
To enjoy be
Is what you should expect at all
Times from the small.
—[John K. Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

MEAN ANIMALS.

In proportion to his size and intelligence, the meanest animal in all creation is the large boy. I mean, of course, the mean large boy. Probably, from his earliest recollection the most frequent argument applied for his moral training has been a cuff beside his head from his mother or a hearing from his father. Reared upon the theory of brute force, cuffed, kicked and hustled during his helpless infancy, he naturally turns upon whatever he comes in contact with, provided he is big enough to safely indulge in his propensity to get even with the world by payment in kind. True bravery springs from nobility of character. The bully is generally a coward.

Gentleness, kindness and mercy are united with true courage, as the qualities of character which prompt the one generally beget a pride of manhood which will face death without flinching.

The man who will beat his horse unmercifully is quite capable of beating his wife brutally and abusing his children. In a majority of cases, the so-called correction of children springs from anger. The little one does something to displease the parent, and being big enough and strong enough to pounce upon the youngster without the slightest danger of personal injury, and having the power to give vent to the meanness inherit in his own nature, he gratifies his impulse, and then in self-justification quotes the barbarous text which is a relic from a half savage age: "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." The cruel, cowardly man is generally the father of that meanest of all animals, the mean big boy.—[St. Louis Journal.

THE CAT MOTHER.

One of the blackest cats I ever saw was Topsy, and she was as cute as she was black. When mice and rats were scarce around the house and in the barn in which she lived she had a novel way of letting people know she was hungry.

First, she would find a small piece of wood and carry it in her mouth to her young mistress. After dropping it at her feet she would make a pretense of eating it, and then mewed so piteously that food was soon forthcoming, says the New York Herald.

One day Topsy became the happy mother of five black kittens. They were born in a big, empty feed box in the barn. Under her tender care they grew strong and thrived. Topsy's life was wrapped up in them. When they became strong enough to partake of solid food she brought succulent mice for them to eat, and each kitten got one daily.

For ten days she pursued this practice, until people wondered where Topsy found so many tidbits for her darlings. Her fidelity to those little black, animated bundles of fur was touching, and it was with a pang of regret that I learned one day that she had been robbed of her young.

Singly and in pairs, they were given away to admiring neighbors, until none were left to receive the ministrations of the young mother. Still, with pathetic regularity, she continued to catch mice and bring them to the big box. There she dropped them in, one at a time, until each of the absent kittens had been provided for.

Topsy never seemed to doubt that they would return. Finally somebody nailed the box cover down, and Topsy could not get inside, but for some days she visited the spot and mewed most dismally. Then she seemed to become resigned to her loss, and once more became like her former self.

Alice and the Weather.

Alice (five years old)—I hope it will be a pleasant day for my party tomorrow, auntie.

Auntie—I trust it will, dear; the newspapers say tomorrow will be fair.

Alice—Do the papers always know?

Auntie—One cannot rely on them certainly, for occasionally they make mistakes.

Alice—Only God and grandma's bunions know for sure, do they, auntie?—[Boston Herald.

FOREST GIANTS.

California's Majestic Redwood Trees in Danger.

Steps Taken to Preserve Them From Utter Destruction.

It is gratifying to learn that the Land Office at Washington is at last taking steps to preserve the giant redwoods of California, which are famous the world over as the greatest trees in existence. These majestic monuments of nature are in danger of utter destruction, and it is high time that something were done to save them. In the first place, they are being killed off by the mountain fires which are very frequent on the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, and are due to the carelessness of sheep herders who who lead flocks far up the mountain's sides. In fact, there are few of the giant trees of California which are now wholly uninjured by fire. There are also sawmills building in the neighborhood of some of these groves of giant trees, and, strange as it may seem, they have not the slightest compunction about destroying them, although many of the larger trees are, of course, difficult for them to handle, and this fact has helped to keep them from destruction.

In the Visalia district there are several groves of enormous trees, the largest of which is 106 feet in circumference. These forests are very impressive on account of the grand trees they contain, and although the land was withdrawn from public entry five years ago, a colony of enthusiasts and theorists, who were bent upon demonstrating the practicability of Bellamy's ideas, have settled in the neighborhood, and it is said that they have destroyed some of the trees.

There is a general feeling in California that all that region of forest trees on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevadas should be withdrawn from settlement. The Government is already taking steps to protect the redwoods by withdrawing from entry the sections which contain groves of these giant trees. During the past two years the General Land Office has made a careful investigation of the Stockton, Visalia, Mariposa and other districts where the giant trees are found, and reports have been sent to Washington of the exact situation, number and size of these trees. This was done in order that the Government might have all the information needed for carrying out measures to protect the forests.

The trees are always found at an elevation from 4000 to 7000 feet above the sea. They are a little south of the Yosemite valley, and south of east of San Francisco. The most famous of these groves is the Mariposa, which contains about 500 giant trees, and is carefully guarded from forest fires by a company which makes a business of carrying excursionists to see the great trees. The redwoods in this grove cover about four square miles. With proper protection the grand trees of the Sierra Nevada slopes will, for many years to come, be among the greatest natural curiosities of California. The General Land Office has entered thoroughly upon the work of saving the trees which still exist, and there is every prospect that the various groves which have been depleting their number will be removed and that the trees will still be for many decades a source of great interest to the tourist.—[New York Sun.

A Chinese Panacea.

In the course of the last sixty years the country storekeepers of the Catskills and Alleghenies have probably bought up some ten million dollars' worth of the vegetable product known as ginseng-wort—the root of the panax quinquefolium. Very little of that amount finds its way to North American drug stores; but tons of the sweetish aromatic are exported to China, where its curative properties are supposed to be limited only by the number of human ailments, though it is principally prescribed for what doctors call asthenic disorders, the general exhaustion of body or mind. At the beginning of the present century small quantities of the precious specific were sold in Peking for their weight in gold.—[New York Voice.

China Wants Stage Lines.

A John Chinaman who went back home after making his $800 fortune in this country, established a stage line between two towns where seven chairs were in use, and inside of a week he was caught up by the authorities and his property confiscated. The charge against him was "creating great worry and uneasiness in the public mind."—[Detroit Free Press.

Just a Plain Sailor.

A sea captain, who was going up to Albany to see his friends, came out with us on the train, and a Chicago broker who first discerned his presence, gave the boys the wink, and followed it up by saying:

"If we work it right we can get some awful lies out of him. Let some one ask him about sharks and sea serpents."

Four of us crowded him into a smoking compartment, and when we had become slightly acquainted the inquiry was made:

"Captain, you have doubtless seen some very large whales? How long would you say the largest was?"

"Gentlemen, I never saw a whale in my life," he replied. "I have been at sea for 26 years, but I never happened to see a whale."

"Well, you have seen serpents in the warm seas?"

"Never saw one there."

"But you must have seen some extra large sharks?"

"Gentlemen, I hope you will believe me when I tell you that I never saw a shark except in an aquarium."

"But you have been wrecked?"

"Never."

"Ever have a mutiny?"

"No."

"Fire at sea?"

"No."

"Meet with a pirate?"

"No."

"Tidal wave?"

"No."

"Humph. What sort of a sailor are you, anyway?"

"I'm sorry for you gentlemen, very sorry, but the fact is I am only a plain, every-day sailor, and my mother made me take a vow when I first went to sea that I would always speak the truth. Here are some good nickel cigars for you, but as for lying, I can't do it—not even about sea serpents."—[New York Sun.

A Famous Colored Chemist.

There died in Brooklyn recently Philip A. White, a multimillionaire colored druggist and most accomplished and cultured gentleman, who had the reputation of compounding a physician's prescription more skillfully than any other man in New York city. Nearly half a century ago, in 1845, he established a wholesale and retail drug store in the "Swamps," and presently built a large warehouse and store in Gold street, where he achieved riches and reputation. A vestryman and warden of St. Philip's Episcopal Church for forty years, next to the oldest member of the city pharmaceutical society, a member of the Brooklyn Board of Education for the last ten years, he was respected for his extensive reading and learning, and renowned for the liberality of his charities. During the draft riots a guard of poor people who looked up to him as their benefactor, kept watch over his place and armed themselves for his personal protection. It is said that there are few private libraries in Brooklyn which can compare with that collected by Dr. White, as he was always called.—[Philadelphia Record.

An Indian Challenge.

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of those streams, Potter River, rises, you would see a stake standing a rail pile of stones beside a never-failing spring; on one side of this stream was the territory of the Piutes Indians, and on the other the land of the Chimaris. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chimaris wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and set it on the ranch. If the Piutes accepted the challenge, they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral grounds and arranged the time and place of battle which took place accordingly.—

Not Needed.

"Do you keep burglar-alarms here?" she asked the owner of the shop.

"Yes'm."

"Are they sure to go off?"

"They are."

"Kill the burglar every time?"

"Why, no. A burglar-alarm is not expected to kill a burglar."

"What, then?"

"To alarm the household."

"Oh! that's it? Well, our household has been alarmed every single night for the last twenty-seven years, and I can't see that we really need a burglar-alarm. Sorry to have taken up your time, but you really ought to make them kill the burglar."—[Detroit Free Press.

The Sea of Sunset.

This is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the Yellow Sea;
Where it rose, or what it washes,
These are the Western mystery!

Night after night her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails.

—[Emily Dickinson.

HUMOROUS.

Pressed for Time—Mummies.

A man of influence—The hotel clerk.

The potato is very shy. Even its growing is done under cover.

Blows are not always exchanged when you strike an acquaintance.

Armor plates are probably the best on which to serve hot cannon balls.

Departed—Mistress—Is the fire going, Bridget? Bridget (an amateur)—Faith, mum, an' it's past going.

If you don't want people to look always on the dark side of life give them an occasional peep at the other side.

Greggs—It seems to me that artists have a very easy life. Scraggs—Oh, I don't think so. Most of them do a great deal of pretty tough work.

An exchange says: "The Chinese have no humor; they cannot understand a joke." This explains why the Chinese get mad when hoodlums smash their windows.

"My cigar has gone out," remarked the heedless young man to the official whom he was visiting in his office. "I am glad your cigar knows its place," was the reply.

Agent of Steamship Line (to complaining passenger)—Sir, you are a regular crank! I shall give you a wide berth hereafter. Passenger—Well, that's just what I want.

Imported Flunkey—Your Worship, the carriage waits outside. Hogfare Newrich (testily)—Without? Without what? Imported Flunkey (obsequiously)—Without an upsate, sir.

A passenger on a steamer offered one of the sailors a glass of whisky, which the honest tar declined, saying: "No, thanker, I never drink whisky, besides its too early yet, and thirdly, I've had three glasses already."

Financiering—Mr. Jason—I have half a notion to sell that corner house. I can't make it bring more than six per cent. to save me. Mrs. Jason—Why don't you sell the price of it down one-half? Then it would bring in twelve per cent.

The best and the rest is the game of love
Most play its separate parts;
But we'll pretend a little visit is the best
So long—she's just—in the heart.

Smuggling Opium Into the United States.

Opium is manufactured in the cities of Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia. As one manufacturer expressed it, "sufficient is made in one week in either city to meet the demands of British Columbia for two years." There are ten or a dozen manufactories in Vancouver, and more yet in Victoria. The opium imported is of a second quality, and is of Indian origin. It comes in the form of cups, and in the shape of balls that weigh about three pounds, and are enclosed in an envelope made by pressing leaves against the sticky substance. The Canadian revenue laws impose a duty of one dollar a pound upon this raw material, while our import upon finished opium is ten dollars a pound. The difference when the raw material is washed into the finished product is therefore very great, and the temptation to smuggle is in direct proportion to the profit. The Chinese merchants in British Columbia find the method of manufacture very simple. The stuff costs two dollars and a half raw, or three dollars and a half a pound with the duty added. When it has been cooked into smoker's opium it has cost in the neighborhood of seven dollars, and it fetches from eight dollars and a half to twelve dollars and a half a pound in various parts of the United States.

There are thirty or forty firms of Chinamen manufacturing it constantly in the two British Columbian cities, and one firm, not the largest—admitted to me that they produce from two hundred to three hundred pounds a month. There is scarcely a devisable manner of concealment of the little cans in which the opium is put up that is not practiced in smuggling this article over our border. It comes in barrels of beer, in women's bustles, in trunks, in satchels, under the loose shirts of sailors, in boat-loads by night, in every conceivable way. By collusion with steamboat and steamship captains, and through corrupt officials in our own country, the greatest profits are made possible.—[Harper's Magazine.