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Life and Love.

Ah, Love! thou art the azure sky,
And Life a summer cloud,
Which blends with thee in rapture,
Within thy lovelight bowed.

And Life is like the ripples
Which spread across the lake;
Love is the depth beneath them
O'er which the ripples break.

Love is one long mellow breeze
On which light Life doth float—
Love—ah, yes, it is the oar,
And Life, it is the boat.

—[Boston Transcript.

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Mattie! Mattie! did you take that huckleberry pie out of the oven?

"Yes, Aunt Ann."

"And the cup custards—you didn't forget the cup custards?'

"They're all right, Aunt Ann."

"Matty!" in an accent one degree shriller than usual.

"Yes! What is it?"

"There's a tramp coming up the back garden path. Send him about his business."

"Yes, Aunt Ann."

Matty Vernor went valiantly to the back door, prepared to do battle, glancing this way and that as she did so, to make sure that there was plenty of boiling water on the stove, and that the broom was handy, in case of need.

"Well," said Matty to herself, eyeing the mass of rags on the doorstep, "you are a tramp. Nobody could possibly mistake you for anything else. What do you want?" she added aloud.

"Could you spare me an old shirt, young lady? or a suit of clothes? I'm in great need—"

"That's what you all say!" crisply interrupted Matty. "I'm sure I don't know where you get all your rags and tatters from. "You're just from an hospital, I suppose. That's the next chapter."

But even as she spoke her womanly heart melted within her at the sight of the tired, pale face, the wretched garb.

"No," said he, with a sigh, "I'm not from the hospital."

He was turning away, when she recalled him.

"Wait a minute," said she. "I'll go see what I can find."

Bolting the door unceremoniously in his face, she went to a store-room opening out of the unused best parlor.

"I don't care!" said Matty, arguing with herself with a certain fierce impatience. "Uncle Job's things have lain here, of no use to anybody, since he died. This poor fellow may as well have them, I suppose."

She came back presently with a compact little bundle under her arm.

"There," said she, flinging it out of the window, "take it and begone! For," she added to herself, "if Aunt Ann should find out I'd been giving away any of Uncle Job's old traps—Why, goodness me! he's eaten up the huckleberry pie and the three cup custards that I left to cool on the buttery window-ledge! Here, give me back those clothes! You shan't have so much as a rag! You don't deserve them!"

She had unbolted the door as she spoke, and, with a quick, light movement, caught up the bundle before the stanger could possess himself of it.

"I'm very sorry," he said, penitently, "but I was desperately hungry and I didn't stop to consider."

"Didn't stop to consider?" indignantly repeated Matty. "No, I should think not. You are a thief! Do you hear that? Not only a vagabond, but a thief! And I should think a great able-bodied scamp like you would be ashamed to go begging and stealing around the country. There!"

Thus terminating her lecture with a very expressive outburst, Matty once more shut the door in the poor, tired face, and resumed her occupation of ironing out Aunt Ann's Sunday lace cap.

"Matty! Matty!" called out the old woman from above stairs, where she was turning over the contents of a big cedarwood chest.

"Yes, Aunt Ann!"

"Did you send the fellow packing?"

"Yes, I did."

"That's right — that's right!" chuckled Aunt Ann. "These strolling beggars are getting to be a perfect nuisance hereabouts."

But as Matty fluted the borders of lace with a quick, efficient hand, thinking the while what she should do replace the missing pie in time for Aunt Ann's dinner, a softer mood came over her.

"Poor wretch!" she murmured to herself. "Perhaps he was hungry. He certainly did look pale and tired, and his rags were dreadful. I wish I hadn't snatched those clothes back. It wasn't real nice and ladylike of me, now I come to think of it. I wish—" All of a sudden, Matty Vernor made up her mind as she hung Aunt Ann's lace cap on the nail by the window. She set her rosy lips together; her eyes glistening determination.

Down through the golden gleam of the ripening rye field went a little curving path close to the stone wall, crossing the brook on a narrow plank, and often losing itself in a wooded copse, joined the main road close to a peaceful, willow-shaded graveyard.

Here ten minutes afterward, Matty Vernor came upon the tired tramp sitting on the stone wall.

"Oh, here you are!" said she. "I thought I should overtake you if I took the short-cut. I've brought you a tin of coffee and some sandwiches and a piece of home-baked ginger-bread. I'm sorry I spoke so cross to you; but, you see, I was vexed to see the dinner pie gone, and the cup custards, too. And here are the clothes. I'm afraid you need them very much.

"Thank you," said the man, dejectedly. "You see, I haven't always—"

"Oh, never mind all that," interrupted Matty, imperiously. "I know about 'having seen better days,' and that sort of thing. But you really ought to be a little more particular about the truth."

Unconsciously Matty had fallen into the air that she adopted when she was haranguing her Sunday-school class. Her bright eyes sparkled; she emphasized each point by tapping her foot on the ground and lifting her berry-stained forefinger in the air.

"Yes, but—"

"You should go to work," said the girl. "You can't expect always to tramp about the country. It will end, sooner or later, in the county jail, and you are too smart-looking a man to bring up like that."

The man, eating his bread and meat and drinking his coffee, listened meekly until she stopped for sheer lack of breath.

"Yes," said he, with a sigh. "But, you see, I'm not a tramp. Oh, I know appearances are against me!" as Matty's glance reverted to his wretched tatters; "but I really am not a tramp. You see—"

The sound of approaching wagon wheels startled the girl.

"Oh, I dare say!" said she. "But I really can't stay any longer talking. I must get back. Here's a quarter for you. Mind you don't spend it for beer."

And flinging the coin towards him—it missed its aim and rolled to the foot of old Deacon Jobley's gravestone, whence the man rescued it with prompt dispatch—she vanished back into the wood-path and was seen no more.

Half an hour later, Squire Somerset, examining a pile of law papers in his office, was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall figure in his doorway.

"Nothing for you, my man—go along!" said he curtly, without looking up.

"That's always the way!" sighed a resigned voice. "It's 'Move on!' wherever I go. But I've 'moved on' just about far enough, old man!"

And he perched himself composedly on the office desk.

The squire stared.

"The voice," said he, "is the voice of Frank Atherton, and the countenance also beareth witness thereto! But the faded corduroys and the velveteen coat are the coat and corduroys of old Job Vernor, who died two years ago. Old fellow" (clasping him cordially by both hands) "you're welcome! Where on earth did you drop from? For—not to disguise the truth—I honestly did take you for a tramp!"

"I meant to give you a surprise," said Mr. Atherton, still in the same accent of melancholy composure. "And I've every reason to think that I have succeeded. I left Wyndale to walk into Glen's Falls, and a mile or so below here the river meandering through the woods looked so enticing that I ventured on a bath, just at sunrise. Unfortunately, however, I was not the earliest bird going. Some deep-dyed villain, while I was disporting myself in the lucid element, stole my clothes leaving a mass of dirty rags behind. Then I was a tramp in spite of myself, and such a lecture I got from a pretty maiden at a farmhouse on the road! However, she gave me something to eat, between her pieces of advice, also this wardrobe, and when the express delivers my trunk, I shall be all right—Richard will be himself again!"

"She gave you those clothes?"

"She did."

"Then," said Squire Somerset, slapping the table until the legal documents flew in all directions over the floor: "you've been lectured by Matty Vernor, the prettiest girl in town—old Job's niece, and the owner of a pair of superb black eyes and the best farm in Warren County!"

"Yes," mournfully acceded Atherton. "She told me that I ought to go to work, and then threatened me with the county jail, and finally—bless her dear little heart!—ended up by giving me—this!"

He produced from the pocket of Uncle Job Vernor's trowsers a silver quarter.

The squire grinned broadly.

"Here comes the express delivery now with your box," said he. "And a good thing for you, Atherton, for my wife is going to have a tennis party here this afternoon, and Matty Vernor is the champion player. You can handle a racquet, can't you, old man?"

"Rather," said Mr. Atherton.

Matty Vernor came to the tennis party in pale pink albatross cloth, cut after a semi-masculine fashion that was eminently calculated to drive any one mad.

But when Mrs. Somerset presented her to Mr. Atherton from New York, she changed color and started a little.

"Yes," said Mr. Atherton, in his gentle, mournful way, "you're right. It's the same person. Huckleberry pie, you know—cup custards."

"But—" hesitated Matty, in a bewildered manner.

"You see, you wouldn't allow me to explain," reasoned he. "You were determined I shou'd be a tramp. I couldn't get any innings then, but now's my time. Please may I make an unprejudiced statement?"

Matty listened to his explanation, coloring like a rose.

She would like to have run away, but she had not sufficient moral courage to do so.

"And I gave you Uncle Job's old clothes," said she wringing her hands in despair.

"You never can know how acceptable they were," avowed Atherton.

"And some bread-and-beef sandwiches!"

"Ambrosia and nectar couldn't have tasted better. And the cup-custards—don't forget the cup-custards and the huckleberry-pie. I was so indescribably hungry, Miss Vernor."

"And the quarter of a dollar—my last quarter! You'll give me back that quarter, Mr. Atherton?" said Matty, with a spice of her old mischief.

"Never!" said Atherton. "I'll part with that silver coin only with my life."

Matty dropped her head.

"How I did lecture you!" said she. "How insolent I must have appeared!"

"Not in the least," said Atherton. "Your advice was exactly suited to the occasion, if only I had been a tramp. But I wasn't."

"We are waiting to play, Matty!" cried Mrs. Somerset.

"Come on, Atherton!" bawled his host. "Do you mean to keep us waiting all day?"

"Please," whispered Matty, catching up her racquet, "will you forgive me?"

"A thousand times over!" Atherton answered.

"George," said Mrs. Somerset that night, when Matty Vernor was gone and Atherton had bidden them good night, "our guest and dear little Matty seemed very much taken with each other. He's rich, and ought to have a wife, and Matty is such a darling! Only suppose they should fall in love!"

"I wonder," said Mr. Somerset, solemnly, "if the woman ever was born who wasn't a thorough-going matchmaker.—[Saturday Night."

The Lightest Metal.

"Some people seem to think that aluminum is the lightest metal in the world," said a gentleman who deals in all the fancy articles now made of that commodity, "but that is a mistake. The specific weight of magnesium is only one-third of that of aluminum, and is even more hard and durable. It is not as useful, however, as it catches fire very easily, even at the open hearth. It is not destined to crowd the popularity of aluminum, although up to a short time ago it was even the cheaper of the two."—[Cincinnati Commercial.

The Father Improving.

Mother—Have you heard how Mr. Spanker is this morning?"

Small Son—Oh, he's all right. He's getting well fast."

"Who told you?"

"No one."

"Then how do you know?"

"His little boys has begun to hear w'en their mother calls."—[Good News.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A CAT'S SOLILOQUY.

An open cage, some feathers fair,
Two little maidens crying,
And Pussy seated on a chair,
The mournful scene espying.

Tear after tear rolls down each cheek,
Sob after sob arises,
While Puss, as well as she can speak,
Calmly soliloquizes:

"If they would keep a bird in cage,
They would not leave it undone;
For that's the tale in every jail,
From Panama to London.

"Their ducks and chicks they pet and feed,
And yet I've often noted,
They eat the very birds indeed,
To which they're most devoted.

"Then wherefore look so cross and sour
Why make this sad commotion?
Why should not I a bird devour,
For which I've no devotion?"

—[New York Advertiser.

WHAT THE COW BELL IS FOR.

Little James, four years old, was pointing out a cow to a playmate. "See the bell around her neck," he said; "do you know what that is for? That is what she rings when she wants to tell the calf that dinner is ready."—[Babyland.

BABY'S FIRST ROMANCE.

The first attempt at romancing of my little girl, who is under three years of age, ran as follows: "Once here was a man who had a buggy and a baby, and the daddy and mamma and the baby were in the buggy, and the daddy drove into the big water and the baby fell out and was dead. Somebody ran out and picked the baby up, and the baby wasn't dead and he didn't fall in the water any more at that age."—[Nursery.

A COW-MILKING DOG.

A member of the New York Produce Exchange, who lives at Hillsdale, N. Y., has a fine registered Jersey cow, which he keeps for her excellent milk-producing qualities. Recently the flow of milk was considerably diminished and the cause could not be ascertained. There seemed to be no trouble with the cow. She was in as good health as ever, and the mystery remained unexplained until one day a farm hand saw a dog in the pasture with the cow, who was taking his breakfast from her udder. The cow appeared to be greatly gratified with the operation, and the farm hand called the attention of his wife to the scene. Since the cause has been discovered the cow has been placed in the barnyard during the night, but the dog has on several occasions been seen with her in the pasture lot during the day.—[American Farmer.

THE DISGRACED CROW.

A well-known uptown family has a pet crow, which is given the liberty of the whole household. It is as precise about its appearance as a prudish young maiden, and frequently it is allowed a place in the dining-room when the family meal is eaten. When night comes it stations itself at one of the fence corners and keeps a lookout for intruders until the early dawn, setting up a loud cawing at the sight of any stranger approaching. A valuable diamond earring belonging to one of the daughters was missed from the dressing case the other day while the crow was perched on the window sill. Search was made everywhere for the missing piece of jewelry without success, and the finding of it was given up as one of the impossibilities. A few days since the crow was followed into a corner of the yard filled with empty boxes, and in one of them, hidden away from sight, was found a perfect bric-a-brac shop, a number of bright silver and copper coins, a filagree comb, several lustrous tortoise hair monuments, a lot of bits of broken colored glass, and a stock of shining buttons of endless variety and the diamond earring. The character of the crow has been considerably lowered in the estimation of the family since the discovery.—[Philadelphia Press.

Killed for Burning Our Capitol.

Michael Fritz of Friedensburg, Penn., who recently celebrated his 95th birthday, is a veteran of the war of 1812. Speaking of the capture of Washington by the British, he said the other day: "I well remember with what rage our soldiers heard that their Capitol had been destroyed, and how anxious we were to wipe out the insult. The chance came soon after, when Ross, with his army and fleet, moved on Baltimore. We met him at North Point with 10,000 men under Gen. Samuel Smith, who was a Revolutionary veteran. The British, as history tells, were defeated. Here Gen. Ross was killed by two of our skirmishers, who were located in trees."

ORIENTAL SHOPS.

Curious Pictures of Life in the Bazars of Cairo.

A Confusion of Articles Useful and Ornamental.

The appearance of Oriental shops is well known. A square cavity hollowed out of a wall two feet above the ground, that is a shop at Cairo. Strictly speaking, it is nothing more than a large rectangular niche opening on to the street, with no way out either at the back or the sides, in which, instead of a statue, is a merchant squatting amongst his wares, or a workman at his task. These shops, instead of being scattered about in different streets, as in Europe, are all together at certain corners; and when the corners are roofed in, they become a bazar. For there is not at Cairo a special structure for protecting these shops, as there is at Constantinople or at Tunis.

All these shops make curious pictures. There behind a mass of pots and pans, dishes and plates of red and yellow copper—some black and rusty with age, others spick and span with newness, with here and there gleams of the red or straw-colored gold so dear to painters of still-life subjects—an Arab is busy at repousse-work, his hammering making a deafening noise which is heard afar off. Egyptian metal work is very fine, with a dignity all its own, and the common ewer in use amongst the poorest is of really extraordinary beauty of style.

Further on we come to a collection of red, black, or gray earthen-ware; cheap stoves, pipes, and vases, engraved with ornaments in intaglio, painted blue or red. This common Egyptian pottery disdained, I know not why, by dealers in Oriental ware, is extremely interesting. Its shape is often grand, and the forms found in Egyptian tombs have been preserved.

Next, gleaming like a border of jonquils and poppies with its masses of red and yellow, is a shoe-shop, a regular flower bed for color. And in the midst of a confusion of Turkish slippers in scarlet or saffron leather crouches the cobbler stitching away or drilling holes with his awl.

The bazar, par excellence, is broken up in an extraordinary manner. Fancy an alley so short that it is barely two hundred paces long; so twisted that you can only see a scrap of it at a time; so narrow that the houses seem to be scowling at and ready to fall upon their opposite neighbors; and beneath the dull-hued lean-to walls, in every nook and corner, are shops full of dazzling objects; many-colored Oriental stuffs, figured brocades, dainty Arab jewelry, gleaming daggers and sabres, ancient damascened helmets, silver wine bottles, spread out or piled up for sale. And amidst this confusion of stuffs, weapons, and jewels in glass cases, or of unfolded silks, is the merchant, squatting in the shadow and smoking with absolute indifference, his dreamy eyes gazing forth in a kind of ecstacy of melancholy, whilst before him, in the transparent bowl of his nargilieh, at each breath he draws, floats a regular flotilla of rose leaves, dancing, whirling round, and suffering shipwreck amongst the big bubbles on the surface. These shrewd old merchants really look like poets lost in the third heaven of blissful contemplation.

Immediately after sunset the life and motion of Cairo cease, and it is a rare thing to meet a native returning home on a dark night with a white paper lantern in his hand, or to see an Arab cafe still lit up, and with the candles hung up round the door, making a brightness in the deserted street.—[Harper's Bazar.

Valuable Moss.

The valuable moss of Florida, says Harry Bomford, abounds in the hammocks and back lands. It is gathered chiefly by colored men. In its natural state it hangs in festoons from the trees in strands from one to five feet in length. The moss is gathered by pulling it from the trees with long poles, or by cutting the trees down and then removing it. The moss is buried in the earth for about a month, after which it is dug up and is dried and shaken and sold to the local moss dealers for $1 per hundred pounds. It is then run through a machine called a gin, which is nothing more than a cylinder covered with three-inch spikes revolving between a roll of similar stationary spikes. The action of these spikes is to knock out some of the dirt and trash, but it does not complete the job. It is then shaken over a rack formed of parallel bars, after which it is pressed into bales of about 200 pounds each. Some of the moss works do all this work by hand, except the ginning. The moss, after having gone through the above process, brings from $2.50 to $3 per hundred pounds.

If, instead of allowing it to remain in the earth for one month, it is left there for three months, the entire bark of the moss is pulled off and there remains a beautiful black fiber almost exactly like hair. The hair moss brings from $5 to $7 per hundred pounds.

Mr. Bomford suggests the treatment of this moss as a good field for invention. He thinks a machine could be made which would take off the bark, leaving the fiber, without the necessity of burying the moss for so long a time in the earth.—[Scientific American.

Tools Used in the Pyramids.

During a residence of two years in a tomb at Gizeh Wilhelm M. Flinders Petrie collected evidence showing that the tools used in working stone 4000 years ago were made with the jewelled cutting edges, as in the modern custom. He has stated his reasons for coming to these conclusions, and proves in a very satisfactory manner that the pyramid builders used solid and tubular drills, straight and circular saws and many other supposed modern tools in erecting that greatest of buildings. He also shows that their lathe tools were set with jewels, and that they did work with them that would puzzle the modern artisan. In one place he found where the lines of cutting on a granite core made by a tubular drill form a uniform depth throughout, showing that the cutting point was not worn as the work advanced.

The regular taper of the core would also go to prove that the drill was set with jewels on the inside and on the outside alike, thereby facilitating its removal. In some specimens of granite he found that the drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, the pressure necessary to accomplish this have been at least two tons. The capacity of the tools and the skill of the workmen are illustrated by the clean cut they made through soft and hard materials alike, there being no difference in the width of the groove when it passes through soft sandstone and granite hard as iron. Nothing is known concerning the material of which their tools were made nor how the jewels were set. The diamond was very scarce at that time, therefore the only logical conclusion is that they used corundum.—[Chicago Times.

Restoring Breath in Desperate Cases.

Anybody may be called upon to afford assistance to drowned persons while the doctor is being sent for, and Professor Laborde's simple method for restoring breath when all other means have failed deserves to be universally known.

The other day at a watering place in Normandy two bathers, a young man and a boy, who were unable to swim, went out of their depth and disappeared. They were brought on shore inanimate and were taken to the village. Two doctors were sent for, but the young men gave no sign of life, and they were declared dead.

M. Laborde, who was fishing a half an hour's distance, came up as soon as he heard of the accident. He examined the body and found that the extremities were cold and the heart had stopped. Then taking hold of the root of the tongue he drew it vigorously forward, giving it a succession of jerks in order to excite the reflex action of the breathing apparatus, which is always extremely sensitive, says the London News. At the end of a few minutes a slight hiccough showed that the patient was saved. In addition to the usual restorative means, Professor Laborde in extreme cases rubs the chest with towels soaked in nearly boiling water.

Some Spanish Practices.

The Spanish shepherds practiced marking their lambs by branding the nose with a hot iron.

Shearing time came in May. One hundred and fifty men were employed to shear 1000 sheep; each man was expected to shear eight per day; but if rains, only five. The sheep stood on their feet while being sheared. For a time after shearing they were carefully housed from storms and the chilling air of the night. The flocks were not permitted to eat the grass while the dew was on it, nor were they suffered to drink out of brook or of standing water wherein hail had fallen, experience having taught them that on such occasions they are in danger of losing them all.—[American Farmer.

To-Morrow.

When Father Time,
Now old and gray,
Was in his prime,
I've oft' heard say,
His one quest was to-morrow.
With Eve he talked
The matter o'er,
With Adam walked,
His spirit sore—
His search was one of sorrow.

From Jordan's tide
To far Cathay;
By Tiber's side
In Cæsar's day,
Fresh trouble he would borrow;
For where he went,
'Twas all in vain,
Past time was spent,
To-day was plain—
But where, where was to-morrow?

And so we see
Him gray and old,
And so he'll be
Through years untold,
There's no ease for his sorrow.
Go where he may,
He'll simply find
Just plain to-day,
Which lags behind
That false mirage—to-morrow.

—[R. L. Hendrick, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOROUS.

Driven to drink—Artesian wells.

It can be said of the feminine fashion of suspenders that it is holding up.

"I think that young man's conduct simply shocking." "That's all right; it's professional with him. He's an electrician."

She—Do you love me for myself alone? He—Yes, and when we're married I don't want any of your family thrown in.

Johnny—What did your mother whip you for, Jimmy? Jimmy—Eatin' green fruit. Johnny—Who gave yo away? Jimmy—The doctor.

The gentleman so often mentioned in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent.

Yabsley—Do they set pretty appetizing meals at your house, Reddy? Reddy—Appetizing? Oh, yes. A fellow gets up hungrier than when he sat down.

Miranda (sobbing)—It is better in every way that we should part, dear Orlando. Orlando (in a choked voice)—Only in one way, dearest. Miranda—Yes, beloved? Orlando (overcome with emotion)—It is cheaper, darling.

"Did you go on that trout fishing excursion?" "I did." "Did you fish with flies?" "Fish with flies? Yes, we fished with them, camped with them, dined with them, slept with them—why, man, they almost ate us alive!"

"Your husband," said the caller, sympathetically, "was a man of excellent qualities." "Yes," sighed the widow, "he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to six clubs and as many lodges."

Higher Council of Labor.

A British consular report gives an account of the new "Higher Council of Labor" which has come into existence in Belgium. The object of the new body is to form a permanent centre for the local councils of industry and labor, and to act as the intermediary between them and the Government; it will also advise the authorities in regard to labor legislation and labor questions generally. It is composed of 48 members, 16 representing employers and 16 workmen, while the remaining 16 are selected for special knowledge of economic questions, all being, in the first instance, nominated by the Crown. They are appointed for four years, after which time it is hoped that the organization of the local labor councils will have improved so as to be capable of electing the representatives of the employers and workmen. The members during sessions are to receive $1.20 a day and traveling expenses. The first subjects for discussion are the application of the law of 1889, regulating the work of women and children, apprenticeships, technical education, insurance against accidents, etc. The names of the first members have been published by royal decree, but it appears that the Socialists among the workmen are not satisfied because they think that the clerical element is unduly represented. Another Socialist has resigned because his party, which is in a majority in the local, is in a minority in the higher councils. Further trouble from this source is inevitable.