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The Wayside Pump.

"Shake hands!" says the wayside pump—
Best of friends on a summer day.
And sweetest talker you ever knew,
Although, no doubt, 'tis true
He speaks through his nose in a careless way
That would make a precisian jump!
"Shake hands!" How his arm of oak
Stretches out, as you draw anigh!
All he asks is an easy stroke,
To pour you out, as sweet as smoke,
A sweeter nectar than you could buy.
What! do you doubt it? only try!
Take that cup from the rusty nail,
Hold it under the gurgling spout.
Well, how goes it, this Adam's ale?—
Pump away: you can't pump him out!
Hearts like his weren't made to fail.
Three full cups? Ah! you need not ask
Whether you like him ill or well.

So he stands by the dusty way—
God's own landlord—and seems to say:
"Drink your fill; there is nought to pay!"
Thirsty horses, with nostrils wide,
Plunge their head in his mossy trough,
Drink, and crop from the cool wellside
A bunch of grass—and then amble off.

And now the deep-chested oxen come,
And drain the trough at a single draught.
Their great eyes glisten, though they are dumb,
And thank the pump for the nectar quaffed.
The smoking team 'neath the load of hay
Lovingly turn their eyes that way—
They too shall drink, for the axle swings,
And the outstretched noses kiss the cool,
Sweet stream from the spout that springs
Like a mountain brook in a mossy pool.
The farmer's dog with his lolling tongue
Laps and pants, till he laps his fill.
Then the creaking wheels from the rut are swung,
And the fragrant load sways up the hill.

Dear old wayside friend,
Doing good in thy time and place,
Full of cheer as a good man's face,
Overflowing with simple cream
O giving what'er thou hast to spend,
Would that I were as true a man
As thou sit pump, on thy humbler plan
Out of my hands kind deeds would flow,
Round me all nourished life would grow,
And ev'ry pilgrim with thirst oppress,
Would stop to bless me and to be blest.
—JAMES BUCKHAM, in Youth's Companion.

THE CRUMBS OF DIVES.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Marion Wilbur did not like her first month's experience as governess of the Miss Perrins. She was patronized, snubbed, looked down upon. Even her two young pupils treated her like an inferior. "They fling me their favors as Dives flung crumbs to Lazarus," thought Marion. The girl's refined, self-respecting nature was wounded. She had almost made up her mind to return home, whether asked to remain or not, at the close of her month's probation when something happened. Something frequently does happen at critical points in one's life.

The elm-shaded streets of the city of New Haven looked forlornly deserted, for it was vacation time at Yale, and the boys had nearly all scattered to their homes. "I am coming on the twenty-eighth," wrote Leslie Perrin, "and I shall bring with me the musical genius of the college, the young Bavarian pianist, Max Enna. He and I have struck up a great friendship, and I want to make his visit to New Haven a perfect ovation. Of course, mother, you must give at least on grand musicale, to which the genius and fashion of the metropolis shall be invited. Enna wants to meet some of the great artists of his profession, and they all will be delighted to meet him and to hear him play. His Europe fame would give him access to the choicest American musical circles anywhere."

They came—Leslie and Max—and the Perrin mansion blazed its welcome to them with all the splendors of wealth. It was such a joy to have Leslie home again—such an honor to entertain his distinguished friend!

Marion gazed out of the background with wondering and shining eyes, thinking herself unnoticed. And so indeed she was, formerly. She was not introduced until the young men came down to dinner, and then only in the most distant and general way—all the way from the head to the foot of the table, and to both young men at the same time. But it was an introduction, nevertheless, and a little of the sting of conscious neglect passed out of the girl's aching heart.

After dinner Enna played to them. Oh, it was divine! Marion sat and drank the music deep into her soul, as a flower drinks sunshine. She had never in all her life, heard or dreamed of such music. It lifted her out of herself, it made her utterly oblivious to her surroundings. But suddenly she was awakened out of her dream.

"You are fond of music, Miss Wilbur?" Leslie Perrin was bending over her. The full, rich tones of the piano were dying away on the air. Enna had wheeled upon the stool and was addressing Mrs. Perrin.

"Fond of it? Oh, I adore it—such music as that!" exclaimed Marion, the rich blood rushing to her cheek. Mrs. Perrin glanced that way and foresaw the impending tete-a tete.

"It is nearly time the girls were at work on their morning lessons, I think," she said. "Miss Wilbur, you will please go up and light the gas in the school-room?" Marion went, obediently. She lit the gas and sat down to wait for her pupils. They did not come. Fifteen—thirty minutes passed. Then the poor girl realized the deception of which she had been made the victim, and, laying her head upon her table, burst into tears. As soon as she could control her emotion she rose, and stealing silently to her own room, locked herself in—such beautiful music! But Marion could not listen—she must not listen. Oh, how bitter it all was—how bitter!

Invitations were out for the grand *musicale*. It was to be the most brilliant social affair of the season. Everybody of note had consented to come. There would be simply a blaze of wealth, genius, and beauty.

The day arrived. Such preparations! Such profusion of rarest flowers; such store of the choicest refreshments; such magnificence of plate; such splendor of appointments! Leslie and Max helped, Marion helped, even Mr. Perrin helped. The servants did not need them, but they helped simply because they could not escape the infection of it. Such occasions engulf a whole household: the excitement is like a whirlpool.

"Max, you will tire yourself out!" cried Leslie. "Go up to your room and rest. Remember that you are to be the lion of the evening."

"I shall not go unless you do, mon frere," replied Enna. But just then Leslie was holding a ponderous vase while Marion filled it with flowers. How could he go under such circumstances? To be sure he might have set the vase down. But that never occurred to him.

Marion did not know whether to dress for the evening or not. But at last her longing heart overcame her and she put on the one fine gown she had—a cream-colored silk that had been her mother's, but which a cunning hand had remodeled for the lovely daughter. How she longed to hear the wonderful music and look upon the great musicians, whose names to her were like the names of demi-gods! And then, there was another reason why she longed to go down-stairs. Marion would not openly confess its power, but it surged about her heart like a sea of rapture. Leslie Perrin had said, as they separated after dinner:

"I hope you will come down-stairs to-night, Miss Wilbur. I shall not enjoy the evening unless you do."

Just as Marion was putting the finishing touches to her toilet there came a tap at her door. She rustled across the floor in her rich, old-time silk, and turned the door-knob. There stood Mrs. Perrin, resplendent in diamonds and lace. For a moment the vision of radiant loveliness before her seemed to strike the self-possessed woman of the world dumb. Marion looked like the picture of some queenly colonial beauty who had stepped down from her massive frame of oak. The girl's glorious hair was piled high above her forehead in that regal way of the old-time belles, and the low-cut frill about her snowy neck suggested the stately ruff of Martha Washington.

"You wish'd to speak to me?" Marion said.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Perrin, coldly. "I prefer you would not come down-stairs to-night. It will be a very distinguished company, and you would have to be introduced. I do not care to have it said outside that Herr So-and-So, the eminent composer, was invited to Mrs. Perrin's to be introduced to the governess of her children."

Every word was like the thrust of a dagger. Words are the steel with which women slay each other.

Marion's face changed not a muscle till Mrs. Perrin had turned upon her heel and gone. Then the sensitive girl closed the door, locked it, and flinging herself on the floor beside the bed, buried her face in the counterpane.

How long she crouched there she did not know. It might have been an hour—it might have been an age. And all the time she could not shed a tear, though her flaming face thirsted and her aching heart cried out for just one—just one.

She was aroused by a rap at the door, but this time she did not heed the summons. The rap was repeated. Marion only shivered from head to foot. Then was heard a man's voice—soft, pleading, tender.

"Marion!"

The girl shook like an aspen leaf. Her hands clutched the counterpane. Her breath came thick and fast.

"Dearest Marion! Won't you answer me?"

A tremulous sob like a child's, broke from the kneeling girl. Thank God! the tears had come at last. They rained through the soft fingers, they slid down the white arms. A storm of weeping overmastered the girl. The sound of her convulsive sobs filled the room.

"My poor child! Won't you open the door to me? I want to tell you something."

There was no force, not even the turning of the knob, no command, no passionate entreaty. Only that tender, pleading request.

Slowly Marion rose to her feet, blinded by tears, and groped her way to the door. She could not have gone astray even in the darkness. Something drew her thither—something stronger than will, something surer than sight. Her hand found the key. It was but the turning of a wrist, and

But still the door opened not. He would not enter until she opened to him. Marion's heart stood still. Should she? Should she! Her hand was on the knob. She listened intently. It was so still outside. Had he moved from the door? Was he going away? Had he gone?

"Oh, Leslie!" with a little longing cry Marion threw the door open. And then—

Dives, Love is your beggar now? Will you dare throw him your crumbs?
—[Frank Leslie's.

Old New England Almanacs.

The oldest almanac in New England is still published annually by David A. Daboll, a rural astronomer and farmer of the rocky country town of Groton, in New London county, Conn., and is entitled "Daboll's Almanac and Farmer's Friend." This exceedingly quaint calendar was begun in 1783 and has been published each year since. A recent investigation shows that it was established in that year by Lemuel Warren and printed by John Trumbull "at the printing office near the courthouse, Norwich." For several years thereafter it appeared as "Bickerstaff's New England Almanak," though in 1793 its title was changed to that of "New England Almanac and Ladies' Diary." The name of "John Weatherwise" appeared on its title page as being the author and compiler of it, and in 1803, besides its astronomical and weather news, it had "an affecting account of the death of Miss Polly and Hannah Watts," and other reading, "curious, useful and entertaining." The work did not come into the hands of the Daboll family until in 1808, when Nathan Daboll, author of Daboll's Arithmetic, which was the standard mathematical text-book in New England for half a century, bought it and continued to publish it until the time of his death. After his death his sons continued to issue it. The publication still retains in a large degree its antique and curious character. It still has its old "wise saws" and Yankee predictions about the weather, as for instance: "Expect a cold storm of snow or rain about this time." Then there are such remarks as "Dog-days begin," "Dog-days end," "Moon runs high" and "Moon runs low." William Harvey, of Plainfield, has probably the only complete file of the almanac from 1783 to 1825.

Another old almanac that is still running is the "Old Farmer's Almanac," which was established by Robert B. Thomas at Worcester, Mass., in 1793, and is still published at that town.—[New York Tribune.

A Unique Musical Bedstead.

A Bombay man has constructed a bedstead priced at 10,000 rubees, and the Ironmonger appends the description as follows: "It has at its four corners four full-sized gaudily-dressed Grecian damsels, those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left foot hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box, which extends the whole length of the cot, and is capable of playing twelve different charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure has been brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the sleeper to sleep. There is a button at the foot of the cot which, after a little pressure, brings about a cessation of the music, if such be the desire of the occupant."

Sad Havoc.

Western man—"We had a terrible conflagration in Dugout City last week. Only seventeen houses left standing."

Eastern man—"My goodness! How many were there before the fire?"

Western man—"Nineteen."—[New York Weekly.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

FOR CORN.

The little ones question me,
"How does the corn,
So yellow and hard before,
Become so white and easy to bite?"
And I tell in their loved fairy lore:
Within each gold kernel there dwells a wee fay,
So cozy his bed and so warm?
But when it grows hot, which he wishes 'twould not,
Poor fay is half wild with alarm.
He beats at the walls—there's a crash, and he's free!
This crash but a 'pop' is to us:
And the down from the bed where the tiny fay's head
Reposed ere this terrible fuss,
Flies out in a mass all puffy and white,
And changed by the fay's magic spell,
It becomes crisp and sweet, for small mortals to eat
The pop corn they all like so well.
New Orleans Picayune.

WHAT THE FROGS SAID.

One hot day a little boy and a little girl were out upon a lake gathering water lilies. As fast as they picked them out of the water they would pull the lilies apart, carelessly throwing the white petals in the water and scattering the broken pieces of stem. They were so absorbed in their work of destroying the flowers that they did not hear a conversation which was going on upon the bank near them. But if they had listened, this is what they would have heard. It was a frog conversation; but frogs can talk very well sometimes.

"Oh, dear!" said the first frog. "How sorry I am to have our beautiful summer house taken away! That large lily which the little girl has just picked was the one upon which I always swing my little frogs to sleep on hot evenings."

"Yes," moaned the other frog sympathetically, "and that lily which you see the little boy pulling to pieces is the one on which I always hop to eat my dinner. It was so high above the water, and so dry, that I could enjoy eating a nice weed there without fear of the water washing it away."

"If only these two children were going to take the flowers home to their mamma," said the first frog, "I should not have cared so much. But see! They have torn the beautiful lilies apart and are throwing them in the water. Alas, for my poor cradle! Alas, for my poor little frogs!"

"And alas, for my dinner-table! Poor lovely lily! There go its leaves floating by."—[New York Ledger.

A KING'S DREADFUL DEED.

Not long ago there was terrible excitement at the court of Annam. The King, Thanh-Tai, who is now fourteen years old, was missing! Etiquette requires that the Annamese king shall never leave the royal grounds. He is a kingly prisoner. And that the king should not only be absent from the palace, but that no one should know where he was, constituted an event of such direful consequence that the whole court was in dismay.

But the young potentate was not hard to find. Though he was a king, he was a boy; and it is natural for a boy, when he has some money in his pocket, to want to go out and spend it.

That was exactly what the King of Annam had done. Entirely alone, he had started on a "shopping" expedition through the streets of Hue. Of course no one knew him, because he had never shown his face in public. He was simply a boy, like any other boy; and this is exactly what he wanted.

But he was treated with great respect by the shopkeepers, because he had plenty of money. Curiously enough, the thing which seemed to attract him most was a head-shearing machine, or hair-clipper, and when the frightened nobles of the court discovered him at last, it was with this singular implement in his possession. No doubt he intended to amuse himself by shearing the heads of all his dependents.

In fact, he had already begun an attempt to experiment with it on the heads of several small street boys, who were proving rebellious subjects, when the courtiers approached him, prostrating themselves upon the ground, and making alarmed outcries.

Thanh-Tai was restored to the palace, but the aged regents of the kingdom at once sent in their resignations. They could no longer serve a monarch who had so disgraced himself. It was with the utmost difficulty that M. de Lanessan, the French resident and real ruler of the country, could restore peace and order at the court.

The king no longer goes out shopping, but he retains his hair-clipper as a souvenir of a happy day of freedom with the street boys.—[Youths' Companion.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Hints Concerning the Preservation of the Eyesight.

The Eye is a Delicate and a Marvelous Organ.

Sight is without doubt the most valuable of the senses except the general sense of touch. The man who loses the sense of smell or the sense of taste may regret the loss keenly, but it deprives him of only one form of pleasure and contracts to only a limited extent his usefulness or ability. Even the deaf man continues to get along very well by other means of communication with his fellow men, and though he has lost one of the means of happiness, can be contented and almost as efficient as ever. But the blind man is not merely cut off from enjoyment of the keenest character, but he is almost as helpless as if he had lost all other special senses together. Yet partial or complete blindness is far from rare. This results more frequently from the complexity of the organ of sight and the delicacy of its mechanism than from any inherent defects.

The eye as an optical instrument is very defective; as an organ of vision it is a marvel of marvels. Within the narrow space of the globe of the eye are included a series of the most delicate organs, and it is scarcely wonderful that these are liable to serious derangement from various causes—some well understood, some so indefinite that no tenable theory has yet been proposed to explain them. Hereditary defects are the most common causes of impaired sight, and of these inequalities in the curvature of the cornea or clear part of the eye are the most common. The cornea with the fluid behind it acts as a simple lens, and any marked defect in its perfectness results in an imperfect vision. The result is necessarily imperfect vision, but fortunately the remedy is at hand through the use of glasses adapted to remedy the error so that the defect needs only to be recognized to be repaired. The multiplication of the number of people wearing glasses is not due to any increase in the number of those affected with defective vision, but merely to the fact that these defects are now more easily recognized and more readily and accurately repaired than in former times.

Color blindness, another hereditary defect in the eye, is, so far as is at present known, incurable, but is not a serious condition in that it never leads to loss of sight. Many other defects can be remedied or removed by small but very delicate surgical operations, and while much remains to be done in this as in every other branch of medicine, opthalmology may easily claim the palm as being the furthest advanced of all medical knowledge. Those who have perfect vision or those whose vision has been brought to perfection by surgical or mechanical means should exercise the greatest care to preserve this great gift of nature. This is not to be done by shrouding the full use of the eyes. It is the abuse not the use of the natural functions of any part of the body which gives rise to deterioration. The use of the eye is actually beneficial to it, provided it is not in an abnormal condition. If abnormalities exist they are quickly reported by fatigue or pain. With such a delicate organ as the eye, these are of more than usual import, and call for skilled care to discover their cause. The cause once discovered, the remedy is well known or the result of the trouble can be predicted with a fair degree of accuracy. The care of the eyes is not to be left to inexperienced hands, but demands the highest degree of skill which the medical profession can offer.—[Baltimore Sun.

A Hunter's Adventure.

Captain J. N. Daniels, a prominent citizen of San Antonio, Texas, has returned from a ten days' hunting trip in the mountains, 100 miles northwest of there. He made a wonderful discovery and had an experience which nearly cost him his life. While separated from his companions he came upon an opening on the side of a precipitous canyon in a most rugged and mountainous section. He managed to reach the cave by letting himself down from above with a rope, which he took from his saddle, and explored it for a distance of half a mile. In it he found some pottery, a half dozen Indian stone hatchets, and jars filled with obsidean arrow heads and twenty human skulls. At the lower part of the cave a stream of water flows, in which are plenty of fish resembling perch with sightless eyes. His light being blown out, the captain was horrified to find that his matches, which had fallen in the stream, were spoiled and he was in darkness. In endeavoring to find his way out he became utterly bewildered and grappled about for many hours, until completely exhausted. He laid down on the rock floor and fell asleep. Awakening, he continued his search, but he had gotten into a part of the cave that was very low and filled with great bowlders.

He became discouraged and gave up hope of ever finding his way out, yet knowing the danger of remaining inactive and brooding over his situation, he made another effort and finally came to the stream. His tongue being swollen and parched with thirst he jumped into the water and drank a great quantity of it. It occurred to him to wade down the stream, it being only a few feet deep. This he did and soon the way grew lighter. The stream made a sudden turn, and proceeding he quickly came to where it emerged from the cave. Pushing aside the bushes that thickly grew about the opening, Captain Daniels looked up to see above him the bright sky. He made his way with difficulty to a ranch, which he reached late in the night, exhausted and weak from the lack of food. He was in the cave from 2 o'clock p. m. one day to about 6 o'clock in the evening of the following day; all that he had to eat was a handful of old corn found in an Indian jar and a small fish, which he killed and ate raw.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Damage by Lightning.

During the year 1891 205 lives were lost that we know of in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, directly through the action of lightning. How many were lost indirectly, and how many cases there were of shattered health and more or less permanent injury, we can only surmise. The financial loss due directly to lightning was certainly not below one and a half million dollars. To get at something like a commercial estimate of the damage done by lightning in the past few years, in this country, I have made use of the Chronicle Fire Tables for the six years 1885–1890, and find that some 2223 fires, or 1.3 per cent of the whole number, were caused by lightning, and the total loss was $3,386,826 or 1.25 per cent of the whole amount lost by fire. During 1892 we have a record of 292 lives lost. The damage may be estimated at as high a figure as in 1891. These losses are more appalling when we recall that the year is virtually less than six months. Over ninety-five per cent of the casualties due to lightning occur between the months of April and September. It is therefore quite pertinent at this time to discuss the question whether or not we are able to protect ourselves from lightning. Some five years ago the question would have been answered readily and with all sincerity, "Yes, a good electrical connection with the earth a stout continuous copper rod, for example will suffice." To-day no such answer can pass unchallenged, for reasons which we shall see.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Tomato Leaves.

A use for tomato leaves has been discovered in Australia. It appears that a number of trees in a peach orchard were attacked by curculio, and the owner placed tomato leaves around the trunks and branches to protect them from the sun. Next day, on visiting the orchard, the man was agreeably surprised to find that the trees treated with tomato leaves were entirely free from insects.

Acting on the hint thus obtained, he steeped a quantity of fresh tomato leaves in water and sprinkled the liquor over some peach, rose and orange trees, which had not previously been protected with tomato leaves. In two days he was gratified to find that the numerous insects of all kinds that infested the trees had totally disappeared.

If further experiments confirm this statement the discovery will prove a most valuable one to all fruit growers.—[New York World.

Streets That Grow.

Says the St. Louis street engineer: Some street paving materials grow and move at an astonishing rate after being laid. Wood blocks are the worst, and should, in my opinion, never be used on the streets of a city. In the winter time I have measured two and one-half feet of cracks—measuring the widths of the apertures, remember—in 500 feet of wood pavement. I have often seen solid brick walls and curbstones pushed a foot or so out of place by the "growing" of wooden streets. Heat and cold and dampness all affect every kind of paving material. That least disturbed is granite.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Thought of Her.

I care not whether the skies are blue,
Or the clouds bend black above me—
A sweet thought comes with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!

When the world is cold and its friendships few,
And toil seems a vain endeavor,
A sweet thought sings to my soul of you
And the world is sweet forever!

And love—my love—with the bright eyes true
And the red lips kind with kisses,
There is no love like my love for you—
No joy in the world like this is!

And whether the skies are black or blue,
With stars or storms above me,
My life will shine with the thought of you—
You love me, dear, you love me!
—[Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

A light affliction—a gas bill.

The mosquito is built to sit lightly, bite deep, jump high and come again.

There is nothing that causes so much blundering, misery, and heartache as an infallible system.

When the suspicious man sees a balloon sailing away toward the clouds he is justified in thinking there is something up.

Professor—"Tell me, sir, why it is you smile so persistently." Candidate—"You ask such ticklish questions, Herr Professor."

Maud (with partner): "How do you feel, Ethel?" Ethel (sitting alone): "Fine as a fiddle."—Maud (smilingly): "What! without a beau?"

Among the vain men whom we meet,
The vainest one of all
Is he who boasts of his little feet,
When his head is just as small.

"What a sweet, birdlike voice Miss Budley has," observed Mrs. Hoton. "Yes," said Miss Budley's rival, "she has a birdlike voice. It's like a screech owl's."

Boston Woman—"Oh, I do so love the fields on our New England farms!" New York Girl—"Why?" Boston Woman—"Because they are so cultivated, you know."

"There, I knew something was in the wind," said the western farmer sadly to himself as, through a crack in the cellar wall he saw his new barn sailing along on the crest of a cyclone.

Traveller—"I fancy you must be lonesome living up here among the foothills where you never get a glimpse of anyone going by!" Native—"No, we're not. We can see the mountain pass at any time."

Mistress—"How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening?" Servant girl—"Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat."

Gem Peddlers of Ceylon.

I was sitting one afternoon on the beautiful wide veranda of the Galle Face Hotel, Colombo, in Ceylon, says a writer in Donahue's Magazine. The roar of the breakers pounding upon the beach made pleasant music, and in the translucent emerald brine some laughing natives were splashing merrily. A light hand touched my shoulder, and a barefooted Cingalese stood before me.

"Would you like to buy some stones?" he asked, in his pleasant voice.

These peddlers of gems are very numerous in Ceylon and threaten to become a nuisance to the traveler. They are not allowed to enter the hotels, and I once saw one of them actually beaten out of the Oriental in Colombo. Hence it was that before addressing me my Cingalese friend glanced furtively up and down the long veranda to see that he was unobserved by the minions of the hotel.

He took from beneath his blouse a bundle of white cloth, which he opened, displaying about a pint of rubies, carbuncles, moonstones and cat's-eyes. As I had nothing to do I looked through them, after explaining to the sable merchant that I had no intention of buying. The collection must have been worth many thousands of dollars, judging by individual specimens, but apart from his merchandise the barefooted vender, costume and all, might have been assessed at about five shillings.

A Sure Cure.

Mr. Naber (to his wife)—"My dear, Mr. Crosslots wants to borrow one of the twins."

Mrs. Naber (in horror)—"Why, what does the man mean?"

Small girl (at the door)—"Yes'm; pa's got the insomnier, and he says please lend him the one that cries all night; he wants to walk it awhile."—[Puck.