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The Eyes of Love.

Blind souls, who say that Love is blind?
He only sees aright;
His only are the eyes that find
The spirit's central light.

He lifts—while others grope and pry—
His gaze serene and far;
And they but see a waste of sky
Where Love can see the Star.

—Marion C. Smith, in Youth's Companion.

A PASTEL PORTRAIT.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.

The picture was charming. There was no denying that. Frank Harwood stood at the window of the print store and stared in at it, as he had done everyday for the past week. The execution of the work was not faultless. Some crudities marred it, but the ensemble was bewitching.

The face—that of a girl in the first fresh bloom of maidenhood—looked back at you over one mistily-draped white shoulder. The liquid eyes were laughter-lit; the slightly parted scarlet lips had a shy droop; there was a little, round dimple in the chin; the hair that melted into the soft gown and dusky background was a wind-blown tangle of reddish-gold.

Harwood had often determined to enter and make an attempt to discover the identity of the original of the picture, but his courage had always failed him. Today he forced himself to the accomplishment of his desire.

He entered the store, shutting out the whirling snowflakes behind him.

"Is that picture—the pastal portrait in the window—for sale?" he inquired.

"No, sir," he was told.

"Can you tell me the name of the original?"

"I do not know it, sir. The portrait was left here as a sample to solicit orders."

"You are sure it is a portrait—not merely an ideal head?"

"The artist said so."

"Give me his name and address, please!"

But when the rising young lawyer had the slip safe in his pocket-book, and was out again in the white winter world, he began to feel uncomfortably conscious that in this particular instance he was not acting with the discretion on which he ordinarily prided himself.

He was a trifle troubled, too, by the recollection of a certain conversation held with his aunt the previous evening. She was the dearest old lady in the world, and the most generous. She had brought young Harwood up, given him the best procurable education and three years of European travel. But on one point, the question of his probable marriage, she was inclined to be dictorial.

"So you refuse to meet Miss Fainsworth, Frank?" she had asked.

"As a suitor—yes," he replied positively.

He was rather tired of having his aunt assure him that he never would meet a girl as beautiful, amiable, accomplished, altogether desirable as Miss Fainsworth.

"Frank," she asked, hastily, as a startling possibility occurred to her, "is there any one else?"

He hesitated. She repeated the question. He recalled the face in the print shop window. He answered truthfully.

"Yes," he said.

"What is her name, Frank?"

"I do not know."

She looked at him sharply.

"Where does she live?"

"I do not know that either."

"Frank," she said, in a low voice, "surely you have not been drinking?"

He laughed out boyishly.

"No, Aunt Mary; I don't drink. But I'm afraid I'm nonsensically in love."

He laughed again now as he recollected the wondering dismay on his aunt's face. A passer-by turned to look at him. He had reached a row of high, flat-faced, dreary, red brick houses. In one of these the artist must live.

He found the number, rang the bell. A surly woman with a smudge of soot on her cheek opened the door.

"Mr. Vincent Brand?" asked Harwood.

"Third floor back," she returned, shortly.

She disappeared, leaving him to find his way up as best he could.

The stairs were steep, dirty and uncarpeted. A written card was nailed on the door of "a third floor back."

"Vincent Brand,
Pastel Portraits."

Harwood knocked. A voice bade him enter. He went in. The room was large, bare, dreary. Some sketches were tacked on the walls. An easel and chair stood in the centre of the apartment. A handful of fire in a tiny sheet-iron stove made the cold of the place more noticeable.

"Mr. Brand, I believe?"

The occupant, an invalid with death written in his hollow eyes, on his blue-veined hands, bowed assent.

"I came," said Harwood, declining the solitary chair which was proffered him, "about the picture exhibited in Mercer's window. It is not for sale?"

"No, sir."

"Not at a large figure?"

The artist did not at once answer. He was ill and very poor.

"Not at any price," he said.

"You could not make me a copy?"

"No, sir. The truth of the matter is this: The lady who consented to sit to me for that picture, did so out of her own sweet charity. She is so beautiful, and makes such a fine study. I fancied her face would bring me orders, where one less lovely, even if admirable as a likeness, would fail. I need not enumerate to you the reasons why it would be dishonorable for me to abuse her kindness."

"I understand your reasons, Mr. Brand, and respect them. May I give you an order for a lifesized pastel from this photograph?"

He had fortunately remembered having in his pocket the picture of a nephew that morning received. The commissioner would help the poor artist out.

A light tap came to the door.

"May I come in, Vincent?" called a sweet voice.

The door opened. Frank Harwood turned to look into the face that had haunted him waking and sleeping, but a thousand times fairer than the colored crayons had reproduced it.

She half drew back at sight of the stranger, but Brand called to her.

"Come in, Claire!" And then, with youthful candor: "This gentleman, was just asking about your portrait."

She bowed slightly. She was all in rich furs and deep, glowing velvet. The elegance of her attire puzzled Frank Harwood.

"I hope the picture is bringing you orders, Vincent."

"It is, indeed," he answered, brightly.

"Well, it is late. I must go. I just ran in to see how you were getting on."

He smothered a fit of coughing.

"The basket of delicacies came this morning. Thank you ever so much. You have the carriage?"

"No, I am on foot."

"I shall see you home then," the artist said, looking troubled. "This is not the best neighborhood in the world, and it is growing dark."

The fierce cough shook him again.

"You shall do nothing of the kind!" she said, peremptorily.

Harwood went forward, hat in hand.

"Will you do me the honor of permitting me to be your escort?" he asked. "I am a lawyer, residing in the city. I am sorry I have not a card. My name is Frank Harwood."

She had been listening with a somewhat haughty air. She smiled now with sudden friendliness.

"I shall be glad if you will come with me," she said, simply.

On their way she told him about Brand, whom she had known from childhood in England.

"He is dying," she said. "It is hard to help him: he is so proud."

The house before which she paused was a magnificent one.

Harwood mustered courage enough to ask if he might call.

"No," she said gently; and then, as if repenting: "I shall be at Brand's studio on Friday."

She ran up the steps.

Needless to say, Harwood was in the painter's room early Friday afternoon. The number of orders he gave quite overwhelmed the artist.

She came at last, her face like a rose over her dark furs.

They met, not quite by chance, many times, and still Frank did not learn her name. He called her Miss Claire.

One evening, when he was leaving the studio with her, he told her the story of how he had first happened to come there.

"I fell in love with a pastel portrait," he said. "I am today in love with the original. But I know so little of you, it seems like being in love with a spirit. Are you going to punish my presumption, or reward my daring?"

She indicated her carriage that stood at the curb.

"Get in!" she said, smiling. "I chance to be driving your way."

The vehicle stopped at his aunt's door. He remembered there was to be a small dinner party there that evening.

She alighted and went up the steps with him. They were admitted.

"Do you know my aunt?" he began.

Just then his aunt came toward them.

"Claire, my dear!" she cried. "Frank, where did you meet Miss Fainsworth?"

"Fainsworth!" he replied, blankly. "You"—he reproached Claire—"knew me all the time!"

"Do you think I would have let you see me home that night if I did not?" she asked archly.

"What in the world are you children talking about?" Frank's aunt questioned.

They only laughed.

But there was that in the lovely eyes raised to his which told him he might plead again—and not in vain.—Saturday Night.

The World Wobbling.

It may not be generally known, writes a Washington correspondent, that observations are to be made simultaneously at Washington and at Manilla, in the Phillippine islands, which is almost directly opposite Washington on the other side of the globe, to see what is the matter with the axis of our little planet. Observations show that for some time the earth has not been revolving on that important, if imaginary, support, as she has done for centuries, and scientists have decided that it is time to find out, if possible, what it all means. Those who have studied the subject declare that, if the variations continue, in the course of some very long and very indefinite period we shall have arctic climate at Washington and the latitude of every place on the globe will be changed, and all our geographies would be useless. An equatorial telescope has been finished and sent to Manilla, and before long diligent inquiry will be made into the whys and wherefores of the peculiar performances of old Mother Earth.

While one set of scientists are trying to find out about the axis another party is endeavoring to find out why the magnetic needle varies so, as these variations of the needle affect not only the mariner, but real estate owners, and in large cities where every foot is valuable this is not to be overlooked. These latter observations are being made by the geodetic and coast survey and will not be completed for several years.—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Ate Rolled Oats.

"The pure food show accomplished one good result, so far as I am concerned, at all events," said a friend of mine. "I have an eleven-year-old boy," he continued, "who is a crank about what he eats. Now I believe firmly in the benefits to be derived from farinaceous foods, especially as a breakfast dish. I have labored assiduously to get that young man to eat at least one dish of rolled oats every morning, but in vain, until recently. He, for some reason, became possessed of a wild-eyed desire to visit the food show, and I procured him a ticket and let him go. Well, he came home with his hands full of advertising cards and joy in his soul. He astonished us all by asking us to buy some of a certain brand of oats, saying that he'd sampled them at the show and that they were great. Delighted to encourage him in the idea, I bought a package and he eats them faithfully every morning, although personally I find them decidedly inferior to those we have been accustomed to use. The true secret of this sudden desire for this particular brand cropped out accidentally. It seems that of all the exhibits the presiding genius of this particular booth was the only one who offered him a sample of her wares and after he had eaten thereof she told him to ask his parents to try them. He fulfilled his part of the contract," how faithfully the above explanation demonstrates.—[Buffalo Enquirer.

Trees Five Thousand Years Old.

The oldest as well as the most interesting botanical monuments now growing upon the earth are the boabab or sour gourd trees of Africa. This remarkable tree has a short, branching trunk which seldom attains a height of over seventy feet, while its diameter is often as great as eighty or a hundred feet. Adanson, the naturalist who gave the genus its botanical name, calculating from scientific data, says that the age of some of the oldest of these trees is little if any short of 5,000 years. The hollow trunks of these forest giants, which are often of a capacity sufficient to furnish room for forty or fifty bodies, are used as tombs by the native Africans, who suspend the remains of their departed friends and relatives on hooks fastened upon the interior of such trees for that purpose.—[St. Louis Republic.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A QUESTION AND REPLY.

Oh! what are you thinking of Birdie,
Sitting so still on a spray,
Of the apple-tree fronting my window,
This beautiful, sunshiny day?
Your pretty gray plumes are unruffled,
Your breast is as white as the snow;
Pray, tell me of what you are thinking,
For, indeed, I'm quite anxious to know,
know, know,
For indeed, I'm quite anxious to know.

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking," said Birdie
"Of a nest in this ... apple-tree;
It is hid from your sight, and is fastened
'Twixt two boughs that are just behind me,
And in it four wee eggs are lying,
Four wee, speckled eggs, and ere long
I shall to four darling bird-babies
Be singing a sweet mother song, song,
song,
Be singing a sweet mother song."

—Detroit Free Press.

A YOUNG EAGLE.

The eagle, as many of you know, is the king among birds, just as the lion is the king among mammals. It is strange that these birds which display the greatest strength when full grown, give no sign of these qualities in their youth. The royal eagle just emerged from the egg, is the most helpless creature under the sun. Wrapped in a thick white coat of down, he slips out of the shell, and for many days afterward the young bird lies huddled against the breast of the mother-bird, for it even cannot sit up straight. Weeks pass by before it can trot about the nest. The first sign of the flapping of wings does not occur until the bird is ready to leave the nest.

The young birds are amply fed by their parents with meat, which the latter digest in their craws before feeding to the little ones. When they are about half grown the eagle nest looks like a slaughter-house so well stocked with provisions. The parent birds scour the neighborhood for miles gathering all the prey they can.

When the birds are full grown they are permitted to leave the nest. The parents go with them, teaching them first how to fly and then how to assail and steal their prey. By that time autumn has come, and now the family separates. The youngsters leave the parental nest, and sometimes roam about for eight or ten years before they set up an establishment of their own and in their turn raise young birds. The eagle grows to a high old age. In 1719 an eagle died in Vienna, Austria, who had lived in captivity for over 104 years.—St. Louis Republic.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLOTTE.

After the British squadron, under Sir James Yeo, had captured Oswego, 1814, it appeared before Charlotte, at the mouth of the Genesee River, for the purpose of destroying that place also. The town was defended by only sixty men and one small cannon of light calibre. General Peter B. Porter, when he heard that the British had appeared off the place, hastened to the village, and arriving there on the morning of May 13. At the moment of his arrival the town authorities were considering a demand for the surrender of the place. While they were discussing the demand General Porter entered the room and promptly refused to surrender. Two of the British gunboats then entered the river and began a bombardment. For an hour and a half they continued to throw in round shot, shells and rockets regardless of the fact that there were few, if any, public buildings or stores in the place. They did not even allow time for the women and children to be removed. The Americans managed to collect a force of 350 badly armed militia and made preparations to attack the boats if they should venture farther up the river. The British then sent a flag of truce ashore, with a second demand for surrender, making a threat to lay the place in ashes if it was refused. General Porter again refused to surrender, and on May 15 the British gunboats renewed their fire for several hours and then withdrew. On the same evening the British sent a party on shore in boats to a small place called Poultneyville, where the Americans had collected some stores. A small body of militia, under General John Swift, made such a stubborn resistance that the British were driven back to their boats in greater haste than when they came.—New York Recorder.

Some Words of Hen Talk.

"Ck-ek-ek-ek" means, "Here is food," "cut-cut-cut" indicates surprise and curiosity; "prr-a-rr, praa-rr" means, "My health is very good this morning and I feel as independent as a hog on ice;" "err-r-r-r" means, "Danger is approaching overhead; all able-bodied hens will be on their guard and chickens would better cease talking and get into the cyclone cellar."—[Biddeford (Me.) Journal.

LAPS AND REINDEER

Uncle Sam Importing Foreign Nomads for Alaska.

These Imported Laborers Will Take Care of Our Herds.

Five families of sub-Arctic nomads are being imported into this country under government auspices. They come from Lapland and comprise seventeen individuals. Six are men, the rest women and children. They bring with them eleven dogs, bred for taking care of reindeer.

It is for this purpose, in fact, that they and their owners are coming over. The Siberian deermen hired to take care of the imported reindeer in Alaska have not proved satisfactory. They get homesick, longing for their native pastures on the other side of Behring Strait, and want to be traveling to and fro. So it was decided to replace them with a few experienced Lapps.

In 1892 the United States steamer Bear brought 171 reindeer from Siberia. To these 127 were added in 1893. Fawns born last year brought the total number up to 346. Ten of these were trained to draw sleds. Eventually it is hoped that all Alaska north of the Yukon, will be stocked with the animals. Thus, thousands of square miles of now useless territory will be reclaimed and made valuable; a permanent wealth producing industry will be created, and a barbarous people, at present on the verge of starvation, will be lifted up to comfortable self-support and civilization.

The difficulties which were predicted as likely to defeat the enterprise have not materialized. Croakers declared that the animals would not stand transportation, that they would not thrive when transplanted, and that they would be killed by Alaskan dogs. Experience has shown that Alaska is more suitable for them than Siberia. Our Arctic province is a vast natural reindeer range, the supply of food being inexhaustible. The dogs do not trouble the reindeer much. During the first year only five had to be shot on that account. They soon learned not to touch the deer. Furthermore, the latter can outrun the dogs and can fight them effectively with forefeet and horns.

The Siberian deermen do not understand the use of money. In payment for their animals they receive barter goods—guns, ammunition, traps, hardware, flour, provisions, clothes, cotton goods, tents, dishes, beads, trinkets, tobacco, etc. In this way they get hold of many necessaries and luxuries hitherto unknown among them, but above all things they prefer whiskey. The deer, on being landed at Port Clarence and liberated, usually started off to run away at breakneck speed, but they soon came back, and only two were lost in this way. They are easily cared for, wandering little and feeding for days in one locality. In winter they paw the snow away with their hoofs to get at the moss on which they feed. The only difficulties in learning how to herd them are harnessing and throwing the lasso. For lassoing a seal thong fifty feet long is used. At one end is attached a piece of ivory with a hole in it large enough to permit the rope to slide freely.

In 1891 small herds were turned loose on the islands of Unalaska and Amaknak, in the Aleutian chain. These have already increased considerably in numbers. All of the largest islands ought to be stocked eventually. The first fawn at Port Clarence was born April 4 of last year. The arrival was announced by a herder who came up to the schoolhouse with the news. The Eskimo children were delighted and all turned out to see the baby. Native apprentices are being taught how to care for the deer. As soon as they have learned how, it is intended to lend a few animals to each of them in order that they may start herds of their own. It is hoped that in this manner the entire population of Arctic Alaska will be supplied at a future day with means of support.

Reindeer skins have become a great luxury to the Alaskan natives. Practically all of them come from Siberia, the wild Alaskan deer being rarely shot. A proper equipment of clothing in that frigid region consists of two suits worn at the same time, one with the fur side to the body and the other with the fur outside, a pair of skin socks, a pair of boots and a pair of mittens—the whole requiring ten skins. To buy so many takes a lot money. They must be paid for in furs, and few furs are obtainable in Alaska, the fur bearing animals being very scarce. Among the most valuable parts of the skin of the reindeer is from the legs below the knees. It is tough, with a fine and thick fur, impervious to cold. Snow does not adhere to it.—[New York Press.

East Indian Musical Instruments.

The vina, the national instrument of India, calls up a vision of troops of Nautch girls, dancing to its music, the little peals of silver bells, fastened around their ankles, keeping time as they glide and whirl. The vina is a queer-looking instrument. It is a single bar of hollow bamboo, fastened with extended bridges, carved from wood, to two empty gourds. The ends of the bar are often beautifully carved to represent birds or heads of animals. Eight wire strings are stretched along the top of the hollow bamboo over a series of frets, and there are three other strings, which pass over a single fixed bridge. The player throws one gourd over his left shoulder, and passes the other under his right arm, holding the bamboo diagonally across his breast. The frets are pressed with the left hand, and the strings are snapped with little hard strips called plectra, worn upon the first and third fingers of the right hand.

Another beautiful instrument of India is the soorsringa, which is shaped something like a banjo, although it sounds more like a sweet guitar. It is made of very dark wood, with a round body, pear-shaped at the back, and a long slender neck, and is beautifully inlaid with ivory and pearl. There are eight wire strings, which are played with a plectrum. The sawod, or East Indian guitar, is also a beauty, both in form and decoration. The sides and back are very dark green, almost black, covered with golden figures.—[St. Nicholas.

The Rooster Whipped the Dog.

There was a fight between a dog and a rooster at the hour of sunrise the other morning in a grassy plot of West Ninety-fourth street, upon which there is an old wooden shanty, occupied by an aged couple. The family have a henhouse, in which there are chickens, and they also have at their front door a dog house, which is a flour-barrel turned upon its side, to which the licensed mongrel is tied. Chanticleer emerged from his sleeping place in the early dawn, raised his head aloft, saluted the solar orb with a lusty crow, and thoughtlessly strode toward the barrel in which the dog was ensconced. The quadruped, probably angry at being rudely awakened by the biped, struck out at the enemy, which it could not reach because of the rope around its neck. The biped retreated for a moment, raised its head aloft again, rushed toward the quadruped which shrank back with fear as the assailant's beak pierced one of its eyes. The mongrel gave a howl and tugged at his rope, but the rooster was out of reach as it flapped both wings. The second round was like the first. At the end of it the dog was hidden in his barrel, while the rooster, retreating to a safe distance, crowed once again. By this time the hens were out and clucking, and a brood of youthful chickens were looking around the yard for their free breakfast.—[New York Sun.

Passing of a Lake.

"Lake Muskego is now a thing of the past, and where its water once covered many square miles of territory the ploughshare will soon be turning up some of the richest soil in Minnesota." The man who spoke so carelessly about such a remarkable metamorphosis was C. S. Westcott of Milwaukee, who was gossiping in La Normandie's smoking room. "The lake was about ten or twelve miles from Milwaukee," he continued, "and possessed the remarkable peculiarity of being somewhat higher than a great deal of the surrounding country. It was formed by the collection of rain water and two or three little streams, the outlet of which had been stopped up by some beaver dams of enormous size. Its reclamation was accomplished by means of a canal, which was dug for some distance to Lake Rochester, and the work has been under consideration for a very long time, but has only been pushed to completion in the past few years. All through the northwest are thousands of acres now under water or in marshes which were made so by the work of the patient beavers, but I imagine that in time it will all be brought into use as magnificent farming land by just such a system as that adopted for the drainage of Muskego."—Washington Star.

Time Flies.

She (gushingly)—Just think, darling, you proposed but twenty-four hours ago.

He (thrillingly)—Yes, and it seems as though it were but yesterday.

Is It True.

Is it true that love flies out the window
When poverty stalks in the door?
Is it true that the heart of a woman
Cares for luxuries and nothing more?

Is her heart so shallow and vapid?
Is her soul so narrow and mean?
Is her mind so placid and depthless
That it shows but the surface sheen?

Oh, rather was shallow the writer
Of that libel on grand womanhood;
Of the heart of whom he slandered
He knew not, nor yet understood.

In the time of adversity's trials,
When the heart is bowed down in the strife,
'Tis ever the love of a woman
That brings back our manhood of life.

[Ned Wayburn, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

A dentist's epitaph—He is filling his last cavity.

The work of the ordinary chef covers a wide range.

In the ups and downs of life the baby is unrivaled.

It is when coining golden sentiments that a lady ought to purse her lips.

A man with a wheel in his head does not necessarily suffer from that tired feeling.

"My daughter can never be yours." Willie Bright—"Of course not; I want her to be my wife."

When people recklessly impair their own credit they must expect their cash to grow scarce.

"That's the end of it," as the boarder said to the landlady when she gave him the tail of the chicken.

Clumps—Do you believe there is plenty of room at the top? Dumps—I don't know; I have never been at the top.

Judge—Ignorance of the law excuses no one. Prisoner—Humph! Don de jury's dead sure to find my lawyer guilty.

Oh, he was a precious fellow!
For the morning he was hired
He sought an insurance company
To insure against being fired.

The armless freak who plays the piano with his feet comes nearer having music in his soul than any man has yet heard of.

Waiter—Will you take tea or coffee? Actor—I always take coffee—because it settles. Manager—I prefer tea—because it draws.

He—I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb. She—Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing.

"What did the callers say when you told them I was out?" Maud—Just smiled and said, Friday's not always an unlucky day.

"So you married Algernon after all." "Yes, I tried to be patient and all that, but I just couldn't bear to have him with me so much."

"What has become of that son of yours that was going to set the world on fire one of these days?" "He has gone into the ice business."

Mistress—I wish I knew how to have my photograph taken so as to please dear Charley. Familiar maid—Let me sit for you, Miss Emma.

"I don't believe Publisher's magazine pays." Scratcher—I know it doesn't. I sent in a poem four months ago, and I've never had a cent yet.

It was a pleasant little ...
The sweetest maid ...
... I can't find ...
... her father's ...

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Mr. Crimsonbeak—But it isn't the feminine half that is ignorant.

First tramp (musing)—Do you know the name of that dog? Second tramp (unconscious pace)—I should say it was "Curiosity" by the way he comes after us.

Mrs. Kidder—I had a close call, to-day, dear. Kidder (anxiously)—Why, what was it? Mrs. Kidder (complacently)—Woman next door came in to sew.

Weary Watkins—Madam, I was not always as you see me now—. Mrs. Peek—No, I guess not. I suppose there was a time once in your life when you were entirely sober.

"I want to see the boss of the house," said the peddler to Mrs. Dayley, who had answered the ring. "I'm sorry," she replied, as she closed the door, "but baby is asleep just now."

Small Boy—My sister likes you. Young Man (calling)—That's nice. I like her, too, very much. Small Boy—Yes; she said she liked you because you never came often and didn't stay long.

Teacher—Now, Harry, in the sentence, 'Mary gave Robert five cakes,' you have parsed the word Mary as masculine gender. How do you make that out? Harry—Well, 'cause if she did what the book says she was a dandy.