

Love's Aftermath.

Not here, but there,
Not near nor far,
No night time then,
Nor moon nor star—
No meeting smile to turn to sigh
And breathe its bitter wall—Good-by!

Not here—not here,
Too dim, too sad
This doubting world—
Yet there—all glad!

The loving eyes earth's shadows veiled—
The tender clasps we deemed had failed.

Some voice—perhaps
Loved—lost—regained
Will thrill us there
With love unfeigned.

But how we know not, all is rest,
They are our own—God's ways are best.

That one we loved,
Perhaps too well,
Can love, love so?
We cannot tell—

That one, in God's sweet holy place
Will meet us then, and face to face!

The loved caress,
The old, dear smile—
God's Ever for
Earth's little while!

The mist of pain all passed away;
All lost in that long, loving day!

—Good Words.

THE ARTIST'S COTTAGE.

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

I have lived all my life in seaport a little town on our north coast. Father was a clergyman, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Never was there a more faithful man and never had spinster a more devoted helpmate. There was a residence attached to the church which was called the parsonage, and there we lived until father and mother died.

There were three of us children, my sister Phoebe and I and Edmund, our brother. I was the oldest, Edmund, or Ned, as everybody called him, the youngest. He was a handsome, gallant boy. We all pinched ourselves dreadfully to get him through college but we were all so proud of him and so hopeful of his future that our little sacrifices never appeared to us in the light of self denial.

We never could understand why Edmund, with all his college education, never could find profitable occupation; but it is certain that he never did. He was a high spirited, generous boy, always full of the fortune he was going to make for the family, and particularly for the manner in which he boys were to be arrayed when his ship came home; but because of his inability to find suitable occupation, he drifted into bad company, and one day he shipped before the mast, and that was the last we heard of him for many years. That broke mother's heart; she was never very strong, and the very first winter following we buried her.

I can scarcely remember when it was that we girls first took seriously to painting. We were, both of us, somewhat gifted that way. One summer a poor artist, of all men, took refuge with us! He was a man of exceptional talent, who afterwards made a great name. He soon detected some of our crude efforts, and to our surprise praised them. He insisted upon taking us with him and made us work by his side, out of doors, from nature, constantly. I developed what he termed "a remarkable gift of color," and Phoebe took to animal painting in emulation of Rosa Bonheur! His encouragement and example kindled our ambition and the hope of achieving some sort of pecuniary independence nerved us to perseverance. Before the artist left he painted us a picture. After he became famous we learned that it was very valuable. Phoebe and I still own it. We would not part with it on any account.

When father died it became a serious problem how we should make a living. We could not continue to occupy the parsonage, of course. Poor as the living was, there were many ready and eager to obtain it. Still, it had seemed like ours, and we never realized how absolutely destitute and homeless we were until called upon to surrender it. We had been painting and decorating a little for the Decorative Art Association, or "Woman's Exchange," as some people call it. The remuneration we received was very trifling. After leaving the parsonage we rented a couple of rooms at the extreme north end of the town, near the beach, and there we began to paint small studies of landscape

and marines, Phoebe sometimes indulging in animal painting, for which she had a passion, but which appeared to us both like dissipation, because no one could be induced to buy our pictures. The landscapes and sea bits were placed in the book stores for sale to the summer visitors at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$10. When we received \$10, which was very rarely indeed, we felt that we were on the high road to wealth.

Three years after our father's death we were still very poor, but we had saved a trifling sum and felt safe unless sickness or some extraordinary misfortune should overtake us. One evening Phoebe was reading the paper aloud when she stumbled upon a paragraph announcing the extraordinary success of Sidney Herbert, our poor artist friend in New York. He was now rich and famous, it appeared, and a member of the Academy. "Why not write to him," said I, "and send some of our best works. You have three or four excellent animal pieces, and we can both send two or three marines and landscapes. He is always very kind and grateful to us and perhaps might do us a good turn. I am perfectly certain that our work is worth ten times the price we are receiving here, but we can never do better unless we are so fortunate as to be appreciated at some great art center." That was the first daring suggestion. It was long before we could gather courage sufficient to carry it into execution. Finally we forwarded six pictures to Mr. Sidney Herbert, accompanied by a long letter, telling him of the death of dear father and mother, and the sad fate of poor Edmund. We requested him to sell the pictures for us, if possible, at the best price attainable, telling him at the same time the poor prices we received at home, and our modest confidence that we ought to realize something more for our conscientious work.

It was a month before we received any reply, and we had almost given up all hope of ever hearing from Sidney Herbert. "Why should an academician care to interest himself in the fate of two poor women?" we said again and again; when one afternoon we received a letter bearing the New York postmark, which for a long time we had not the courage to open. Then Phoebe, with trembling hand, extracted the letter from the envelope, and, on opening it, a check fell to the ground, folded. I am constitutionally a coward, but I was the first to seize that check, and unfold it. It was for \$300. Nine hundred dollars, think of it, for two poor women, who had been glad to get ten dollars apiece for conscientious efforts! But the letter! Blessed be the name of Sidney Herbert, and of the august academicians forever! A large number of them had passed judgment upon our work, he said, good, critical, intelligent judgment, calculated not only to help but to encourage us. The picture dealers, whose names he inclosed, would gladly receive our work, he wrote, and we could rely absolutely upon their integrity and best efforts in our behalf.

That was the foundation of our pretty "Artist's Cottage." We do not call it the Artist's Cottage; it was our townspeople, who are now very proud of us. They cannot afford to buy any more of our pictures, but much of our early work is still here, not to be bought at any price—so at least they declare.

Edmund returned about two years ago, his dreams of fortune faded, but he is still the same dear bright enthusiast. He has settled down to the study of law, and living with us our happiness is complete—New York Advertiser.

Remembered Lafayette.

A woman who well remembered Lafayette died in Portland, Oregon, recently. Her name was Mrs. Ann C. Rhonimus, her maiden name Dever, and she was born in Fredericksburg, Md., a little more than ninety years ago. She had an excellent memory, which was sound until near her death, and she often told of seeing Gen. Lafayette talk with his old soldiers, and of his affectionate manner toward them.—New York Sun.

The British flag floats over 13,000,000 tons of shipping out of 24,500,000 throughout the whole world.

Handling Boa Constrictors.

Snake dealers in South America have a fine contempt for their squirming and venomous wares, though it is sometimes difficult to induce ship captains to carry them as freight. The snake dealers handle the boa constrictor with great deftness. This serpent bites, but his bite is not venomous, so that the chief danger to the handler, is from the serpent's enormously powerful muscles. The dealers have learned that the boa, to be really dangerous, must have a fulcrum in the shape of something around which he may coil his tail.

The boa is, in fact, a lever in which the ordinary arrangement is power, weight, fulcrum. Knowing this, the dealers drop a soft hat over his head, that he may neither see nor bite, and then snatch him so suddenly from his resting place that he has no opportunity to brace himself by seizing a fixed object with his tail. After that the essential thing is to see that he is not brought within distance of any such object.

A snake dealer on board a Brazilian steamer the other day was occupied in transferring his boas from one box to another. He opened the box an instant, dropped a hat over the head of one of the creatures, snatched it from its fellows, and, rushing across the deck, dropped it into the other box. The thing looked so easy that a deck hand, waiting until the snake owner's back was turned, essayed to repeat the act. He neglected to use the hat, and with a yell yanked a great snake from the box with his fangs fixed in his fingers. Not daring to let go, yet fearing to hold on, he began whirling the snake about his head, meanwhile dancing madly over the deck. The snake man managed to capture the reptile and box it in security. Then somebody expressed concern for the rash deck hand, to which the snake owner answered:

"What, him? He's all right. But think of my snake! It's worth twenty of that mug!"—New York Sun.

Do Fish Feed at Night?

Apropos of a discussion of this question in the sporting press, Outing says:

"Do fish feed at night? Well, well—do fish swim? Country boys, how about the big fire beside the water? How about the boy who got first to the big boom and so secured the boss place? How about the spiky-finned channel cats and mud cats that come up two at a time; the goggle eyed rock bass, special prizes; the hideous 'mud puppies' which at once went into the fire along with a yard of line? How about the night lines? How about everything connected with the sport that used to be better and better as midnight approached, till the glorious fun and occasional profanity was interrupted by the sound of the 'old man' falling foul of a wire fence, or breaking a gad from the plum tree over the bank? Do fish feed at night? I dunno—they used to?"

A Curious Ceremony.

A curious ceremony was witnessed in the parish court house of St. Andrew's, Holborn, London recently. Eleven of twenty-three candidates received a reward of \$50 each for faithful service to their masters and mistresses. The servants' fidelity competition was originated by one Isaac Duckett, who died in 1620 and left by will \$10,000 for the encouragement of faithfulness among domestics. The will provides that they must have lived at least seven years with the same master or mistress in order to be eligible. The awards range from \$25 to \$200. The first distribution was made in 1629.

Mortal Foe of Potato Bugs.

A farmer of Prince Edward's Island tells a local paper that a mortal foe of the potato bug has appeared in his great field of potatoes and cleaned the bugs out in short order. It is an insect resembling the ant, with a great taste for bugs, and an insatiate appetite. In two days the crop was entirely rid of the bugs. That insect ought to be cultivated and introduced to the various portions of the United States. The potato bug is one of the worst of agricultural pests at present.

The clocks in this country are estimated to number 14,000,000.

Early Fire Implements.

Undoubtedly the first fire company organized in this country was formed in New York in 1658. It was called the Prowlers, and was composed of eight men with two hundred and fifty buckets, hooks and small ladders. Where the buckets were obtained, and whether or not they were in addition to those owned by the town, the records fail to state. In 1679 Salem purchased two or three dozen cedar buckets, besides hooks and other implements; also the selectmen and two others were authorized to take command at fires, and to blow up and pull down buildings when such action was necessary. This practice appears to have been much more common before the use of engine than afterward. Boston, on September 9, 1679, ordered that every quarter of the town should be provided with twenty swobes, two scoops, and six axes. The swobes or swabs as they are now called, were long-handled mops that could be used to put out roof fires. The general use of swabs has long since disappeared, but when a slight blaze is beyond the reach of a pail of water and more improved apparatus is not at hand, a long-handled mop is today the most efficient article to be used. In Japan these swabs may be seen on many rooftops.

In 1690 New York ordered that five ladders and also hooks be made. In Philadelphia no mention is made of public precaution against fire until 1696, when a law was passed forbidding the firing of chimneys or allowing the same to become foul. Each house was to have a swab, bucket or pail. Another act was passed in 1700 ordering every house to have two leather buckets. In the following year six or eight hooks for the purpose of tearing down houses were ordered to be made.—Popular Science Monthly.

Stones of Persecution.

Christianity is yet in its formative state in Japan, and the tales of persecution and martyrdom are recent. There have been within recent years rioting and stone throwing in the streets of Japanese towns where Christian services were attempted, and most of the missionaries have memories of stirring scenes to relate, rarely reaching the point of actual murder, but often very violent. In general, however, the missionaries have been better received than one would suppose.

The Japanese, who make poetry out of everything, call the stones thrown at Christians in street riots "stones of persecution," and put them to dramatic uses. Komatsu Village Church rests upon a foundation into which stones thrown by the Buddhists have been "buried." In Takahashi, a hakugwai iishi, or stone of persecution, weighing four pounds, is kept for exhibition to the faithful.

Native Christians are patient under persecution, and under sermon! They will hold a "kirisuto kyo sek-kyokai," or protracted meeting, at which one speaker follows another for as many as eight hours. The audiences get interested in long sermons. After hearing one, they sometimes ask for a second and third without leaving their seats. And Japanese politeness adds to the Christian ceremony a native and peculiar touch, in that preacher and audience bow low to each other at the beginning and end of the sermon.—New York Recorder.

Exciting Scene at a Funeral.

An exciting story of a scene at a funeral at the Mt. Moriah Baptist church, on Bull Skin Creek, near Louisville, Ky., is traveling the country. Miss Madie Walsh had died, apparently, and the funeral was being held at the church. When the coffin was opened for a last look several persons declared that the girl was not dead. The undertaker noticed a spasmodic motion of the girl's hand. In a moment the supposed corpse rose and sat up in the coffin, exclaiming: "Thank God!" She said she was conscious all the time, but could give no sign.—Atlanta Journal.

An Early Paradise.

Mrs. Winks—"So your friend George is married. I hope he is happy."

Mr. Winks—"Happy is no name for it. His home is a little paradise on earth. His wife is an accomplished cook."—New York Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electricity is now employed in the bleaching of all textile fibres.

When flying at its highest speed the house fly makes 600 strokes of its wings per second and the dragon fly 11,500.

Volcanic action has been observed in lake Superior some sixty miles west of Sault Ste. Marie. A part of the shore that was under water has been upheaved in the form of ridges.

Another egg of the great auk has been sold in London. It was found in Iceland sixty-five years ago, came into Baron d'Hamonville's collection, and, as it is slightly cracked, brought \$825.

Professor A. E. Wright says it is beginning to be understood that all our ideas of color can be explained by the assumption of three pairs of contrasting colors—white and black, red and green, and blue and yellow.

A guage to determine the age of horses has been invented. The apparatus consists of a steel plate having a tapered body portion, one of its longitudinal edges being marked by lines and figures, and it is said that the approximate age of a horse can be determined by applying the scale to its teeth.

Judging from a test made in Berlin the other day, the dwellers in large cities must swallow and breathe millions of tons of soot and other filth every year. The soot which comes out of the chimney of a single sugar refinery was gathered and weighed during six days merely—it weighed 6,800 pounds.

It is not true that flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling by means of sucking disks. Each of the six feet is provided with a pair of little cushions and two hooks. The cushions are covered with hairs which are kept moist by a secretion, causing them to adhere to a smooth surface. The hooks help the insects to walk over rough surfaces.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider, he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

Meerschaaum Mining.

Meerschaaum is extracted in the same way as coal. Pits from twenty-five feet to 125 feet are dug, and as soon as the vein is struck, horizontal galleries, sometimes of considerable length, are made, but more than two galleries are seldom to be found in one pit. The stone, as extracted, is called "ham-tash" (rough block), and is soft enough to be easily cut with a knife. It is white, with a yellowish tint, and is covered with a red clayey soil of about one inch thick. In this state the blocks are purchased by dealers on the spot, not by weight nor by measurement, but according to approximate quantity, either per load of three sacks or per cart-load, the price varying from \$25 to \$150 per load, according to quality. These rough blocks are dried and subjected to certain preparation before being conveyed to Esk-Shehir. Some of them are as small as a walnut, while others attain the size of a cubic foot. Those who combine regularity of surface and size are the best. The manipulation required before they are ready for exportation is long and costly. The clayey soil attached is removed, and the meerschaaum dried. In summer exposure for five or six days to the sun's rays suffices, but in winter a room heated to the required temperature is required and the drying process takes eight or ten days. When well dried the blocks are well cleaned and polished; then they are sorted into about twelve classes, each class being packed with great care in separate cases, and each block being wrapped in cotton wool.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Missouri has 56,421 acres planted in grain; Iowa's corn crop is six or seven times as big as last year's.

It is estimated there are 60,000 bicycle riders in New York City.

There are twenty-eight people in the St. Louis jail charged with murder.

Bicycles bring in this year \$400,000 in taxes to the French Government.

St. Louis is the queen of flying ocean liners, according to her trial record.

Mrs. Woodard, of Ovid, Mich., celebrated recently her 100th birthday in pretty good health.

The Chicago Board of Trade proposes to begin a most rigorous crusade against the bucket shops.

Brigands in China are trying to make a living now by robbing folks who weren't ruined by the war.

The Government of Guatemala is in great financial difficulties. Merchants and bankers refuse to make further loans.

A British steamer put in at Rangoon, in India, recently, whose officers were all Germans and the apprentices all Japanese.

The assets of Hungen Bros., bankers, who recently failed, are officially stated at \$17,500,000. The liabilities are \$70,000,000.

Jacob Urban, an inmate of the Lutheran Home at Mount Airy, near Philadelphia, has passed his 102d birthday in reasonable comfort.

The complaints of British shipowners that the charges for passing through the Suez, Wilhelms Canal are too high are supported by the shipowners of Germany.

United States Consul-General DeKay in Berlin says that Louis Stern, the New York merchant who was arrested in Kissingen, Germany, has been unjustly treated.

The shipment of California wines this year is nine million gallons, valued at \$2,500,000, against seven million gallons the same time last year, up to July 31, valued at \$2,500,000.

One-seventh of the members of the present Reichstag, or German Parliament, and one-fifth of the Senators and Deputies in the French Parliament fought in the war of 1870-71.

The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society recently laid the cornerstone of a new building in Philadelphia, which will be the future home of the organization. It will be a costly structure.

The Panama Canal Company has agreed to pay the Government of Colombia \$125,000 a year for military protection of property on the canal route. There will be a guard of 250 soldiers.

The United States Navy Department does not know what to do with the torpedo boats built for the battle ships Texas and Maine. These boats have failed to make the time required for torpedo service and will not be used.

When General Campos went to Cuba he predicted that the rebellion would be put down, and he would be back in Madrid by November. Now he wants 50,000 men by November 1 in order to end the war by next March.

John Wesley Hardin, the terror of the border, was shot and killed in the saloon of El Paso, Texas, by Constable John Sellman. Hardin had threatened to run Sellman out of town. The men met in the saloon and Sellman got the drop first. Hardin had a record of killing nine men.

The continuous drought is drying up the springs from which the water supply of Marion, Iowa, has been drawn. The water company has been compelled to take water from Indian River, which is wholly unfit for use. As a result, the town is suffering from an epidemic of typhoid and other malarial forms of fever.

THE LABOR WORLD.

The latest statistics show that Sweden had in 1893 4764 factories, employing 112,031 laborers.

Thirty labor organizations have drawn up a platform and are making arrangements to enter politics this year.

The workers of the iron and steel industry are mostly located in New York, New England, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

How long it has taken the laborers to enforce their demand for the restoration of their former wages, reduced last year.

The Order of Railway Telegraphers pay to its grand officers about \$10,000 salaries each year and feel that it gets the money back in benefits.

The International Co-operative Congress at London has passed a resolution advocating greater activity in the establishment of co-operative workshops.

The name of every telegraph operator who figured in the American Railway Union strike is openly announced by the Western Union to be on the black list.

The wages of the Alma Mills employes at Benning, Mass., have been increased five per cent. The action is entirely voluntary on the part of the mill's management.

Seventeen thousand mill workers went on strike at Dundee, Scotland. They agreed to resume work if granted five per cent. increase in wages, instead of ten per cent.

Mrs. Thomas Lewis, wife of a poor coal miner of Knightville, Ind., has just heard that she is the sole heir to \$100,000 left by an uncle in California, of whom she had not heard for thirty years.

The Window-glass Workers' Wage Committee of the Eastern, Western and Northern Districts met at Atlantic City, N. J., and completed the wage scale. It calls for 25-ten per cent. advance along the entire list.

M. Thivrier, the French "workington" Deputy, has just died. He made it a point to appear in the Chamber in a workington's blouse, and had once really been a miner, but long before his election had given up work.

The Countess Cecilia Pister-Zyboka, one of the wealthiest women in Russia, has been enrolled in the guild of master tailors of Warsaw. She is at the head of the entire school in that city and does much to help the poor.

The Newmarket (N. H.) Manufacturing Company has increased wages ten per cent. This company has run through the hard times without a shut down, and has paid its help in cash every week. The increase affects all operatives.

The Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association says that during the month of June the steel rail mills of this country received orders for 170,000 tons of steel rails. Not for many years have so many rails been ordered in one month.

The employes of the Franklin Copper Mine, Houghton, Mich., have had their wages restored to the figure paid before the cut caused by the panic of 1893. A general cut was made then in all the copper mines of the lake district. The example of the Franklin was speedily followed by eight other mines.

Made Himself a Funeral Fly.

Miss Caroline Allen, of Springs, Va., became heart sick, because her husband neglected his attentions, so she sat with cold oil, applied a 1/2 lb. of death.