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SONG OF THE THRUSH.

When greenly blooms the bending wheat,
And tiger-lilies dot the vale,
And faintly scents the meadow sweet,
And kine do brim the flowing pail;
What time the pewee leaves his perch
And on the stonefly tests his wings
Where whitely gleams the silver birch,
Then in dark woods the wood-thrush sings.

When past the hay the meadows brown,
And stands the wheat in banded stooks,
And slow the streamlet trickles down,
And sunbeams bake the rifted rocks;
What time the dog-days 'gin to wane,
And skies are dun, and June is o'er,
And sulks the high-poised weather-vane,
The wood-thrush sings in woods no more.

When asters fringe the woodland ways,
And wild grapes hang on fence and tree,
And hills are hid in ripening haze,
And down the gulch the streamlets flee;
What time the first soft maple turns,
And a red shade the sumach flings,
And on stone walls the ivy burns,
Once more in woods the wood-thrush sings.

—William Higgs, in Youth's Companion.

STUMPY.

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

E was only the boy who attended to the chores about the hotel, and so he was never invited to play croquet or lawn tennis, or to substitute in the baseball nine; and he was laughed at a good deal because he had freckles, red hair, and wore clothes a great deal too small for him. His name was Ephraim, but everyone called him "Stumpy," for he was short and rather stout—everyone except Carrie Mowbray, that is Carrie never used his nickname. She said she didn't consider it kind.

"He'd like to be tall, I dare say. So would a great many other people," she said to her cousin Belle Towers, one day on the porch.

"But he is hideous, actually hideous," said Belle.

"Oh, no; you exaggerate. If he didn't have freckles he would hardly be called even plain; and the freckles will wear off in time."

"I doubt it; and then his hair—so red! and he is awkward, too."

"He'll outgrow his awkwardness, and he can't help having red hair. I've heard you say you'd like to have dark eyes—but you'll never have them. We're obliged to be contented with nature's decrees usually; and you can't deny that Ephraim looks honest. He is amiable, too, and very obliging."

"To hear you talk, Carrie, one would imagine him a paragon. I suppose you found out all these virtues when you were talking to him on the beach yesterday."

"I was simply asking him about the tides."

"You could have asked some one else. You'll make him familiar if you talk to him, Carrie. I've seen that sort of thing happen before. I only hope he'll never have the assurance to speak to me."

"Oh, he has enough good sense to see where he is wanted. He never thrusts himself forward in the least—I've noticed that."

"Well, don't encourage him to talk to you. People of that class are very apt to presume upon any attention, however trivial," and Belle strolled down the steps in the direction of the beach, feeling that Carrie had justly deserved the rebuke she had given her.

Belle did not intend to be either unkind or ungenerous; but, like many other girls, she had an exaggerated idea of her own importance and the aristocracy of wealth. Ephraim found it pretty hard to be at the beck and call of everybody at the Beach House, and he had to grind his teeth sometimes to keep from "answering back" when his orders came in peremptory tones from some young fellow no older than himself.

"But I mean to see it through," he said to his sister, as he sat talking to her one evening in the doorway of their cottage after the labors of the day were over. "You know I have always said that a fellow was a coward who'd give a thing up just because it proved hard. By next summer I can find something else to do, and all I'm going through now won't matter."

"I'm well proud of you, Ephraim," said his sister, as she looked at him with tender eyes. "You're so brave."

Ephraim laughed.

"Don't be proud until you've got something to be proud about," he said.

Ephraim made it a point to take a plunge in the sea every morning on his way to the hotel. He was a fine swimmer, and thoroughly enjoyed his ten minutes in the water. It seemed to tone him up for all day. He had always had the sea to himself at that hour, for he was an early riser from necessity as well as inclination, but on the morning after his talk with Barbara, he had just entered the water, and was only a few yards from shore, when he heard a shout, and, turning around, saw half a dozen of the boys from the hotel on the beach.

"Here, you fellow," called out Percival Peyton, a young man who boasted of his blue blood. "Come out of that."

His tone, more than the command, irritated Ephraim. He turned about again and struck out for deep water without making any reply.

"You insolent young hound, don't you hear me?" called Peyton, the angry blood mounting to his face. "Come out of that. The fellows want to go in."

"Well, you can come in," answered Ephraim. "I'm not in your way. There's plenty of room."

"Yes; what's the use of making a row?" drawled Frank Chapin.

"I'm not making a row," said Peyton, "but I never have gone into the water with the hotel servants, and I don't propose to do it now. This fellow might as well learn his place now as at any time."

"Oh, let him alone; Stumpy is a good sort," said Charles Colwell. "He can outswim you any day, Peyton."

"Not much," said Peyton, who considered himself the best swimmer on the beach.

"Take a pull together and decide it," said Colwell.

"Thank you for the suggestion, but I don't enter any swimming match with a fellow not my social equal," answered Peyton, snobbishly.

Ephraim by this time was an eighth of a mile from the beach. He remained in the water his usual length of time; then came out to find Peyton waiting for him, a very dark frown on his handsome face. The other boys had all gone into the water.

"I'll see that you are properly dealt with for this impertinence," he said, as Ephraim started toward one of the bath houses. "You will hear from this, and very shortly, too."

Ephraim made no rejoiner, but he couldn't help feeling a little uneasy, and almost wished he had obeyed Peyton's order, insulting as it was. The Peytons occupied the best rooms at the hotel, and had the cream of everything.

"If it weren't for Aunt Martha and Barbara. I wouldn't care," the boy flected. "But if I lose my place it'll come hard on them."

By the time he was dressed Ephraim had decided on the hardest task he had ever set himself. He would apologize to Percival Peyton.

He gave himself no time to hesitate, but went straight to the point.

"Mr. Peyton," he said, "perhaps I was wrong not to come out of the water when you told me to. I hope you'll overlook it and not report me to Mr. Springer. I can't afford to lose my place."

"You should have thought of that before," rejoined Peyton, haughtily. "One of the first duties of a servant is to learn his place," and he turned on his heel and walked away.

Ephraim went to his duties at the hotel feeling as if he hated the cold-blooded young aristocrat, and it didn't improve his temper to hear Peyton relating the incident to Belle Towers when they were on the porch together after breakfast, and Ephraim was holding a horse at the block. Belle's rejoiner reached his ears with cruel distinctness.

"The impudence of it," she said. "It all came of Carrie's talking to him. I told her he'd be getting familiar. The next thing we'll know he'll consider himself privileged to go into the water when we girls are in. I hope Mr. Springer will discharge him."

Ephraim's heart swelled with indignation and pain. How these wealthy people despised him! His father had been the captain of the Life Saving Station, and they had lived in comfort as long as he had been spared to them; but he had lost his life one bitter night in the performance of his arduous duties, and dark days had come to the little family. Ephraim, who had been attending school regularly, had been obliged to put his young shoulder to the wheel at once, and had taken any sort of work he could find. As he heard the conclusion of Belle's speech he wondered what he was going to do in case Mr. Springer acted on Percival Peyton's request. There was Ben Todd who would be only too glad to jump into his place if the chance offered. And the chance did offer. Just before noon Mr. Springer sent for Ephraim, and as soon as the boy saw his face he got ready for the blow that he knew was about to fall.

"Complaint of impudence and disobedience has been lodged against you, Warner," said Mr. Springer, as he turned over the leaves of a ledger on his desk. "I can't have any one here who is obnoxious to my guests. So I won't need you after to-day. I have engaged Todd to take your place."

Ephraim was too much stunned to utter a word in response. He simply nodded and left the office.

Going outside he walked slowly toward the rear of the building, trying to think how he could break the news to his aunt and Barbara.

Suddenly he heard a cry, and, looking toward the beach, saw the people running excitedly to and fro. He understood at once that some person must be in danger of drowning, and without hesitating a moment he dashed down the board walk, throwing off his coat and shoes as he went. As he reached the beach he saw Mr. Towers, a man of middle age, spring into the water; and far out beyond the breakers saw the objects of his solicitude—two girls, who had ventured too far out and were unable to return against the strong current. Another instant and Ephraim had dashed into the sea, almost throwing over Percival Peyton in his impetuous eagerness to lose no time, and, being a strong swimmer, he soon overtook and distanced Mr. Towers, and in a few minutes more succeeded in reaching the girl nearest him. It was Belle Towers, and she clung to him desperately. What cared she now that he was freckled, that his hair was red, and his gait awkward? He was the one plank between her and a watery grave, and she held to him with wild despair. With great difficulty Ephraim persuaded her to loosen her grasp, and gave her into the care of her father, who had now reached them.

"Take her in—I'll get the other," he said, and struck out to where Carrie Mowbray was struggling in the water 200 yards from shore. She was just about giving up, her strength having almost failed.

"Courage," he cried, "keep up till I get there; I'll save you."

His words gave her a fresh strength. By a great effort she kept herself from sinking, and the next moment Ephriam had reached her and extended one arm so that she could grasp it.

"Cling to my shoulder," he said.

Carrie obeyed him, and the gallant fellow turned about for shore. He made fair headway for a time, and then, finding the great exertion he was putting forth was overtaxing his strength, and that the girl's weight was burying him deeper and deeper, so that every wave broke over their heads, he spoke again:

"You've got to help me or we'll both drown," he said.

"If you think we can't reach the shore I'll take my hands off," answered the noble girl. "There is no need that we should both go down. Save yourself, and never mind me."

But plain, poor and awkward as he was, Ephraim Warner was not one to desert a woman in deadly peril. He had gone out to save her and he proposed to do it or die in the attempt.

"I won't leave you," he said; and then, with ready resource, told her to grasp one of his shoulders with one hand, and use the other as in swimming. "If you can do this we'll get to the shore all right," he added. "We mustn't drown if we can help it. Do your best now."

Thus encouraged, Carrie was able to follow his directions implicitly, and under the changed conditions the intrepid swimmer put forth all his remaining strength, and within a few minutes they were within reach of the assistance of those from the shore.

As they all rose from the water and Mrs. Mowbray staggered forward to fold her daughter in her arms, a great shout went up from the excited crowd.

"Three cheers for Ephraim Warner," cried a voice. Instantly it was taken up, and cheer after cheer rang out, while Ephraim, too weak to utter a word, gazed around him for a moment in bewildered astonishment, and then, for the first time in his life, quietly fainted away.

* * * * * *

That evening, as Ephraim lay on the old couch in his aunt's little sitting-room, feeling still the effects of his desperate battle with the waves, a shadow darkened the doorway, and, looking up, he saw Percival Peyton standing there.

"I've come down to apologize to you, Warner, for what happened between us this morning," began Peyton. "I thought I ought to do it, you see. I'm not given much to apologies, but, I hope I'm not a cad. You're a brave fellow, and I'm proud to know you. Shake hands, and let's call it square."

Ephraim's hand went out at once, and ten minutes later he found himself promising to take a place in the iron works of Peyton & Co., if room could be made for him.

"And I imagine I can fix that all right," young Peyton said, and went away feeling that he had shown himself a gentleman.

This was not all that came to Ephraim through his courageous act. The United States Government, in recognition of his bravery, sent him a gold medal, the highest award that can be made, and when he put it on for Barbara to admire, she almost cried.

"You certainly can't say I haven't a right to be proud of you now, Ephraim," she said.

"Oh, almost any one would have have done what I did if he'd known how to swim as well," rejoined honest Ephraim modestly.

But his eyes shone, nevertheless, as he looked at that gold medal which bore testimony to his bravery.—New York Examiner.

A Past Civilization.

Dr. Wallace, a character well known in New Mexico and Arizona, who has been living in the wilderness of that country for several years past to escape death from consumption, has lately returned within reach of civilization, and tells of some wonderful old ruins which he discovered in the wilderness. They are in canon Chaca, in the northeastern part of New Mexico. Says he: "I have visited hundreds of ruins in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, but never saw anything approaching this one in size. The building is of elongated circular form, and stands at the bottom of the canon. The architect made careful measurements, and we took a number of photographs of the ruins. According to the architect, the structure was originally seven stories high and contained 1200 to 1400 rooms. At the bottom we found a number of underground rooms, which are supposed to have been places for holding secret meetings. The building is yet five or six stories high in places and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It will well repay a most careful inspection by scientists, as it is perhaps the largest single ruin to be found on the continent." Dr. Wallace says that he made a long search but failed completely in locating the burying ground of the strange people who lived in the canon. From experience in finding the graves of the extinct race, he is certain that the people were not cremationists and a rich find of pottery and Aztec jewelry will be made some day in the canon. His theory is that the people buried their dead in caves of the cliffs and sealed up the entrances so skillfully as to avoid detection. He estimates that a city of 30,000 inhabitants centuries ago occupied the great building and its immediate vicinity.—New Orleans Picayune.

Brass and copper are easily cleaned with a mixture of salt and vinegar.

LADIES' COLUMN

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

At present the average monthly salary paid female teachers in the public schools of the United States is $36.65, while that allowed to male teachers is $44.89. Taking an individual State, New Jersey, for instance, the salaries of the female teachers average $43.63 per month, against $76.02 paid to male teachers. The School Board of St. Paul has abolished the distinction of sex in the matter of salary. Hereafter remuneration will be regulated wholly by capacity and efficiency. While St. Paul bears the palm in this respect, San Francisco pays her teachers higher salaries on an average than any other city in the country, the maximum salary of primary teachers being $960 a year.—New York Journal.

BIBS AND FICHUS.

There was never a time when so many odd and fanciful little bibs and yokes and fichus and scarfs of lace were used for brightening up plain gowns and transforming a low gown into a high one at short notice. The prettiest of the yokes are made of black chiffon, with chiffon ruffles and jet fringe for a finish to the lower edge. The daintiest scarfs are of Liberty tissue in the odd art colors for which the English tissues are noted. These are long and broad, to be tied in big, fluffy bows inside a coat collar. Yokes of pale and dressy colors, collars of velvet, with a bit of white lace, are effective and economical garnitures for plain gowns to make them smart and gay enough for evening wear. New wrist frills for the long leg-o'-mutton sleeves are made of a square of cloth about seven inches each way, with the corners rounded off and a hole cut in the middle for the hand. It is made double and stitched to the sleeve without fullness. If the dress is of two materials, the inside of the frill is of the contrasting color, the outside of the material like the sleeve.—New York Advertiser.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN IN KOREA.

One of the best known of the British subjects in Korea at the present time is Mrs Isabella Bishop, the woman explorer. She left England some time ago, in pursuance of a long cherished project of exploring the Hermit kingdom. She is traveling alone, and from letters she has written, it appears that she is finding her stay among the Koreans anything but pleasant. She ascended one of the principal rivers in a native sampan, flat-bottomed and drawing when fully loaded only four inches of water, and on this primitive home she lived for a month. She found the interpreter difficulty almost insurmountable, and another great problem was how to transport sufficient currency to enable her to pay her way. More than 300 "cash" go to the half-dollar, and $12 worth was a full load for a pony. As to the Koreans themselves, they are, Mrs. Bishop reports, the most unattractive savages she has ever encountered, and their rudeness and curiosity surpassed anything she had formerly experienced. She pronounces them entirely untrustworthy and lacking in anything like stability of character.—New Orleans Picayune.

FASHION NOTES.

Abroad golden carnelian jewelry is preferred for morning wear.

Pale yellow and also a green which suggests first tender leaves of lettuce are to be the vogue.

Beautiful scarfs two yards long and half a yard wide are made of heavy butter colored net, the end heavily finished with lace design. These scarfs are passed from front to back, crossed there and tied with loops in front.

New collarettes are made of a circular piece of lace or chiffon. A hole is cut in the middle and a narrow ribbon is run in, by which the material is shirred up to fit the throat. A frill of lace, set in very full, either gathered or plaited, has an insertion heading, with daisy ribbon.

A new veiling to be introduced for the cooler days has a double diamond shaped mesh, ornamented with small circular figures in boucle effect. Another very becoming veiling is the "Magpie," which is formed by black chenille spots of different sizes, variously spaced and arranged on a white net.

The bustle effect is the latest novelty in new gowns. The back is formed by four box plaits, which are sewn to stiff cap pieces. These caps are of the material lined with horsehair, and set out straight from the waist. The caps are finished with a cord and the box plait hangs from the outer edge.

As blouses have evidently come to stay, belts are, of course, an important detail of the wardrobe. The very newest and most becoming waist bands are those made of spangles thickly sewed on to elastic. Folds of ribbon or velvet are always pretty, particularly for those whose waists are too slim.

A lovely gown brought over to grace some autumn function, is of black and white brocade, set off by bretelles of royal blue velvet, drawn through two cut steel buckles at the back of the waist, the throat finished off with folds of the velvet and the large puffed sleeves caught down in two places with velvet rosettes.

Ribbon laid on a skirt in two bands, about five inches apart, was drawn together at intervals of eight inches and sewn down with rosettes of ribbon. Small loops of ribbon, each one separate, formed a festooned effect on another gown. The loops overlapped well, and the points at the top were finished with rosettes.

Weds His Fair Benefactress.

When Rev. Dr. Roberts performed the ceremony which made Miss Nina H. Piffard, of Piffard, Livingston County, Mrs. George Francis, of New York City, in the Fifth Avenue Church a week ago, he did not know that the handsome young man was once an employe at the elegant Piffard home in Livingston County, and that he was taken up by the pretty and wealthy young woman and by her aid educated and put in the way of success in worldly affairs. Nor did he know that George Francis was once George Clapper, and that the Piffard and Clapper families in Livingston County are widly separated in the social scale.

The Piffard family kept up a fine establishment at Piffard, and another in New York City. The Clapper family was poor and the boys worked at odd jobs over the county. George was the most ambitious. He was studious and managed to take a course in bookkeeping at the Geneseo Normal School. The knowledge there gained secured him a place in a grocery store at Rochester, but he went back to Livingston County and somehow drifted into the employ of the Piffards. While with them he frequently drove the carriage for the young ladies of the family.

Just how it happened only Miss Nina and the studious young employe know, but it did happen, and one day humble George Clapper packed up and went to Poughkeepsie, where he entered the business college and was finally graduated with honor. Everybody in Piffard said Miss Nina knew where the money came from that supported the young man during these years and paid for his education. George Clapper came from college a handsome and polished young gentleman, very different from his brothers and sisters at home and the equal of the elegant Piffards in bearing and attainments.

But the transformation was not complete. One day George Clapper posted off to Albany and after a little legal formality left the city as George Francis. Then he came to the metropolis and soon fell into a good business, which now brings him enough to support two in style becoming to his assumed station in life. Then they were married.—Chicago Herald.

The questions of the old text books on physics, D. W. Herring writes in the Popular Science Monthly, have, in great part, been answered. It is no longer "What is light?" "What is heat, sound or electricity?" These have been answered, though, perhaps, not yet assuredly or definitely. Now one wonders what is the quantum of energy in each body and what the relation of matter and ether. "Ethers were invented for the planets to swim in," is the conclusion of one scientist. It is evident that any student who plans to study physics would do well to begin before it gets any harder.