



DISTANT THINGS.

O, white is the sail in the far away,  
And dirty the sail at the dock;  
And fair are the cliffs across the bay  
And black is the near-by rock.  
Though glitters the snow on the peaks afar,  
At our feet it is only white,  
And bright is the gleam of the distant star,  
Though a lamp were twice as bright!  
The rose that nods beyond our reach  
Is redder than rose of ours;  
Of thought that turns our tongues to speech  
Our fellows leave greater dowers.  
The waters that flow from the hidden springs  
Are sweeter than those by our side—  
So we strive through life for the distant things  
And never are satisfied!  
So we strive through life for these distant things  
But ever they hold their place;  
Till beats life's drum and death doth come  
And we look in his mocking face.  
And the distant things crowd near and close  
And faith! They are dingy and gray!  
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed  
Twixt here and far away.  
For the charm is lost when the line is crossed  
And we see things as they are;  
And know that as clean is the sail at the dock  
As the sail on the sea afar;  
As bright the rays of the near-by lamp  
As the gleam of the distant star.  
—Elwyn I. Hoffman, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.



SUSIE BARCLAY

sat in her room stitching busily, and at the same time building air-castles, the innocent air-castles of a girl of eighteen, who is just wakening to the consciousness of a heart to be won and given. She would have blushed with indignation and wounded feeling, had any one told her she was actually in love, and there would have been no falsehood in her denial. Yet, since the Rev. James Castleton had come to Rosedale, and taken the church under his care, life had seemed brighter to Susie.

The Rev. James Castleton was a quiet, rather reserved man of thirty-five, not handsome, not especially gifted with eloquence. But in his soft gray eyes, in the curves of his gravely set mouth lay an expression of goodness, of unostentatious, true piety, that made his simple language more effective than the most elaborate oratory. Old women brought their sorrows to Mr. Castleton, and went away comforted, blessing him for an unfeigned sympathy that doubled the value of his counsels. Children clustered about him wherever he called, and looked eagerly for his coming into the Sunday-school. The young people liked him and trusted him, wondering a little sometimes that one so grave and quiet could so thoroughly understand the troubles and temptations of youth.

He had shown an interest in Susie Barclay for many reasons. She was an orphan and had lost both parents and a sister within a fortnight, victims of a malignant fever raging in Rosedale, four years before. She was poor, having taken a position as household teacher in a seminary, and been household drudge as well, to earn an education. At the time Mr. Castleton came to Rosedale, Susie was teaching music, was organist at St. Mark's, and in leisure time at home earned many an odd dollar by embroidery.

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter—Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rosedale. As organist, Susie was compelled to take part in all the services at St. Mark's, but beside this regular attendance, she was a devout, sincere member of the church, and gave her time, little as she could spare it, to the work in the missionary society, sewing circles and festivals of the year.

And the work upon which she was sewing so steadily Susie called, in her heart, her Easter offering. Mrs. Stacey, the richest woman in Rosedale, often employed Susie's busy fingers, and it only made the gentle girl smile scornfully when she heard Bessie Stacey praised for the exquisite embroidery her own active fingers wrought.

Mrs. Stacey intended to make an Easter offering, at St. Mark's, of a new set of church linen, and she had engaged Susie to hemstitch and em-

broider it, promising her ten dollars for work she well knew would cost her three times that sum in any city store.

And Susie had already appropriated that sum, in her mind. She would buy a large cross of white flowers, such as she had seen in her visits to the city, and present it to St. Mark's. Not one penny of those ten dollars would she use for her own expenses; and if Bessie Stacey let it be understood that she had embroidered the linen her mother presented, why, Susie could give her cross, and so balance matters.

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface, Susie knew that there was rivalry between Bessie Stacey and herself. She knew that Mr. Castleton was frequently at Mrs. Stacey's, to luncheon, to dinner, to arrange various church matters in which Mrs. Stacey suddenly wakened to an interest she had never felt when good old Mr. Murray presided in the pulpit.

And Bessie wore the most becoming dresses right under the minister's eyes, while Susie's modest dresses were hidden behind the curtains of the organ-loft.

As she worked in the passion-flowers encircling her cross, Susie thought of the order she would send to her Aunt Mary in the city for the cross she meant to buy. She had steadily put away the temptation to buy a new spring hat or one new dress, resolving to make over her gray poplin once more and have her old hat cleaned and pressed. And, really, one must be eighteen, with a very limited, hard-earned wardrobe and a strong desire to appear attractive in the eyes of one person, to appreciate the sacrifice Susie was making. Ten dollars, with her economical habits, her skill in sewing, would go so far toward girlish adornment!

But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words of praise or his grave eyes looking approvingly upon her tasteful gift, was she so very much to blame?

She had finished her work before sunset, and took it home. Mrs. Stacey was in the sitting room, where Bessie was opening the parcel containing a new silk suit for Easter Sunday, and Susie was called upon to admire the color, the style, the general effect.

"It is dark for spring," Bessie said, fretfully.

"You know very well you cannot bear light colors," said her mother. "Your eyes and hair are all you can desire; your teeth are good, your features regular and your figure is simply perfect; but your complexion is thick and sallow, and always will be until you stop eating such rich food. Now, here is Susie without one really good feature in her face, with an insignificant figure, eyes of no color in particular, a sort of bluish-gray, but with a complexion like a miniature painting. She can wear blue and softly tinted fabrics, but you cannot."

She might have added that Susie's hair was the color of corn-silk and one mass of golden waves and soft ringlets; that Susie's mouth was like a baby's in its tender curves and sweet expression; that Susie's eyes were full of intelligence and gentle, womanly sweetness; but she forgot to mention these points, and Susie was crushed, as she intended her to be, in spite of her complexion.

But Mrs. Stacey took out her pocket-book and from it a ten-dollar gold-piece.

"You can buy a new hat," she said, in a patronizing way indescribably irritating.

"No," Susie said, quietly; "this is to be my Easter offering."

"Oh! And speaking of Easter, would you mind, on your way home, taking this linen to Mrs. Byrne's to wash and iron. Tell her I must have it on Friday at the very latest!"

It was growing dark, and Susie remembered that so far from being "on her way home," Mrs. Byrne lived at the other end of Rosedale, but she was to shy too refuse, and rolled the linen up again.

Mrs. Byrne was a hard-working woman with seven children, whose husband, after subjecting her to all the miseries of a drunkard's wife, had released her by pitching head-first off the bridge below Rosedale, into the river. Womanlike, she grieved for him, as if he had made her life a bed

of roses, and turned to her wash-tubs for a living, patiently and industriously. A very sunbeam of a woman she was, in spite of her troubles, and Susie was amazed to find her sitting on the door-steps sobbing like a child. She rose to receive Mrs. Stacey's message, and promised to do the work, and then, in answer to Susie's gentle, "You are in trouble, I am afraid," her grief broke out in words.

"I've no right to complain, miss," she said, "for the Lord 's been very good to us since poor Tim was drowned, but indeed it's a chance lost I'm fretting for."

"A chance lost?" said Susie, her voice still full of gentle sympathy.

"It's Nora, miss. She's been delicate, miss, ever since she was born, and the air here is bad for her intirely. The docther says her lungs is wake, and it's a bad cough she's got, and we're too near the say here in Rosedale. And me sister, who lives at B—, she's wrote she'll take Nora for her own, an' give her schooling and not let her work till she's stronger. She's not much of her own, hasn't sister Mary; but she's no childer since she put four in the church-yard, and she'll be good to Nora, an' the child just dying here by inches, for she will help me, an' 'sloppin' in the washin' bed for her. She coughs that bad at night, miss, and the docther says the air in B— would be the makin' of her."

"But, surely, you will send her," said Susie.

"There it is, miss! Mary, she can't find money out an' out, and it costs six dollars to go to B—. I was up to Mrs. Stacey's, to ax the loan of it, and work it out a little at a time on the washin'; but she told me she could not spare it. An' she rich! I'm thinkin', miss, perhaps she'd be servin' the Lord as well as savin' a girl's life, you may say, instead of buyin' all this embroidered linen to show off at St. Mark's."

The words struck Susie like a stab. Was it to serve the Lord or for her own vanity she wanted to give the white cross to St. Mark's? Saving a human life! The thought almost took her breath.

"You can send Nora if you have ten dollars?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; but it might as well be a hundred. I can't get it."

"Yes, for I will give it to you; and you can ask the Lord to bless my Easter offering."

And before the astonished woman could reply, the shining gold piece lay in her hand and Susie was speeding homeward.

"The Lord be good to her! The saints bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "An' she 's achin' for her own bread and butter an' trudgin' about in all weathers to earn a dollar!"

"You seem surprised at something, Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr. Castleton standing beside her.

"I came over to see if you could come up to the parsonage and help Mrs. Willis to-morrow. She has some extra work on hand."

"Yes, sir! I'll come, and be thankful to you, An' I am surprised—just dazed like." And out came the whole story from the grateful woman's lips, ending with:

"And it's workin' she is as hard as meself in her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money couldn't spare jest the loan of it, for it's not beggin' I'd be!"

Easter services were over, and Mrs. Stacey had invited Mr. Castleton to dinner. She had told no direct lie, but certainly had given the impression that the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers. As they drove home, she asked Mr. Castleton sweetly.

"Don't think me impertinent, but which of the offerings was Miss Barclay's?"

"None that I know of!"

"Was there one offering of ten dollars in the collection?"

"No—a five-dollar bill was the largest."

"Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie. "It was not necessary for Miss Barclay to tell you, mamma, she was going to give ten dollars for an Easter offering, but she need not have told a falsehood about it!"

"Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton. "Her Easter offering was ten dollars."

But he made no further explanation; nor did Susie, when summer

time brought her a letter, asking her to share his life and labors, know that Mrs. Byrne had told him the story of her charity.—New York Ledger.

An Exhibition of Nerve.

"I think one of the most remarkable exhibitions of nerve on the part of a burglar was shown by one who was captured in Philadelphia not very long ago," said J. H. Ivers, at the Lindell, last evening. "The fellow was what is known as a 'porch climber,' and one evening, about 8 o'clock, he gained access to the sleeping apartments of a house in one of the best portions of the city. While engaged in ransacking the room he heard some one coming up the stairs, and, not having time to escape, he sought safety under the bed.

"The door opened and the lady of the house entered, and after busying herself about the room for a few minutes, picked up a book and commenced to read. The bed under which the fellow was concealed was a very low one, and his cramped position was anything but comfortable. He did not dare to move for fear of betraying himself, but kept hoping she would leave the room for some reason or other and give him a chance to escape. She stayed on, however, and about 10 o'clock was joined by her husband. After a few minutes' conversation they retired to the very bed under which the burglar lay concealed.

"In trying to shift his position a little the fellow under the bed made a slight noise, which immediately alarmed the woman. Calling her husband, she said:

"Tom, there is some one under the bed."

"Nonsense," he said; "you are dreaming."

"I tell you I heard some one," she replied.

"It is only the dog," he said. "Here, I will prove it to you."

"And with that he threw his arm over the edge of the bed, and, snapping his fingers, called as he would to a dog.

"The fellow under the bed took in the situation in an instant, and, realizing that he must act promptly, actually reached out his head to where the hand hung and licked the fingers with his tongue, as a dog might do. The act was performed so naturally that the man in bed was completely deceived, and after saying to his wife, 'I told you so,' and telling her to go to sleep, he turned over and was soon lost to slumber. After waiting until convinced they were sound asleep the burglar crawled out from under the bed and, taking everything of value he could find in the room, made his escape."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Economy of a Milk Diet.

Aside from the physiological considerations the economy of a milk diet is not the least among its advantages, as compared with beef. In the former there is no bone, as in meat, nor waste in trimmings, and, though the amount of bone in meat varies it is rarely less than eight per cent.—in the neck and brisket of beef, for instance, it is about ten per cent., while in the shins and legs it amounts to one-third or even one-half the total weight. Again, milk requires no cooking, hence is always ready for consumption at a moment's notice, and without being subjected to waste and shrinkage. The ordinary percentage of loss in boiling beef is twenty per cent.; in baking, twenty-nine per cent., and the roasting process involves fully thirty-one per cent.; true, this loss arises partly from the evaporation of water, as well as the melting down and escape of fat, and the destructive action of heat—whatever loss, however, is thus occasioned, has no counterpart in milk.—Boston Cultivator.

The "Laughing Plant" of Arabia.

The "laughing plant" produces black, bean-like seed, small doses of which, when dried and powdered into toxicant like laughing gas. The person indulging in the drug dances, shouts and laughs like a madman for about an hour, when he becomes exhausted and falls into a death-like sleep which often lasts several hours and leaves the victim in an awful state of nervous collapse.—St. Louis Republic.

CHEESE MAKING.

HOW THIS FOOD PRODUCT IS MADE ABROAD.

Processes by Which the Foreign Article Gets the Quality Gourmets Relish so Much—Roquefort Cheese Ripened in Caves.

IN England the Cheddar, the Cheshire and the celebrated Stilton cheese, says the New York World, are made by processes which are comparatively well known. In a great measure their quality depends upon the care with which they are aged. Among European cheeses, which within a couple of decades in this country have superseded those of England in popularity, there is a certain mystery in the processes by which they are manufactured. In the soft cheeses the product of the New Jersey farm may really be said to fairly compete with those of Europe. But these imitations have their restrictions. For instance, these worthy imitators of a delicacy so popular have either vainly or not at all attempted to reproduce the famous Roquefort.

This cheese is probably one of the oldest known. It is certainly one of the oldest mentioned in any written book. Pliny mentions it in one of his works, and Rabelais when he wrote the phrase that has since become so commonplace, "that the moon is made of green cheese," is more likely to have had in mind the green-streaked Roquefort than the green sage cheese of England of the time of Shakespeare.

The making of Roquefort cheese is something of a romance. The village from which it takes its name is situated in a deep, narrow gorge, with high, precipitous walls of limestone rock. This cheese is made from the milk of the black goat, which has a fertile pasturage of ten or twelve leagues in the valley below.

This milk is heated almost to boiling and set aside. In the morning it is skimmed, heated to ninety-eight degrees and mingled with the morning's milk for coagulation. When the curd has been divided with a clean wooden paddle and the whey drawn off it is well kneaded by the hands of the pretty mountain maidens and pressed in layers into moulds with perforated bottoms. Usually a thin layer of mouldy bread is placed between the layers of curd, the object being to hasten the ripening by supplying the green mould peculiar to this cheese.

This bread is always made the week before Christmas, of equal parts of summer and winter barley, with considerable sour dough and a little vinegar. The mouldiness which this produces is not sufficiently apparent for the taste of the high-classed connoisseur, unless the cheese is kept for three months and its action hastened by warmth. When it strikes the peasant that it is mouldy enough the cheese is ground, sifted, moistened with water and kept from contact with the air.

In the caves and fissures in the walls of the town, and in vaults rudely constructed in these fissures, the ripening of the Roquefort cheese is carried on by the cold currents of air which whistle through them all the year round. Those vaults which have currents flowing from south to north are believed to yield the best cheese.

The proprietor of these caves keeps the cheeses sometimes for several years. The cheeses when brought in are classified according to their merit. Salt is sprinkled over them, and they are piled one on another for two or three days. Then they are taken down, the accumulated salt carefully rubbed in and then they are piled up again and left for a week. They are scraped and pared, pricked through and through with needles driven by machinery in order to accelerate the gathering of the green mould in the interior, and after this are left in piles again for fifteen days, till they become dry and firm in texture and their interiors begin to be covered with mould.

Another foreign cheese which is a favorite here is the small, round Dutch cheese known as the Edam. It is called after a small and flourishing town of that name, located not far from Amsterdam. It looks very much like a small red-cannon ball, and there is a story that when, during the siege of one of the cities of Holland,

the real cannon balls gave out, these cheeses were used to supply the guns.

Another favorite, which is found in every French restaurant in this city, but is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be in American restaurants, is the Gruyere. This takes its name from Switzerland, where it is supposed to have originated, but as a matter of fact it is now made largely in Germany, in France and in New Jersey. What is called the real Gruyere is mostly made in little huts—sometimes called chalets—high up in the Alps at the time of the year when the pastures on the mountain sides are accessible and these little huts inhabitable.

The milk is put into a great kettle and swung over a gentle fire, where it obtains a temperature of seventy-seven degrees. Then the rennet is added; when the coagulation has advanced far enough the curd is cut into very fine pieces. Then it is rubbed and suited through the fingers into the kettle again, and submitted to a temperature of ninety degrees. It is then strained from the whey and collected in a cloth. Salt is rubbed in carefully from time to time on the outside.

One of the stories told of the commoner Swiss cheeses of this kind is that of a tourist not well supplied with cash, who was walking through the Alps. He called at an inn and demanded a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. What he obtained in response to his order was two slices of buttered bread and a glass of milk.

"But where is the cheese?" he said to the waiter.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Swiss, shrugging his shoulders, "but, you see, sir, our cheese was remarkably fine this year and full of large holes; perhaps you got one of the holes."

Satisfied the Paying Teller.

A well dressed man went into a Main street bank and walked up to the window presided over by the paying teller, says a writer in the Buffalo Express. He handed a check to that individual and said: "I have a check for \$50 which I wish you would cash."

The paying teller looked at the check and then at the man. "You will have to be identified," he said.

The well dressed man was prepared for this. "I don't know a soul in Buffalo," he said, "but I have a lot of letters addressed to myself." He pulled out a package of letters and showed them through the window.

The paying teller examined the addresses, looked at the check again, and said: "That is not sufficient. You will have to be personally identified."

"But there isn't a man, woman or child in Buffalo who knows me from a trolley car," persisted the well dressed man. "Here, here is my key ring. Look at the name on that tag."

The paying teller saw that the name on the check and the name on the tag were the same. "I am sorry," he said, "but our rules are very strict. I can't pay this check on such an identification. Excuse me, but you may have stolen both letters and key chain and check."

The well dressed man was worried. "I've got to have that money," he said, "to get out of town with, and I have to get out of town this afternoon." Then he desperately tore open his vest and showed his initials on his shirt. "There," he said, "do you think I stole the shirt, too?"

"May have," answered the paying teller, laconically.

The well dressed man was very angry. He walked around the bank for a while and then was struck by a sudden thought. He took off his coat and vest and rolled up his left shirt sleeve and the sleeve of his undershirt. Then he stuck his bared arm through the window and shouted: "There, you dod-gasted chump! Do you see those initials tattooed there in blue ink? Do you think I stole them, too?"

The paying teller paid the money without another word.

The Chicago Record facetiously observes that stock-raising and farming will be permitted only in the remotest corners of the Greater New York. The metropolitan garden-truck and clam-fishing industries will not, however, be interfered with.

Ireland, according to John Morley, has passed the quietest winter known for thirty years.