

EVERY-DAY VERSES.

All the day from slope and meadow
Vocal song and silent praise
Rise from sunlit fields and shadow,
As in fair midsummer days—
Bud and blossom
Sky and valley,
Meadow path and city maze.

Tasseled corntops, fluttering sedges,
Far horizons, smiling fields,
Cities set in valleys, hedges
Crowded close where harvest yields
Grass and clover—
Seed time over—
Ample share for barn and fields.

Beckoning grasses, insect voices,
Breezes hain from slope and fell,
Flowering thistle—all rejoyces
While the round world says 'tis well.
Wakes the music,
Hearts responding,
Let me, too, the story tell.

Come, all gerarial life, together
Sing with me—a joyous throng.
You on pinions rise, with feather,
Swift ascending, move along.
Praise forever,
Gladness telling:
Life and joy in grateful song.
—New York Observer.

JOHN HUBERT'S LUCK.

BY HELEN BECKMAN.

Poor John Hubert! Ill luck had followed close at his heels for many a long year until it seemed as natural a sequence to his every undertaking as good fortune is to other men. But deep within his honest breast was a well-spring of hope, bubbling to the surface in never-ceasing ripples and giving to his face its sunny smile, his eyes their happy outlook, spite of misfortune and disappointment. It fairly overran its boundaries when he wooed and won pretty Meta Allen for his bride, and the year they spent together was a year of perpetual sunshine, spite of the dark cloud of poverty which hung over their humble cottage, and made it so hard to provide even their simple wants. But Meta sang over her work like some bird building its nest, and John found labor pleasure with the memory of his bright fireside before him.

But there came a day when the poor girl's song died on her lips, as they grew white and pale, leaving only a sad, lingering smile about them, and the cheery fire burned low, unheeded, and a shadow—not of poverty, but the great, grim terror, which broods over the place alike with the hovel—shut out the sunshine, and sweet Meta Hubert's eyes, with one lingering look of love in their depths for the strong man sobbing like a child at her bedside, closed for the last time, while the feeble flame of life flickered and went out. For a little while black darkness entered into John Hubert's soul. Even the waters of the spring seemed dried up, but, lo! his young wife had not left him uncomfited. Baby fingers clutched at his heart strings; a baby's cry stirred the waters of hope once more, and as the months grew into years and he traced in the little one's eyes the same look which had shone in her mother's his very soul went out to the child who was as daughter and wife both, and the well-spring of hope once more bubbled and sang. It was for her dear sake, 12 long years after his young wife had been laid to rest, that he determined to leave the grave kept ever green and turn his face westward. His farm was mortgaged, his struggle a hard one. Little Meta deserved something better, so he sold all he had and, with her by his side, set out for their new life to the wonderful gold country.

It bore little evidences of its hidden treasure when at last it was reached. Meta looked dismayed at the rough men who formed the settlement, when, clinging close to her father's hand, they entered among them. She could not understand the amazed looks they cast on her. She did not dream that with her golden hair falling in curls below her waist, her great blue eyes timidly unraised or drooping with the long brown lashes, fringing the delicate cheek, it was as though an angel had suddenly appeared in their midst. Some of them had wives and children of their own at home, and tears sprang to eyes which had known no moisture for years.

"This is no place for such as she," growled forth one man, indicating the child with a glance, but John answered, not without dignity:

"Her place is by my side. She knows no other friend. Her mother is in Heaven."

So no more was said, and John Hubert's claim was marked out with the rest, and the little girl was soon as much at home as though she had known no other life. But the feeling with which she had impressed the men never died away. To them she seemed more angel than child, and when her yellow hair came floating in the breeze and she would suddenly dance up to any group, the coarse jest about to be uttered would be silenced—the muttered curse be sent back to its fountain head.

So the years went by until Meta grew from childhood to girlhood, almost to womanhood, a pure, sweet flower in this far-off wild. No better luck fell to John Hubert's share. The nugget which would have made his fortune he passed by, while those on his right and left gathered it. But one day, when he was uncomplainingly engaged in his general favorite, the digging of envy and discontent years ago, he was struck through the heart by a bullet which struck his little back a

a momentary anger, but never a blow in the dark or the assassin's hidden steel. So a great thrill of horror and amazement shook the little community to its centre when the day after John Hubert's luck had come to him he was found cold and lifeless in his bed, smiling as though he had no time to awaken from some happy dream, but with the cold steel through his heart.

Who had done this thing? No need to ask why it had been done. The missing gold proclaimed the motive. The murderer had been a thief as well. No stranger had entered the camp; none of their number were missing. Each man feared to look in the other's face. Silently, sadly, they laid the poor body in the ground. A rude burial, but few, what'er the outward pomp, receive such silent need of grief.

Six months later, and Meta Hubert and young Roger Rollins walked side by side on the outskirts of the camp. Her face was pale, her eyes had in them an expression born there since her father's cruel death, and she listened with resolution already formed to the young man's words.

"Will you not marry me, Meta? Have I not loved you ever since you came among us a little girl? True, darling, the wealth for which I have so patiently toiled has not yet come to me, but it will come, Meta. I know it—I feel it, and then I will take you away from all these sad associations, but while you must be here let my love cheer and comfort you."

"It does, Roger; it does. I will confess to you tonight what I have never before acknowledged. I do love you, or, rather, I would had I room for love in my heart—room for any other feeling than the determination to bring my father's murderer to justice. How do I know but that you," speaking with sudden impetuosity, "are the man?"

Roger Rollins' face grew ghastly pale as he almost whispered:

"Meta!"

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" she cried, noting his pallor. "I did not mean that, Roger, except that we know not whom to suspect, and I am almost maddened with suspense and grief. Poor father! He had toiled so long, with ill-luck ever pursuing him, and when at last the tide of fortune turned—Roger! Roger, who could have begrudged him at the end?"

"God only knows, Meta darling. Leave vengeance in His hands. Be my wife and forget your misery in our happiness."

"I cannot—I cannot!" she answered, a dry sob in her throat, as the bright future she pictured faded before her. "I might doubt even you, Roger—even you!"

The words came back to her as a prophecy—a prophecy she little meant—she only realized when verified—when, one short week after, the man came to her with triumph in their eyes and voices and told her that they had discovered her father's murderer. No need to question who. The name rang like a clarion through the camp, to her ears like a dirge, since it was the name of the man she had loved and trusted—Roger Rollins.

Working in his claim he had cried out that he had discovered gold, and the men, rushing to the spot, found his words indeed true; but, on further investigation, the gold was found to have been placed there, and when removed from its temporary bed—so unskillfully deposited as to make detection almost inevitable—John Hubert's long-lost treasure was revealed. The murderer, by his impatient greed, had betrayed himself. He had only looked aghast when told of his crime and, silent and pale, lay bound awaiting his speedy trial—his certain death.

Meta listened shudderingly to their words, each falling like a dull blow on her unprotected head; then, with a moan as of some stricken animal, she buried her head in her hands, refusing to be comforted. The memory of his pallor at her idle words again rose before her, his certain hope that fortune would come to him, but over all and through all a something in her inmost soul declared his innocence.

It was nightfall. The camp slept, save when the little guard, alert and wakeful, surrounded the prisoner, when suddenly a ghost appeared upon the scene, and a challenge rang out on the night air.

"It is I," replied a voice. "May I say a word to the prisoner?" and Meta Hubert stepped in their midst.

"Yes," they answered, and without delay they approached the spot where they had buried the man.

"You here?" he questioned, raising a haggard face to hers.

"Yes, Roger," she answered, very gently. "I am come to tell you I believe you innocent. Nothing can save your life, I fear, but I want to give you proof of my words. I want to be your wife before you die."

"Meta!" exclaimed the young man. "Thank Heaven! Not as my wife, darling. You shall be no felon's widow even in man's sight. In God's sight I am innocent! He only knows how that gold was placed within my claim, but as I soon shall be summoned to His presence, it never soiled my hands. Your words have wronged this from me—your belief in me—else I should have gone silent to the grave. Now, darling, leave me, lest you unman me for the morrow."

As silently as she had come, her pleading in vain, Meta passed away. The trial was very short, the testimony conclusive and the verdict that the next morning at daybreak Roger Rollins should die. In vain Meta protested her belief in his innocence, in vain appealed for mercy. They thought grief had unsettled her reason, when, as the shades of evening were gathering, a man staggered into the camp mortally wounded. He had wandered beyond the guards and in an encounter with two or three stray Indians met his death. He was one of their number—a surly, silent fellow, but one now needing their attention and care. Two of them sat by his bed as the slow hours wore on, and one, bending over him, said:

"You won't see daybreak, old fellow. If you've anything to say—any message to leave—say it now."

"So soon?" he answered in a broken voice. "I am going now where I sent poor Hubert."

"What?" they questioned, aghast.

"Yes, I murdered him; not the boy you have out there in chains. Then I did not dare use the money, and after a time I learned to love the girl. She spurned me—would not give me even a kindly glance, and one night I heard her tell Rollins that she cared for him. Mad with jealousy, I watched my opportunity, and in the darkness of the night placed the stolen treasure in his claim, knowing well what would follow. I never should have told. I don't know what it makes me tell now, unless—unless—" and with a great choking in his throat the man fell back—dead!

No need of notaries and depositions. Justice and right ruled in this far-off camp, though clothed in so rude a garb, and the men knew Phil Carlton's words were true. He had gone beyond the reach of their vengeance. They left him to the mercy of his Maker.

But ere another day drew to its close the solemn words were said which made Meta Hubert Roger Rollins' wife. Her father's fortune was hers now with which to build a home far away from these sad scenes, but, looking into her husband's face, with its proud, hopeful trust, she felt with her hand in his she could go anywhere. But sometimes, when her fairest hopes have been realized, in the evening twilight, while waiting the happy husband's and father's return, she tells the children gathered at her knee the strange story of Phil Carlton's confession.—New York Ledger.

The Lasso.

The lasso is of great antiquity. It is said to be depicted in the ruins of Nineveh. An early Persian manuscript, preserved in the Escorial, shows a sportsman (whom I suppose royal by his Olympian expression and careless seat) in the act of catching a wild ass with a piecily plaited lasso. The Laplanders are said to lasso modern Australians use rudimentary lasso fixed to a long pole in order to catch wild or refractory horses. The Poles, Croats and Wallachians, with the Hungarians, seem to have used the lasso till about the beginning of the present century. A picture by the German artist Richter shows Polish remounts for the German cavalry being lassoed in the Zwinger at Dresden. The horses look as wild as a Texan "broncho" or an Argentine "gagal," and the attitude of men and animals, and the way the ropes are coiled and thrown, are identical with those adopted in Spanish America today. The lasso appears to run through a ring in the pommel of the saddle. It is, however, in Spanish America where the art has been most developed. This is on account of the open country and the vast numbers of wild and semi-wild horses which up to the middle of the present century over-spread its plains.—Badminton Magazine.

Where Mustaches Are Barred.

Time was in England when the employes of banks might not wear beards or mustaches. This restriction has in almost every instance long been removed. One exception still remains. The historic house of Coutts, where royalty keeps its private accounts, declines to alter the rule of a bygone age, and visitors to its ancient walls will note that its employes present a remarkably trim and smart appearance. The younger clerks yearning for those hirsute adornments so dear to budding adolescence have recently memorialized the partners on this subject; but, alas! without success.

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Jelly for an Invalid.

A nutritious and appetizing jelly to tempt the capricious palate of an invalid—who rebels at broth and gruel—is made in this way: Take a quart of strong beef broth, without a particle of fat, and clear with the white and shell of one egg, as per bouillon. Season as you wish, with celery seed and thin shavings from a half lemon, or with cinnamon and other spices, and set away to harden. Turn out on a pretty dish and serve while cold and firm.

To Make Toast.

Lay the bread on top of a hot stove (in the toaster) or on a plate in the oven until it is well dried on both sides. If it can be entirely toasted on top of the stove, as it may easily be if the stove is very hot, so much the better. If not, when it has dried apply it to the coals. A few minutes will suffice to give it a delicate brown evenly distributed. Now lay it on a hot plate and do not cut off the crust; it need not be eaten if disliked, but should not be removed in the making. Pour enough hot water over the toast to soak it to the leathery stage. Now quickly butter and salt it on both sides. When that is done add more water if desired, but if all the water be put on at first it will be impossible to turn the slices. If the bread be buttered before it is wet, as most people do, it will not penetrate into the bread, but be washed off. The bread will also have a sort of crust over it. When all is done, pour over it hot milk or slightly warmed cream if desired. Take care not to get it too rich for a very delicate stomach.—Klara Kooke, in New England Homestead.

Chateaufe of Spinach.

Boil one large carrot and one large white turnip until tender. When cold cut lengthwise into strips one-quarter of an inch thick and one inch wide. Butter a medium-sized oval pudding dish about four inches high, and line the sides with alternate strips of carrot and turnip and arrange a few pieces cut in small fancy shapes in the bottom. Prepare the spinach as follows: Wash four quarts through a half dozen waters to remove all sand and grit. Have ready a large pot three-quarters full of boiling water, to which add one tablespoonful of salt. Put in the spinach, press well under the water, but do not cover. Cook fifteen minutes, drain thoroughly, then chop fine. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the spinach, stir until the butter is well mixed through; sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper and stir again for five minutes; add one-half cupful of cream or rich milk and cook for five minutes longer. Fill the centre of the dish with the prepared spinach and press it down firmly and evenly; trim off the tops of the strips even with the spinach. Heat in a steamer or set the mold in a pan of hot water and place in the oven until hot through. Turn out on a platter and pour round it a white sauce to which a little lemon juice is added.—Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Stone jars are far better than tin boxes for keeping bread during hot weather.

A little vinegar added to water in which salt fish is soaked will improve its flavor.

A tablespoonful of kerosene oil added to the boiler when scalding clothes will help to whiten them.

Lamp chimneys can be cleaned by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth and polishing with a piece of newspaper.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottle-fed baby. The one not in use should be filled with cold water and soda.

Ivory-handled knives should be kept in a cotton flannel bag having separate compartments for each knife.

If grease is spilled on the floor cold water poured on it at once will prevent the spot from soaking into the wood.

In wiping china dishes do not pile one upon another while still hot. Spread out to cool off, then pack. Piling together while warm is apt to make the glaze crack.

In making any of the desserts where milk and gelatine are employed, it must be remembered that if the gelatine is mixed with the sugar before dissolving it in the milk, there will be no danger of the milk curdling.

Pretty and effective lamp shades that can be readily changed when soiled are made from the little Japanese or Chinese umbrellas. These can be bought for a few cents at any of the Japanese stores. A round hole is cut in the centre to fit the globe, and the wilton umbrella is tied into position with a piece of baby ribbon.

When shaking heavy rugs hold from the sides, never from the ends. If possible, spread on clean grass or boards with the wrong side up; beat first to dislodge the dirt, then brush thoroughly and hang on the line to air, using judgment about leaving too long in the hot sun. This is the method employed by the Turks, who should be connoisseurs in the care of rugs.

CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

THE NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY THAT IS BEING DEVELOPED.

African Feathers Being Rapidly Driven Out of the Field by Our Own Product—How the Birds Have Been Put to the Front in This Country.

Ostrich farming is now one of the profitable industries of the country, there being in southern California several large farms, those of Pasadena, Norwalk and San Diego being particularly noticeable. Here birds of various ages, from the newly-hatched chick to the full grown, may be seen. The climate is particularly adapted to this bird, and the transplanted industry may be said to be a perfect success.

The first birds were brought here in 1855, an Englishman securing fifty-two South African ostriches. Forty-two arrived in southern California in good condition and formed the basis of all future operations, their descendants today numbering over 200 California-born birds.

The Pasadena ostrich farm is the most convenient to the general public, and lies on the north side of the Arroyo Seco—the river, often dry in summer, which forms the western boundary to the city. Here a large inclosure is divided off into yards and corrals, in which are found birds of all ages, while in a small building are exhibited the products of the farm. Up to within a few years all the ostrich plumes worn were brought from Africa, but now there is a duty of 28 per cent. on the plumes, and the young American industry is able to compete. At the Pasadena farm the feathers are to be had at cost. Here one wishes for twenty-five or thirty dollars, or the plumes made into a variety of articles useful and ornamental, which are distributed all over the country.

A flock of fifty or one hundred birds presents a most interesting and singular appearance. They have a jaunty, debonair air as they approach the fence, and when startled they rush away with wings and feathers erect, presenting a very peculiar appearance.

The birds in Pasadena are kept in small corrals, separated by a space of five or six feet to prevent them from fighting. In this pasture they strike with their feet forward with a force often sufficient to kill a man or horse, the long, sharp toe being a terrible weapon. When the Pasadena attendants are attacked they throw themselves upon the ground and lie flat, escaping for the singular reason that the birds cannot strike anything less than three feet from the ground. The old birds first attract the visitor's attention—a flock of fifty, each standing seven feet high and weighing about 250 pounds, their great, white, bare thighs working, their rich plumes falling gracefully from wing and tail. They appear to have unbounded curiosity, coming up to the fences and gazing at the observers with their mild eyes. In one pen sits a nesting bird in the hot sun. The nest is simply a depression in the soil. When the bird nests it deposits in all ten or fifteen eggs, over which she distributes a little sand. From now on the two birds devote themselves equally to the hatching process. The male bird takes his place at 4 p. m. and sets until nine in the morning; then the female, who has been feeding and exercising, relieves him. The male also relieves the female an hour in the middle of the day, that she may feed.

For forty days this regime is faithfully followed, when an observer will hear the tap-tap from the shells, and soon they begin to break, aided by the female, and the strange, wire-haired young appear. They are immediately taken from the mother and placed in a brooder, and the female will soon begin to lay again.

No feathers equal in beauty those obtained from the wild ostrich, but the California production meets the demand so well that it would be difficult to distinguish them.—Philadelphia Times.

Bennett's Coach Line.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, is an enthusiastic whip, and when in Paris or in the south of France a seat in his four-in-hand is free to anybody paying a regulation fare. The proceeds of his coaching tours are devoted to charitable purposes. A peculiarity of the millionaire driver is that he not only expects tips from his fares, but is much annoyed should any one dismount without "remembering the coachman," even to the extent of a very small "pourboire." What Mr. Bennett does with his tips is a matter of conjecture. Some people aver that he treasures them as ever-precious evidences of his own hard work.

Well Matched.

"I'm a plain, every-day business man," said Merritt, "and am nothing if not practical. Miss Wisely, will you be my wife?"

"I admire your frankness, Mr. Merritt," replied the fair object of his affections, "because I am inclined to be rather matter of fact myself. How much are you worth?"—Chicago News.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Among the noteworthy announcements made at the recent medical congress at Moscow was that the lungs had recently been operated on successfully.

Electricity is used to ignite the wick of an oil lamp recently placed on the market, the battery and push button to turn on the current being mounted in the base of the lamp.

Fountain brushes for painting are made with a socket in place of a handle, and screw over the neck of a paint can, from which paint feeds through an orifice to the bristles.

Schoolboys should beware of licking pens or blots with their tongues. According to Mr. Marsmann of Leipzig there are microbes in ink, and they may be dangerous to prick the skin with a pen.

The insect which is destroying cabbage in Howard county, Maryland, has been identified as the harlequin cabbage bug. It came originally from Central America and first appeared in this country in Texas in 1866.

The lightning specialist connected with the government weather bureau maintains that rods are no protection, and that most precautions taken by people to keep out of the path of a possible electrical discharge are useless.

A scientific expedition has gone from Australia to the Ellisee islands, 700 miles north of Fiji, to test Darwin's theory that coral reefs are constructed on gradually sinking islands. The expedition will make deep borings into the reefs.

Sir William Thompson calculates that the number of molecules in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of 70 miles a minute.

There has recently been cast by the Bethlehem Iron foundry a nickel-steel ingot weighing 222,300 pounds, said to be the largest ingot ever cast in this country. It is 16 feet 7 inches long, 74 inches in diameter, and from it will be made a 16-inch gun for coast defense.

To facilitate the transportation and preservation of hay an apparatus has been devised at Buenos Ayres for compressing it to one-tenth its normal bulk. In this form, as hay biscuits, it can be preserved dry and sound for an indefinite period, without losing its flavor or value as food.

A citizen just returned from Paris describes a very ingenious device that has been adopted there for use in cabs. It is a register that indicates the exact distance, automatically, the cab travels on a trip, and at the end displays the amount of the legal fare for that distance for the information of the passenger.

Facts in Regard to Appendicitis.

The position is taken by Dr. M. Burney, in the London Medical News, that there really is no medical cure for appendicitis, even though some cases recover without operation; he considers, too, that though appendicitis is a surgical disease, yet operation may not be necessary in every case, the fact being that this ailment is a stoppage of the drainage of the appendix to the colon, and preliminary treatment is often worse than useless. Thus the opium treatment relieves pain and discomfort, but entirely masks the symptoms at a most important time, for it is in the first twenty-four hours from the beginning of the attack that physicians can decide not only as to the diagnosis, but as to the result and course probably of the case. If, for instance, there is no increase in urgency in five or six hours, the patient is not in immediate danger if kept at perfect rest in bed; on the other hand, if in twelve hours there is still no increase in the severity of the symptoms, the patient should begin to improve. But, if the urgency of the case has steadily increased in twelve hours from the time when the diagnosis was made, an operation will probably be called for. After two attacks, a patient is sure to have a third, and each attack renders operation more difficult and dangerous; all the advantages lie with operation between the attacks, and in an operation during an acute attack the prognosis is worse.—New York Tribune.

Cheap Electric Light.

In spite of the fact that Chicago is generally associated with the idea of municipal ownership in the consideration of all questions of public lighting, it is a fact that the city depends upon central station companies for considerable current to operate street lights, particularly in the southern part of the city. Two of the companies, the People's Electric Light and Power company and the Hyde Park Electric Light and Power company, have been engaged in a spirited rate-cutting war for some time, and wherever the lines of both companies were to be found the people secured their service at a very small cost. The city controller, becoming cognizant of this fact, determined to secure some advantage for the city, and he has accordingly asked both companies to bid upon the city lighting for the district which they occupy.—Western Electrician.