WEAVING THE WEB.

"This morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eye shone bright and glad, and clear,
Like the dark bright eye of the swallow's flight.
"As soon as the day's first task are done,
I will sit in the fresh and sweet evening air,
I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me."

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And all who see it shall say, "Oh, rare!" she said,
"So fair and so strong, will I weave my web,
That happiness it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew hot and fresh was gone the breath of
June;
And the young loom sighed by the waiting loom,
Tangled the thread as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried, —
"And morn is short though the days are
long!"
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun was high in the cloudless sky,
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she moved, with sighs,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said,
"My web must wait till the evening.
Till the noon work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence
and rest."
So, one by one the hours passed on,
Till the creeping shadows lengthened down;
Till the noon was still, and the work of the day
And the singing birds to their nests had
flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere twilight came,
And laid her hands on the shining threads
Of the pattern so fair, one by one.
But hand was tired and heart was weak;
"I'm not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors
rare
Are not as bright or fair to see."

"I must wait, I think, till another morn,
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing to dark to weave," she cried.
As the west and lower sank the sun,
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still,
The weaver slept in the twilight gloom.
Dead! Yes! Who shall weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

GOSSIP.

I sat in the cars, while just behind
Two young lady graduates were combined
In conversation, using such
As "I'm so tired," and "Ever so much"
"How lovely!" "I know." He was so kind,"
"I felt so badly," "I'm half a mind,"
"And did you see those beautiful things?"
"How was it trimmed?" "Such lovely stamp,"
"Oh, I'm so glad," "Oh dear, I'm so jealous, yes,"
"Isn't it awful?" "Just see my dress,"
"Oh, dear me, do you think them nice?"
"My feet, I declare, are as cold as ice!"
And they talked of sauce and other vanities,
Of bracelets, rings, and of other matters,
My ears could no longer stand the jar,
So I changed my seat to the smoking car
A change indeed! Two men were there,
And, truly, they were a precious pair!
Other had was vulgar, coarse and profane,
They took the name of God in vain,
And, getting weary of oath and curse
I went back to the girls — thinking.

THE QUAKER ARTIST.

"I tell thee, now, Richard, that thee'll never get a cent of my money if thee keeps on with this devil's work."

The speaker was Friend Joseph Harris, and he held at arm's length a small picture in water colors, the features of which were hardly discernible in the gloom of the winter morning. Friend Joseph had been at the barn as was his custom, to fodder the cattle and feed the horses before breakfast, and had discovered this humble piece of art in a nook in the granary. He did not have to be told that it was his son Richard's work, whose inclination to such ungodly pursuits had been the distress of his parents' lives.

Full of suppressed wrath Joseph burst into the kitchen where the family were waiting breakfast, and without preface produced his son's work, the threat which he considered the most dreadful he could use—that of disinheritance. It meant something, too, for in a very full year's prosperity Joseph Harris owned nearly two hundred acres of land worth easily a hundred and fifty dollars an acre, and his virtue in the county town on the first of April of each year was the first interest but to receive it. A tall, straight figure, he was nearing sixty years of age, but as vigorous as a youth, with quick motions and sharp features, indicating a violent nature chained for life by the strict discipline of the Society of Friends.

His son Richard, now turned of twenty-six, was of a different build, short and stoutly built. His face at first sight seemed heavy and vacant, but this was in fact the abstraction of the dreamer, for his queer eyes, with hair clustering in thick curls over his low but broad forehead, made amends for his somewhat commonplace features.

The moment his father entered the kitchen Richard felt that his secret labor had been discovered, but his anxiety was more for it than for himself. He raised his head to face his father's wrath, for Joseph Harris like many of his sex, made up in severity at home for the smooth and passionless exterior he maintained abroad.

"If thee put it to me, father?" said Richard, advancing toward the outstretched hand which held the sketch, while the hand's owner contemplated it with unspeakable disgust.

"Thee little painting! It was a fragment of an old barn affair, the roof of which Richard had been hacking corn in the hill field and which had abided in his memory clothed with the halo of a hard day's dreams. Some one in a corner of a woods, the foliage half green, half shading into tints of brown and red. A rivulet, having a piece of meadow stuff growing with grass and green with late grass, flowed rippling and sparkling out of the sunlight, into the shade of the dying leaves. What courage and hope it must have! Richard had tried to describe it to water as they flowed on to Chester Creek and then to the stately Delaware river, and far out till they met the mighty ocean which washes the shores of all the world.

And as he mechanically plunged his husking knife into the shucks and turned but the golden ears one after the other, he humbly took the lesson to himself, as was his wont, and said: "I, too, must have have more courage, firmer hope. Why should not I go forward in my study of art with greater faith? I must, I will." And to fasten the vow he had painted two studies of this little piece of meadow as a constant reminder, snatching the time from his Fifth and Fifth days, when his father and mother were at meeting, and he and Maze Biddle, the colored man, were left to keep off the hawks. One copy he had sent on a venture to a commission house in New York, the other he had hidden in the barn.

It had acquired a kind of sanctity to him, and such loss had become a symbol of some relief or danger he was fated to encounter in his future life. He had, moreover, described it to Sibbilla Carmen and had grumbled into the confidante of his aspirations that he would bring it over sometime and let her see it. But Sibbilla lived two miles away, and as her parents were Hard shrill members of meeting, who regarded every work of art as profanity, this would have to be managed with, due caution.

Richard's first impulse, therefore, was to conceal the fact of the sketch. Once had a double cause of displeasure and his anger was deep. He had agreed to give Richard a fourth share in the profits of the farm this year, and not only "was that painting coming from his amusement but also a waste of precious time and a loss of money. It must be stopped.

"I put it where it deserves to go, and where thee will follow unless thee turns thy steps from the world and its follies. But the fire that thou will burn will be that which thee has kindled, and where the worm dieth not."

With these words, which Friend Harris spoke slowly and with that slight chanting intonation which characterizes the utterances of his sect in meeting, the solemnity of which was farther increased by the use of the formal "thou" instead of the usual "thee," he stepped into the kitchen fire place, where a goodly wood fire was burning under the crane, and striking the picture against the corner of the mantelpiece tore a ragged split through its centre and hurled it into the flames. In a moment it was a shriveled cinder.

There are certain natures whose inherent energy can only be stirred up by a violent shock. Full of latent power, their weakness comes from a native humility. They distrust themselves through a generous belief in that of others. Such was Richard Harris. But the necessary shock had come. He gazed a moment at the cinder, his face crimsoned, but the severe discipline of the Society and the family exercised the sway that it usually does even on the very young among Friends.

"Father," he said in a low and even tone, "I regret what I have often told thee, I have no light that leads me to shine in painting; but as thee thinks there is, I shall bid thee and mother farewell today, and seek employment elsewhere. I will not ask thee for any share in thy estate."

Taking his hat from the window sill he passed out of the kitchen door leaving his father speechless with astonishment at this rebellious utterance and his mother—a poor weak woman, constantly in misery between carrying out the severe rule of her husband whom she feared, and yielding to the tender caress for her boy whom she loved—wiping her tears without emitting any sound, either word or sob. As for his sweetheart, she was not much better or less through the whole scene, at heart rather pleased at it; at they had no sympathy with their brother's taste for forbidden arts, and thought he a quiet, wholesome, unromantic member of the household. Moreover, though younger than he, they were not too young to see at once the pecuniary advantage to them of his renunciation of his share of the estate.

Richard went toward the barn and took a seat in a nook of the corn-fodder stack that was built along the side of the barnyard. He did not feel like work, raw air of the early morning. His mind was too full of the step he was about to take and what had led up to it. Note or voice of pity, quit the farm, renounce the teachings of the Society, throw aside the coat with standing collar and the quaint, broad-brimmed black hat, give up the plain language, reject the counsels of the venerable facers of meeting who would surely be appointed to visit him and prove a relevant to the revered priesthood for and Bradley, and this was meant by a pursuit of his strong bias for art.

Why was he born with it? Whence came it? These questions he had often asked himself. Not one of his forefathers or ancestors had never touched a brush or palette; not a painting nor a statue nor a musical instrument nor any representation of fiction had ever followed in their houses. How had he been created with a passion for color and form, with a love of poetry and music, which made his daily drearily dull work, and the colorless life, and the frigid, deadening discipline of the Society could quench?

Going back to his earliest memory he could recall that when a little boy he was sent for a few hours at the house of Miss Wallis, an Irish tenant on a neighboring farm, and that Mike's wife had kept him in the kitchen all day showing him a colored print of the Virgin and the Infant, and telling him the pathetic histories it had pictured itself in her warm, Irish heart. But what was the horror of his parents next day when he toddled into the room when they were at dinner and called:

"Mudder, mudder, come see God!"

His father ran to the door to see what this strange appeal meant, and lo! there, on the floor of the front porch, dashed in rude but faithful outlines, the Father in the rays of his glory around his head, and the Mother, by his side, holding a cross. He could still recall the scowl that came over his father's face, and his mother's impotent rush for a budget of wet rags and scrubbing brush. Nor had he forgotten the violent shake and immediate spanking he himself received for his artistic efforts.

His memory leapt till he was a boy of ten, and to his intense delight effecting a trade of a Barlow knife for a box of paints. Many an hour of joy had they given him, stealing from the garret of the old house, in the back part of the haymow near the dusty gable window, or in a little but he had built in the woods, where he was left by his sister betrayed him one day, and not only was his treasure confiscated, but he himself was tied to the bed-post by his mother and given such a whipping as would have discouraged most youthful artists.

Later in life, when he was too old for such vigorous measures, many lectures had he received from his father of such tastes and the wickedness of ministering to them.

These scenes passing through his memory convinced Richard that it was vain to battle with such inflexible rules, and that to be free he must leave the farm and all its associations.

There was one whom he had really held him. This was Sibbilla Vernon. The daughter of rigid parents, her mother even a "public friend," whose voice at monthly and quarterly meetings was familiar to all attendants of Society, Sibbilla was a not unusual type of the advanced thought of her sect. Calm, self possessed, clear-headed, she had unconsciously drifted away to her family that her own conscience was her guide, and that in all essential matters she should follow it.

From childhood she and Richard Harris had delighted to play and talk together; and though no word of love, no kiss and no caress had ever passed between them, both their families and themselves considered their intimacy merely a matter of time and money. Nor did this absence of the usual passages of love seem to any one concerned a strange circumstance. They were accustomed to the repression of all outward show of feeling. In neither household had the children ever seen a kiss exchanged among its members, young or old.

Though devoid of any passion for art herself, Sibbilla understood and respected the forbidden tastes of her lover. She knew that the peculiar abilities as gifts of God for use in life, and she quietly but firmly put aside the traditions of her sect, which condemn them indiscriminately.

"Wilt thou presume to deny the many testimonies of Friends, both in England and America, against these sinful arts?" her mother would said, being a "public friend" of considerable local fame, she never employed the incorrect nominative "thee," even in family talk.

'Mother,' replied the daughter, 'they spoke for their day. I must act in mine by the light I have, not by theirs.'

Her mother wisely avoided argument, trusting that the Spirit would enlighten her daughter in time.

Leaving the Fodder-stack, Richard walked across the bare fields toward the plain brick house which was Sibbilla's home. His mind was made up. He would go to New York and devote himself to the study of art. He had saved since his majority about three hundred dollars. He had youth, strength, talent, love—was not that enough? Would Sibbilla approve? Would she dare make the serious sacrifice it involved?

As he approached the house it was about ten o'clock, and she was sitting in the sunshine on the stoop. He knocked the front door, instead of the side door as usual, and Sibbilla herself opened it and gazed at him with considerable surprise in her hazel eyes, quickly changing to an expression of pleasure which Richard did not fail to note, and which filled him with both joy and anxiety.

"Why, Richard, what brings thee here at this hour? was her exclamation.

"Sibbilla," he said, "I wish to see thee," and stepping in he closed the door behind they both stood in the wide hall, obscurely lighted by the transom at each end. He paused a moment to recover his control, and then spoke in a low, vibrating tone: "I am going to leave the farm in order to study art. I shall have to give up my membership in the society, as thee knows. Father says he will have nothing of it. But I know thy mother agrees with him. But I am not afraid. All I ask is that thee approve of my decision and will become my wife as soon as I am able to offer thee a home."

At that supreme moment of resolve all the strength which for generations had been nurtured by the noble Quaker theories of self reliance, and the spirit which for generations had been muffled and smothered under the narrow Quaker system of formality and repression, burst forth and were expressed in the face of Sibbilla Vernon. She seemed to rise in stature, and looking him full in the eyes, laying one hand on his arm and passing the other around his neck, she said:

"Richard, I will come to thee then, or I will go with thee now."

The tone was low and the words without haste, for she knew how to rule in his inmost soul that no oath could be stronger.

"Thank God and thee," he uttered, and for the first time in her life Sibbilla felt the magic meaning of a kiss of love.

Seated on the wooden 'settee,' which is the common furniture of the country hall, he told her his father's words and action and his own unalterable determination to seek his future in art. It was agreed that they should be married in a fortnight, as soon as Richard should have an income of seven hundred dollars a year.

Full of quiet joy he went home, announced his intended marriage and immediate departure, kissed his mother and told Mose to have the dearborn ready at six o'clock in the evening to take him to the station. After the five o'clock supper the members of the family maintained almost entire silence, his mother quietly crying, his father reading the "Book of Discipline," his favorite literature.

The dearborn drove up with Mose, who had been to the station with the milk, and stopping at the country store, which was also the post-office, had brought a letter for Richard, addressed rather unusual for any member of the household to receive a letter, therefore Mose announced it with considerable importance, addressing his master by his first name as is the custom in strict families:

'Joseph, ly'ur's a letter for Richard. Hiram sez it's a letter from New York, and 'pears as if it must be on business.'

Joseph took the letter, and resisting a strong inclination to open it passed it to his son. It was signed by the firm in New York to whom he had sent the copy of his picture, and read:

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.

DEAR SIR: We have received notification of informing you that the study you sent us on sale has attracted the attention of one of our patrons, who has shown his taste by buying it, and instructing comm. storige, insurge, delivy, etc., as per enclosed statement, leaves a net bal. of $372.62, for which find our ck here with.

P.S. Pm mention a duplicate of the study yet in your p. session. We will take that at the same figure cash on delivery, and ask if you an order for five more studies to be completed within a year. Respectfully,

SMILEY, WILKS & CO.

As he read this letter the check fell from his hand on the table. The sight of the enclosed and stamped paper was too much for his father. Glancing at the large amount, as much as he received for the best wheat crop this farm could raise, he snatched the letter from his son's hand and hastily read it. Richard stood by in silence.

'What does he mean by the duplicate study?' said his father in an uncertain voice.

'He means,' said Richard quietly, 'the picture you threw in the fire this morning.'

A new light dawned on his father's mind. So long as his son's taste seemed nothing but a time-and-money-wasting form of idleness it had no redeeming features; but the incredible fact that there were people who would give hundreds of dollars apiece for such vain images now stood right before him. He was too shrewd to misunderstand it and its results.

'Richard,' he said, with a softened voice, 'I desire that thee would postpone leaving us for a few days. Thy mother and I will accompany thee to the city, and will be present at the ceremony. I think Sibbilla's parents will also not refuse to attend.'

As he went out he said to Mose, who was waiting with the dearborn:

'Mose, thee should always be slow to anger, and avoid the committal of rash actions when out of temper.'—*Our Continent.*

A Memphis darkey stole a mule not long ago in payment of wages which his master had neglected to pay him. Upon being arrested he sent for a lawyer who had saved him from prison once before, when the law was after him for stealing chickens. The lawyer reminded his quondam client that a fee was still due for services in the bed-clothes case, and refused to help him further until that was paid. 'Why, lawyer,' exclaimed the discomfiture darkey in a last attempt to touch the lawyer's heart, "I stole dat mule 'specially to sell him and pay you." At last accounts the darkey was still without a legal adviser.

THE FARM.

Impediments in Fruit Culture.

A young cultivator, who has had very little experience in the cultivation of fruit, and who intends to plant a general supply, wants to know what are the chief difficulties in the way of success with the leading kinds, what diseases and enemies they have, and how these are managed. To answer these inquiries properly would fill a volume, but we can give briefly some of the leading points, which may be useful to other readers. The fruits about which he more particularly inquires are pears, apples, peaches, plums, grapes, strawberries and raspberries.

The apple, being the greatest producer of any kind of fruit, more generally useful than other sorts and continuing, under proper management, the whole year round, deserves special consideration. Bad selection of varieties was one of the principal difficulties, but planters have come to understand by experience which sorts are most valuable and succeed best in their several localities. Neglected cultivation is a more common drawback, many planters forgetting that trees need to be kept free from weeds, grass and crusted soil as crops of corn and potatoes. In a soil of moderate fertility, clean and mellow cultivation for several years is of great importance; with rich or manured soil it is more important, or for a shorter period of years. The greatest drawback in raising apples is the codling worm, which, entering the core from the egg laid in the blossom end, devours the fruit in the larva state, and causes premature dropping of much of the crop. The best and easiest remedy is to turn in a flock of sheep (say four or five to each tree) as soon as the grass starts, to pick up the decomposed and infested fruit as it drops. If remaining in till September, they will keep the orchard nearly clear of the worms, provided it is continued regularly year after year. The sheep will need some additional food, in the shape of grain. Pigs, if in sufficient numbers, may be employed instead of sheep, but they are less vigilant or active in devouring promptly the fallen fruit. Paris green, in a large proportion of water, if applied by sprinkling the trees with a garden engine, and has proved very effectual, but it cannot perhaps be regarded as perfectly safe, unless it is found, on careful examination of a large number of specimens, that not a vestige of arsenic is retained by the calyx of the fruit from early summer to autumn gathering. The twig blight of the apple tree is not often a formidable disease. The borer, which cuts into the wood near or below the surface of the ground, sometimes destroys trees. They may be partly excluded by thinly coating the trunk with soft soap early in the season; and after obtaining possession, may be punched to death with a wire.

The pear is subject to the single great disease, the blight. It is less formidable on young than on bearing trees. It is believed to be caused by innumerable minute organisms known as bacteria. No generally satisfactory remedy has been discovered for the disease, although many, which happened to be applied when the disease was naturally disappearing, have had their advocates for a time. The pear is also subject to insects, appear to have favored the increase of the disease, which has also been increased by cultivation of the ground, but there are many exceptions. The only generally reliable means consists in keeping its attacks, appears to be in planting those sorts which have most frequently escaped, among which are Winter Nelis, Duchesse, Seckel, Clairgeau, Anjou, and a few others, many trials in different years and in different localities being required to establish the power of any sort to resist, even partially, the attacks of the disease.

The delicious quality of the best selected varieties of the peach, renders it very desirable to plant a number of trees in every planting, where the fruit buds will escape the severity of the winters. If a crop is obtained only one-half or even one-third of the season, it is well worth while to plant trees for the occasional supply. But it has been recently ascertained by experiment that peaches may be had every year even as far north as Minnesota. The trees have been planted at the foot of a steep hillside, facing southwards. On the approach of winter they are slightly bent so as to press against the earth, to which they are pinned with forked sticks, and covered with any dry substance, leaves, etc., which will exclude the cold and confine the warmth of the earth. The same remedy might be adopted where the crop escapes half the time, but it is not likely to be tried so long as the more hopeless chance of coming winter will be mild.

The Vegetable Garden.

So indispensable and withal so economical a supply of vegetables for table and that their careful cultivation should be a matter of interest to every one who has a garden plot, yet it is to farms so that the garden is woefully neglected after the seeds are planted, and from spring-time to autumn always the weed-crop, which, if it have to struggle for life among noxious weeds, and, instead of a rich and bountiful supply for the table, only a starveling product is obtained. But this is not mere guess-work, but what the writer has many times seen on farms otherwise well cared for and prosperous. The first thing necessary is to have a will to remedy the evil; the second is to know what to do and when and how to do it, and the third is to make a few suggestions upon.

SOIL AND SOWING.—The four cardinal virtues of good garden-soil are that it should be loose, mellow, rich and well-drained. Good seed sown in such soils and properly cultivated will drouths and insects excepted, produce abundant crops. While the quality of the soil is not of so great importance in the raising of the coarser vegetables—as peas, beans, potatoes and the like—it is important in the raising of the finer kinds as celery, parsnips, cabbage, etc.

Vegetable seeds should be sown in long drills, if possible, at such a distance apart as to permit the use of a horse-hoe between them. If a new garden is to be laid out, let it be long and narrow, so as to make as little turning about of the horse at the end of the rows as possible. The common practice of sewing in beds or plots is not favor, as it requires much more hand-labor and admits of less or, in other words, is less economical. As to depth as which to sow the seed, the rule of three times as deep as the size of the seed may be observed for general use.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—The various kinds of vegetable seeds differ largely as to the length of time they retain vitality. While it is always well to sow new seeds, if they can be procured, it is not always absolutely necessary. Those of the potato, pumpkin, squash, cucumber, melon and beet retain their vitality longest, probably from five to ten years; turnip, celery, cabbage, and cauliflower are good for four years; spinach, radish, asparagus, lettuce, and parsley for three years; while the beans, peas, carrots, pepper, salsify, and rhubarb should not be planted when over two years old. A knowledge of how long the various vegetable seeds will produce their kind is greatly beneficial to the gardener, as on the selection of poor seed failures often depend.

WHEN TO SOW OR PLANT.—For the latitude of Detroit the seeds of the following-named vegetables may be sown in the open ground from about the 1st to the last of April; beet, carrot, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, onion, parsnip, pea, radish, and turnip; from about the 10th of May to middle of June, beans, sweet corn, melon, pumpkin, cucumber, squash and tomato.

VARIETIES.—I do not recommend the use of many varieties. For ordinary farmer, who cultivates only for table use, one good variety is as good as two. For general cultivation the following named varieties are probably, the best, though it would be difficult to give a list good for all parts of the country.

Beans.—Black Wax, Golden Wax, Early valentine, Early Mohawk, Large White Lima. The first two mentioned are dwarf varieties. The writer has found their way into popular favor to quite an extent.

Beets.—Early Bassano, Early Egyptian, Blood Turnip, White Sugar, Large Red or Yellow Globe, Mangel Wurzel.

Cabbage.—Drumhead Savoy, Jersey Wakefield, Early York, Early Flat Dutch, Green Globe Savoy, Winningstadt, Marble Head, Mammoth Drumhead.

Corn.—Early Hom, White Belgian, Long Orange.

Corn.—Early Naragansett, Stowell's Evergreen, Dwarf Early Sugar.

Cucumbers.—Early Russian, Early Chester, White Spine.

Lettuce.—Early Curled Simpson, Drumhead, Cabbage.

Onions.—Silver-Skinned or White Portugal, Yellow Danvers, Wethersfield Large Red, and the "potato" onion, or Multiplier.

Peas.—Little Gem, Daniel O'Rourke, Tom Thumb, and McClean's Advance for early, Champion of England and Bishop's Queen for late varieties.

Radishes.—Scarlet Turnip, Scarlet Olive-shaped, Yellow Turnip-rooted.

Squash.—For summer, Yellow and White Bush scalloped, Summer Crook-neck; for winter, Hubbard and Winter Crook-neck.

Tomatoes.—Trophy, Early Smooth Red, Gen. Grant.

Turnips.—Purple Top Scarf-leaf and White Strap-leaf.—*Ex.*

Two Hundred Years Ago.

Dame Betta's bent shoulders and hands hardened by toil told very plainly of her life of bondage. A thatched hut, a clean floor, a larder scantily supplied, and garments of the coarsest. Strangely enough this poor widow had the cheeriest heart in the world. When others were sad, she was brightest, with ever a comforting word or deed of kindness.

In times of deepest poverty, she was never without her pipe of dry herbs, and the sweet-smelling herbs tied to the beam over her door. It was wonderful how all dumb creatures loved her; horses and donkeys pricked up their ears and came plodding along with a bunch of fagots on her head, sure of a wisp of straw or a handful of moss. Rough dogs licked her hand and turned their tails to her, and having her, wild birds nesting near sang sweetly over the crumb of black bread, or kernel of wheat that never failed them.

But one day scalding tears came, when her little son's mother died, leaving a very strange baby-boy to be loved and cared for.

In Nuremberg, that old, old city, never before had been such a child. All the neighbors, Betta's neighbors, said such a deformity could never live, but if it did, of what account to any body could it ever be. No wonder all tongues were busy, for baby Hans had neither hands, feet, legs, or thighs; there was just the body of a baby with something like cut-off arms growing from, the shoulders, and a beautiful head.

Dame Betta had her cry out, then folding the little one in her arms, prayed silently, and sh so fervently, that great patience and great love might be given her to care for this strange child, for she knew that he would never creep or walk like other babies, and oh, how will it be, she asked herself, when he is no longer a child in years.

Before Max had outgrown the rude peasant cradle where he had slept and played for more than three years, Dame Betta had found out what a sweet and precious boy this was, how intuitive was the large blue eyes, and how even her simple psalm-singing touched him to tears. It seemed as if the grandmother's love and patience had made beautiful had come into the baby's soul, as if the little one was living her life over again; the joy it was to Dame Betta cannot be told, and when the little boy grew a new sunshine shone, she tried hard to make his poor life one of pleasantness and calm content.

Many strangers looked in at their humble home. One day, a flute-player called, Max listened intently; from that moment his mind was made up; play he must, or die. After years of intense and patient study, we find him quite at home with flute, dulcimer or trumpet, attracting crowds, who were no less interested in the application of curious little machines, designed by himself and so arranged, as to give the complete mastery over all these instruments, and he played with the touch and fervor of one long accustomed to them.

Dame Betta's withered hands were now heaped with gold, the lowly home was exchanged for more fitting apartments, and life began to look easy for them both.

In the accomplishment of writing and drawing, this strange little man became a proficient; for these, also, the oddly devised machines were called into requisite. He had rare orders than he could fill, and there may still be found his own portrait exquisitely finished in vellum.

Dame Betta lived to see her beloved Max "a famous man," well to do in the world and surrounded by friends.

Max died before he was fifty, proving how much can be accomplished with patience and energy even against fearful odds.

Gen. Skobel, if speaking at a military banquet in St. Petersburg in his honor, toasted the British nation and warmly alluded to the friendly relations between Russia and Britain.

President Angell on the Chinese.

In a recent lecture in University Hall, President Angell gave the following interesting sketch of China and its people:

Their tea is great staples, he said, are tea and silk, and in these they are absolutely unapproachable. Every foot of arable land in the vast empire is under cultivation, and necessarily so to support its population of well-nigh 400,000,000. The literature, voluminous and deep, is remarkable for the purity of its morals and style; its history goes back farther than that of any other country, save Egypt. It is a country with eminent scholars, and its civic honors attained as scholars are placed above those attained in war. The man who more than others wielded such a power there for a quarter of a century asked, as a last request, that he be known only as the teacher—Confucius.

For many reasons it is more difficult for the foreigner to estimate and judge the Chinese character and life than any other. Even the longest resident could not hope to master the language; so many dialects, totally unlike, and he who mastered that spoken at Pekin could not understand that used at Canton.

THE CHINESE AS A COMMON WORKMAN

i industrious, according to his standard. He must have several breaks, however, in the day, for some hours of sleeping, eating and smoking. He is never in a hurry. When the speaker arrived at his house in Pekin he had occasion to send for a carpenter. A lame man came, a blind man came one day and looked at the window. The next day he measured the sash. On the third day he tried the glass to see if it fitted. On the fourth day he didn't come at all, and on the fifth he sent a message.

As a house servant the Chinaman is industrious and docile, somewhat addicted to petty thieving and prevarication, with great imitative powers, but withal a very good fellow in his way. The wages of the common coolie are variable, from a fifteen or twenty cents a day, and his manner of living is very simple and frugal. His wants are few—a good deal of rice, very little animal food, some tea and two suits of cotton clothes per year.

The Chinese merchant is very prudent and frugal, and is rapidly getting the interior trade and buying up the real estate of Kong Kong and Pekin.

The principal imports are cotton and opium, the latter is increasing very rapidly. The Chinese have no mint; cash is not current, nor paper money. The great transactions of trade are made by bullion, which from its various degrees of fineness furnishes opportunity to the officials and money lenders for speculation and dishonesty.

There are no good roads in China. Nothing is done to improve them or keep them in repair. Generally ten or twelve feet below the surface of the adjacent fields, in the rainy season they become the beds of streams. There are a few roads of paving stones 200 or more years old, and they have not been touched since. It seems as if the idea never occurred to the Chinese, men to repair them. The chief vehicle is the cart, without springs, and without seats, and ladies are expected to sit in the bottom of the vehicle and gentlemen on the shaft, with legs dangling over.

The Chinese had canals before the Europeans, but they are very poor and without locks. That from Peking had five rises in a distance of fifteen miles; at each inclination the boats were unloaded and their cargo carried over on the shoulders of the coolies.

There are no newspapers, no means of expressing public sentiment, and the people are densely ignorant. Their most eminent statesmen exhibit the curiosity of a child at times, but are shrewd enough in business. Great importance is attached to the shape of their heads, and judged by that test. Another marked trait in their character is filial affection and obedience.

No idea can be given of the filth of a Chinese city. The streets are narrow, with no sewerage, all the drainage being on the surface, with every species of refuse lying about, the whole combining to make a most offensive smell, to which the Chinamen are entirely oblivious and in the midst of which he is accustomed to eat his meals; while to add to this, the dogs and cats are allowed to quietly seen, and remain for days unremoved, because if any one is seen near them he is fearful of being held responsible for their death. Indeed, it is said to be a common method of ridding themselves of a foe, to place dying steps of one against whom the spite exists, the suspicion of murder thus attaching to the latter. Life is held very cheaply among them.

THEIR SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

They believe that the sum of all wisdom is contained in the old writings of their philosophers. Their youth are first placed to work on the writings of Confucius, and the first part of their education consists in learning to write the characters and pronounce the names of words. They are kept at this for about four years, and are then gradually allowed to learn the meaning of the words they have learned. They then go to the district examination for honors, which very few obtain, and the rest go back for further preparation for another trial. Their next advance is to the provincial examination, which one or two per cent. out of thousands are successful; and finally to the Imperial examination at Pekin, where but very few out of the ten or twelve thousand succeed, and where it is said not to be very uncommon for a grandfather, father and son to be candidates at the same time. This examination lasts nine days and is held every three years. The place where it is held is guarded by soldiers, and the candidates are not allowed to come out during its continuance. Carrier pigeons carry the names of those who are successful to their homes, where the news is greeted with public demonstrations. The honor bring is very high one. He who is successful here may pass to still another examination in the presence of the Emperor, and if he attains this honor he is entitled to hold any office in the empire. Many, however, do not attain them, it will be seen, is to train the candidates for public life. The memory is cultivated to a remarkable degree, but the knowledge obtained is very meager. Thus become the teachers and leaders of China; the control of public affairs and create public opinion. The government is composed absolutely of scholars. Even the poorest may aspire to these honors. Long Chang, the statesman and soldier of the present time in China, was one of six sons of a poor farmer, all of whom won high honors.

The Chinese navy is without organization and the people are unwarlike. The army is numerous, however, fight well with good leaders and on the defensive, but one-half of the army at least is armed with bows and arrows, and a large portion of the remainder with uneffective or useless guns. Large bodies are maintained in the 5,000 men, well armed and commanded by foreign officers. The judge, jury and prosecution are embodied in the first named. He could summon witnesses as well, and compel them to do so. Severe flogging is the usual punishment, and the Chinaman does not appear to be very sensible to pain. A prominent general in speaking of the reception of President Garfield said to President Angell that which cases were not managed rightly here, and that he would not have any trouble in putting an end to such crimes: alluding to the manner in which he had suppressed some disturbances of sleeping, eating and smoking. He is never in a hurry. When the speaker arrived at his house in Pekin he had occasion to send for a carpenter. A lame man came, a blind man came one day and looked at the window. The next day he measured the sash. On the third day he tried the glass to see if it fitted. On the fourth day he didn't come at all, and on the fifth he sent a message.

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