IN HARBOR.

I think it 's over, over—
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart pulses throbbed through the river
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the waters surcease;
How few were the days of the Rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release.
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in this Harbor at last?—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last!
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover;
For the stress of the voyage has passed;
Like, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

GOD HEARS.

Though the heavens be as brass, and the clouds drop lead
Though the living walk as foes, and our friends lie dead:
Though the mighty rule the right, and uphold black wrong;
Though the song of victory be a blatant song,
Though the cry of the oppress'd riseth all day long:
Yet, beyond our heaven, and beyond our clouds,
Stand the white-robed angels, in their countless crowds;
These all have striven, as we strive this day,
These all have wearied on the steep, dark way,
They, too petition'd, even as we pray:

O God, our Father unto whom we cry,
We know, past doubting, Thou indeed art nigh;
By all thy doings ere we saw this light,
By what shall follow when we sleep to-night;
We know, our Father, Thou wilt keep the right.
The world is Thine, and it can but go
As thou does utter, "Let it be so."
These all shall smoothen in Thine own good time
This rude, rough clanging turn to Sabbath chime:
There is no ruin in Thy plan sublime.

And we, too, Father, claim the kindred sweet.
Thine own weak children cling about Thy feet,
And meekly bathe them, in repentant tears,
And bring before Thee all unspoken fears
And speechless sorrows—for we know God hears.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

Thy love, dear heart, till closed thy lengthened years,
Illumed my being with its tender flame
It was no flickering light that went and came,
Constant it shone through varying hopes and fears,
Undimmed by sorrow and unquenched by tears,
Though it hath vanished from the earth away,
And left a deeper shadow on the day,
Death does not hide it; for, as one who peers
Into the dark, bewildered, and descries
A guiding lamp within the casement set,
Knowing it homeward leads his weary feet,
So I, with yearning heart and wistful eyes,
As in a vision wonderful and sweet,
Beyond the grave behold it shining yet.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.

BITTER-SWEET.

A symphony of sound and light and scent. A voice of many birds twittering delicately to each other from newly built nests, amid boughs that swayed to and fro in the wind, and shook their latest buds into leaf and blossom. Into the woodland from far below came a murmur of waves trailing on a shingly beach, and mingling with this murmur, the talk and laughter of the fishermen mellowed by distance. Right down through the sloping woodland a brooklet leaped tinkling and gurgling to the sea.

The dim fragrance and dappled lights and pleasant sounds of the day made a three-fold joy to a young girl who stood beneath the trees in the April noon. She stood on a part of the slope whence the trees had drawn back a little, and the light fell about her just beyond the verge of the shadow. Round her feet were dead leaves and living flowers, and soft green mosses full of the sweet rain that had fallen all the previous night. With one hand she shaded her eyes, the other was uplifted to tend back a branch which had barred the open space. Her hair was blown in a brown cloud about her face, and her hazel eyes shone with a serious joy beneath the shading hand.

For the first time in her life she was tasting that singular gladness which comes to mind and body, when alone with nature in Spring, after a long illness. To this full content of hers, all the long hours of fevered tossing to and fro, followed by tedious weeks of convalescence, were but a background. And now into her loneliness there came another human presence—a young man, carelessly whistling, treading gayly over moss and flowers till he reached the rivulet, and paused on the further side, looking at the tall, slim figure in the soft gray gown, crowned by the brown hair and wistful face. Just one moment, and he turned off a little higher up and sprang across the stream. Only one look, and there might have been no second; their lives might have glided apart forever, but for an accident—or what we call an accident; which is really a strong link in many a chain of life. As his foot touched the bank he slipped on the damp earth, spraining his ankle in the fall. He drew himself into a sitting posture and leaned against a tree, faint with pain. The young girl came quickly toward him. "I will run and get help," she said, and meeting his grateful look for a moment, went quickly along the path that led toward Cloverleigh, the village where she and her father were staying. At a turning she met a tall scholarly looking man.

"I was looking for you, Margaret. Are you wise to go bareheaded, my child?" he said anxiously.

'My hat fell into the brook, and it is so mild. But, oh! papa, there is a gentleman hurt down there. He has sprained his ankle and cannot walk.' And she waved her hand toward the woods below. They found him faint and white, but he made light of his suffering as they helped him through the fringe of apple and peach trees to his lodging in Cloverleigh.'

Most of our lives are Bitter-Sweet; but if there is one period in it when the bitter and sweet are superlative, it is when love takes possession of soul and body as instruments whereon to play his mighty preludes.

Margaret Townsend had lived alone almost all her life, with her father, a quiet student, loving his daughter and his books, and so her life was full of associations, but not of friends. None of the bloom has been worn off her soul by that playing at love called flirtation. She has read, with a certain solemnity, some old books wherein mention was made of men who had died and done other things for love; and she may have had dreams on the subject, but filmy and shifting as dreams generally are.

Her father had taught her Greek, and so 'she chanced upon the poets,' and their thoughts had given flavor to her own. Some time before this had come illness; it had seemed at one moment as if she must cross the narrow bound of time into the wide spaces of eternity; but well enough now to enjoy the change of the quaint Devonshire fishing village, perched in the rift of a headland among ancestral trees and bowers of ash and apple and pear. It is unique, this village, with its hundred steps leading down to the quay and the shingly shore. The houses rise one above the other, and the quaint rooms in them are let in summer to visitors with good walking powers. Its only inn is a temple of bric-a-brac, and, in summer, is crowded with pilgrims visiting one of the shrines of nature. In this sequestered solitude the father and daughter and Dr. John Enderby were at present the only strangers, and the young doctor, after two or three days, limped into Margaret's sunlit sitting room, into which the light filtered through a network of budding apple boughs. Here he would sit and watch Margaret at work, or listen to her as she read some Old World book to her father, her fresh young voice contrasting with the ofttimes crabbed style, and as he thu watched her she grew inexpressibly pleasant to him. Pleasant, and that was all.

But to Margaret? Without one word of warning, had come the crowning affection of her life. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' then fades away. But once more it lies about the man and woman in the mellow time of youth with a beauty that baby eyes never yet beheld, and earth borrows of this heavenly light. Did ever such sunlight pass through the rosy film of the apple blossoms that nestled against the wall and made a bower before Margaret's window? And as for the blue bay gleaming below—was it really so cruel after all? Did so many husbands and fathers and sons lie tossing in its depths. It looked so caressing, washing the feet of the red cliffs where the greenery crept down to meet it.

John was free to come and go as he liked in the blossom-screened room, holding learned converse with Mr. Townsend, meeting his daughter in the woods, sometimes helping her over the rocks in search of anemones. On fine evenings the three would sit on the little semicircular pier that enclosed the quay and watch the sunset fading and the darkness nestling down among the wooded headlands, and the great evening star suddenly appearing in the blue above the paling primrose that touched the water. After that the sky would swiftly fill with stars, and the moon would spring into the airy silence, and her light would penetrate sky and cliff-hung village, the lights would appear one by one in the windows above, and they would climb homeward. All this fed the warm friendliness he felt for her, which is often mistaken for love. The fragrance of her life filled his imagination, and he determined to make her his wife. But of that delicious agony, that glorious fear that makes pallid the face of the lover, the void in the life must be filled by the presence of a beloved woman—what did he know? Nothing.

His nature was as yet cold, hers was all aglow. If she had never seen him again, it is improbable that she would ever have cared for another; perhaps she would have waited in eternity for the sequence of that first glance of his. They lingered on till the honeysuckle wooed the meadow-sweet in the deep lanes above the village, and the young summer was in its beauty. Then there came a moment when, the two being alone in the woodland path overhanging the sea, John asked Margaret to be his wife. It was the sweetest time of the afternoon, just before sunset, when the day has lost its weariness and the sky is calm, and the sunshine is dimmed by a soft haze. Mr. Townsend had left them in order to write a letter which he had forgotten, and the others had sauntered toward the village in dreamy silence. Then she became aware that he was asking her to be his wife, telling her that she was the sweetest woman he had ever seen. Whence then her sudden shrinking from him, as in fear?

'I am not good enough,' she cried. She was afraid of her joy, for she was a timid woman, but in the midst of his wooing he was vexed at her humility, not understanding it, for he was only offering her a scanty armful of first-fruits, and she was returning him the full harvest of her soul, though she did not know its value. He drew her to him and kissed the brown head and laid it on his breast. She began to cry—she had been so greedy of joy lately, and here was its perfection!

And he?—well, it was the sweetest hour he had ever passed in his life. This girl, with her simple dress and manner, and her serious brown eyes and undertone of joyfulness about her, satisfied the more spiritual side of his nature. And yet she was not the ideal of his past, which ideal had been compounded of soft-voiced Cordelia, passionate Juliet, bright Rosalind, witty Beatrice, and dear Desdemona—in fact, of all the sweets of many natures compacted into one. She was not his heroine, but he was her hero, and her gladness inclined toward sadness; for a true woman sees herself valueless at the moment she believes that the "man of men" sees in her a precious jewel.

'Are you sorry?' he asked, half jestingly.

'Sorry!' she said, and, with a frank yet coy gesture, she nestled close to his heart.

Windborough is a country town, seated in the midst of a smiling plain which stretches to a line of low wooded hills on the north, and loses itself in the far horizon in every other direction. It is a sleepy town, full of old houses and old traditions, and prides itself rather on its ruins than on its famous woolen manufacture. It is built in the form of a cross—indeed, its main street is called Crossgate. In one of the arms of the cross—the one toward Woodleigh, with its famous old castle—are the best houses, in which the smaller gentry and the professional men live.

At the end of the Woodleigh road was Dr. Enderby's house, large and old-fashioned; and hither he brought his wife Margaret not long after their first meeting in the Cloverleigh woods. It was a change from the intense quiet of her girlhood to a large circle of friends and a few secret enemies. But she was John's wife, and her sweet gaiety filled his house with sunshine; and she shaped herself a home in all gladness. The old red-brick house had pleasant rooms, filled with comfortable furniture, softly-cushioned chairs, low tables, and plenty of flowers; there were no dingy-looking dados, no sad-looking discolored blossoms worked on kitchen towels. As Margaret was not æsthetic, she preferred cheerful chintz and soft velvet.

Her own sanctum was a small room overlooking the garden, and furnished with soft shades of green. There were oak shelves filled with her favorite books, a writing table, and a few low chairs. At the window were white lace curtains, and on the mantle-piece a jar of Venetian glass that looked like a fragment of sunset. Near the window was a stand of flowers that varied according to the seasons. In spring there were spring roses and violets—even a few tulips; in summer roses and mignonette; in autumn and winter ferns and moses, with perhaps a red geranium to light them up. Outside in the garden was a great elm overhanging the lawn, and the flower beds were as old fashioned as the house.

In this room of Margaret's John Enderby loved to rest in his intervals of leisure, watching his wife with an interest and a strange timidity that grew deeper day by day. Poor Margaret felt him further from her, and a shadow fell across her life that the little son could not wholly chase away. When the child was about nine months old it happened that she was often alone, for it was an unhealthy autumn, and Dr. Enderby's services were in great requisition, not only among the rich, but also among the poor—for he was generous as well as skillful. Now and then he would come in and resume his old habit of silently watching and listening to her talk about little Jack. How she loved that child! What sweet music his tiny fingers discoursed on that mother's heart-strings!

One afternoon her husband came in as she was sitting with the child on her knee—a bright, fair-haired, brown-eyed boy, very like his father. The baby stretched out his dimpled arms to his father, then with a child's mischief withdrew them, and hid his face on his mother's bosom with a cooing laugh. She bent her head down on the fluffy curls, and caught his little bare feet in her hand (he had pulled off his shoes and socks, the little rogue,) and she kissed the rosy toes with lovely mother worship.

'Look, John,' she said, 'isn't he the most wonderfully sweet child, this precious baby? What should we do without him?'

She was flushed and laughing, but a sharp pang flashed through as he answered quietly, "Yes, he is a fine boy for his age,' and, bending down, kissed him; but he went away after that without further speech. It often happened so now, and Margaret could not divine the cause; so she was hurt, and turned to the baby for comfort.

On this occasion the doctor went to his study, locked the door, and sat down to wrestle with himself, also to take stock of his forces for that wrestling. Terrible and sweet revelation to the man! He had, as the phrase goes, fallen in 'love—fortunately with his wife. This, then, was the meaning of his silence, his jealousy, of the tearing away of his old pleasant friendliness toward her. This love of his was no flame that would flash and die out, but the strong white heat, the very soul of the heavenly fire.

He was a good man, upright and true; but he had often played at love before his marriage, "ere life-time and love-time were one," and he was being pushed now, for he doubted whether her love had not declined into that friendliness which he had given her before, and she was absorbed in the child.

Was she, then, one of those women in whom the instinct of motherhood is stronger than all other? He worshiped her now with the full sacred passion of his manhood, and was his own child to come between, and shut him away from her? She would be always sweetly dutiful, he knew that—but a man is nothing if he does not want more than that; and what was his life to be if she and the child dwelt apart in a little paradise of their own? He was jealous of his own child. * * *

They were three middle-aged spinsters, who had failed to enter the holy estate of matrimony in spite of an earnest desire to do so. When the roses of youth and riches were no longer for them they would fain have culled the chrysanthemums of life's autumn; but, alas! even those sad and scentless flowers were denied them. So these three had been soured, or rather were unloved through a certain sourness of nature which the masculine portion of mankind had had sagacity enough to perceive and to avoid. Miss Moss, Miss Brown, and Miss Jones were friends, and much of the mischief in Windborough might be traced to them. For instance, had they not discovered Mr. Blight the curate's shameful flirtation with little Miss Wilson? and here was Dr. Enderby taking to his old flirting ways again! If he had married a sensible, intellectual person, she might have cured him by carefully looking after him; but now his attending the meetings of the Book Club without his wife, and walking home with little Miss Fry and her Quaker mother, boded no good. So said they, shaking their heads. This was after morning service on Sunday, and they resolved that on Monday morning, while the doctor was away on his rounds, they would call and enlighten his wife. 'It will do her good, poor thing,' they remarked.

So the three came on Monday morning, and, after a few commonplaces, Miss Moss, who was a faded beauty, and therefore the bitterest, began.

'Now, my dear Mrs. Enderby, we can see that you are suffering poor dear, and no wonder!'

Margaret looked at them bewildered. 'I am quite well,' she said.

'But about the Doctor, my dear; we have known him so long and understand his ways. If you had been a little more experienced you would have looked better after your husband.'

'But he is not ill,' answered the wife, still more bewildered.

'Not in body,' remarked Miss Brown, with a significant smile; 'but in mind, we mean; he pays great attention to the Frys next door, you know.'

'And Miss Fry is very pretty,' added Miss Jones.

If she had not been so angry Margaret would have laughed; John had walked home with their neighbors twice, and she was very fond of them. John might not love her; that she had found out, she thought; but she knew him to be the very soul of honor. She was generally so quiet, that when her anger blazed out they were startled.

'Will you be so good as to leave my husband's affairs alone?' she said. 'If you wish to be wicked there is no need to show such bad taste as to come here and endeavor to do harm.' And then they, feeling that for once they had been vanquished, quickly took their departure. But their words had left a sting behind them.

Was it so visible, then, even to these gossips, the fact that she had found out some time ago, namely, that she was not to him all that he was to her? When she had discovered it, she had determined to take thankfully, what he could give; but, alas! beloved, who will be grateful for a few crumbs seeing a full meal beyond? The hunger of the soul cannot be stifled; it cries out for food. Well, she tried not to blame him; he had mistaken his feeling for her, and was tired of her; but there was her baby.

She never told her husband of that visit, though she believed he regretted his marriage; she only clung to the child—such a frail little reed to lean upon. And one day it broke.

It was a Sunday—one of those sweet days in the late autumn which nature saves out of the summer. The trees had lost their leaves, and the sunshine showed all their delicate irregularity—their beauty of mere form, which had been hidden by the foilage. The golden asters and red geraniums still brightened the sheltered garden. A ball was lying on the frosty grass, but the tiny fingers that had played with it would never touch it more, for Baby Jack was going fast to a land in which, let us not say, there are no toys for the children. You remember Martin Luther's letter to his boy Hans, in which he tells him of a lovely Paradise, with golden toys, whips, and drums, and childish delights.

This little child was dying of croup. His mother could only hold the little form on her knee, while John knelt beside her trying useless remedies to comfort her. At last he stood still, looking down sorrowfully at the signs of ebbing life. Suddenly he knelt and touched the little clenched hand with his lips, and heavy tears splashed down upon it—his dear little boy; it was hard!

Margaret bent forward. 'You do love him, John!' She was jealous for him that he should have his full share of love before he went. John understood, and his look answered her. What instinct had made her ask? The fluttering breath grew shorter and shorter; it was near the end now, and little Jack opened his eyes and said, for the first and last time, quite clearly, 'Mamma.' That was all she was to have—the one word, and the angels would have the rest. Terrible, awfully mysterious death had borne away the spirit of the babe, and left only the little body cold and white as a snow-wreath; but a smile hovered on the tiny face.

John comforted his wife, but her grief grew silent. She was gentle to him, but her thoughts were with the dead child. She told herself that it was better that he should be with the angels, and he would sing hymns, and perhaps play in the golden streets, but she had a hurt feeling, for he would never be her own baby again. Mothers' hearts are hungry things, and she felt that she had nothing left. Her husband divined this mixed feeling, but in the shyness of his new love could not penetrate her silence.

After a while her strength failed; and, in great anxiety, he brought her back to Cloverleigh, to the old rooms that had been bowered by the apple blossoms, but blossoms and birds were all gone now. Here Margaret grew restless; her thoughts turned from little Jack for the first time, and the afternoon after they came she wandered out by herself to the woods above the house. The sun was shining and there were one or two late daisies in the grass. She stopped and gathered them. Here was the place where John had asked her to be his wife, and with a pang she remembered the intensity of her joy. Ah! how the petals had fallen from the flower. It had been unjust of John to take her without loving her. He had sought her and wooed her, and now she was so lonely.

She heard his step and turned to hide from him, but the trees were bare now. Half curiously she looked at him. He had not seen her yet, for his eyes were bent on the ground. Unconscious of her presence, he took no pains to hide his despondency, and she could see how grief-worn was the handsome, kindly face. Contemplating him thus she forgot herself, and the old strong love shone in her eyes. He looked up and saw her pale and slim in her black dress, but there was that in those eyes which drew him to her to murmur in her ear how much he loved her, and she turned to him as she had never done before. 'I am not worthy, dear,' he said, having also learned the divine humility.

So the bitter changes entirely to sweet; not suddenly, for it took some time for Margaret to lose her jealousy of the angels. And that time was chronicled in her soul as "the winter our baby died, and I first knew how dear I was to John.—*The Argosy.*

Insurance.

The subject of storm insurance is brought up about once a year, when the tornadoes have made their annual visitations in April, May and June, and just now it is especially talked of in connection with the cyclone that swept over central Iowa a week ago. There is no very obvious reason why damages from storms on land may not be insured against as well as those which come from storms upon the water. It is the same force of wind that wrecks a vessel and unroofs a house, and the water-spout is evidence that the cyclone travels on the ocean as well as on the prairie. The ordinary fire policy only covers loss that actually comes by fire. If a house is blown down and then burned, the insurance company pays no more than the house was worth after it was blown down and before the fire took it. Some companies issue policies which cover damage by lightning, even when there is no fire, and the next step will be to insure against damage from wind, hail and rain.—*Ex.*

In the ante-bellum a New York State grocer raised the price of a certain grade of tea from "three shillings" to forty-five cents, and an old farmer who came in with a barrel of cider-vinegar to sell could hardly credit his senses when told that his favorite brand of tea had advanced several cents per pound.

"What on airth is the reason for this sudden raise?" he inquired.

"Scarcity of tea chests," was the brief answer.

"Well, do you want my vinegar?"

"How much?"

"Eight cents a gallon."

"Yes; but cider has riz, you see."

"What has brought cider up?" asked the astonished grocer.

"Scarcity of bung-hole plugs," was the quiet but serious reply.

They looked at each other without winking, and then tea dropped back to thirty-eight and cider to seven cents.—*Wall Street News.*

RAIN-TREES.—At the Cape of Good Hope, near Table Mountain, the clouds come down very low now and then without dropping rain. At such a time if a traveller should go under a tree for shelter from the threatening storm, he would find himself in a drenching shower, while out in the open air, away from any tree or shrub everything would be as dry as a bone! The cloud or mist is rather warmer than the leaves, you see, and so, when it touches them, it changes into clinging drops, which look like dew. Fresh drops keep forming; they run together; and, at length, the water drips off the leaves like rain. And this process goes on until the clouds lift and the sun comes out again.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Interior of the Earth.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and this is generally computed to be about one degree Fahrenheit for every 55 feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge colliery near Wigan, takes us down only 2,445 feet, and to a temperature not much exceeding 90 degrees Fahrenheit. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all. This, however is, (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform increase of heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of fifty miles may be expressed in figures as 4,800 degrees Fahrenheit. In other words at less than an eigth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its center, the heat would be about 22 times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures, might, of course, express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imagination. Suffice it to say, that in a decending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude therefore, that if the earth's center be not itself in a gaseous condition (and there is reason to think that it may not be so) there must be a gaseous zone somewhere between a solid center and a solid circumference. '*Facilis Descensus Averni*' is proverbially treated as a truism. But if the classic authors are to be our guides, and if in the center of our planet Acherontian Shades and Elysian Fields are to be localized, there will be found practical difficulties of access which might well discourage even so substantial a personage as a ghost. Nor can the all-powerful imagination accomplish the descent with any approach to ease. The distance we may suppose to be nearly 4,300 miles; but along a line of this length, connecting the surface of the earth with its center, we may safely assume that conditions would vary greatly, and (since heat and pressure have to be ballanced one against the other) probably by no means uniformly. We can measure the power of pressure upon the surface, but in the nether depths its power is in part open to conjecture, nor can we say how soon we may reach a debatable zone, at which the expansiveness of heat may overcome the compressive force of gravitation. Nor, again, could we venture to expect to find that zone itself always at a uniform depth. Here and there it seems to approach the surface. The volcano is natures safety-valve, and the cavernous rumbles of the earthquake warn us that there are imprisoned gases beneath our feet, which pressure but imperfectly prevents from escaping. Upon other grounds also it is quite evident that our experience, limited as it is to the surface of the earth, may tend to mislead us in regard to what lies beneath the surface; for if pressure increased uniformly with depth, the average density of the earth would be much greater than what, upon astronomical data, we know it to be. The earth as a whole, is about five and a half times as heavy as it would be if it were entirely composed of water; or, technally expressed, the density of water is one and the mean density of the globe is five and a half. But five and a half is only about double the density of rock matter upon the surface; whereas, if nothing but steadily increasing pressure be supposed, it would vastly exceed this. There is, therefore, only one possible explanation. Heat, intense heat, somewhere or other, overcomes pressure and converts everything into gas; and if it were in our power to try experiments, and to feed the subterranean crucible, with the most intractable substance—asbestos, fire-proof safes, or what we will—all would there share the same fate—instant evanescence.

Don't Deceive the 'Old Man.'

A good deal of amusement has been caused in dry goods trade circles during the past few days by the leaking out of a little story at the expense of two young gentlemen who are widely and favorably known in the trade. The father of these young men is a prominent Market street merchant, noted for his large wealth, shrewd business ability and great economy, particularly in the matter of wearing apparel. The sons, who are models of elegance and taste in dress, have for a long time, borne a particular antipathy to a certain venerable coat which has clung to their respected parent for many years, and often tried by persuasion to induce him to sell it to the rag man and buy a new one, but the old gentleman's invariable reply was: "You poys shpend money enough for glothes for one family. Dis goat is good enough for me." At length, knowing their father's fondness for a bargain, they thought of a ruse by which to induce him to lay off the old garment and get a new one. Taking a coat which the father had worn, they went to their tailor and instructed him to take it as a pattern as to size and fit, and make the finest coat he could. "We'll get father down here on some pretence or other, and then you must sell him that coat. No matter what he offers, you take it, and we'll pay you the balance." In due time the sons received word that the coat was finished—price, $80. The next morning at breakfast the eldest son casually remarked: "Father, you will be going by the tailor's to-day, and I wish you would stop and tell him to be sure to send home my new coat to-day, for I have a party to attend to-night."

"Very well, my son, I will do so, but I don't see vat you poys vant mit so many goats."

The old gentleman delivered his message, and the tailor's opportunity had come. Fingering the venerable garment he remarked persuasively: "You ought to have a new coat. It's a shame for a rich man like you to wear such an old garment as that."

"Tank you very much, but dis goat is goot enough for me."

"I have got something," persisted the tailor, "that I believe will fit you, and it is the greatest bargain that you ever heard of. The price of this coat," said the tailor, producing the garment, "is $80, but it won't fit the man I made it for, and I'll let you have it for next to nothing. Try it on."

The coat was tried on and proved a perfect fit."

"You'll never get such a bargain again if you live a hundred years," said the tailor.

"You may have that coat for just $40."

"I'll give you twenty-five," said the old merchant, who knew a good cloth when he saw it.

"Take it."

Carrying the old coat in a bundle, the purchaser went out arrayed in the $80 coat.

At supper that night he appeared in the familiar old coat and in excellent good humor. To his sons he said: "I made a nice little ting to-day. Ven I vas at the tailor's I pought a goat—a nice fine goat. The price vas $80, but I got it for $25. I put it on and had not gone a square pefore I met a vriend. He noticed my new goat and sphoke about it, and I told him about how I got it so sheap. He offered me $30 for the goat and I took it—made $5 in fife minutes.

"Yes," said the sons dolefull in chorus, "you have made five dollars, and we have lost fifty-five." Then the explained.

"My gracious! dat is bad," said the old man, when he comprehended the situation, "but let dis be a lesson to you, my children. Never try to deceive your fader."—*Philadelphea Times.*

Who was to Blame.

A very worthy and estimable widow of Elmdale Church was sick, and had not a particle of coal in the house. Some member of the church found it out and reported to the next business meeting.

The next day poor Widow Eldridge and her three little shivering children were made glad by the appearance of a whole ton of coal. One of the deacons brought the coal, and the widow retired that night to her couch with tender feelings towards her brothers and sisters in the church.

But, sad to relate, there are almost always some busy-bodies even in the church. They knew Mrs. Eldridge to be not only a very worthy woman, but a very proud one. And for her to become the recipient of charity, even through the church, was something for their tongues to wag about.

One good sister, in every other respect but that her tongue was a "ruling evil," went about from house to house and whispered to those who were not present at the meeting, "Did you know the church had to send Mrs. Eldridge some coal? Would you ever have thought she would have come to that? Wouldn't you think it would be a death-blow to her pride? Don't you remember what a high-spirited woman her mother was?" etc., etc. Nor was this sister one bit careful who overheard her remarks. It might be people in the church, or out of the church—little children, or old gray haired sinners; and soon the whole neighborhood were talking about Mrs. Eldridge and a ton of coal. At last it came to the ears of the widow herself.

Her children were peeping through a neighbor's fence when a child came up and said, "Ha! the church had to help your mother, didn't it? You are almost poor enough to go to the poor-house. Every body is talking about it, and I aint going to play with you any more."

The children with wounded hearts went and repeated to their mother every word. "Every body was talking about it." Such a simple, easy thing as the gift of a ton of coal. Why, she had given more herself in the days of prosperity, and had hardly thought of it since.

Was that the way the church helped its own? With a bitter heart she arose from her bed sooner than she was able, and bent herself closely down to sewing. No food but mush and milk and bread and molasses passed her own or children's lips until she had accumulated enough to pay for the ton of coal.

Then she walked proudly into a business meeting, and when an opportunity offered, arose and said, "Here is the money to pay for the coal, thanking you ever so much for the loan."

The deacons coughed and a-hemmed, and then one said,—"We intended the coal as a gift, Sister Eldridge, and not as a loan."

She thanked them, "but was not willing to be the recipient of charity, especially when there were so many tongues to spread it. She only hoped the brothers and sisters would be as good at telling that she had *paid* for the coal as they were that they had *given* it to her; that was all."

No more was said, and the church proceeded to other business—and if the affair had ended here, it would not have been so bad.

But Mrs. Eldridge was taken sick again, and made every effort to hide the fact of want from the church. Unable to pay the rent, she removed to a remote part of the city in a garret, where no inquisitive ones could find her.

It was an unusually long, cold winter, and before spring Mrs. Eldridge was found in her bed, dead, while her children were hovering over the one little bucket of coal that was left.

'It was lack of medicine and proper food, in time of sickness," the coroner said; and when it came to the ears of the church they were loud in their denunciations of the woman's pride. Some went so far as to say 'she deserved to die for being too proud to let her wants be known." But was the church *none* to blame? Did they deal forth their charity in the right spirit? Do they not in their church covenant agree to keep all transactions in their business meetings to themselves? Does not Christ say, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth?' Even as we would that others should do unto us, let us do unto them.—*Ex.*

HOT MILK AS A RESTORATIVE.—Milk that is heated to much above 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage; heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem to be digested and appropriated almost immediately; and many who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by labor of brain or body will find in this simple draught an equivalent that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring in its effects—*Phrenological Journal.*

Rev. J. R. Murphey, D. D., has accepted an appointment as financial secretary of the college at Des Moines, Iowa.

Fashion Notes.

Watteau scenes are painted on fans of batiste and of linen.

Redingotes require the broad-brimmed Directoire hats to be in keeping.

Spotted foulard neckties of dark color, with the dots in contrast, are worn with morning toilets.

Parasols painted with field flowers are the fashion.

Gay-colored grenadines will be popular this summer.

The fashionable color of damask tablecloths is that of coffee.

Old fashioned shawls are used for portieres and table covers.

Lace pins have the monogram worked in tiny diamonds and emeralds.

Collar necklaces of artificial flowers are worn with square-cut dresses.

Sleeveless vests opening from the waist on a waistcoat are very fashionable.

Dressy shoes of white or black satin have short toes and are closely beaded.

Gloves a yard long are imported to wear with dresses that have short sleeves.

Cream, and faint tints in blue and pink are much in favor for graduating costumes.

Black, green or pinkish grapes are in great vogue for ornamenting evening dresses.

The high flaring collars of the new walking coats of black velvet or satin are covered with jet beads.

Fringes formed of very large pendent rosebuds are employed to edge the draperies on silk or satin dresses.

Silk gloves are shown in all the new summer shades. They are fastened by three buttons at the wrist and extend upwards in a deep gauntlet.

Surah dresses of shrimp pink profusely trimmed with ivory white lace, or with silk Aurillac lace, are worn at day and evening receptions.

Crinoline grows in favor with English women, but meets with no success with Parisians. American ladies content themselves with very small tournures.

Æsthetic gowns of white muslin with surplice waist and puffed sleeves are worn by girls in their teens at school commencements.

India pongee lap robes are cool and cleanly for using in open carriages during the summer. They are bordered with dark-colored silk, quilted in rows.

The elegant black brocaded silk made for Mrs. Garfield by the American Silk-Culture Association is on exhibition in a Broadway window.

"Crushed-strawberry" red and raspberry pink are the fashionable colors for the gingham dresses worn by brunettes. They are trimmed with white embroidered muslin.

The jetted Jersey waists of black silk are very stylish for completing black satin merveilleux dresses that have many lengthwise tucks and pleated flounces.

Outline embroidery on crash, pongee or linen will remain the favorite needle-work for idlers in the country during midsummer weather.

Hat pins come in a variety of styles, including bead-headed pins, gold, silver, pansy, daisy-headed pins and those with cup-like tops on a quivering stem.

The latest caprice is to suspend a beautifully-painted miniature tambourine by ribbons from the neck. A satin bag upon the under side contains the handkerchief.

One of the great features of evening dresses for the summer season is the embroideries. The entire front breadths are embroidered in floss silk of all shades and silver and many colored beads.

Black silk stockings reserved for morning wear, are dotted with red or blue butterflies, with yellow antennæ. For evening, white lace stockings are embroidered with gold and silver stars, or tiny silken florettes.

A new style of panier becoming to tall, slender figures is the "Madrilene." It is double. The under-panier is of surah or cashmere, while the over panier is of Spanish lace, either scarf or shawl, draped and drawn back with the one underneath.

Beaded embroideries of many colors, representing jewels, especially pearls of many shades, and turquoises, are used for trimming crape dresses, as they carry out the Oriental coloring.

Terra-cotta dresses of cashmere or of camel's-hair are made entirely of one material, and if simply fashioned without braiding are very stylish. The basque of terracotta is also popular with black satin skirts.

"Topsy, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when asked 'who made her,' replied with the hasty and crude yet fruitful generalization afterward elaborated by Mr. Darwin, 'Specs I growed.' The popular knowledge of evolution is scarcely more definite than Topsy's. As Dr. Johnson regarded angling as a rod with a fool at one end and a worm at the other, so the public vaguely holds the scheme of evolution to be a line with a lecturer at one end and an ascidian at the other."—*Saturday Review.*

Ten denominations of Christians were represented in the graduating class of Yale Theological Seminary.

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