

## ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

The breeze was sweet, and the breeze was chill  
On that far brown hill.  
Where the sunset lingered long and late,  
Like a smile of fate.  
Many and many a time we stood  
Oh, the gods were good;  
We two, alone, on that lonely height  
In the fading light.  
Like shadowy ghosts the sails swept down  
Past the quiet town,  
And over the dim, white harbor bar  
Shone the first pure star.  
Oh, sweet! . . . And I watched its splendor  
Grow  
Through the sunset glow,  
With sometimes—not often—the bliss divine  
Of your hand in mine.  
And still the breeze blows over the hill,  
And the faint star still  
Shines through the dusk, and the boats go by  
'Neath the darkening sky.  
But the star and the wind and the dim, sweet  
sea  
Are no more for me.  
And no more for me is the hand I pressed  
On the hill's brown crest.  
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Leslie's Weekly.



CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Lucy, with her proud, impatient nature, had wondered sometimes at Olive's sisterly feeling for the Challock girls. There was no one in the village who had not been surprised at the second marriage of Olive's mother, the widow Winfield. Why a woman with her natural refinement should have taken rough Tom Challock was a mystery indeed; and yet such mysteries are found everywhere. Tom was a widower with two daughters of his own, and the girls seemed to take more kindly to Olive than he did. For in his course way he let her see that he did not want her under his roof, and she secretly longed to find a shelter elsewhere. By and by, perhaps sooner than she dared to expect, Michael would have made a home for his promised wife; but, meanwhile, the waiting was as hard as Tom Challock could make it. And already Lucy Cromer had suggested that it would be



"ARE YOU LOOKING INTO MY FUTURE?"

better to go away and earn her own bread far off than live in her stepfather's cottage.  
"Have you said anything to Michael about my plan?" Lucy asked, after another pause.  
"No," replied Olive, with a sigh. "The time was so short, you know; and if it came to nothing he would be disappointed. Ah! if it could only be carried out, how happy I should be."  
"I believe it will be carried out," Lucy said, quietly.  
Her eyes were gazing through the little window at the bit of evening sky that could be seen under the heavy thatch. The sun had gone down, leaving that pure and peaceful light that belongs to the evenings of early spring, and Lucy seemed to gaze as if she could never have enough of its beauty. One or two slight tendrils were outlined darkly and delicately upon that clear background, and once or twice they trembled a little at the breath of a soft wind. Olive sat silently on her stool by the couch, her hands were clasped round her knees, her heart had gone out after her lover, traveling away through the dusk to the great city. She almost started when Lucy spoke again. What words were these her friend was saying?  
"When you are in London, Olive, you will be glad that you once had a home in the country. You must not let anything come between you and your sweet memories. You must not drop your habit of watching the clouds and the changing lights and shades, even when you have lost your old green fields. Don't take the world into your soul.  
"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."  
It is often so with those who go to dwell in great cities, and earn their bread there; they lose all their early communion with nature, and forget how well they knew her when they were young. Some day, dear, you may be thankful to  
"Have glimpses that will make you less forlorn."  
"But, Lucy, I am not going to London to be forlorn!" cried Olive, reproachfully. "Michael is there."  
"Michael is there," Lucy said, calmly; "and for his sake, as well as for yours, I say again, don't take the world into your soul. Great artists tell us that if they paint a landscape without a glimpse of sky it depresses the gazer. Never let the sky be quite shut out of your life. It may soon be done, Olive; when we begin to build walls around us, we don't know how high they will rise; when we plant our groves we can't tell how thick they will grow. Always leave an opening through which you can see Heaven."  
Olive looked at her, and was struck by the light on her wasted features. Lucy's life was widening at the close; her view of Heaven was broader than it had ever been before, and the glory that she saw was reflected on her face, which was "as the face of an angel."

"Oh, Lucy," she said, in a timid tone, "I know you are much wiser than I am, and I sometimes fancy that you can see farther into the future than others can. Are you looking into my future, and seeing things that you will not speak of plainly?"  
"Do not frighten yourself about my forecasting, my dear child," Lucy answered very tenderly. "I can foresee no trials in your life that a brave spirit cannot live through. Only I would warn you not to part with the very portion of yourself which will enable you to bear those trials. Keep your old trust in a Power that is over all; listen to the voices that tell you of that peace which shall assuredly follow the strife. Do not let the world so blind and deafen you that, when sorrow comes, the true light may shine and the true voice speak in vain. Oh, Olive, it is not trouble that is to be feared; it is the loss of those qualities in us which help us to meet trouble bravely."  
"But, Lucy," Olive's lips were trembling, "I shall have Michael by my side, and he is so strong! Think of all the difficulties he has conquered! Can I be afraid of anything while he takes care of me?"  
Lucy was silent for a moment. It was true indeed that she saw things in Olive's future that she would not plainly speak of. It needed only a little knowledge of humanity to foresee that this girl's deepest suffering would come to her through the man she loved.

"I am afraid you don't like him," the poor child went on. "What has he said that displeases you? Ah! I am disappointed; I thought you would say I was the most fortunate girl in the world!"  
Lucy bent forward and kissed her.  
"Olive," she said gently, "I shall like him better when he thinks more of you and less of that great idol—success. I see that he is clever, dear—very clever in his own way; and so determined that he is almost sure to win the things that he is seeking. Only I could wish that he had eyes to see the treasures that he passes by while he runs the race. I wish that he would sometimes give a thought to those things that are not won by mighty effort, but given freely—given by a Father's bounty and love. Surely life need not be all striving, Olive."  
"Oh no," murmured Olive with a sigh. "I feel that it takes a very little to make me perfectly contented. But men are different, I suppose; they want far more than we do, and they must struggle till they get it. For my part, Lucy, I should love to live in a cottage with Michael, and be just myself. But he wants me to be more than myself. I daresay he is right; to him I must seem a very ignorant unenlightened creature."  
"You are not ignorant, considering that you are a village girl," Lucy answered. "The old vicar, who helped Michael so much, must have been your friend also. It surprised me, when I first came here, to find a girl who was a reader and a thinker. Take courage, my child; you are not as far behind Michael in the race as you suppose. And if—if our plan is really carried out—you will learn a great deal from your uncle Wake."  
"Lucy," Olive said, looking up suddenly, "you have never told me how you came to know anything of my uncle Wake."

A slight flush rose to Lucy's face and was gone in an instant.  
"Mr. Wake keeps a second-hand bookshop in the Strand," she replied quietly. "A friend of mine, who was very fond of books, used to take me there often, and your uncle talked as only those who read can talk. It was a pleasure to go to that shop; some of the happiest moments of my life were spent among those piles of old volumes, and Mr. Wake's cheerful voice and kind face can never be forgotten. That man understood everybody, and sympathized with everybody, I believe. He was a large man with a large heart. He gave people chances of snatching little bits of happiness. Oh, Olive, I think an old bookshop is one of the most delightful places in the universe. If you happen to be missed, no one thinks of looking for you in such a dusty, musty retreat. The most glorious fragments of life are often hidden away in dull spots where few can find them. Between the dingy covers of some of these ancient books one might come upon poems that sparkled and glowed with immortal light and beauty. Some of our brightest memories are shut up, I believe, in the dimmest nooks and corners of the world!"  
Olive looked at her in silent surprise. The beautiful worn face had grown young again; the eyes were shining.  
"But you love the country, don't you, Lucy?" she asked, after a pause.  
"Yes," Lucy's face grew pale and still again. "Yes, it is good to be here. I feel that I am resting before I go to rest."  
"I wish you would not talk so," Olive said, with tears gathering in her large brown eyes. "Lately I have thought you better, dear; and Michael told me that you were not as ill as I had led him to suppose. You could talk and laugh with him, and it made me happy to see you so bright."  
"I would do a great deal to make you happy," Lucy answered, stroking the girl's smooth cheek. "And now that the spring has come, Olive, I shall begin to teach you my craft. You must go out to-morrow and gather  
"Knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay."  
"My fingers have not lost their old cunning, and I know that I shall have a quick pupil."  
Olive moved from her seat and sank down on her knees with her head on Lucy's breast.  
"Do something else for me," she entreated. "Try to love Michael for my sake. Try to see him with my eyes and feel for him with my heart."  
Lucy smoothed the brown hair away from the young face and soothed her with loving words, as though she had been a little child. This woman, who was going out of the world, pitted the other, who had to tread the old, thorny path. She had been left upon the road alone; some had hastened on before, some had loitered and stayed behind; the hand that had clasped hers had suddenly loosed its hold, and then she had

stumbled blindly on in utter anguish and desolation; but that misery, too, had passed away. All that remained to her now was peace; the end was near; the tired feet had only a little way farther to go.  
She would not paint a blissful picture of Olive's future and so fill the girl's mind with false hopes; nor would she even promise to love Michael for her sake. And yet she talked in such a fashion that Olive forgot her dissatisfaction—a dissatisfaction which owed its origin more to Michael himself than to Lucy's lukewarm praise of him. She spoke of the right way of living one's life; of sympathies that throw out tendrils and alasp other lives; of that unspeakable calm which comes to those who are true and who love truth, even if their hearts are torn with suffering. And Olive, hearing her friend speak, seemed no longer afraid of anything. She took Lucy's hand and looked at her with grateful eyes.  
"I shall never forget your words," she said. "You have made me feel strong."

## CHAPTER III. FOON JANE.

Mrs. Challock did not disapprove of Olive's intimacy with her next-door neighbors; but she was slow to believe that her daughter could really learn a useful art from Lucy Cromer. Peggy and Jane looked on in wonder and doubt while Olive wore her garlands, and Tom Challock laughed the whole business to scorn.  
"So Olive wants to go to London and earn her living, does she?" he said, about a week after Michael's visit.  
"Well, I're no objection; but don't tell me there's a living to be made out of poetry-making. It's a natural enough that she should want to be running after that young man of hers, and keeping a sharp eye upon him. It's my belief that he's too high and mighty for Olive."

"But if he hadn't cared for her he would not have come here again," cried Jane.  
Peggy sighed and shook her head. She was a young woman who was naturally disposed to see the gloomy side of life.  
"I'm afraid father is right," she said. "He is very high, and I think he came partly to show himself off."  
Just then Olive herself appeared at the open door, and there was a flush on her face which told that the words had reached her ears. Her mother, who sat sewing, gave her a quick glance and a little nod. She did not wish her daughter to pay any heed to anything that Peggy or her father might say. Mrs. Challock lived on the whole peaceably enough with her husband; but although she would not quarrel, she quietly resented his unkind speeches about Olive. How differently he had talked when he came courting the pretty widow! She was a weak woman, and she knew that her second marriage was a mistake, but she would not let the whole village know her secret.  
"Oh, Olive, what have you there?" asked Jane, suddenly catching sight of the figure in the doorway.  
"Come and see," said Olive, vanishing; and Jane threw down her needle-work and ran after her.

The two girls stood together outside the cottage, and Olive displayed a wreath of fern and moss studded with bunches of violets and primroses. Even Jane, inexperienced as she was, could see that the garland was the work of artistic hands; the flowers had been arranged as delicately as if a fairy had touched them; it was "an odorous chaplet," fresh from the kisses of April showers.  
"And this is your doing," said Jane, admiringly, "and people would buy this thing in a London shop? Well, I am sure they would in spite of father's sneers. He knows nothing of great towns and their ways; old Fenlake at the inn is a good deal wiser than father!"  
Olive smiled, well pleased with such simple praise. She was happy this evening; the light wind ruffled her thick hair and blew it into little curls and rings about her temples; her eyes were full of sunshine. The letter which had come that morning from Michael had made her very glad, and

gently against the sky, are the chief charm of Hampshire. In this quiet country, haunted by the tinkle of sheep-bells and the bleating of flocks there is no sternness, no rugged grandeur; it is a pleasant dreamy land of pastoral delights, where one half expects to meet Corydon and Phyllis, he with his oat pipe, she with her "belt of straw and ivy buds," just as they used to be when the world and love were young.

"Olive," said Jane, resting her arm on the gate, and speaking in a low voice, "did Michael say anything about Aaron in his last letter?"  
"No," Olive answered, with a pang of regret. "Michael has a great deal to think about, you know. His mind is full of plans, and he can write of nothing else."  
"Yes," Jane said, with a patient little sigh. "I suppose all clever people are something like Michael, they are too busy with their own ideas to spare a thought for the dull ones. And yet,

what good they might do if they did give a moment or two to those who are slow of mind! They were like brothers once—Aaron and Michael."  
Olive's gaze was fixed upon the tree-tops, outlined darkly upon the pale blue of the evening sky; but, although her face was calm, the pain at her heart was sharper than ever. She would have given anything that she possessed if she could have truthfully contradicted Jane. Hers was a nature in which truth had taken such a deep root that it could never be up-torn. It was always there, the strong consciousness of right, the sweet, stern sense of justice and faithfulness.  
"Have you heard from Aaron lately?" she asked, after a pause.  
"I had a letter this morning," Jane answered, still with the patient sadness in her voice. "It is a strange letter. It makes me feel as if he were a prisoner in Doubting castle. You remember reading to us about Giant Despair, Olive? Well, it seems that the giant has got poor Aaron into his power, and I am afraid he will make an end of him."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PUTTING DOWN CODFISH.

The Operation of Salting is Much More Delicate Than One Would Think.  
The salting of the cod is done in the hold. Each "banker" brings from France its cargo of salt, an ingredient which, it is needless to say, plays a capital role in the fishing campaign. The salting is one of the most important and delicate operations. If there is not enough salt on the fish, it will not keep; if there is too much, the fish is black and moist. A good salter is just as valuable to the owner of a "banker" as a good captain.  
Four men are generally employed to salt the fish in the hold. One, with a sort of curved trident, shovels down the salt to the level of the piles of fish already made; the other receives the fish that are thrown down from the deck, and passes them to the pier, who places them with minute care in close layers; finally the salter comes with his shovel in his hand, spreads salt over the layers of fish, and looks after the methodical and regular execution of all these processes. This work has to be done quickly and well. As soon as the fish has been washed it ought not to remain on deck, but be stowed away as quickly as possible. Furthermore, if the codfish is not packed regularly, without the edges touching, and if the layer of salt is too thick or too thin, the salting is compromised, and the drying of the fish, which is done especially at Bordeaux and Certe, will give a cod of poor quality.—Harper's Weekly.

## HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.

A Cruel Judge Who Scorned a Good Husband's Plea.  
"This makes the third time that you have appeared before me charged with begging on the streets of Atlanta," said the judge, "and although you are a woman I will have to send you up for thirty days."  
"Please don't do it, judge," sobbed the woman. "I have a large family to support, and what would my husband and my children do if you were to send me up?"  
"Your husband? Have you indeed a husband?"  
"Yes, your honor," said a man stepping forward from the crowd. "I am her husband, and I want to ask you to be lenient with her. She makes out like she's too sick to work, but if you let her off this time I'll see to it that she works in the future and supports her family."  
"I don't think you will," said the judge. "In fact, I am going to let the woman go and send you up for six months as a vagrant. You have no visible means of support."  
And the man muttered as he was marched out: "No visible means of support? Good Lord! Ain't my wife in court?"—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Sure Sign.

"Why, look at the Beach house. It appears to be on fire."  
"Well, it isn't. What you see is cigarette smoke. The Pale college glee club has arrived."—Judge.

## RELATIONS-IN-LAW.

Hints for the Guidance of Young and Inexperienced Wives.  
One of the first questions asked of a newly made bride is how she likes her husband's relations, and if circumstances compel her to take up her abode with them, the question is usually sympathetically pitying one.  
Considering the frequent disagreements we see in families it is hardly surprising if we see occasional troubles among those of different blood, and often totally different training. The patriarchal system, while it would give unity to the nation, is not without individual objections. It is the hardest of all lessons to learn to accommodate one's own angles to the angles of others.  
When a newly-made wife goes to live with her husband's people she often loses sight of the fact that she is simply a daughter of the house, with no more than a daughter's privileges. In the flush of her new dignity she is apt to forget that she is simply on the same footing as her husband's sisters, as far as the management of the house is concerned. While she should aid her mother by every means in her power, she cannot expect to give orders independently, but submit to direction. No household can be a success with two mistresses, and most assuredly it is the part of the younger to defer to the elder, though it may not always seem a pleasant duty.

Really and truly we don't think anything is more difficult than to live happily with relations-in-law. Even where they love one another, there are so many little traits and peculiarities which cause internal vexation, if the jarring elements never come to the surface. There is no remedy for it, save everpatient patience and kindness; and the model daughter-in-law must stand aloof from family disagreements. She must never side with John against Fanny, or throw her weight with her husband in a difference with his parents. She must always remain neutral, or she will widen breaches instead of healing them.



OLIVE'S GAZE WAS FIXED UPON THE TREE TOPS.

We believe that some of the squibs and jokes scratched on the walls in Pompeii make fun of the mothers-in-law. This estimable member of society has been an object of derision of centuries, just as if it were our fault that we become mothers-in-law under some circumstances. Many a mother-in-law is as self-sacrificing as a mother; many a man has reason to bless the woman who stands in that relation to him. There may be scolds and mischief-makers among them, but they would display the same objectionable traits in any other relation. The implied dislike to mothers-in-law is about as reasonable as the dislike for those unappropriated blessings, old maids.

We can hardly wonder if the loving mother shows anxiety for the happiness and comfort of her married darling. The mistake is in regarding such interest as officious. This is a mistake on the part of the son or daughter-in-law; and the mother's mistake is in thinking that her child's household cannot be comfortable without her constant supervision. A young housekeeper is very tenacious of her dignity; she likes the pomp and circumstance of domestic management, and the young man just advanced to the proud position of husband feels all the dignity of the patriarchs vested in his person. So, perhaps, the qualities most needed among relations-in-law are consideration, kindness, and a discreet tongue. If only we all possessed these qualities what a golden age we should enter upon!—Christian at Work.

## DIDN'T KNOW PEANUTS.

A Merchant Who Had Never Heard of These Delicacies.  
A young Russian groceryman at Elkaterburg obligingly displayed his stock of goods to Mr. George Kennan, and incidentally gave him and his companion a great deal of information as to the Chinese and Russian nuts lying in open bags on the counter. Mr. Kennan describes what follows:  
After we had examined them all and tested a few, the grocer said:  
"I have in the back part of the shop some very curious ones that were sold me a year or two ago as African nuts. Whether they ever came from Africa or not I don't know, but the people here do not like the taste of them and will not buy them. If you will condescend to wait a moment I will get a few."  
"What do you suppose they are?" inquired Mr. Frost, as the young man went after the African nuts.  
"Brazil nuts, very likely," I replied, "or cocanuts. I don't believe anybody here would know either of them by sight, and they are the only tropical nuts I can think of."  
In a moment the man returned, holding a handful of the fruit of a plant known in science as *Arachis hypogaea*.  
"Why, those are peanuts!" shouted Mr. Frost, in a burst of joyful recognition. "Amerikanshi peanuts!" he explained enthusiastically to the groceryman. "Kushat khorosho"—American peanuts eat very well—and he proceeded to illustrate this luminous statement by crushing the shell of one and masticating the contents with an ostentatious show of relish.  
Suddenly, however, the expression of his face changed, as if the result had not fully justified his anticipations, and relieving himself of the "African nut," he exclaimed, "They haven't been roasted. It is necessary to fry," he added impressively to the groceryman. "Americans always do fry."  
"Fry?" exclaimed the young man, to whom fried nuts must have been a startling novelty. "How is it possible to fry them?"  
I explained to him that Mr. Frost meant to say "roast them," but this seemed to him quite as extraordinary as frying, and when he was told that the peanut is not the fruit of a tree, but of an herbaceous plant, and that it grows underground, his astonishment was boundless.

His commercial instincts, however, soon resumed their sway, and when we left his shop he was already preparing to roast a quantity of the "wonderful American underground nuts," with a view to sending them out again on trial.—Youth's Companion.

## DRAW POKER IN MONTANA.

It was in a gambling saloon in Butte. The tenderfoot had taken to the wretched path and announced his determination of relieving a few of the miners of what spare change they happened to have about them. Without much trouble he found a victim who was willing to try a hand or two at poker. Luck favored the stranger from the start and he won steadily. Finally he drew four aces, and after the stakes had been run up to a comfortable figure he magnanimously refused to bet further.

"This is downright robbery," he exclaimed, "and I don't want to end the game here by bankrupting you. So, here goes." He threw down four aces and reached for the money.  
"Hold on," cried his antagonist. "I'll take care of the dust, if you please."  
"But I held four aces—see!"  
"Well, what of it? I've got a looloo."  
"A what?"  
"A looloo—three clubs and two diamonds."  
The stranger was dazed. "A looloo?" he repeated. "Well, what is a looloo anyway?"  
"Three clubs and two diamonds," coolly replied the miner, raking in the stakes. "I guess you aren't accustomed to our poker rules out here. See there."  
As he spoke he jerked his thumb toward a pasteboard card which ornamented the wall of the saloon. It read:  
"A LOOLOO BEATS FOUR ACES."

The game proceeded, but it was plainly evident that the unsophisticated young tiger hunter had something on his mind. Within five minutes he braced up, his face was wreathed in smiles, and he began betting once more with his former vigor and recklessness. In fact he staked his last dollar.  
Just at this juncture the barkeeper stopped in the midst of the concoction of a Manhattan cocktail and quietly hung up another card behind the bar and above the dazzling array of glasses and bottles.  
The stranger threw down his cards with an exultant whoop. "It's my time to howl just about now!" he cried, as he reached for the money. "There's a looloo for you—three clubs and two diamonds."  
"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the miner. "Really this is too bad. You evidently don't understand our rules at all. You certainly don't mean to tell me that you play poker in such a fast and loose, slipshod way down east, do you? Why, look at that rule over there."  
He pointed directly over the head of the busy barkeeper. The tenderfoot read his doom in the handwriting on the wall. The bit of pasteboard bore this legend:  
"THE LOOLOO CAN BE PLAYED BUT ONCE A NIGHT."  
The young man has not reached home yet, but as the walking is said to be pretty fair nowadays he will be due in his eastern home about the middle of this month.—Chicago Blade.

## HABITS OF SHARKS.

How Some Aquarium Specimens Take Their Food.  
During the summer of 1889 there were in one of the aquaria of the United States Fish Commission at Woods Hole, Mass., three sand sharks, each about three feet long. They became very tame, taking chunks of fish, or whole fish of convenient size, either alive or dead, from the hand, just as a dog will; but one had to be careful of one's fingers, as it mattered not to the sharks whether they took fish or flesh. There was never, to the writer's knowledge, a tendency on the part of these fish to turn on the back to take food, nor could one imagine a necessity for so doing under the circumstances.

In a large walled tidal pool outside, however, there were several large sharks, about six feet in length. These were fed with fish taken from a pound-net close by. When the fish were thrown in the sharks quickly gorged themselves with the dead and with the injured ones which could not swim well; but they did not seem expert at catching the active ones, with which the pool was well stocked. They would dart after them, sometimes rolling completely over, but the fish were generally able to escape by darting close to the wall and into some woodwork supporting steps arranged around the pool. It is probable that the sharks would have had better success in the open water, as they were unable to move very swiftly for fear of striking a wall. As they were not fed regularly, they sometimes became very hungry.  
The writer took much interest in watching them and found that, at times at least, they took quite as much interest in him. At all events, when at high tide the water was on a level with the step on which his feet rested, the sharks would come up so close, turning on one side and smiling so benevolently, with a "come-in-out-of-the-water" expression, that he was fain to get up a step higher, as a matter of precaution, at least. Whether they were but asking in their way, as other fishes do, to have some fish thrown them, or whether they were thirsting for human blood, can only be conjectured. They were not of the so-called "man-eating" kind. It was inferred, however, from those observations that their actions in taking food were, and would likely be, controlled by the character or the position of the prey. There is nothing more probable to the writer than that in attacking a larger fish, a school of fish, or a man, they would come up beneath to prevent escape, and considering the position of the mouth, nothing seems more probable than that they would at times turn on their backs. It is a mere question of expediency, however, and not necessarily a fixed habit. For an object of small size it would not be necessary.—Forest and Stream.

—Rev. Dr. Primrose (stumbling in the hall).—"Your father seems to be sparing of his light." Little Johnnie—"Yes, sir. He's always that way the day after the gas bill comes in."—Epoch.

"I'll see you later," said the slangy young man. "No, George," she murmured, "don't say that. It's nearly 12 o'clock now."—Washington Star.