

TWICE TEN YEARS.

I remember it as well as if it were yesterday. The carriage stood at the door that was to take me back to school for the spring term. My mother gave me innumerable instructions, smoothed my collar and adjusted my cap on my head properly, then gave me a kiss and stood looking wistfully at me as I went down the walk and got into the carriage.

A month or two later—it was in June I think—after a hard struggle one afternoon with some figures, all about a ship and a cargo and the profit and all that I went out to join the boys. When I reached the play ground they were gone and there was nothing for me to do but amuse myself as best I could. I strolled around the house with my hands in my pockets (which my mother had told me distinctly I must not do), and suddenly remembering her instructions took them out again; then, for want of better amusement, I began to whistle.

Next to the school there was a pretty cottage separated from the school houses by a board fence. The two houses were not 100 feet apart, and I could look right through under the trees, and there on the croquet ground stood a girl, a trifle younger than myself, looking straight at me.

Now, when a boy suddenly finds him observed by a girl he feels very queer. I remember that very well. My hands were right into my pockets, but remembering that was not the correct thing to do in the presence of a girl I took them directly out again. Then I concluded that it would be a good way to show how little I was embarrassed by turning twice around on my heel, a movement on which I greatly prided myself. After that I don't remember now—it was so long ago—what new capers I cut. But one thing is very certain. I was soon hunting for something I pretended to have lost in the grass beside the fence.

"If it's your knife you've lost," I heard a little voice say, "it isn't there. I picked up a knife there a week ago but it was all rusty and no good."

"Oh, never mind," I said, looking up into two eyes away back in a sunbonnet. "I wasn't much of a knife anyway and I've got another."

"Are you one of the boys at the school?"

"Yes."

"What reader are you in?"

"The Fourth."

"Do you study geography?"

"Yes."

"What's the capital of the United States?"

I scratched my head.

"I don't remember that," I admitted reluctantly. "I'm first rate on capitals but I can't recollect that one."

"Why didn't you go off with the boys?"

"I was behind with my stuns. I expect they've gone to the river. I like the woods pretty well, they're full of squirrels."

"And snakes," she added.

"I'm not afraid of snakes."

"And lizards."

"Nor lizards. I suppose you're afraid to go there."

"No, I'm not."

"If you want to go there now, and are afraid, I don't mind going along just to keep off snakes and things."

She looked wistfully out at the wood. I can see her now leaning on her mallet deliberating—if such a process can be called deliberation where the conclusion is predetermined—the straight little figure poised between the mallet and one foot one little leg crossed on the other—peering out at the forest. Suddenly, without any warning she dropped the mallet and started for the wood.

We were not long in crossing the field and were walking in the dense shade when she stopped and looking at me with her expressive eyes said:

"How still it is in here! It seems to me I can almost hear it be still."

"Yes, it is pretty solemn," I replied.

"Let's go on; the river winds around down there and we can see the water go over the dam."

I heard a distant voice calling "Julia." It was very faint; she did not hear it; I stood a moment hesitating.

"Come, let's go," I said starting for ward.

"Julia," I heard again more faintly than before.

I hurried her on, fearing she would hear the voice and turn back.

Presently we emerged from the wood and stood by the river. I was familiar with the ground, and led my little friend directly to the dam.

"Most of the boys are afraid to walk out on that dam," I said.

"I'd be afraid."

"But you're only a girl; a boy oughtn't to be afraid." With that I started boldly out, occasionally standing on one foot and performing sundry antics to show what a brave boy I was. Then I came part way back and called to her to come.

"Oh, no," she said; "I'm afraid."

"Afraid! You little goose! With me to hold on to?"

Behind her fair and a disposition to be a boy older and stronger than I was, I was not long before I was leading her out on the dam.

"Don't you see it's nothing?" I said, looking back as I led her along. "I'm not afraid of the water, and you're a girl."

"I know a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

"I don't know," I said, "but I'm afraid to tell her. If you will

portion of the dam lower than the rest. I turned my back to step up on the post. It was but a moment, I heard a cry, and saw Julia in the flood. The expression that was in her eyes is to this day stamped clearly on my memory—an expression of mingled reproach and forgiveness.

I could scarcely swim a dozen strokes, but not a second had elapsed before I was in the flood.

I swam and struggled and buffeted to reach her; all in vain. An eddy whirled me in a different direction. My strength was soon exhausted. I was borne down the river, sinking and rising, till I came to a place where I caught a glimpse as I came to the surface of a man running along some planks extending into the river and raised above the water on posts. My feet became entangled in weeds. I sank. I heard a great roaring in my ears, then oblivion.

When I came to I was lying on my back. I remember the first thing I saw was a light cloud sailing over the clear blue. There was air of quiet and peace in it that contrasted with my own sensations. Then I saw a man on his knees beside something he was rubbing. I turned my head aside and saw it was a little figure—a girl, Julia. She was cold and stark.

My agony was far greater than when I had plunged after her into the stream. Then I hoped and believed that if she were drowned I would be also. Now I saw her beside me lifeless, and I lived.

Then some men came, and the man who was rubbing Julia said to them, "Take care of the boy; the girl is too far gone." They took me up and carried me away and laid me for awhile on a bed in a strange house. Then I was driven to the school.

The next day my father came and took me home. I was ill after that, too ill to ask about Julia, but when I recovered what a load was taken from my mind to know that by dint of rubbing and rolling and a stimulant she had been brought to and had recovered. I also learned that the man who cared for us had seen Julia fall and had rescued her. When I saw running along the planks it was to his boat chained to the end.

That summer my father removed with his family to the Pacific coast. He was obliged to wait some time for my recovery, but at last I was able to travel, and left without again seeing the little girl whom I had led into danger. I only heard that I had been blamed by every one.

Ten years passed, during which I was constantly haunted by one idea; that was to go back to New England, find Julia and implore her forgiveness. The years that I must be a boy and dependent seemed interminable. At last I came of age and received a small fortune that had fallen to me, and as soon as the papers in the case were duly signed and sealed I started east.

It was just about the same time of the year and the same hour of the afternoon as when I first saw Julia that I walked into the old school grounds. I had fully intended to go in next door and call for her, but my courage failed me. I had heard nothing of her for years. Was she dead? Was she living? Was she in her old home, or far away? These thoughts chased each other through my mind and I dreaded to know.

I was standing at the school entrance with my hand on the bell when I heard a door in the next house open and then shut. From that moment I could feel that Julia was near me. She came out of the house a slender, graceful girl of nineteen, and picking up a croquet mallet commenced to knock the balls about. I wanted to make myself known, but dreaded the horror with which she would regard me when she should know who I was.

"I beg pardon," I said, raising my hat, "can you tell me if the school is still there?" pointing to the house.

"It was moved some years ago," she replied, regarding me with the old honest gaze.

"I was one of the scholars."

"Indeed!" She spoke without any further encouragement for me to go on. "I see the wood has not been cut away," I added, glancing toward it.

"No, it does not seem to be."

"Where you ever there?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"And is that old dam still across the river?"

"I believe it is."

"Were you ever on the dam?"

She looked at me curiously. I went on without waiting for a reply:

"Would you mind showing me the way to it? It is a long while since I was there."

She drew herself up with a slight hauteur. Then thinking that perhaps I was unaccustomed to the conventional ways of civilized life, she said pleasantly:

"You have only to walk through the wood straight back of the house and you will come to it."

"Thank you," I replied, "but I hoped you would show me the way."

She looked puzzled.

"Miss Julia," I said, altering my tone "I once saw you when I was a boy here at school."

"I know a number of the scholars," she said, more interested; "who may you be?"

"I don't know," I said, "but I'm afraid to tell her. If you will

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pilot me to the dam," I said. "I will inform you."

She thought a moment, then turned and looked out at the wood. With the quick motion with which she had made the same move as a child she started forward.

We walked side by side to the wood through it and out on the river bank. There was the water and the dam; everything as it had been.

"Did you ever try to walk out there?" I asked.

"Once, when I was a child, I came here with a boy, and we walked to where the water pours over. I met with an accident. I fell in."

"The boy overpermeated you, I suppose?"

"It was difficult for me to conceal a certain trepidation at the mention of my fault."

"No, I went of my own accord."

"He certainly must have been to blame. He was older and stronger than you."

"On the contrary," she said, with a slight rising irritation, "he jumped after me like the noble little fellow that he was."

I turned away on examining a boat down the river.

"At any rate he must have begged your forgiveness on his bended knees for permitting you to go into such a danger."

"I never saw him again. He went away."

I fancied—at least I hoped—I could detect a tinge of sadness in her voice.

"I have often wished," she went on, "that he would come back, as the other scholars sometimes do, as you are now, and let me tell him how much I thank him for his noble effort."

"Julia," I said, suddenly turning and facing her, "this is too much. I am that boy. I led you into the wood. I forced you to go out on the dam with me. I permitted you to fall in."

"And more than atoned for all by risking your life to save me!"

Ah, that look of surprised delight which accompanied her words! It was worth all my past years of suffering, of fancied blame; for in it I read how dearly she held the memory of the boy who had at least shared the danger for which he was responsible.

I do not remember if she grasped my hand or I grasped hers. At any rate we stood hand in hand looking into each other's faces.

I blessed the Providence that ended my punishment; I blessed the good fortune that had led me to a knowledge of the kindly heart beside me. Of all the moments of my life I still count it far the happiest.

Then we walked back through the woods, over the intervening field, and stood together leaning against the fence between the old school and her home.

We did not part after that for another ten years. Then she left me to go whence I can never recall her. Yet there is a trying place in the woods, through which we once passed as children, and often afterward as lovers. There I watch the flecked sunlight and mark the silence, and it seems to me that I can "hear it be still." More than that, I know the pure soul looks at me through the honest eyes.—F. A. Mitchell.

Glass and Paste Diamonds.

Of late years paste diamonds, imitation diamonds, quartz diamonds and glass diamonds have been placed upon the market in quantities, and is difficult to distinguish many of these from the genuine articles. They are cut in the most approved style, and a good quartz diamond, cut in the shape of a brilliant, makes a very effective show. Its value however, is less than one-twentieth of that of a diamond of similar size and shape.

Glass cut in prism shape will illustrate the value of angles in any transparent body, and glass diamonds can often be cut so that they resemble greatly the pure water gems. Fine, large diamonds are so very expensive that many wealthy people prefer to wear imitations on general occasions and leave the genuine stones for only very important and special times.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

What Buttons Are Made Of.

Do you know of what material the buttons on your coat are made?

Well, perhaps if you did you would never recognize it in the raw, for in four cases out of five it is a material vulgarly known as vegetable ivory. To the trade it is the ivory nut. Down on the pier of the Pacific Mail Steamship company will be seen long rows of sacks made of jute, which bear the appearance externally of being filled with potatoes. These stacked at the head of the pier in the open air. There is no danger of them being carried away, for they are as heavy as lead, and not extremely valuable, as they are. Potatoes would not remain in that exposed position untouched for a single night. The ivory nut, however, is valuable only when it comes from the hands of the manufacturer in the button or the ornamental state.—New York Telegram.

Gold is so tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 800 pounds without breaking.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

When Jabez Chow came courtin' Corianna Dowdy, Granther Peeks was just as mad as hops. You see, Corianna she had kept house for granddaddy quite a spell. She wasn't overly young, and he didn't want to spare her, she made such nice griddle cakes.

He was very fond of griddle cakes. He hadn't teeth to eat nothing hard, and she made 'em for him for breakfast, dinner and supper. Sometimes she made 'em plain, sometimes sweet. Sometimes she rolled 'em up into 'em. Sometimes she put hash into 'em. They was a great variety, and they was always good. So when Jabez Chow purposed, and Corianna accepted him, granther said "No," and said how he'd cuss her if she disobeyed him.

Now, Corianna could have done what she was a minter for all Granther Peeks; for, as I said, she was risen thirty. But she was a pious gal, and she felt as if her granther's cuss would sort of blight her, so she told Jabez she couldn't marry him now—until granther either died or giv' in, only she wasn't able to help herself from meetin' him after granther had gone to bed—just where the punkin patch lined out the blueberry medder, and the old poplar grew. Well, some mean sneak or other went and told granther about it, and he got up out of his bed, and followed her one night, and found 'em kissin' each other.

He was a real bad tempered old gentleman, Granther Peeks was, and when he seen that he just up and cussed her any way, and drove her home with his stick like she was a pig, after hitting Jabez Chow over the head with it. Jabez didn't durst hit back on account of his age, and granther knew he wouldn't. Home he drove Corianna, and when he got her to him there was the old boy to pay, you may be sure. Corianna was sobbing as ef her heart would break.

"You cussed me, granther," she kept a-sayin'; "and now it don't make no matter what I do. Seein' I'm cussed, I'll jest marry Jabez Chow anyway. What's the use of not doing it now?"

Well, Granther Peeks he felt he'd made a mistake and he kinder coaxed her up a while, and said he'd take a cuss back, and got her to go to bed quiet. But when she waked up next day, meanin' to run away and marry Jabez, she found granther had been before her. He'd nailed and locked and barred the whole house up as if it was a prison, and left just a little hole in the kitchen shutter for her to see to cook by. The front door he kept the key of in his pocket, and he was grinnin' like a monkey to see how smart he'd been.

"I guess we won't have any more meetin' by moonlight, my dear," says he, sardonic and unpeasant as ever could be. "When stores is needed I'll go out, and you've got a pump in the kitchen."

"You don't mean to lock me up this way for good, granther?" says Corianna. "I shall die of want of air and exercise. So will you."

"I guess I kin stand it," says granther. "When you want fresh air you kin stick your head out of that there apyehure in the shutter and draw it in, and today I want pancakes with rawberry jelly into um and lots of coffee. I worked real hard last night puttin' up them fastenin's and I want strettin' 'em, Corianna." She jest looked at him when he said that. She didn't durst trust herself to say nothin'. She had ideas that she was skeerful of puttin' into language, see'n she was speakin' to her ma's pa, and he risin' eighty. But all she got by that was these here cruel words:

"Don't goggle at me, Corianna. It's worse than sassin'."

So while she was a-fryin' the cakes she kept sayin' over and over to herself: "Now I lay me," and "Tinkle, tinkle, little star," to keep back her nat'ral wickedness. She'd slaved for that old man and she'd been fond of him, and this is what had come of it. She told us all this through the hole in the shutter. We got kinder scared, you know, seein' the house shut up, and went to call, but didn't get in; but arter a while, when we'd knocked and knocked a spell to the front door and the side door, we went round to the back, and there was poor Corianna's face a-stickin' out of the hole in the shutter. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she told us the story, and we had to cry too, me and Miss pinney and Miss Peters and Maria Brown. Maria Brown she was just proposin' breakin' down the door and carryin' Corianna off when a upstairs shutter opened and Granther Peeks poked his head out.

"See here, folks," said he, "a man has a right to keep his house shut or open as he pleases, and to order his wimmin folks as he sees fittin'. You tech bolt, or bar, or lock, or hook on my premises, and I'll shoot you down fust and have you took up for burglars arterward, and I'd hev the law on my side, ta." Then he showed us a big boss pistol, and says he, "It's loaded, and we scattered. But I wrote on a piece of paper, 'I'll tell Jabez,' and gave it up to Corianna, pretendin' to kiss her good-by. And never was I so thankful that I ollers carried a pencil in my pocket for new recipes. For she needed comfort, and I guess them words gave her a little. I kept my promise, and that night Jabez pranced

about the house, but couldn't get a peep at her. No more he couldn't for a couple of days. But at last he thought of tootin' through a fish horn. If there was anything Granther Peeks liked it was fish. So he says to Corianna, "Peek out, Corry, and see ef that shad; shad's in season."

So Corry poked her head out of the hole and saw Jabez blowin' the horn, and as soon as he saw her he up and kissed her at the shutter hole.

"Keep up courage, Corianna," he said, "this thing can't last long."

"I sha'n't," says Corianna: "that I know. Granther says the law can't make a man open his doors, and I don't reckon it can; and nobody has a right to demand my freedom, as far as I know."

"Your husband would," says Jabez. "I ain't got none," says Corianna.

"Have one," says Jabez.

"How be I to go to my wedding?" says Corianna.

"Corianna," says Jabez, "let your wedding come to you."

"Corry, how's the fish?" says Granther from inside.

"It isn't shad," says Corry, "and I guess it's stale!"

"Oh," says Granther, "don't buy none ef it's stale!"

"I sha'n't," says Corry; "I'll look keeful."

Out of the winder she sticks her head again.

"When your granther is at tea, Corianna," says Jabez, "you come to the hole. It's 6 o'clock, I suppose?"

"About 6," says Corianna.

"Things will be fixed all right after that," says Jabez. "Keep up your spirits."

"How's the fish?" asks Granther Peeks.

"Awful!" says Corianna, giving Jabez a kiss and drawing her head in.

She felt lots happier, for she had confidence in Jabez, though she didn't know how he was going to fix it.

That evening she came down to tea all dressed up, and she made Granther Peeks a lovely lot of cakes and an omelet, and he set down to table just as the clock struck 6, with a crash towel under his chin, and began to eat as ef he hadn't had anything before for a fortnight; and as soon as he did so Corianna began to fan herself with a big palmleaf fan that always stood behind the kerosene lamp, and says she:

"Oh, for a breath of air! I've got to have a breath of air or choke!"

"You kin git it at the hole in the winder, then," says Granther Peeks. "You know my regglations."

Then Corianna she flew to the winder shutter hole and she poked her head out, and there she saw a sight!

Close against the house stood Jabez Chow, with white gloves and a white tie onto him; and behind him was his brother, Plummer Chow, ditto; and 'tother side was Sally Post, all rigged up in white, with a bouquet, forbridesmaid; and between them was Dominic Chalmers, that had baptized her; and next him was Dominic Brown, from Portertown; and all over the garden was scattered the fast residents of the village, and all the little boys and gals was perched on the fences; and the man with melons had stopped his cart to see the spectacle—for such it was—and there was Squire Peeler, justice of the peace, perched on top of the wood shed

"a-waitin' my turn fur to act in this here case, ladies and gentlemen," he says in them tiere commanding tones of his'n.

Well, when Corianna saw all this she turned first red and then white. We ladies all kissed our hands to her, and the judge atop the woodshed he lifted his hat. The rest of the men all took off theirs, and the dominie he turned around and lifted up his hand, and commenced to talk jest as ef he was in meetin'. When he came to askin' whether there was any one present that could give a reason why that there ceremony should not proceed he waited quite a spell; but nobody answered but the judge, who remarked official and serious from the woodshed, "Go ahead, dominie!"

Then the dominie went ahead, and all went on quite reg'lar, except when Corianna disappeared from the winder hole quite sudden because Granther Peeks bellered for more honey, and once when she had to fry him another cake to top off with—which space of time we occupied singin' hymns.

However, the dominie got her married all safe, ring on and all and writ out a certificate, and the witnesses signed it, and Jabez kissed her and so did the bridesmaid; and then the squire came down off the woodshed and went round to the front door, and battered on'to the panes and rung the bell until Granther Peeks stuck his head out of the winder, and says he:

"How do do, judge?"

"Fair to middlin'," says the judge.

"Why don't you open your door, Mr. Peeks?"

"I ain't openin' no doors jest now," says Granther Peeks.

"Guess you've got to," says the judge.

"There's a man says you've got his wife shut up there."

"I ain't!" says Granther. "There ain't nobody here but Corianna; she's a spinster and my granddarter."

"Mr. Chow, you jest stop here," says the judge.

So Jabez comes around the house.

"Demand your wife," says the judge.

"Well, I'm here, Mr. Peeks, for that purpose. You've got my wife, Mrs. Jabez Chow, in there and I want her," says Jabez.

"Your wife?" says granther grinnin'.

"Yes, sir," says the dominie followin'. "I've jest married them."

"I assisted," says Dominic Brown.

"Will the witnesses come forward?" says the judge.

Then we all trooped around the house and saw Granther Peeks, says Jabez, "Cuppid don't need doors to get in ated there's ever so little a hole in the shutter."

"Twas a very romantic speech, but the occasion kinder worked Jabez up, I reckon, and he was sort of inspired."

It seems that just then Corianna went up to Granther and showed him her ring and her certificate, and that settled it.

In a minute more he opened the door and we walked in. He was cryin' hard.

"Oh, Jabez, Jabez!" says he, "how could you? Nobody else kin make pancakes that I kin digest only Corianna. Now I will starve to death!"

"No, you sha'n't," says Jabez. "Can't you board with us, or we board with you? and she can fry 'em all day, if you want her to and she's so disposed."

"Of course I will," says Corianna.

Then Granther Peeks got out his pocket hankercher and wiped his eyes.

"Ef you'd explained that there to me before, Jabez," says he, "I wouldn't have made no objections; but doin' without Corianna's pancakes was a matter of life and death to me, my son."

Then they shook hands; so did every body all round, and we had the biggest supper that night, and the greatest dance in the barn arterward!—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Invented By Chance.

An alchemist, when experimenting in earths for the making of crucibles, found that he had invented porcelain and a watchmaker's apprentice, while holding a spectacle glass between his thumb and forefinger, noticed that through it the neighboring buildings appeared larger, and thus discovered the adaptability of the lens to the telescope.

A Nuremberg glass-cutter one day by accident, dropped a little aquafortis upon his spectacles, and, finding that it corroded and softened the glass, conceived the idea of etching upon it. He drew figures upon the glass and varnish, applied the fluid, and cut away the glass about the drawing. When varnish was removed, the figures appeared, raised upon a dark ground.

The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle, and then strayed into the sugar house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were white, and that the rest of the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.

An English stationer once adopted a fanciful mode of dressing his window by placing in it piles of stationery, arranged that pyramids should be formed. In order to finish these piles accurately, he cut some cards, to bring them to point. Some of these cards were sold for writing paper, and as they were too small, when folded, to be addressed, the stationer invented envelopes to contain them.

The wife of an English paper-maker one day dropped a blue-bag into one of the vats of pulp. When the workmen saw the colored paper they were astonished, and their employer was so angry at the mechanic that his wife did not dare confess her agency in bringing it about.

The paper was stored for years as a damaged lot, and finally the manufacturer sent it to his agent in London, telling him to sell it at any price. Fashion at one marked it of her own. It was rapidly sold at an advanced rate, and the manufacturer found it difficult to supply, at once, the great demand for colored paper.

Thus it seems that Dame Fortune looks out for her children, and while they are slow in learning useful secrets and possibilities, drops a word of advice in their way, so that they can choose but read it.—Youth's Companion.

A Monster Rose Bush.

The trunk of a rose bush which is in full bloom at Vantura, Cal., is 3 feet circumference at the ground. The first branch, which is thrown out at a height of about four feet from the ground, is 21 inches in circumference. Waxy loads of vines (it is of the climbing variety) are clipped from it annually yet it covers an area of 1,300 square feet. It was planted in 1876. With another fourteen years, if nothing happens to it, it will have outstripped the gigantic rose tree at Cologne, which has had over 300 years to grow in.—Louis Republic.

A Literary Romance.

Winks—I understand the woman you are going to marry has been engaged to you for ten years.

Jinks—Yes. You see I am a newspaper writer by profession, and my proud father said I could not have a daughter until I could show him my name at the head of an article in some great magazine. Well, I went to work and soon got an article accepted, but it was ten years before it was published.—Good News.