

A MARRIAGE SONG.

Love has two chords, in harmony they
Love has two chords, in harmony they
One tuned to earth with Nature's music
swells,
Joining with bird and flower and tree and
river,
Song of the mountains, song of shady
dells.

Piped on the lute of shepherd lad in hol-
low,
What time the world with mirth and joy
did ring;

Hymn ever new for Nature still we fol-
low;
Mother of all—thou taughtest us to
sing.

Love has two chords, in harmony they
quiver;
One tuned to heaven breathes melody
divine,
Strains sweet and low, and joyous to de-
liver
Hearts from sad cares as flames the gold
refine.

Sung by the choir of seraphs in the
chorus,
Ringed eternally through heaven's high
halls,
Echoed by mortals; God's greatest love
shed o'er us;
Wakens the song that listening ears en-
thralls.
—Sunday Academy.

PURELY PLATONIC, OF COURSE.

"It does seem so absurd to me that
a friendship cannot exist between a
man and a woman without considera-
tions of love, matrimony and all that
nonsense being introduced."

The speaker was a tall, handsome
girl, with the physical beauty and grace
of figure which athletic exercise has
bestowed upon the typical end-of-the-
century maiden, and though Florence Mas-
ters could be soft, and even sympa-
thetic upon occasion, it was only with
in her own family circle that she in-
dulged in—as she termed them—these
weaknesses.

Her companions were two men in
boating flannels, both good looking, but
in totally different ways; for while
Capt. Courtney was dark, with his
olive skin bronzed by service in In-
dia, Edwin Norton was fair, of the pure
Anglo-Saxon type.

"If you are alluding to platonic
friendships, Miss Masters," answered
Capt. Courtney, "I am sorry to say that
I cannot agree with you."

"But why should friendship, and
friendship alone, be more impossible
between a man and a woman than be-
tween two men or two women?" inquired
Florence impatiently.

"I think you are quite right, Miss
Masters," observed Norton. "Presum-
ing that their dispositions are similar,
that they have the same tastes and in-
clinations, I don't see why a man and
a girl should not be as good chums as
two fellows."

"Simply because it is impossible," re-
plied Courtney. "It is contrary to na-
ture, and can never endure."

"But I assure you I have known
cases of the purest platonic friendship
between girls and men," persisted
Florence.

"No doubt," answered Courtney. "No
have I, but how long did they last?"

"Why should they not last as long as
friendships between men?"

"Because one of three things is bound
to happen," answered Courtney. "Eit-
her the man falls in love with the girl,
or the girl falls in love with the man,
or else she becomes offended because he
does not pay her that tribute of admi-
ration which every properly constituted
woman naturally expects from a man
who seeks her society in preference to
that of other people."

"Oh, that's all nonsense, Capt. Court-
ney," exclaimed Florence, impetuously.
"Take Mr. Norton and myself, for in-
stance. Do you mean to say that we
could not go out every day together
rowing or bicycling, or have a set at
tennis or a game of golf without one of
us 'falling in love,' as you call it?"

"If you are meeting every day, Miss
Masters," replied Courtney, "I should
consider it a very dangerous experi-
ment. In fact, I should call it playing
with fire."

"Upon my word, Charlie," exclaimed
Norton, "I am surprised at a man of
your experience talking so ridiculously!
Surely you must have known many in-
stances of such friendships, both in
India and on the voyage out and home."

"Yes, I have," replied Courtney, sig-
nificantly. "And I also know how
they have invariably ended."

"Look here, Mr. Norton!" exclaimed
Florence. "Let you and I form a pla-
tonic alliance and show this stubborn
skeptic that we can practice what we
preach."

"With all the pleasure in life," cried
Norton.

But Courtney gave a somewhat cyni-
cal smile as he noticed that his friend
was not quite as enthusiastic in his re-
ply as he might have been.

"That is a bargain, then," said Flo-
rence; "and now is it not time that we
returned to our boat?"

The above conversation took place in
the early summer, and for the next two
or three months Florence and Norton
were inseparable. The latter was an
eligible party, both socially and finan-
cially, so that Mr. Masters made no ob-
jection to the young man calling at his
house every day and attending his
daughter on her various boating and
cycling expeditions. The autumn was
well advanced, when one day Courtney
and Norton happened to meet up in
town, when the latter said:

"Oh, I'm glad I saw you! Florence
told me to ask you to come down to a
banquet arrangement which she is set-
ting up for next week."

"Oh, has it got so far as Christian
names?" asked Courtney, raising his
eyebrows and ignoring the invitation.

"Why not?" said Norton. "I call you

Charlie—why should I not call her Flo-
rence?"

"No reason in the world, so far as I
am concerned, old boy," answered
Courtney. "But take my advice, and
remember the fable of the moth and the
candle."

"You're so fond of measuring other
people's corn by your own bushel," re-
joined Norton, a trifle irritably. "Any-
how, if I do burn my wings it won't be
Florence—Miss Masters' fault."

"Time will show, dear youth; time
will show," answered Courtney, with
his satirical smile. "But I'll tell you
honestly, I shall expect to be best man."

"Something upset you in town yester-
day, Ned," remarked Florence as
Norton helped her mount her cycle the
next morning. "What was it?"

"Only that cynical wretch, Court-
ney," was the reply. "He is a regular
Diogenes, and ought to be shut up in a
tub for the remainder of his natural
existence."

"Oh, do you think so?" replied Flo-
rence. "I like Capt. Courtney immensely.
There is no frivolity or nonsense
about him; he always says what he
means."

"Yes, and too plainly sometimes,"
observed Norton, a little bitterly. "As
a matter of fact, I don't think he is a
good companion for any young girl, and
I wish you wouldn't encourage him
quite so much."

"Encourage him?" repeated Flo-
rence, with the slightest possible touch
of hauteur in her voice. "What on
earth do you mean?"

"Why, at the Dawsons' ball the other
evening you danced twice running with
him, and then let him take you down to
supper."

"And why? Because you were so
busily engaged with Laura Lifferton
that you forgot to come out and fetch
me as we had arranged."

"My dear Florence," remonstrated
Norton, "that was a misunderstanding.
I can assure you. As I explained
to you before, I have no recollection
of having made any arrangement with
you as to supper."

"Oh, well, don't let us quarrel about
it," interrupted Florence. Let us
change the conversation. What did
Capt. Courtney say to upset you to-
day?"

"Oh, he was chafing me about our
friendship."

"Yes?" inquired Florence, eagerly.
"And what did you say?"

"Oh, I told him that if I burnt my
wings it wouldn't be your fault," re-
plied Norton, almost savagely.

Florence gave him a quick side
glance, and then, after a moment's hesi-
tation, observed: "That was a some-
what silly remark to make, wasn't it?
It might lead him to think that our al-
liance was not such a success as it un-
doubtedly is."

"I don't think so," answered Norton.
"I gave him to understand that we had
not altered our opinions in the least."

"Oh, that's all right, then! By-the-by,
I hope you did not forget to invite him
down for the bazaar?"

"Oh, no, I didn't forget! And that
reminds me—did you think of asking
Laura to help?"

"Whom do you mean? The Lifferton
girl?" inquired Florence, for, to
tell you the truth, I don't much care
for her. She lacks stability; and well,
to put it mildly, she's somewhat too
flighty for my taste."

"Oh, I hope you'll have her," pleaded
Norton. "She's a jolly little girl, and
always full of—"

"If you want her to come so particu-
larly," interrupted Florence, "I'll writ-
ter her directly we get back. And—er—
er—I think we had better be turning
now; it looks as though it were going
to rain."

The bazaar in question was one of
those innocent conspiracies between
the parson and the ladies whereby cer-
tain masculine creatures, whose laxi-
tude on Sunday mornings prevents
them from offering their alms and obla-
tions, are wheedled, persuaded and caj-
oled into assisting in the restoration of
the spire, or some other equally neces-
sary and laudable object.

On the eventful day the school room
where the stalls had been fitted up was
a perfect picture; what with pretty
girls, charming dresses and lovely flow-
ers, the effect upon the more youthful
bachelors was bewildering, and the sale
of fancy articles, at still more fancy
prices, went on apace.

Capt. Courtney was standing near
the door, watching Florence and Norton,
and there is a great deal of truth in
the old adage that "Lookers-on see most
of the game," especially when the game
is love.

"They are so charmingly innocent,"
he thought. "I've a good mind to make
them happy. But why should I trouble
myself? They won't thank me for my
pains, shall I? Will I? Will I?"

Strolling toward Norton, Courtney
said, "Ned, can I have two minutes'
conversation with you—quietly?"

"Yes, dear boy, certainly," replied
Norton. "Come this way. Now, what
is it?"

"Excuse me for putting the question
plainly to you," commenced Courtney.
"But when two people's happiness de-
pends upon the answer, one may be
pardon for a little bluntness. I want
to know what your position is with re-
gard to Miss Masters."

"My position?" repeated Norton,
first flushing up to his eyebrows and
then turning deathly pale; "I—I—I don't
quite understand what you mean."

"Why, is that platonic arrangement
that you made in the summer still in
existence, or are you something warmer
and dearer than mere friends?" For-
give me for entreating you in this way,
but you know me well enough to be
aware that I should never take such a
liberty out of mere civility. I am sure
I need say no more; you will under-
stand me and appreciate my motive
when I inquire whether you are en-

gaged to Miss Masters or if your feel-
ing is still purely platonic."

Norton gasped two or three times like
a fish out of water and then he man-
aged to ejaculate:

"Purely platonic."

Courtney seized his limp hand and
shook it effusively, and then with a
happy smile on his countenance he
made his way toward Florence, and he
never left her all day.

For the best part of an hour Norton
watched them from the further end of
the room, eating out his heart in the soli-
tude of a crowd. Then, as though moved
by a sudden resolution, he walked over
to where Laura Lifferton was holding
a little court of her own, under the
pretense of selling buttonholes, and soon
became one of the gayest of the gay.

"How happy Norton seems to be!"
observed Courtney presently.

"Indeed! I thought just now that he
appeared rather dull," replied Florence;
and then, as she looked over in the di-
rection indicated, she observed him
worshipping at the shrine of the fair
Laura, and apparently as happy as the
day was long.

"Do you think it's a match?" con-
tinued Courtney.

"I have not heard of anything of the
kind," answered Florence, coldly.

"They would make an excellent pair,
wouldn't they?"

"Do you think so?" responded Flo-
rence, evidently speaking with an effort.

"I shouldn't consider them at all suit-
ed."

"Oh! wouldn't you?" said Courtney.

"At any rate, they seem to understand
one another." And then, with a signif-
icant smile, he added: "There is evi-
dently no platonic arrangement exist-
ing between them."

For a few seconds Florence turned
nearly gray, and Courtney was afraid
that she was about to faint; but, mak-
ing a strong effort, she recovered her-
self, and in a little while no stranger
could have told that she was not as
cheerful and light-hearted as any girl
in the room.

During the afternoon Mr. Masters,
Florence's father, came up to the stall
at which the young lady was officiating,
and, after greeting Courtney, added:
"Of course you dine with us to-night?"

"By-the-by, Florence, I'm going to run
away with the carriage. I'll send it
back for you in time if I can, but if
not you will be able to find someone
who will put you down at the lodge."

"My dog cart is here, Mr. Masters,"
said Courtney, "and if Miss Masters
will allow me I shall be delighted to
drive her home."

So it was settled, and the afternoon
dragged its weary length along for
two people there, at all events—as
though every minute was an hour. At
last the end arrived, most of the stall-
keepers had gone and the porch was in
semi-darkness.

Courtney's dog cart was just outside,
and he was about to help Florence up
into it when Norton suddenly appeared
upon the scene. Pushing past Court-
ney, he said: "You will ride home with
me, Florence?"

"Papa has arranged that I should go
with Capt. Courtney," answered Flo-
rence, making a move toward the dog
cart as she spoke.

"Courtney won't mind, I am sure,"
replied Norton. "Will you, old fellow?"

"Well, that depends," answered
Courtney slowly. "If it is to be a pure-
ly platonic expedition, why Miss Mas-
ters may just as well come with me, but
if—"

"Oh, hang Plato," interrupted Norton
hastily. "Florence, dear Florence,
come with me!"

A struggle was evidently taking place
within the young lady's bosom—a strug-
gle between love and pride—but love
won, and, with a deprecating smile at
Courtney, she allowed Norton to help
her into his cart and a few moments
later they disappeared into the dusk.

It is impossible to say with any cer-
tainty what passed between those
young people during that eventful
drive, for they both declare that they
do not remember. Anyhow, they must
have gone the longest way round, for
when they arrived at the lodge, flushed
and happy, Courtney had been waiting
for some little time for them, and as
Norton passed him he whispered: "You
shall be the best man, old boy."—Lon-
don World.

The Terrible Cockatrice.

The explanation of the origin of that
remarkable organism, the cockatrice,
leaves nothing to be desired as regards
accuracy of detail. We are told that
"when the cock is past 7 years old an
egg grows within him, wherewith he
greatly welters." We can well imag-
ine the dismay of any well-conducted
masculine bird of that age on finding
himself in such a compromising pre-
dicament; but how did he communicate
his feelings to the histories? That the
embryonic cockatrice had some mys-
terious power of self-advertisement is
evident, for we hear further that "a
toad privily watches him and examines
the nest every day to see if the egg be
yet laid. When the toad finds the egg
he rejoices much, and at length hatches
it, bringing forth an animal with the
head, neck and breast of a cock, and
from thence downward the body of a
serpent."—Westminster Review.

15,000 Hogsheads of Mead.

The officials entrusted with the ar-
rangement of the details of the czar's
coronation in Moscow next spring have
ordered 15,000 hogsheads of mead,
which is to be made of pure honey.
It is an old Russian custom to regale
the people with mead for three days
during the festivities at the ancient
capital.

Boths Meats to Meats.

An enterprising butcher on Third ave-
nue, New York, has a piano in the back
of his shop upon which a colored man
plays popular tunes every evening.

BABYLONIAN JEWELS.

Remarkable Gems Described by a
Fourteenth Century Writer.

A very curious description of Baby-
lon found in a manuscript of the four-
teenth century was published in 1782.
"A city," says the author, "rich in
the gifts of the ages, safe from disease
and distress, where all faces are joy-
ous, and where the three holy rivers
flow over costly stones, some of which
dispense a beautiful light, and others
give health and strength. There is the
emerald, brighter than a mirror; the
jasper, which preserves from poison;
the garnet, which casts out demons
and destroys serpents; the diamond,
which can only be affected by the
blood of kids; the topaz, which gives
its own color to all it approaches; the
coral, which wards off the thunder-
bolt; the hyacinth, of the color of the
day, that cures all diseases; the mar-
garita, formed of dew; in a word, every
precious stone that possesses mir-
aculous virtue." How these exquisite
specimens of nature's handwork came
into existence is a question difficult
to answer. We know of what they are
composed, but if we except the pearl,
we know nothing of the process by
which they arrived at perfection; this
is a problem which must be left to fu-
ture generations to solve.

It has been proved that the materials
of which precious stones are made are
of the commonest and most plentiful.
"And yet," says an old writer, "we
think the very heavens concurred with
the earth to their 'commixion,' and so
the sun left part of his light shining
in them." The diamond, which is so
dazzlingly bright and so pure, is in re-
ality nothing more or less than pure car-
bon; the ruby and the sapphire are
composed almost entirely of clay; the
emerald of sand or silica, while the
pearl is formed of carbonate of lime.
This would strike us as most wonder-
ful if we did not remember that out of
the dust of the ground God made man,
whose beauty and value are far above
the diamond and ruby. A French writ-
er says: "It would seem as though the
mighty creative and organizing power
had chosen to manifest its omnipotence
by producing its most valuable sub-
stance from the most ordinary ele-
ments." Think of the combination of
circumstances required in the forma-
tion of these beautiful crystals to give
them the necessary transparency, brilli-
ancy, luster and exact amount of color-
ing matter for the desired tint, to say
nothing of their freedom from flaws
and defects. Another circumstance of
great interest about precious stones is
that they have doubles so like them-
selves that it is difficult for the un-
trained eye to detect the difference, and
yet the one is of great value, while the
other has little or none in comparison.—
Argosy.

Shoe Heels of Wood.

One of the latest features of wood
pulp industry is the manufacture, in
Haverhill, Mass., of shoe heels from
that material, white pine and other
kinds being used for the purpose. In
carrying out this art the plan, as de-
scribed, consists in reducing the wood
in the usual way in digesters, after
which the pulp is put into a tank and
mixed with the substances necessary
for imparting to heel stock the neces-
sary requirements, such as alcohol,
litharge, tar, degrass and fish glue,
a thorough mixing of these with pulp
being followed by soaking the same a
day or two, so that the fiber may be
penetrated, when another application
of materials occurs. The object at
this stage is to harden the pulp some-
what, so that it can be rolled into thick
sheets and handled, shelled and boxed
accomplishing this, the pulp thus hav-
ing the consistency of cement. At this
point slackened lime is put in, and, as
this hardens when dry, the pulp must
be rolled into sheets and cut into heels
before the hardening takes place. With
needed rapidly the pulp is now drawn
from the tank in sheets, it being just
thick enough, and there being specially
arranged rollers and adjustments at
the bottom of the tank for effecting
this. A series of pressures through
press rollers reduces the sheet to the
right thickness, and the sheet is next
placed quickly upon the bed of a cut-
ter; the wheels are now started, and in
a moment the platen falls, forcing a
hundred or more cutters upon the sheet,
shaping out a heel each.—New York
Sun.

No Waking Needed.

In "Healms of the Hapsburgs," Mr.
Sidney Whitman relates that in a little
Austrian town the custom of walk-
ing up the citizens still prevails. At
five o'clock the watchman goes about
calling out: "The clock has struck five.
Beloved Christians, rise up and praise
the Lord."

It happens that in this town there are
many Jews, who are respected citizens.
One day one of them went to the mayor
and said:

"In my street more Jews than Chris-
tians live. Why cannot your watch-
man also call out 'Beloved Jews,' when
he goes through the street?"

"No, Moses," answered the mayor.
"Our Jews are always wide-awake; but
if I were not to wake the Christians,
some of them would sleep all day!"

Sometimes Transgressed.

The late Dean Stanley used to relate
that a gentleman once called to tell
him that he had been into the abbey,
and had knelt down to pray, when the
verger had come up to him and told
him he must not kneel there. On ask-
ing why not, the verger had said:
"Why, sir, if I was once to allow it, we
should have them praying all over the
place." This recalls the gentleman
visiting a church, and asking the ser-
vant whether people ever used it for
private prayer, to which he replied: "I
ketch'd two of 'em at it once."

By Wire.

It is reported that a Milan telegraph-
er, Sig. Alina, has invented a method
of musical notation by wire.

but it must not be very much greater,
for if it were it would throw too much
weight forward on the part of the ship
still on the ways, and might break them
down, or injure the plates or keel of
the ship. When the great English bat-
tle-ship Hamble was launched, this
did really happen; and so great was the
strain near the bow that parts of the
cradle were actually pushed right into
the bottom of the vessel. It is this
danger of disaster that causes the ad-
vocate calculations at every foot of her
journey into the water.—St. Nicholas.

A Cold Weather Liear.

"Speakin' about cold weather," said
the man with yaller whiskers, as he
caressed them in a loving way, "but un-
less some of you have been up to Hud-
son's Bay in January you don't begin
to know what cold is."

"How cold did you ever see it up
there?" inquired the Buffalo drummer
in an absent way.

"How cold? Well, the coldest day
they ever had or ever will have up
there was the 14th of January, 1874.
At 8 o'clock that morning the thermom-
eter stood at 80 degrees below zero.
That was simply the beginning of a
cold day. The village in which I was
stopping numbered about 700 people.
Over fifty had frozen to death by 3
o'clock. Cows, horses, hogs and dogs
tumbled over as if shot. Trees four feet
thick were riven as if struck by light-
ning."

"And it got colder yet, did it?" asked
the man whose eyebrows were slung
off in the Boston fire and never grew
out again.

"It did. At high noon it was 120 de-
grees below zero. The thermometers
all froze up at that, but no one doubted
that it went to 130 below. Between
morning and night over 600 people per-
ished, and not a bird or beast escaped
death. The cold of that day froze ice
forty-six feet thick on the bay. The
outside air was like a bullet."

"But you escaped, of course?" queried
the drummer, as his face took on a
tired look.

"I escaped, of course," replied the
yaller-whiskered man, "and I was the
only human being who got off scot free.
It was a great stroke of luck. I had
gone up there to sell a shipment of 100
coal stoves and open a coal yard. I
had forty of the stoves set up in a hall
to show them off, and I built a fire in
every one of them. By standing in the
midst of the forty stoves I escaped the
cold, though I had goose-pimples for a
week afterward. Gracious, but didn't
I burn a lot of coal that day?"

"Yes, a hundred tons, probably!"
sneered the eyebrow man.

"You are just half a ton over the
mark, and that coal was worth \$8 per
ton. Yes, and I melted thirteen stoves
worth \$32 apiece and used up \$798
worth of coal, and then had to stay up
there ninety days to help bury the dead.
Cold weather! Well, you don't know
what you are talking about!"—Free
Press.

Java's Island of Fire.

The greatest natural wonder in Java,
if not in the entire world, is the justly
celebrated "Gheko Kamda Gumko," or
"Home of the Hot Devils," known to
the world as "The Island of Fire."

This geological singularity is really a
lake of boiling mud, situated at about
the center of the plains of Grobogan,
and is called an island because the
great emerald sea of vegetation which
surrounds it gives it that appearance.
The "island" is about two miles in di-
ameter, and is situated at a dis-
tance of almost exactly fifty miles from
Solo. Near the center of this geological
freak immense columns of soft, hot mud
may be seen continually rising
and falling like great timbers thrust
through the boiling substratum by
giant hands and then again quickly
withdrawn. Besides the phenomenon
of the boiling mud columns, there are
scores of gigantic bubbles of hot slime
that fill up like huge balloons, and keep
up a series of constant explosions, the
intensity of the detonations varying
with the size of the bubble. In time
past, so the Javanese authorities say,
there was a tall, spirelike column of
baked mud on the west edge of the lake,
which constantly belched a pure stream
of cold water, but this has long been
obliterated, and everything is now
a seething mass of bubbling mud and
slime.

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AN ARKANSAS HURRICANE.

A Hunter's Strange Experience in
Oss.

"I was standing near a 'hurricane'
You probably don't know what an
Arkansas hurricane is. Well, I will
tell you. In the Sunken Lands the soil
is composed mostly of decayed vegeta-
tion and it is very loose. Under it is
sand. The trees and shrubbery grow
very thick, but the roots only extend as
deep as the soil. Then they branch out.
Occasionally a hurricane or heavy
windstorm sweeps through that coun-
try, and when it does the trees are all
upset. They are not deeply rooted and
they blow over easily. These roots are
long and when a tree turns over the
roots extend about as high as the tree
did. These patches are what the hunt-
ers call hurricanes. Well, one day, as
I said, I was standing just at the edge
of a hurricane, hoping that a deer
might come along. As I was looking
around my attention was attracted to
a large tree trunk that had been tipped
over by the wind. I saw a huge animal
crawl upon the log. It looked just like
a Newfoundland dog. It puzzled me.
I could not understand how a New-
foundland dog could be wandering
around the desolate woods. Finally I
realized that it was not a dog, but a
bear. I pulled up and fired a load of
buckshot into it. The bear rolled off
the log and immediately another one
appeared. I let a couple of loads of
buckshot slide at it and that one tumbled
off. In