ther; not necessarily for put stion, but an evidence of good faith on the part of e writer. Write only on one side of the pa-tr. Be particularly careful in giving name-id dates to have the letters and figures plat-

EXIT TOMMY.

Tommy must leave us to night," we said, noving so softly about his bed. Though seven sweet years he had horne of

His Father above had the better claim.

His poor little curls had been shorn away. And his tiny face was old and gray: Coid was his hand and moist his brow, And his voice was only a whisper now.

Tommy lay there with his great round eyes, And we, the watchers, were old and wise, But a deepening light in those eyes we saw, That touched our grief with a tender awe.

A message had come from the King

We heard the sound of the angel's wings; We caught faint whispers and glimmerings

But the words and the touch were for only

Much had we pondered, and probed, and read, Had questioned the living, invoked the dead. "What is Death's secret?" had cried-while

The child of seven, went forth to see.

We might follow him down to the swful shore, Be drenched and stanged with the spray and

But we must linger, with wavings fond, While he would sail to the land beyond.

We felt that the angel that held his hand And led him down to the misty strand Was telling him now, in whispers low, What sights he would see, and whither go.

But hush! the voice from the little bed, And the watchful mother bent her head: "Mammy, I know that I'm soon to die, And I want to wish them all good-bye.

"I shouldn't like anything here to say: "He didn't shake hands when he went away; He was glad to be off to his harp and wings, And couldn't remember his poor old things."

"In Heaven I should never feel content If I hadn't been kind before I went; So let me take leave of them, great and small Animals, people, and toys, and all."

So the word went forth, and in no great while The servants entered in solemn fl e, The stout old cook, and the housemaid Rose, And the aproned boy with his smutted nose.

So each of the women, with streaming check, Bent over and kissed him and could not

speak: But he said that they must not grieve and cry. For they'd meet again in the happy sky.

Twas longer and harder to deal with Jim-The child grew grave as he looked at him. For he thought to himself: "He bets and

And I hardly believe that he says his prayers.

•Oh, Jim, dear Jim, if you do such things You'll never be dressed in a harp and wings. He taked to the boy as a father should, And begged him hard to be grave and good.

The lad lounged out with a brazen air. And whistled derisively down the stair; But they found him hid in the hole for

shall I describe him? The faint powers tion that I am a fellow. What is your of descriptive lore belonging to an old watchman will not suffice to portray decision, Monsienr Le Guarde?" "This," returned the Frenchman, the nobility which was his, both by and, reaching out his hand, he slapp Herman lightly upon the check. Herman's face was livid with rage. right of birth as well as the general characteristics of his nature. A form of an Apollo, features befitting A dozen hands were put forth to deter

some grand knight of the age of Crohim from venting his anger upon his sade, a wealth of yellowish golden hair, r.val. Pushing the hands away, he flowing away from a broad, white brow, said : cut after the model of a classical hero. "Stand away, gentlemen. You need He was two-and-twenty years of age have no fear that I will forget what is when he first made his entree here, due the honor of a gentleman. before the faculty. He made friends Le Guarde then exclaimed, in impaswherever he went: and enemies as sioned tones : well. Men of the stamp of Herman Von Berg are born to win friends. pretty baby face ; you seek to circum-

They find enemies besetting their path vent by foul means men who have been also, for envy is akin to admiration in here longer than you have ; you are a the hearts of men. mere boy, and we might excuse all that He first saw Gretchen at a skating has been, for that. Doubtless you feel

masque down there on the canal. The secure in the hope that you will some water s surface was frozen smooth and glassy. The merry ring of the sharp Crouse." steel, mingling with the gay laughter It was a cruel, cowardly speech: and

of the skaters, was wafted up to my even Le Guarde's face grew a shade cars as I walked to and fro on the whiter as he met the blazing eyes terrace, securely wrapped up in my which fastened their gaze upon him. "Liar! I have never tried to circumbeavy coat.

position.

hand.

received bis death wound.

vent a single man's plans. I have never Gretchen's particular admirer had been unjust in my dealings with you, been for a time back Lange Le Guarde. a French student. His features were Monsieur Le Guarde, or any other man. thin, clear cut, and regular; in all, it As for Gretchen Crouse (and I beg to was a face that women fall in love with be pardoned for uttering her name in at first sight, or take a sudden loathing connection with this affair), she has for, and hate it forever a ter. promised her hand to me. Her heart Le Guarde's appearance was fine and has been mine ever since we first met." interesting. He was a perfect gentleman in demeanor and carriage; yet sprang from the Frenchman's lips, and his heart was black with the evil pashe furiously ejaculated : sions which swayed his morose dis-

"Fight we must, and to the death! Dare you give me the choice of weapons?" They made a handsome pair, the "I dare," responded Herman.

dark-complexioned Le Guarde and the "In France we have many affairs of rosy-checked, sunny-tressed Gretchen. honor, so to speak. Men meet at the Already three unlucky rivals bore the foil's point, and die, gasping as their indelible traces of foil practice with the life blood gushes forth. Men measure Frenchman, and one poor fellow had off a score of yards, and, with pistol in hand, take aim, kill or are killed.

Gretchen at first turned from the Have you ever heard of the duel known French lover with the same horror that as 'At the stroke of twelve?' " she had from the former victors. She "No. I am prepared to be enlightanswered him in the same words that ened," responded Herman.

she had used: still he was a most per-"A set of dice : we shake them, and sistent individual, and, as he was a man the man who throws lowest is the of stern determination, the students up victim. Do you comprehend, Monsieur all, for to make "rechauffes" wholehere in the University looked upon it as | Von Berg?"

a foregone fact that in the end she "Go on. What of the victim?"' rewould bow to his will and give him her sponded Herman. "Why, you see, the victor is relieved

As I said before, Herman Von Berg of the disagreeable duty of-ahemfirst met Gretchen at a skating masque. | killing the other."

The Frenchman was there of course, "Why, what do you mean, man?" and when he saw the pretty hood of quickly responded Herman. Gretchen leaning close to Herman's "You see, after the dice are thrown,

white cap as the pair glided away, the the one who throws lowest prepares to storm in his heart broke forth in a half- die. In other words, he makes his

Small Economics.

Now this same saving is a trial ; there is no use denving it. We do not homestly think women, as a rule, are extravagant in large things, and they will cheerfully make large sacrifices ; but in small things they do not usually find economy pleasant. This proceeds chiefly from ignorance, false shame, and, in extreme cases, from idieness. Mistresses far too often do not know how to make the most of things, though, as far as their lights go, they will use them themselves, and oblige "You come here, and intrude your those connected with them to do likewise. Then, again, these petty economies are so small that one dreads to encounter cook's face of horror at such unheard-of meanness. The things are so petty ! What difference can they day win the hand of the fair Gretchen make? The whole thing would not save sixpence in the twenty-four hours, etc. Granted ; but look through your accounts and see how your money goes. Is it not mostly carried off by odd sixpences that at the time seem almost too unimportant to cons der? None, until they try, realize how tiny sums will mount up in a short space of time, and how far scraps will go in making dainty dishes, tempting to est, and saving the butcher's book.

It is just in these small economies that French women are such splendid managers. They know exactly how far A muttered imprecation of rage everything will go, and have no false shame at any management that will save even a penny. Yet in spite of this Run, quick, it may bite you. (perhaps because of this), French cookery is always quoted as the best. The

fact is, French cookery is a cookery of scraps; and it is owing to this that the French "menagere" can produce sc tempting and varied a menu on the microscopic sum that does duty as house-keeping allowance. Of course the great "cordons bleus" do not practice this rigid economy; but that is not the style of cookery we are re- held the tin drinking-cup trembled perferring to. It is French domestic cook-

ery to which we allude, and how every scrap has its value, and is caremust be most careful, and the scraps, however small, good of their kind. A French menu reads most grandly, but write it out in plain En-

glish, and see how homely the fare is in nine cases out of ten. In this country there is a wide-spread idea that it is bad economy to buy any but the best storm in his heart broke forth in a half- die. In other words, he makes his and for this reason parts are left older than himself. His lungs were warm and hearty grasp as he said. I d have done as much for any one, Tom would a been too late too late too late. Too late too late too late too late too late. as inferior which, if properly dressed, weak, and the doctor had said they would afford fare as wholesome and could bear no strain whatever. But it

Our Young Readers.

THE GENEROUS SPRING.

O the happy, happy soring? Pared with white and glistening as What a lovely life it itves! All itself away it gives Glady answering all demands.

O the pleasant, sparking spring! Where its crystal waters clip, Grass-engiriled, vine-miaced, codland creatures come to tasta Rabbit shy, with thirsty lip.

Many a bird on airy wing. Stooping, wheeling to the brink, Chattering squirrel, bris, and small, Human folk - 'tis good to all; L'Come," it[whispert, 'come and drink

So they flock their needs to bring. Yet it never is bereft. Every moment that it lives All its life away it gives. Yet there's pienteous measure left.

What a sweet, mysterious thing! Though so generous and free, Lavishing from morn till night Wealth of waters pure and bright. Yet it knows not powerty.

O the happy, happy spring! Beautiful the aims it gives With its clear, refreshing food, Even to leaf and fower and bud, Blessing everything that lives. -Ceiso Thearter, in Wate Auguste

> ----TRUE COURAGE.

Shouting, laughing, pushing against

each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell. "Look out, Ross Carson," shouled Tom Lane, in a tope of pretended alarm,

"there's a spider on the pump-handle. There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark, and the eves of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking had who had been one of

the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that ceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than fully considered. This is the secret of it double up his little fist," cried Tom, and crowding close to Ross he deliberately some and palatable the cookery knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane' great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no joints of meat, unless actually obliged to that he could not with safety enter into effort. do so by the shallowness of one's purse, any trial of strength with a boy so much

bimself. The slightest change of put-tion, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The guil seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eros seemed starting from their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror stricken comrades. waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama; before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the prople moving along looked like dwarfs. Suddenly there was a morement yourself, after yesterday ?" among the boys, and Hoss Carmon, with white face and set feet, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple onto !

the scaffolding, and with steady step | approached the coy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death. "If he touches him, Tom will fall."

whispered Louis Raymond. Low as the whisper was, Ross heard

Louis, pausing an instant as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him back ward.

face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril. drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is

true, and utterly unnerved, but safe. There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to flower-beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. 'I'm afraid you study too hard.'

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds. hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town-hall. of many feet, and looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates com-

ing in at the little wooden gate, Tom ward silence: Lane first of all. "I've come to ask your pardon, Ross "arson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what a cowardly sneak I've been. Tom's lips quivered as he made this

How I Took Care of Mimy.

humiliating confession, and his eves were moist with the tears which he excuse for doing so. For Ross knew could restrain with only the greatest Ross took the proferred hand in a

it, and half turned his head towards

oftener became more.

Sykes?" Then importively "Come home, Tate. Hesa wants you; she's dying.

the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farweil felt that it was unnatural What had gone wrong? Farwell school again this afternoon," he said to scratched his alightly muddled head his mother, "so I'll weed out your for the clew, then simpled his knew emphatically when he thought he

we'd ought to been there, as been, hein'

hands were clenched, and a great straggle was written on his face. He looked He was still weeding, a couple of like one ready for conflict, and he was; hours later, when he heard the tramp not however with the poor deluded men he had drank with, but with the prwers of darkness. Farweil broke the awk-

"We felt for ye, Tate. If we'd had the money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and sleb. I wouldn't begrudged comin' down with a back'n' what true courage is, and made me see span o' horses; fact, Tate; but I hadn't the needful; you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the county I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. Ye hadn't orter lay it up again us. Tate." "Hoys," said Tate hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion, "I

didn't expect ye to folly my little gal warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd -to-to-the grave." And ver poales see, it had been all thorns for heralluz-them her father planted." A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. And friends, fast and true, they were He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and lacked courage. The story of that wept like a child. Old Farwell said "There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, an' parting's hard ; but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. It'll tone ve up. Comp, all I'll stand treat." They started eagerly towards the hasroom, except Tate. There was heree longing in his bloodahot eves, and evprise of all, Tate Sykes declined the drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him. Farwell paused, angrily; the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only dead, and most of these men, alas were fathers, too! They meant soluc-Intions decayed with the old tavera; ard's graves, their souls going -where? "Don't never ask me to drink" cried in here again, for if I do, I'll shoot my-self. I wouldn't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a hit; I'll tell ye how I come to this." Then Tate began, in a strange, hoarse voice: Mimy can't talk plain vet. She says: "Ye all knew why Meg come after me "Oh, punny ! punny !" when she thinks that night. She said fiers was dyin', I thought she had - left us -when I got "walk-side," instead of the sidewalk. wanted you, Tate,' says Meg. "-be ond to none. Tom Lane heard his fath- Whenever she tears a hole in her apron, couldn't be easy 'thout ye. She telled me to go fetch father; she'd walt. Ob. could be obtained from this half-com- the other day she climbed up on the She's cone; without her dyin' wish" pleted steeple, and the next day at the kitchen-table and stuck both her hands Mog cried softly, whisperin' this bit by noon recess Tom proposed to half a dog- into a squash pie. I don't believe she bit, betwist the tears. I can't tell ye my lettle gal. There wa'n't nothing comfortable for such as she, in that poor room. It goes without sayin' there couldn't be, and me spendin' what and she always wants to do everything I did here.

TIN

TATE STRES.

Temperance.

Why, here's Tate" clustred Farwell from the tavers platform. His remark served a double purpose, it ancontest Tate Sykra, and also lot the other treparaters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of mandlin sympathy "How do you find

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely; but walking on.

"Why, look ahere yo ain't apoin by, be yet Why, boys, here's Tale upon by ' Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astoniahment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual hount-Tate Sukes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that foated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass. It

But two days before, a and eved, tat-

tered woman burst in upon their revels, It was all over in an instant. In the her face full of agony. "Where's my man? Where's Tate

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his giass down with a groan, and followed his wife out, bareheaded, in an unwopted stillness.

That was the last they saw of Tate at

found it. "Hold on, Tate. Mobbe ye thought as we was old friend."

Tate stopped, but did not reply. His

Sobbing and praying in grief of soul.

"Old Rover came next, sedate and good, And gazed at his master and understood. Then up we carried, in order due, Maria, the cat, and her kittens two.

Proud purred the mother, and arched he

And vaunted her kittens, one white, lack:

And the sweet white kitten was good and still But the black one played with his night gown's frill.

He stroked them all with his poor weak hand, But he felt that they could not understand. He smiled, however, and was not vexed, And bade us bring him the rabbit next.

He welcomed Punch with a loving smile, And hugged nim close in his arms awhile, And we knew (for the dear child's eyes grey dim

How grievous it was to part with him.

His mother he bade, with tearful cheek. Give Punch his carrot three times a week, With lettuce-leaves on a cautious plan. And only just moisten his daily bran.

Then next we brought to him, one by one, His drum and his trumpet, his sword and gun; And we lifted up for his fondling hand, His good gray steed on the rocking-stand;

Then close to his feet we placed a tray, And we set his armies in array; And his eyes were bright with fire and dew As we propped him up for his last review.

His ark came next, and pair by pair Passed beasts of the earth and fowls of the

He kissed good Japhet, and Ham, and Shem, And waved his hands to the rest of them.

But we saw that his eyes had lost their fire, And his dear little voice began to tire; He lay quite still for a little while, With eyes half closed and a peaceful smile.

Then, "Mammy," he said, and never stirred, And his mother bent for the whispered word: Give him his carrot each second day."

Our Tommy murmured, and passed away. -Rev. Frederick Langbridge, in Harper's Ba-

AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE.

The old, bald-headed, wrinkle-faced watchman who walks up and down the broad stone terrace in front of the Ber-In University, has many a quaint and romantic story to tell to the wayfarer who will take the time and patience to loiter in his presence.

I chanced to fall in with this peculiar old fellow during my travel through | White Caps. Europe some five years ago. I fell an easy victim to his tongue-wiles, and in the end it was my fortune to listen to one of his most romantic yarns.

The incidents which he so faithfully arms in the armory. Before ten o'clock portrayed, with a telling minuteness as to detail and the like, clung to me throughout my entire continental trip; and, even as I sit here now, in my home in America, many miles away from the immediate locality connected with the watchman's story, the outlines, the shadows, the features, are yet fresh in mind.

It would, however, be tiresome for me, as well as yourself, dear reader, to repeat the story word for word as it to be popular," exclaimed Le Guarde, was told to me. I will endeavor to give after the cheers had died away. you the more particular parts, and leave to your imagination the task of filling in the outlines, which are as follows:

He walked over to Le Guarde, and Herman Van Berg was known as the said, leader of the White Caps. They were

for the other, and, when the clock Then at a ball given by a member of strikes twelve, he - " the royal family, Herman again met the "What?" burst forth a chorus of fair Gretchen. His whole heart was voices.

taken possession of from the first, and "He puts out his own life's light. he loved with such love as befalls the Poison, stabs, or does it in a way which man who will brave the storms of the best suits him."

tempest, surmount the heaving waves, A hush fell upon the party. Such a go through fire to kneel at the feet of duel was a hitherto unheard of affair; the loved one. And yet, if another and when to death was added suicide,

man should happen to be the preferred it sent an icy chill to each student's of the loved one, he was one of those heart, and froze the tongue with horror- rule, know and like it, though they do jeule and laughter. So he bore his vanoble beings who would hug the wolf They cast the dice, and Herman Von not often introduce it to their family rious trials in silence, and not even his to his bosom, even though it ate his Berg threw the lowest.

very heart out, rather than stoop to "You see, my dear sir-beg pardonwin by base subterfuge what fair deal- you lose. Is it not a handy way?" as it may, few things can be served in him possessed of a true heroism, tor. that of his enemy. -Illustrated Chris- ery beath he drew of the impregnated win by base subteringe what fair deal-ing and upright demeanor had denied asked the Frenchman, taking up a wine ing and upright demeanor had denied asked the Frenchman, taking up a wine for the invalid, it is a marvelous addi-tion for deeds of daring, and saw little

frays between the White and Red Caps. Herman's face was a peculiar study. Noses were split, cheeks gashed and His heart was yet warm with the words eyes blinded by the frequent affairs; which Gretchen had uttered. In his everything connected with them more among them all. He boasted that he so, but that's because she hasn't any end, strange fatality as it might be, the ears yet rung the promise to marry him. rivals, Van Berg and Le Guarde, were And now all is lost. The brightness, the leaders of the two orders. the sunshine of loving, the glow of ex-

Upon no occasion was there a possi- istence, must shortly fade away, and ble chance to let slip, whereby a foil death will be Herman Von Berg's bride, practice could be engaged in by the instead of fair Gretchen Crouse. White and Red Caps. As yet there After clasping hands with each of his had been no meeting between the two comrades, and telling each man not to leaders and rivals in love. The storm follow him under any circumstances, he was only brewing. It threatened to left the tap-room, and went up the steep break forth shortly, however. walk winding about the hill.

One evening the students, composed I saw him when he passed me here of a mixture of White and Red Caps on the terrace, and thought it strange gathered in the tap-room of the Red then, when, after saying "good-night" Lion, a noted resort situated on the out- to me, he went to the balcony there, skirts of the city. Wine had flowed overlooking the city with its shining freely, and the hot heads were fairly light below, and, stretching out his arms, aching for storm, and the fiery hearts said: burning for fray.

"Gretchen-won and lost, a bride, In days gone by, a mere word, lightly and not a bride-1 bid thee farewell at spoken, was sufficient cause for a pass the stroke of twelve!"

at arms; ay, a simple look was provo- He then went into the building. Ten, cation enough. At the present time of twenty minutes passed, and, as the which I speak the faculty had strictly clock upon the tower pealed forth the forbidden foil practice outside of the midnight hour, the sharp report of a pis-University armory: conse uently the tol rang out. young fellows had the check-rein ever

They went to his room, and all that held over them by the strong hand of remained of a promising, handsome, the University head. Le Guarde was talented man was a piece of bleeding present, and the wine which he had clay. taken during the evening had tended to

"And Gretchen Crouse, what became make him very disagreeable to the of her?" I asked. "Humph!" uttered the old man, turning away, "woman-like, she married Le

He threw out various remarks which lashed the latter into rage. But they Guarde, after he graduated."-H. S. were utterly powerless to challenge Keller, in Ballou's Monthly. him, other than to accept a pass at

The World's Geyser-Regions.

In the number of springs and noted gevsers, the Yellowstone National Park and New Zealand far exceed Iceland in which "The Great Geyser" and Strokh are the only two prominent spouters. to spout to a height of not less than fifty feet. Of course, in each of the three of the areas as here indicated; and, if soups can be made, and very good

especially if the California and Nevada

is curious how fashion has tabooed some resentment, to feel that he was looked dishes as quite too vulgar for any bat upon with contempt by his companions the incermost privacy of the family because no taunts or sneers could induce circle, though many of these very dishes him to fight. And he was too sensitive will be cheerfully accepted when pre- and shy to explain to them his reasons sented abroad with a foreign name. for not doing so, knowing well that his Take tripe, for instance. Men, as a explanation would be greeted with rid-

tion to the sick-room fare. Onions are merit in silent endurance. homely vegetables, and are apt to flavor Tom Lane was the most daring boy

garlie. Nothing but bad management s answerable if onions flavor a dish too strongly, or if every one is informed by their noses of the fact that enough, directly economy becomes a necessity, the housekeeper inaugurates, under the name of plain fare, about the most was eful style of cookery attainable. Fish, vegetables, entrees, are all subsides into roast or boiled, with potatoes, and perhaps a pudding. Now, in the first place, roasting is not an econo- Tom was to be strangely punished for mical way of cooking meat, it shrinks his sins in respect to Ross.

so much in the process. In the second, certainly does not decrease your expend-With proper care little dishes iture. that five out of seven soi-disant "good plain cooks" would throw aside as worthless. Take lish, for instance. What huge backbone? Behind the fire or in take a look for themselves.

the dust-heap by this time. Well, take this head and bone, with some of the water it was boiled in, some parsley, a fuss." small onion stuck with two or three cloves, a carrot, and seasoning to taste. Let these all simmer till it almost jellies, add a little milk, thicken with a little butter rolled in flour, strain it, and serve with fried bread cut into dice. If you have any scraps of fish, or a few

oysters left from sauce, flake the fish free from skin and bone, and with the Tom, as he leaned out. oysters lay it into the soup to heat, not

they appear to be numerous. In the of preserved lobster carefully warmed Yellowstone Park, over two thousand in the scup. This may not be a "comsprings have been enumerated and pany" soup, but it certainly is appetizmapped, and among them are seventy. ing on a cold day. Luckily, we are beone geysers, of which twenty are known ginning to realize that soup does not countries, there are hot springs outside for family fare, and that in some cases a dangerous place."

these are taken into account, the Americ can localities will exceed the others, is admittedly a delicious a dangerous place. As for me, I d like But I said "No, no." until she be-Tate had arisen. He stood erect as garnage, and the average housekeep would never dream of using it for daily springs are counted. However, leaving

Don't make so much of it. But I'm ouland-out glad to be friends with you." palatable as, and far less expensive than. was bard to be called a coward, to bear the more thought of "prime" joints. It insults of every description without open from that time forth, and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro' were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was hero. But I think fare ; but very few ladies have seen it. mother knew what he endured. He did that the noblest thing about his brave and fewer still have tasted it. Be this not know that this forbearance showed act was that he risked his life to save tian Weekiy.

Mimy isn't my truty sister. I call her strongly than suits a delicate palate ; had the coolest head, the strongest arm mamma of her own. Her real mam-

ways ready for a fight, and generally difference though, for she's only three time to turn about, but their good resocame off victor in any contest. He had | years old. I'm seven. She's real conno pity for weakness, no charity for ning, and I love her just as well as if by-and-by they would drop into drunktimidity and thought all those who she was my reausister.

there is cabbage for dinner. Curiously feared him fair game for his powers of Mimy don't like it because my little teasing. Ross might have been fairly kittle will drink without having a nap- Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me treated by the other scholars but for kin around her neck, the way she does Tom, who was never weary of exciting berself when she eats at the table. Last enmity against him and, understanding | week she ran all around the yard after how to magnify the veriest trifles, was | kittie, holding out her napkin, and callruthlessly cut off, and the family fare ever showing him up as "the biggest ing. "Kit ! kit ! put on nap." But kittie ran into a hole under the house, so coward in Hillsboro' Academy."

But retribution was near at hand, and Mimy couldn't catch her after all.

A new town hall was being built in a thing is funny; and she said the other trusting entirely to butcher's meat, as Hillsboro', and a very high, imposing day, that a man went right on the home, she was so white and still "She you do in the case we are supposing. edifice it was to be, with a steeple secer, who was the contractor for the she says it is "broken." can be contrived easily out of scraps building, say that a magnificent view She is real good 'most always, but Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! becomes of the head of a cod, and the en of his young friends to go up and meant to be bad, though. She only did what I felt, boys, settin' there beside

it because she likes pie so. "I have a pass from father," he said. Mamma says I ought never to be bad. "and the carpenters won': make any so as to set Mimy a good example, 'cause I'm so much older than she is,

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stair led I do. I try to be good, but sometimes up to it: and the boys soon attained a I forget, the way I did the other day, height that made their heads swim as You see, I like to go barefoot ever so how small appeared the people on the very often; and the other day I asked her, but she said "No; it's too cold." pavement below. "A good place for a suicide," said

"Do be careful," said a low voice in

boil, just before serving; or a little cur- a tone of entreaty, and looking around, take good care of Mimy; and I said: As to the number of springs in New ry powder may be mixed with the but- the boys saw Ross Carson standing "Yes'm, I would," and so she went off. Zealand, there are no definite data, but ter and flour thickening, and half a tin near. He had come up the stairs un- and Mimy and I played with the dolls." perceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I shoes and stockings. I wasn't real with cheerin' words, an' scriptur. She require the enormous amount of fresh did not know any one was up here, and sure, but I thought I'd try it, so I did. meat formerly considered indispensable I was anxious to see the view. But it is The grass felt real soft and cool, and leetle gal. It come over me then,

horse there.

real badly.

"Well, boys, whilst 1 was lookin' at ber, all of a suddent, the color flashed into her sweet face, and them dearthey looked down, breathless, and saw much, only mamma don't let me do it Tate's voice shook darfin' eves filed open-but not to see me, boys, they looked straight for'ard, beyant and up-Well, that afternoon mamma went off 'ards, and says she, startled like: 'I to see some folks, and she left Mimy can't go alone-its dark-go part way and me out in the yard, and told me to with me, father, dear !

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak, be said

But by-and-by we got tired, and the "Them was her last words. green grass was so nice and the sun give a great sigh, and left us. There was so warm that I thought may be wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, "The carpenter gave me leave to mamma wouldn't care if I took off my even if her father couldn't go part way had to go alone, in the dark, my poor just as soon as Mimy saw me she began what I was and what I might a ben. "It's likely you think so," sneered to tease and say: "Me too," and she There's one other left me: please God

still, there are few dishes but owe their and the greatest amount of courage of ma's dead, and so I gave her half of they remembered that Tate's child was flavor in a great measure to this despised any fellow of his age in Hillsboro, and mine to keep always. vegetable, or its even coarser brother, none disputed his claim. He was al- I don't really believe she knows the

s jolly lot of fellows, these White Caps, who backed up their assertions with swords' points, either for study, drinking bouts at the gardens below, love incidents, or more serious questions of merit, pertaining to dueling allairs.

Gretchen Crouse was the only child of the rich brewer in the city down there. Ah! but she was a maid to set men's hearts on fire, to cause them to put on the bucklet of chivalry, and do battle for one sweet smile from her fair face.

She was the belle of the occasion : either at the gay and festive ball, or the skating rink, Gretchen's handsome form and bewitching face were the first objects of attraction.

Many a fierce and bloody conflict had been fought for the maid's sake ; many point. Yet no victor could boast that were so chill that the intended sarcasm Popular Science Monthly. had caused so much blood to be shed, dullest present. would turn in very horror from the man who came and laid the laurels of his triumph before her.

"Away from me your hand, for it is stained with blood. Your heart I can not accept. It is black with the crime which hangs over your head."

Those were her words when the winter kneeled at her throne of beauty, and sued for one sweet smile for love's have said," uttered the other. own sake.

Finally it became a wide.spread belief among the students of the University that Gretchen & rouse was a loveless moman. They had fought one another, spilled blood without stint, and she had

"Did you say fellow?" "Eh, did you speak?" returned Le Guarde. " I did." "What was your remark?" "I asked you if you said fellow?"

said Herman.

had struck he had a dozen affairs upon

his hands, and doubtless would have

had as many more if Herman Von Berg

had not stepped into the tap-room. His

entrance was the signal for a loud

chorus of cheers from the White Caps.

The smoky rafters of the old inn fairly

trembled as the young fellows arose,

clinked their glasses together, and sent

"Sacre! but the young fellow seems

The remark was addressed to one of

his boon companions. However, Her-

man caught the last two or three words.

up a cheer of welcome.

"Beg pardon," responded the other, placing his hand behind is ear, and same system, the length of the line of bending toward Herman. thermal activity is about two hundred

This alone was a sufficient cause for miles. a duel; it was considered to be one of As to the heights to which the geysers

the grossest of gross insults. Herman throw the columns of water, there is shivered with rage, yet his will held probably but little difference between him back, and he repeated his remark. the three regions, although the Yellow-The students crowded about the pair. stone Park has, perhaps, a greater num-They saw that the long pent-up storm ber which erupt regularly to a height was about to burst forth. All ears were of one hundred feet or more. The recon the alert to catch Le Guarde's reply. | ords of the New Zealand geysers are, "Ah, my very dear sir, what if I did however, somewhat deficient as to data suitor had been laid low at the foil's say fellow?" and Le Guarde's tones on this point.-A C. Peale, M. D., in

-It is a fact perhaps not generally "Well?" simply asked Herman, fold- known that Bangor, he., makes about ing his arms calmly, and, standing as many moccasins as all the other back, he eyed the other coolly. places in the United States combined.

"Is there any harm done?" asked In 1868 the business in Bangor was conthe Frenchman. trolled by four large firms, which are

"A harm has been done, and by you. now merged into two. These employ about three hundred persons, and turn The injury, however, can be erased," said Herman.

been made in the moccasin since its first "How?" "Toat I will state afterward." said introduction, and it is now decent in Le Guarde.

"I claim to be a gentleman. I have treated all here as gentlemen, and I

only ask a like respect in return. You in-ult my honor and the bonor of my fifty-three years. He was nine years

Then Herman Von Berg came. How friends, when you cast out the insinua- old when he accended the throng

fare. But it is easy to make, and as the latter out of account, we find that economical as it is dainty. The fish in the adjacent country both north and stock mentioned above, cleared, and south of the park there are springs on with a tittle isinglass or gelatine added the same north and south line with the to it, and a suspicion of tarragon vine- below." geyser-basins of Firehole River; and, il

they are considered as a part of the gar, will turn scraps of fish into a jelly that, garnished with some freshly. washed lettuce, will go far to atone for

will be tempting when the heat makes hornpipe:" and before his companions the very idea of solid food repulsive could realize his intention, he had variety of ways. There is always sure, was walking fearlessly about it. to be some left in the dishes, and a careful housekeeper will be haunted for days by those scraps, or be aggrevated be careful.

seeing the vegetables left over thrown into the wast : tub. Now say cooked vegetables, with the addition of few morsels of caviare, or even the

best parts of a bloater, will make a very fair imitation of Russian salad or. a ain, chopped fine, seasoned rather highly, and mixed with a little butter or good dripping, and steamed or baked in a mold, they produce an appetizing macedoine. To dwellers in the country extra vegetables are not such a loss, out about 100,00) pairs of boots and wife does get worried by waste. In "I am ready to back all that I may shoes a year, four-fifths of the number the most admirably arranged kitchbeing shoes. Many improvements have and scraps there must and always will be: waste and unusable appearance as well as very comfortable. -N. Y. Tribune -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years old what be ascended the throne. -Dom Pedro, of Brazil, has reigned fifty-three years. He was nine years for "rechaulf"," all more less tempting.-Herper's Bazer. -Herper's Herper's Bazer. -Herper's Bazer. -Herper's Herper's He

to see the place where I wouldn't go Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had let her run around any. been erected about the steeple for the eral feet, and overhung the vast chasm market, this little pig stayed as home," on her cunning little pink toes.

"We see it but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered the cold mutton at the other end, and Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a

But their fears for his safety only a little salad, sauce, an anchovy or two, a feeble imitation of a sailor's horn- Mimy was burnt. Mimy cried and the products."

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the to a pail of water. navement?" he said

As he spoke he looked down-a fatal thing; for his head, which had until me because I'd gone barefoot. But she and lose it. Your health-and lose it. now been so cool and steady, began to didn't, then, only she looked real sorry. Your manly independence -- and lose it. whirl strangely. He could not remove She had to sit up ever so late with Your self-control-and lose it. Your his eyes from the swful chasm below Mimy that night. Every time she took home comfort-and lose it. Your wite's him. It seemed to fascinate him.

which menaced him; they knew it was to sleep either, for awhile, bersuse I only a question of moments now before cried so to think I'd made Mimy get -A postal-card was mailed in 1879 he must fall and be dashed to atoms on hurt when I was the bad one that de from Dover, Del. to Wilmington, calling

gan to cry, and then I thought I'd just he uttered his row, in a clear, distinct take off her shoes one minute and not voice that reached even the man be-

hind the bar. The fierce appetite had Mimy liked it just as well as I did. gone from Tate's eyes, they glowed with use of the workmen. It projected sev. and I said "This little pig went to his new-born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavers 'forever. - Helen But after awhile we got to running Fearson Barnard, in N. Y. Observer. around, and we went into the back-

vard. I got a rope and we played THE Baltimore Sun says: "The community is beginning to see very clearly But in a minute or two I heard Mirny that it is better to prevent runsellers could realize his intention, he had scream, and I looked around and there from debauching estizens than, after Vegetables, again, can be used up in a cimbed out upon the scaffolding and she was, standing right in the pile of allowing this, to go to great trouble and ashes, and she just hollered and cried expense in patching up the ruins ; more The boys stared in sheer amazement dread'ully. And I ran and picked her humane to put the pullock on liquor at such recklessness, and begged him to up and found that she'd burnt her foot than on the citizen who becomes filled with it : more statesmanlike to close up

You see, Bridget had just emptied factories of idleness, disorder and crime made Tom more anxious to show his the ashes, and there was a lot of hot than to build poor-houses, jails, peniboasted courage, and he began a rather coal among them, and that's the way tendiaries and homes in which to store

cried, and Bridget and I put her foot in-

I was real glad when mamma came posit your money-and lose it. Your home, only I was airaid she'd talk to time-and lose it. Your characterim. It seemed to fascinate him. Mimy's foot out of water she'd wake up happiness-and lose it. Your children's and cry, so she had to sit up and hold happiness-and lose it. Your own scul horror. They saw the terrible danger her for a long time. And I didn't go -and lose it - Erchange.

THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK -You de-