☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and numbers plain and distinct.

THE VEERY.

As up the mountain side I pressed
I heard the veery's vesper song,
Poured warm from out his glowing breast,
And echoing the glades along:
Tir-lee, tir-lee, tir-lee, the strain,
Fond love, and hope, and tender pain.

The evergreens their odors gave
To lend the fresh'ning Western breeze,
And, fed from many a mountain cave,
The brook sped downward through the trees;
Tir-lee, tir-lee, threw the song;
And forest and woodland echoed long.

The slender birches gently swayed;
Their milky stems rose spectral fair;
Around their roots, with vines arrayed,
Grew red-tipped moss and maiden-hair;
And tir-lee, tir-lee was poured—
A liquid stream of soft accord.

Dark rose the cedar's spiral form
On that pedimental Northern sky,
A clear expanse of color shorn,
A lake of ether to the eye;
And, like that clearness, tir-lee
Rang the lone bird upon the tree.

The dusky stems of lofty pines
Are spaced with visions of the hills;
Blue harmonies in meeting lines
And winding vales the picture fills;
And still the bird note seems to pray,
Like one who seeks the narrow way.

The cattle hid in distant dells
Wade deep through dank and dewy brake,
And tinklings from their far off bells
Seem like the echoes of the lake;
But higher still the veery's lay
Floats like a chant of melody.

—*Augusta Laurent, in N. Y. Independent.*

"TOO LATE."

Moaned the Photograph, the Boy and the Man.

Perhaps it was the rain that had been drizzling and pattering on the old tin roof all the morning, or may be it was that desire which comes into the hearts of every one, just once in so often to turn things over. Look into the old drawers, pore over old papers, tear up ancient correspondence and reread old letters, or perchance—the rain may have caused the desire just as the rain in those old days, twenty odd years ago, used to make the storeroom in the attic the pleasantest room in the whole house. I don't pretend to know what did cause it, all I know is that on this particular day, somewhere between two o'clock and four in the afternoon, to be accurate, he did take down from the regions of eternal dust on top of his desk—just beyond the reach of the office boy's duster—an old tin box, dented, battered and worn, square where it should not have been so, and bulged out where it should have been square, like some men we meet in this world of disappointments and contradictions. Furthermore, I know that then and there, in spite of the neat, white paper which had been put on the desk that very day, he did take out of this same box and strew over the surface of his desk in hapless confusion more things I am sure than he ever got into it in the first place unless he used miraculous powers, or unless, more improbable still, like Topsy "they growed" during their confinement. They were the treasured accumulations of years. There was a fishing rod, a book of trout flies, with here and there a sturdy and substantial bass fly, with its strong hook, heavy snood and gaudy wings, some fish line, a package of letters, dim and yellow with age, tied up with a blue ribbon, some receipted bills—reminiscences of college days—two or three unfinished diaries—other callow reminders—a translation of Sallust, suitable for surreptitious class-room use, and two photographs.

It was these that made our investigator pause—these two old-fashioned photographs of a woman and a boy and changed the look of idle interest and curiosity upon his face to one more akin to sadness. They were very old style—these two—and small. Age had colored them yellow and drab and the faces had lost their sharpness of outline, which was not in the least softened by the alteration. One photograph represented a boy inquisitive as an interrogation point, restless as the wind, talkative when others wanted him to be still, and silent as the tomb when called upon to talk. In fact he was a boy of ten—an average boy of ten—and who doesn't know what that implies? The other was the portrait of a woman, whose sweetness the photographer was unable to disguise, photograph he ever so industriously. Her face was careworn and sad as most mothers' faces are apt to be when their boys are fatherless. On her patient forehead there were faint lines which age had not brought thither unaided, and around her tender face there was a frame of snow-white hair coiled back of the neck in a knot which a goddess might have envied—for this patient, tender, widowed mother had been a famous belle in her youth, and the fresh beauty of her early days had been followed by the no less radiant charms of her maturity.

They were mother and son, these two—that is, they had been years ago when he was still a boy, but for the past score of years or more all that had remained of her were a picture or two, a hat-box in the attic containing a moth-eaten bonnet, black with crepe and white with dust—the last she had ever worn—a little mound in the family lot in the cemetery under the shadow of the tall marble shaft beneath which she peacefully rests, and a book or so with her name half indelibly inscribed therein, so careless is Old Time and cruel too in his thoughtless defacement.

Somehow it was easier to take these things out of the box than to put them back again on this drowsy, rainy afternoon, because as the young man leaned backward on his chair resting the back of his head on a very square piece of board and half closing his eyes to listen to the pitter-patter, drizzle-drazzle of the falling rain on the musical old tin roof, gradually these photographs grew larger and wider, longer and thicker through, until he saw at once that he could never get them back into the box, and so without even trying, he gave it up and let the rain and the pictures carry him back years and years ago, to those days in a man's life never forgotten, yet hardest to recall to those days when school was his most terrible bugbear, work his sworn and bitter enemy; when play was his only object in life; when his mother was his one adviser, his counsellor in and the sharer of his joys and his sole comfort in his woes. For he had been left fatherless when he was very young. While he was pondering over the past, one of the photographs spoke to the other. He was not surprised, though. He would not have been one bit amazed had the originals stepped out of their cards in their forms of long ago, so entirely wrapped up was he in what they were speaking of, and thus it happened that they talked to each other before his face for a full half hour or more as free from interruption as if he himself had been the photograph of a dear mute.

"Mother," observed the boy. Strange how little his voice had changed in all these years! There it was the same pure, childish treble as when it chanted the psalms in the surplice choir in the village church.

"Yes, my son," replied the other. With all his composure the man was startled. Was it a voice from the grave, or was he merely dreaming? Had the sight of those old photographs put him to sleep? No; he was awake, and the conversation was real, as real as that dear, patient, tender, sweet-toned voice itself, which had now been stilled in death almost a score of years. It was better than a dream, thought he.

"Mother," continued the child, "it rains to-day." Here a tear of petulance came into the voice—of that old familiar petulance which the man now remembered, to his shame, "and I can't go out and play. Ain't it a shame, mother, and this is Saturday, too? It always rains on Saturday."

"No, my boy, not always," replied the other, mildly. She never spoke other than mildly, he remembered now.

"Yes, it does. Especially when I want to go out and play. We were going to have a circus to-day at Willie Scott's." Willie Scott, another memory from the storehouse of the past. Poor Will Scott! Shot by the Indians on the plains the year after he left West Point.

"Well, my dear, I think we can arrange for a circus here in the house." This, with a smile, tender as only a mother's smile can be. "Don't you think we can?"

"Of course we can't! Who ever heard of a circus in a house? Where can we have our tent?"

"Well, my son, you needn't have a circus if you don't want to. If you don't want to play that way get your books and I will read to you."

"Read to me on Saturday," replied the boy, his eye filled with tears of disappointment. "I always play on Saturday and you read to me on Sunday."

"Well," answered the patient voice of the mother, "if my little boy does not want me to read to him he can amuse himself any way he wants to. I don't care only so he is happy." And she didn't. But he didn't realize it then. Didn't realize it for years afterwards—until it was too late to appreciate it as he should have done—the way we never realize the blessings we had without the asking.

Thus the morning passed. A little unhappy boy who wandered aimlessly about the house, discontented with himself and all the world besides. What would he give to be there again only for one morning? What? There isn't money enough in the world to half pay the amount. Then came dinner, and after dinner another period of loneliness, of sorrow, disappointment and wretchedness. It all came back to the man as plainly as though it were but yesterday. At length the boy spoke again, this time pleadingly.

"Mother, you said this morning that you would read to me."

"So I did, my boy," she answered, "but I am tired now and my head aches. My eyes pain me and I thought I would lie down on the sofa and take a nap. Can't you take your blocks and play quietly on the floor?"

"That is just the way you always do," exclaimed the boy, impatiently. "When I want you to do any thing you never want to do it."

"My son," answered the mother, sadly, "how can you say so?"

"Well," replied the boy, untouched by the mild reproach, "you know it is so." Strange, thought the man, that he ever could have been so unjust. And yet that was his photograph: those were his very tones, and, too, his very words. Would he say them now if he had the chance? But that chance like many another would never come back. They never do.

Then a pillow was taken from the bed. (He could see it all before him, so changed was the office by those magic photographs), and covered by an Afghan robe of quaint and forgotten device she laid herself down to sleep, while he gathered together his playthings at her feet and sat himself down in very bad humor to amuse himself and annoy her.

The blocks were refractory. They wouldn't build even so much as the foundation of a house and when it came to the upper story and the roof, he might as well have tried to erect it out of sand. So with an exclamation of disgust he noisily swept them together into a heap.

"I thought I asked my little son to be very quiet?" remonstrated the mother, patiently.

"Well, I am quiet," persisted the boy, giving the blocks another push, more noisily than before if possible. Without a murmur of complaint the mother arose from her couch and passed slowly out of the room in the direction of her chamber. The boy saw this with evident pleasure; the man viewed it with a pang of remorse in his heart, which ached with pain.

"Now," observed the boy, when the door closed behind her form, "Now, I'll have some fun. I never do have any fun when mother is around."

So saying he packed his blocks together in their box and made active preparations for turning things upside down. He collected the furniture into one part of the room, where he built it into the shape of a train of cars, with the great mahogany rocker for the locomotive. Seating himself therein he puffed and elewed, whistled and dinged with a rattle and clatter and bang, deafening but enjoyable, philosophically, the man thought to himself, because it was forbidden. After a brief pause at the first stopping place to see whether his mother would reappear, he continued his rioting with more noise and abandon than before.

"This," he cried to himself, "is sport. Now if I only had a real steam engine. I wonder," he continued, as a bright thought occurred to him, "whether I couldn't build a fire in the chair."

No sooner suggested than carried out. The coal scuttle was procured and placed on top of the chair for the furnace. Into this some paper was put, then some kindling and lastly some coal, and then not without some little apprehension, a match was applied and the train started out right merrily. Three stations were made one after the other in rapid succession, when, to his dismay, the engineer discovered that the bottom of the furnace was burning a hole in the locomotive. The room already filled with smoke way lighted up with the flames of burning furniture. Then terror succeeded dismay, and a scream followed the rattle and clatter of the train. The chamber door was hastily opened, and through the billowing smoke the young mechanic saw his mother, her face as white as her hair.

"My son," she cried. "My dear boy, where are you?"

"Here, mother," he answered. "Here."

Through the smoke and flames she dashed and bore him in her arms from the room, but in her exit her dress was ignited from the flames, and when they reached the outer air she was enveloped in a pyramid of flames. The man now could see her anguish, hear her moan and witness her agony as she rolled herself in the bed clothes while the servants emptied pitcher after pitcher of water on her burning garments. He could see all this through his tears, and could also see the little box sobbing in affright on the floor watching the result of his disobedience. Soon all was over. Tragedies, fortunately, come to an end as well as comedies. For weeks the mother's life hung in the balance. In a dark room she was kept away from him and the doctors and nurse went in and come away on tiptoes and spoke in whispers, which struck awe to his heart and filled his soul with agonizing remorse. At last it was ended. One bright, sunny afternoon, as the sun was setting itself to rest behind the tall building on the other side of the street, he was called into her room the first time since the fire. She lay on the bed, so white and thin he hardly would have known her. Her long hair was cut off short to her head and around her neck once so soft and white there was a bandage. Her hands were also covered with protecting cloths. The nurse led him into the room. As the door opened the mother turned her head slightly in that direction, and her eyes fell upon her child.

"Mother!" he sobbed. "Mother! Speak to me, mother."

"Yes, my son; my poor little orphan boy."

"Mother," he cried as he knelt by her bed-side and clasped one of her hands in both of his. "Oh, mother! Will you forgive me? I didn't mean to do it. Really I didn't."

"My poor, dear boy. What will you do?" she cried as she placed her hand on his head. "What will you do when—I—am—gone?"

"You are not going to die," he gasped in terror. "You mustn't die. I won't let you."

"My—poor—boy!" she answered.

That was all. Slowly her hand fell from his head. He looked into her face. A sweet smile was on her lips, and tear drops were on her cheeks, but the light had gone out of her eyes forever.

She was dead.

And they led the boy sobbing from the room of death.

This the man saw through his tears as he leaned back in his chair and groaned in his pain.

"Mother," he cried aloud: "Mother, just tell me you forgive me; just one word."

The photograph answered not a word.

"Mother, just one word," he pleaded. "Don't tell me I'm too late."

"Too late," whispered the photograph.

"Too late," answered the boy.

"Too late," groaned the man.—*Benjamin Northrop, in N. Y. Graphic.*

—"Have you been reading much recently, Mr. De Mass-ilbran?" inquired a young lady on Connecticut avenue of a caller a few evenings ago. "O, no, Miss Dorritt, of course not, don't you know," he replied, confidently. "Indeed! Why not?" she asked, in some astonishment. "O, because, Miss Dorritt, don't you know, the newspapers never contain any thing about baseball, don't you know, during the winter. When the season fully opens, don't you know, I expect to read a great deal, don't you know."—*Washington Critic.*

A POTENT FACTOR.

Saving as a Means of Securing Independence in Its Fullest Meaning.

Helping to self-help is a moderate potent to prevent labor troubles, and fruitful of large results for good. Capital should help labor to stand alone. Under the head the detriment of the strike, failure by strikers, as merely some who does not spend all he earns, is important. Be parsimony, "frugality" and "savings" are synonymous, and the mutual interests of capital and labor are promoted by individual laborers to become capitalists. Hosts of mechanics now in the above positions, in ranks, because they never have enough ready money to start business for themselves. The moment a man has a reasonable prospect ahead of such a change, he becomes a client of labor trouble. Twenty-five cents a day, beginning at twenty-years of age, put at simple interest, or invested in an insurance life insurance policy, would give a competence at forty years, more money in hand than most successful men have had for a short time in the world. The drink and tobacco bills of any one of hundreds of thousands of workingmen would easily carry through such a scheme to secure working capital. Doing the last half century this policy among factory and operatives has come much in vogue. One who is laying his course thus finds—birds of a feather flock together. Habits of sobriety and of saving lead the carpenter or the mason to study the higher branches of his trade, and to attention and application, which secure higher wages and less loss of time and expense. So he gains ability to double the value of his trade, and possibly lay by besides, an extra dollar a day with which to buy a home and better food, furniture and clothing.

It is hard to get people to begin and carry out systematic schemes for saving. Naturally a person not accustomed to saving regularly thinks the income earning so small that laying by any thing from it is nearly or quite impossible. I do not mean great fortunes, but in this connection to know that savings bank records show the largest deposits have not been in time of high wages. The pressure of low wages is found to lead to prudent plans and habits. On the other hand, the abnormally high period of high prices for work has the opposite effect. Further, the largest averages of deposits are not among those with the highest wages. The principal depositors in Manchester saving-banks, for example, being the mill-hands. Consequently, the people want a mill-hand. He need not wait for some time of high wages in the distant future to begin systematic savings.

Trying to ape the rich has kept millions of poor people from where they would ever be able even to begin to live in the style aimed at. This trouble is great in the Old World, but far greater in republican America. The effort of the masses to live beyond their means has caused the pressure resulting in many a labor upheaval.

There is no independence, in a secular sense, without liberty and competence. Keeping out of debt and laying something, little though it be, to savings, are the keys to liberty. The man with one hundred dollars ahead, and gaining fifty dollars a year, is freer than one earning fifty dollars a week, but living up to his income. The latter can never earn a home for himself or family. *Mrs. Powell, in Century.*

LECTURE ON CORNS.

A Pedal Affliction and Its Numerous Painful and Evil Results.

Corns and bunions are of course troublesome and painful. You may strive ever so hard to appear bright and happy when your corns are at their best, but you can not keep the furrive frown from settling on your brow. There is no doubt whatever that many a good match has been broken off by corns and bunions. Cupid has none, and seems to have no sympathy with those who have. One real, lively corn will drive all the love and sweetness out of the best-hearted individual alive, shroud a sweet face with a sour mask and convert an angel into a virago. A painful corn is always regarded as a sufficient excuse for indulging in mild profanity. Even the ladies are permitted to "darn a corn, any way," when they would not be allowed to "darn" any thing else. Preachers have been heard to say that the tenor of their sermons are sometimes so changed by the little monitors upon the toes, that instead of dwelling upon the painless life of the saved, they do up the suffering of the other fellows in a most realistic manner. There is no end to the mischief that may be done by a corn. It robs a fair face of its beauty, encourages profanity, sours sweet tempers, destroys domestic bliss, mars the beauty of the opera, makes church-going undesirable, interferes with Cupid's operations, changes the tenor of sermons, snarls the disposition of teachers, makes walking a painful exercise, supports street railway monopolies, converts angels into viragos, turns the community with growlers, drives bachelors, throughout the earth with old maids, spoils the beautiful in nature, darkens the troubles, creates ill feeling in a crowd, destroys the interest in poker, detracts from the dancer, irritates the nervous system, keeps the mind in unrest, tends to thoughts downward and renders life a burden. There are many more ills that may be charged to corns and bunions, but they will readily suggest themselves to the sufferers. There are not a few men who would have been more probable, be more successful in business and be held in higher esteem in the community if they were to harvest their corn crops. You often hear persons say their corns pains made them sick. This is strictly true. Why do people have corns? Because they wear ill-fitting shoes. Some contend that they are the product of tight shoes. This is not correct. They are caused by the rubbing of the leather against the foot, not by its bunching. The two could not produce the most slight pain. A very close fitting shoe may be worn great length of time without of the foot. Owing to the great diversity in the shape of feet it is impossible for every one to wear the same kind of shoe. The majority of people seem to be fortunate in finding a shoe to fit the foot. Corns have no fear of good shoes, they will not come near them. They will not come near a person who wears a shoe that does not fit, but they will come to those who wear the best of shoes if they happen to have tender feet. Corns are the result of ignorance, carelessness and want of care. The best good sense dictates that the foot should be fitted with a shoe that will not cause pain, be it ever so fine. Corns are a great evil, and I hope the day is not far distant when they will be a thing of the past. Corns are a great evil, and I hope the day is not far distant when they will be a thing of the past.

CLARA BELLE.

The Mysterious Fashion Writer Finally Really Believes in Stay Dead.

[illegible]

WOODEN SHOES.

The Dutch Settlement in New York Where They Are Manufactured.

In the Town of Coeymans, N. Y., there live large settlement of Hollanders, the older members of which [illegible] their native language. The simple manners and industrious habits which have always been characteristic of that phlegmatic race. Nearly without exception they are engaged in general farming and dairying, and to supplement their farms they make the wooden shoes or clogs which are generally worn in the rural districts. Dutchmen, in his leisure moments, makes the clogs quite as to the same extent. During the cold days and the long evenings of the winter the Hollanders put their knives and shaves almost without ceasing. The business is really an important and of late it has proved a very profitable one, the demand for the shoes for decorative purposes enhancing the value and largely increasing the demand. Basswood and sycamore are the wood used, and each shoe is hewed and cut from a single block, and they become so well seasoned that a well-made pair is well nigh indestructible by ordinary wear. The Hollanders, in their settlement, preserve the language of their native land to a large degree, though the younger generation adopt the customs and language of this country.—*Boston Transcript.*

VIRTUE REWARDED.

How a Reformed Burglar Gained a Clear Hundred Per Cent.

"Why should I give you money?" replied a citizen of Sibley street who was "struck" by a stranger for a quarter the other morning as he left his house.

"For my introduction."

"I don't know any thing about it."

"But I'll tell you. Last night a man came to me and suggested that we break into your house."

"Oh."

"He had it all planned just how we were to get in."

"Indeed!"

"I was to turn over out with a pistol while he rolled the house."

"But you didn't rob me."

"No, sir. I sat right down and talked to him till the end of his wave until he went off to bed."

"Thanks. Here, take this. It is just double the sum you would have found in the house last night. Good-bye, sir, and you may be sure that virtue is always doubly rewarded."

And he held out a dime to a poor, old battered tramp, and passed on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—W. D. Cleveland, a merchant of Houston, Tex., when the savings bank recently failed took the boxes of all depositors having less than one hundred dollars and paid them in full.

BESSEMER RAILS.

How They Are Made in One of the Great American Rolling Mills.

When a sighted the battle-field where Bessemer was defeated in 1864, near the present site of Pittsburgh, the Messrs. Carnegie have made amends for that episode of civil conflict by the great success of [illegible] is known in the commercial world as the Edgar Thomson Iron and Steel Works. Here [illegible] are made into Bessemer steel [illegible] in Pennsylvania. [illegible] and from [illegible] in age, between [illegible] years old. [illegible] Known a good portion [illegible] Fresh fruits [illegible] small shorter's [illegible]

Be careful where [illegible] should not be [illegible] or light wagon [illegible] and so general and [illegible] will shed on [illegible]

For some of the [illegible] plant is completed [illegible] following continuous [illegible] shower and [illegible] are a good [illegible] now often being [illegible] to be [illegible]

R. pictures should [illegible] a [illegible] and [illegible] Many of the best [illegible] the northwest slope of [illegible] There is less change in temperature and less danger of starting the buds [illegible] early.—*Farm Ranch.*

A year should always be taught to [illegible] any one to milk her cattle [illegible] or [illegible] For this reason it is [illegible] to change about in milking [illegible] so that the cow will not become too much accustomed to her persons of [illegible]—*Farm Ranch.*

[illegible]

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—In a muddy time tie up your horses' tails temporarily before they leave the stable.

—The more [illegible] will produce, the larger the profit, and, mind you, the better you cultivate one acre, the more it will produce.—*Farmers' Review.*

—Good farming for a farm, if power is more apt to depend on the amount of land worked [illegible] and [illegible] quantity of seed sown than on any [illegible] factor.—*Farmers' Review.*

—Provide a part of your farm for small crops. Don't [illegible] all the [illegible] Keep a good portion [illegible] Fresh fruits [illegible] small shorter's [illegible]

Be careful where [illegible] should not be [illegible] or light wagon [illegible] and so general and [illegible] will shed on [illegible]

For some of the [illegible] plant is completed [illegible] following continuous [illegible] shower and [illegible] are a good [illegible] now often being [illegible] to be [illegible]

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[illegible]

SALT AND BUTTER.

Once the Substitute of Salt Was Sold for the Weight of Butter.

[illegible]

—The United States have eight thousand more miles of railway than all Europe.