

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opens those gates elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky,
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

—[Nancy Amelia Priest.]

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright red-brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country landscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red table-cover waited the tea-tray, with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantel-piece was striking five.

A slender girl of some twenty years came in. She was very lovely. But her bright blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing-dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich young gentleman who had made her acquaintance down by the willow walk, and her lover, Thomas Watkyn, had told her he would call that evening. Just before he left, she said:

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly:

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offered too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note. "But I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However—" he said no more, but took the note.

"Good-by, Thomas."

"Good-by."

"I'm glad he took the note. I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him pass the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dressmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen next morning when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teapoons.

"Alison, come here, called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was—her sleeves turned back at the wrist, a large, brown Holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white-haired gentleman—Mr. Watkyn the elder.

"I am come to ask about Thomas," said he. "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A provision struck her with a sort of terror that something was wrong. "He left quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home."

"Not come home!" she said, with a whitening face.

"I sat up till 1 o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him; that he had stayed at some friends' house. I knew not what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen him, and I cannot hear of him."

Mrs. Reece was impressed with the frightened, guilty look that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. "Cannot you tell what time it was when he left you?" he demanded, sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just after sunset—before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she foresaw it would bring on further questioning:

"The long road—round by the hill?" "Round by the hill?" echoed Mr. Watkyn in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternately; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought and injured one another fatally. In these dread moments of suspense the mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched and unlikely thoughts.

"I asked him to go around that way," she replied, in a timid tone. "I wanted him to leave a note for me at the dressmaker's."

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all," he breathed faintly. "He must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror. "Deceived by the mist, he must have walked too near the edge," continued the old man. "Heaven grant that it may not be so, but I fear it. Was he mad, to attempt to cross the plateau on such a night?"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grabbed her daughter's hands. They were icy cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Let me follow Mr. Watkyn. I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as he fears!"

"Not one step until you tell me what passed," said the mother firmly. "There's more in all this than meets the eye."

"He asked me to—give up talking to Mr. Vavasour."

"And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," continued Alison, bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, it was all my folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She was thinking.

"And what does it mean about your giving him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write about."

The girl had got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who have given him his death."

And it proved to be so. In taking the two miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice, called the Scar, had to be passed. The tableland, or plateau on the top was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveler could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased, but on a dark night, or in a thick fog it was most dangerous. Thomas Watkyn must have drawn near the edge unwittingly and fallen over it. There he lay, on the sharp rock, when the poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned toward the blue sky.

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to me!" wailed Alison quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Thomas, speak to me? I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words was silent now; the heart she had so grieved might never beat in sorrow or joy again.

No person had seen or spoken with him after quitting her the previous night save the dressmaker, little industrious Miss Ford. She had answered the knock herself, she related, and he put the note into her hands, saying, "Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. What a thick mist it is that has come on," he remarked to her in his pleasant, chatty way. "Aye, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut her door as he walked away.

For many weeks Allison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between life and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away; others thought that she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to his accident that had well nigh killed her. But the young are strong in their tenacity of life. And she grew better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of her mother, went to sit on the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill-fated lover. There she remained, thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, and so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together nearly six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Allison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emotion.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind by what he said that evening as we watched it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow."

The mother paused; she felt inclined to say something, but she feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I suppose it pleased God that I should."

"Time smoothes all things, Alison. In time you will be strong again and able to fulfill life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good—oh, so very good! for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the church yard. She wanted to look for a newly-made grave in that corner where so many of the Watkins lay buried.

She could not see it; the same grave-stones that were there before were there now; there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on a bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness, just as a crimson ball, which seemed to give red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale, tottering man who was coming up to the gate by the help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale, sad face wore for her its old sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst out in a storm of sobs.

"I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first. They thought for a long time that I should die," he answered, as he sat down beside her, keeping her hand in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God, I hope in time to be strong and well again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never forgive myself."

"No! Then you must atone to me instead, Alison. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear."

"Do you mean it still?" she gasped.

"Oh, Thomas, how good and true you are. If I can only be a little bit worthy of you."

They walked home slowly, arm in arm, neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet them. God is full of mercy, she thought.

"I did not tell her, Thomas," she said; "she was so dreadful low when she came out of the fever. I meant to tell her to-night."

"I have told her myself; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn.

Electricity and Watches.

Rochester Post-Express.

"If you have got a watch don't go near that machine," said Superintendent Redmond, of the Electric Light company, to a reporter of the Post-Express, as he entered the company's building at the lower falls a few nights ago, having safely passed the "Positively no admittance" sign and gained an entrance at the usually barred gates. As he spoke, he pointed to one of the five generators which stood on one side of the building, and which, like all the others in use, emitted constantly bright sparks of light from the rapidly revolving machinery. Each of these generators keeps forty electric lights burning all night, and is run by the water power of the falls, one of the largest rubber bands in the state being used in making the wheel go around. The noise in the building, caused by the thousands of revolutions a minute, is almost deafening, and any conversation is impossible except at a lung-splitting tone of voice.

What possible connection there could be between such a large piece of machinery and a watch, even if it be of the lumbering kind carried by the reporter, was not clear at a glance, and he looked interrogatively at the superintendent. "If you go within a certain distance of that machine," said Mr. Redmond, "it will spoil your time-keeper." Taking advantage of the "timely warning," the reporter kept within the proscribed limits, and gained some points of interest not generally known to the public.

One of the most peculiar things connected with the electric light machine is the curious effect it has on time-pieces. Placed within a few feet of the positive pole of the electric machine, the watch stops absolutely, if exposed immediately to the negative pole of the machine, it will resume its accustomed ticking, and it is said very little bad effect is noticed. Very many watches have been utterly ruined, however, by careless persons going too close to the machines, through ignorance or the neglect of the attendants to warn them of their danger. None of the men employed at the works of the lower falls carry any costly watch, and Superintendent Redmond contents himself with a low-priced piece, with American works, which is difficult to get out of order, and which, American-like, will not admit of defeat from such a small concern as an electric light machine.

One of the most prominent watch-makers in the city said to a reporter yesterday: "That electricity or mag-

netism is one of the worst things we have to deal with. A magnet would create more mischief in a half hour among these watches than it ever did in Grosvenor's 'hardware shop' in patience, and more than I could undo in months. Perhaps I never could remove it entirely. I wouldn't have a horseshoe magnet in my place for a big sum. Yes I've known of several watches being seriously injured by the electric light machines. You see the difficulty is with the balance wheel and hair spring, both of which are made of steel. The positive pole of the magnet influences them and causes the watch to keep all sorts of unreliable time. While we can replace the spring very easily, it is more difficult to remedy the balance of the evil. Principal John G. Allen, of this city, had a costly watch affected some time ago through exposure to the machine in Power's block. I took it and after working at it three months succeeded in demagnetizing it, but the use of the negative pole of a magnet. That's the only case I've heard in the city although there are a few other cases where it has been done. The finer the mechanism the more damage is likely to be done, and it is through the most untiring patience that they can be brought around to anything like their original state. It's about one in a hundred that ever is."

The reporter also found a gentleman whose \$150 chronometer had been ruined in this way.

The Arrangement of Flowers.

We read a great deal about the proper arrangement of flowers when used in vases, some of these arrangements are good; and some I must take exceptions to. For instance, in a late English magazine I read that roses must never be put into vases with any other flower. Now, I have often used them with white flowers of a delicate, airy nature, such as the wild clematis, or virgin's bower, with charming effect. The clematis gives precisely the unstudied and graceful effect which any vase of flowers should have, because it is its nature to be graceful, and beautiful as roses are, as flowers, the habit of the plant as to branch or stem, is not one calculated to make a group of them quite satisfying by themselves when used in a vase or any dish standing up well from the table. With the clematis drooping about the vase and trailing on the table, and the roses lifting their clusters above them, there is nothing finer in the line of decoration. I have often used bunches of palest apple blossoms with early roses with most satisfactory results. Roses and flowering smilax combine exquisitely. So do roses and the great clusters of the white flowering elder. For flat bouquets, or use in bowls, these two are especially useful in connection with each other.

Sweet peas are the only flowers that I would keep by themselves. I have never felt satisfied with the result when I put anything else in the vase with them. I have a vase which I call my sweet pea vase, because it seems so well adapted to show them off to the best advantage that I kept it expressly for them. It is of clear glass tall, and flaming like a lily at the top. I cut my sweet peas with long stems, and never attempted to arrange them nicely, for it is a characteristic of this flower that it can never be anything but graceful under any circumstances. Do not cut too many, for they must not be crowded. You want just enough to fill your vase and let them bend about naturally, and they can not do this if crowded in the least. With just the right quantity they will arrange themselves in a way to delight an artist; all you have to do is to thrust the stems into the water.

Some will droop, others remain upright, but the general effect will be airy, graceful, delicate. I lately read an article advising the use of a few sprays of Mignonette with sweet peas. Do not do it. The strong fragrance of the Mignonette overpowers the more delicate odor of the Sweet Peas. They are fragrant enough of themselves.

The Gladiolus is a charming flower for use in tall vases. Ferns are the only green things I would use with them. This flower is most effective when kept by itself.

A Runaway Pair in a Load of Straw.

Boston Globe.

John W. Hines and bride, of Great Barrington, reached Pittsfield in safety on Sunday. The two met at a husking bee some time ago and agreed to elope. With \$200, which the young man had saved toward buying a small farm in Sheffield, and unincumbered by baggage, they started off on foot toward the depot, three miles away. A farmer's boy with a load of straw soon overtook them and invited the runaways to ride. They accepted the offer and climbed up, concealing themselves from observation under the bundles of straw. They reached the depot just as the milk train was going out and got on board. The young man's father reached this place this afternoon, but the elopers heard of his presence and fled. They are said to have gone to North Adams.

Why She Was Fleehy.

Hartford Times.

A shabbily-dressed woman called upon one of our citizens for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. The citizen looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoiddupois of the superfluous fat, and answered: "You don't look like a starving woman." "I know it," she whiningly answered, "I'm bloated with grief."

Trains are badly delayed all over Ontario by snow.

A TOUGH STORY.

Told by the Oldest Man in America.

Boston Globe.

"Ye wouldn't think ter look at me that I am the oldest man in America, would ye?" said a curious looking relic in the Charlestown navy yard. "Well, I've known this place when it was all woods. Me'n the old boss is old chunn's stand-bys round-here, and about all that's left of the old crew. Come with me and Ill show the boss to ye."

On the extreme end of a mouldering wharf in the shadow of a prodigious bulk groaning and creaking at its rusty moorings on the summit of a pyramid of cannon balls stood the specter horse. His evil and speculative eye looked down with a questioning glare which haunted the writer for many a day.

"That boss has got a biestry that jumps over anything ye ever heard," continued the old man. "When Uncle Sam staked out this spot for a workshop the old critter was bought by the government of a man by the name of Turner, down at Weymouth, London. Wall, that boss drewed most all the stone used in the great wall around this yard. Drawed 'em from Quincy, Watertown and Cambridge, on a drag. In 1829 a spar fell from a swing grave and sprung his backbone. Old Perry, that's his name, never seemed hisself after that. An order came on from Washington, sort of puttin' the faithful critter on the retired list in 1832. Thirty years ago the appropriation for his fodder was stopped, but he wandered about eatin' sawdust and tarred ropes. In 1846, when Polk was president, an order was sent on here ter kill the beast. But ye can't destroy a sperrit. The government has spent more'n \$50,000 ter heave that old brute inter eternity, and they can't do it!" and the aged man wildly pounded his weather-beaten tarpaulin hat against an anchor-stock. "A squad of marines was ordered cut one day ter open fire on the poor animal, but it didn't do no more good'n throwin' peabeaus agin the walls of the universe. Then they opened a cannonade on him with heavy guns, but his old hide was too tough; he snorted, and breaking from his anchorage, kicked the life out of the gunner, and went grubbin' on an old hempen hawser.

"In 1853, under Film-re's administration, the commandant here was ordered to get rid of the old boss, if it beggared the nation. Then a gang of workmen pushed him overboard inter the dry dock, where he stayed two weeks. Then he got kinder lonesome and ugly, and I'll be eternally cussed if that old ghost didn't turn his old huffs agin the sold granite wall, and kicked out a whole section of stone, lettin' in the tide water, which floated him up inter the yard, where he run round whinerin' in devilish glee. That hole in the wall cost the government \$30,000. Then they took him inter the saw shop, and tried ter split him up, but as soon as the saw struck his hide it broke inter splinters, killin' three men and woundin' two more. Then they took him inter one of the machine shops, and tried ter drill a hole in him so's they could git gun-powder inter him ter blow him up, but the steel drills was twisted off and the old cuss went off unhurt. When Frank Pierce was elected president the old boss business was brought up before congress again, and Zach Chandler, or Cotton Mather, or some of them old congress chaps, said they'd fix the darned boss, and the ship Constitution was ordered to carry the brute and sink him down off Pint Comfort. He was histed on board and thrown overboard as ordered, but he was back ter Charlestown before the old ship got back, and here he is, and here he will probably stay as long as the world stands." And the old man turned wrathfully away and disappeared.

About January.

January derives its name from Janus, one of the divinities of the Romans, and held by them in the deepest veneration. He was said to preside over the Gates of Heaven, and selected by Numa Pompilius as duly possessed of the qualifications peculiarly adopted for presiding over the year. Not only on account of the knowledge he was thought to possess of the past, but more especially from his presumed power of foresight, Janus was often represented with two faces turned from each other—the one old, representing his experience with reference to by-gone events; the other young and typical of his looking forward into futurity. Sometimes he was portrayed with four faces, as emblems of the four seasons over which he was adjudged to have control; frequently with a key in his right hand and a rod in his left, to symbolize his ruling of the year. He was also depicted, in some instances, seated in the center of twelve altars, in token of Numa's division of the months, with figures on his hands to the amount of the number of days to which the year was augmented by that wise sovereign. January was called by the Saxons Wolf-Monath, or Wolf-Month, because the wolves at this season failing, in consequence of the cold and snow, to meet with the inferior animals, their usual food, were accustomed to attack man himself. Later, when the Saxons were converted to the true faith, they termed the month After-Yule—this is, after Christmas. In the fine illuminated calendars of the Middle Ages January was frequently represented as an old man clothed in white with a billet of wood under his left arm, shivering and blowing his fingers.

A desperate fight occurred between Pottawattamie and Chippewa Indians on the Wisconsin reservation. Five combatants were killed.