

TEARS.

No! in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow:
But in the day of sorrow,
O'er the tale of woe.

CLEVER AUNT KATE.

'It ain't no use in going agin your pa, Jennie—he's had his own way 'round here continual for nor a thirty years, an' you'll jest have to give in; no use talkin at him. 'T only makes him wuss.'

'I or little Mrs. Olcott had been accustomed during the whole of her married life to 'jest give in,' and her only chance of peace was in yielding to her selfishly determined husband and allowing him to carry his point without opposition.

Jennie was differently constructed. She inherited her father's strong will and he had, much to her surprise, suddenly discovered an opposing force in his youngest child.

She had been away from home for nearly three years—this pretty brown haired girl with the determined face and graceful carriage, and the father secretly admired and almost feared her.

A wealthy and childless aunt in the city had besought Jennie to share her home, and Hiram Olcott's pretty daughter, though clinging to the farm with all its dear memories of childhood and childhood's joys, chose wisely when she yielded to her aunt's request.

It was better, far better for her, for even after her departure there were plenty of children to keep the miserly old farmer in a perpetual grumble about money matters.

It was May and the country wore one glad smile, and Jennie hailed with delight the prospect of a visit to her home, assuming very willingly the responsibility of housekeeping while her two unmarried sisters attended the wedding of a cousin in a distant town.

This morning she was cooking, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows stood beside the kitchen table. In one hand she held an earthen plate, while the clip, clip, clip of a fork sounded noisily as she whipped some eggs to a froth.

'Yer sisters had to marry to suit him,' wailed the nervous little woman, 'an' you'll have to too; if you don't there'll be awful fusses, so you'd jes' better give in.'

That morning the father had spoken to Jennie of a young farmer, whom he termed a 'hickly catch.' She had expressed her opinion of him in so decided a way as to alarm Mr. Olcott for the safety of his much prized authority.

He was won't to speak of himself as a marvelous example of the patriarch. 'Make 'em mind,' he would say, 'keep yer household beneath your feet, govern 'em well, and they'll git along.'

Jennie's boldness in opposing his judgment so stupefied him that his anger had not yet had time to blaze forth, but Mrs. Olcott knew it would come, and so after her husband had left the kitchen she pleaded with the girl to 'give in.' Jennie had been very thoughtful during the little woman's appeal, but now she was resolved, and it was the Olcott in her nature which spoke. 'I wouldn't marry Jordan Moggs though father should threaten to murder me.'

The eggs were stiff now, and as she set the plate down on the table she turned from her mother and busied herself among the ingredients for cake baking which were before her. Jennie was blushing as she began softly, 'There is some one in Poole I like very much, mother, and he's coming out here, too.'

'He needn't mind comin,' said Farmer Olcott grimly, as he quietly stepped into the kitchen. His face wore a cunning leer and his wind reddened cheeks were distorted by the sneering curves of his hard-lined mouth.

Seating himself on one of the painted wooden chairs he drew the bootjack toward him and took off his heavy shoes with a calmness and deliberation which warned Mrs. Olcott that he was thoroughly aroused. The poor little nervous, broken-spirited woman had learned that this particularly quiet and inoffensive manner of removing his footgear always preceded a burst of passion.

Hiram Olcott set his cowhide boots by the stove to dry, kicked the sack under the table, and, turning toward his daughter, shouted: 'Don't let me ketch none o' yer city fellers comin' to see you. Ef they do I'll talk to 'em; not a word now,' he growled, shaking his long finger menacingly at Jennie as she essayed to speak.

'I'm master in my own house and you'll not talk till such time as I am done. You've been away and kinder forgot how things is run here, but you might as well get broke in now. I tell you I won't have any city fellers a-follerin' you and if I ketch your Aunt Kate makin' any matches for you I'll just bring you home from bein' a fine lady down there and set you workin'.'

Before Jennie could speak he had gone into the dining room, slamming the door behind him. Tears of mortification and rage stood in her brown eyes and hot words leaped to her lips, but as she glanced down at the agonized face of the little woman beside her the fierce mood changed. She bent to kiss the pain drawn lips murmuring, 'Never mind, mother dear; I'll be patient for your sake.'

'That's a good girl, Jennie,' replied Mrs. Olcott with a sigh of relief; 'try and git along peaceable like; an' jes' give in for the sake of quiet. Yer pa's gettin' wuss and wuss.'

Jennie wrote a partial account of what had occurred to her Aunt Kate, and this was the answer of that clever woman:

MY DEAR NIECE:—Your father needs managing and I will undertake to do it. I have written to him to come down to the city and advise me about the sale of a piece of property, and you need not be surprised at anything that happens.

Mrs. Kate Calding was the only one in the world who ever did understand her brother Hiram, and she planned a clever little ruse to be played on the unsuspecting farmer.

Mr. Olcott, whom Jennie had confessed to her mother she cared a great deal for, was well suited to her. He had not yet declared his love, but it was not unguessed by the shrewd little maiden. To Mrs. Calding, however, he had opened his heart, and she bade him wait a little. She knew how prejudiced her brother was against all arrangements not conducted by himself, and rightly concluded that he might put serious difficulty in the way of the young people.

After satisfying herself that the name of Jennie's lover was quite unknown to her brother, she resolved to introduce him as a young man who would be a good match for Jennie, if only the girl would be wise enough to think so. Allowing him to believe they had never met, she trusted to his unequalled obstinacy to do the rest.

'I've wanted so much to talk with you about Jennie,' said the lady, as she and Hiram sat in her well appointed dining room the night of the arrival.

'Yes, and I'm willin'.' She ought to be settled,' said the old man decidedly.

'It does not do, Hiram,' began Mrs. Calding, watching the hard lined face intently, 'to depend on a girl's choice, and'

'Well, I guess it don't,' he interrupted, with a sneer.

'There is a young man in town who, I know, admires Jennie, and if he should meet her I know something would come of it.' Very quickly, yet with the utmost caution she made this statement.

The old man was interested. 'Rich?' he inquired, rubbing his hands gently together.

'Yes,' was the answer; then she went on: 'Of course, it's so very uncertain, Hiram. You see, Jennie might refuse to have a word to say to him and'

'Now, Kate, look here,' interrupted the thoroughly excited old man, as he drew his chair nearer, and emphasized his words with decisive gestures. 'Ef I like that young man I'll just take him on home with me, an' I'd like to see Jennie tell him to go if I'm livin'.'

Mrs. Calding was delighted at her success thus far. The next day Mr. Bryan was introduced, and became the old man's ideal of a son-in-law.

On the farmer's return to his home Mr. Bryan accompanied him, having accepted the hearty invitation of his new friend to 'jest run out and take a look around our part of the country.'

Jennie had been apprised of Mr. Bryan's coming and of the little deception in which she was to play her part. She met him as if he were a stranger, while her father secretly rejoiced at the thought of subduing his proud young daughter.

Mr. Olcott took an early opportunity to enlighten Jennie as to her duty toward her new friend, and with a twinkle in her eye she promised to do her best to please him in the matter. A week passed, Jennie and Mr. Bryan were very happy. The days were delightful ones to them, and the old farmer rubbed his hands at the success of his scheme and gave his consent to an early marriage with no hesitation.

He often speaks now of his match-making. 'There's Jennie,' he will say, 'she'd hev picked up with some empty piddled city chap ef I hadn't just took her in hand. I brung Bryan out and told her that she'd got to be have to him. It's the only way to do jes' make 'em mind and they'll git along.'

They would not deceive him for anything—the happy young couple—but when he boasts they think with loving gratitude of clever Aunt Kate. —Drake's Magazine.

Origin of Languages. No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of languages. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost, and that the Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic are only dialects of the original tongue. Goropius published a work in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. Andre Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish. Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke in French, whilst the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in paradise—Arabic the most persuasive, by the serpent; Persian the most poetic, by Adam and Eve; and Turkish, the most threatening, by the angel Gabriel.

Magnets. Some very interesting experiments have been carried out in this country with two immense magnets made from two large Rodman guns. A crowbar which was applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A handful of tacks thrown in the opposite direction immediately flew back and attached themselves to the magnet. Several 15-inch cannon balls, solid, and as much as a strong man could lift, were held suspended in the air, one under the other. The most amusing experiment was made with a sledge hammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to the magnet he felt as though he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.

MEXICAN OPALS.

Where They Are Found and How They Are Flashed.

The opals are found embedded in a tough, red porphyry-like rock, and this opal rock runs in veins, which have thus far been found in only two Mexican states, Queretaro and Guerrero, the former on the Atlantic slope, the latter hundreds of miles away, bordering on the Pacific. The German capitalists, who have received a considerable sum and bought the opal mines, evidently think the deposits are limited and that they can control the product of the country. The old method of mining opals was a novel one.

Mexican owners of the mines or veins would give to any one the privilege of going into the mine and digging for himself at so much per day or week. This custom prevailed until quite recently, and Americans, hiring a squad of peons and taking tools, would go out and do a day's mining, paying \$5 for the privilege. There was enough of speculation and uncertainty about such expeditions to make them uninteresting.

The opal which could be got for seventy-five cents now brings from \$5 to \$10, according to the anxiety of the purchaser.

Not until it has been out of the mine several months can any estimate of a stone's value be formed. Probably three-fourths of Mexican opals crack during the period of seasoning, and then they are worth little or nothing. The native lapidaries and experts have a way of concealing defects and enhancing the luster by boiling the stones in oil, and many opals are sold fresh from this treatment only to disappoint the buyer a few months later. Mexicans do this so well that they can even deceive those who are experts in gems.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Waking Up to Find a Snake on His Bosom.

'A short time ago I was camping with a party on the shores of Lake Erie, not far from Ashtabula,' said George Wilson, a mill worker. 'Shortly after we had retired one evening I heard a peculiar whirring sound which I recognized at once. 'There is a rattler in camp,' I exclaimed. 'I am going to get up.' 'Hush!' came the word, slowly hissed through the teeth, from a companion near me. 'The snake has crawled into my shirt bosom.' This was very softly, and we were almost paralyzed with fright at the prospect. We were all afraid to stir for fear the reptile would take alarm and strike its victim. It crawled over his body good naturedly, evidently enjoying the warmth, for the night was a little raw.

'At times the snake's head was close to his face, as he told us afterward. He feared the motion of his chest up and down in breathing would stir up the animal, and he tried hard to breathe as little as possible. Finally the snake crawled toward the fire, and in an instant the whole camp was up. One seized a club and broke the reptile's back before it could make a spring. It measured nearly five feet. 'The man who had the terrible experience collapsed like a rag after the experience was over. During the ordeal we were all surprised at the coolness and nerve he displayed. With all danger past he fell into a faint, but he soon revived.'

IN SUPREME COMMAND.

Admiral Goldsborough's Overwhelming Egotism.

There is a good story and a most characteristic one told of the late Admiral Goldsborough. It is not in any way an orthodox utterance, but to be perfectly truthful the admiral made no pretensions to being orthodox in matters either sacred or profane, as the incident will bear witness. It was during a trip to the Mediterranean when the admiral was in command of the fleet that the chaplain, a zealous young man, preferred request to hold services on board the flag-ship on Sunday mornings. The first Sunday after this permission had been given, the young chaplain's trepidation gave place to supreme satisfaction when he noted that with the exception of the admiral the officers and men of the fleet were assembled in full force. After waiting for a few moments for the admiral, who failed to appear, the chaplain opened the services in regulation manner: 'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.' As the voice rang out in the opening words the admiral walked on the deck, and though his face betokened a storm, he took his seat in silence and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and striding over to the chaplain, said: 'Young man, I want you to understand in the future that the Lord is not in his holy temple until I, Admiral Goldsborough, am on deck.'

Gatling Guns Run by Electricity.

The Gatling gun is now worked by an electric motor in the American navy. The motor is attached to the breech of the gun. Hitherto a couple of men were required to serve the gun, one to train the piece and drop the shot, but now one man is sufficient. By touching a switch he can train and operate the gun at will, so as to fire either a single shot, or at the rate of 1,200 a minute.

Animal's Codes and Signals.

Seals, when basking, place one of their number on guard to give the alarm in case of danger. The signal is a quick clap of the flippers on a rock. Rabbits signal with their forepaws, and have regular signals and calls.

The Retort Unfitted.

Irate Father—Did you ever earn a dollar in your life? Son—Yes, father, several. But you never paid me.

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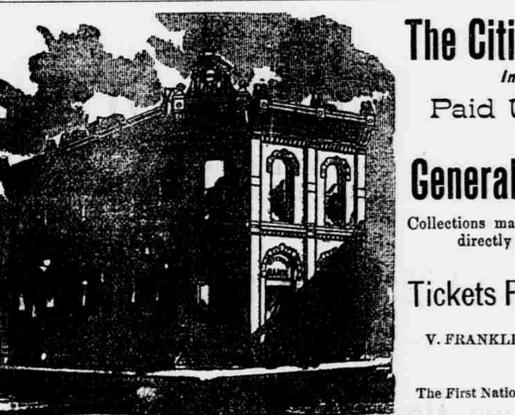
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