

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MILL IN THE FRESHET;

OR A BOY FOR ALL SORTS OF WORK.

"One thing very much wanted in this house, mother, is money."

Paul Wilkins said this very positively as he stood before the open fire, his hands in his pockets, his back to the fire after the fashion to Paul Wilkins, Sr.

"Ye are right there," replied Mrs. Wilkins, busily sewing at her favorite window.

There was a brief space of silence, and the teakettle improved its opportunity and put in a little interlude, singing. "Ch-cheer-r-r-r."

"I don't know, mother, but one thing that is wanted more than money."

"What is that, Paul?"

"Why, a place where a fellow can earn some money. Here I am, through school. I don't find a trade that suits me and wants me, and the stores are all full, and—I am stuck. Why, it seems to me I'd do anything to help you and father."

"Mother can get along, but I do feel anxious about your father at times. I wish he could work nearer home, say in Simon Stover's big grist mill. He knows all about milling, and yet to get a chance to work at his trade, he must walk a mile and a half, morning and night. It is too much for him at his time of life."

Again a pause, and again an interlude by the teakettle: "Ch-cheer-r-r-r-r."

"I am getting desperate, mother," declared Paul, in spite of the kettle's very sensible advice, "and I'm going to hunt up something, or I'll know the reason why."

"Don't worry too much."

"I've got to do something, and you may call it 'worry' if you want to, but here goes!"

"Ch-cheer-r-r-r-r!" once more advised the teakettle as Paul left the room.

He came back in half an hour, panting: "Well, I've—I've got something—a—job."

"You wait, my dear, till you have got your breath."

"I'll go it easy—and tell you—there! At Stover's mill I found—a notice saying: 'A boy wanted, one to do all sorts of work.' So—so I asked about it and the old man says it is to do anything he wanted. Don't you think he's sort of gruff?"

"Yes, but he will keep his word, and you are sure of your pay?"

"Keep his word, mother? Yes and set me to doing all sorts of work. However I—I said I would come. Got to do something—ahem!"

He cleared his throat as if to clear out of the way various objections that would arise and assert themselves.

"Paul, I like your spirit, even if I don't admire your chance, but it is better to do something, which may improve into something better, than to do nothing. I'll help you, Paul."

"To do all sorts of work? Wouldn't that be funny, but you will cheer me on."

"So I will dear."

And the teakettle anxious to do what it could, once more chirped: "Ch-cheer-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

"Dear me," said Mrs. W., "if that isn't bilin' over!"

When Paul came from the mill day by day, his mother would ask him: "What did you do to-day, Paul?"

"O, just a laborer, cleaning up round the mill," was the first reply.

The next day, "What now?"

"Book keeper."

The next day, "What now?"

"Strictly a miller."

The next day, "What now?"

"A farmer—planting corn all day."

The next day, "What now?"

"Hostler—in the stable."

The next day, "What now?"

"O, repairing the dam, and lugging stones and fetching boards. Next thing, I shall be lugging Simon. 'All sorts of work,' you now."

A few weeks after the last report, a heavy rain setting in, the millstream was very much swollen.

The rain continued into the second day. The stream kept rising. The water pressed ominously against the foundations of the mill.

"What a dismal scene!" exclaimed Paul, watching the freshet from the rear of the mill. "A black sky, rain drip-dripping, wind groaning, the water rushing everywhere, the mill—mill—well, it looks bad! Seems to me as if I could hear it creak and snap! Sorry for Simon, and sorry, too, for another reason—if he hands have got to stay here, we shall lose a concert to be given this afternoon—a matinee they call it—in the town hall. We all wanted to go to it, a day when we can't do much here."

A petition went in from the men employed by Simon to let them off that afternoon.

"Yes, go if you will!" Simon snapped out testily.

He added something as he turned round and Paul heard him: "If those people don't see what I want, let 'em go!"

"He is afraid the mill won't stand the freshet, but the men all think it will be here when the rain is over. If—if he is worried—and I guess he is fast enough—I'll stay by him. I don't know what to do, as the mill is not running, but, I will stay by the old man," proposed Paul, "I hired to do all sorts of work."

He walked about the mill, then went back of it and watched the freshet, and finally came inside.

"Haven't you gone to that screechin' thing—that concert?" asked Simon.

"No, I thought you might need me, sir."

"I'm sure you're real good, I'm dreadful tired out, a-worryin' about this mill. The rest of 'em are all gone, that's the way they do. I want some one to stay with me. When my boy Jim—" the old man's faded eyes were shining with tears.

"When my boy Jim died I was dreadful disappointed. I had some one, I'd thought, who would stay by me. He'd 'a' been with me this afternoon. You make me think of my Jim. I'm dreadful tired."

"Well now, sir," said Paul, soothingly, "you sit right here by your desk and have a good rest. I'll look after things."

The old man seated himself in his leather-bottomed, red-armed chair, and shut his eyes wearily. He was dressed in a grayish-white suit, and his whiskers were white, and sinking down into the chair—he was a little mar—he looked something like a tired tabby curling up in the chair, going to sleep.

Paul left him and went out of doors to see how the freshet might be getting along. He walked up the stream a short distance and saw the water foaming, swelling, racing, rushing down the valley furiously.

"It looks real scary," thought Paul. Hastening back to the mill, he saw in alarm that the water was foaming angrily round one corner of the building, and then as if torn by savage, white teeth, the timbers were parting!

He rushed into the mill. There in his old armchair, as if it were a cradle and the jarring waters had rocked him to sleep, was old Simon Stover.

Paul was very muscular for his years, and it has been said that the miller was small.

"Hired to do all sorts of work," murmured Paul, lifting both chair and miller in his strong arms, and carrying his load out of the mill. Setting it down in a safe place Paul rushed back for the miller's books and money-drawer. These prizes he deposited by the miller's side, and then was going back for another load.

"Jim—Jim—" said the miller, detaining Paul. "Hold on!"

"He thinks it is his boy that died," thought Paul.

"Jim, let the old thing go! I can't spare you, but I can spare it and I can put up a better mill—I can afford it—see!"

The mill was yielding everywhere to the bombardment of the waters, and with a sound like the crash of guns everything soon collapsed.

In about half an hour Paul was at home. His mother looked up, and there he stood soaked by the rain, his face wearing a battered, tired look, but he was very happy and triumphant.

"O, mother, I've been up to all sorts of work, and lugged Simon Stover out of the mill which has just been ruined by the freshet."

"What, what, Paul? The mill gone and Simon lost so much, and you your place and—?"

"O, hold on, mother! Simon says he has been wanting a new mill a long time, and he is going to build one with all the improvements and going to give me a fine chance, he says—for I am like his Jim, he says—and as he has sampled the family, he'll give father a chance—a good one—hurrah, hurrah for the boy hired to do all sorts of work!" She did not hurrah, but was she not a happy mother?—[N. Y. Observer.]

When We May Fly.

What is now required is that the field of research and experiment should no longer be left to unpractical enthusiasts, as for the most part it has been of yore. It is high time that really competent and well informed mechanical engineers should follow the example of Mr. Maxim and Prof. Langley by turning their attention to the subject. Once let this be done and I am satisfied that the problem will be in a fair way of solution and cannot fail ultimately of a satisfactory issue.

Nevertheless, after some considerable study of the question, I have a persuasion amounting to a conviction that whatever partial or temporary success may attend all such machines as Mr. Maxim's, which depend upon locomotion through the air for sustaining power in it, the ultimate solution of the problem will be something different. That is, I believe that a really safe, workable, and reliable flying machine must be based upon the principle of dissociating the stable vertical suspension in the air, if required, from horizontal locomotion through it. Such a machine must be capable of rising vertically in the air in a dead calm, and remaining suspended in it, as apart from, or in addition to, any question of horizontal locomotion through the air.

Moreover, it must be so constructed that no possible breakdown or failure in any engine, or in any part of the gear, will endanger the lives of the passengers. But these conditions will no doubt involve a considerable further reduction in the ratio of weight carried to power developed in the motor and for this we must be content to await the further progress of science.

Once let this vital issue of stable suspension in the air be satisfactorily achieved in a really sound, safe, and reliable way, and the consequences which will follow from the new departure are enormous and incalculable.—[The Contemporary Review.]

How the French Make a Living.

According to recent statistics about half the population of France lives by agriculture; a tenth by trade; a twenty-fifth by the liberal professions, and three-fifths on private incomes. Of the agriculturists 9,176,000 are owners who farm their own land. The others are tenants farmers, graziers, labourers, or small proprietors. Who in their spare time work for others. The mines, quarries, and manufactures employ 1,300,000 persons, while 6,093,000 are engaged in various petty industries. Among traders there are 700,000 bankers, commission agents, and wholesale merchants, 1,895,000 shopkeepers, and 1,164,000 keepers of hotels, cafes, and public-houses. Railways and the other transport agencies by sea or land employ 800,000 persons. There are 805,000 State servants in the various departments and parishes of France. With regard to the professions there are 112,000 preachers of various denominations, and 115,300 members of different religious orders; 156,000 members of the legal profession, 130,000 medical men, 110,300 teachers in schools other than those of the State, 121,000 artists and artists of every description, while 23,000 are recognized as savants, men of letters, journalists, etc. The number of persons living entirely on income derived from land or other investments reaches 1,849,000, while there are 272,000 pensioners, public and private.

A Valuable Patent.

The man with a patent lock saluted the president of the bank, and the president did not manifest great pleasure in his caller's presence.

"I would like to show you, sir, a patent lock which I—" he began.

"Don't want to see it," interrupted the president. "We have all the burglar-proof locks we want."

"I beg your pardon," said the caller, "but this isn't a burglar-proof lock; it's a cashier-proof lock."

"Oh—ah—um," replied the president apologetically, "let me look at it."

There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

PRINCESS MAUD.

No Truth in the Report that She is to Marry Lord Rosebery.

An ex-attache of the British Government writes the following to the New York Tribune:—

Not the slightest credence need be attached to the reports cabled from Europe with



PRINCESS MAUD.

regard to a matrimonial alliance between Lord Rosebery and Princess Maud of Wales—reports which are probably due to the imaginative mind of some enterprising London correspondent of an English provincial paper in search of copy. These rumors are so frequently and so recurrent that it may possibly be of interest to point out once and for all to the readers of the Tribune why a marriage between the Earl and a British princess of the blood is not only improbable, but also impossible and entirely out of the question. Lord Rosebery has been announced as engaged to the widow of the late prince Leopold, Duke of Albany; to the daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, or Princess Victoria of Wales and, in fact, to every unmarried princess of the reigning family of England. For what reason it is difficult to imagine, since even were there not certain insuperable obstacles, Lord Rosebery would be about the last nobleman in Great Britain to perpetrate so gross a blunder, it being nothing else when an English peer marries a princess of the blood. An alliance of that kind would involve his political extinction, destroy the great popularity he now possesses alike with the masses and the aristocracy, and would render him an object of suspicion and jealousy to the aristocracy, and expose him to the resentment of most of his wife's royal relatives, who would look upon him as an intruder, and be forever in a state of apprehension lest he should presume on the strength of his marriage, to forget the deferences due by him as a mere nobleman to royalty, or to usurp privileges and prerogatives that belong by right of birth to his wife, but could never be his.

Until the date of his marriage with Princess Louise of Wales, Lord Life was probably one of the most popular and universally liked peers of the realm, a favorite alike with the aristocracy, with the reigning family, and with the people. Having wealth, prestige and much cleverness, he had a brilliant career before him as a statesman. All his prospects, however, were marred by his marriage, and although he has become a duke, his political career is at an end, and he is to-day one of the most unpopular men in the kingdom. Another instance is that of the Marquis of Lorne, who has to contend not alone with the ill-will of the people, but also with the most incredible snubs and slights to which he has been subjected by his wife's brothers and other relatives. There is a well authenticated story of one of the princes having sent his enquiry to request him to leave the royal tent at a garden party that its access was restricted exclusively to royalty. Poor Lord Lorne had fondly imagined that he could follow his wife into it, but found out his mistake just in the same way as when, a little later at the Court of Berlin, he was prevented by the chamberlains on duty from accompanying his wife into the salon reserved for the princess and princesses of the blood at a court ball, and was forced to cool his heels in the outer hall along with the rest of the nobility. Lord Lorne's tameness in submitting to all this has earned for him a good deal of contempt, which is perhaps even more difficult to bear than the downright unpopularity of the Duke of Fife.

Lord Rosebery is indeed too shrewd and too ambitious a man ever to expose himself to such treatment, or to risk the certain loss of all his immense social prestige, his political influence and his great popularity.

His retention of the Premiership or even his possession of a minor portfolio in the Cabinet would be out of the question were he to become the husband of a British Princess, and he would be relegated to obscurity as far as the history of his country is concerned. The Royal family of Great Britain is debared by the unwritten laws of the constitution from taking any part in partisan politics. Strict impartiality with regard to the great political parties is expected from

all members thereof, and it is manifest, under the circumstances, that it would be out of the question for a son-in-law of the sovereign or even of the Heir Apparent to hold Cabinet office as the member of a Liberal or of a Tory Administration. A royal marriage, therefore, would inevitably result in the termination of the political career of Lord Rosebery, than whom there is no man in the Kingdom more coldly ambitious and more bent on making a great name for himself in the history of the world.

Then, too, there is another obstacle—Lord Rosebery has four children by his first wife, who was Miss Hannah Rothschild. What would be the position of a royal Countess of Rosebery toward these children? And were she to give birth to children the latter, although legitimate grandchildren of the sovereign, would inevitably be obliged to take up an inferior position, both as regards rank and wealth, to that of the progeny of their father's Hebrew wife. Thus the existence of these four children alone is sufficient to constitute an insurmountable obstacle to a marriage with either of the daughters of the Prince of Wales. Were Lord Rosebery to marry the widowed Duchess of Albany, matters would become still more complicated, as the Duchess has already two children, one of whom is the present Duke of Albany, who ranks as Prince of the Blood. It is difficult to see how he could be brought up on a footing of equality with Lord Rosebery's children by his first wife, or what position the issue of a union between the Earl and the Duchess would occupy with regard to their half brothers and sisters, both royal and Jewish.

One word more concerning Lord Rosebery, who has been betrothed by public report to more women on both sides of the Atlantic than any other modern nobleman in Christendom. He is possessed, as Prime Minister, of a power and prestige enjoyed by none of his predecessors in office. For he is known to have at his back the practically inexhaustible resources of the great banking house of Rothschild, which controls the finances of nearly every nation of the Old World to such an extent as to render the maintenance of the peace of Europe far more dependent upon its will than upon that of any great monarch. Lord Rosebery is thoroughly identified with the dynasty of Rothschild, so much so that he may be considered in the light of one of its most important members. When his wife, the sole heiress of Baron Meyer Rothschild died, she bequeathed to him her vast fortune, but it remains in the hands of the Rothschild firm, and hence Lord Rosebery may justly be considered as forming part and parcel of this great house of business. Having his thumb on the purse-strings not only of the great British Empire, but also, through the House of Rothschild on those of nearly every Government of Europe, and practically controlling the financial markets of the world, he will wield, as long as he can manage to maintain his parliamentary majority, a power which, if properly taken advantage of, is destined to prove greater than that of any statesman or Minister in Europe. Lord Rosebery has absolutely unique and unprecedented opportunities of achieving a grand name in the history of Great Britain and of the world, and he is not likely to sacrifice them by so gross a blunder as a marriage with a royal princess.

Electric Vehicles.

It is said that all the more serious problems of applying an electric motor to ordinary vehicles have been solved, and that an electric parcel van which has been going about the streets of London is not a toy, like former electric carriages, but a practical success. It is said to look like an ordinary two-horse van without shafts, it is worked by accumulators which will drive it for fifty miles without a recharge, and it can attain the speed of ten miles an hour. The steering is easy, and the cost is said to be half that of a horse van of the same size and power. If all this be true, a vast diminution in the number of horses in the streets at all large cities may be expected before very long. The London Spectator is enthusiastic at the prospect, and says:—"Not only will locomotion and transport be cheaper (we shall have sixpenny cab-fares), but the block in the streets will be greatly decreased. The horses take up no less or even more room than the vehicles they draw. For a driving tour, there will be nothing like an electric trap, for it will never be laid up by a bad stable. Lastly, if the demand for horses is greatly reduced, riding, the healthiest of all exercises, will once more be possible for the 'working gentleman.'"

MARRIED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

A wonderful anniversary, the 100th, of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Szachmary is reported from Hungary. This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1793, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least 120 and 115 years old. The 100th anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zsombolyi, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

Moss grows thickest on the north side of hills, and a sun-exposed tree has its largest limbs on the south side.



A FAMILY VAULT.

OPTIC SEARCH-LIGHT.

The Ophthalmometer Throws a Beam of Electric Light into the Eye and Locates the Trouble.

One of the most remarkable inventions which has lately come into practical use in the hospitals of New York is the ophthalmometer. It is used for examining the eye when it is in a state of disease, and it illustrates how accurately modern science has come to deal with the ailments to which the flesh is apt to fall heir.

The invention of this new instrument was found to be a necessity. It is an acknowledged fact among specialists in diseases of the eye that poor eyesight is on an alarming increase in the United States, especially among children. The number of school children who wear eye-glasses continually in New York city alone, and especially in Boston, is double or treble of what it was several years ago. The very large increase of work which this has occasioned for the doctors in the eye hospitals rendered it extremely difficult for them to carry on their examinations as they had heretofore done.

The old method of examining the eye was to station the patient at some distance from a chart on which were printed letters of various sizes. If the person under examination was perfectly clear-minded, a more or less accurate result was obtained; but in the case of a child or a person dull of comprehension the result was not generally so good.

The ophthalmometer does away with all this uncertainty, and by its use the veriest tyro fresh from the medical college can make the most accurate diagnosis. It is the invention of Profs. Javal and Schiötz, of Paris, and was introduced into the hospitals of New York by Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa.

It is a combination of a telescope and a large painted disc, on which is projected an intense electric light. In front of the disc is a small wooden mask-like frame in which the patient places his face. On the disc are a series of divisions.

The doctor looks through the telescope at the patient's eye. The effect of the intense light is to cause the numbers and divisions on the disc to be reflected and to show out clearly on the cornea or rear wall of the patient's eye. Connected with the disc is a sliding arrangement by means of which any desired point on the disc may be located, so that in the case of astigmatism, for instance, it is only necessary for the physician, after locating the source of the trouble, to make a record of its exact location on the disc. Since the reflection on the eye corresponds exactly with the disc itself, he has no trouble in doing so.

Of course, the different markings are meant to show the different degrees of affliction, and after the record is made it is the easiest thing in the world for the doctor to prescribe the proper pair of glasses to be worn. And the best part of it all is that this point is established beyond a doubt. People need have no fear hereafter of making a mistake in the selection of their eye-glasses, for that selection is made according to an absolute rule, and not, as in the old method, according to their sensations merely.

Having the eyes examined by electricity, which is really what it amounts to by this method, is as yet something of a novelty, even among physicians. Some years ago the celebrated Dr. Helmholz devised an instrument much after the fashion of this one, but it was too complicated to be of use.

What is Egypt?

What is Egypt? Is it a great farm? an unrivaled archaeological museum? a delightful health resort? a valuable naval stronghold and place of arms? an important centre of Mediterranean trade? In truth, it is each of these things and all together, even to the most casual and cursory glance of the most irresponsible and indolent holiday maker. But what it is not to him—and herein he takes courage from the thought that neither is it to those ninety-nine out of every hundred Europeans who have languished and most carefully studied it, Mr. Wilfred Blunt being the hundredth—the home of a nation.

If there is one fact which seems to stare him out of countenance whichever way he turns—one fact with which the present and the past alike confront him; which meets him in the tomb and the temple, in the river meadow and bazaar; which looks at him out of the eyes of pictured Pharaohs, and of almost as mute and monumental fellahs; which takes voice and motion in the many-colored, chattering crowd of Cairo, and which is almost audible in the very silence of the desert itself—it is that Egypt is a land without a people.

It has an aboriginal race of cultivators as much a part of the soil as its palm trees; it has an infinitely mixed community of settlers, the deposit of successive conquests, permanent in the sense in which the desert sands are permanent, but no more to be built upon than they. From time immemorial, the beautiful country has been the spoil of every ravisher who was strong enough to seize and hold her—Ethiopian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, Arab. Every rising or risen power upon her borders, European, African, or Asiatic, has in turn possessed her, and, as its strength declined, has in turn been forced to yield her up to a stronger hand. To the chief States of the world she has been all that her famous Queen was to successive masters or competitors for the mastery of Rome.—[The National Review.]

A Musical Gem.

"I am sorry to tell you," said the editor "that we cannot use your poem."

"Indeed?"

"To be candid with you, it is clumsy in sentiment and faulty in construction. The rhymes are all wrong, and altogether it is not even decent doggerel."

Here the editor paused for breath, and the poet said, meekly:

"Give it back to me please?"

"I don't think you can do anything with it."

"Oh, yes, I can. I'll have it set to music and make a popular song of it."

The telephone has lately been arranged for the use of divers. A sheet of copper is used in place of one of the glasses to the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed, so that the diver, when at the bottom in the sea, has only to slightly turn his head in order to report what he sees, or receive instructions from above.