## Two Tableaux.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

I.

Two little dimpled rose-bud feet,
As the apple blossoms sweet,
Nestled in one loving hand
Where bright sea waves kissed the sand,
Long ago!

Two little hands like rose leaves lay
On a warm breast as fair as they;
Two little hands all pink and white,
Like the tinted sea-shells bright,
Long ago!

Two merry, glad, wide-open eyes
Looked up with wondering sweet surprise
Into two mirrors, faithful, true,
Which mother eyes looked fondly through,
Long ago!

Two pretty, pouting, pink-pearl lips,
Peach-tinged, like toes and finger tips;
Two lips of richer, riper red
On love's warm kisses sweetly fed,
Long ago!

A precious, helpless lump of clay
In which a pure, bright spirit lay
Waiting the mother's watchful eye
To train it for the "by-and-by,"
Long ago!

* * * * * *

CHILD AND MOTHER.

II.

Two wrinkled hands like dead leaves lay
Soft folded o'er a breast of clay;
Two wrinkled, bony, bare, brown hands,
Where sea waves kiss the crystal sands,
Now as then!

Two tired, tired feet, all thin and worn—
On life's rough rocks, oft bruised and torn;
Two weary feet too weak to go
On life's rough pathway to and fro,
Now as then!

Two tearless eyes close veiled from light,
'Neath soft fringed lids of pearl-gray white;
Two love-lit eyes, deep, tender, true,
No more the mother-soul looks through,
Now as then!

A precious, lifeless lump of clay
From which the soul hath passed away;
A loving woman, tender, sweet,
Kisses the face, the hands, the feet,
Now as then!

## Given and Taken.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy led,
Thus a grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make;
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved, and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed; and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed with moistening eyes,
"Love is sweet in any guise;
But its best is sacrifice!

"He who, giving, does not crave
Likest is to him who gave
Like itself the loved to save.

"Love that self forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves—
Late or soon its own receives.
—*John G. Whittier.*

## Salutation.

Through life every sorrow gives birth to a blessing,
And shadows in falling show sunlight is clear,
The force of the shower is but a caressing,
For lilies and daisies the best of good cheer.
Away, then, with doubting, with grief and repining,
And learn to know Nature provides for each day;
The deeper the shadow, the brighter the shining
Of purity's glory and beauty's array.

The snow of the winter is earth's virgin blessing,
A bosom protecting, when winds wildly sing
Through branches denuded, of emerald dressing
Awaiting the zephyrs of beautiful spring:—
The smile of the New Year, the winter dispelling,
Gives blossoming beauty a welcome delight,
To charm mortal vision, while artlessly telling
How life may recover from ashes of blight.

The force of the tempest that sweeps o'er the mountain
And voices the billows that swell o'er the sea,
Bespeaks the same power that glasses the fountain,
To show its resemblance created in thee:
Then, courage partaking from storms that assail thee,
And trusting the wisdom that gave thee a soul,
Thy way through disaster must needs of avail be
To harbors of safety where waves cease to roll

## The True Triumph.

The wars of kings are children's games,
And children's baubles, monarch's thrones.
He conquers most who suffers most—
In silence suffers, and alone.

Our crude desires and appetites,
The lusts of fallen human kind,
Give broader fields for nobler strife
Than Alexander e'er designed.

His life has not been wholly lost,
His labor wholly misapplied,
Who wins the sceptre over self,
Though he wins naught on earth beside.

He only breathes the mountain air,
Whose strength of limb and strength of will
Have been exerted, and suffice
To reach the summit of the hill.

So is it that the soul's desires
Impede the path that must be trod,
And each desire we tread upon
Is one step higher toward God.

## The Scent of a Flower.

The scent of a flower is a wonderful thing!
It plays round the heart like the zephyrs of spring;
So subtle, so soft, so resistless its power,
No monarchy rules like the scent of a flower.

Some odors so blend with past happier years,
They move us like melodies breathing through tears;
For they bring back the faces and forms that are cold,
And walks in the wild woods 'mid sunsets of gold.

A fragrance exhales from a flower that I know
(Dear pledge of a love in the sweet long ago),
When tastes were more simple, and purer our pleasures,
And gifts of fresh blossoms were holiest treasures.

One eve, when the dew on the leaves glittered bright,
He proffered the prize with a tender "Good Night;"
And my spirit grew faint with ecstatic emotion,
For I felt in that flower lay a long-life devotion.

He is gone—yet the scent of that delicate flower
Still holds me with all the old passionate power;
And oft my sick heart would lie down in despair
But that mercy divine melts my sorrow in prayer.

"Consider the lilies." Lord grant us to be
By the field and the garden brought nearer to Thee;
To read in sweet blossoms Thy goodness and power,
And an infinite love in the touch of a flower.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

## THE FASTEST YET.

**A New Locomotive Runs Over Seventy Miles an Hour—The Trial Trip—Description of Speed—Improving Machinery.**

The following from the Albany *Evening Journal* will be read with interest by Mr. Ortton's many friends in this city:

"That's the best engine in the world," quietly remarked Master-Builder John Ortton, of the West Albany shops, yesterday afternoon, as he gazed admiringly at locomotive No. 520, the latest triumph in design, workmanship and mechanism in its line. A description of the engine was printed in yesterday's *Journal*. Mr. Ortton made a personal inspection of the intricacies of the mechanism, after which the rotund engineer, Ed. Steenburgh, who is a "handy man" in testing new engines, his counterpart, the jovial George Pritchard, who constructed the new "corn-cracker;" engine despatcher, J. D. Avery, an old engineer, with a sharp face and keen, bright eye; Fireman George Hennaman, whose curly, auburn hair twisted about over the conventional red handkerchief worn by stokers about the neck; A. T. Ortton, a foreman in one of the engine shops, and son of the master builder, and William Pritchard, son of the Nestor of the party, George Pritchard, and a *Journal* reporter, squeezed into the cab, and after preliminary oiling and tightening of nuts, started on the trial trip of the new engine to Schenectady and return. The engine was backed down to the Union depot in this city, and then run to Schenectady on the passenger track. Several stops were made on the way up in order to "look her over."

A MODEL MACHINE.

Everything worked nicely. She "made steam" fast, and, notwithstanding the "hard road," as the engineers call it at this season when the frost is about to leave the roadbed, the engine was very easy. The counter balances of the driving wheels, which are seventy inches in diameter with a three and a half tire, are carefully regulated. The puffs or blasts come as regular as the ticking of a clock; not the slightest sound of the old "chuck-a-chuck" that accompanies the puffing of some engines could be detected. The engine is equipped with the Richardson patent slide valve, which renders it easier to handle and also saves the wear on the valves and seats. The elder Mr. Pritchard has been in the employ of the Central Railroad thirty-one years, and has helped construct over 200 engines. When the new engine was run on the turntable at Schenectady and headed for home, Messrs. Pritchard, Avery, Ortton and Steenburgh said she was all right. Engineer Steenburgh winked knowingly to the elder Pritchard and put Avery in possession of the throttle.

A RAPID RIDE.

The machinists then put their heads together and "felt her pulse." Steenburgh shouted to Avery to "let 'er go," while Mr. Ortton braced himself and held a stop watch. The iron horse leaped forward like "June lightning." The faster she went the easier she rode. George Pritchard could not count "seven" between the telegraph poles and shouted "she's making better than a mile a minute." Gangs of track hands stood back amazed, and laborers in the field forgot their work and gazed with open mouths at the "corn cracker," which was now running at the rate of about seventy-three to seventy-five miles an hour. It seemed but a minute from the time Schenectady faded away when West Albany was reached. Everybody was pleased. Master Builder Ortton was brim full of joy when informed of the remarkable working of the new engine.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.

He told the *Journal* reporter the smoke consumer and single $4\frac{1}{4}$ inch exhaust were valuable improvements and made it possible to run an engine with 25 per cent. less coal than was used for the ordinary engine. The steam is forced into the fire box under great pressure and draws in the air which mixes the gas (which makes up the major part of the smoke) and induces perfect combustion. The theory is very simple yet very effectual. Hereafter all passenger engines to be used by the Central road will be made after templets or patterns used in the construction of this engine and will be known as "the Central standard passenger engines." The wheels of both the engine and tender trucks are imported from England and are of wrought iron with steel tires, which render it virtually impossible for them to break. It also has a single exhaust pipe and nozzle, which has an economical effect on fuel, and will save fully a ton of coal on a trip of 150 miles. Every part of the machinery is superior. The pilot of the engine has a push-bar casting that has been found to be a great saving in case of rear collisions. As the casting strikes against the draw-bars of cars the engine may run into, it prevents them from rising from the ground, thus saving the front part of the boiler from damage. With this device, it is stated, thousands of dollars have been saved. It is called the Ortton casting, after the inventor, John Ortson, and is shaped like a horn. The draw-bar, as well as the pilot, is the design of the same inventor, and has many advantages over others. The swiveling end of the draw-bar has a horizontal as well as a vertical motion, which makes the coupling to any other vehicle perfect.

## Not a Friend to Science.

"I see," said Flatters, "that an electrician predicts that soon a person can stand at the telephone and not only talk to the man at the other end, but see his face and features."

"I hope not," replied Fitzwilliam.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because when I telephone home the person who comes to the telephone is generally my mother-in-law."

"Oh, well, she may die before this thing comes about."

"Die! Did you ever know a mother-in-law to die so long as a man had his health and was making money?"—*Boston Times.*

The seven Bibles of mankind are: The Bible, the Vedas of the Brahmins, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the Zend Avesta of the Parsees or Persians, the Chinese Sacred Books of Confucius, the Chinese Sacred Book of Laon-tsze and the Mohammedan Koran.

A novelty in Long Island farming the present year will be the extensive cultivation of peanuts as an experiment.

## BACKBONE.

**A Long Body Said to Mean a Long Grasp on Life.**

When a person compliments another by saying he has a good deal of "backbone," he comes very near stating a scientific truth, without knowing it perhaps. At least, so remarked a naval medical officer to a reporter of the Washington *Star*, the other day, as the latter stopped to chat in the room of the naval examining board. "Step up here a moment," continued the officer, conducting the reporter to a measuring rod which stood in one corner of the room. The rod, beside having the moveable arms with which a man's height is guaged, had another intermediate arm below, by which the length of his legs is determined. The difference between these measurements, of course, shows the length of his body and head, or the length of his spinal column, including his head. "There," said the officer, after the reporter had subjected himself to the measuring process, "you are $69\frac{5}{8}$ inches tall, your legs are $33\frac{5}{8}$ inches long—pretty good legs—and that leaves a length of body of 36 inches. That's very good, rather above the average."

"Well, what does it all mean?" asked the reporter. "Boiler power," remarked an official who was standing near.

The medical officer, enlarging on the figure thus suggested, proceeded: "That's it. You see, putting his hand on his head, here's the governor. Here," he continued, lowering his hands to his chest, "is the boiler. The lungs and the heart are here and below are the abdominal organs of viscera. Your mouth and nostrils are blowers. You shovel in coal—take food—in your mouth. It is turned into steam—blood—and goes out in every direction, you see, toward the surface. Now the man with a long body has a great deal of boiler surface."

"Then the man with considerable backbone is much stronger than the one who has not."

"Well, that is one circumstance to be considered with others of course. The man with backbone is apt to have greater power of resistence. He can endure more toil and can resist disease longer. Why, there were no men in the war so good for a long march as your duck leg fellows with long bodies. The long-legged men could not stand it. General Sheridan is a good specimen of a man with a long body—long grasp on life—and General Grant is another. There was a case here not long ago," continued the officer, "which would indicate that a man's backbone had a great deal to do with his general character. An officer, who was examined for promotion, was found to be physically, mentally and professionally unfit, and also morally unfit. He was dropped from the service. When we came to take his measurement we found he had the shortest backbone of any man in the navy who had ever been examined. He did not have great physical power of resistance, you see. When he graduated at the naval academy he stood very high. When he had to do duty it is probable that his strength failed him, and he resorted to stimulants. The taking of stimulants became a habit, and gradually affected his intellectual powers. His mind being weakened, his morals were soon undermined. All of this, you see," laughed the officer, "came of course, from having a short backbone.

## Talmage on the Rinks.

On Sunday morning next Rev. Dr. Talmage will begin a short course of sermons on popular amusements and recreations. The opening sermon will be devoted to roller skating.

"I think," said he, in announcing his intention Sunday evening, "that the pulpit should keep close to the people in all matters. I have received many letters from friends and others and many inquiries from the young people of my congregation about the rink fever which is now prevalent, and these questions I propose to answer as best I can next Sabbath morning. During the present week I shall take opportunity to extend what observations and experience I have had on the matter and so will speak understandingly, feelingly and, I hope, instructively. I do not have any sympathy with this popular cry of don't! as applied to many amusements. The religion of don't never saved a single human being, and when public teachers discourage anything which has a hold upon the popular heart and affection they should put something better in its place."

## An Original Child Murderer.

The Birmingham police have arrested a grocer's assistant named Newton on a remarkable charge of attempted murder. A few days ago his master had reason to give him notice, and soon after the master's child, who is only 2 or 3 years old, was found suffering from the effects of poisoning by iodine. The drug had evidently been forcibly administered, the poor child's throat and face being shockingly blistered and disfigured. No hopes are entertained of its recovery. A bottle of strong iodine was found in Newton's box, and as the surgeon gave an opinion that the child could not possibly have poisoned itself, Newton was arrested. Newton is about 20 years of age.

M. de Quaterfages stated recently at a meeting of the Academie des Sciences that in Senegambia the inoculation of cattle against pleuro-pneumonia and small-pox had been practised for centuries.

A New Hampshire shoemaker, who was drawn to serve as a juror, and was thereby greatly excited, has committed suicide from no known reason other than the fact that he was called upon to serve in the above position.

In Maricopa county, Arizona, there is considerable barbed fence, and the vast flocks of wild ducks which frequent the valley often fly low, and, striking the barbed fence, become impaled thereon. It is said that tons of ducks are gathered daily by boys from the fences and sent to market.

The *Medicinische Wochenschrift* makes the bold statement that English scientists are so far behind those of other nations in their study of the causes of infectious diseases that they are no longer in a position to make anything like a pertinent criticism upon such researches. The cause is attributed to the English laws practically prohibiting experiments on animals.

## MURDER IN BATTLE.

**Does the Soldier Who Kills His Enemy Stain His Soul With Blood?**

It must needs be that new questions arise, or old perplexities in a fresh form, and of these one that has risen again in our time is this: Does any moral stain attach to bloodshed committed upon the battle-field? Or is the difference between military and ordinary homicide a real one, and does the plea of duty sanction any act, however atrocious in the abstract, provided it be committed under the uniform of the State? The general opinion is, of course, that no soldier in his military capacity can be guilty of murder, but opinion has not always been so fixed, and it is worth noticing that in the forms of civilization that preceded our own, and in some existing modern races of lower type than our own, traces clearly appear of a sense of wrong attaching to any form of bloodshed whatever, whether of fair battle or of base treachery calling alike for the purifying influences of expiation and cleansing.

In South Africa, for instance, the Basuto returning from war proceeds with all his arms to the nearest stream, to purify not only his own person but his javelins and his battle-axe. The Zulu, too, practices ablutions on the same occasion, and the Bachuana warrior wears a rude kind of necklace to remind him of the expiation due from him to the slain and to disperse the dreams that might otherwise trouble him and perhaps even drive him to die of remorse. The same feelings may be detected in the old world. The Macedonians had a peculiar form of sacrificatory purification, which consisted in cutting a dog in half and leading the whole army, arrayed in full armor, between the two parts. As the Bœotians had the same custom, it was probably for the same reason. At Rome, for the same purpose, a sheep and a bull, and a pig or boar were every year led three times round the army and then sacrificed to Mars.

In Jewish history the prohibition to King David to build the temple was expressly connected with the blood he had shed in battle. In old Greek mythology Theseus held himself unfit, without expiation, to be admitted to the mysteries of Ceres, though the blood that stained his hands was only that of thieves and robbers. And in the same spirit Hector refused to make a libation to the gods before he had purified his hands after battle. "With unwashed hands," he said, "to pour out sparkling wine to Zeus I dare not, nor is it even the custom for one soiled with the blood and dust of battle to offer prayers to the God whose seat is in the clouds."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## Feat of the Divining Rod.

The question as to the magical or the scientific value of the "divining rod" has just been reopened by the success which has attended its use at the Fletton Waggon Works of the Midland Railway Company, England, with reference to the discovery of a permanent supply of water. According to the *Sanitary World* (London), the company requires to use about 500 or 600 gallons of water every day, and the well on their premises yielded only one-half of that quantity. It was necessary, therefore, to supplement the supply by the sinking of other wells or by the construction of an expensive system of piping. The former plan was preferred, and two new wells were sunk to no purpose. The services of a gentleman of the district, who bore the reputation of being skilled in the art of discovering water by means of the "divining rod," were then called in. This wizard or expert employed for his purpose a forked hazel twig, holding one prong of the fork in each hand, the points of the fork being directed to the sky. After walking about the premises for some time, the point of the fork suddenly began to bend down, purely, as the best evidence goes, of its own accord, and to point to the earth. The wielder of the wand declared that here would be found a plentiful supply of water. The same indications were repeated at another spot, where the twig snapped from the violence of its spontaneous and sympathetic motion, and the same confident assertions were made with reference to the occurrence of water—assertions which the results obtained by actually sinking wells amply justified, the quantity of water to be obtained being apparently inexhaustible. Other persons essayed to use the wand, but it rebelled against the usurpation of its owner's functions, and remained contumacious and irresponsive. If any persons, adds the writer, require water in unlikely localities, it might be well to secure the services of this diviner before he volunteers for a patriotic mission in favor of the troops in the thirsty wilds of the Soudan.

## Matrimonial Prospects.

Wilson Chandless, one of the most poverty-stricken young men of Galveston, applied to Col. Richley for the hand of his daughter.

"In the first place I've sent in my application to President Cleveland for a position in one of the departments."

"Have you any other resources," asked the prospective father-in-law.

"You bet I have; I'm seriously thinking of giving up smoking."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young lady, "that's enough for us to begin with, ain't it?"—*Texas Siftings.*

## He Loved Her So.

"Well, my dear, I'm glad for your sake that summer is coming."

"Are you, hubby? Why for my sake?"

"I hate to feel that you have to get up in the cold every morning and build the fires."

"Oh, my dear hubby! Always thinking of your little wifey's comfort!"

A huge drum, nearly eight feet in diameter, anciently used for religious ceremonies at the Imperial court of Kiyoto, is to be sent from Japan to the impending exhibition of musical instruments in London.

The New York *Mail and Express* remarks: "The town of Yakima, Ore., is distinguished no less for its culture than its enterprise. A saloon keeper there advertises 'an unequalled assortment of bacchanalian goods.'"

It was Napoleon Bonaparte who said when the conquest of the Chinese was proposed to him: "No; there are too many of them. Once teach them the art of modern warfare, and they will overrun Europe and crush out our civilization."

## LOST IN A BALLOON.

**Carried Across the Channel Against their Will.**

Some laborers at work in a field near Bromley, Eng., recently saw a large balloon careering across some fields a short distance from them, striking violently against the fences, and bounding from the ground, eventually being brought to a standstill by the grappling iron getting entangled in a tree. They went to the assistance of the aeronauts, who proved to be M. Ferdinand Dubois, of the Societe Aeronautique of Paris, and a Belgium gentleman named Farenza, and it transpired that they had undergone a perilous balloon adventure, in which they narrowly escaped with their lives, having crossed the channel much against their will, and quite contrary to their original intentions. The ascent was made a few miles from Antwerp, the aeronauts intending, if possible, to descend somewhere near Brussels. All went well for some time, until, upon M. Dubois throwing out ballast, they ascended higher, and, coming into contact with a fresh current of air, were carried in a contrary direction to what they anticipated. After a time they found themselves passing over Ostend, but no alarm was felt, and more ballast was thrown out. As dusk came on, however, they were startled to find themselves being carried in the direction of the sea, and the aeronauts endeavored to descend, and in making the attempt they came in contact with a current, which, to their satisfaction, carried them somewhat inland. Their gratification was brief, however, as they very soon found themselves carried rapidly out to sea. Night had come on, and the aeronauts were naturally much alarmed, and endeavored to attract the attention of some vessels they saw beneath them. Failing in this, however, M. Dubois deemed it prudent to throw out more ballast and secure safety by as high an ascent as was deemed advisable under the circumstances. All the provisions they were provided with were some sandwiches, biscuits, two flasks of brandy and some water. These they utilized to the best advantage, and, when morning dawned, they found themselves far away out at sea. M. Dubois was inclined to let out the gas and descend, trusting to the balloon to float, and the chances of being picked up by a passing vessel. His companion dissuaded him from doing this, however, and for the greater part of one day they were over the sea. As dusk set in they were delighted to find themselves being carried toward the land, but hesitated to descend in the darkness of night. In the morning they found themselves passing rapidly over a town which they believed to be Folkestone, and descended, as has been stated, near Bromley. The two aeronauts, who were very much fatigued, were heartily congratulated on their narrow escape.

## Skobeleff's Plan for Invading India.

A Russian magazine called the *Historical Messenger (Istoriichesski Vestnik)* has just published a plan for the invasion of India, found among the papers of the late Gen. Skobeleff. It consists first in opening relations with the Afghans, an initiatory step really taken by the Russians in 1878; and next in sending Russian troops to Cabul in order to support an Afghan invasion of India. Before invading India disaffection is to be stirred up, or rather to be organized and brought to a head, among the various populations of Hindostan; and the vanguard of the invasion is to be formed by masses of Asiatic cavalry, such as now being formed by subjecting the Turkoman tribes to rough forms of European organization and European drill. With this irregular cavalry, with the Afghans, and with the regular Russian troops Gen. Skobeleff was convinced that an impression could be made on India with an important military, if not decisive, political result.

## Dr. Begg and Jean Armour.

From the recently published autobiography of the late Dr. Begg we find that while at Dumfries he met Jean Armour, Burns' widow. He says: "Mrs. Burns, or 'Jean,' at the time when I saw her, could not be called 'bonnie,' although her appearance was well enough. She was rather old and frail in appearance, but extremely interesting and pleasing in conversation. I can quite well imagine that when young she may have been very engaging to an intelligent man. She had beside her always the large family Bible, in which the names of her children were written in the poet's hand. * * * There were many of the poems of Burns about Dumfries at that time in the bold and well marked handwriting of the poet himself, as well as other relics."

## Polishing Powder from Anthracite Ashes

Mr. Wm. Ward writes to the editor of the *Iron Trade Review*: Here is an original recipe for making from anthracite ashes a polishing powder of much value for polishing machinery, etc, sift the ashes, fill a pail one-third full of ashes; fill up with water; stir well; with one-quarter of a minute for coarse grade, one-half minute for medium, three-quarters of a minute for fine suitable for fine metals; then pour off into another vessel to settle. When settled, pour off the clear water and dry the sediment any way you please, in a bake-pan on a stove, but not too quickly. It is the best polishing powder in use, and the cheapest.

The Courts of France, it is said, consider it a libel to overestimate a lady's age.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith.*

It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of a severe retaliation and not to exercise it.

The popular edition of the Letters of Princess Alice and the Memoirs of Princess Christian have fallen unnoticed.

A groceryman at Keokuk, Ia., who has a keen eye to business, in subscribing $1 to a church entertainment, added after his signature, "the only place in Keokuk where you can get sixteen pounds of sugar for $1."

Twenty-two daughters at the present moment live with their father, George Riddle, in Carroll county, Mo. Also eight widows of the nine deceased sons of the late Capt. George Cook, of Hartford, still survive.