

MOVING IDYLS.

They were moving, not the ordinary and regular routine of May 1, when distressed families flock from one cramped and inconvenient dwelling into another of the same type, but this was a going

"Out of the old house into the new," and the mother's face was serious, for there was one of the little flock missing, not lost, but gone before into the new home, in the city whose walls lie four-square.

Thus it happened that one little room was left to the last, and as a rough workman laid his hand on the door, and pushed it open, the mother cried out as if he had struck her a blow.

"Oh, not there! Not there! I will move those things myself. You cannot touch them!"

"That was baby Grace's room and she died in that little bed," said one of the older children.

The rough workman stayed his foot on the threshold. Then he touched his hat, and his voice was husky as he said:

"If ye please, ma'am, I'll handle them things gently. I've a little one of my own in glory—the heavens be her bed—and it's myself will see them not a bit damaged, and I'll settle it beyond with you."

It was "the one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin."

THE HELPING HAND.

Men are generally conspicuous by their absence during moving time, and shrewd business men have actually been known to have sudden calls by bogus telegrams to distant parts of the country, not getting home till the new house had been thoroughly warmed for their comfort, or discomfort as they sometimes find. So it usually happens that the man of the house at moving time is a woman who drives sharp bargains with the draymen and tackhammers and initiates her family into boarding off barrel-head tables.

But the woman is not usually an object of pity, because John has given her his mantle of authority to back her and his pocket-book is at her disposal, and she rather glories in a little brief authority. But there is a class of women to be pitied—women who are widows, who must do battle single-handed against insolence and want and a host of evil; whose little children cannot run and "tell papa," as happier children can, when anyone abuses them, who are dependent for every comfort on the one slender, fragile, black-robed figure, who stands between them and distress.

Such a woman moved last week from one plain house with a moderate rent into another that was plainer and more moderate. When the first night found the new family in its strange quarters all was confusion and disorder. The stoves were down, and there was no one but the tired mother to put them up; the beds were not made, there was no supper, and the children, who had exhausted their curiosity over the new place, were hungry and sleepy. Then they all crowded around the poor mother and raised a dismal cry.

"We want to go home! we want to go home!"

And as the mother looked at them she wrung her hands and sobbed.

"Poor children! in all the wide world you have no other home than this."

But that mother heard, as in the whispers of a secret intelligence higher than that of earth, these words that thrilled her soul with new life.

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head."

She told the story of the Babe of Bethlehem to her little ones as she undressed them and put them to bed. When they wakened in the morning, hungry but rested, they saw the table set and the room in order. Mother had done it all as they slept, but who had helped her? Ah! who? The children only knew that it was mother, and here was home.

DIALOGUE A LA SAISON.

"Are you going to help me put down the carpets, John?"

"S'pose so; where's tack hammer?"

"It's in the barrel of dishes—no, it isn't—yes, it is—oh, I know now; I put it in the band-box with your new Sunday hat."

"Just like a woman; never knows where anything is; hat ruined, like enough; where is the handle of the hammer?"

"Oh, I packed that up with the china set; you'll find it, dear, at the bottom of the box."

"Now, who's going to stretch this carpet, hey?"

"Me, dear."

"Well, stand there. Gracious, I can't pull a hundred pounds of dry goods along with the carpet. Oh, dear, I'm going to have a fit, I believe."

"I'll make you a cup of tea, dear. You can drink it out of your shaving-mug. It'll be just like a picnic."

But when she got back with the tea, John was missing.

"Poor fellow! It was too much for him! he's gone to get the air. He looked pale."

John—at a counter covered with eatables, salads and things: "Two fingers of old crow, and a dash of bitters to begin with. I'm nearly starved! A hot beefsteak will help me out. I tell you, boys, moving is tough work."

Life has its compensations. John's wife sits on a roll of carpet and drinks her tea. "Poor boy! I wish he could have waited for it; it's so refreshing. He'll be half starved by supper time! I know he will."

Not much, little woman.

How a Herd of Cattle Were Saved.

"One of the bravest things I saw in my travels," said a passenger from the West, "was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six or eight hundred had got frightened at something, and broke away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. But the cowboy did not get excited at all when he saw the herd were going straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble down into the canyon and be killed. You know that when a herd like that gets to going, they can't stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go."

I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd; but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely to the edge of the bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him kill

ed, and was so excited I could not speak. Well, sir, when the leaders had got within a quarter of a mile of him, I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, staggered back, and went fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was.

"You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the herd's course, and emptied the bag. Every critter snuffed the salt, and of course, that a queer sight to see that chap out there on the edge of that bluff, quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as if he'd be rolling under two hundred tons of beef in about a minute and a half."—"Plain Talk" in Chicago Herald.

Women as Photographers.

"I took up photography from choice many years ago," said the fair artist, a tall, fair woman, attending to the details of her work as she chatted. "I worked for my employer nine years, becoming practically the head of the business. Then I told him I was going to start a gallery of my own. He looked shocked but recovered himself shortly and made me a proposal of marriage. Nine years of him was quite enough. I was idle for a year and then bought this place. A man can never realize how nice it is for a woman to be absolute mistress of her own affairs. I keep my own books and attend personally to everything. My greatest successes have been with nervous and excitable subjects. Last week a lady brought her son and daughter to me. She had tried several of the leading photographers, and none of them had succeeded in making even a passable picture. I appointed a morning for the sitting, and it took just five hours to photograph these two children. The girl had a twitching eye, and at first she could not keep still two consecutive minutes to save her. I looked at that twitching eye with such a professional gentleness, and treated her with such a vast amount of patience, that in the end she gave up completely, sat still and was photographed with thorough success. I had just as much of a struggle with the boy. But I succeeded at last. I have really more work than I can attend to, and my success is mainly due to the fact that I am a woman. Every woman has little points about her face and figure which she knows all women observe, but which, she has learned by experience, men never notice. When women are chatting together they refer to any unfortunate blemish in quite an ordinary way, but they never mention them to men, for fear of drawing attention to the defect. They even dread men photographers. They take a woman into their confidence at once, and the two chat about the effect of a cast in the eye, a crooked nose, a big ear, large teeth, or a sawn neck, as though they had been comrades for life. This renders a satisfactory photograph easier to accomplish."

A Cigar Factory.

A journalist writes a letter from Seville describing the government cigar factory of Spain, seven hundred feet long and almost as wide, very dirty, and in the vestibule two hundred and fifty young girls making cigarettes, all talking as loud as they want to; one hundred girls in the next room doing the same, and on the next floor three thousand women as close as sardines in a box, in a single room, making cigars, some having their babies with them not a month old, and dogs lying on the tobacco stems. The women were divided up into sevens at each table, three on each side, and the mistress at the top. Around each table were shelves against stone pillars, on which lay children's shoes, socks and clothes. There were stone jars of water here and there for drinking, and the air was stifling, and the buzz of conversation only broken by the wail of the babies. The flooring was dilapidated, and it was possible for an incautious visitor to fall through. Two other side apartments one hundred feet long were both packed with laborers. The factory consumes about ten thousand pounds of tobacco a day, and employs over five thousand persons, who receive fifty cents a day for twelve hours' work. The matron at each table gets her pay from the women she commands. The girls and the superintendents had very little manners.

The Work of a Single Hair.

In the base of the Capitol at Washington is the engine by which the House, the Senate, and the committee rooms are warmed and ventilated, and the gas lighted by electricity. It is altogether a big apparatus, consisting of three immense fans, four engines, and eight boilers, with the necessary appliances for regulating the temperature and moisture of the air supplied to the nation's legislators. The instrument which tells whether the air is too moist or too dry, is operated by a single human hair.

A perfectly dry air is put at 0; saturate it, that is air carrying all the moisture it will hold, is put at 100. A dial with a hand like that of a clock, represents the different degrees from 0 to 100. The human hair absorbs moisture like a rope, and like a rope it becomes shorter when wet. The difference in length between a hair six inches long when wet, and the same hair when dry, is made to represent the hundred degrees of moisture on the dial; and the hand, or pointer, moves backward or forward as the moisture in the air varies. If it becomes too dry more steam is allowed to escape, and thus the atmosphere for the nation's statesmen is regulated and kept at the healthful point, which is about 50°.

Lime-Kiln Club Mottoes.

As the meeting opened, the president announced that the following spring mottoes would be hung on the walls during the coming week:

"Pay cash."
"Deal on the square."
"Sell your dog."
"No man can sit on de fence an' plant onions."
"Time wasted am shillin' los' out of a hole in de pocket."
"If it am pollyticks 'gainst taters, take de taters."
"An hour wid a saw buck am moah valuable dan an hour wid a statesman."
"De man in debt am a swimmer wid his butes on."

Australian Defences.

The area of South Australia is so great, and its population and resources comparatively still so undeveloped, that no attempt to defend the country districts or the numerous small towns on the sea-board can at present be contemplated. The heart of the country beats in Adelaide, which is at once the seat of Government and the repository of the national wealth. It is estimated that once in the hands of an enemy the sum of £5,000,000 sterling could be levied from it in a few hours, by placing Governments banks, and private individuals, alike, under rigorous contribution. The whole duty of local defences have been thrown upon the colonists themselves. Under no obligation to the Imperial Government to protect themselves, bound by no tie of federation to inter colonial uniformity of action, and imbued with a touching belief in the ubiquity and omnipotence of the British fleet, the different Australian Governments drifted on vaguely for several years. This state of apathy was rudely dispelled by the Russo-Turkish scare of 1877, when the Antipodes suddenly awoke to their defenceless condition. Soldiering is very popular in South Australia. There is a steady and ever-increasing flow of recruits into the ranks of the Militia, so that, notwithstanding a severe medical examination, the inevitable waste is amply provided for. About 30 per cent. of the time expired men rejoin for a second term of three years, for which they receive £1 bounty. Many more enrol in the Reserve, where they annually attend twelve drills and fire through their classes to keep up the knowledge acquired with the colors. Between Militia and Volunteers about three thousand men have passed through the ranks, and are now more or less trained to the use of arms; they form a considerable, though unrolled, reserve upon whom it would be safe to rely in case of emergency. The rising generation are also being steadily drilled at the State (public School Board) schools throughout the Colony. All teachers have to pass in company drill before appointment, and so well do they train their boys that more than once six or seven hundred lads, collected from various schools, have been marched on to the parade ground and have gone through a full battalion drill with great success. Throughout the force the physique is excellent. The infantry in height, build and age, are decidedly superior to the line regiments of the present day, and the Artillery can hold their own with their brethren at home.

Of the remarkable loyalty and affection for the Old Country which prevades not only the South Australians, but all the Australasian troops, we will give one instance. Within four hours of the arrival in Adelaide of the news of our defeat at Majuba Hill three hundred men from the small defence force, we have been describing, had volunteered for active service in the Transvaal, "to help our chaps against the Boers." The offer had already been telegraphed home when the other colonies hearing of it, instantly began to follow suit, and in twenty-four hours 2,000 sturdy Australians had placed themselves at the service of the Home Government, eager to help to avenge the honor of the British flag. It is greatly to be hoped that the colonies will lose no time in federating for military and naval purposes.

At present each member of the Australasian group works independently, without concert with her neighbors—a state of things which in time of peace is expensive, and in time of war might become dangerous. Even more pressing is the necessity for establishing a colonial government manufacturing of small-arm ammunition in some central locality, whence the magazines could be replenished without need of constant application to the British authorities.

Out of the population, which we may roughly estimate at 2,900,000, there are more than 16,000 men who voluntarily undertake military duties. The capital sums spent, or about to be spent, on permanent fortifications since 1877 (without reckoning naval defences) amount to a million sterling; while the estimated annual military expenditure is calculated at £272,000. In the face of these figures no one can accuse the Australian colonists of too exclusively relying on Imperial protection in case of war.

The Unexpected Visitor.

The uninvited visitor drops upon us at most inconvenient times and seasons, quite as a matter of course, like a poor relation, and proceeds to make herself too roughly at home without more ado. Naturally we do not expect any great amount of diffidence on the part of a person who is bold enough to intrude upon the privacy of another without special request, and we are therefore but little surprised when we find her investigating the upper story of the house, or devising means for invading the rooms that have been closed to her, or interviewing the servants; when she demands eatables not upon the table, and tells us about the luxurious surroundings of her last hostess; when knowing the breakfast hour, she willfully lies in bed till that meal is spoiled, till all the delicacies prepared for her delectation have lost their relish and become indigestible; when she is impatient if something is not being done for her entertainment; when she complains of the temperature of the dining room in warm weather, and the torment of the flies, the persistence of the mosquito, without seeming to realize that they are annoyances to which she has voluntarily subjected herself; or when she is curious about our work. At the same time that she aggravates us with her peculiarities, her audacities interest and amuse us; we find ourselves wondering what she will do or say next, and if she has exhausted her impertinences. And her peculiarities afford a constant theme for mirthful thought long after she has left us.

How to Handle Bees.

A scientific paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article, entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, and is as easily light and compressible. To handle him is therefore a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle them. The main difficulty seems to lie in one. The main danger after he has handled quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.

English Preachers.

Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough stand out as unquestionably the two finest preachers of the Established Church. There is a story of a private soldier having gone to St. Paul's on an afternoon when Dr. Liddon was to preach. The printed paper with the hymn was handed to him, but not understanding that it was offered gratis he refused it with a shake of the head, saying: "You don't suppose I should be here if I had got any money?" Most of the people who go to hear the eloquent Canon are different from this soldier, for they would pay—and very liberally—to get seats near the pulpit. On the afternoon of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resonates well under the dome, though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the holy name, but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought, and lucidity in reasoning could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many days since he arrived in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember in particular, a sermon of his on the text, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophesy the gradual progress of the world toward a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of the responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by him as the "five loaves were multiplied."

WHAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT WOMEN.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—[Balzac.]

The mistake of many women is to return sentiment for gallantry.—[Joyce.]

It is easier to make a European agree than two women.—[Lionel XIV.]

God created the coquette as soon as He made the fool.—[Victor Hugo.]

A woman who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything.—[Viard.]

Of all heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—[Lamontey.]

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—[Balzac.]

Who takes an eel by the tail or a woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing.—[Proverb.]

How many women would laugh at the formalities of their husbands if it were not the custom to weep?

Women deceived by men want to marry them; it is a kind of revenge as good as any other.—[Baconianor.]

An asp would render its sting more venomous by dipping it into the heart of a coquette.—[Poincelot.]

Rascal! That word on the lips of a woman, addressed to a too daring man, often means—angels.

We meet in society many attractive women whom we would fear to make our wives.—[D'Harleville.]

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—[J. J. Rousseau.]

Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter.—[Diderot.]

She is the most virtuous woman whom nature has made the most voluptuous and reason the coldest.—[La Beaumelle.]

The Russian and the Horse.

Faul's horses were admonished and chastised if they forgot the respect due to their owner. Once he convened an extempore court of justice on the streets to try a horse which had just stumbled with him; the brute—the ridden one—was sentenced to receive 50 lashes, and after the castigation it was rebuked by the riding one: "Ta-t, Sir, is for having stumbled with the Emperor." While flourishing his cane in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger, he accidentally struck the branch of a lustre, and broke it. Indignant at the lustre interposing itself as an obstacle in its way, he attacked it in right earnest, and beat it to powder.

Of English Origin.

The practice of whittling is considered so distinctive of a genuine American that any attempt to claim for it an English origin would require ample corroboration. In a little work published in London in 1794, entitled "The Sentimental Exhibition; or, Portraits and Sketches of the Times," we find the following statement: "Monsieur Grosse or some other Frenchman remarks that when we English have no other employment we are sure to do mischief, and therefore when a parcel of Sailors go into an Ale-house at Wapping, the Landlord delivers to each of them a stick and a knife to amuse themselves with while the Flip is preparing, that they may not destroy his furniture."

More Than He Could Manage.

"I say," said a busy drayman to a tramp who was holding himself up with a wall, "can't you come and help me load this dray?"

"Naw," said the loafer, "Hain't got time."

"Haven't got time? What in thunder are you doing?"

"Nuthin'."

"Then you ought to have time to spare, if you're doing nothing."

"That's waar you're wrong," replied the tramp. "There's more of it than I kin'tend t'."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Lake Okauchungamaung (Maine papers please copy) hasn't been so full in five years as it is now. The lake (not the name) forms a part of the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut, and is in the town of Webster.

Public story tellers earn a good livelihood in Japan. In Tokio alone over 600 of these street improvisers ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan, and paper-rapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.

Travelers rave about the soft purple light which fills Italian skies and gives a peculiar beauty to the country mountains. This light has now been discovered on the mountains of Southern California, and tourists are so informed by the railroad companies interested.

The craze for painting houses all sorts of fancy colors in Atlanta has received a setback. A demented citizen had a painter imitate the pattern and colors of a crazy quilt on his house. After the first coat was finished the citizens rose as a man and compelled him to whitewash it over on pain of death. This was more than even a Georgia populace could stand.

There is a man in Berrien Co., Ga., who has not slept in a house since the war. He carries his entire wardrobe with him wherever he goes, as well as his pantry and kitchen utensils, and spends the night wherever dark may overtake him. He is a veritable curiosity. He never reads newspapers, claiming that to read the Bible as it should be read occupies all of his time. Several days since he inquired of the editor of a paper if Germany and France were still at war referring to the war of 1870.

The soda deposits discovered in Wyoming are unique. One series is on the old Laramie Plains, fourteen miles from Laramie City, where there is a chain of so-called lakes five to twenty-five acres in area, averaging fifteen feet in depth. These deposits are sulphate of soda. It cuts out in chunks like ice. When wells are dug the water is so impregnated with soda that they are filled up in a few days. In the Sweetwater Valley, near Independence Rock, are thirty-four deposits varying in size from three and four acres up to thirty-two acres. A few of these are simply bodies of water highly charged with sulphate of soda.

The First Cotton Bale.

This is the way the first bale is made: A number of planters within a radius of from five to ten miles meet and agree on one of their number who shall father the first bale. Then, as the bolls open on their respective plantations, each gathers the staple, and when he has a small bag full carries it to the member selected. The "father" then weighs the cotton and enters it in a book to the credit of the contributor. This process is continued from day to day until sufficient cotton has been obtained to make a merchantable bale. It is then ginned, baled and forwarded to the market offering the highest premium. On the arrival of the first bale in the market selected, it bears the certificate that it was raised by the member of the league who had been selected as the father. Then it is decorated with flags and flowers and paraded about the city. The premium offered is paid to its father, and the bale is sold at public auction, and invariably brings a fancy price. This amount is also one of the perquisites of the father. Then that honest husbandman returns home and divides the profits with the members of the league in proportion to the cotton contributed.

The Talking Talent of the English.

I found an abundance of good talkers in England. From Lord Salisbury on the platform in "Parliament out of Session" down to the humblest political reformer haranguing a motley crowd on the sand hill at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or the earnest young women of the Salvation Army warning a London throng of the coming of the coming of the day of judgment, the public speakers of the Kingdom seemed to me to be fluent, direct, effective, and perfectly at home on the stump. There is, of course, a class of highly cultivated, very studious and scholarly men, specimens of which have visited this country as lecturers, whose homes have for a lifetime been in the study, whose long habit of non-intercourse with the masses, and pursuit of authorship seems to have completely unfitted them for public speaking, and who are when they attempt it, but awkward, shy, stammering specimens of tediousness.

A Good Idea.

A New Orleans dressmaker, who employs a large force of work-women, has behind her house a large, old-fashioned garden, in which her work-women dig, plant, grow flowers and otherwise amuse themselves during their mid-day rest. Every day at 12 o'clock the girls all hurry through their lunch in order to spend the most of their hour at their beautiful and fascinating recreation. Mme. H. does not require her work-women to keep garden, but she tells them the garden is there, and they may cultivate in it anything they choose; of course, the fruits of their toil belong for themselves. The lady argues that the change of work is most grateful to her seamstresses; that they work better and are better natured, and are improved in health since her garden project. She herself, by the way, is very proud of her own patch in the "community garden." Mme. H.'s wisdom may at least give a suggestion to other employers.

Just for Fun.

It was a Toronto street car. A woman was running after it with frantic haste, jumping up and down at every step, waving her parasol in the air, and shrieking "Car! Car!" at the top of her voice. To her said the conductor slowly, as he reached for the bell:

"D-o y-o-u-w-a-n-t-t-o-r-i-d-e?"

"Oa, no," gasped the woman, as she swung herself on the platform. "I want to walk. I want to follow this car to the end of the route! I want to make a spectacle of myself for the amusement of the passengers who do ride!"

A Detroit river fisherman says that the pike of the Straits is a very destructive fish. One that was recently speared had swallowed another pike and that pike had swallowed another perch. The trouble with the whole business is about swallowing the story.