### A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY JAMES OTIS

Robert Myron was the son of an English tenant-farmer, who in the year 1848 found his family expenses increasing so much faster than his income that it was absolutely neces-

mary to decrease the former, since the latter could not be made larger.

In the hope of being able to assist his father in some way, Robert came to this country, and failing to find employment

near the metropolis, walked from town to town until when near Rochester, New York, he was hired as a farm laborer by Judge James E. Berry. During six years young Myron worked industriously, sending nearly all of his earnings to his parents, and then came the sad news that both father and tablishing a home for himself, and quite as natural that his love should go out to the daughter of his employer, who plainly show ed her preference for the young man who had so devoted himself to his parents. But Judge Berry, while he recognized in Myron an invaluable farm laborer, had not the same views regarding him as a son-in-law that Miss Bessie had, and the consequence was that the lovers, finding it impossible to change the father's opinion, resolved to clope, and build up for themselves a home in the far West.

In 1858, with but a few hundred dollars and the judge's curse, the young couple were married, and settled at Green Lake, Michigan, where, at the beginning of the year 1862, they were in reasonably prosperous circumstances, with two children to make glad their humble log cabin. Their farm was situated several miles from any settle-ment, and although the Indians were rising against the whites in many portions of the State, neither Mr. and Mrs. Myron felt any uneasiness, because they believed they had succeeded in establishing the most friendly relations with such of the "forest children" as they came in contact with. Therefore they were by no means alarmed when one day five Indians stalked gravely into the cabin just as the noonday meal was being served. It had ever been Mr. Myron's custom to invite such visitors to partake of food, and on this, as on other occasions, they readily accepted the invitation; but, greatly to the surprise and uneasiness of their host, instead of placing their rifles in one corner of the room, as usual, they held them between their knees, the muzzles of the weapons showing just above the edge of the

Mr. Myron was too well versed in Indian enstoms not to know that such action on the part of his guests meant mischief. With the view of showing them that he understood the meaning of this breach of hospitality, and in the slight hope of intimidating them, he arose from the table, took from the rack on the wall his rifle and fowling-piece, and carefully examined them to show they were loaded. Why the savages did not attack him then is one of the inexplicable things in Indian warfare. Instead of making any hostile demonstrations, they stalked gravely out of the house, disappearing behind a clump of bushes.

For the moment Myron believed he had wronged his guests, and that they had taken umbrage at his movements when his intentions were peaceful. Still holding his rifle in his hand, Myron stepped to the open m ms nand, Myron stepped to the open door for the purpose of ascertaining whether his guests had really departed. When the farmer appeared on the threshold, the re-port of a rifle was heard, and Myron fell, with a dangerous but not necessarily fatal wound in his side wound in his side.

Women who live on the border, where they are constantly menaced by danger, learn early in life that they must deny themselves woman's privilege of fainting. When Mr. Myron fell, his wife sprang to his defence rather than assistance. To close and barricade windows and doors was but the work of a moment where everything was prepared for such occasions, and then the heroic wo-man turned her attention to her husband and children. The father's wound bled but little, and save to stanch the blood, the de voted wife could not aid him, except by piling the bedding around him in such a way that, in a sitting posture, he could face the closed door. The temporary safety of the children was secured by fastening them in the cellar, where they would be beyond the reach of any bullets their late visitors might send, and after she had perfected her plan of defence, she began to assume the offen

By removing the mud that filled the crev ices of the logs at the end of the house, loop-holes were formed, and through these the husband and wife began an assault up n their foes. With his rifle Myron shot one of the Indians, and at the same time his wife killed another with the fowling-piece.

By this time the foe, finding their intended victims more tenacious of life than they had supposed, resorted to stratagem to accomplish the massacre. In the field was a cart half filled with hay; in the stable-yard stood a yoke of oxen quietly eating. To fasten the animals to the cart and not expose themselves to the deadly aim of those in the house was a difficult task, but one that the Indians finally accomplished. To get the load of hay against the building, that it might be set on fire, was still more difficult, and in this case unsuccessful, for before it could be done both husband and wife had shot an enemy, while the fifth and only remaining one sought safety in precip-

Each moment the conflict lasted the husband grew weaker, and medical aid could not be procured without a journey of a hundred and eighty miles. To traverse this distance, there was no other mode of conveyance than the ox-cart. In this rade vehicle Mrs. Myron placed her husband and children, and not once during that tedious journey, made painful by the suffering of the man for whom she had braved the dangers and discomforts of a frontier life, law's heart.

was a halt made. At St. Cloud surgical aid was procured. and there, after Mr Myron's recovery, he sought work of any kind that would bring in sufficient for the support of his family, since the depredations of the Indians had that laborers were in great demand at Cape

steamer, and in a very short time she was burned to the water's edge. The loss of life was considerable, and among the missing ones were the two Myron children.

For the second time Robert Myron was

homeless and penniless, with his sufferings intensified by the loss of his children. Perhaps it was fortunate for him that he was obliged to work very hard simply to keep the wolf from the door, for it prevented him from brooding over his misfortunes, as even a stronger man might have done.

During the two years that elapsed after the burning of the Tidal Wave, Robert Myron labored industriously, but without success, so far as the accumulation of worldly goods was concerned; he had been able to pay the rent of a rude cabin three miles from the village of Tower Hill, and to furnish it seantily. But the expenses attendant upon the birth of two children, and his came the sad news that both lather that mother had died on the same day. After recovering from this shock, it was but natural covering from the shock in the same day. saving to enable him to remove to Cape Girardeau.

Then came a time when he could no longer find employment near his wretched home, and he sought it some miles up the river, going and returning each day in a small boat. Even then it appeared that misfortune was not wearied with pursuing him, for one night when returning from his work a storm came up which overturned his frail skiff, and, nearly xhausted, he was thrown upon a narrow bar of sand that made out from a bank of he river at the spot where the Tidal Wave. was burned. On this frail and treacherous foot hold he managed to remain during the night, in full sight of the town, but unable to attract attention to his desperate condi-

The dawn of day revealed still more horrors, for close beside him, having evidently been unearthed by the waves, was the skel-eton of a human being. At first Myron felt that fear which seems to be natural in man when he sees the deserted tenement of one of his kind; but the resting-place which the waves gave to the living and the dead was so small that he was obliged to remain almost in actual contact with the yellow bones. As he sat by the skeleton waiting for help from the shore, which seemed so tardy in coming, he saw about the ribs of the fleshless frame a leather belt. Curiosity overcame his horror, and, unfastening the belt, he found within it gold coin to the amount of five thousand dollars.

That Robert Myron was in a fever of ex citement hardly needs to be told. He had struggled to the full strength of man many years, and was hardly more than a pauper when he should have had at least a spot of God's footstool he could call his own. dead had brought him what the living had refused. To take the gold for his own purposes seemed a theft, and yet he who had fastened it about his body could no longer The struggle between his conscience and his necessity was a long one; but when those who came to rescue him arrived at the sand-bar they found him with a skeleton on which nothing could be seen, and no one could have fancied that the half-drowned man had found a treasure. That the bones were those of one of the passengers of the Tidal Ware, no one doubted, and they were given a resting-place among the nameless graves of those who had lost their lives in the disaster. No one save Robert Myron and his wife knew of the money-belt, or that on the inside of it, cut deep in the thick leather, was the name "Henry Parks."

But Myron, having this money, did not dare to use it openly, lest people should the hearts of America. Let America, Gerquestion how he got it. He had agreed many, and England join hands and say that with his wife that they should use the gold for their own benefit, but do it with the no longer be given up to be the prey of view of returning it if they could ever find the dead man's heirs. This he hoped to do readily realized upon, so that they might show themselves to be good, even if selfelected, stewards.

land surrounding it, was for sale at a price below its real value. Myron represented to the owner that, despite appearances, he had succeeded in saving a small amount of money—about half the price asked—and offered to buy it if his note would be accepted for the balance. The bargain was made, and Myron still continued to work by the day for any one who would hire him, tilling his own ments of his trade coupel every Zanzibar along dealers to be a compel every zanzibar along dealers and the property of the stimulate domestic slavery by selling a part of their slave gangs among native tribes because the compel every zanzibar along the compel every zanziba one who would hire him, tilling his own farm when he could find no other work. Then he invested in a very small way in The time has been when the circumstance of the time has been the circumstance of the circumstance of the circumstance of

notice if necessary, and Robert Myron became a wealthy man. As is usual, with wealth came the respect of his neighbors, who, to show their appreciation of money, elected him to the office of County Judge.

During the year 1870 the inhabitants of Tower Hill witnessed the destruction of another steamer by fire at almost the exact place where the *Tidal Wave* went down. Among all those men who labored to save life none was more active than Robert Myron, and his house was converted into a hospital for the reception of those who were injured, but saved from death.

Mrs. Myron was as carnest in his efforts to comfort the distressed people as was her husband, and her labor was signally rewarded by finding among the unfortunate ones whom she was nursing her father, whom she had not heard from since the day she left that he had been searching for them several months in the hope of inducing them to return to his lonely home, or allow him to re-

main with them.

Then he told a strange story, and one which lifted a load that had grown heavier with each succeeding year from his son-in-

In 1861, Mrs. Myron's aunt had died, bequeathing to her niece the sum of five thou-sand dollars. Judge Berry, half relenting that he had not looked with favor upon his daughter's marriage, had sent his clerk to carry to her this legacy. The messenger impoverished him. It was only by the greatest exertions that Myron could keep his family from actual want; and hearing and Mrs. Myron to that place but that from there they had gone, as he had reason to be-

reached, a fire broke out on the ill-fated the husband and wife gazed at each other with an almost despairing hope in their eyes, and it was only with the greatest difficulty Judge Myron could ask the question, "What was the man's name!"
"Henry Parks."

The load was lifted for evermore; the money which they believed was another's belonged rightfully to them; the investments made with a view to being able to restore the principal at any time insured their own prosperity, and by purloining their own from the dead they had honestly relieved themselves from the thralldom of poverty.

#### The Slave Trade in Africa.

"All I may add in my loneliness," wrote David Livingstone as he lay dying in an African hut, "is may heaven's rich bless-ing come down on every one, English, American, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world." In his last feeble hours the great heart of the Christian hero was bleeding for myriads of helpless natives, the prey of strong and irresistible bands of roving men stealers who invade their homes, kill most of the wretched inhabitants, and

drag the rest into slavery.

The world hears little of the seemingly endless tragedy of suffering and wrong that is still decimating the peoples of inner Africa. Cameron predicted a few years ago that unless an end was made to the horrid traffic between Arab slave buyers and slaveselling chiefs the vast regions of Central Africa would become utterly depopulated. Mr. Williams, of the Universities Missions, writes that last year he saw twenty thou-sand slaves, fastened together in long gangs by heavy wooden yokes, pass his doorway near Lake Nyassa on their way to the coast. These wretched captives were not set marching to the sea without frightful sacrifice of human life. As a rule, for every bondsman who is fastened in a yoke and started for the slave marts, from two to six bleeding bodies are left behind near the ashes of their once peaceful and happy homes. Mr. Stanley says that the Arab raid on the Upper Congo, whose fruits he saw in two thousand suffering wretches herded together on the river bank, cost no less than twelve thousand lives.

Wild beasts do not prey upon their kind; but in inner Africa, incited by coast Arabs, whose buying and selling of men have made them rich and strong, millions of the natives are preying relentlessly upon each other. Here tribes are struggling for their lives, and only the strongest can survive. On sev eral mountain summits overlooking the blue waters of Lake Nyassa are the feeble rem nants of once numerous peoples. From their rocky fastness they are ever on the lookout for Angoni men stealers, the fierce Zulus who came from the south, and who have wasted and desolated thousands of miles of valley and plain once well tilled and populous. Mr. Montagu Kerr has just decribed the poor hunted Mashonas, south of the Zambesi, who perch many of their towns upon almost inaccessible rocks, which they reach only by means of rough, notched poles that they can pull quickly up in case of attack so as to secure their retreat. Still they are always outgeneralled by the powerful Matabeli, who are wiping their unfortunate neighbors out of existence.

Five months ago Mr. Ashe, an English issionary in Ugande, writing amid the scenns of King Mwanga's slaughters, re-echoed the pathetic appeal that fell from Livingstons dying lips. "The nameless wrongs of thes'e unhappy people," he wrote, "their homes ravaged, themselves slain, their wives dragged ways to depressly a classification. ged away to degrading slavery, should stir be given up to be the prey of no longer wolfish native chiefs and vile Arab traders.

What can the civilized nations do to deby making such investments as could be liver Africa from this cruel bondage? There are some things they have done and can do again. The Arab traders are at the bottom lected, stewards.

of most of this shame and suffering. It is they who supply the markets, who buy the wretched fruits of the Angoni raids, who in-flame the chiefs to euslave one-fourth of their weaker neighbors and exterminate the rest. It is they whose lies have incited and encourged the massacres in Uganda, and who

Then he invested in a very small way in stock, buying when he could get a decided bargain only. Year by year he added to his possessions, and his neighbors called him a "thrifty" man.

All his investments were good ones, since none were made save with the view of converting everything into cash at a moment's verting everything into cash at a moment's until she wearied of the work, she dealt most effective blows at the expert trade. The time has been when the civilized powers most effective blows at the export trade; let them fight the evil at its sources, as Gordon did in the Soudan and as he proposed to do on the Upper Congo. If these things are done, there can be no doubt that Africa will be rescued from a large part of this burden of misery and crime.

# The Legion of Honor.

From the institution of the Legion of Honor by the first Napoleon to the year 1852 only five ladies received the decoration and they were nuns. A change was made in 1865. The empress went to visit Rose Bonheur at Fountainebleau and on her return sent her the cross of the order. It was thought this would be the commencement of the recognition of the eminence of had not heard from since the day she letter his home to found another with the one man she loved above all others. The daughter's the next decorations were again to nuns. The Franco-Prussian war opened up a new the annuals of the order. A female chapter in the annals of the order. A female when properly ground and mixed into paint telegraph clerk and cantiniere were decreated for acts of heroism performed at or light. The vermillions, so much used at telegraph clerk and cantiniere were degreat risk of life and resulting in an important service to the French army. The re-cent war with China has added two more to the list of decorated ladies, both of them nuns, and both eminent for their services to the wounded on the field of battle. And now once more the tide of distinction seems to have set in the direction of art. latest Chevaliere—there are in all but thirteen living—has received the insignia for her services to archaeology rendered during the recent expedition to Persia.

A gentleman went home a few evenings ago and causally remarked as he hung up that laborers were in great demand at Cape (firardeau, he, with his wife and children, embarked on the steamer Tidal Wave for that place, after having remained at St. Cloud nearly a year.

The voyage was never completed, however, for when Tower Grove, Missouri, was The old gentleman finished his story, there they had gone, as he had reason to be lieve, to, Cape Girardeau, which place he was about to start for in the steamer Tidal Wave. From that time Mr. Berry had never heard from his clerk, and he believed he had lost his life when the steamer was burned.

As the old gentleman finished his story, came down town.

### FARM.

How to Use A GRINDSTONE.

A grindstone is one of the worst used implements on the farm, or in the work-shop Few take the trouble to think about their work, and consequently the great majority of people fail to get the most and best use from their tools. The few who do think, will agree with us when we say that a grindstone is both badly used and badly chosen. It is too small; too thick; it is not evenly and truly set and centered; it is not properly speeded and is turned either too fast, and made to throw the water around, or too slow, and so fails to do its work well; it is not well taken care of, and it is badly used.

A gradatone, to do good service, should be at least three feet in diameter, and two and one half to three inches in thickness, having a bevel on each side of the face for grinding on. It should be quite free from hard spots of iron pyrites, which are injurious to tools, although these may be taken out with a sharp pointed punch. If it is not centered truly it will work out of shape, and soon require truing up. It should run as fast as possible, as it does work both better and more quickly. To prevent it from throwing water, a piece of bagging should be fastened to a staple fixed across tne frame on each end but not so close as to grind it out. This will catch the excess of water and yet keep the stone wet enough, and clean it. The stone should be kept in the shade, and never in water, which softers it and makes one side wear faster than the other. The water box should have a hole in it to let out the water and keep the stone dry when not in use. In grinding it should mostly turn from the tool, and if should mostly turn from the tool, and if used otherwise, great care should be taken by the one who holds the tool, not to gouge the stone.

#### Eggs by Wright.

Isn't it strange that we buy and sell eggs y number instead of by weight? Number does not show their value; weight does Some eggs weigh twice as much as others. What justice or business sagacity is there in paying the same price for one as for the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large egg for the same price that his neighbor sells a small one cheated? And is not the buyer of the small egg cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by rolls, the small roll bringing as much as the large one. We do not buy or sell butter by the number of rolls, or meat by the number of pieces, or cheese by number; nor should we sell eggs by number.

If eggs were bought and sold by weight, the value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of eggs is he most pro fitable; then it would be the breed that furnished thegreatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds would suffer in popularty, while the fowls that lay large would gain. This would work only justice, however, to the fowls, as it would to their owners and the consumers. Clearly eggs should be sold by weight. Then why does not every one insist upon it?

## Notes.

The soaking of oats in cold or tepid water is believed to effect a saving of at least one-third in the amount of feed required

Beware of the man who goes around buying up straw-stacks for some paper mill. He gives his note for the amount and takes a receipt for the note, which the farmer signs. By and by this receipt is changed to a note and deposited in a bank for collection. The note that the farmer holds against the man is worthless, because the man has disappeared.

The agricultural papers say now and then in their horticultural notes that the wood in currant bushes should be "cut back" considerable. How can the old wood be cut back without destroying the new wood also, which is always the extension of the old wood? It is a good practice to cut back the new wood somewhat if it has grown very fast and rank. Take off one third in length of the terminal shoots. The side shoots will not need clipping.

to paint the iron with some kind of lead color, say white lead and lampblack. When dry cover with cement made and lamblack. When dry cover with cement made and lamblack. When dry cover with cement made and lamblack. dry cover with cement made as follows: Take the best glue, soak it in vinegar with a moderate heat, then add one-third of the bulk of white pine turpentine, thoroughly mix, and then by the means of the vinegar make it the proper consistency to spread with a brash, and apply it while hot, draw the leather on quickly, and press it tightly in place. If a pulley, draw the leather around tightly, lap and clamp.

A dull horse may, for a short time, be made much livelier by checking his head up a little while he is going. This effect will not continue long, but, for a short drive about town, with a light weight behind him, there is not much objection to it if the horse is fresh. When a horse is checked up while going, he should be unchecked while standing, that he may rest. The check rein should be easily shortened and lengthened, so that his neck may be relieved without giving him entire control of his head while standing, for he might rub his bridle off or get his foot over the lines if he could put his head low down.

The application of paint has for its objects: 1st, The preservation of the material to which it is applied to. The most durable colors are made from earth or mineral pigments, which, through the processes of nature have undergone all the chemical changes necessary to give them permanency and are not present, are chemical productions, sure to change under exposure. Among the colors which may be relied upon for permanency, are grays, yellows, blues, greens, browns,

down into the mire, beyond even an apparent chance of getting out of it. A reaction mus' come. No business can remain unpro-fitable for any length of time. Fruit grow-A gentleman went home a few evenings ago and causally remarked as he hung up his hat; "I see women are sold at actual value in Indianapolis. A wife was bought there this week for five cents." "Well, I know a woman, about the time I was married, who was sold for nothing." replied his a single season by catching on the terms of the conditions of the Arabs. single season by catching on to the period of big prices. Attempts of this kind, in nine cases out of ten, end in disappointment of things on the Congo."

as they should. There is no room for gamblers among fruit men. The latter count on reasonable, not excessive, average profits during a period of ten, twenty or thirty years, or during the entire period of their lives.

#### A New Year Greeting. BY HAMS COUNSI.

A glad New Year we often say, And now from out our heart repeat The good old greeting here to-day To whomsoever we shall most,

A glad New Y ear! For, lo, the old, With all the shadows that it east, Its failures, like a tale that's told, Last night dropped into the past. We have resolved and re-resolved

By present to redeem the past, Yet each year finds us more involved In sin and failure than the last. The New Year now is ours to fill With treasures for eternity; With pain or pleasure, good or ill, Just what we choose this year shall be.

And while for happiness we yearn, Oh, let us cast away our fear, And by the light of Christmas learn To win indeed a glad New Year.

A Reminiscence of The Crimean War. BY NORA LAUGHER.

"I have lived and have loved."
— Schiller.

Ah! 'tis New Year's and the snowflakes Fall upon the ground below; In my hand I hold a rosebud, Gathered, oh! so long ago.

Gathered in the golden summer When the western wind was low,
"Take this flower, dear love," he whispered,
That was many years ago.

"Red its petals, as my heart's blood, Lives that heart for only thee, Keep this recebud, oh! my darling, "Twill remind thee oft of me.

Twill remind you of your lover, Faithful, the far o'er the sea, Who, because his country called him, Only could be torn from thee."

And I cherished well the blossom Where it ever 'gainst my breast Where I hoped a loving heart would Soon return to me and rest.

But, alas! that New Year's morning Brought brief tidings of sad woe "Killed while at his post of duty, Buried underneath the snow."

Still I live on thro' the anguish Of that sad and heavy blow; Life! Nay, 'tis not life without him Whom I loved long years ago.

In my breast I place the floweret, And, thro' bitter tears that flow, See a noble hero's heart-blood Crimsoning the fallen snow.

#### Two Visions. BY ARCHIH MACK.

A fair girl stood at the parlor door, with eyes of deepest blue,
The lily and rose, her damask cheek bespoke their blended hue.
With flowers wreathed in her long, fair hair, that o'er her shoulders rolled,
And fell to her waist, a sunny cloud of living curls of gold.
Her dress as white as the purest snow—it was her bridal morn—
A pure and hallowed look did give to her lovely face and form.
She looked like some fair creature, perchance, from fairyland,
For fairies might have envied her face, her foot, her hand.
She looked so grandly beautiful, (as I think angels look,) A fair girl stood at the parlor door, with eyes of deep-

look,)
I wondered, as I watched her, what Fate in his sealed book Had got in store, in years to come, for her I so admired,
And, fervently, I prayed it might be what she most desired.

The days sped on, and from my mind her memory had passed,
For toil and care, they were my share, as long as health did last.
One Sabbath eve I chanced to stray, among the rich

one samun eve I enanced to stray, among the rich and great, noto a costly edifice, a church of wealth and state. Who can discribe how sad I felt, when I saw through the crowd

That lovely bride in white arrayed, but oh, it was heavyled.

her shroud!

Around her souless elay did stand, her parents, husband dear,
Who'd revelled in her joyous smiles for source one

had seen.

As beautiful a sight as she, though in her coffin laid.

Pd seen her twice in bridal robes,—once bowed beneath the rod.

A levely bride for lover true,—a levelier one for God.

# Stanley's Little Black Boys.

"When I went up the Congo and founded the station at Stanley Falls, M. Stanley the other day, "I found in the hands of the Arabs 2,300 captives whom they had dragged into slavery. The poor wretches were suffering for food, and many of them were in a starving condition.

Among them were many little boys. I selected eighteen of the poor little fellows and bought them of the Arabs for a handkerchief apeice. The handkerchiefs cost a penny and a half cach in Manchester, and so I obtained the little negroes very cheaply. I took them because I wished to save them, and as they were almost certain to die of starvation the Arabs were willing to sell them at almost any price.
"The little fellows, who were from 10 to

12 years of age, were with me in my steamer when I went down the river again. I distributed them, two or three together, among the stations, directing the agents to instruct them, show them how to work and to endeavour as they grew up to make civilized young fellows of them. They all came from the Biyerre River, and as I did not know their language I could not communicate with them. Soon after I left for Eu-

rope.
"Last summer when Sir Francis de Winton returned from the Congo he brought one of these boys with him. The lad is a bright fellow about 16 years old, and he has been with me since he came to England. As he had learned the Swahili language I could The very worst time to abandon any business is when every body recognizes that it is over-done and wants to quit. The best time to go into it is often when it has got the state of the sta Having some leisure this summer I wrote out the interesting information and the bits of folk lore he was able to give me.

"By and by he will return to the Congo, had I left them in the hands of the Arabs.