

ONE HASTY WORD.

Mrs. Cudleigh looked up from her work and sighed. The sunlight was pouring into the humble room, gilding it with glory, and shone upon the fair hair of her little boy Bennie playing on the floor.

Berenice Cudleigh had married while a young girl a bluff-hearted sailor, a handsome, quick-tempered fellow, who liked to have his own way, and was very proud of his little boy Bennie.

She was thinking to night of their parting three years ago, and blamed herself for having sent him away in anger. She half feared that he would never come back.

On the morning he went away Berenice was busy preparing his outfit, when he came to her and asked her for a paper of importance, a promissory note he had given her to take care of. After a hasty search she declared she could not find it.

"But I gave it to you," said the husband. "I always give you things I want taken care of."

"A foolish habit, too," retorted Berenice spitefully. "Why not take care of them yourself? And you may hereafter; I won't have my desk crowded with any such rubbish." And making good her words, she tossed the papers she had been overlooking on the floor.

"Why, Benny," he began but finding his voice unsteady, he stopped short and turned away.

His wife saw in an instant what she had done, but with the perversity of a child, instead of trying to make reparation, as her woman's heart yearned to do, she made matters worse.

"I shan't look another bit she said petulantly pushing the papers aside with her pretty foot. "I've wasted half the morning already. You bother me so I wish you were gone."

"I'm going now, Berenice. Good-by!"

He did not even turn to look at her, but strode from the room and out into the yard. Bennie was playing before the doorway, and Berenice standing breathlessly, heard him kiss the child and say:

"Good-by, little one! Be a good boy to mother; don't forget!"

This was the last. When, after a moment of stunned bewilderment, she hurried to the door, he was gone.

Month followed month, year drifted after year, and Berenice lived, and Bennie grew up to a sturdy lad, never forgetting his father's parting command. He was a good boy to his mother; but all his simple and unaffected devotion, so like his father's, could not drive the unspeakable sorrow from her eyes, or the stinging remorse from her heart.

That night as Berenice Cudleigh sat at her little boy's bedside, thinking of that parting three years ago, Bennie suddenly awoke and said: "Oh, mother, what is it; what is it? I can't tell, but I feel something. What is it, Triton?" as the dog pricked up his ears.

The dog listened again, then he bounded to the door and began to scratch and sniff beneath it.

"Oh, mother! mother!" called Bennie, in amazed fright.

She arose with a trembling hand and a death-white face.

"Why, my boy, my darling!" she whispered; then she went to the door and opened it.

Triton stood an instant with his ears erect, and his nose to the ground, then he shot off, making great, flying leaps, and uttering short exultant cries. Impelled by something stronger than herself or her own will, Berenice followed him, and poor, afrighted little Ben was left alone.

Out through the wild dark night she went, down to the bleak, icy cliffs, and there, standing upon the desolate sands, his black, burly figure sharply defined against the pale, winter sky, she saw the form of a man, with Triton leaping and barking around him, and never pausing, never stopping to question or wonder, but impelled by a wild instinct she flew on and on, until she fell breathless and senseless at his feet.

When she awoke to life again she was in the cottage, lying on Bennie's little bed, with the glimmer of the firelight before her, and Bennie himself was hanging over her, patting her cheeks with his chubby hands and kissing her vigorously, his blue eyes shining with a look they had never known before. Then a wild, vague hope thrilled through her, and she started to her feet with a cry that rang above the din of the storm.

Yes, there he stood, bronzed and worn and changed, but with the same honest, kindly eyes, Ben Cudleigh, her own husband. He held out his arms, but she went down prostrate at his feet.

"Oh, Ben! Oh, my husband! my darling forgive me! I know that God has, because He has given you back to me."

And Ben, sobbing like a woman, gathered her up in his strong arms, kissing her lips wildly.

"There's nothing to forgive, Benny," he said, at last, when he had command of his voice. "I was most to blame; I shouldn't have gone off in a pet. But I meant to come back, but our vessel failed to put in at any of the ports, and when she took fire I just escaped with my life. A foreign vessel picked me up and took me to Calcutta. At last, thank God! I am at home."

Berenice did not speak, she only clung to him with her radiant eyes fixed upon his.

Little Bennie, his bare, brown legs showing beneath his scanty night-robe, looked on wistfully for a moment, then stole forward and threw his biggest pine knot on the fire. The blaze went dancing up the chimney, and Triton, shaking the sleet from his shaggy sides, stretched himself before it. Bennie smiled with satisfaction, and crept to his mother's side.

"Mother," he whispered, "shall I make another tea now, for father?" Then lingering a moment and resting his flaxen head against the seaman's shoulder, he said: "I didn't ever forget your last words, father; I have been a good boy to mother. I was grieving so for you that made her look so white and sorry."

And his father, gathering him to his breast as if he were a babe, wept over and embraced him.

"Aye, my lad," he said, "and both mother and you are done grieving for all the rest of your days, if father can make it so."

To exterminate black ants from the pantry, place tansy leaves on the shelves. If that does not grow near by, put air-slaked lime in all the corners or crevices through or by which the ants must pass to reach the food. The lime must be in a finely powdered condition.

The Sun's Heat.

At a royal Institution lecture, Prof. Sir William Thomson expounded the latest dynamical theories regarding the "probable origin, total amount, and possible duration of the sun's heat." During the short 3,000 years or more of which man possesses historic records there was, the learned physicist showed, no trace of variation in solar energy; and there was no distinct evidence of it even, though the earth as a whole, from being nearer the sun, received in January six and one-half per cent. more heat than July.

But in the millions of years which geology carried us back, it might safely be said there must have been great changes. How had the solar fires been maintained during those ages? The scientific answer to this question was the theory of Heimboltz that the sun was a vast globe gradually cooling, but as it cooled shrinking, and that the shrinkage—which was the effect of gravity upon its mass—kept up its temperature. The total of the sun's heat was equal to that which would be required to keep up 476,000 millions of millions horse power, or about 79,000 horse power for every square meter—a little more than a square yard; and yet the modern dynamical theory of heat shows that the sun's mass would require only to fall in or contract thirty-five shocks per annum to keep up that tremendous energy. At this rate the solar radius in 2,000 years' time would be about one hundredth per cent. less than at present.

A time would come when the temperature would fall, and it was thus inconceivable that the sun would continue to emit heat sufficient to sustain existing life on the globe for more than 10,000,000 years. Applying the same principles retrospectively, they could not suppose that the sun had existed more than 20,000,000 years no matter what might have been its origin—whether it came into existence from the clash of worlds pre-existing or of diffused nebular matter. There was a great clinging by geologists and biologists to vastly longer periods, but the physicist, treating it as a dynamic question with calculable elements, could come to no other conclusion materially different from what he had stated.

Sir William Thomson declined to discuss any chemical source of heat, which, whatever its effect when primeval elements first came into contact, was absolutely insignificant compared with the effects of gravity after globes like the sun and the earth had been formed. In all these speculations they were in the end driven to the ultimate elements of matter, to the question—when they thought what became of all the sun's heat—what is the luminiferous ether that fills space, and to that most wonderful form of force upon which Faraday spent so much of the thought of his later years—gravity.

Military Dogs.

Among the thousand and one inventions, appliances, and wonderful uses of men and beasts which German genius has devised to defeat France in case General Boulanger's successor becomes unpleasant, the dog plays a significant role, employed, as he is, as messenger and sentinel. Experiments have been made for nearly a year now, and have proved highly satisfactory. The dog maneuver of the Hunter battalion was decidedly the most interesting of the recent campaign. Several regiments have been furnished with the German shepherd dogs, known for their wisdom the world over. Each one is attached, so to speak, to the person of a soldier, in whom the dog soon recognizes his master, and who conducts his training. While doing duty, the dog is kept with the sentinel, and easily learns the requirements of his post. A few of the experiments performed before Colonel von der Goltz Pacha, who represented the Sultan at the nineteenth birthday of the Emperor, and has since remained to witness the reviews, were surprising. A soldier, taking the dog from the sentinel, marched off on a reconnoitering expedition. After writing his observations, and placing them in a cask about the neck of the brute, the latter was told to return to his master, which he did in an astonishingly short time. One dog employed in this service arrived at his post ten minutes before a mounted Uhlan charged with the same instructions, though the latter rode at desperate speed. But even more than this was accomplished. With a message tied about the neck, as in the former case, the dog was told to seek a distant sentinel and bring a return answer. This he did with great speed, carrying his message directly to his master without fail. It is little wonder that Pacha Goltz was surprised at the success of the experiments given in his honor. And they are truly wonderful for the present, though bidding fair to become a commonplace institution in that great machine, the German army. The consequences and possibilities of the shepherd dog service are apparent to all who know anything of military science, and make their citation superfluous. One thing is certain, that a future war between Germany and any of its neighbors will not be conducted without its dog regiment, which, though not employed in concerted action, will perform service more valuable than the cats of ancient Egypt.

Heating of Cars.

Governor Hill has signed the bill passed by the New York Legislature regulating the heating of steam cars, and it is now law. The statute makes it unlawful for any steam railroad after May 1, 1888, to heat its passenger cars on other than mixed trains by any stove or furnace kept inside the cars or suspended therefrom, except it may be lawful in case of accident or other emergency temporarily to use any such stove or furnace with necessary fuel. Provided that in cars which have been equipped with apparatus to heat by steam, hot water, or hot air from the locomotive, or from a special car, the present stove may be retained to be used only when the car is standing still, and provided also that this act shall not apply to railroads less than fifty miles in length, nor to the use of stoves, of a pattern and kind to be approved by the Railroad Commissioners, for cooking purposes in dining room cars.

The Washington Star says that a West Virginian named Brown was at the Pension Bureau to furnish evidence in a claim pending before the office. It was learned upon inquiry that his mother had borne thirty-three children in all. Twenty of this number were boys, sixteen of whom had served in the Union army. Two were killed. The other fourteen survive. Each of them draws a pension from the government for disabilities received while in the service. The death of the two boys entitles the mother to a pension also.

Indian Horsemanship.

About fifty young Indians on ponies drew up in front of the tents in war paint and feathers and were as fine a looking set of young fellows as I had ever seen. Hardly one but was six feet in height and beautifully proportioned. They sat their horses like centaurs and were ease and grace itself in the saddle. At a signal from the chief they began their movements with a yell that sent the blood curdling to the heart and was enough, if heard unawares or in the night time, to make one's hair stand on end. In a moment they had disappeared over a neighboring hill to the right, and I thought they had gone, but, hearing a mighty trampling of horses, I looked to the left and there they came. I can compare it to nothing but the wind, and they swept by so swift and compact that they looked like a ball of horses and men. Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left and again disappeared. In about two minutes the two bodies charged each other in solid lines, and I waited breathlessly for the shock, but as the horses' heads almost touched each other the files skillfully opened to the right and left and the lines passed through the intervals without touching. Wheeling to the right about they passed back in an instant and again disappeared over the hills. It was about 15 minutes before they came in sight, and Friday informed me they were blowing their horses. Presently on they came and wheeled by fours, formed columns, broke by fours and finally deployed as skirmishers. It was now we saw the finest individual horsemanship. Some would approach lying so close to the pony's back nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood up and rode as circus men do. Some would hang with one foot and one hand on the horse and sweep by, their bodies completely protected by the bodies of the animals. Some leaped upon the ground holding to the mane of the horse, and after running a step or two would swing themselves up on the backs of the horses again as easily as any circus man could do it. The positions they assumed and the feats of horsemanship which they performed were incredible, and I doubt if anything outside of a circus ring ever equalled it. They would throw objects on the ground and pick them up again while passing at full speed, the warriors hanging to the sides of the horses with one foot and one hand. They drew bows and shot arrows from underneath the necks and even bellies of their horses while riding at a fast gallop. They exchanged horses while riding, and got behind each other. One man would fall off his horse as if wounded, and two others would ride up beside him, and taking him by an arm and leg, swing him between their horses and carry him off. The exhibition, or drill, lasted nearly two hours, and the men and horses were completely exhausted. The young men were very proud of the manner in which they had acquitted themselves, and I could imagine the feelings of their parents and sweethearts. The performers were much worn out, some of them being hardly able to stand after their violent exercise, and all evening I saw them lying in the lodges, where the Indian women brought them food and water, bathed their hands, arms and limbs, and combed their hair.—[Ex.]

The Garden of Egypt.

At the beginning of March the gardens of Egypt are wonderful; the orange and lemon trees spread their most pungent odor; the rose trees are covered with innumerable flowers; the palms, with their green and white crowns, swing there in the wind; the oleanders there border the avenues; on the lawns, anemones, annual and perpetual flowering pinks, chrysanthemums, violets, zinnias, periwinkles, snap-dragons, mignonette, pansies, and petunias blend their innumerable colors with the green of the trees, bushes, and shrubs. Groups of bamboo lift here and there their long green or golden stems, crowned with an immense plume of pretty little trembling leaves. One comprehends on seeing these stems which assume in a few months enormous proportions, the cruelly ingenious punishment of the Chinese in binding criminal to a young bamboo. The plant grows and the wretch is quartered in a few weeks. No wood is lighter or more useful than that of the bamboo. One does not understand why the Egyptians neglect to plant it along the canals and on every cultivated land, where it grows so well. But what gives, at least during winter and spring, the most smiling aspect to the Egyptian gardens are the great sheets of rose bougainvilleas that cling to the walls, the trees and groups of foliage, and which display everywhere the varied and exquisite tints of their flowers. The bougainvilleas is certainly the finest of climbing plants. During five months it flowers under the winter sun, takes shades of extreme delicacy—one might say a light rose trail, the intensity of which every play of light varies. The aloe, the agave, attach themselves on rocky slopes. On the banks of the water-courses the blue lotus and the papyrus still revive antique reminiscences. Grass cannot be raised in Egypt. The layer of soil is so thin that the sun dries it up immediately, and unless the grass be constantly submerged, it turns yellow and perishes at once. It is not the heat alone that produces this result, for there is very much fine grass in the tropics; but the heat, accompanied with the shallowness of the soil, renders the culture of grass impossible in Egypt. It is with difficulty that a few isolated blades of grass sprout during winter along the Nile and the canals; they disappear as soon as spring begins, so that everywhere in the country where artificial cultivation finishes, the dry and bare desert begins. It the place of grass a pretty little verbenacea is used, and this is encountered everywhere, the same as grass is encountered in America.

Superstitions About Funerals.

It is bad luck to whistle or hum the air that a band plays at a funeral. If two persons think and express the same thought at the same time, one of them will die before the year passes. If two young girls are combing the hair of a third at the same time, it may be taken for granted that the youngest of the three will soon die. If at the cemetery there be any unusual delay in burying the dead, caused by any unlooked-for circumstances, such as the tomb being too small to hold the coffin, it is a sign that the deceased is selecting a companion from among those present, and one of the mourners must soon die.

The Royal Plate of England.

The royal plate is probably the finest in the world. It is usually kept in two strong rooms at Windsor Castle, and is valued at £2,000,000. The gold service, which was purchased by George IV. from Rundell & Bridge, dines 139 persons, and the silver wine cooler, which he bought about the same time, holds two men, who could sit in it comfortably. It is enclosed with plate glass, and the splendid chasing occupied two years. There are some quaint old pieces in the royal collection which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, having been taken from the Spanish Armada, and others were brought from India, Burmah, and China, and there is one cup which belonged to Charles XII. of Sweden.

The vases, cups, candelabra and fancy pieces are usually displayed on the huge sideboards at each end of the table of St. George's Hall when a state banquet takes place. There is a peacock of precious stones valued at £40,000. The body and tail are composed of solid gold, profusely studded with pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The Tiger's head, known as Tippoo's foot-stool, is formed of silver gilt, with eyes of rock crystal and a tongue of solid gold. These two trophies of oriental extravagance were taken at Seringapatam, and presented subsequently to George III. There are an immense number of gold shields, some of which are richly ornamented. One of these was formed of snuff boxes under the direction of George IV., and is valued at £10,000. There are 30 dozen of plates, which were bought by that sovereign at a cost of £11,000.

Bitten by a Dog.

One of the most remarkable incidents relative to the affliction termed the rabies has come to light. The victim is John Allis, of Pittsburg, Pa. The story is as follows: Seven years ago a small terrier, belonging to a Mr. Mangle, bit him. Since then, he has remained in constant terror of anything approaching the semblance of a dog. As often as the month of July, the month in which he was bitten, occurs, he has given exhibitions of the most peculiar character. These, for the most part, consist of his showing a disposition to bark and bite at whatever he sees or imagines in this strange state.

One Sunday night this passion swept into oblivion everything else which came into his mind. So alarmed were his immediate friends at the attack that they thought it necessary to summon a physician. Dr. Barclay was called, and did all in his power to soothe the overwrought nerves of the invalid. It is alleged that upon the occasion in question he set upon and would have lacerated with his teeth the members of his family present.

One of the singular features of the man's affection is that he was warned at the time of its appearance, that should it occur the seventh time, he should die from the effects. He was told at the time that either instant death or strangulation must ensue to save his friends from the contagion of his disease. A pathetic feature of the case is that the man married but a few months ago a Miss Wagner of a neighboring township. He told her during the courtship of the fatal evil which possessed him. Despite of this she married him. Their domestic life has been of the happiest.

The Czar's Ambition.

According to the Vienna *Tagblatt*, the Czar's highest aim is to be crowned "Emperor of Asia" on the site of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Crimean war had its origin in the quarrels over the holy places in Palestine, and was a continuation of the conflict between east and west which the crusades left still unsettled. Every step of the Russians towards Constantinople is thus a step toward Jerusalem. It is of great significance that the Emperor Alexander III. confides much more upon the power of religious enthusiasm than either of his predecessors did. He wished to procure a more official and ostentatious consecration of his religious authority, and to have his position emphasized as the supreme protector of the eastern churches and the orthodox faith, and so rally all the Greek-Oriental churches and peoples around the person and office of the Czar as the Constantine and Justinian of the modern world. This bold project has been long in preparation, is never lost sight of in any diplomatic movement, and no sacrifice of money is thought too great to secure this end. Numbers of settlements of eastern monks, of apparently harmless and unpretending character, have been and are being founded, and Russia finds the money for the purchase of the land.

Flowers as Ornaments.

The summer parasol, whose bright colors glisten picturesquely along the park drives or on the promenade, has a rosette of roses or a big bunch of daisies fastened to the top of its stick or tied by a broad ribbon, especially attached for that purpose, half way down one of its curving ribs. At the latest dinners that have marked the last gasps of an expiring season four-leaved clovers have been the favorite decorations and Scotch pinks and bluebells have been handed to the guests. At the June weddings the slippers to be thrown after a bride and groom are formed entirely of roses, and curtains marking off the alcove where the happy pair take their stand before the minister, have had long trailing garlands of blossoms thrown over them, and other flowers by dozens and hundreds mounted on long wires draped in their folds, the whole making floral hangings of the most luxurious sort. Yellow baskets, filled with yellow orchids and covered with yellow daisies on the outside, blue baskets of rushes lined with blue silk and filled with violets, forget-me-nots and blue pansies, sweet pea baskets crowded with fragrant bloom. Rebecca baskets of rushes holding pitchers that will carry a morsel of water, and filled with marsh grasses and the blue iris, are the summer holiday good-bye gifts that are lavished on every woman as she packs her trunks to leave town.

The will of a Kingston (N. Y.) woman gives all her property to her husband for life, or "so long as he shall remain unmarried." And why not? Surely sauce for the goose should be fit sauce for the gander.

A man, a span of horses and a wagon loaded with stone fell along with a bridge near Port Elgin the other day. The fall was 40 feet, but neither man, horse nor wagon was in any way injured. So, at least, the local papers say.

Australian Horse-Breaking.

The method of "breaking in" a young horse in Australia is graphically pictured in "Advance Australia." It is very rare, the author says, to find a really pleasant horse to ride in the Bush. They are all badly broken in, and have nearly always had their tempers spoiled when quite young, so that they generally have some disagreeable tricks. There are men who make a living by breaking in young horses, going round the stations and contracting to break in a "mob" at thirty shillings a head. Considering the way in which it is done, it is no wonder that Australian horses "buck" and are generally vicious.

A lot of young horses are run into a yard, most of which have probably never seen a man within a quarter of a mile since they were foals, and have certainly never been in a yard more than once in their lives.

The horse-breaker picks out one, and with the help of another man, runs it into a small yard by itself. If the animal is not very nervous, with a little patience he will be able to go up and handle it, and get a bridle over its head. If all other ways fail, he has to lasso it.

The next thing is to sneak a saddle on to it, the wretched animal standing shaking and shivering with fright the whole time. The horse-breaker is most likely a mar that no living horse can throw by any means short of rolling on him; so he blindfolds the horse, and gets straight on its back.

His mate removes the bandage from its eyes, and the rider sticks the spurs into the horse, and makes it buck till it can buck no more. He then leaves it for a few hours with the saddle on, and having repeated the process on two subsequent days, he hands it over to the owner as broken in, and it is probably turned out for six months into the Bush.

The horse-breaker is not the least afraid of the horse's bucking, and will, perhaps, make it do so on purpose to display his powers of riding, or rather, sticking on.

The performance of bucking is peculiar to Australian horses, and one who has not seen them at it would not believe the rapid contortions of which they are capable. In bucking, a horse tucks his head between his fore-legs, sometimes striking his jaw with his hind feet.

The back, meantime, is arched like a boiled prawn's; and in this position the animal makes a series of tremendous bounds, sometimes forward, sometimes sideways and backwards, keeping it up for several minutes, with intervals of a few seconds, and occasionally falling flat down and rolling over his rider, if he fails to get rid of him in any other way.

What is the Infinite.

What is the infinite? We do not know, for to limit the infinite would be to destroy its conception. But we feel that it exists, and here we have reached the portals of belief. The first and the last, the highest and the deepest, is never known, only believed. Belief is sufficient for the judge to decide about honor, liberty, even the life of his fellow-man. It forms the bases upon which rest the sciences of nature and with which they fall. It is true knowledge which the historians record for us? Was Cicero a mere conceited babbler, as described by Mommsen, or was he a deep thinker, a powerful orator, as celebrated by hundreds of historians and poets? Did Ranke judge Frederick the Great correctly, or is not rather Arne right in his description of that man? Only belief guided the judgment of these men.

Analogous to the practical belief of the historian is the religious belief of the heart. We believe in a voice within us and in progressive development, in the existence of a divine Being, and in that way, through belief, reach a dominion which does not belong to knowledge, but which no truly knowing man would dare to touch. In that sense already, Kant in the past century spoke in favor of belief in the renowned sentence: "If we could comprehend him, he would be no God."

Sorrow.

Sorrow is one of the keenest tests that can be applied to humanity. It is the furnace that distinguishes the gold from the wood, hay, and stubble. Until "purposes are broken off" and plans are smitten with collapse and ideals are destroyed, men do not usually know the depth of their selfishness nor the rebellions of their wills. Disappointment and sorrow reveal the thoughts and intents and often the idolatry of the heart. "Who has not known ill fortune never knew himself or his own virtue." Calm and sunshine never develop the seaman's skill or illustrate his capacity. But storms and cyclones draw on his resources and utilize all his powers. So in matters spiritual. Every soul realizes at some period of life, "other refuge have I none." Then will it appear "their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

A Cat Doctor.

There is a cat doctor who runs a drug store in Washington who, it is said, is doing the most thriving practice of any alleviator of the ills of the feline and canine races of any man in his profession in the country. This physician has the highest class of callers of any professional man in the city, as only the most aristocratic can afford to have an expert wait upon their pets. At times as many as three or four carriages, owned by the most refined and wealthy people at the National capital, are drawn up in front of the drug store and office, and his business is so large that customers with their patients have to wait their turns, like men in barber shops. It is seldom that men enter the drug store or office for the purpose of receiving a professional call from the doctor. They are almost invariably women.

The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear; dust cuts the fiber of woven goods.

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of a teacher the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense; and no woman will give up a \$60 position for a \$10 man," was the reply.

Sam Jones recently preached four days in Henry County, Kentucky, without making a single convert. At the close of his last sermon he remarked:—"The sermon which I have just preached at you was the one which converted Sam Small. I therefore thought it ought to make at least one convert here, but I had forgotten that this congregation is composed of citizens of Henry County."