

## GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN.

Silence reigned in the darkness  
But out from the fire-place old,  
Up to the darkening rafters  
There shot a gleam of gold.

Lighting the face of the dial  
On the ancient family clock,  
Showing the chairs and tables  
Of good old Puritan stock.

The tins on the dresser shining,  
The sand on the whitened floor,  
And grandfather's flint-lock musket  
Above the high-latched door.

The spinning-wheel in the corner,  
The silhouettes on the wall,  
And shining upon the dresser  
Decanters straight and tall.

The shadows danced and deepened,  
The corners filled with gloom,  
The sparks died out on the hearthstone  
And darkness filled the room.

## Weighed in the Balance.

### A True Story.

Solomon Speed was a builder by occupation, a hard-working, calculating, saving man, who had come to Belmont when the town was new, attracted thither by promise of much occupation in the line of his calling. He was a good mechanic, a very fair architect, competent to superintend the erection of any ordinary building, and able to do much of the better class of work with his own hands. He was also a shrewd man. When he had thoroughly inspected the town and its surroundings, he saw that its possibilities were great, and all the money he could raise and all the credit he cared to ask were invested in land. And he did not mistake. He lived to see land that he had bought at the rate of fifty dollars per acre, sold for one dollar per square foot. He built for himself a large and comfortable dwelling, in the new town, feeling well assured that he was settled down for the remainder of his life.

Solomon Speed had three children—three sons—Nathan, Thomas, and Peter, aged respectively, eighteen, ten and four. This four years old son was the child of a second wife, married after Mr. Speed had built his new house in Belmont; and we may say here that the two elder sons were never quite reconciled to their father's second marriage. They had inherited all his shrewdness, and, having seen that wealth was likely to flow in upon their father, they did not take kindly to the idea of an increase in the number of his heirs. The step-mother they never ill-treated—that they dared not do—but they never liked her, nor were they ever heartily kind to her. After little Peter had become large enough and strong enough to creep around upon his hands and knees, and upon to stand upon his feet, the two brothers, large and strong, sometimes spoke pleasantly to him, and would pick him up when he fell; but they never kissed him; they never gave him brotherly love.

But the child was not without a playmate of his own sex. In the family, adopted by Solomon Speed, was a boy named Robert Ashworth, a son and only child of his—Speed's only sister. His father had died when Robert was an infant, and his mother had survived her husband but a few years. On her deathbed she had called her brother to her side, and begged of him that he would take care of her boy; and he had promised that he would do so. Robert was at that time five years old, just the age of Thomas, and from that time he had been one of the family, enjoying all the advantages of life and education that his two cousins enjoyed. But with dawning of better times—as the prospect of wealth opened upon the family—the aspect of Robert's situation changed somewhat. As Solomon Speed began to gain more money than he could spend, he became more and more inclined to save; and he came, in time, to look upon his sister's child as a burden which he ought not to bear. And the same feelings found life in the bosoms of Nathan and Thomas. As their prospects grew brighter and brighter, they began to cherish the fear that they might be called upon, in some way, to share with Robert, their "pauper cousin," as they had called him more than once.

Robert Ashworth loved the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired child, and never tired of carrying him in his arms, and playing with him in all sorts of ways. In fact, the time came—it had come at the time that we open the story—when little Peter and his mother were the poor cousin's only friends—the only ones who loved him, and contributed to his happiness.

At the age of sixteen Robert concluded that he had been a burden upon his uncle long enough, and he suggested that it might be well for him to go out into the world and seek his own fortune. Uncle Solomon thought the same; and Nathan and Thomas both coincided; and the uncle, stipulating that the boy should never trouble him more—should never appeal to him for money—offered to give him one hundred dollars in money. The lad had thought his uncle would give him something; but this condition aroused his indignation and he would not take a penny. He had ten dollars, saved in two years, and he would make that answer. Mrs. Speed, who was becoming thin, and pale, and weak, wept with bitter grief as she held his hand for the last time; and from little Peter he was forced to tear himself away.

Time passed on. Mrs. Speed received two letters from Robert—once written at St. Louis, and the other away toward the Rocky mountains. She answered them both. In the last she confessed that she was very weak, with little hope of life remaining. At the end of a year and a half he wrote his third letter, from the Pacific coast, bidding her that she should direct her answer to San Francisco. He was going away to the mountains, beyond Sonora, but a friend in

San Francisco would forward it to him. Another year passed, at the end of which time his last letter to Mrs. Speed was returned to him. She was dead; and the wanderer wrote no more letters to his old home.

Ten years more had passed, when Robert Ashworth—now a strong, rugged brown-faced, full-bearded man, of eight-and-twenty—met a man who had come from Belmont within a year. From this man he learned that Solomon Speed was dead, and that the two older sons were carrying on the business. They were both married and had families, and were looked upon as being very wealthy. At all events, they were proud and aristocratic.

Five years more, and Robert again heard from the old home—this time meeting with a man whom he had known in the days of his boyhood. Nathan and Thomas Speed were still flourishing, their business being simply the looking after their real estate and personal property, and in spreading the glitter of their wealth before the world. Their half-brother, Peter, had grown to be a man of one-and-twenty, and was hard at work in one of the mills belonging to them. By some sort of hocus-pocus he had been left poor at his father's death—dependent entirely upon his elder brothers. Robert's informant could not fully explain; but he believed that old Solomon, by his will, had left everything to Nathan and Thomas, making them joint-guardians to Peter, the boy at that time having been only nine years of age.

And still years sped on. Robert Ashworth, in the way of money-making, was fortunate. A strong, healthful, honorable man, dealing justly with all, and respecting the rights of all with whom he came in contact, he made friends wherever he went, and made no enemies. Early in his mountain experience he struck a prolific mine, and bought it. When he erected his shanty on his land there was not another human habitation within fifteen miles of him. At the end of twenty years, still living upon the same spot where he had first erected his simple cabin of logs, and clay, and birch-bark thatching, he was father of a town of four thousand inhabitants—it's mayor and its chief man in every way.

Five-and-thirty years had now elapsed since Robert Ashworth left the eastern home to seek his fortune, and the fickle dame had never, in all that time, played him false. Only, he had found no society in which he cared to spend the calm evening of his days. His heart turned longingly back upon the old home. In all the years of his wanderings he had seen no woman whom he could love well enough to make her his wife; and he prayed that he might yet find a faithful bosom upon which he could rest his weary head in trustful confidence and love. So he offered all his Dorado property for sale and though people were pained to see him leaving them, yet they gladly bid for his valuable estate.

When all his business had been settled, and the balance sheet brought to him by his private secretary for inspection, he was truly surprised. At first he could not believe it. He had known that his property was extensive and valuable; and he had known also that his bank account was large, seeing that he owned the bulk of the bank himself; but when he looked at the foot of the column of totals, and saw the sum total of all—saw it running away into the millions—when he was assured that he read aright, and that the figures did not lie, he was astonished.

Government bonds had then come into the market, and had already reached a premium. His first movement on reaching San Francisco, was to lock three million dollars safely up in registered bonds. The money was deposited with the sub-treasurer there, with orders that the bonds should be sent to his address at New York. After paying for the bonds he had left between one and two hundred thousand dollars in gold, of which he reserved sufficient to pay his expenses on the road, placing the rest in banks, and taking a draft on New York, in exchange, which draft for security's sake, he gave into the hands of a reliable express company. And it was well he did so, for between the Great Salt Lake and Cheyenne, his pockets were picked of every dollar he had with him.

Arriving in New York, Robert first looked after his bonds and his draft. The bonds were safe and awaiting his call, while the draft arrived on the very day of his own arrival, having come on the same train.

And now for his visit to Belmont. If he could not find a loving heart there, then he knew nowhere to look. But if he was to find true love it must not be known that he was wealthy. No, the love his heart yearned for was a pure, loyal love for poor Bobby Ashworth, just as he was when he set forth to seek his fortune. So he went to a clothing store where second-hand garments were sold, and purchased a full suit as sadly worn and faded as he could feel comfortable in, clad in which he set forth on his trial trip.

Arrived at Belmont—and the steamers took him to the very center of the town—he found the place wonderfully grown. Where he had left green fields and tangled hedges, were now broad streets, flanked with stores and dwellings. In short, the place had grown to full six times its size five-and-thirty years before. At the smallest and poorest public house he stopped and ordered supper; and, while it was being prepared, he asked after the Speeds. Did any one present know them? Yes, a man was sitting there, in the barroom, who had formerly worked for them, said he:

"Well, stranger, it would be very difficult to tell you just how they stand. If you could take 'em for what they think of themselves, they'd be two of the biggest men in creation. That's Nathan and Thomas. About a score of years ago they got to playin' the big-bug entirely. They let out the mills, and went to livin' on the interest of their money; and it's my opinion 'at they've come to dippin' pretty deep into their principal. Howsomer-ever they're proud enough."

"And Peter Speed—what has become of him?"

"O, he is here—the same poor, hard-workin' uncomf'rit man he always was. He did one spell, drink a little too much; but he finally married a woman that made a saved man of him."

"But didn't his father leave him anything?"

"Not outright. The old man, somehow, got set against the boy—thought he was wild and frolicsome, and unsafe to be trusted with money; so he left him in the care of his two older brothers."

"Well," pursued Robert, "and what have they done for him?"

"Really, stranger, I don't like to say anything against them two men; but if the truth was told I think it would come out 'at they meant, from the first, to have the whole property in their own hands. For a time they refused to let the poor fellow have money on the plea that he would drink it all up; and then, when he fell in love with Kitty Moore, they told him if he married her they would cast him off forever. You see, Kitty, bless her sweet face! eye and bless her noble heart, too! Kitty was a poor girl—an orphan—workin' in one of the mills; and the big-feelin' men thought it would be a stain on them if their brother should marry her. Howsomer-ever, Peter took his own way. He married the dear girl, and he's the father of five as pretty children as you ever set eyes on, and as happy as can be, not-with-standin' he has to dig pretty hard to keep the wolf from the door."

It was just in the edge of the evening—a chill autumn evening—that the door-bell was rung at the aristocratic residence of the Hon. Nathan Speed, and shortly afterwards a servant announced that a man wished to speak with the master.

Nathan Speed had grown to be a man of four-and-fifty, red-faced and obese; dressed in a satin house-robe; pride stamped in every feature. His wife sitting near by, was the same. Her face betrayed the use of the wine cup, while the sparkle of many diamonds told where much of her husband's money had gone.

What a sight for the proud man to meet in his own front hall! A stout-broad-shouldered man; brown-visaged and full bearded; habited in a poverty-stricken garb, and evidently very poor.

"Nathan! don't you know me?—your cousin Robert? Ah, I've had hard luck on the road. Beyond Cheyenne I was robbed of every dollar I had with me, and—"

"Hold on!" The proud man raised his hand. He wanted to hear no more. He knew of no claims which his cousin could have on him. And further: "You promised your uncle you would never again apply for help."

"Have I asked for help?"

"No; but it was coming."

"No, Nathan; you mistake. I only ask a friend."

"Then you'd better go and hunt up your cousin Peter. He would make a boon companion for you, I doubt not."

Robert got away as quick as possible, resolved next to call upon his cousin Thomas.

He found Thomas at home, and clearly under the influence of wine—not intoxicated, but his blood unduly heated thereby. And Thomas was even more harsh and unkind than Nathan had been and he, too, tauntingly advised the poor wanderer to go and seek his cousin Peter, as one who would be a fitting companion for him.

And to Peter Speed's poor cottage Robert made his way. And not even a poor roof to cover his head had the wealthy brothers given to their half brother. The cottage, really belonging to Nathan, was hired of an agent; and more than once the poor man had come very near being turned out for non-payment of rent.

"What!" cried Peter, when the wayfarer had made himself known. "Is it Bob? Don't deceive me. Come in where it is light." And he led the newcomer into the little kitchen, where the supper table stood, with the remains of the evening meal upon it. By the lamp-light Robert saw a woman—the sweetest-faced woman, he thought he had ever seen,—standing near the table; and near by—two of them at the table, two sitting at the stove, while one clung to its mother's dress—were five children, the oldest not more than twelve.

"And I know you! Yes I can see the dear old face, notwithstanding the years and the brown tan, and the beard. Robert! old fellow! bless your dear, true heart! how are you?"

They shook hands; a few more words, and then Peter exclaimed:

"Oh! Kitty! in all the days of my early childhood, saying only my sainted mother, this was the only true and loving friend I had—my cousin Robert. I was but a wee bit of an urchin when he went away, but I can remember how my mother had to tear my arms from his neck as tho' it had been but yesterday."

Kitty greeted the man cordially, though at first inclined to be shy. At length she said, with a smile that captured cousin Bob forever:

"Really, cousin Robert, I ought not to feel that you are a stranger. Peter has talked of you so much and so often, and with so much warmth in his heart, that I have regarded you more in the character of a true brother than anything else."

A few more words, and then Philip bethought himself that his cousin might be hungry. But no. He had eaten a hearty supper just before dark.

"I ate at the little tavern at the lower end of the village, and shall spend the night there."

"Spend—the night—there! You will, eh? How's that, Kitty?"

"I think we can make him comfortable," the wife said.

"Well, I think so, too, Robert."

By and by, after three of the children—the youngest—had been kissed all around and put to bed, and, by the way, the little four-years-old Robert, named after the elder of the ilk, cried lustily when they tore him away from "Uncle Robert"—he was to be uncle to them—after this said Peter, in his frank, hearty, off-hand way:

"Say, old fellow, I suppose you have come home somewhat under the weather, eh?"

Robert told him that he had left San Francisco with between two and three hundred dollars in his pocket, but he had been robbed between Great Salt Lake and Cheyenne of every dollar of it. "I went to sleep in the car," he explained, "at night, and must have been poisoned on top of that."

"Well, well," cried Peter, giving him a friendly pat on the knee, and speaking from the heart, "don't you worry. Thank God, you have health and strength. We'll fix you up a good comfortable shake-down here; old fellow, and we'll look around and see what can be done. I wish you could find work here and live with us. You shan't pay a penny more than it costs us. Anyhow, here's your home for now, Robert."

Robert said he would think of it, and he told the story of his visit to the mansions of Nathan and Thomas. Peter's brow contracted and his face grew dark. He said but little. "For my Kitty's sake," he whispered, "I never speak the names of those men when I can avoid it."

It was very near the hour of midnight when the trio began to think of bed. As they arose from their seats Robert took a hand of Peter's and one of Kitty's, and so held them while he spoke. His voice was tremulous, and his eyes were brimming.

"Peter!—Kitty!—True hearts!—I don't want you to be spending the night in speculations upon the future. I came back to the old home resolved that I would put my three cousins into the balance and weigh them. I have done it, and you know the result. I told you I was robbed on the road. So I was, but I had taken the precaution to send my fortune on ahead of me; so I only lost the trifle I had reserved for expenses on my journey."

"Dear hearts! When I came to reckon up my possessions, six months ago, and found myself the owner of more money than I could ever spend, I felt the need of the one thing that was not mine—a true heart to love—a heart to love me in return—and somebody to help me to enjoy my wealth. There! Now to bed, and on the morrow we will consider. One thing, my dear Peter—your days of digging and delving are past and gone. Kitty."

He drew her gently towards him, and she kissed him—a sweet, sisterly kiss, warmed with dewy eyes, and a loving smile, but she could not speak.

On the following morning Robert learned for the first time that the grand residences of Nathan and Thomas Speed were for sale. They had reached the end of their financial means, and wished to sell out and leave the place.

Then Robert sat down, with Peter and Kitty, and frankly gave them a statement of his wealth. At first Peter could hardly believe that he had heard aright; while, as for Kitty, she could not comprehend the vastness of the sum; but they finally knew this: They were to be Robert's chosen companions thenceforth; to fear the wolf—they and their little ones—no more forever.

Robert went to New York, where he engaged an agent—who was to work in his own name—to come to Belmont and purchase every piece of property that Speed Brothers had to sell.

There was great wonderment when it was known that a stranger had purchased all the Speed property and that wonderment was increased tenfold when a week later, it became known that Robert Ashworth was the purchaser, and that the palatial mansion of Nathan Speed had been deeded to his half-brother, Peter.

Aye, and more still; to Peter Speed, and to Peter's wife and children, had duly made over all the mills, and houses, and lands, clear of all encumbrance, formerly belonging to the others aforesaid.

But who shall tell the feelings of Nathan and Thomas when it came to them that the poor wayfarer—the brown-faced cousin—whom they had so harshly turned from their doors, was the "power behind the throne" that had furnished all the money? Oh! the torture of their vain regret and deep chagrin was terrible. But that was not the worst. The worst came when Nathan's wife was brought to the need of applying to cousin Robert for help.

The crowning joy was yet to come—a joy of which Robert Ashworth had often dreamed, but which he had never dared to promise himself. After Peter and Kitty moved into the great house, Kitty's sister Mary came to visit them. Polly was the name by which she was always called. She was two years older than her sister, possessing the same sweet face, and loving heart, honest heart. Robert fell desperately in love at sight, and she very soon loved him in return. When she came to wind her arms around his neck, and nestle fondly and confidingly upon his bosom, he knew that it was himself she loved, and his cup of joy was full to the brim.

## Tupper's Financial Troubles.

A movement is on foot in England to honor Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet, with a pecuniary testimonial of esteem, which, it is stated, will be most opportune. Mr. Tupper is now seventy-four years of age, and has been engaged in literary work for more than half a century. "One curious feature in this appeal," says the London Echo, "is the statement that, although 'Proverbial Philosophy' had had a world wide circulation, its author has not reaped that pecuniary advantage from its sale to which in fairness he ought to be entitled, and that this has been the case especially in America, where one-and-a-half million copies have been sold without the author's obtaining the slightest financial benefit. We hope this appeal will touch the Americans. If they were to discharge the moral debts they owe to English literary men, they would have to send across the Atlantic at least thrice the amount of the Alabama claims."

## California Grape-Growing.

Grape-growing in California pays about as well as any form of agricultural industry, even without discounting the extravagant stories told about the profits of orange culture. The Napa Register tells of a vine grower in Green Valley who has a vineyard comprising only twenty-one acres, but these yielded enough to enable him to ship 100 tons of grapes to a wine cellar in Napa City, and 9000 boxes of 35 pounds each to San Francisco, and still keeps on hand ten tons for his own use. The grapes thus shipped by him sold for \$30 per ton in

Napa City and at two cents per pound in San Francisco, giving him \$5100. The entire cost for growing and selling the fruit was \$830, leaving him a net profit of over \$4300, or more than \$2000 an acre. Wheat-growing, even with the most successful crops, could not have paid over \$80 an acre. The land that yielded so bountifully could have originally been bought outright for much less than the profits of a single year.

## Passing Events.

In a copy of the Massachusetts Centinel of June 20, 1787, an advertisement appears which reads as follows: "Wine Cellar—Thomas Wells, respectfully acquaints the public in general, and his customers in a particular manner, that he has opened a wine cellar under the Old South Meeting House, etc." Nearly a hundred years ago.

The French medical journals have recently been discussing the relation of the teeth to the brain, and their conclusions are of considerable importance to all brain workers. It seems to have been clearly established that excessive and prolonged mental labor causes the teeth to decay by consuming the phosphates which would otherwise nourish the dental structures; and Dr. Champroniers therefore recommends that parents and guardians should pay close attention to the condition of the teeth of those under their care, and should, when any sign of premature decay are noticed, give their charges a holiday.

New England mills now turn out first rate "Turkey Red" table cloths and the "Syrna" rugs that are made at Philadelphia are pronounced as good as those made at Syrna itself. The new world is getting rid of the old world's secrets of industrial art and skill, but there is more to be done in that direction and right there is the need and value of industrial education.

They are 525 persons on the pay-roll of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, and it takes 700 guests to clear expenses, while 400 is a high figure for the number stopping there at any one time thus far, and the States for some reason has even less.

A British newspaper prints a letter from an exceptionally innocent correspondent, who, having read the latest yarn about Noah's Ark, goes on to say: "In these days of skepticism and rank infidelity, when men scoff at the truthfulness of the word of God, yea, there are those among us even professing Christianity who doubt the authenticity of the Pentateuch. Many there are also who disbelieve in the Old Testament altogether and look upon it as an obsolete book. In these days, therefore, it is refreshing to hear from what may be considered a reliable source that Noah's Ark has been discovered." This excellent gentleman has been very badly taken in. He should be put into the ark.

The following was the estimated railway mileage of the world on Jan. 1, 1883: United States, 113,000; Europe, 109,000; Asia, 8000; South America, 7000; Canada 8500; Australia, 3200; Africa, 22000; Mexico, 21000—grand total, 253,000 miles. These figures are not exact, as it is impossible to obtain official returns within a year or two after date, and so it is necessary to use the latest available statements and add the probable number of miles of road that may have been built in different countries since the time the latest statistics published with authority were issued.

Mr. Frank Bird, of Massachusetts, is recovering from a severe attack of rheumatism, which has recently been troubling him. Fifteen years ago this sturdy invalid was told by his physician that he must either die or give up the two daily luxuries of his life—strong coffee and cigars. Mr. Bird meditated a while and then replied: "Well, if I've got to give up all the pleasures of life I might as well die at once." And he has continued to smoke cigars and drink coffee ever since.

In her recent letter to the London Times on the vexed question of international copyright, "Ouida" is not very complimentary to the United States. "It is of no use," she says, "to talk of honest or honorable feeling to the American nation as regards English literature. They say with cynical frankness that so long as they can steal it for nothing it does not serve their purpose to pay for it. I, for one, never hope to see them abandon this position. When they do, their commercial morality will be purer than it is at present. The 'dime novel' suits their purses and their tastes, and European authors are sacrificed without any scruple, that America may be supplied with this ugly and ill-printed production of an 'advanced civilization.'"

## California Brandy.

The San Francisco Chronicle thinks we must send to California, when we get sick, for pure brandy. It says: "Nearly all the brandies used in commerce are colored, which admits the admixture of foreign ingredients without detection. The pure brandies are pale in hue, having no other color than that derived from the wood of the casks in which they are kept. Were coloring matter entirely disused it is obvious that the difficulties attending the sophistication of liquors would be greatly increased. In this general deterioration of liquor and scarcity of pure stimulants it is evident that California is one of the few regions of the world where unadulterated brandies must be looked for. Our native wines, thanks to the intelligent influence of the state Viticultural society, are kept pure. Our brandies, though a small amount of coloring matter is used by some makers to give the hue which most purchasers consider a test of their quality, have not been to any appreciable extent adulterated."

The late Seth Turner of Randolph, Mass., left \$25,000 to found a school in that town, and bequeathed \$10,000 to the Randolph town library.