

THE OWL.

There is no flame of sunset on the hill,
There is no fume of twilight in the plain;
The day is dead, the wind is weird and shrill;
Amid the gloom the shrouded shapes of rain
Glide to and fro with stealthy feet and still,
And wider than the wood's autumnal mean
A voice wails through the night, "Alone, alone!"

He bids dip down a moment in its flight
To fill the silence fall of sudden song;
The immemorial music of the night,
When stars are few and twilight lingers long,
Is hushed; with lone, sharp sound of wintry
blight,
The cricket quavers near the sheltered stone—
And hark! the haunting cry, "Alone, alone!"

Wan mists on level marsh and meadow rise,
Like spectral lakes along whose cloudy gleams
Dark boats are driven, unseen of mortal eyes,
Towards some dim coast, some island-vaile of
dreams,
While on this desolate shore some watcher cries
To friends afar in the remote unknown,
Lamenting through the gloom, "Alone, alone!"

The boughs are shaken in the bitter sky
With hollow sound of trouble and amaze;
And faster in the dusk the dead leaves fly,
Like pallid ghosts pursued through lonely
ways;
Darkly I watch them as they shudder by,
While yet again in mournful monotone
The voice repeats my thought, "Alone, alone!"

Night deepens on the haggard close of day
With wilder clamor of the wind and rain;
Londer the beaten branches groan and sway;
And fitfully the voices come once again,
Across the fields, more faint and far away—
Is it the dark bird's wailing backward blown,
Or my own heart that cries, "Alone, alone!"
[CHARLES LEVIN HILDRETH in Scribner's Magazine for July.]

JAMES'S WIFE.

One sultry summer day I sat with my mother's friend, Mrs. Benton, upon the piazza at her country home. I had been a frequent guest at the old farm house since my childhood, and the echo of voices seemed to linger in the large rooms that had once resounded with our merry shouts. The familiar surroundings of the old fashioned home seemed to make impossible the years that had passed. The quaint furnishings of the house remained unchanged; the flowers that bordered the walk held their place; bachelor's buttons, marigolds, sweet williams and tiger lilies, as in years before, bloomed to the apparent satisfaction of the inmates of the old home. A large family had been reared under the roof-tree, but one by one the children had forsaken the home nest until but one son remained there.

The father and mother though long past the prime of life retained much of the energy and strength of earlier years and the routine of labor within and without revolved in channels made smooth by the gentle friction of half a century. The marriage of James, the son of their later years, disturbed the current of their life. I knew that the young wife had been reluctantly received into the family.

As the daughter sat by my side that afternoon, I watched the busy fingers, and tried to read in the quiet face the chances for harmony and happiness. Had she counted the cost? Could she in her youth and inexperience, understand the difficulties of her position? The habits of a lifetime would not easily change; she must conform to the rigid customs of the family, and learn to tread with even pace the well worn path.

Would she do this, or had she come to sow discord between mother and son; to disquiet the declining years of the aged parents? I could not read the face that bent so intently over the work, but my questions were not long unanswered. The oppressive heat was moderated presently by a rising breeze. I had scarcely noticed the change in temperature when the young wife hastily entered the house. Returning presently with a light wrap, she folded it carefully around Mrs. Benton, saying, "I fear you will take cold, mother."

Mrs. Benton's thanks were scarcely spoken before the daughter again entered the house, giving opportunity for the expression of the content and approval I had already read in the care-worn face.

"That's just the way Jenny takes care of me; do you know how pleasant it is to be taken care of?"

"I have known," I replied.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Benton. "I suppose your mother took care of you just as I've always taken care of my girls; I'm afraid I don't bring 'em up right; they ain't a bit like Jenny. She's always thinking about other folks; I do believe the child forgets Jenny Benton. Father and I dreaded her coming, and if it hadn't been for James, we shouldn't have consented. I've seen how sons' wives upset things; you know we had Abner's wife here a spell; I braced myself up, expecting all sorts of trials; but Jenny is so different from the rest of 'em. Nothing was good enough for Abner's wife when she was here. She took the best room in the house, and kept all her things in it, and Abner, too, as much as she could. Now Jenny wants us to enjoy everything with her. Did you notice that pretty lamp in the sitting room? That's Jenny's, and it almost seems as if it has brought back my sight; old folks are slow to buy new things, and father and I didn't know about this new burner. Abner's wife would have kept it in her room, and let our eyes wear out with our old lamps. And the pictures did you notice them? They're Jenny's she asked to hang them there because she didn't

want her room crowded. She wants to share all her sunshine, else it isn't half sunshine to her."

Jenny did not return, and Mrs. Benton soon entered the house.

"Mother," I heard her say, "let me get tea. Just show me the table linen you wish to use, and I think I can arrange everything as you wish to have it."

After a little consultation Mrs. Benton returned.

"Did you hear that?" she asked. "Jenny isn't satisfied just to help do the easy work; she wants to carry the burdens. I've never trusted my own girls to do what Jenny does, and she brought up with different ways too. I'm afraid I didn't bring up my girls right," repeated Mrs. Benton, with a sigh. "They ain't a bit like Jenny."

"Not so helpful?" I asked. "Not so helpful and not so thoughtful," she replied. "I've carried their burdens until they expect me to carry them, and when I get too old to carry any more, I shall be a burden they won't know how to bear, because I've never taught 'em. It's pleasant to be taken care of," repeated Mrs. Benton.

A few years later I again visited my mother's friend. The infirmities of age had compelled her to lay aside many of her cares, but she scarcely realized the surrender, so cheerfully had they been assumed by her son's wife.

"Jenny takes pride in keeping everything just as I've kept it; so pleasant to sit and look on," she said.

"And be taken care of," I added.

"Yes, it's pleasant to be taken care of," she repeated, looking fondly upon her son's wife. And when we were alone she told me of Jenny's loving care, repeating the words I remember so well: "Jenny's different from the rest of 'em. I'm afraid I didn't bring up my girls right."

A Bear Among the Bees.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Express: The Hutchinson brothers have a large apiary up at Victor Tejuaga. It is an isolated place, far from real-estate booms and the haunts of men. But it is a good place for bees, and there, as a rule, they toil unmolested except by their owners, the Hutchinson boys. The country is rugged but romantic. The quiet life of the little rural retreat was turned into the greatest excitement last Thursday night. While the Hutchinsons were asleep and dreaming of the great sums of money they would make this season a stranger entered the camp. He was not slow in making his presence felt and heard. The sleepers were suddenly awakened by sounds that suggested a small cyclone raging among the stands of bees. One of the men got up, looked out of the window, and what was his consternation and terror to see the faint outlines of a huge brown colored monster upsetting the beehives and working destruction with property that took months and years to accumulate.

The surprised spectator hastened to his brother's bedside and told what was going on at the apiary. The two rushed out, one taking his rifle. The bear was evidently hungry, for he made savage lunges at the boxes filled with delicious honey. He would take a few mouthfuls out of one frame and then go for another stand. The Hutchinson boys concluded that if they did not act on the instant the bear would soon leave them without an occupation. The gun was leveled and discharged.

The ball found its way through the thick hide of bruin back of the left shoulder. It was evidently almost a "centre shot," for the animal fell. But he remained on the ground but a second. He arose enraged with pain and made frantic plunges at the nearest hives. Meanwhile the men advanced a little. The bear caught sight of them and made a rush at them. When within twenty feet of where they stood his progress was arrested by another leaden messenger. It struck a vital part and once more the huge bear fell. This time he did not get up. A third ball was put into his side which caused his death. Upon examination it was found to be a grizzly cub about two-thirds grown. Next day he was dressed and weighed. The scales tipped at 700 pounds. This is the second or third bear ever killed or seen in that section.

A Very Wicked Fight.

"Our regiment did a good deal of fighting during the war," says B. P. Critchell in the Cincinnati Times Star. "About the hottest fight we ever got into was on Mission Ridge. We were close enough to the Rebs to shake hands with them, and they fought like fiends incarnate. We were too close to each other to reload our guns, and the boys were using their weapons in clubs. There was a tall, raw-boned Johnny gunner, who was fighting like the very devil himself. He was laying about him with a heavy gun swab, and he seemed to me to be the biggest man I ever laid eyes on. A half-dozen of our boys went at him, but he stood his ground. A heavy revolver, all the cartridges discharged, was thrown at him. It struck him full in the face with force sufficient to knock out a bull, but he only shook his head and went to work again. I threw up my Sergeant-Major's sword

and cracked away at the swab, and I'd almost be willing to bet the pieces of my blade are flying around there yet. It shattered it clear to the hilt. The big Reb wouldn't yield an inch, and finally one of our boys, a Cincinnati named Boyd, who died here a few years ago, caught him off his guard and rammed a bayonet clear through him with such force that the barrel, too, passed out of the other side of the big fellow's body. Well, sir, that man, mortally wounded, didn't give up, and as he lay there on the bloody turf, with his entrails hanging from the awful hole in his stomach, he grabbed a pistol and winged another boy in blue before he died. That was about the wickedest fight I ever got into."

Letters From Home.

The beauty and worth of letters between those who have left home and the ones who remain, are connected with sentiments that no one can appreciate who has not sent and received these letters. They are a tie of affection, or, rather an evidence of some tie, peculiar to people of refinement and of emotional strength and persistence. The practice is not found among people of low instincts, for they are not capable of getting out of it the help and the enjoyment that are so profitable to people of keener sensibilities. The bond between parent and child is easily severed and neglected by them, and at an early age the child shifts for himself before he has gathered the idea of his dependence on parents that children have in more advanced stages of living who require many years of parental support and counsel and encouragement in order that they may be fitted to carry on work and perform duties of a more difficult and noble character.

Home letter writing is an indication as well as a builder of personal character. The boy leaves home to battle his way in life, perhaps, or to prepare himself in education for doing so, and, if he be not of ignoble blood, he writes a weekly letter to his mother. He confides in her his hopes, his prospects, his reverses and his successes; his letter is a diary of things done and thought of, of doing, of fears and confidence, of sorrow and joy, of ventures made, of steps lost and won.

A mother, only a mother can reply to such letters. Her sympathy, advice, and self sacrifice, and heartfelt concerns are all truly feminine and motherly. Her tender heart responds to her boy's trust and confidences, like an Æolian harp to the wind. The son cannot but be better and stronger for the letters to his mother and from her; he cannot but feel that he has acquitted himself more capably and honorably, that he has been more loyal to duty and rectitude, more faithful to work undertaken and to men with whom he has been brought in association.

Daughters, nowadays, go away from home to earn a living in the three hundred and more occupations that are open to women, and we may be sure that they keep up a correspondence with those at home—with mother, sister or brother. Girls, of course, are to be depended upon to do the proper thing in this respect. We know of a girl who has lived away from home for seven years and who has never failed to write a weekly letter to her mother, and, it may be added, the mother has also written one in return every week.

But when the daughter is married and has the care of household and children, and probably a good deal of work to do,—what then? There may be those who are constant, regular and frequent in their letter writing to those who lived with them in the old home; but can they be expected to do as well as they did before marriage?

Too often, however, they not only follow the old injunction and cleave to the husband, which, of course, is as it should be, but they sever themselves almost entirely from the old home and its former inmates. It is easy to see how this happens, taking place, as it does, gradually, and while cares absorb the thought and attention, and while new attachments are building up and maintaining a new home. The result is to be expected to a considerable extent, but it seems too bad that it should be as extreme as it often is. The young woman, though a wife, may be more truly a daughter and sister, and man may be more truly a son and brother, than they often are after leaving home, and letter writing is one of the best ways of showing it.

The connection between those at home and those who have departed is a living force in character, in duty done, in the greenness of affection, in mutual help and in self help. They are the refuge of homesickness and the solace of the distant parent; they strengthen the child for trials and sustain the parent in loneliness. Truly the families can be recognized that maintain letter-writing with those who have departed into the walks of life—they can be recognized by their paternal, their filial and their fraternal affections, by their mutual responsiveness and assistance.

—Good House-Keeping.

Never abuse a mule behind his back—Puck.

John Mackay's Cabin.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the Pacific coast press to the effect that "John Mackay's cabin is to be brought down from the mountains and set up in San Francisco." This is just as though he never had but one cabin in the mountains, whereas he lived in several during his mining days—just how many we do not know, says the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise. The cabin once occupied by him that is best known is probably that in Alleghany Town, Sierra County, at the time when he worked in the Live Yankee mine, at Forest City. This cabin is still in existence. Mr. Busch, of Sierra City, who was on the Comstock not long ago, says that a Mr. Clute, an old friend of Mr. Mackay, is keeping it up—looks after it and keeps it in repair. Mr. Mackay also had a cabin at Natchez Flat, Sierra County, Cal. It would be a difficult matter to remove to San Francisco or to any other place, the cabin he lived in when he first came to the Comstock, in 1859. It was a hole in the ground; a dug-out in the side of the mountain, roofed over with poles, sagebrush, dirt, and old tent clothes. In it burrowed Mr. Mackay, P. S. Corbett, now deputy warden at the state prison; Jack McCaffrey, Jack O'Brien, Alex. Kenne—, and, we believe, one or two others. Mr. Mackay came over the mountains from Sierra County with Alex. Kennedy and a Mr. Kinnesade.

The Money of the World.

The total amount of new coinage added to the existing circulation in 1886 was: In gold, \$80,561,020; in silver \$126,329,880. Of the silver coinage \$52,000,000 was the product of Indian mints, \$80,000,000 was coined in this country, and \$27,000,000 in Mexico. The increase of coined silver is estimated by the London Economist as about 4 per cent. The increase of Indian coinage is 80 per cent. Recent discoveries of almost fabulous sums hidden in Hindoo palaces have added considerably to the world's store of silver. It is estimated that there are five billions of coin in present circulation or available for circulation, of which \$5,200,000,000 is gold and \$2,800,000,000 is silver.

Cigarettes.

In warring against the sale of cigarettes to boys, the statement is advanced that if they begin in this way they early learn to smoke cigars and pipes. This may be a fact in individual cases, but the majority of boys who learn to

smoke cigarettes will never smoke anything else. It would be far better for them if they began with the pipe; there is less danger of disease from the use of it or the cigar. The cigarette habit is in itself a disease, and once acquired is more binding than the pipe habit. This may seem strange, but it is true. And instead of decreasing, the practice is rapidly increasing. The average monthly production of the New York city cigarette factories alone is over 80,000,000. Boys, men and women all smoke this form of the weed.

Buffalo Bill has evidently captured the heart of Queen Victoria, of whom he says: "She was so lovely to us, just like a good-natured mother, not formal in any way. She asked us many questions about our earlier frontier life, in which she seemed girlishly interested, and she expressed warm pleasure to me, promising to pay us another visit." If the queen ever gets into trouble she can call with confidence on Buffalo Bill.

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Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the cause and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged by a good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

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