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Under the Snow.

The valley lieth all pure and white
Its quiet muse in the pale moonlight,
The earth is growing beneath the night,
For winter hath hidden her flowers from sight
Under the snow.

Over the hills the he stars gleam,
Shivering down in the air between,
Looking in vain for the river's sheen,
For the frozen icebolts intervene,
Under the snow.

Only the spangled pine-tree crest,
Or the hemlock holding a last year's nest,
Only have maple boughs east and west
Cast their shadows; lost is the rest
Under the snow.

The winds whirl down from the cold east hill,
And blow through the valley sharp and chill;
Not a green blade lifteth its head at will,
And even the hoary leaves are still,
Under the snow.

And the violets lie, and the daisies wait
Till time flings open the summer gate;
Till cowslips come and the wild birds mate,
And warmth brings life to the small and great
Under the snow.

Oh, sad, sad heart, with your weight of woe,
Some winter has robbed your fields, and lo!
Where trail arbutus would lift and show,
Nothing awakes to bloom and grow
Under the snow.

But wait! when the letters of doubt shall start,
Then life will come with its loving art;
For, in its chambers, every heart
Holdeth the germs of bloom apart,
Under the snow.

—Lillie Adams, in Elmira Advertiser.

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry afternoon in January away up in the bleak attic of a wretched tenement-house, a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing. The garment upon which she was engaged was a very rich dress. The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a bitter, wailing blast that made the windows rattle in the casements. Still the pale-faced woman stitched on.

"Mother," piped a sweet voice from the cot beneath the window, "will you get the fine dress done? Oh, mother, I'm so hungry! If I only had some tea and a bit of sausage."

She worked on steadily for a time, pausing only to brush a tear from her white cheek, then arose and shook out the glimmering robe.

"'Tis done at last," she said. "Now mother's little girl can have her supper; only be patient a little longer, Flora. Ross, come, my boy."

A manly little fellow came out from the bedroom beyond.

"The fine dress is done, Ross, and you must run home with it as fast as you can. Miss Gracie will be out of patience, I know. Tell her I couldn't finish it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to-night. And you can stop at Mr. Ray's, as you come back, and buy some coal; and we must have some bread and tea, and a mite of butter, and you must get a sausage. Ross, for poor little Flora."

"I'll get them all, mother," he said, "and be back in time. You shall have a big sausage, little sis," he added, turning toward the cot.

The girl nodded her curly head and her great wistful eyes sparkled with delight.

"And you shall have half of it, Ross," she piped, in her splendid bird voice.

"Hadn't you better put on your thick jacket, my boy?" continued his mother. "The wind cuts like a knife."

"Pshaw, little mother, I don't mind the wind," and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm. Miss Gracie Fontenay was in a perfect furore of impatience and anger. Her dear five hundred friends were assembled in the halls below and her handsome dress had not come home. What did that beggar woman mean by disappointing her?"

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a voice in the hall.

"Please tell Miss Gracie my mother could not finish it sooner, she wants the money to-night."

The servant took the handsome dress and message.

"I'll never give her another stitch of work," cried the angry beauty; "I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Fanchon, dress me at once—there's not a minute to loose. No, I can't pay to-night; I haven't time. He must call to-morrow."

"But we've no fire and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick," called the boy, pushing up the grand stairway.

"Shut the door. Fanchon!" commanded Miss Gracie. And the door was closed in his face

From the porch at the parlor window Pansie watched the whole scene, her violet eyes distended with childish amazement.

"Poor little boy," she said, as Ross disappeared down the stairway; "sister Gracie ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire and nothing to eat."

She stood for a moment, balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot; her rosebud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with sunshine, and snatching something from the table she darted down stairs. The servant had just closed the street door, but she fluttered past him like a humming bird and opened it.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?" questioned Pansie.

Ross looked up half believing that it was the face of an angel looking down upon him through the whirling snow.

"Oh, I cannot go home without the money," he sobbed; "poor mother worked hard, and Flora is sick and so hungry."

"Here," she said, "do take this, little boy, and buy her lots of nice things. 'Tis worth a great deal; papa bought it for my birthday present, but do you take it and welcome."

She extended her dimpled hands, and something like a shower of stars fell at the boy's feet. He caught it up in amaze—a necklace of emeralds, lustrous, gleaming things, set in tawny, Indian gold.

"No, no," he cried, running up to where she stood. "I cannot take this necklace—take it back."

"You shall take it," she continued, imperiously. "I have lots of jewelry and fine things—run home now and buy your sister something to eat."

She closed the door with a bang, and Ross stood irresolute in the stormy gloom. Should he ring the bell and return the jewels to Pansie's father, or should he do as she bade him? He thought of his mother and poor little Flora watching wistfully for his return. He could not go back and see them starve. With a sudden feeling of desperation he thrust the glittering necklace in his pocket and dashed down the street.

The gaslight blazed brilliantly in a fashionable jewelry establishment, and its bland proprietor looked down inquiringly on little Ross as he approached the glittering counter.

"Would you like to buy this, sir?"

There was a tremor in the boy's voice as he asked the question, and the hand that held the emerald necklace shook visibly. The lapidary took the gems, examining them closely for a moment, and then shot a sharp glance at the child.

"See here," he said, presently, his voice stern and commanding, "I want to know how you came by this?"

The boy's clear eyes fell; he blushed and stammered, evidently embarrassed. The jeweler put aside the emeralds, and taking the lad's arm led him into a small ante room.

"You are a thief, sir," he said "That necklace belongs to Mr. Fontenay—he bought it of me not a month ago. You stole it: you are a thief."

The little fellow straightened himself, and his brown eyes blazed. "I am no thief," he retorted. "A little girl gave it to me, and I know it was wrong to take it, but—but my mother and sister are starving."

The jeweler hesitated.

"You don't look like a thief," he said; "but I will send for Mr. Fontenay; that will settle the matter at once."

He dispatched a messenger accordingly and Ross sat down in a corner and sobbed bitterly as he heard the driving winds and thought of his mother and poor little Flora. In half an hour Mr. Fontenay came, bringing his little daughter Pansie with him. The little creature darted toward Ross like a humming-bird, her cheeks ablaze, her eyes flashing like lightning.

"He didn't steal my emeralds!" she cried, "I gave 'em to him to sell 'em, and buy bread for his little sister."

Ross sprang to his feet, struggling hard to keep back his tears. He put out his little brown hand, which Pansie instantly clasped in her chubby palms.

"I am not a thief, sir," he said at last, addressing Mr. Fontenay; "I never stole anything in my life. I know it was wrong to take the necklace—but—but, sir, my little sister is starving."

The merchant drew his hands across his eyes.

"You're a manly little fellow," he said, patting the lad's head, "and I do not in the least blame you, but I will take Pansie's emeralds, and she shall give you something more available. Here, Pansie, give this to your little friend."

He put a gold piece into Pansie's hands, which she tendered to Ross, with the injunction that he should run straight home and buy lots of goodies for his sister—a command he was not slow to obey.

"I think we shall not lose sight of the little fellow," continued Mr. Fontenay, as Ross disappeared in the stormy darkness. "Shall we, pet? Let's see what we can do to help him. He's a promising young lad and an honest one, I'm sure. Mr. Lenox, you're in need of an errand boy; why not try him? I wish you would."

The jeweler consented, to Pansie's great delight, and on the following day Ross was duly installed as an errand boy in the fashionable establishment.

Fifteen years after, one blustering March morning, a young man sat behind the counter of a thriving jewelry establishment in one of the Northern cities. He was a handsome man, a traveler, a man of taste, intellect and money, for he was a junior partner in the firm, which was a prosperous one. But despite all his good fortune, Ross Dunbar was not happy. His mother and his little Flora had gone to their long home, and he was utterly alone, without kith or kin in the wide world.

Sitting alone one morning with the roar of the March winds in his ears his thoughts were running back to the days of his boyhood, to his mother's humble home. How vivid the past seemed, and how dear and sacred, despite its privations and sorrows. His eyes grew dim and his heart swelled. All were gone over the wide waters of time and change.

A tender smile softened his sad face as he recalled the stormy night when he sat sobbing on the steps of Mr. Fontenay's mansion. And little Pansie; the remembrance of her sweet face, as he saw it through the snow wreaths, haunted him constantly. In all the fifteen years never for one hour had he forgotten her. But she was gone—lost to him forever.

His reverie was broken by the entrance of a customer, a lady closely clothed and veiled. She approached the counter with a jewel case in her hand.

"Would you buy these?" she asked, simply, in a clear sweet voice that stirred the young man's heart as no other woman's voice had power to do.

He took the casket, opened it, and spread out its contents. A watch, an elegant and costly diamond ring, two rubies and an emerald necklace. Ross Dunbar barely suppressed a cry of surpise as his eyes fell upon it. He turned it over with eager, trembling fingers and there on the clasp was the name that had lived in his heart for so many years. "Little Pansie."

"You wish to sell them all?" he asked, striving to steady his voice and the wild throbbing of his heart.

The lady hesitated an instant and then she put out her slender hand and drew the emeralds toward her.

"I dislike to part with this," she said; "it was my father's gift—and—and—but no matter, take them all; I must have the money."

In her eagerness she had thrown aside her veil, revealing a lilly face, lit by lustrous, sapphire eyes. Ross Dunbar stood silent a moment, every nerve in his manly form thrilling with supreme delight. He had found her at last, the idol of his life.

"They are very fine gems," he said, after a moment, "and I am willing to give you a fair price—suppose we say one thousand dollars—will that do?"

The girl flashed a dazzling glance of surprise from beneath her heavy veil.

"So much as that?" she said, tremulously. "You are very kind, sir. Oh, you cannot know how much this money will help me."

The young man made a polite reply and proceeded to put aside the jewels and draw a check for the money. The March winds were still blustering without, and the girl shivered and drew her wrapper closer as she started out.

"Won't you let me run down to the bank for you?" said the jeweler, catching up his hat. "You can play shop lady the while; it won't be but a minute or two."

"But I am troubling you so."

"Not a bit; just take this warm seat, please; you'll not be likely to have any customers. And seating her beside the desk, he took the check and hurried out

Pansie Fontenay threw back her veil and leaned her head upon her hands, a puzzled, reflective look upon her sweet sad face.

"When have I seen this face?" she asked herself over and over again. "It is so familiar; who in the world can it be?" His return broke in upon her meditation, and after receiving her money she hurried away to her humble lodgings.

The following afternoon was even more blustering and stormy; the wind roared and the sleet tinkled against the windows of the little room in which Pansie and her father sat. Severe misfortunes and reverse had reduced them to poverty, and the old man being an invalid, all the care fell upon Pansie's shoulders. She sat down with her father reading aloud from a new book which she had bought for him with some of the money received for her jewels. Her sweet face was wan and sad, and her future stretched before her sad, hopeless and gloomy.

There is a ring at the door, and a servant brought up a package for Miss Fontenay. An exquisite bunch of pansies, fragrant and golden hearted, done up in tissue paper, and attached to them a card, bearing the simple words: "Ross Dunbar has not forgotten little Pansie."

Pansie sat amazed for a moment, and then a rich bloom darted into her white cheeks.

"Oh, father," she said, "I knew him—I knew him! Oh, we have found Ross at last."

An instant later Ross was in the room, clasping her fluttering hands in his, and into her blue eyes looked with a glance that brought the rosy bloom to her face. And a few weeks later, when the blustering winds were over, and the golden hearted pansies bloomed on the garden borders, little Pansie became Ross Dunbar's bride, and for her bridal gift he gave her back her string of emeralds.

A Railroad Blockaded by Snakes.

A letter in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: In Northwest Missouri, where ex-Gov. R. M. Stewart resided years before and after his political career, up to the time of his death, many old citizens love to tell of his brilliant conversational powers and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. The governor often told of the difficulties which he had to surmount, and in one of his happiest moods he related a snake story which I have never seen in print. In those days, said the governor, snakes were not only uncommonly numerous, but infested certain portions of the State to such an extent that farmers would often pack up their household wares and remove elsewhere. During the building of the road I have seen them so troublesome and numerous that the hands would sometimes stop work and inaugurate a short campaign against them with shovels, axes and crowbars. The serpents were not vicious, the men being hardly ever bitten, but the great vexation consisted in their sociability and perfect indifference to danger. They apparently were utterly devoid of that instinct of self-preservation with which the Almighty endowed every creature. At night they would sometimes make sleep impossible by hissing and squirming in and about the tents, and during the day they would vex the men almost beyond endurance by running between their legs and otherwise annoying them. They were not considered dangerous, being of that species known as prairie hissers. It was only now and then that a rattler was discovered among them, and death was sure to follow, for the men would always stop and find time to chase one until he was overtaken and his head chopped off. The men always dreaded a shower, for then the snakes were the worst. They would literally swarm out on the prairies and travel in schools. On one occasion of this kind, when the road was in course of construction in Livingstone county, the construction engine with three flat cars was at the last camping-place, about ten miles in the rear of the track builders. I was there awaiting the landing of some tools and spikes, which it was intended to convey to the end of the road. It had been raining all morning, but cleared up about noon, and when we pulled out after dinner the weather was pleasant but a little hazy. We had traveled about half the distance when the engineer—I was riding on the engine—called my attention to the hundreds of snakes crossing several hundred yards in front of us, the track for a short distance being black with them and entirely lost to sight. The engine-driver opened the throttle, and in a few moments we were crushing through them. The drivers had not made more than two or three revolutions when they began to fly around at lightning rapidity, and the speed of the train was slackened. The wheels of the engine were almost clogged with crushed snakes, and still the track was actually buried beneath them for one hundred yards in front of us. We did not succeed in getting much more headway, when the train came to a standstill. We were unable to make our way through them, and amused ourselves by knocking them off the engine. We were detained nearly an hour before the grand march of the serpents had crossed and we were enabled to proceed. They seemed to be moving that day, and the earth seemed to be alive with them; indeed they seemed to cover the earth.

Food for Fat People.

If any reader is growing too fat for comfort, he may possibly find the following suggestions valuable:

There are three classes of food, the oils, sweets and starches, the special office of which is to support the animal heat and produce fat, having little or no influence in promoting strength of muscle or endurance.

If the fat, therefore, would use less fat and more of lean meats, fish and fowl less of fine flour and more of the whole products of the grains—except the hulls—less of the sweets, particularly in warm weather, and more of the fruit acids in a mild form, as in the apple, sleep less, be less indolent and labor more in the open air, the fat would disappear, to a certain extent at least, with no loss of real health.

In food we have almost a perfect control in this matter, far better than we can have in the use of drugs. If we have too much fat and too little muscle, we have simply to use less of the fat-forming elements and more of the muscle food, such as lean meats, fish and fowl, and the darker portions of the grains, etc., with peas and beans.—*Medical Journal.*

In this moist and variable climate colds are the rule rather than the exception. Dr. bull's Cough Syrup is just the remedy for every one to take when suffering from a cough, cold or any throat trouble.

A Stranger in the Supreme Court.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," said Polonius. He was judicious in not substituting always for "oft." For, not unfrequently, it has been found that the finest bird is not the one that wears the finest feathers.

Years ago, the staid citizens of Washington were astonished one morning at the appearance of a strange figure in their streets. He was dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience in rolling up, a drab overcoat, much the worse for wear and furnished with several capes, hung at his heels. Worn-out, untied, unbuckled shoes, and a "shocking hat" completed his costume. Solemnly he stalked through the streets, six feet in height, leading a little black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted with burrs. A pair of saddle-bags hung over the saddle, in which were stuffed papers, and gingerbread and cheese. Stopping at an obscure tavern, he put up his mare and relieved himself of his great-coat. Into one of the pocket of a short gray linsey roundabout he stuffed some bread and cheese, and into the other a bundle of law papers, tied with a yarn string. Inquiring the way to the supreme court, he walked forth, the wonder of the idle boys. Arriving at the courthouse, he sauntered within the bar, took a seat and began munching bread and cheese. The lawyers and spectators smiled at the awkward countryman on his first visit to the capital.

Soon a case was called which seemed to interest the countryman. It involved the title to a large tract of land lying in the "Green River Country" of Kentucky. A Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, a leading lawyer, began his argument by a statement of the facts. All at once the countryman stopped munching, and tapping the council on the back, corrected one of his "facts."

The lawyer paused, frowned at the busybody, and went on. The countryman resumed his munching, and in a few minutes again corrected the counsel.

"I beg the court to protect me from the impertinence of that person," said Taylor, showing much irritation.

Taylor finished his powerful argument, and then to the amazement of spectators, the bar, and the judges, the stranger rose to reply. His manner was wholly changed. He stood as if he had practiced in that court all his professional life. His argument was so clear and forcible, and his reply to the opposing council so masterly, that the bar and court looked as if they doubted their eyes and ears. Mr. Taylor seemed paralyzed. The sweat dropped from his face. The rustic he had sneered at seemed a legal giant. Every one asked: "Who is he?"

It was Joe Daviess, one of the best lawyers and most eloquent orators of Kentucky, as eccentric as he was gifted. Scarcely one present knew him personally, but all had heard of his brilliant reputation.—*Youth's Companion.*

Photographs on Leaves.

The beautiful photographic novelties photographs on natural leaves, are produced in the following way: Fresh leaves, preferably such as afford a smooth surface when pressed, and have an agreeable degree of transparency, as those of the spring, are first immersed in alcohol until they are pale enough in color to form a pleasing background for the photograph, and at the same time become less liable to change of tone. Bleaching the leaves will not answer the same purpose. After draining off the alcohol, they are spread out in the air until leaves originally firm become wilted, and are then pressed for half an hour between blotting-paper. The upper side of the leaf is then floated on a salted solution of albumen, or brushed rapidly with it by means of a broad brush, and the coating is dried as rapidly as possible by hanging the leaves on a cord with the albumenized side nearest a stove, in order that all the natural moisture of the leaves may not be lost, or they will become too brittle for the subsequent manipulations. It may even be advisable to moisten the unalbumenized side of the leaf during the drying. A second pressing is also generally necessary at this stage, and they are then immediately sensitized, either by floating them on a solution of nitrate of silver or by brushing them with it, and dried with the same care as before, and may again be pressed with advantage before exposing them under the negative.—*Bazar.*

The first coffee grown in the open air in the United States has been raised by Mrs. Julia Atzeroth, of Braiden Town, Manatee county, Florida, who expresses an assurance that it can be successfully grown further south, where frost never comes, and where there is an abundance of land and soil suited to its growth.

Large quantities of United States jewelry are continually being smuggled into Montreal, a recent large consignment crossing the line in a coffin, which was supposed to contain a corpse.

At Sunset.

Oh! there are golden moments in men's lives,
Sudden, unlooked for, as the little clouds
All gold, which suddenly illume the gates
Of the lost sun.

Oh, pray for them! They bring
No increase like the gains of sun and showers
Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
Only a moment's gleam in common life,
Yet who would change them for wealth of worlds?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The lay of the land—Eggs.

An unpalatable dish—Cold shoulder.

The State debt of Iowa is only $500,000.

Jug Corners is the name of a hamlet in Allegan county, Mich.

Guilford county, N. C., kills and sells 200,000 rabbits annually.

Leap-year is always popular with the ladies.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A maiden effort– Attempt to catch a beau.—*Marathon Independent.*

Railroad projects are now heard of everywhere from Maine to California.

There's one leap year in every four,
Breathes there a man who'd ask for more?

It has been estimated that it costs 30,000,000 a day to carry on the world.

A tornado is a great blow to any country.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

The debts of English towns and cities for sanitary improvements amount to $230,000,000.

You can't make a horse drink; but if he will not eat you can put a bit in his mouth.—*Boston Transcript.*

The men who advertise all the year around walk off with the lion's share of trade.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

The president of the French republic receives $120,000 a year, with a like sum for household and other expenses.

Ex-Gov. Bagley, of Michigan, gave $100 in silver coin to each of five charities, in honor of his recent silver wedding.

The difference between a man who digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore.

BEAUTY DRAWS US BY A SINGLE HAIR.

Pass the butter gently, Mabel;
Shove it lightly through the air;
In the corner of the dish, love,
You will find a nut-brown hair.

What fond mem'ries it awakens
Of the days ere we were wed,
When upon my good coat-collar
Oft was laid your little head!

Lovingly I stroked those tresses,
In the happy days gone by;
Now I strike them every meal time
In the butter or the pie.

—Chicago Tribune.

Ventilation.

An illustration of popular ignorance as to ventilation is furnished by the *Sanitary Engineer*, and is as follows:

A gentleman while attending church one evening found that his feet were icy cold, so that he had to raise them from off the floor. Calling the attention of the sexton to the fact the latter said, with some perplexity:

"Yes, we have a good many complaints of cold feet from others; but I don't understand the reason why we can't keep the church warm; we surely have fires enough."

So saying, he pointed to a register in the floor directly behind the gentleman in the adjoining pew. Looking around the latter could see that there was a hot fire in the furnace beneath, and yet no heat came up. When a handkerchief was laid over the register it scarcely stirred. The visitor asked the sexton:

"Have you any means of ventilation?"

"No, sir."

"Are there no windows open?"

"None whatever."

"How, then, can you expect the air to come in here if it can't get out somewhere?"

There was no response—the man was nonplussed.

"Did you ever try to blow into a bottle?" continued the inquirer.

"No, sir."

"Do you think, if you did, that you could force any more air into a bottle by blowing than was in it before?" He couldn't say. Never had thought of it.

"Well," continued the gentleman, "you would soon find, if you tried, that it was impossible, and neither can you force air into this church through a register if you don't open a window or some other orifice."

"But," the sexton demurred, "opening a window would let in the cold air, wouldn't it?"

"You just try it," was the response. "Raise some of the windows on the leeward side of the church, and see what will happen."

It was done, and instantly the handkerchief lying on the register rose halfway to the ceiling with the force of the ascending current. The sexton stood and stared in astonishment.