

AT THE GATE.

Three figures stood about a bed on which a man lay dying. The one at the foot was the nurse, composed, silent, waiting. After an interval of rest he would begin again with another, where he had begun with this man, in the struggle between life and death. Near the head of the bed stood the physician, a sad look on his grave face, for he was not only the invalid's physician—he was his friend. And the man opposite him, he also had been the dying man's friend. His face was pale almost as the white face upon the pillow—hervously clasped and unclasped his hands and tried to moisten his lips with his dry tongue. At a slight catching of the breath from the sufferer this man started forward—he dropped into a chair at the head of the bed and gazed eagerly at the face of the dying man until the calm, regular breathing was resumed. Then he spoke to the physician in a low, trembling voice:

"He is not going now, doctor?"

"No, not yet."

"Are you sure you cannot save him?"

"No earthly power can save him now."

"Will he live an hour?"

"Yes, it is likely."

The other glanced at the bed, then bracing his shoulders said with an effort: "Will you leave me alone with him. I have something I must tell."

The physician bowed, and, with the nurse, withdrew. "I will be within call," he said at the door.

Then the other bent his face above the bed. A face of kindness and sweetness and dignity it was, but marked with lines of suffering. About the temples the hair was quite gray.

"How peaceful he looks. If he could but go like that! And I must break that calm serenity with—God, that it might not be!"

He covered his face with his hands. The other moved on his pillow a little, then opened his eyes.

"Henry," he said faintly, "is it you?"

"Yes, Arthur, it is I."

"Is it morning yet?"

"No, not yet, dear friend."

"You are with me all alone, dear Henry—you never leave me—my brother?"

He tried to stroke the other's hand.

"Arthur, I sent them away—the doctor and the nurse—because there is something I must tell you before you go. I have—a confession—"

His friend smiled faintly. "The same faithful, loving Henry—you stay with me when the rest are sleeping. You never sleep, Henry." He did not seem to have heard.

"Arthur," said the other man, and his face was awful to look upon, "it is for me, your loved and trusted friend, to embitter your last earthly hour. Oh, my friend, my brother, I must slay your life-long trust in me."

The dying man turned his eyes upon him with the same affectionate smile.

"That is not right," he whispered; you should rest, too."

Henry held the hand of his friend tightly between his own; with every muscle strained and great drops starting from his forehead, he slid from the chair to his knees. Yet a great joy was quivering in his heart. His friend's wandering—he could not understand. Suddenly the great gray eyes opened fully upon him, shining with intelligence.

"Henry," he said in a thrilling whisper, "I shall see her very soon. Tell me, dear Henry, you who loved her too, shall I know her at once?—will she look as she did here with us? Oh, if I should not know her—cannot find her, it will not be heaven for me, Henry."

The other face had sunk upon the rail of the bed now. "Oh, God! how can I tell him with the light from heaven shining upon his face, and her name upon his lips!"

"Henry, why do you not answer me? You do not look at me. Tell me if you believe I shall see her?"

"Yes, yes, Arthur, I believe."

The dying man closed his eyes. In a few moments he opened them again. "If I am alive when morning comes, raise me at the last so that I may look from the window on her grave. You will be lonely, poor Henry, and sad; but do not grieve long—look always forward. It is not a bad thing, this dying," he smiled faintly. "I feel no pain—think what it is to know—that forever and ever—"

The voice faded away into stillness, and the faint color that had risen to his face slowly ebbed away.

"Arthur," cried the other, "I must speak now. Listen, Arthur, you shall not—must not die until you have heard me—until you have seen that this heart, full as it is of love for you, is too vile to hope ever to share the joy of which you are worthy. I must tell you of my wickedness, and not mine alone—that easy, but—Oh God! Arthur, do you hear me? do you understand what I say—that you must curse me before you die? Arthur, Arthur!"

At the last terrible cry he flung himself upon the body of his friend. From the parted lips no flutter of breath came, and from the wide-open eyes the light had gone.

"Dead, dead! To know that forever and ever—Oh pure and spotless soul!—you who should have flown straight to the angels of heaven, you know—you know—and knowing that you know there is a hell!"

Up, up—away from the heavy atmosphere which pressed upon the lungs until the heart seemed bursting. What a joy to be in this rarer purer region where the air is sweet and life-giving, and drawn in without effort or pain! Content with this delicious repose, the blessed relief of this pure air after the faint odors of the sick room, lulled by the gentle motion, the spirit asks not how or by whom it is borne along; but sinks into a grateful rest

which is not sleep. Globes of white light appear and are passed by—glimpses of infinite space are visible through rifts of roseate vapor which close in upon them, again shutting out all sight, only to re-open upon new stretches, where beautiful shapes are dimly seen, or imagined, and a rushing sound is heard which is like falling water or the trembling of a mighty forest of leaves in the breeze, yet which the spirit knows is neither, and marvels not.

It seemed only a little while until the Presence at the side of the spirit said softly "Rest."

He had known but vaguely of this other Presence, and as to something familiar and very dear. "Why should we rest? I am not tired."

And that other said: "It is not for repose I would have you pause—it is for action."

Then the spirit looked at the Presence by his side, and whereas before he had known only an infinite peace, now a great joy thrilled him, for the face was the face of his beloved.

"Is it Thou?" he asked.

"It is I," replied his companion, and her eyes were luminated with the smile he had known and loved on earth.

Then the spirit felt the lingering memory of the last doubt he had known fall away from him as a garment, and he gave himself to this new happiness.

"I know thee!" he cried as they rested with locked hands, and he tried to call her by the name she had borne on earth.

She smiled again in answer and led him to a place, where beneath their feet was a dark chasm.

Then for the first time the spirit had a feeling of dread.

"Do not take me there,—I am afraid," he said.

Supporting him with her arm she replied, "It is the way by which thou hast come."

"And am I to return again?" asked the spirit sadly.

Then, pointing, she answered, "Look."

The spirit gazing far beneath him saw nothing. Then, as one passing from a great light into darkness becomes accustomed to the gloom, he saw, dimly at first, the outlines of a house, a room, a bed and the bed lay a shape.

"It is I," said the spirit shrinking back.

"No, thou art here," said the other, gently, "look again."

And now the spirit saw a man beside the couch who spake into the ear of the dead, and who was shaken with grief.

"It is my friend," said the spirit, with a great pity; "and he is speaking to me."

"Listen if thou canst hear," said his companion.

The spirit, listening, heard:

"Why is it that I can hear this and feel no sorrow?" he asked at length, turning to her beside him.

She smiling, answered: "Beloved, where thou art there is no sorrow."

"Is this heaven?" he asked.

"Not yet," said the other softly, and supporting him in her arms, she said: "Oh! my beloved, I know not your language, yet I would answer what you ask of me. I would help you with all my strength in the duty still to be done. She whom you loved on earth, whom you trusted as the angels of heaven, was a mortal, good and lovely, with the goodness and the beauty that am I who hold you in my arms—weak and stumbling under the burden of the clay she carried on earth—that which lies buried beneath the mound you see in the garden below. How have I, whom you loved in her, struggled with that mortal weight which was part of the I who was, and which was often stronger than I who am. That which was weak and wicked in her was nothing of what you loved and have me, who am the Soul which comes from God and cannot sin—While yet the odor of earth clings to your garments and the descent to the place you behold a little way beneath our feet is easy, return a moment and lighten the load of him who sobs and beats his breast beside the bed whence you have arisen."

"And wilt thou go, too?" asked the spirit, still afraid.

"I will await thee here," she replied.

Within the room there was silence. The voice of the Living ceased after the outburst of agonized self-abasement, and for a long time he remained with bowed head beside the man who called him friend.

When at length he spoke again it was with a heavy voice, from which all expression, even that of sadness, had fled.

"Arthur, I have told you. For three years I have borne this secret in my breast, and lacked the courage at this last supreme hour to see the light of affection die from your eyes—whence looked a soul so loyal and white that it never sought for evil in others—and to behold in its place the terrible surprise, the anguish, the hatred—I have added perpetual silence to my dishonor. But now that I have told into your dead ear how vile a thing I am, I marvel that your soul does not return for one awful moment of wrath, only to give life to your hand that it may strike me dead."

Again silence. The pale light of dawn stole in through the open window. The air trembled with a palpating invisible freshness which enveloped the Living as the sweet, cool atmosphere which comes with one who enters from a bright, wintry day—A long, tremulous sigh fluttering into life—it came not from the lips of him who with pallid face and starting eyeballs now gazed upon the face of the dead. The closed eyes opened—a sweet, tender smile stole across the parted lips—slowly the hand moved from the still bosom, and seeking the hand of the Living held it for an instant in a firm, warm clasp.

Then as the new day burst into life, with the joyous singing of birds and the opening of the flowers upon the dead woman's grave, there came up

on the soul of the watcher a deep Peace, sweet and grateful as the breath of the morning.

A CAMEL RIDE.

Sore Bones and a Fall the Fate Which Usually Befalls a Novice.

There is something inexpressibly repelling in the supercilium triste of a camel as he looks scornfully at you with his nose in the air. But I overcame my repugnance and mounted one, after receiving careful instructions how to retain my seat while the brute was getting up. It was well enough while he walked, but when he began to trot at a brisk pace I devoutly wished myself astride on a humbler animal. But how was I to stop him? there was no bridle, only a rope attached to the left side of the brute's mouth. At that rope I tugged with the effect merely of making my camel trot to the left. I had been told that if I wished to make him go to the right I must hit him on the left side of the head with a very short stick with which I had been provided for the purpose. But that was more easily said than done. How was I, from my giddy perch, to reach the creature's head across that long stretch of neck? I tried it and nearly lost my balance for my pains—no joke at a height of some ten feet above the pebbly sand. One of the officers, however, saw my plight, stopped, uttered some gurgling sounds, and then the camel, exposing its teeth and protesting vigorously, knelt down, and I dismounted, vowing that never again would I choose that mode of locomotion. My deliverer, who exchanged his donkey for my camel, laughed heartily at my discomfort. But I had my revenge speedily, for in the exuberance of his gait he allowed the camel to rise unexpectedly and was pitched head over heels on the ground. He was not hurt, and he joined in the laugh against himself as heartily as he had laughed at me.—London Spectator.

LOST TO HER HUSBAND.

Where Caresses Were Lavished When a Man Scorned Them.

Said an anxious uptown mother to her newly married daughter in my presence the other day: "My darling, you mustn't be cold with Archie—you must on all occasions at least pretend to be violently in love with him. Men like this even when they know it is only make-believe, for it goes down with the outside world, and we live for that, you know, not for ourselves. You must have an occasional caress for your husband when he passes you or you him. You will not find it love's labor lost, I can assure you."

"Now, mamma," replied the daughter, "you must remember men are not what they used to be when you were young. They have changed dreadfully. I fear you don't understand the man of today. He is a strange creature, full of moods and whims; as nervous as a woman. If you strike him right he may look pleased with one of those caresses which you recommend so highly, but too free with your lord when he is not in the humor for it, or if you leave a trace of rice powder on his coat, or disarrange his tie or cuffs, or rumple his hair, or rub against his boutonniere. Now, excuse me from being repaid for a caress by a frown or a reproof. I know where I can put my caresses to better advantage, where they will at least be suffered in silence if not appreciated to their full value."

"And where, pray, my child!" asked that anxious uptown mother.

"Why, on my dear Angelo."

And Angelo was a pug.—Chicago Times.

AMERICAN MACHINERY.

The Markets of the World Easily Within the Grasp of the United States.

A study of manufacturing on both sides of the Atlantic, writes Albert C. Pentz, the expert consulting engineer, in the current number of the Engineering Magazine, has suggested the belief that the United States can occupy exclusively the markets of the world with her constructive manufactures, if free to do so. Who can compete with us in sewing machines, in agricultural implements, in small machine tools, in shoe machinery, in hat machinery, in printing presses and appliances, in steam engines, in wood-working machinery, in furniture, and in all the industrial arts that have attracted the attention of our people?

In these things this country could, if permitted by equal terms, at this moment destroy by competition the like arts of every other country in the world. She could invade the markets of the countries employing the cheapest labor and sell goods cheaper than those produced on the spot. Hence Americans need have no fear of cheap labor or of goods produced by hand, but they may enter with confidence any free market in any civilized country and place distinctive American quality at paying prices and sell rapidly. American customers are the most critical and demand the best made, and if such goods satisfy the market here they will have a sale anywhere that they may be made known and offered at reasonable prices.

It is a good idea to grow such farm products as fluctuate least in its value. It enables one to calculate with some degree of certainty upon the outcome of his work. A good draft horse is such a product.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE YOUNG.

Uncle Robert's Lesson—An Exercise in Proverbs—The Appointment Was Cancelled—A Lion Abroad in Town—Mending a Suspension Bridge.

Uncle Robert's Lesson.

Uncle Robert is the professor of botany in the State University, and a "man of science," which means he knows a great deal. Aunt Annie says he is also very absent-minded; for one day he set the baby on the parlor mantel during a romp, and came very near leaving her there.

We love to have Uncle Robert visit us; for he always takes us long walks into the woods, and tells us all sorts of curious things on the way. He has told us how the leaves are rolled in their little brown blankets until the winter is over; and how the stem of the dandelion is shut together like a closed telescope, causing the leaves to grow in a bunch close to the ground; how the stem of the May-apple grows under the ground; and how the snow-drops push their little blossoms, through the ground before the snow is all gone; and how the sap runs in the trees just as the blood circulates in our bodies.

Walter and Patty and I always go on these trips. Walter is our big brother; he is thirteen. Papa says he is a question mark in knee pants, because he is always asking questions. Uncle Robert says he has "an inquiring mind."

One bright morning we all walked out to Benzil's woods, back of the hill. It made us laugh to see Uncle Robert climb the high rail fence; and tumble into the grass and weeds.

"What bent that tree in that shape?" Walter asked, as we came to a great oak, with its trunk bent out of shape.

"Ah!" said Uncle Robert, "when that oak was a sapling, a broken limb or a rotten trunk of a tree fell across it and bent it down until it became the unshapely thing you see. It will never stand up straight and tall like the other noble trees about it. Do you remember hearing: 'As the twig is bent the tree inclines'?"

"Yes," spoke up Patty, "I heard papa say that very thing to mamma when he was telling her about Jim Burns' being sent to prison for shooting a man."

"Poor Jim Burns!" said Uncle Robert; "I remember when he was a boy. He went to the same school with your father and myself. He let bad habits ruin him then. He drowned his sister's pet kitten in the creek below their house, and he loved to kill birds with stones from his sling. I have seen him jerk off a smaller boy's hat and toss it up into a tree, in spite of the little fellow's tears. He would push two boys together, and thus cause a fight, which he enjoyed more than anything else. So, instead of growing up straight like the fine trees, he became bent and out of shape like this poor crippled oak. I was not surprised to find that the cruel boy had grown into the more cruel man, who must spend the rest of his life in prison. Bad habits are the weights that spoil characters."

We were all thinking of some bad habit of our own as we walked through the woods gathering Johnny-jump-ups and spring beauties.

"I am going to let you nurse Rosetta whenever you want to," said Patty to me that night after we had said our prayers and crawled into bed.

Rosetta is Patty's first doll, and she never lets any one touch her.

"I have tried my very best not to scream and stamp when my hair is combed, even though the knots hurt dreadfully."

Walter never calls me "turned-up-nose" any more, and he don't pinch my ears or pull the ribbon off my hair, or crook his finger at me as he used to do. We all want to grow straight.

An Exercise in Proverbs.

A New England school-ma'am obtained a situation out in Arkansas, and became so successful that she determined to give an exhibition of her pupil's progress, and invited all their parents to be present on Friday evening. The entertainment moved satisfactorily to all concerned.

"Now," said the teacher, toward the close, "I want every boy to repeat some proverb that he has heard. This is entirely impromptu," the teacher explained to the parents, "but I feel sure that the boys will do themselves credit, although they did not know in advance that they were to be called upon. Now, Johnnie, can you give an example of some old saying that you have found helpful?"

"All is not gold that glitters," replied Johnnie.

"Very good. Very good indeed."

"Be virtuous and you'll be happy," said Jimmie.

"That's splendid. Why, you boys remind me so much of a school I once taught in Boston," responded the fair teacher.

"The germ of ambition is the chrysalis of wisdom," said Willie.

And so on down the class she went, until she got to Peck Smith. He wasn't very bright, and she intended to skip him, but he seemed anxious to say something, and she asked him if he knew any old proverb. He did.

"A stump-tailed yaller dog is the best for coons," announced Peck; and the joy of his relatives reached such a pitch that his father paid a year's tuition in advance before he left the school-house.

The Appointment Was Cancelled.

There is a greater, grander bravery than that which is required to face

booming cannon and an angry foe. It is the moral courage that bids the man or woman stand firm for the right, when apparently the most vital material interests of life are at stake. Such was the courage of Dr. Richard Venn, the noble English minister who stood ready to sacrifice himself for principle.

Dr. Venn, during the reign of George Second, opposed, and actually threatened to publicly denounce the appointment by the royal government of an improper person to be bishop of the church.

Venn's decision of character was so well known that the Lord Chancellor, whose interest at court had procured the appointment, sent a gentleman to threaten or bribe the resolute clergyman into silence. The man found Venn in his study, with his wife and little boy, the afterwards famous Rev. Henry Venn, and hinted that he might be appointed to the Deanery of Wells, provided he would desist from his opposition to the appointment.

"Let the Chancellor know that I scorn his bribes," answered Mr. Venn. Whereupon the gentleman changed his tone.

"You will be ruined, Mr. Venn! you will be ruined, and all your family!" said he.

Mr. Venn calmly turned to his wife, who was sewing, and said, "My dear, could you not support yourself and me by your needle?"

"Yes, if it were necessary."

"Then turning to his son, he said, 'Harry, would you not like to be a waterman?'"

"Yes, papa, very much."

"There, sir, report what you have heard to the Chancellor, and tell him I defy him."

The appointment was cancelled.

Mending a Suspension Bridge.

The cables of a suspension-bridge are subjected to great strains, and are therefore firmly anchored to heavy masses of masonry by means of long bars of iron or steel, having holes at each end, by which they are bolted or pinned together. The Engineering News says that one of the bars in the anchorage of one end of the smaller suspension-bridge at Niagara was found recently to be broken. The problem of replacing it was difficult, since the wires attached to it had to have the same tension when it was in place that they had when the old bar was intact. The new bar was formed of a piece of steel twenty feet long, six inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick, with a hole in one end, and a band bolted to the other. This band was designed to pass around an iron bar in the abutment and resist the pull of the wires. When the band had been placed about this pin in the masonry and bolted to its bar, the bar was carefully heated by a wooden fire in a trough below until it had expanded sufficiently to allow the end of the wire cable to be connected with it. As it cooled it contracted, until when it reached its normal temperature the wires attached to it were strained to the same degree as the others, and in this way a difficult problem was easily and cheaply solved.

A Lion Abroad in the Town.

A lion escaped a few weeks ago from a travelling menagerie at Bordeaux, where the show was encamped in the outskirts of the city. The wild beast tore down the spacious boulevard, to the consternation of the passers-by, and suddenly turned into a by-street. Here he observed, outside a tavern, a sleepy cart-horse harnessed to a hay-cart, and evidently awaiting the return of its driver. Although pursued by his keepers and a crowd of police, the lion at once flew at the horse and fixed his jaws into his neck.

The poor beast plunged and kicked, and while he heighed pitiously the policemen began firing with their revolvers at the struggling pair. This did not seem to injure the lion, for as soon as he had his fill of horse flesh he turned to continue his promenade.

At this moment a young man proposed to lasso the beast; and covered by the revolvers of the gendarmes, he made the attempt. After many efforts the noose fell about the neck of the lion, and being pulled tight by the excited crowd of pursuers, the animal was dragged, half-strangled, back to his den. The horse was his only victim.

A New Water Bicycle.

A San Francisco man named Colin Thompson has ridden through the Golden Gate, as the entrance to San Francisco Bay is called, on a "water bicycle" of his own invention. The machine is simple in construction. Two covered wooden canoes forms its base; they resemble racing-shells in shape, and are thirteen feet long, tapering to points at the ends. Their greatest width and depth are thirteen inches. The open space between them is twenty inches, and they are connected like a catamaran by a platform set a little to the rear of their middle. A wheel nine feet in circumference, with paddles of sheet-iron, reaches the water a narrow opening, and is turned by the running-gear of an ordinary bicycle. Each canoe is stocked with provisions for a cruise, and the whole outfit, exclusive of Mr. Thompson's labor, cost fifteen dollars.

Previous

Van Winkle—Where did you get the new smoking jacket?

Von Blumer—That's my wife's Christmas present.

Van Winkle—But it isn't Christmas yet.

Von Blumer—No; but the man came to collect the bill, so she had to show it to me.—Clothier and Furnisher.

ARRESTED AN EMPEROR.

Old Sparks and His Queer Recon- tre With Napoleon III.

"Old Sparks," as he was known—in no disrespectful sense, mind you—I find has not quite gone out of the memory of New Yorkers. In his day "Old Sparks" was quite a character in this city. He was for years one of the New York "leatherheads," as the old-time policeman were known. One evening he arrested a couple of young fellows for being drunk and disorderly.

"And who do you suppose one of them was?" was the stereotyped question that "Old Sparks" used to gloatingly put at this stage of the story.

"Give it up," was of course the answer.

"Why, it was none other than Louis Napoleon, who was afterward the emperor of France, Napoleon III. He was then a bartender over in Hoboken, and had come over to New York that night on a little racket. He drank too much and got noisy, as Frenchmen will, so I had to arrest him. He took it very good naturedly, told me who he was and proved it to my satisfaction. He seemed a very pleasant, nice young fellow, and so I let him go. I was always glad I did. But I shall never forget that I once arrested Napoleon III."

From a police station cell to a throne is quite a jump, is it not?

A Captive Samson.

The natives of the Canary Islands whom the Spanish conquerors found there were a large and powerful race. It is said to have been no uncommon thing for a man to take an ox by the horn with one hand, and slay him with the other.

Perhaps the most famous of these strong men was Adargoma, of Grand Canary, a prisoner of war, who could wrestle for two consecutive hours, and having once been thrown undermost, squeezed his antagonist between his legs and arms until his bones began to crack.

One day in Seville, Adargoma was visited by a brawny youth, who was anxious to try a bout with him.

"My good friend," said Adargoma, "as we are going to wrestle together, it is only reasonable that we should begin by drinking something."

A large bowl of wine having been brought, he took this in one hand, and continued to address the challenger: "If with both your arms you can overpower one of mine, so as to hinder me from drinking every drop of this wine, we will try our strength together. If not you may return to your home."

The struggle took place, and Adargoma by degrees drained the bowl in the coolest manner without spilling a drop of the wine. His one hand was more than a match for the other's two.

Napoleon's Memory.

The duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, had a great respect for the fighting qualities of Napoleon, but none for his character. Once when the little Corsican's feats of memory was being referred to by an admirer, who spoke of Napoleon's ability to single out soldiers in reviews, and call upon them by name to step out of the ranks for praise or promotion, Wellington said:

"This is a great mistake. I'll tell you how he managed it. One of his generals, Lobau, used to get ready for him a list of soldiers to be called out from each regiment. When Napoleon rode up opposite a regiment he would call out the names of the soldiers to be honored, and the men would step forward—that was all. I also doubt the power of his memory," continued the Duke, "from the looseness and inaccuracy of his statements. In his works—I mean all that he has ever written—you never find a thing related precisely as it happened. He seemed to have no clear or distinct recollection; scarcely once has he ever tripped into truth."

Wellington was accustomed to say, however, that the genius of Napoleon added the strength of 40,000 men to any army he was leading in battle.

The Dog Did Not Win.

Animals, as a rule, understand who their friends are. The Washington Post tells the story of a dog whose eyes had been treated by an oculist, to his great relief. The trouble returned, and the dog's master determined to take him to the oculist a second time. Flim Flam seemed to know where he was going, for on entering the square where the oculist had his office, he raced ahead of his master and up the steps, where he had been but once before, and on the door being opened, bolted straight for the treatment-room, instead of waiting his turn down stairs, as two-legged patients learn to do to their sorrow, and impatience. This time the treatment was a zinc solution that was very severe and brought the water in streams from the patient's eyes, but he took it with his nose in the air, never wincing, and the only sign of feeling he made was to hold out one paw pathetically for his master's hand.

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