

HIS TRIUMPH.

How John Walton Took a Sweet Revenge.



OFF from here, you little beggar!" said Oscar Ronalds, imperiously.

The speaker was a well-dressed boy of fourteen, and the words were addressed to a boy of about his own age and his sister of eight.

The contrast between their outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of light complexion and looked like a petted child of the aristocracy.

John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Oscar. His complexion was dark, his hair, black as the raven's wing, hung over his forehead.

"You have no business here, you beggar," said Oscar, furiously. "I am no beggar," said the barefoot boy, proudly.

"This is my father's land. Can you deny that?" demanded Oscar. "I know it is, and I suppose it will be yours some day."

"Then why do you intrude here?" "I did not suppose it would do any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines."

"Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but I don't want any beggar's brats on my father's place."

"Stop there, young master," said John, firmly. "You call me a beggar, and I did not care much, but if you call my mother by that name, you'll be sorry."

"I?" said Oscar contemptuously. "What will you do?" "I'll beat you with that stick you hold in your hand."

"Then I do call her a beggar," said Oscar, furiously. "What are you going to do about it?" "You'll see."

John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar, wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then flung it into the pool hard by.

Leaving his young enemy prostrate, he took his terrified sister by the hand, and saying: "We'll go home now, Lizzie," walked quietly away.

Oscar picked himself up, mortified and furious. He would have pursued John, and wreaked instant vengeance upon him if he had dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally characterized him, he had felt his own utter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengeance should come in another shape.

"My father shall turn the beggars out of house and home," he muttered. "I wish they might starve."

When John told the story of his encounter to his mother she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it. So, indeed, it did.

The next morning Squire Ronalds, with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching the widow's cottage.

Mrs. Walton opened the door. "Won't you come in, Squire Ronalds?" she said, nervously.

"No, madam, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son Oscar, yesterday?"

"You are an impudent young rascal!" "Mother," said John, quietly, "There is no use listening further. I shall not apologize, and am ready to take the consequences. Don't be alarmed. I'll take care of you."

"You must leave this house to-morrow," roared Squire Ronalds, in a very undignified rage, stamping his gold-headed cane upon the ground.

"What shall we do, John?" said Mrs. Walton, dismayed. "I'll tell you, mother," said John. "There is nothing for me to do here. We'll go to Brandon, where there are woolen mills. Then I can get a chance to work, and I'll rise, never fear. It is best for us to go."

Twenty-three years passed. To the barefooted boy they brought wonderful changes. At thirty-four he found himself superintendent of the mill where he had entered as a poor operative, earning a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

One winter evening they were all seated in a luxuriantly-furnished room before a glowing fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own home.

"What a storm it is!" she exclaimed, shuddering. "I pity those who are out in it."

"Yes," said her brother, "it is the most violent storm of the year. The snow must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer indoors."

"Who would have thought, John, we should come to live in such comfort?" "Don't be scared of him, Lizzie," said John. "He won't dare to touch us."

"Won't I, though?" said Oscar, clutching his stick tighter. "Not if you know what is best for yourself," said John, looking fixedly at him.

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A BACKWOODS SUNDAY.

A Charming Picture of Life Amid Rural Scenes.



SUNDAY in the backwoods of Tennessee, viewed by one whose feet rarely stray from the worn paths of active life, may hold nothing attractive, but to the old men and women—the youth and maiden of the soil—it is a poem that comes once a week to encourage young love with its soft sentiment and soothe the old laborer with its words of promise.

In the country where the streams are so pure that they look like strips of sunshine, where the trees are so ancient that one almost stands in awe of them, where the moss, so old that it is gray, and hanging from the rocks in the ravine, looks like venerable beards growing on the faces that have been hardened by years of trouble—in such a country, even the most slouching clown, walking as though stepping over clouds when plowing where the ground breaks up hard, has in his untutored heart a love of poetry. He may not be able to read—may never have heard the name of a son of genius, but in the evening, when he stands on a purple "knob," watching the soul of day sink out of sight in a far-away valley, he is a poet.

When the shadow of Saturday night falls upon a backwoods community in Tennessee, a quiet joy seems to lurk in the atmosphere. The whippoorwill has sung unheeded every night during the week, but to-night his song brings a promise of rest. The tired boy sits in the door, and, taking off his shoes, strikes them against the log door-step to knock the dirt out, and the cat, that has followed the women when they went to milk the cows, comes and rubs against him. The humming-bird, looking for a late supper, buzzes among the honeysuckle blossoms, and the tree-toad cries in the locust tree. The boy goes to bed, thrilled with an expectation. He muses: "I will see somebody to-morrow."

On the morrow the woods are full of music. The great soul of day rises with a burst of glory, and the streams, bounding over the rocks or dreaming among the ferns, laugh more merrily and seem to be brighter than they were yesterday. Horses neigh near an old log church and a swelling hymn is borne away on the blossom-scented air. The plow-boy, sitting near the spring, heeds not the sacred music, but gazes intently down the shady road. He sees some one coming—sees the fluttering of a gaudy ribbon and is thrilled. A young woman comes up the road, coyly tapping an old mare with a dogwood switch, and eager lest some one else may perform the endearing office, he hastens to help the young woman to alight. He tries to appear unconcerned as he takes hold of the bridle rein, but he stumbles awkwardly as he leads the animal toward the horse-block. When he has helped her down and has tied the horse to his blessed privilege to walk with the girl as far as the church door.

"What's Jim a-doin'?" he asks as they walk along under the embarrassing gaze of a score of men. "Plowed yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon," he rejoins. "No, went to preachin' at Ebenezer."

"What's Tom a-doin'?" "Went to mill yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon." "He 'lowed he mout, but I don't know whether he will or not."

"What's Alf a doin'?" "Cut sprouts an' deadened trees yistidy; ain't doin' nothin' to-day."

"Be here to-day, I reckon." "Yes, 'lowed he was a comin' with Sue Prior."

"Anybody goin' home with you, Liza?" "Not that I know of."

"Wall, if nobody else ain't spoke I'd like to go."

"We'll see about it," she answers, and then enters the church. He saunters off and sits down under a tree where a number of young men are wallowing on shaws, spread on the grass. The preacher becomes warm in his work and the plow-boy bears him ex-



HE THINKS TO APPEAR UNCONCERNED.

claim: "What can a man give in exchange for his own soul?" But he is not thinking of souls, or of an existence beyond the horizon of this life; his mind is on the girl with a gaudy ribbon, and he is asking his heart if she loves him. The shadows are now shorter and hungry men cast glances at the sun, but the preacher, shouting in broken accents, appears not to have reached the first mile-stone of his text, and it is evident that he started out with the intention of going a "Sabbath day's journey."

One young fellow places his straw hat over his face and tries to sleep, but some one tickles him with a spear of grass. An old man who has stood it as long as he could in the house, and who has come out and lain down, gets up, stretches himself, brushes a clinging

leaf off his gray jeans trousers and declares: "A lute to eat would hit me harder than a sermon writ on a rock. Don't see why a man wants to talk all day."

"Thought you was mighty fond of preachin', Uncle John," some one remarks. "Am, but I don't want a man to go over an' over what he has already dun said. If my folks wa'n't in thar I'd mosey off home an' git suthin' to eat."

"Good book says a man don't live by bread alone, Uncle John." "Yes, but it don't say that he lives by preachin' alone, nuther. Ho! on! they are singin' the doxology now, an' I reckon she will soon be busted."

The plowboy goes home with his divinity—Uncle John's daughter. "Reckon Jim will be at home?" he asks, as they ride along. "He mout be. Air you awful anxious to see him?"

"Not so powerful. Jest 'lowed I'd ask. I know who's yo' sweetheart," he says, after a pause. "Bet you don't."

"Bet I do." "Who is it, then, Mr. Smarty?" "Aleck Jones."

"Who, him? Think I'd have that freckle-face thing?" "Wall, if he ain't I know who is."

"Bet you couldn't think of his name in a hundred years." "You mout think I can't, but I can."

"Wall, who, then, since you are so smart?" "Morg Atcherson."

"Ho, I wouldn't speak to him if I was to meet him in the road." "But you'd speak to some people if you was to meet them in the road, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, of course I would." "Who would you speak to?" "Oh, lots of folks. Did you see that bird almost at me. sse suanen, exclaims."

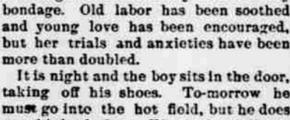
"I reckon he 'lowed you was a flower." "Oh, he didn't, no such of a thing. You ought to be ashamed of yo'self to make fun of me thater way."

"I wa'n't makin' fun of you. Ho, if I was ter ketch anybody makin' fun of you it wouldn't be good for him."

"What would you do?" "I'd whale him."

"You air awful brave, ain't you?" "Never mind what I am; I know that if any man was to make fun of you he'd have me to whup."

A number of people have stopped at Uncle John's house. They sit in the large passageway running between the two sections of the log building, and the men, who have not heard the sermon, discuss it with the women who were compelled to hear it from halting start to excited finish. The sun is blazing out in the fields and the June-bugs are buzzing in the yard. It is indeed a day of rest for the young and old, but it is a restful time for the housewife? Does that woman, with flushed face, running from the kitchen to the dining-room and then to the spring-house for the crock jar of milk, appear to be resting? Do the young men and women that are lolling in the passage realize



"THOUGHT YOU WERE MIGHTY FOND OF PREACHING?"

that they are making a slave of her? Probably not, for she assures them that it is not a bit of trouble, yet when night comes—when the company is gone—she sinks down, almost afraid to wish that Sunday might never come again, yet knowing that it is the day of her heavy bondage. Old labor has been soothed and young love has been encouraged, but her trials and anxieties have been more than doubled.

It is night and the boy sits in the door, taking off his shoes. To-morrow he must go into the hot field, but he does not think of that. His soul is full of a buoyant love—buoyant, for the girl with the gaudy ribbon has promised to be his wife.—Opie P. Read, in Arkansas Traveler.

The Hottest Region. Careful observations and comparisons made by scientific Americans prove that the hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name.

For forty consecutive days in the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees night or day, and to often run up as high as 128 degrees in the afternoon.

At Bahrin, in the center of the torrid part of the torrid belt, as though it was nature's intention to make the region as unbearable as possible, no water can be obtained from digging wells 100, 200 or even 500 feet deep, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the gulf, more than a mile from shore.—Golden Days.

A Dismal Drive. She—I am sorry, Mr. Browne, that I can not be otherwise than a sister to you. It is getting late, by the way, and I think I had better be home soon; would you mind hurrying up the horse? He (savagely)—Oh, not at all; but you see I expressly asked for an old horse, and we are seven miles from home, and this nag only makes three miles an hour. Get up, there, you!—Harper's Bazar.

CEYLON'S TREASURES.

Primitive Methods Employed by Fugitive and Dissolute Miners.

Ratnapura, the city of gems, is the center of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel six feet to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being worked now, others being abandoned. The natives work there in companies of six or eight and pay a rupee per man per month for the privilege of working a certain allotment, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet.

After removing about three feet of soil the sounding rod, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet long, is used to sound for the gravel. If successful the digging is begun in earnest till about four feet deep. On the second day gravel is taken out by baskets handed from one man to another till all within the square is excavated. Should the miners find the soil fairly firm at the bottom of the pit, they tunnel all around for about two feet, drawing out the gravel and sending it up also to be heaped with the rest, which usually completes the work of the second day, a watchman remaining near it all night.

On the third day the gravel is all washed in wicker baskets by a circular jerking motion, which throws out all the surplus light stone and rubbish till a good quantity of heavy gravel is left in the bottom, which is carefully examined. There is hardly a basketful that does not contain some gems of inferior value, which are usually sold by the pound for about nine rupees. Should no valuable stones be found another pit is sunk, and so on until one or two or perhaps three really valuable gems are unearthed, when the work is stopped and the whole party goes off to Ratnapura with the prizes. If these are worth, say a few thousand rupees, they are kept secret and only shown to one or two men of money, who make the owners an advance and look after the custody of the precious stones.

Then the miners gamble and drink for some time, till another advance becomes necessary, and so on until half the value is obtained. Then the party, with the mortgagee, proceeds to Colombo, or Italutara, where rich Moorish traders are summoned to purchase, and the gems soon find their way to London. The general public knows nothing about these transactions, and valuable gems are never heard of in Ceylon and never see the light of day until they reach Bond street.

The natives have a great fear of exposing their finds till they are sold, and they have superstitious ideas about showing them. This system has been in vogue for centuries. It is only occasionally one hears of a native having enterprise enough to dig a few feet below the first gravel to see if a second bed of gravel is within reach, for they fear the expense of bailing out water, which increases as the greater depth is attained, although the second gravel is well known to be much richer than the first.—Jewelers' Weekly.

THE KAISER'S BROTHER.

How Military Discipline Got the Best of Princely Dirt.

Appropos of the meeting between the Queen and the Empress Frederick at Darmstadt, I am reminded of the following story, which is characteristic of her Majesty's eldest daughter's notions and practice of discipline: Prince Henry, the brother of the present Emperor, had, when a small boy, the greatest objection to his daily bath, and the nursery became every morning the scene of a vigorous and fearful struggle on his part against tubbing. His mother tried in vain to persuade him that baths were inevitable and that he must submit to them, but she finally gave the nurse orders one morning to let him have his own way. Prince Henry, confident that he had gained a remarkable victory, was exultant, and when he set out for his morning walk took no pains to conceal his triumph. He indulged in sundry taunting remarks to his attendants; but on returning home he was surprised to notice that the sentinel at the gate did not present arms as he passed. On reaching the palace he found a second sentinel equally remiss, and knowing as well as any of his punctilious race what was due to his rank, the little fellow walked up to the man and asked severely: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, Hoheit," said the sentinel, standing motionless. "Who am I?" "Prince Heinrich." "Why don't you salute, then?" "Because we do not present arms to an unwashed Prince," replied the sentinel, who had received his orders from the Prince's mother. The little fellow said not a word, but walked on, bravely winking back the two big tears which filled his eyes. Next morning, however, he took his bath with perfect docility, and was never known to complain of it again.—London Figaro.

—Mr. Jasper Gibson, an Englishman, has invented a new form of bell buoy. It will serve for a warning both in case of fog and storm. "The buoy," says Chamber's Journal, "supports two bells, one above the other. The lower one being a fog-bell, and the upper a storm-bell. The fog-bell is actuated by a rod attached to a float which moves up and down with every ripple, and it is thus in no way dependent upon a rough sea for its warning note. But the storm-bell requires some thing more than this to force it into action.

—Somebody—a very fortunate somebody, surely—has an exquisite fan fashioned from finest baby hair, and so curiously wrought as to cheat one into the belief that gossamer lace has been pressed into such loving service. The fringe of this fairy-like wind-wool reminds one of silken treads floating out from baby's golden crown. It should be in the hand of the proud young mother who in a plain gold ring had "set," as priceless gems, four pearl-like baby teeth.—Harper's Bazar.

—Some practical but inertistic German has made up a compound of sugar and condensed milk and tea, from which a cup of tea can be had by simply pouring on boiling water.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Plant flowers, shrubs and vines about the house to add to its attractiveness, and otherwise improve and ornament your surroundings.

—It is not only an economy for home-makers to keep an account book, but it is a great satisfaction to know, from year to year, exactly what has been expended.

—Keep a clasp knife or a knife with a handle different from those in common use for the sole purpose of peeling onions, and so avoid the flavor and odor of them where it is neither expected or desired.

—Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

—A little powdered potash thrown into rat holes will drive the rodents away that are so annoying in cellar or kitchen; cayenne pepper will have the same effect on rats and cockroaches, and a mouse will never gnaw through a piece of cotton sprinkled with cayenne that is stuffed into his hole.

—Huckleberry Toast.—Wash and stem a pint of berries, add sugar to taste, and pour over layers of thin buttered toast. Cover with a plate, and let them stand half an hour before serving, on the range or in a moderately cool oven. It may be baked in a pudding-dish and finished with a lemon-flavored meringue.—Demorest's Monthly.

—Dainty Spring Chicken.—Clean carefully, wash thoroughly, salt and pepper to taste. Make a rich batter of half a pint of flour, pinch of salt, two eggs beaten light, half a gill of butter, and milk enough to mix a thick batter. Dip each piece of chicken in the batter and drop in boiling lard. To be eaten as soon as done.—Boston Budget.

—Chocolate Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, two cups of flour. The cream is made thus: One-third cake of chocolate, one-half cup of milk, yolk of one egg, sugar to taste; boil until stiff; when cold spread over the cake.—Boston Globe.

—Stewed Sheep's Head.—Procure a sheep's head, wash thoroughly, remove the brains, and let them soak in cold water. Stew the head gently for three hours, in three quarts of water. Take the head out of the pot, remove all the meat, and return it to the broth. Put the bones aside for the stock pot. Chop the brains, and add them with two chopped onions, a thinly sliced carrot, a turnip, a bunch of parsley, a little sugar, pepper and salt. Let it boil gently an hour.—Housekeeper.

—There is no reason why women should tire themselves in squeezing juice from fruit for jelly or in stoning cherries, when there are several patent processes for doing this work with perfect success, enabling the worker to go through preserving time with unstained hands and unexhausted patience. There are enough necessary things to do in a household which can not be done by machinery. Housekeepers should take advantage of every chance that offers for genuine help in their work.

—Chicken Curry.—Cut up a very young chicken, wash it and cut it into small pieces, chop one onion, put half a cupful of water into a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of sugar, the juice of one lemon, and the onion and chicken and salt, cook gently twenty minutes, then mix one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of curry powder together with cold water and add it to the chicken, stirring it until it boils; serve with boiled rice or baked potatoes.—Boston Herald.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

Commotion Caused by the Arrival of a Baby in the Steerage.

Sometimes on board an Atlantic steamer an incident occurs which causes human sympathy to bridge for an instant the gulf between the first cabin and the steerage. As when, for instance, on the first day of May a young married woman in the steerage became the mother of a tiny girl, and in mid-ocean the passenger total was suddenly increased by one.

Great was the excitement among the children in the first cabin when they heard there was a new baby in the steerage.

"It's such a long way for an angel to fly without resting," exclaimed Phyllis, aged six, to Lillian, aged four, "that they don't often bring them to ships. But I s'pose he just felt like coming, it was such a lovely moonlight night."

"I wish the angel had brung it to me," whimpered Lillian. "I heard the doctor tell mamma that the mother who got it was only a little girl."

"Don't cry, Lillian," says Phyllis. "You know Polly, our stewardess? Well, she says it's awful pink, and they're going to call it Mayflower. Isn't that nice?"

"Oh, my!" says Lillian. "Let's get a lot of presents, and go ask the governess if she won't borrow it and let us baptize it!"

The baptism is postponed, but presents arrived, and from all quarters. Flannels, wine, bonbons and toys find the mother and child in the steerage hospital. The toys are perhaps a little premature for a miss just three days old. But the children who send them refused to be denied the pleasure of giving, and the prudent grandmother carefully puts them away against the time when they will be needed.

The hospital nurse, a comely young woman in a neat black dress, crisp apron and dainty lace cap, holds the little mite on the pillow by the proud young mother while the ship rolls and tosses, and the artist, braced against the doorway, sketches the sympathetic little group for Harper's Weekly. The hospital is neat and ship-shape, but very small. While the artist sketches, the happy father and doting grandmother stand outside, and vainly try to moderate their delighted smiles. They are all going to visit the old home in Scotland, and the grandmother explains that although little Mayflower "is a wee bit bairnie hoo, she'll aye be bigger coomins' back."—Minnie Buchanan Goodgan, in Harper's Weekly.