

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

The singer sang the world a song,
And soon in every tender heart
Its melody, sweet and strong,
Be came a part and lasting part.
But no one knew and no one cared,
That from such a most grief and wrong
His breaking heart had learned the notes
That trembled into glorious song.

A woman who from every cup
Had drunk life's glad and better streams,
Sat down and wrote a wondrous tale
As sweet and bright as fairy dreams.
But no one knew and no one cared,
From what tumultuous sea of thought
The soul in lonely voyages
Its parable of life had brought.

The teacher with a burning heart,
With tongue as swift and hot as flame,
Led with a wise and tender hand
The world into its highest aim.
But no one knew and no one cared,
Through what fierce conflict, day by day,
He won the victory which cleared
For weaker hearts the higher way.

For each soul has an inner room
Where alone it seeks the grace
To struggle with its sharpest foe,
Its hardest destiny to face.
To lift the duty that it fears,
To love, to trust, through every doom,
And not the nearest, dearest heart,
Goes with it to that inner room.

Thy there that souls learn how to sing,
Thy there the truest knights are made;
Thy there, with the sharp edge of her sword,
Great sorrow gives the accolade.
From whence they come with subtle strength
The weary and the sad to lift;
But who remembers that sad room,
His strife and doubt, its grief and gloom,
From which they bring the precious gift.

A STORY OF NEW SWEDEN.

A Swedish colony had been founded in an almost unbroken wilderness of Northern Maine, and in memory of the dear fatherland, named New Sweden. Among the first to cast his fortunes with this little colony was Carl Olsson, accompanied by his wife and four children.

The log houses of the Swedish colonists had been built near together, both for security and for companionship; and one bright midsummer morning Olsson stood waiting before the door of his home for the noon-day lunch he was to carry with him to his day's work of felling trees, two miles away. Within the single room his humble home afforded, was Christine, a girl of twelve years, removing the remains of the frugal breakfast.

"Christine," called her father, "if the mother is willing, you may come with me to the 'chopping' to-day. The hours won't seem so long where there's a little lass fitting about."

Christine looked up eagerly at her mother.

"Oh can't I go? Father wants me and I shall be so happy in the woods all day."

"Yes, you may go," said the mother, adding as she spoke, a rye cake to the luncheon "but don't get lost in the woods."

Christine laughed at her mother's needless fears, and hastened to overtake her father, who had already started on his way.

A fair type of the Swedish immigrant was the father, with his broad shoulders, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and light hair; and a quaint figure was the child that kept pace with him along the rough road.

In stature, small for her years; but the fashioning of her dress, spun and woven by her mother with true housewifely skill, gave her the appearance of a little old woman, as it hung in heavy, straight folds below the top of the strong, coarse shoes.

Over her head was tied a dingy cotton handkerchief, which afforded no protection from sun and wind; and the face beneath, never pretty, was now sunburned and freckled. But the features were regular, the teeth white and even, the blue eyes clear and truthful, the flaxen hair long and fine; for the two smooth braids hung far below the corners of the fluttering handkerchief.

As her father struck off into a narrow path down over the hill, Christine was obliged to drop behind; and she followed after the broad footprints in the soft leaf mold, catching, as she passed, the great mosswood leaves on either hand, that broke so easily at her touch.

A few moments more, and they reached the "chopping," a small opening in the woods where a few trees had already been felled; and placing his dinner pail and coat at the foot of a tree and directing Christine to a place of safety, so as to be out of range of the tree as it fell, Carl Olsson commenced his work.

Far and near sounded the ringing strokes of his axe, and Christine watched the great chips as they flew in every direction. When the last severing blow was given and the tree fell with a crash that awoke the echoes of the forest, Christine shut her eyes until her father's hearty laugh reassured her.

"Ho! ho! that's the way they come down, Christine. What a fine farm we'll have one of these days!"

Wearily at last of watching her father at work, Christine obtained permission to search for flowers and berries.

"Don't go out of sight," said her fa-

ther, and promising that she would not, she strolled along the edge of the woods, lost in delight to everything around her.

In happy unconsciousness of impending danger, she spent the hours of the long summer forenoon, until her father called, "Christine! Christine!" and, gathering up her woodland treasure, she approached within easy speaking distance.

"What do you want, papa," she answered.

"It is nearly noon, and when I finish this tree, we'll have dinner. Take the pail and go down that path until you come to a spring. Fill the pail with water and hurry back."

Following the direction indicated by her father, Christine took the path and was soon lost to sight in the narrow sinuous path.

Carl Olsson resumed his labor, and when the tree at length lay across its fallen fellows, stood watching to obtain a glimpse of Christine's coming.

"What can keep Christine so long?" he said aloud. "It is not like the child to loiter so."

The spring was some quarter of a mile distant, but the path was direct, and there was no occasion for any straying from it, or this unusual delay; and after waiting several minutes longer, with a half impatient frown her father started after her.

Not meeting her at the turn of the path as fully expected, he quickened his step; and when he neared the spring and still saw no signs of her coming, an anxious fear aroused him and he shouted "Christine! Christine!" But no answering voice responded.

With rapid strides he reached the spring and found she was not there. He saw her footprints in the moist earth around the water but could trace no marks of a return.

Thoroughly alarmed, he began to search the woods in every direction, calling in frantic tones his daughter's name.

"Oh, God, care for and protect my child," he cried, in his helpless agony, as, with such a feeling of desolation and sorrow as comes to those who turn from the grave of a loved one, he left the forest, knowing that his child, if she had not been already devoured by some wild beast, was suffering and helpless in its dark depths.

How weary seemed the homeward way, he thought of the sorrowful news he was carrying to the watching mother.

"Ah, here comes Carl," she said, as she saw her husband appearing in the distance. "How tired he is, for his step is so slow; but I do not see Christine. The poor child has grown weary and fallen behind."

As Carl Olsson drew near, something in his troubled face and dejected air caused the shadow of a great fear to fall upon the mother's heart. "What has happened, where is Christine?" she called out sharply.

In broken, half-choked words, he told the story. She had gone at noon to the spring for water; she did not come back, and he went to look for her; she had gone—lost in the woods—and he knew not where to find her.

"Oh, Christine, my child! Oh, why did I let her go?" was the agonized cry that came from the mother's pallid lips. "God rules," was the almost stern and reverent reply of Carl Olsson. But our neighbors must be told, and we will search for her in the morning."

Hurriedly drinking a cup of strong coffee—the lunch had gone untasted—Carl Olsson set forth to arouse the colony.

Messengers were sent in every direction, and the news spread rapidly from cabin to cabin. "Christine Olsson is lost in the woods! Search must be made for her in the morning. Meet at Olsson's house at sun-rise."

But what had caused this sudden and mysterious disappearance of Christine?

Following the narrow path rushing with a light step the leaves that strewed the way, without any thought of impending danger, she reached the spring that gushed out, sparkling and bright from a little hillside, and, as she stooped by the side of its cool, green margin to fill her pail with water, she bestowed a coquetish glance upon the flushed cheeks and bright eyes reflected upon its surface.

As she turned to retrace her steps, a low deep growl sounded near her; and she beheld in great affright an enormous bear with a cub beside her directly in the path and not but a few feet away.

Again the bear uttered her low angry growl and her small eyes snapped viciously as she looked at Christine, who, with a frightened scream, turned and fled into the woods behind the spring. On she went in her mad flight, across fallen trees and through dense underbrush, the sharp thorns and cruel branches tearing her face and hands in a pitiful way.

Still on she went, until at last, almost fainting and exhausted, she ventured to look back.

The bear was not following her; and somewhat reassured, but trembling in every limb, she started to walk around to the clearing where she had left her father. Who didn't he answer when she called him, for surely she had walked far enough to reach him?

"Papa, papa! where are you, papa?" was her continual cry as she hurried along, sometimes running, bruised and torn, but never crying.

Thus all the afternoon the poor lost child kept on in her vain search for father, now hastening with frantic joy as she thought she heard his voice calling, now sinking down exhausted and despairing because she could neither see nor hear nor find him.

One by one the stars came twinkling

out. At her still continued cry for her father, some startled deer would pause with foot uplifted and ear alert, to catch the meaning of this strange, new voice of the night, before bounding away in the darkness; and the frightful screech of the owl, always hideous and strange to stronger nerves, was a response that would cause the child to crouch and cower in affright.

To Christine's distorted vision came every fancy. Each dark shadow was a hidden beast to spring upon her, and gleaming eyes lurked in every bush.

Did she really have a father and mother who loved her, or was she a child of the woods, always to go in this terrible way? With each wild fancy, Christine continued her hopeless wandering through the long hours of that dreadful night, occasionally breaking the deep solitude of the forest by the heart-broken cry, "Papa, O papa! where are you?"

Long and weary had been the night to the weeping mother, for sorrows are always sharper and burdens heavier during the sleepless hours; but hope revived when, with the first gray dawn of the morning, the colonists gathered by twos and threes, bringing guns and dogs ready for a search after the lost child. There were middle aged men, heavy and stolid in features, with tarnished knots of silver in their ears and wearing immense wooden shoes, long waistcoats and leather breeches. There were young men and boys full of excitement and each being first to discover the lost girl. It was decided to follow Olsson to the clearing, form in line, and at a given signal advance into the woods, each man keeping in sight of his neighbor, so as to cover all space, and when the child was found, fire a gun twice in rapid succession.

The only one of the boys who carried a gun was Peter Swenson, who walked very erect and exclaimed boastfully: "If I see a bear I shall shoot him skare between the two eyes." And all the boys looked on admiringly but Nils Peterson, who whistled to his large yellow and white spotted dog, and said, quite as boastfully: "I wouldn't give my dog for the best gun in the crowd. He isn't afraid of the biggest bear you ever saw," which wasn't so much of a boast after all, as none of the boys had ever seen a tame bear, much less a wild one.

On reaching the clearing, a line was formed along the edge of the woods; and at the given signal all advanced together, beating the bushes, firing guns and hallooing, and the search was kept up in this manner until the noonday, when a pause was made. All of Carl Olsson's bright hopes of the morning were deserting him.

"Christine couldn't have wandered so far," he said. "My poor child has been devoured by some wild beast." And he sank upon the ground and buried his face in his hands.

But hark! Did his ears deceive him? That surely was no report following each other. Wildly he sprang to his feet and rushed in the direction of the alarm and the shot. "Christine is found! Christine is found!" ran all along the line. Nils Peterson greeted them, exclaiming excitedly, "Twas my dog that found her!" "And I heard him bark; and when I saw 'twas Christine I fired the gun!" cried Peter Swenson, close behind.

Joyfully they gathered around Christine who was standing dazed and bewildered, in an almost impenetrable swamp.

Tightly clasped in her hand was the pail she had carried all the while.

Many anxious days and nights of watching by Christine's bedside followed, for a long fever came upon the overwrought system. In delirium she once more bent over the babbling brook, drinking, but with thirst never satisfied. Again, the black form of the growling bear stood before her in the path, from which she was ever fleeing, calling in heartrending tones for her father, who sadly strove to soothe the troubled mind of the sick child.

At last one morning when she awoke the wild, frightened gleam in her blue eyes was gone, and in its place was the old love light.

As her mother bent over her she whispered: "Oh, such a dream as I have had; I am glad the morning has come."

"Carl, our Christine has come back to us. Let us thank God," said the mother, softly; and there, by that humble bedside, the grateful, happy parents gave thanks for the Father's loving care bestowed on them.

The Major's Playful Way.

From The Manchester Times.

One evening, in the autumn of '56, word reached the Major that a party of prospectors had jumped the "Nip and Tuck," claimed by him. The next morning the Major buckled on his favorite bone-handled revolver and started out to exhortate with the boys in his peculiar way. Expecting to find them at work in the tunnel, he walked carelessly towards its mouth. The boys were "laying for him." As he reached the dump pile commanding a view of the tunnel, he saw the muzzles of three guns frowning through a clump of bushes at his mouth, and threw himself backward just as the boys blazed away. The ambushing party rushed out elated to look at the fallen Terror of the Mines, Jim Turner, a wild Texan, who feared not even the Major's aim, being in the lead.

The Major, who sat upright at the foot of the dump-pile unharmed, with his revolver ready, "pinked" him promptly. The discussion which followed was concise and somewhat technical. "Gentlemen," said the Major, turning

to the other two assailants who stood with unloaded guns, "I see your blind and straddle it; I hold a 'full hand' (nodding toward his favorite bone-handled), and here (producing another) is my straight flush." "Major, bedad, I pass!" said Tom Burke, a man from Galway, dashing through the chaparral (thicket). "I chip," said the Major, still speaking in gaudy table slang; and as he spoke the man from Galway yelled at the sting of a bullet where it ploughed deep but broke no bones. "Boney, where'll you have it?" said the Major, turning to the remaining assailant. Boney had prudently disappeared in the dept of the tunnel.

The Quaker's Corn-Crib.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying and must be stopped—but how? Many a one would have said: "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said: "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible. So he fixed a sort of trap close to one hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly, he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it! In vain he tugged and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping soundly in their comfortable beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but no! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning.

Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out of his window and found he had "caught his man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good cow-hiding just as he stands, and then release him; that'll cure him." But not so said the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes and started at once to the relief and punishment of the prisoner.

"Good morning, friend, said he, as he came in speaking distance. "How does thee do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"Oh, fie!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I'm sorry thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place or it would not have been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words which were falling from the Quaker's lips. "Stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn or thee would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it," and the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the pleasantest conversation imaginable—all of which were like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor; but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having muttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast; come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable! This was heaping on coals with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused. In vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if thee need any more corn, come in the day-time and thee shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker. Everybody is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once reformed and reformed, and my informant tells me that he afterward heard him relate, in an experience meeting, the substance of the story I have related, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Quaker had pursued to arrest him in his downward course.

INDUSTRIAL BRIEVITIES.

A very deep well is being sunk at White Plains, Nev., on what they call the forty-mile desert, by the Central Pacific Railway company as a test well, not alone for the satisfaction of obtaining water for their own use, but to determine the feasibility of getting it elsewhere on the line of their road, as in other parts of the state. The only good supply of water for the desert is brought from the Truckee river, thirty-five miles west of the new well, and is hauled in tank-cars for the supply of engines and domestic purposes. The well is now down over 2,100 feet, but no water has yet been found, aside from that which is hot or salt. The work of sinking is, however, being continued, with the hope of eventually striking a flow of water.

The man who keeps an ox or cow until it pines with old age is a double loser by so doing. It invariably costs more in food and care to maintain an old animal than a young one. As the vigor of life fails, digestion is less perfect and assimilation slower and more difficult, and the waste is greater. As the decline goes on, more and more food is required to produce milk or meat. Old animals can be seldom fattened at a profit where it requires so much more time and food to do it. But their flesh is not equal to animals in their prime, so there is a loss, both in quality and cost of producing.

The national interest awakened in England by the recent ensilage exhibition at the Smithfield club-cattle show, when samples from all parts of the kingdom were received, at the invitation of Mr. H. Kains-Jackson, has prompted that gentleman to take measures for the formation of an ensilage commission. It will meet early in the spring to receive the voluntary evidence of exhibitors and others, and, by the courtesy of the agricultural department of the privy council, will sit at 44 Parliament street, in a room placed at the disposal of Mr. Kains-Jackson by Prof. Brown.

A remarkable occurrence is reported from Donington park, England. It appears that a herd of fifty cattle, belonging to Lord Donington, had been turned into a pasture, where they were well fed upon hay and oaten cake. On two sides of the pasture are woods, of which the undergrowth is chiefly yew, and one night the animals, breaking through the fence, got among these plants and ate them. Next morning a large number of the herd were found lying about under the trees unable to move, while six were already dead.

The exportation of oysters from America to Europe is rapidly becoming a business of importance. The figures have been steadily increasing during the last six or seven years until they have attained dimensions worthy of being chronicled as a feature of our growing trade with the old world. Good table oysters have been arriving during the season at the rate of several thousand barrels a week, and up to the present time as many, probably, as thirty thousand barrels have been received.

The recipe for the government harness dressing is as follows: one gallon neat-foot oil, two pounds bayberry tallow, two pounds beeswax, two pounds of tallow. Put the above in a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved add two quarts of castor-oil; then, while on the fire, stir in one ounce lamp-black. Mix well and strain through a fine cloth to remove sediment; let cool, and you have as fine a dressing for harness or leather of any kind as can be had.

By an order of the council at New Zealand, dated Wellington, the 22nd of November last, the introduction of all dogs into the colony from Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, except the Australasian colonies, is absolutely prohibited. The order, however, will not apply to animals shipped from the above named countries before the 1st of June, 1885.

Statistics show that the wheat trade of California, Oregon, and Washington Territory with Europe give employment annually to more than four hundred sailing vessels going round Cape Horn. The average passage for each vessel is about 16,000 miles, in an average time of a little over four months.

A farmer in northern Iowa finds oats and peas cheaper than corn for feeding pigs. He sows two bushels of Canada peas and one of oats to the acre, as early in the spring as the ground will admit of seeding. He begins to cut and feed them as soon as the peas are of the size to use for cooking. The pigs eat the vines as well as the pods.

Every plant begins life like an animal—a consumer, not a producer. Not until the young shoot rises above the soil and unfolds itself to the light of the sun, at the touch of whose rays chlorophyll is created, does real constructive vegetation begin. Then the plant's mode of life is reversed; carbon is retained and oxygen is set free.

A gentleman in Perry county, Illinois, states that he finds fig growing very profitable. He has raised them during the past ten years and has experienced very little trouble in protecting the trees. They produce three crops a year.

The loss of many cattle from eating corn fodder containing smut is reported in various Iowa papers. In nearly every instance the cattle had been deprived of water for several days at a time.

Buffalo is in the throes of an authors' carnival this week.