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SELECT STORY.

TOM FOSTER'S WIFE.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

I had just returned from a two years' stay in Europe, and was sauntering down Tremont street, in the golden September morning, when I saw my old friend Tom Foster get out of a horse-car a few steps in advance of me. I knew him in a moment, though we had hardly met since we were at Exeter Academy together, ten years before—room mates and blithe companions until we parted—I to go to Harvard, and he to his father's stores the well-known house of Foster & Co., Pearl St. He was a merry, practical fellow, clear-skinned and robust as an Englishman, and self-reliant and robust as New Hampshire birth and Boston train could make him. I always liked him, but he plunged into business, and so, without meaning it, we had almost lost sight of each other. He was an only child, and his parents spent their summers at their homestead in Greenland, near Portsmouth, and their winters in Boston.

As I said, I knew him in a moment. He had grown tall and stout, but the boy was still in his face, and, with a flash of early feeling I sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

"Tom! how are you?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, and then, bursting into a laugh, he seized my handed in his strong grasp, and exclaimed:

'Why, John Ralston! Is that you? Where did you come from? I'm glad to see you, my boy. Why, I haven't set eyes on you since we made that trip to Nahant in your freshman year. The truth is, father was so poorly a long time then that I had everything to see to, and felt as if the world was on my shoulders. I did hear, though, about your college honors and your going to Germany; and I've often thought of you lately, and wished to see you. Why, Jack, in spite of my weight and your beard and broad shoulders, I can't realize that ten years have gone since you and I were at Exeter together. We must talk over old times and new. When did you get back and what are your plans?'

'I came yesterday, and shall stay in the city, on account of a business matter, until next Tuesday. Then I am going home.'

'Well, now, this is Saturday, and you can do nothing after three o'clock.—Come and spend Sunday with me in the country. I want to show you my wife.'

"Your wife Are you married Tom?"

"Married nearly a year,' said he, with a smile.

'You don't look very solemn over it.'

'Solemn? It's the jolliest thing I ever did in my life. Meet me at the Eastern depot at four o'clock, and I'll tell you all about it on the way down.'

We parted at the Winter street corner—he going to his store, and I to the Parker House.

'How handsome Boston has grown,' said I, glancing at the fine buildings and the Common, beautiful in the September sun.

'We think it a nice town,' he replied, speaking with moderate words and the perfect assurance of the Bostonian, to whom this city is the sun of all excellence and delight. 'Remember, four o'clock.' And he disappeared in the crowd.

"Tom married!" I said to myself, as I walked alone. "I dare say it's to his father's pretty ward, Clara Maitland, whom I saw when I spent a day there eleven years ago. I remember what long curls she had, and how fond she seemed of him. Yes, I dare say it's Clara. I hope, though, she hasn't grown into one of those delicate young ladies, good for nothing but to display the latest fashions and waltz a little and torture the piano. Better some rosy, sturdy, German Gretchen, than a poor doll like them. It would be a shame for Tom, with his splendid physique and vigorous brain to be tied for life to such a woman." And then, turning down School street, my mind wandered off to a blue-eyed girl I had loved for many a year—a girl who was not satisfied with the small triumphs of the croquet ground, but who would send an arrow straight home to the mark; and climb the hill with me, her step light and free as the deer's in the vale below; and hold a steady oar in a boat on the river, and swim ashore if need be; and when walk or row was over could sit down to a lunch of cold meat and bread and butter with an appetite keen as a young Indian's after a day's hunt; yes, and who knew how to be efficient in the kitchen and was the rarest ornament of the parlor. How impatient I was to see her, the bewitching maiden whom a prince might have been proud to marry! And again I said to myself as I went up the Parker House steps, "I do hope Tom hasn't made a fool of himself?"

Four o'clock found me at the station, and a moment later in walked Tom, carrying a basket filled with Jersey peaches. 'They don't grow in Greenland,' said he, tucking the paper down over the fruit. 'Come this way.' I followed him, and we had just seated ourselves comfortably in the car when the train moved off.

'Now for the story, Tom,' said I, as we crossed the bridge and caught the cool breeze from the sea. 'But I can guess beforehand the girl you married. It was Clara Maitland.'

A shadow passed over Tom's face. 'Clara has been dead four years,' said he. 'She inherited consumption from her mother. We did everything for her—took her to Minesota and Florida, but it was no use. She didn't live to see her eighteenth birthday.'

'Poor Clara! She loved you dearly. Then, I suppose, you chose some Boston girl of your acquaintance?'

'Jack, you couldn't tell who Mrs. Tom Foster was, if you tried from now till morning. I shall have to enlighten you," and moving the basket to one side and settling himself in the seat, he went on: "You know I have the misfortune to be an only child. After I was twenty-one, father and mother began to talk about my marrying. I had plenty of cousins, you know, and we always had young ladies going in and out of the house; but while Clara lived, she was company for me, and after she died I was full of business, and didn't trouble myself about matrimony. To tell the truth, I didn't fancy the girls. Perhaps I was unfortnnate in my acquaintance; but they seemed to me all curls, and flounces and furbelows, and I would as soon thought of marrying a fashion plate as one of those elaborate creatures. I don't object to style. I like to see it. But you can see fine gowns and bonnets any day in the Washington street windows; and my ideal of a woman was one whose dress was her least attraction.

"Do you recollect father's former partner, Adam Lane? He's a clever old gentleman and a millionaire, and father has the greatest liking and respect for him. He has two daughters—one married years ago; and the other, much younger, father fixed upon as a desirable wife for me. I rather think the two families had talked it over together; at any rate Miss Matilda came to Greenland for a long summer visit. She is an amiable girl; but so petted and spoiled that she's good for nothing, undeveloped in mind and body. She looked very gay in the evenings, attired in Jordon, Marsh & Co.'s latest importation. But she was always late at breakfast, she didn't dare to ride horseback, she couldn't take a walk without stopping to rest at every stone; and once, when I had asked her if she had read the battle of Sedan, she looked up, in her childish way, and said: 'No, Mr. Foster. Newspapers are so tiresome.' Bless me! what should I have done with such a baby?

'A year ago this summer I was very much confined to the store, and, when August came, instead of spending the whole month at home, I thought I would have a change, and so I went down for a fortnight to the Cliff House, on—— Beach. It's a quiet, pleasant resort, and you'll always find from fifty to one hundred people there during the season. The landlord is a good fellow, and a distant relative of mine. I thought he looked flurried when I went in, and after a few minutes he took me to one side and said:

'Tom, you've come at an unlucky time. I had a very good cook that I got from Boston at $20 a week; but she's a high tempered woman. Last evening she quarreled with her assistants, this morning the breakfast was all in confusion, and now she is packing her trunk to leave on the next train. In two or three days I can probably get another one down in her place; but what we're to do meanwhile, I don't know.'

'But, Norton,' said I, 'isn't there some one near by, or in the house who can take it?'

'I doubt it. I've a dozen girls from the vicinity doing up-stairs work—one of them from your town, the best waiter in the dining-room. But I suppose all of them would either be afraid of the responsibility, or think it beneath them to turn cook; though they would have plenty of help, and earn $20 where they now get $3.'

'Who's here from Greenland' I asked, for I knew something of almost every one in the place.

'Mary Lyford.'

'Mary Lyford? A black-eyed, light-footed girl about twenty years old, with two brothers in Colorado and her father a farmer toward Stratham?'

'Yes, the very same.'

"'Why, she's the prettiest girl in Greenland, at least I thought so two years ago, when I danced with her at the Thanksgiving party in the village; and I heard last fall that she took the prize at Manchester for the best loaf of bread. But why is she here?"

"Oh, you know farmers haven't much ready money, and I suppose she wanted to earn something for herself and come to the beach like the rest of us. You say she took the premium for bread. I believe I'll go into the dining-room and propose to give cook's place to any of the girls who would like it, and who feels competent to take it. I must do something,' and, looking at his watch, he went out.

'Ten minutes later he came back clapping his hands and exclaimed:

''Mary Lyford says she will try it.'

''Hurrah for Greenland!' cried I. 'Isn't that plucky? By Jove! I hope she'll succeed, and I believe she will.'

''You mustn't expect much to day,' said Norton. 'Things are all topsyturvy in the kitchen, and it'll take some time to get them straightened out.'

'Just then a new arrival claimed his attention, and with a serene face he turned away.

'Dinner was poor that day; supper was a little better. And, in spite of Norton's caution, I began to be afraid that Greenland was going down. But the next morning what a breakfast we had—juicy steaks, hot potatoes, delicious rolls and corn cakes, griddle cakes that melted in your mouth, and coffee that had lost none of its aroma in the making. Thenceforth every meal was a triumph. The guests praised the cook and hastened to the table at the first sound of the bell. Norton was radiant with satisfaction, and I was as pleased as if I had been landlord or cook myself. Several times I sent my compliments, and congratulations to Mary; but she was so constantly occupied that I never had a glimpse of her till the night before I was to leave.

'I was dancing in the parlor, and had just led a young lady of Matilda Lane stamp, to her mamma, when I saw Mary standing on the piazza. I went out shaking her cordially by the hand, told her how interested I had been in her success, and how proud I was to find a Greenland girl so accomplished. She blushed, and thanked me, and said in a modest way, that she was very glad we were all suited; and then Norton came up and expressed his entire gratification with what she had done. As she stood there in a white pique dress, with a scarlet bow at her throat, and her dark hair neatly arranged, she looked every inch a lady.

'Do me the favor, Miss Lyford,' said I, 'to dance the next cotillion with me.'

'Ah! Mr. Foster,' she replied, looking archly at Norton, 'that isn't expected of the help.'

'The help!' I said, indignantly.

'You are the queen of the establishment, and I invite you to dance, and so does Mr. Norton.'

"'Certainly I do,' he answered; 'Go and show the company that you are at home in the parlor as well as the kitchen.' So, smiling and blushing, she took my arm.

"Didn't we make a sensation when we went in. Perhaps there was no fellow there with a better 'social position' (you know the phrase) than I; and I had been quite a favorite with the ladies. You should have seen them when we took our place on the floor! Some laughed, some frowned, some whispered to their neighbor; but I paid not the slightest attention to it all, and Mary looked so pretty, and went through the dance with such grace and dignity, that before it was over I believe all regarded her with admiration. I didn't wait for comments, but escorted her out as if she had been the belle of Boston.

"'Good night, Miss Lyford,' I said, when we reached the hall. 'I am going in the morning, but I shall see you again when you get back to Greenland:"

"'Good night, Mr. Foster,' she replied, 'I thank you for your kindness.'

"Then she added, laughing: 'Have you any orders for breakfast?'

'Why yes. I should like to remember you by a plate of such muffins as we had yesterday.'

"'You shall have them sir,' she said, as she disappeared in the doorway. And have them we did.

"Three weeks later Mary came home to Greenland with more than $100 in her purse, and a fame that was worth thousands. I went to see her at her father's house. I found her every way excellent and lovely; and the end was that at Christmas we were married.'

'Glorious,' I exclaimed. 'Give me your hand, Tom. I was afraid you had been taken in by some Matilda Lane.'

'Do you think I am a fool?' said he.

Then I told him of my own choice, and I was still talking when the train stopped at the station.

We soon arrived at his hospitable home. His wife was all he had pictured her; a refined, intelligent, handsome woman, who would develop and grow in attractiveness every year of her life. After a merry evening in their pleasant parlor I went to bed and dreamed that the millenium had come, and that all women were like my blue-eyed girl and Mrs. Tom Foster.

MISCELLANY.

The Pyramids.

A correspondent writing to the New York Evening Post thus describes his sensations on first viewing the pyramids:

Let us suppose now that you never saw a pyramid. You may have reserved those at Geezeh for the last, and if, in your reading, you have ever stumbled upon any speculations as to the original design and motive of the pyramids you may possibly have turned from it as an extremely mouldy and uninteresting topic; but as your donkey, making his last turn, clears the shadowing palms and brings you out upon the desert, you are confronted with something concerning which, as it rises there before your eyes, it is just as impossible not to be curious as it is not to breathe. That huge and towering mass of stone, whose very simplicity of outline and utter absence of ornament lend to it a majestic grandeur and dignity which are all its own—who reared it there? What did it hide? And whether or not you have an answer ready for these questions, this at least you know, that those mighty monuments have not beep reared in vain. If they were meant to perpetute the memory of a great people, verily they have done it. The race which could plan such structures and then rear them—the kings who could make their tombs so stable that already they have out-lasted fifty centuries, and look down to-day upon the ruins of mightiest empires mingling their dust at their feet—such kings, wicked, cruel, remorseless though they may have been, were men and not children, rulers and not puppets. And yet all this is not the mere superlative of a heated imagination, it is the simple truth. If we can be certified of any fact on earth, then we may be sure of this—that it is more than 5,000 years since the supervising architect of the Great Pyramid of Geezeh walked into the throne-room of Cheops and said, "Sire, your tomb is finished." You remember that the pyramids of Sak Karah are even older than this, and while you are trying to grasp this fact, your guide beckons you down into one of the splendid tombs which lie at the foot of these pyramids, and you find yourself surrounded by a wealth of color and a profusion of adornment which scores of centuries have not been able to dim or efface. "Who were the people that did these things?" you ask yourself, and at once piqued and stimulated by you own ignorance of them, you ride slowly back to your dahabeeh again, busy with a hundred questions to which a month before you never conceived it poisible you could take the trouble to seek for an answer.

Utilizing His Daughters.

John Luikens, a musician residing in Grand Haven, Michigan, is carrying out a novel plan to utilize his rather large family of girls. He has eight daughters, the eldest of whom is seventeen and the youngest is three years of age. He thinks there will be twelve or fifteen of them some day in the future, and being a comparatively poor man, "how to make daughters self supporting" has been an exceedingly practical and important question to him, an earnest consideration of which led him to decide to teach his girls music and organize them into a string and brass band, and thereby make them pay for their keeping. About one year ago he, with considerable difficulty, procured the necessary brass horns and violins and engaged a teacher. His four eldest girls have made such progress in their art that, assisted by their father and teacher, they play in public occasionally, and will, undoubtedly, in the course of time, grow into a first-class band and earn their own "pin money."

In the life of Hayden, recently published, these hints may be found: "A man on the wrong side of the ledger seldom cares to have his real condition known. With a good balance to his credit he invites investigation." "It seems as if a man deeply in debt becomes so long accustomed to suppression that he dislikes the process of disclosure, even if it brings relief." "It is not the great debts that trouble an involved man; it is the small ones, as Dr. Johnson said, 'that rattle about your head like shot.

Norristown Herald: A correspondent in Upper Merion asks us how to hive bees. This is a subject we have never given much study; but we suppose the safest way would be to go around and pick 'em up, one by one, with a pair of tongs, and drop 'em into the hive. Great care should be taken to drop 'em in gently, so as not to disturb their slumbers, for a bee suddenly awakened has more courage than an African lion, and also more danger in its tail.

The Widow.

[New York World.]

Winter-kept apples, seasoned wine, a clouded meerschaum, a vase around which the scent of roses still hangs, all these have a rare, ripe, evanescent flavor that suggests but cannot express the charm of widowhood. A young widow is, perhaps, the most interesting object in nature—or in act. She represents experience without its wrinkles or its gray hair. She is matronly beauty and maidenly freedom combined. She is grief with laughing eye—sorrow in a house of festival—a silver moon in a sable cloud. She is too sweet for anything! Like all good things, she can only be created at a great sacrifice. Mrs. Browning says that you must spoil a man to make a poet; and certainly a man must be pretty thoroughly spoiled before he can leave a widow. This black swan—this mournful Phœnix—rises only out of the funeral urn that holds the ashes of a husband's heart! Let us wipe away the briny tear and proceed. *Pergite Pierides.* Poets, statesmen, heroes and philosophers have each felt the indefinable influence of widowhood. Its quality is not strained. It falls alike upon the just and the unjust. None can escape it. Edward Plantagenet wedded the widow Elizabeth Grey, though she knew she brought civil war for her dowry. Ned Waller, Joe Addison, Sam Johnson, Geo. Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, John Wesley, Tony Weller, Ben. Disraeli, and all the boys, married widows. Henry the Eighth was so fond of them, that he took two; and King David was so pleased with Abigail, the widow of Nabal, whom he took to wife, that he turned Bathsheba into a widow on purpose to marry her. When Judith ceases her cogitation- over the virtues of the late lamented Manasses of Bethulia, puts off her mourning and adorns herself in brave attire to set out for the camp of Holofernes, we feel instinctively that she will come back with his heart, his crown or his head, whichever she goes for. When the widow Naomi counsels the young widow Ruth how to lay her snares in the harvest fields of her kinsman and spring her net on the threshing floor, we know at once that the wealthy bachelor, Boas might as well order the wedding garments. Allan Ramsay wrote a song telling how to woo a widow; he might as well have left directions how to get struck with lightning.

A Singular Faculty.

[Dexter (Iowa) Herald.]

About twelve years ago two men named James Neeley and—Cassidy, who were neighbors and resided in Warren County, Iowa, had some difficulty about a line fence. One day Neeley discovered his neighbor's dog chasing and biting his hogs, while he was hunting ducks near a pond. He had a double-barreled gun in his hand, one barrel of which he discharged at and killed the dog. Mr. Cassidy being told of the affair by a boy, took a gun with him and came up to Neeley in a threatening manner.—Both men pointed their guns at each other and fired. Neeley was shot through the hand, and Cassidy was shot through the body and killed. Neeley was arrested, tried, and convicted of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. He served out faithfully ten years and a half of his time and behaved himself so well that he was pardoned out last winter. This man Neeley has been a resident of this town for some months past, and is now at work on our roads.

But what we wish to speak about more particularly is his remarkable dreams and visions. A few days ago, while a work on the streets, he informed his fellow-workmen that his sister, who resided six miles south of De Soto, had died the previous night, for he had witnessed her death scene during his sleep. Sure enough, in half an hour our telegraph operator brought him a dispatch corroborating his dream of the night before. During his imprisonment he witnessed the death of his father and mother, and circumstances connected there with. The events were corroborated just as he had dreamed, and, what is stranger still, always before receiving letters from wife while he was in prison he was always visited in his dreams by his wife, who conversed with him and told all that was written in his letters, so that he always knew when the letters were coming and what they contained, and would tell the news before he got it to his prison comrades. He also has had remarkable visitations at times When he was a school boy in Indiana and only eight years old, he met every morning for two weeks in succession, in the road, a ghost, which he calls his angel, and which appeared in the shape of an old, venerable-looking man, with long white hair and beard. One day he met the ghost at a spring, when it approached him and struck him twice over the shoulders with a hickory stick. The ghost, he says, looked like one of the Deputy Wardens of the Penitentiary. When he was a boy he also had visions and dreams. In brief, suffice it to say, that Mr. Neeley is a very quiet, inoffensive, peaceable kind of a man, with no bad habits about him, and has always been greatly repentant and horrified as any man could be at the act which sent him to the Penitentiary.

THE GO-BETWEEN.—There is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean one who carries to the ears of one neighbor every injurious observation that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slander in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

It would require the application of tremendous mechanical power to stretch a bar of iron only the fraction of an inch in length; yet when heat expands it to the same extent it does it at the expense of precisely the same amount of force. The same principle is forcibly illustrated by a wagon tire which sometimes crushes a wheel by its contraction when the heat is removed.

THE NATURAL PICTURESQUE.

Relations Between Architecture and Landscapes.

Every scene has its special beauty if not marred by man's work. It is with a feeling of pain nigh to agony that we have revisited what was once a lovely vale, down which meandered a brawling brook bordered by rushes and forget-me-nots, to find planted there a huge factory vomiting forth clouds of smoke, and pouring forth into the once pellucid current a stream of filthy, discolored matter. This is an extreme though by no means a rare case; but there are others where the intention has been to carry out an improvement and to produce a pleasing effect, and where the result has been the reverse. One of the chief aims of the modern architect should be to master this problem; if he does so he is, in no mean sense, an artist; he must have the eye of an artist, a fine perception of the fitness of things, a feeling for harmony, and a keen sympathy with nature. If so endowed he not only produces artistic work but themes for artists.

A landscape painter cannot give the true spirit of a scene he has never cast eyes upon, nor yet can an architect design a building in harmony with the surroundings of a site he is unacquainted with. His design may itself be good, but if misplaced it will appear ugly; and, on the other hand, a design exhibiting no special powers of beauty, *per se,* may in combination with other objects be a worthy and beautiful item in the composition. In certain circumstances the architect may find it expedient to rely upon the effect of contrast between the leading lines of his building and those of the surrounding objects; in others he may place his reliance upon the harmony between his creation and the scene in which it is placed, and in other and rare instances he may feel called upon to make his work predominate so as to subdue, as it were, to its influence everything around.

But this last is a dangerous experiment, only to be undertaken by those strong in resources. The safest course is to strive for harmony of effect, so that in character, sentiment and color the building may appear amalgamated with the surroundings rather than form a striking object claiming attention, it may withal be the key to the general expression of the composition, the one object which has made the scene picturesque and a subject for the pencil. Far happier are such results, much more to the credit of the architect in the long run, than those produced by brusque self assertion, which thrusts itself into prominence. The most ambitious efforts of man compete in vain with the sublimer products of Nature. St. Peter's itself would appear but as a toy if perched on the Matterhorn. In the presence of such objects man's humbler efforts are the most acceptable; they should appear as the mere trimmings upon the drapery of Nature, the smaller ornaments she uses occasionally. On the other hand, when the natural features of a scene are not upon a gigantic scale, but yet possess a certain ruggedness of character the architect should give some force and prominence to his work. The mediaeval castle is more in keeping with a rocky site than a circular temple, which again is in complete harmony with a landscape where gentle undulations prevail. Where nature is less assertive man may be more so; in a flat landscape the tall spire which cuts up against the sky may dominate with fine effect over every natural feature; it may arise from a thick mass of foliage, or overtop a long row of poplars, and be the one object which enlivens the prevailing monotony. A tower, again, is more appropriate to a scene composed of hill and dale, and it may be of no great altitude if it possesses sufficient bulk.

Picture-queness is more allied to irregularity than to symmetry; but irregularity is not of necessity an imperfection; it is, on the contrary, a frequent source of the most subtle beauty. A human face which is perfect in contour may be less attractive than one in which there is not a graceful line. Although an architect may not be a master of detail, although he may lack the power to stamp his designs with the impress of genius, he may be imbued with true artistic feeling, and produce works which have a charm of their own, and which are a source of delight to the traveler in search of the picturesque.—[Builder.

A Good Seat.

Some years ago, being in Philadelphia John Cockerill, of Ohio, received an introduction to a prominent divine of that city. The reverend gentleman invited John to attend his church on a certain Sunday, which invitation was accepted. They entered the sacred edifice together. It was one of the first churches in the city, and its members were fashionable and aristocratic in the extreme. The minister put John in an elaborately-furnished pew, well to the front. John nestled comfortably down into one corner of the same, and looked about as interesting and contented as a toad under a cabbage-leaf.

After awhile the owner of the pew arrived, and at once gave signs of intense disgust and indignation at the presence of the interloper. He looked at John, looked at the pew, scowled magnificently, and, finally, after fumbling through his pockets some time, drew forth a card and wrote on it with a pencil:—"This is my seat, sir!" and, with the air of the loftiest contempt, tossed it over to John.

The latter took it up, read it with lamb-like meekness, peculiar to himself, and then, with the most delightful coolness, wrote in reply: "It's a mighty good seat. What rent do you pay?" and tossed the card back to its owner.

The latter took it, looked at it with the most profound astonishment a minute or two, and then a broad grin overspread his countenance.

He evidently enjoyed the supreme brass and coolness of his new acquaintance, and when service was over he approached John, apologized for his rude ness, invited him to his house, gave him the best he had, and treated him with the utmost respect and consideration during his sojourn in the city.—[N. Y. Express.

The effect of supreme and irrevocable misfortune is to elevate those souls which it does not deprive of all virtue. —[Guizot.

How to Prepare Tomatoes.

There is an ignorance which is far too wide concerning the preparation of vegetables for the table. They ought to have cooking very simple and very perfect, and they do not always get it. One of the most delicious and healthful of summer foods is the tomato, and it is also one of the most abused. Raw, it is often brought to the table cut up into unshapely lumps with the skin still adhering to them. Cooked, it generally appears merely a watery red mess, interspersed with pieces half done, hard and greenish in color. The ideal dish of raw tomatoes is thus prepared: Choose only those which are large, comparatively smooth, firm, and thoroughly red-ripe, it is an absurdity to offer small or immature specimens in a salad, and if you can't find such as are here recommended, you must not attempt to eat raw tomatoes. Put them in a tin pan and pour over them boiling water, pouring it off immediately. This so loosens the skins that they can usually be pulled off easily, without any violent application of the knife. Then with a very sharp knife slice them across, discarding the first piece, which has the hard base of the stem, and the last piece, which is too small. Make the slices thin rather than thick, keep them large and whole, and pile them carefully in layers in a pretty dish, delicately sprinkling salt and pepper over them. Then put them away to get thoroughly cold in your cellar or refrigerator. Prepared thus they are simply ambrosial, and only a pagan could scorn them. If anybody wants to add sugar and vinegar to the seasoning, that can be done at table by the eater. Slices of the large yellow tomatoes scattered among the red, sometimes make the dish look very tempting.

For stewed tomatoes, peel as above, but cut in pieces, not in slices. Put these in a two-quart tin basin or a porcelain-lined saucepan, and add salt and just enough water to keep them from burning. While they are simmering comfortably throw in a very little pepper, a good large piece of nice butter, and enough fresh soda cracker broken into small bits to thicken the mixture, without making it like a pudding. It should be thin enough to run easily from the spoon, and yet not be watery. This dish is also exquisitely inviting. There are other methods of cooking tomatoes—stewing with rice, stuffing and baking, etc.—but in no guise are they so good as those described above.—[Western Rural.

The Moon a Dead World.

Among the illusions swept away by modern science was the pleasant fancy that the moon was a habitable globe, like the earth, its surface diversified with seas, lakes, continents, and islands, and varied forms of vegetation. Theologians and savants gravely discussed the probabilites of its being inhabited by a race of sentimental beings with forms and faculties for opening communication with them, in case they existed. One of these was to construct on the broad highlands of Asia a series of geometrical figures on a scale so gigantic as to be visible from our planetary neighbor, on the supposition that the moon people would recognize the object, and immediately construct similar figures in reply, extravagant and absurd as it may appear, but the discussion was kept up at intervals, until it was discovered that if there were people in the moon they must be able to live without breathing or eating or drinking. Then it ceased.

There can be no life without air. Beautiful to the eye of a distant observer, the moon is a sepulchral orb—a world of death and silence. No vegetation clothes its vast plains of stony desolation traversed by monstrous crevicesea broken by enormous peaks that rise like gigantic tombstones into space; no lovely forms of cloud float in the blackness of its sky. The daytime is only night lighted by a rayless sun. There is no rosy dawn in the morning, no twilight in the evening. The nights are pitchdark. In daytime the solar beams are lost against the jagged ridges, the sharp points of the rocks of the steep sides of profound abysses; and the eye sees only grotesque shapes, relieved against fantastic shadows which makes the charm of a terrestrial landscape. There is no color—nothing but dead white and black. The rocks reflect passively the light of the sun; the craters and abysses remain wrapped in shape; fantastic peaks rise like phantoms in their glacial cemetry; the stars appear like spots in the blackness of space. The moon is a dead word; she has no atmosphere.

Washington's Temper.

Miss Jane Stuart in Scribner for July, tells the following story of her father, the celebrated painter, and General Washington:

While talking one day, to Gen. Henry Lee, my father happened to remark that Washington had a tremendous temper, but held it under wonderful control. General Lee breakfasted with the President and Mrs. Washington a few day afterward.

"I saw your portrait the other day—a capital likeness," said the General, "but Stuart says you have a tremendous temper."

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Washington, coloring. "Mr. Stuart takes a great deal upon himself, to make such a remark."

"But stay, my dear lady," said General Lee, "he added, that the President had it under wonderful control."

With something like a smile, General Washington remarked, "He is right."

Genius is the most peculiar of attributes. Genius leaves the water in the wash-basin. Genius never shuts a gate or a door. Genius borrows small sums of money, never to return them. Genius gets drunk and affects filth. Genius loses its keys and spectacles. Genius uses other people's stamps and stationery. Genius is often a poet. Genius is incapable of folding a newspaper properly or keeping a book clean. Genius always leaves a litter on somebody's desk. Genius is a grown baby that disarranges everything. Genius is systematic only in bad manners. Genius's faults are ascribed to eccentricity. Genius would be happy, but his selfishness won't let him alone. Genius, in an advanced state of civilization, would be stamped to death by an infuriated mob, paradoxical as such a tragedy may seem.

A Story That Ought to Live Forever.

[From the London Era.]

There comes to us from the Western district a story on the details of which a Bret Harte or a Colonel John Hay would found a poem. The other day a gang of laborers were employed stacking blocks of stone on a permanent way of the Great Western Railroad, between Keynsham and Bristol. In fact, the operation of stone stacking was carried on within a few yards of the Brislington tunnel. It was at the time of day when the most wonderful express train in the world, called the "Flying Dutchman," was expected, and by some unlucky accident a large block of stone rolled down the embankment and lodged on the railway line. At this instant the roar of the "Flying Dutchman" was heard in the tunnel. There was not a moment to be lost, so swiftly down the bank sped one of the brave navvies to remove the stone and save hundreds of innocent lives, or perish in the attempt. He had a wife and family at home, but he never thought of them. His life was in his hand, but he never thought of that. Down the steep embankment sped the brave fellow, nerved with the combined strength of Sisyphus and Atlas, to move the stone and save his fellow creatures. On sped the "Flying Dutchman!"—"Quick, for your life, Jim," shouted the companion on the bank. Alas! it was just too late the stone was rolled out of the way, but the hero was cut to pieces by the fangs of the murderous train.—This is as grand and noble a story as ever was told. It is finer than the tale of "Jim Bludso," the moral of whose story is told with such impetuous vigor and truth by the author of "Little Breeches:"

"He know'd his duty, a dead sure thing,
And he went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard
On a man that died for men!"

If even there was a brave fellow who laid down his life for the sake of his fellow creatures, it was this hero of the Brislington tunnel. His wife and children ought to be looked after, and have no doubt come under the consideration of the citizens of Bristol. But the story ought to live forever.

Washington Knocked Down.

In 1754, Washington, then in command of the Virginia Rangers at Alexandria, awaiting the arrival of General Braddocks' troops, supported Mr. Fairfax in an election contest for the House of Burgesses, against Mr., afterward Colonel, William Payne of the Continental Army. This seems to have been one of those rare occasions when Washington's hot blood get the better of his peerless judgment. Fierce words passed between the two gentlemen, in the Market Square of Alexandria, ending by an outburst of rage from Payne, in which he felled Washington to the earth. The Rangers rushed from their barracks and surrounded Payne, but Washington, with calm dignity, dispersed them. A duel seemed inevitable. On the following day, however, Washington sent for Payne, and, extending his hand, said, with a gentle courtesy, that touched the other to the heart: "Mr. Payne, to err is human. I was wrong yesterday; but if you have had sufficient satisfaction, let us be friends." Until the day of his death, Colonel Payne retained for Washington a devoted and unbroken regard.—["A Little Centennial Lady;" Scribner for July.

Two Classes of Conversers.

Around and above all other distinctions, there are two great classes of conversers; those who make you feel that you are of some account in the world, and those who have a subtle way of convincing you that you have no right to exist. The latter class is small in number; but what they lack in quantity, they make up in sting. Sometimes they are gifted with a sharp tongue and an unerring faculty of saying the most grinding things. Sometimes they are apparently suave and considerate in manner and phrase. But, in either case, you go away from them with a feeling that the world is stuffed with saw-dust, —that you yourself are an imbecile and an impostor. It may take days for you to recover your proper standing with yourself. Then, if you ask your soul what fatal gift has the tormentor, which carries with it this power of making his fellow-mortals miserable, you discover that it is gift of selfishness. The person to whom you have been talking is ungenerous. A generous man, a generous woman—you cannot come near such an one without receiving something that makes amends for your own disappointment with, your own ill opinion of, yourself. An ungenerous person adds the weight of another to your side of the scales, and down you go!—[The Old Cabinet; Scribner for July.

Washington's Appearance.

I once heard my father, in a private conversation with Washington Allston, give his candid opinion of Gen. Washington's appearance. He said that his figure was by no means good; that his shoulders were high and narrow, and his hands and feet remarkably large. He had "aldermanic proportions;" and this defect was increased by the form of the vest of that day. But, with all these drawbacks, his appearance was singularly fine. I have heard my mother say that the first time she saw him, he entered the hall door, as she passed from the entry to the parlor, and that she thought him the most superb-looking person she had ever seen. He was then dressed in black velvet, with white lace ruffles, etc, exactly as Stuart's picture represented him.—[Jane Stuart; Scribner for July.

Rev. G. G. Smith, of La Grange Ga., in an address on Decoration Day said:

"Go lay your garlands on those graves, and if perchance some one who wore the blue, who died far from his Northern or Western home to save a Union he had been taught to idolize, lies beside him who wore the grey, lay a garland upon his tomb. And it may be on each grave some little vinelet may take root and, both reaching toward the sky, they will embrace one another, and flowering, each shall shed a common fragrance on the graves of those who loved duty more than life. So be it."

A shirt dealer advertises a bosom warranted to wear longer than the shirt.—But who wants a bosom longer than his shirt?—[Norristown Herald.

St. Nicholas for July

Makes a feature of the national holiday. Its tribute to it includes several contributions,—stories and sketches, poems and pictures, puzzles and paragraphs. All the American flags of his tory, from the "Rattlesnake" and the "Palmetto" of 1776 to the Stars and Stripes of the present, wave out at us from two of the pages: the "Boton Boys" who gained their right to the "Common" are remembered in a poem and shown in a drawing; and on the "Centennial Page," the events of the Century that are most worthy of record are duly recorded, and some of them pictured.

In its miscellaneous contents, the number includes many other attractive and interesting articles. Mrs. Oliphant has one of her most charming "Windsor Castle" papers; and Susan Coolidge a romantic story of humble life in Germany. There is "The Vikings in America," in which those adventurous pirates of Norway are credited with the original discovery of the New World; "Turret-Ships and Torpedoes" a well illustrated article, full of information regarding naval armament, inventions, and warfare; "The Mother's Stratagem," a capital story by Edward King; a comical picture called "The Mouse's Mistake," and a sweet little poem for the girls, entitled "Jemima Brown." "The Boy Emigrants" begin digging out their gold under circumstances of excitement and interest; and Mr. Aldrich's story of "The Cat and the Countess" ends in a very happy and entertaining manner We are sorry to lose this story, and the admirable series of dainty and amusing silhouettes—numbering almost one hundred—which has illustrated it to such perfection.

Marion Harland's ""Little Housekeepers"' page gives the girls a recipe for "Broiled Chicken;" "A Young Contributor" furnishes an amusing story; Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and the other departments, have their usual store of good things; and chief among the numerous illustrations is the frontispiece—an excellent engraving of "A Wooden Pulpit in the Church of St. Andrew, Antwerp."

[Published by Request.]

LINES.

Suggested by the approaching anniversary of the death of HOMER C. GEACH, who died May 2nd, 1875, aged 23 years, 8 months and 2 days.

BY HIS MOTHER.

As I lay me down to rest,
My soul within was sore distressed,
My aching heart and throbbing breast
Whispered to me—bereft, bereft.
Not quite three years had passed away,
Since he from home had gone to stay;
Time sped along from day to day,
Month after month soon rolled away.
How glad we were to hear him tell,
By pen and ink, ma, I am well;
The stamps I'll have when Christmas come
Oh, then I am a coming home!
But ah! before next Christmas day,
A telegram said come immediately,
Our hearts were almost rent in twain;
To save our boy; it was in vain.
His pa got there on Friday morn,
Before death had its work quite done;
With languid look to him he said,
Say what you wish, for well he knew he'd soon be dead.
You are too weak, my darling child,
I'll wait, you may be better after while;
If any thing is on your mind,
I'll put it together, word at a time.
I am too weak to talk, he said,
The blood ran gushing to his head.
Perhaps he had something to say,
Wishing his pa to lead the way.
A telegram then came to me:
"Start to-night —come immediately,"
No time was spared; at ten at night
Good-bye, I said, soon out of sight.
Cars sped along with lightning speed,
Though very slow to me it seemed;
With aching heart and fervent prayer,
Oh, God! my darling child do spare.
It was the second of May day last,
Just one year ago when this month is past,
The winds were blowing when in Gibson I arrived.
Almost speechless, said I, "Stranger, is my boy alive?"
"He was alive at six this eve;
There is no hope, though, I believe;
The doctors say that he must die;"
The shock was so great I could not cry.
Up to the house I almost flew—
How I got there, I never knew;
My grief I tried my best to smother;
I seemed to hear his voice: Mother, dear mother!
"Brave up; cheerful meet your child,"
They said, "be calm, put on a smile;
On this a good deal now depends;
We thought it best for you to send."
"I am watching him," the doctor said.
"It is the tenth, the turning point,
Hoping by morning we may see
Change for the better; may it be."
The morning dawned, we thought we saw
Some slight hope for our darling boy,
But, oh, alas! before 'twas noon,
From us we knew he would be taken soon.
Restless his weary form began;
The awful sight I could not stand.
It seemed my grief I could not bear,
Still, grief I hid without a tear.
I watched him close; how fast he failed,
Numb got his hands, purple his nails,
He looked at me, his pulse they flew,
Pointing to his nails, so very blue.
"Don't be excited, dear," I said,
"Remember sister's nails, how blue they were,
'Tis the disease, perhaps, that makes them so,"
He seemed to say I soon must go.
Never can I myself forgive,
When I saw he could no longer live,
Oh, had I to him of heaven spoken,
Before the cord of life was broken.
He fell asleep, then sweetly slept,
As death so slowly o'er him crept,
Sleeping so sweetly he never stirred,
As to the brink of death he neared.
Without a murmur or a sigh,
Our darling, darling one did die,
The second of May he bid adieu,
Left us to mourn him, and we do.
His friends in Gibson loved him dear,
For him they too did shed a tear,
Their sympathy went with us home,
For brothers, sisters, all who loved.
God help us to be reconciled,
Thou that hast taken our dear child,
Oh, may he in heaven bloom,
While we are traveling to the tomb.
We cannot bring him back to us;
We all must die, we know we must;
Oh, may we meet in heaven above,
Meet with all those we love.
Yes, we may meet our darling child,
Then he will greet us with a smile;
Brothers, you with him may meet,
Sisters, yes, you may him greet.
Thanks to our Gibson friends so dear,
Your kindness makes you seem so near;
Death makes even strangers friends;
Death often God in mercy sends.
Receive our warm affections, all,
May you be ready at His call,
At heaven's door, Doctor may we meet,
Our dearest boy forever greet.

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Wellsboro	11 24 "	......	
Walkerton	11 50 "	8 ?0 "	
Breman	12 21 p m	......	
Milford Junc'n	12 51 "	......	
Syracuse	1 00 "	......	
Cromwell	1 14 "	......	
Albion	1 33 "	......	
Avilla	1 52 "	......	
Garrett	2 20 "	10 30 "	*4 00 a m
Auburn Junc'n	2 25 "	10 35 "	4 07 "
Hicksville	2 58 "	......	4 48 "
Defiance	3 34 "	11 48 "	5 35 "
Deshler	4 22 "	12 30 a m	6 34 "
Fostoria	5 15 "	1 22 "	7 29 "
Tiffin	5 40 "	1 56 "	8 18 "
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LEAVE			
Toledo	......	......	6 25 a m
Cleveland	3 38 "	......	6 00 "
Sandusky	5 10 "	......	7 45 "
Monroeville	6 00 "	......	8 30 "
Chicago Junc't	6 43 "	2 50 "	9 30 "
Plymouth	6 58 "	......	9 47 "
Shelby	7 20 "	3 25 "	10 16 "
Mansfield	7 45 "	3 52 "	10 35 "
Belleville	8 19 "	......	11 06 "
Fredrick	8 55 "	......	11 44 "
Mt. Vernon	9 12 "	4 59 "	11 59 "
ARRIVE			
Newark	10 15 "	5 46 "	1 00 p m
Columbus	11 40 "	9 30 "	2 45 "
LEAVE			
Columbus	8 40 "	4 15 "	†12 10 "
Shawnee	5 45 p m	......	*10 15 a m
Junction City	6 17 "	......	10 43 "
Somerset	6 43 "	......	11 08 "
Newark	10 30 "	5 45 "	†1 30 p m
Zanesville	11 38 "	6 35 "	2 30 "
Cambridge	12 43 am	7 20 "	3 21 "
Barnesville	1 54 "	8 12 "	4 19 "
ARRIVE			
Bellaire	3 15 "	9 10 "	5 25 "
Wheeling	3 10 "	10 25 "	6 50 "
Washington	†8 20 p m	9 25 p m	7 00 a m
Baltimore	6 55 "	10 45 "	8 50 "
Philadelphia	10 45 "	2 35 a m	*1 20 p m
New York	6 15 "	5 10 "	5 10 "

WESTBOUND.

Stations.	Express.	Accom. and Express.	Accom.
LEAVE			
New York	8 35 a m	8 35 a m	2 55 p m
Philadelphia	12 15 p m	9 15 p m	6 00 "
Baltimore	†4 00 "	4 30 "	10 10 "
Washington	5 15 "	6 10 "	11 30 "
Wheeling	3 45 a m	8 00 a m	1 15 "
Bellaire	4 20 "	8 30 "	1 50 "
Barnesville	5 10 "	9 52 "	2 57 "
Cambride	6 00 a m	10 42 "	4 00 "
Zanesville	6 55 "	11 55 "	5 07 "
ARRIVE			
Newark	7 40 "	1 00 p m	6 15 "
Columbus	9 30 "	2 45 "	7 55 "
Somerset	8 54 "	4 22 "	......
Junction City	9 22 "	4 49 "	......
Shawnee	9 50 "	5 15 "	......
LEAVE			
Columbus	4 15 "	12 10 p m	4 30 p m
Newark	*7 55 "	1 30 p m	6 40 "
Mt. Vernon	8 39 "	2 22 "	7 44 "
Fredrick	......	2 40 "	8 04 "
Belleville	9 16 "	3 14 "	8 42 "
Mansfield	9 42 "	3 53 "	9 19 "
Shelby	10 10 "	4 25 "	10 00 "
Plymouth	10 25 "	4 43 "	10 17 "
ARRIVE			
Chicago Junct'n	10 40 "	5 00 "	10 30 "
Monroeville	11 20 "	5 50 "	......
Sandusky	12 05 pm	6 30 "	......
Cleveland	2 40 "	......	......
Toledo	......	8 05 "	......
LEAVE			
Chicago Junct'n	10 45 am	5 20 "	10 35 "
Republic	......	5 57 "	11 04 "
Tiffin	11 34 "	6 17 "	11 20 "
Fostoria	12 01 pm	6 46 "	11 44 "
Deshler	12 55 "	7 31 "	12 39 "
Defiance	1 47 "	8 53 "	1 31 "
Hicksville	2 32 "	9 34 "	2 13 "
Auburn Junct'	3 03 "	10 40 "	2 48 "
Garrett	3 25 "	10 50 "	3 00 "
Avilla	3 36 "	......	......
Albion	3 56 "	......	3 34 "
Cromwell	4 16 "	......	......
Syracuse	4 31 "	......	......
Milford Junct'n	4 40 "	......	......
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