

TO MORROW.

[All the Year Round.]
"You'll come to-morrow then," light words lightly said.
Gayly she waved her little hand, gayly he bared his head.
"You'll come to-morrow then," and the man on his errand went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.
The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting look?"
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household burthen took.
"You'll come to-morrow then," and when the morrow broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway accident," spoke;
A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile away.
So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and plan,
While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to watch her plaything—man—
Discounting the dim strange future, while his blind eyes cannot see,
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may be.
And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and say, "We'll meet to-morrow!"

PORTABLE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

An Aged Negro's Invention, and the Success of His Plan.
[Atlanta Constitution.]

Portable strawberry beds are the latest in the long list of inventions of the nineteenth century, and in a few years every citizen who has a little patch of garden or a sunny spot on the roof of his house can raise strawberries all the year round. These beds have three or four advantages over the old-fashioned style, which cannot be overestimated. All the disadvantages of wind, rain, and drought are done away with. Between Branford and Guilford is a back road that is little traveled and on one of the loneliest, rockiest and most generally forlorn clearings lives the man who is destined to revolutionize the market gardening of the future. He is an aged negro, rejoicing in the appellation of Caesar Johnson. A reporter, with a taste for the wild and beautiful in nature, chanced to drive past the habitation of Caesar a day or two ago, and was surprised to see the old man sitting in front of his house, regarding with an air of pride three or four fine specimens of strawberries.

"Where in the world did you get those?" he asked, as he drew up his animated quadruped.

"I grewed 'em," said Caesar, as he calmly devoured a berry that would bring 25 cents in the New York market.

"You grewed 'em? How?"

"Yes, sar, I grewed them in buckets. You jess come and see."

The reporter followed, and sure enough, back of the hovel, on a bench, stood twenty or thirty pails, each with a flourishing strawberry plant. Some of the plants were covered with blossoms, and on others the deep red and delicately greenish white of the ripe and unripe fruit, peeped from under the luxuriant leaves.

"You see dem pails is mighty handy to take round," explained Caesar, as he held one in each hand for the news gatherer's inspection. "I done made a lot of them pails, and fill 'em up wid de blackest kind of wood dirt. Den once a week I outs a runner off an old plant, and puts in a fresh pail, and that way I keeps a fresh stock. These old plants can stand de cold, so I leave 'em out until late in the afternoon, but the young 'uns they looks kinder peaked if I lets dem be out except in de middle ob de day."

The roof of the house was mostly composed of old sashes neatly glazed, and in the center of the garret floor stood an old wood stove, which kept the temperature at summer heat. There were more pails, each containing plants of different ages, which Caesar explained would bear all winter if he did not forget and let the fire go out.

A Neapolitan Den.

[Rom. Cor. London Times.]
Imagine the doorway of a cave, where, on entering, you must descend. Not a ray of light penetrates into it except by the one aperture you have passed through; and there, between four black battered walls and upon a layer of filth mixed with putrid straw, two, three and four families vegetate together. The best side of the cave, namely: that through which humidity filtrates the least, is occupied by a rack and a manger to which animals of various kinds are tied; a horse it may be, or an ass, a calf or a pig. On the opposite, a heap of boards and rags represent the beds. In one corner is the fireplace and the household utensils lie about the floor. This atrocious scene is animated by a swarm of half-naked, dishevelled women; of children entirely naked rolling about in the dirt, and of men stretched on the ground in the sleep of idiocy.

Such is a Neapolitan fondaeh. Multiply it by thousands. Remember that 100,000 beings at least have no other shelter; that they only live on fruit and vegetables, on snails and onions, without even changing their rags once in a year; without water, except such as flows in a dense, impure rivulet winding through those lapses. Remember that over those fondaehi rise houses of four and five floors, where another population, scarcely less poor, less dirty or less crowded and ill-fed, lies huddled together. Houses where the sun's rays never penetrate, where the sea breeze never reaches, where all instinct of modesty is dead, and animal humanity alone predominates. This is the Naples which has need of being disemboweled—the gangrene it is necessary to burn out.

Queen Victoria's Joke.

[London Letter.]
Queen Victoria rarely indulges in a joke, but she once gave a good hit at Sir Charles Dilke, who had little sympathy for the royal family. Some one spoke disparagingly of Sir Charles Dilke's criticism of the civil list, whereupon the queen remarked: "It is strange, for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," added her majesty, after a moment's pause, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

MAKING ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The Best Materials—A Triangular Duel—Trade Figures.
[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The making of artificial teeth is a trade in which a large amount of ingenuity is displayed, both in the adaptation of new substance and in the mode of shaping and finishing. When artificial teeth began to be made, instead of using the natural teeth of dead persons they were made of bone, of the most costly kind of ivory, from the tusks of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, walrus or narwhal. If only a single tooth were wanted, it was customary to cut a bit of bone to the proper shape, and tie it to the next tooth by a ligature of wire. It is still found that tusk bone possesses the best combination of properties. It combines as a learned authority in the dental world tells us, "lightness, strength, and solidity, with a natural appearance and a certain congeniality to the mouth possessed by no other material, which render both partial pieces and entire sets at once the most useful substitutes for the lost natural teeth."

The mechanical dentist must be a genuine workman. When he is about to make bone or ivory teeth he cuts a tusk into pieces and shapes each piece by an elaborate series of mechanical processes. Sometimes, for a customer who has plenty of dollars to spare, he will make a whole set, upper or lower, as the case may be, out of one piece. He saws his block of ivory roughly to the size, and then with infinite patience files and grinds it into shape. He has at hand a model of the patient's gum, and works to that model with exactness. The teeth are not separate pieces; they are cut into apparent rather than real separation, like the teeth of a comb. An artistic workman will take care that the teeth shall present some of the irregularity which our natural grinders always exhibit; a learner falls into the mistake of making them too good. Many people do not like to wear dead people's teeth—there is something uncomfortable in the idea; there is also frequently a germ of decay in such teeth, and these two reasons led to the custom of making artificial ivory teeth. Ivory, however, with all its excellences, becomes discolored, and hence the motive for making teeth of certain mineral or vegetable compositions. There is, in fact, a sort of triangular duel always going on among the ivory dentists, mineral dentists, and vegetable dentists, each class fighting stoutly against both of the others.

Whether the dentist really makes the teeth which he inserts in your cranium is a question he does not deem it necessary to answer. In truth, he very rarely ever does anything of the kind. There are certain dealers who sell sets of teeth, half sets, twos or threes, singles or doubles, front or back, top or bottom, finished or unfinished, as well as all the apparatus and tools required for the dentist's art. And some of these dealers themselves are supplied by manufacturers who conduct operations on a considerable scale.

The United States is ahead of all other countries in this art. A recent computation makes the number of artificial teeth fabricated here as high as 6,000,000 annually—symbols (according to some folks' notions) of 6,000,000 attacks of toothaches. In one of the largest and most complete factories where mineral teeth are made, the chief ingredients comprise feldspar, silica and clay, those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides, to produce those tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation a good one. The feldspar, silica and clay are ground to an impalpable powder under water, then dried and made into a paste. The teeth are cast in brass moulds, varied in size and shape to suit the requirements of the mouth. A special kind of paste to form the enamels is first put into the mold with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are to be fastened, are adjusted in position, and the paste forming the body of the tooth is introduced until the mold is filled up.

Nest ensue powerful pressure and drying. When removing from the mold the tooth goes through a process called bisuiting (analogous to a particular stage in porcelain manufacture), in which stage it can be cut like chalk. It is then sent to the trimmer, who scrapes off all roughness and unnecessary projections, and fills up any depressions which may have been left in the operation of molding. A wash called enamel is made by selecting various ingredients more fusible than those of the teeth, grinding them to a fine powder with water, and applying the thick liquid as paint, by means of a camel's-hair pencil. The tooth then goes to the gummer, who applies a gum comprising oxide of gold and other ingredients. At length heat is applied. The tooth, when dried, is put into a muffle, or enameled oven, where it is placed on a layer of crushed quartz strewn over a slab of fire-resisting clay. After being exposed for a time to an intense heat, the tooth is taken out and cooled, and there it is, beautiful forever.

What the World Demands.

[The Current.]
Among journalists, lawyers, doctors, and among the artists who struggle with brush and pencil, the "Bohemian" no longer survives. His day is utterly passed. The world demands of professional men hard, earnest, honest work, and careful conservation of their physical and mental energies. It no longer tolerates the "genius" who is only capable of effort in the interval between personal excesses. Under this new order of thrift and honor, and rewards obtain. The chophouse is no longer the college of art, and the ale mug no longer the fountain of inspiration.

The Turk's Calm Superiority.

[Cor. London Field.]
A new way of obviating the effect of a side wind on rifle-shooting amused the grim old Turkish sanjak. Musketry officer on arrival at range finds strong wind blowing from the right. He moves his squad six paces to the right, and sits down to mark with a calm superiority over technical detail that earthquakes could not ruffle.

Detroit Free Press: The ducks did not last long in this country. It is sometimes more trouble to play fool than the stakes are worth.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT.

The Course of Study—Hard Work and Strict Discipline.
[Poughkeepsie Press.]

The activities of West Point have no break throughout the entire year. Work beginning the 1st of September lasts to the end of the year. After a few days consumed in examination, another term begins, which lasts till the 31st of May. Then come examinations which last till about the middle of June, from whence till the 29th of August the cadets live in camp on the plain. During this period no regular studies are pursued, books being largely thrown aside for practical work, such as surveying, astronomical observations, etc. For these purposes the finest instruments are provided. Cadets are admitted to the academy as late in the year as September, when the year's studies are begun. The course lasts four years, dividing the cadets into as many classes. The fourth class, or first year's men, study mathematics, the English language, French, history, geography, and ethics and tactics of artillery and infantry, and receive instruction in fencing and bayonet exercise and military gymnastics.

In the second year, mathematics are a leading feature of the course of studies, which comprises, also, French, topography and plotting of surveys with lead pencils, pen and ink and colors, construction of the various problems in descriptive geometry, shades and shadows, and linear perspective and isometric projections. Practical surveying in the field during the seasons of camping out aptly supplements the studies in drawing. The study of military tactics comprises practical instruction in the schools of the soldier, company and battalion, and in artillery and cavalry. With the third year the successful cadet is advanced to the study of natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy and geology, free-hand drawing and landscape in black and white, constructive and architectural drawing in ink and colors, which tactics are continued, and practical military engineering added to the hard work of the period. In the last year the scope of studious pursuit is enlarged by the addition of civil and military engineering and the science of war, the Spanish language, international, constitutional, and military law, outlines of the history of the world, and technical instructions in ordnance and gunnery and signaling.

The reveille call at 6 o'clock in the morning rouses him from his bunk. He and his mate forthwith prepare the room they share in common, and in half an hour's time he is seated at his breakfast. Forty minutes are given him in which to make the first meal of the day. Guard-mounting is next in order, taken in turn. Each day's guard consists of thirty-five privates and four non-commissioned officers, and the officer in command, all cadets. At 8 o'clock one-half the students are seated in recitation classes, and the other engaged in preparation for them. At half-past 9 a. m., this half take their places, leaving those who have left their classes at liberty to pursue their preparation for second recitation. This begins at 11 with half the cadets, as in the first recitation, and lasts an hour, when the remaining students take their turn for the remaining length of time.

After dinner, at about 2, another period of recitation is begun, lasting an hour each for all the students, who are divided into two sections, as before. Classes are resumed at 10 minutes past 4 p. m., and last until half-past 5 p. m. Parade is the event of sunset, and in fine weather is attended by numerous admirers of the natty young fellows who take part in it. This includes the whole of the cadets in attendance at the academy. Supper succeeds the display, and at half-past 9 p. m. "taps" are heard on the drum—the signal of preparation for bed. Each student thereupon unfolds his couch and makes ready for the night's repose. By 10 o'clock every light is out and silence broods over the quarters.

Of the calls at West Point, the bugle summons for recitation; all calls for military formation are made by means of the drum and fife. One by drum and fife, heard every morning after reveille, is understood by ailing men to mean that they report at the hospital for examination, where they become subject to the rule of Esculapius.

Every Saturday the cadet is allowed to wander at his own will anywhere within the government lines. Two hops a week during the warm months of the year assist in forming the gentlemanly deportment for which the cadet is justly celebrated, and increase his esteem for the better half of creation. Light reading amid pleasant surroundings is at his disposal in the library, or, at his pleasure, in his room. The advent of friends at the past gives him a "spell" of liberty, never indulged, however, at the expense of his progress. Interchanging calls with other cadets is a pleasure tempered with prohibitions which are wholesome, and suggestive. The cadet must not smoke, nor are alcoholic drinks allowed in the rooms. He must not play cards, but chess and checkers are not interdicted. Many cadets who are musical in their tastes, play on instruments and sing. Here, better than elsewhere, may be added that attendance on divine worship once a week is compulsory.

The superintendent of the academy is the judge over his delinquents. His decisions have military sanction, and are administered with unrelenting certainty. What in the civilian student would be regarded as unnoticeable might be an important offense in the military cadet. To omit one button of the multitudinous fastenings of his coat may give the cadet a term of detention in the barrack-yard, rifle in hand.

A Mistake We Make.

[Boston Budget.]
We bow down before men or women because they are reputed to be rich, when in reality they are no better if so well off as ourselves. We take the shadow for the substance so often that we are incapable of distinguishing the one from the other, and we make our salaams to a bejeweled and bedizened madame or sir, who may be but one day removed from the common jail.

Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing.

THE TRANSVAAL BOERS.

Character and Habits of the South African Dutch.
[Boston Globe.]

Of the character and habits of the Boer there are varying opinions, and there seems little reason to doubt that either party can produce strong evidence in support of their opinions. Brave, religious, hospitable, intelligent, and animated by a sincere love of liberty, according to one authority; brave, hospitable, literate and strongly antagonistic to the native element, amounting to positive cruelty and slave-holding, is the verdict of the other. The two opinions are capable of easy reconciliation. No European nation has ever come in contact with aboriginal tribes yet except to the disadvantage of the inferior race, and this is as true of the Dutch as the English colonists in Africa or elsewhere.

Capt. Lucas, whose "Camp Life and Sport in South Africa" is one of the most recent works on the subject, and who writes in opposition to the annexation, speaks highly of the hospitality of the Transvaal Boers. In the course of many years' military service he came in contact with a large number of them, who invariably gave him and his men the best their houses afforded, and as invariably refused payment, although supplying liberal rations to men and horses.

"They live a patriarchal life in the midst of their flocks, seldom making their appearance in the settlements beyond an occasional visit for the purpose of replenishing their stores, or bringing in their stock or produce for sale. They are tall, as a rule, but sallow, hard-featured, indolent and phlegmatic. They live very simply, their diet consisting of kid flesh and milk, with quantities of coffee, which they drink at all times and seasons. They are excellent shots with their long 'roers,' or smooth-bore guns."

But there are Boers and Boers. And just here seems to be, perhaps, the difference which may account for the varied opinions of travelers. "Further away still," says the same author, "occupying isolated spots in the game-frequented veldt, live a race of Dutchmen who eke out a miserable existence upon the game, whence they acquire the name of Wildbeest Boers; antelope flesh, with the addition of a little meal, forming the main part of their subsistence. They rear large herds of goats and tend small herds of large-headed 'trek' oxen, living in miserable mud huts, men, women and children herding indiscriminately together. Every now and then their scanty crops are swept away by swarms of locusts. When this happens they are obliged to pack up their household goods and 'trek' away bodily with their flocks to some distant part of the veldt, where they can find grass and water."

It is just possible that experience among the different classes of the Boers have led to the various stories. Dr. Livingstone speaks in contemptuous terms of their illiteracy, while he was strongly impressed with their harsh treatment of the natives. The opinions of the well-known traveler are combated by others. As we have shown, there is ample opportunity for a difference of opinion, depending in large measure on individual experience.

The Dutch name "Boer," from which our English word "boor" is derived means, according to one authority a peasant; another a farmer. In an old English dictionary a "clown" is the definition of "boor." At the present day the word "clown" also needs definition, the original meaning of the word ("peasant") having become almost obsolete. "Transvaal" it is easily understood simply means "Across the Vaal" (river).

A Novelty in a Canadian Fair.

[Chicago Journal.]
The chief feature of proceedings in the horse ring at the great Canadian fair at Toronto, the other day, were the field trials of the collie dogs. The collie field trials took place between 1 and 2, at which hour there was not a vacant seat on the grand stand, while an enormous multitude surrounded the remaining portions of the ring. Two pens were constructed in front of the grand stand, and half a dozen sheep were placed in each. These were liberated alternately with each dog, who had to drive them down the field between two fences and then bring them back to the pen. The first dog to take the field was T. Telfer's Speed, imported, aged 4 years. He drove the sheep splendidly and penned them in six minutes, in an easy, quiet way, which competent judges thought it would be difficult to beat. Speed turned out to be the best dog tried during the afternoon.

Mr. McKenzie's Sly was next given a trial, but he only did his work moderately well. He rushed the sheep too much, the consequence being that they broke the flock, and time was lost in getting them together again. Eventually Sly penned them, his time being eleven minutes. Mr. Shane's Jack followed, and began his work well. He had only been at it a few minutes, however, when two or three of the other dogs, tired, doubtless, at having looked on so long broke away from their owners and dashed about the flock, which scattered in all directions. When the dogs had been recalled, Jack had to recommence his work, which took him eleven minutes to complete. Two other dogs, Hero and Bob, were given the field, but they did not prove competent.

Dr. Holland's Grave.

[Cor. Chicago Tribune.]
The grave of Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland at Springfield, Mass., has been kept covered with fresh flowers all summer and this fall by his admirers throughout the state. The first flowers laid there were arbutus, and then wind flowers and violets; and now the mound is covered with gentians and heliotropes and the late bloom of the honeysuckle, with sprays of golden-rod and glowing clusters of asters.

Why His Salary Was Reduced.

[New York Star.]
"I shall be compelled to reduce your salary, Mr. Johnson, until cold weather sets in," said a mean employer to his bald-headed book-keeper.

"Why?" asked the old fellow with a stinking heart.

"Because I notice that a large portion of the time which should be devoted to my service is spent by you in fighting flies off the top of your head."

Giving Away the Baby.

[Detroit Free Press.]
Some weeks ago a family consisting of husband, wife, and baby about 3 years old, reached Detroit from some eastern point in a destitute condition, and finally got a room in a house on Catherine street with a citizen whose sympathies had been aroused. For a time both parents were ill, and the man had scarcely recovered when the wife died. Unable to work, and equally unable to care for the child, he permitted a woman living near by to take it home. A day or two ago, having vainly searched for work in Detroit, the man decided to go farther west. Three or four different families offered to take the baby and adopt it, and he was forced to realize that he must part with it. Poor, destitute, friendless, and with only money enough to take him to Chicago, what could he do? When the time came to make a decision there was a crowd of women appealing to him and promising to be a mother to the little waif. He took the child in his arms and wept over it, and said in a broken voice:

"Poor Billy! I'm putting you away forever!"

The child clung fast to his neck with one arm, and with the free hand wiped away his tears and said:

"Pa's crying—pa's crying! Is pa sick?"

The man pressed the boy to his heart, kissed him again and again, and to the woman who was to take him he said:

"It's tearing my heart out, but it must be done! He'll grow up to forget his dead mother and me, and never to hear our names spoken, but I've got to let him go. One more kiss, Billy."

"Papa don't away!"

"Yes, good-bye!"

"Dood-bye. Hurry home!"

The woman sobbed and the men shed tears, and all of a sudden the father rushed from the house and hurried from the neighborhood without one glance behind him, doubtless fearing that if he tarried a moment longer his love would prove stronger than his pledge.

Beauty of the Baltic.

[Cor. Temple Bar.]
One great charm of the Baltic sea is the limpidity of the water. So clear are these quiet waves that even at twilight, when the light is subdued, we can discern every stone, every tangle, and patch of sand, as if it were noon. A passing sail makes the loveliest reflections. There are two little boats sailing past, but one belongs to the world of fact, the other to that of fancy, and that is fairest. I was at first incredulous as to the picturesque quality of Rugen from an artist's point of view, but the twilight of several successive days convinced me. It is not so much the sunsets, although these are gorgeous and beautiful, as the afterglow which would delight and enrich a painter.

One night the sun went down in a clear sky, and we had one of those long, lovely, twilights peculiar to our island. The heavens and sea were of one pure pale rose color that faded into violet, and looking seaward not an object broke these quiet harmonies except a fishing brig at anchor, deep orange in color, and one far-off white sail. The water was smooth as a lake, and all was still except for the most musical little ripple in the world as the quiet tide plashed on the shore. This scene was all the more beautiful as we beheld it from under bowers of natural greenery, fragrant flowers growing close to hand, twilight, wood, sea and sky, all making up a scene fairylite and indescribable.

The Hair Question.

[Philadelphia Times.]
With that strange inconsistency which at rare intervals marks the gentler sex, the women of France and England are now said to be tearing their false hair over the fact that China has ceased to export hair to Marsolles. For how can Paris and London dames get along without a liberal supply of wigs and bangs? According to a German paper, the Marsolles "artists in hair" use annually eighty tons of hair. Of these forty tons come from China, while twenty-two tons are supplied by Italy, thirteen tons and ten hundred weight by Cochin China, twenty tons by British India, five tons by Japan, four tons and six hundred weight by Algeria, and so on. Three tons are used in Marsolles alone. Of these half a ton is for men's wigs, and two tons ten hundred weight for ladies' chignons, plaits, curls and the other artificial parts of women's headgear. It makes little or no difference how many Chinamen M. Ferry slaughters, but nature pity the premier that touches a French woman's chignon.

Glad Tidings.

[Chicago Journal.]
A machine has been invented to obviate the necessity of beating carpets. It is a polygonal drum, formed of wooden bars, and fixed on a shaft revolving horizontally. It is twelve feet in diameter, six feet in length, and is inclosed in a chamber and driven by an Otto gas engine of twelve-horse power, which also drives a fan for drawing the dust from the chamber. The carpets are placed in the drum, which is fitted with internal rollers, and these turn the carpet over as the drum revolves. At twenty-two revolutions a minute, from 300 to 300 square yards of carpet are cleaned in an hour.

The Mirror Up to Nature.

[Philadelphia Telegraph.]
The scenery of the Visnua theatre is described by a correspondent as being as near nature as art can make it. At an opera by Wagner birds fluttered across the stage among the trees; in "Lohengrin" the swan drawing his boat is undetectably life-like; a dragon comes out to find Siegfried; the branches and leaves of the trees are pendent, and at times moved as if by a breeze; the sky scenery at the time of a sunrise or a sunset could not be excelled; and, in fact, everything seems so real that, at the end, it is hard to throw off the spell and return to real life.

Quite Likely.

The Glasgow Herald thinks that if Americans would substitute oatmeal for pies and hot cakes, they would be calmer, less lively, less speculative, less bombastic, and happier.

Death and your dog are the only friends that you may be sure will never deceive you.