

LOVE'S BEACON.

The twilight's gloom
Is in the room;
The children cry, "Soon father'll come!"

And to the door
They run once more,
To watch, as many a one before,

The kettle sings
Of pleasant things,
That evening's coming always brings.

The fire burns bright,
Because, each night,
The hearts about it are so light.

'Tis time to trim
The lamp for him,
Who never lets love's light grow dim,

That he may see
How anxiously
I wait his coming home to me.

Shine out, dear light,
Across the night,
And guide my good man's feet aright.

Shine out afar,
Love's beacon star,
And lead him where his dear ones are.

—Eden E. Rerford, in Good Housekeeping.

MARRYING A LORD.

An Ambitious American Girl
Blights Two Promising Lives.

(Original.)

Lillian Forrest was a belle who had suddenly burst on New York society with a splendor which quite eclipsed any former debutante. She had all heart could wish. Her father's wealth was unbounded; her own natural charms, to which was added every accomplishment home and foreign schools could afford, were of the highest type of beauty. Miss Lillian was a sensible girl, but governed by an over-ruling ambition. Ambition, like temptation, leads one from one degree to another, until such heights or depths have been attained as the individual never dreamed of at the outset. Alexander had no idea of conquering all the known world when he assaulted Tyre. Napoleon's original design was not such gigantic conquests as he attained, and Miss Forrest, when she made her debut in society, would have been content with a humble place in the sphere for which she was intended. Her little head was doubtless turned at first by so many gay ladies and gentlemen. She was accustomed to silks and satins, flounces, furbelows and laces, diamonds, rubies, sapphires and pearls, but genteel flattery and sparkling wit, which outshone the most brilliant gems, was something new to her. Her mother had for a long time held a position in society which her husband's wealth enabled her to do, and she was anxious to have her daughter enter it as soon as possible. She wanted Lillian to make her debut at fifteen, but her father, who was more practical and level-headed than the fashionable mother, insisted on Lillian having a year's training in the best schools of fashion in Europe, with the best dancing masters and musicians the old world could afford. Mrs. Forrest was made to see the advantages such culture would be to her daughter and consented. Consequently the family made arrangements to spend a year in Europe.

Although Lillian was designed for a society lady, she had not become one yet, nor was her heart yet cold and selfish. She had a little circle of childhood friends and school-mates, from whom she had not severed ties of early acquaintance. Prominent among them was Albert Brantner, the son of a shipping merchant, a friend of the proud family, who naturally grew to love Miss Lillian. No vows had ever passed between the young people, but Albert, who had frequently been in the young Miss' society, had looked the love with his eyes which his lips dared not speak. Mrs. Forrest, with the eye of a discerning mother, saw the lad's growing attachment for her daughter. One day she had Lillian brought to her boudoir. The fashionable lady reclined upon silk and velvet cushions, toying with her elegantly jeweled hand the uncut leaves of a society novel. With her daughter sitting opposite her, the ambitious mother told her of grand courts, gallant nobles and lords, who sometimes condescend to marry American wealth and beauty. To be the wife of a Lord was to be a Lady—a member of the ancient aristocracy of England, and that any young lady possessing such natural attractions and charms, refinement and fabulous wealth, might become a great Lady and be in attendance at the receptions of Kings and Queens. It is useless to add that poor little Lillian's head was completely turned by her mother's adroit flattery and graphic description of gilded courts. Ambition for the first time crept into her young heart, and she felt that to be a Lady—to be admired and courted perhaps by the Princes of earth—was henceforth her highest ambition. When alone and thoughts of Albert Brantner crowded into her mind a shade came over her fair brow, and she felt a sting of remorse at her heart; but recollections of the gay scenes her mother had so vividly pictured steered her heart against anything so common as a shipping merchant.

The college term was out, and the vacation during which the Forrests were to sail for Europe came. Albert Brantner, on hearing of Lillian's intended sojourn in Europe, hastened to the elegant mansion on Fifth Avenue to pay a visit

to the friend of his childhood. His reception was quite cordial, but so stiff, over-refined and cool that his heart felt chilled when he contrasted it with former visits. The Brantners were equal in wealth and social standing to the Forrests. Their Fifth Avenue mansion was as grand as the Forrests, they drove equipages equally as gay, and stood as high in society. Not a spot or blemish had ever been on the name of Brantner. Mr. Brantner, as a business man, was shrewd and careful, but the soul of honor, and Mrs. Brantner was respected in society for her kindness of heart, as well as her sterling worth. But poor Albert was to bitterly realize that he was not a Lord. He had no noble blood in his veins, and even though he came to inherit countless millions, even though he possess one of the most brilliant minds as a statesman or business man, he could not shine in the courts of England where none but the blue bloods were permitted to associate. He could only bring wealth and an honorable name to Miss Lillian, and she wanted a title. Albert thought he had never seen Lillian so beautiful as she appeared in her proud, cold manner. Her mother had succeeded well in her training. The daughter had the cold hauteur of one who was to become a great Lady. The puzzled Albert strove to find the cause of this change, but Lillian was distant and reserved.

They were in the parlor alone, and as the hour of his departure drew near he asked her to favor him with a song. She turned to the piano and sang in such sweetness a favorite air that Albert was almost enraptured. The boy-lover, for he was nothing more, burst all barriers at the conclusion of the song and said:

"Lillian, why are you so changed?"
For a moment the natural impulses of her heart seemed to get the better of her, and she was confused. The blood mounted her cheek, but forcing on that icy rigidity once more, she asked:

"Am I changed?"
"You are. I can not understand it. You are so cool to-day when you are on the eve of going away, too—and when I had something I wanted so much to say—"

He dared not trust himself further and turned away, hoping her girlish curiosity would prompt her to ask what that something was. But she was only silent, formal and cold as a stranger. Albert left the house in such a fit of despair, as in a young fellow of nineteen might be expected. His indignation for the first few hours in a measure counteracted the pain at his heart, but as weeks wore on his anger faded away, and only the aching void remained.

The Forrests sailed for Europe, and Lillian was put in special training to catch a Lord. She returned on her seventeenth birthday, made her debut at a ball given by her mother, at which all the elite of the city were invited, including some broken-down rakes of the English nobility who were in New York trying to recruit their wasted fortunes. These noblemen were of the class whose morals are below par, but being of the ancient English aristocracy, they were welcomed to American society, while to better people the doors were closed. Washington Irving in his sketch book says: "The bare name of Englishman was a passport to the confidence and hospitality of every family, and too often gave a transient currency to the worthless and ungrateful. Throughout the country there was something of enthusiasm connected with the idea of England." Had Mr. Irving lived to the present decade he would have seen this feeling intensified a hundred fold in the great Atlantic cities. To have a daughter or a relative marry into the English nobility, be that nobility ever so disreputable, is the highest honor to which the Anglo-American millionaire can attain.

Albert Brantner was now twenty-one years of age, had completed his college course and was embarked in the legal profession with great promise. No mind was said to be more brilliant, and his oratory as a lawyer and a statesman would soon awaken the world. He had been very anxious to see Lillian since her return from Europe, and yet he refrained from calling on the family, remembering the cold reception he had received before. When the great ball was given he was invited, to be sure. They could not entirely forget their old friends, though more anxious about the new.

The large parlors in which Mrs. Forrest, assisted by her friend Mrs. Bouncewell, received her guests were furnished in Louis XV. style, which indeed was the prevailing decoration of the residence. The walls and ceilings were in panels of carved oak, and the panels above the doors and windows were the work of one of the most noted French artists. The partiers and hangings were in pale gray silk with tinted tea rose borders and handsomely embroidered in gold. The color decorations were in white and gray. The floral display was much more simple than at the average city ball, and yet it was very elegant. Tropical plants in huge china vases stood on either side of the door, and a number of Australian and African shrubs were placed in different portions of the house. No trailing vines of any kind were used, but beds of roses were in the fire-places and corners. Mrs. Forrest received her guests in a dress of gold-colored satin, the front veiled with point applique, court train of red, brocaded in gold; low-cut corsage. Her ornaments are diamonds, and she carried a hand bouquet of red carnations, yellow roses and lilies of the valley. Lillian wore white silk entraine, with front draped with silver embroidered tulle. The corsage was cut square and had sleeves of tulle, and she wore a

cluster of white ostrich tips, and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

If Albert had thought her beautiful before, she was perfectly enchanting on this occasion. Her cheeks were glowing with pleasure and her eyes were sparkling with excitement. He was warmly greeted, but could not see that Lillian was more anxious to see him than she was to see many others. She was in the society of Sir Thomas Norville, an English Baronet, whose face betrayed dissipation and grossness intolerable in any other than a Lord. He strove again and again to have a tete-a-tete with Lillian, hoping that he might awaken some old childhood interest in her, but in vain. The nobleman was always in the way, and she seemed ever engaged. But he excused her with the recollection that her duty as hostess gave her little time to any particular guest, nevertheless she found much time for the society of Sir Thomas. Albert went home miserable, and Miss Lillian retired that morning with her head in a whirl. She had begun to realize that she might be a Lady.

Two years have passed and society rings with the praises of the new belle. Her name is on every lip. The daily and society papers have extended accounts of her remarkable beauty. It is even whispered that her charms have become known in Europe. She has hopes that she is already expected to grace the drawing-rooms of the Queen. Sir Thomas Norville was rather varying in his attentions to the young American belle, until sudden reverses of fortune rendered him penniless. Then he began to sue in earnest for her hand. Albert Brantner saw the danger to which the being he loved was exposed, and was doing all in his power to save her from destruction. When an American girl chooses to marry a Lord, nothing can alter her determination.

Lillian loved Albert, in secret, and was crushing her heart for her ambition. There was nothing lovable in that coarse, vulgar Englishman, noble in name only. He could not be compared to the really noble American. At last Albert sought an interview with her and in his despair declared his love for her. She listened calmly to him, and with coolness characteristic of an ambitious, strong-minded woman, she informed him that should she follow her own inclinations she would accept him, but that she had higher aims. She would marry a Lord or never wed.

"You are a talented young man, Albert," she continued, in her cool, commonplace manner. "You have wealth, position and influence, and the ability to make you a great man, but you can never be a Lord. You can never be on a social level with Barons, Dukes, Lords and Kings. My husband must not only have the qualifications of a Lord, he must be one."

He fixed his eyes upon her as he leaned against the mantel, and with a deep sigh, replied:

"So for the sake of an empty title you will sacrifice your happiness? You will sell your soul to be a Lady?"

She answered in the affirmative, and bidding her a good afternoon, Albert walked out into the hall, took his hat from the rack and left the house. He was filled with indignation, and his spirit, life and ambition were crushed. He was too much a man to press his suit further, and yet had he seen the tears of agony shed by the ambitious girl, he would have pitied her. The sacrifice was a great one, for her pride she felt, had doomed her to misery. She had but one ambition left, and she would give her hopes of Heaven to have that attained.

Six months after rejecting Albert Brantner she became the wife of Sir Thomas Norville. The wedding was a grand affair. In ecstacy New York has never surpassed it. Brilliant costumes, dazzling diamonds, wit and beauty, made it an occasion long to be remembered. But it was a pale, cold bride his lordship received. Sir Thomas, as heartless and selfish in this as in all other matters, went gaily through the wedding ceremonies, regardless of all breaking hearts. Albert Brantner had long since forgiven the woman who had wronged him and herself. He was now content to only exist, with no lofty ambition for the future. Had he been less strong he would have plunged into a course of dissipation which might have temporarily drowned the heart-ache, but would have bred a canker which would have eaten his heart away. He lost heart, and in a year's time became a silent, moody man, prematurely grown old; society lost him. He retained his honor, but that intellect which once bid fair to become brilliant was dulled and dwarfed by the blow it received.

His sufferings could not have surpassed those of the foolish girl who sacrificed herself to become a Lady. Her husband at once took charge of her marriage portion. They went on a bridal tour to Europe, where Lillian was to meet with her great disappointment. She was not taken into that brilliant society of nobles and gay ladies. Instead of entering the gilded courts of Queens, she was taken to an obscure, even mean, house to live. Sir Thomas did occasionally go into that brilliant society of Lords, and noble ladies. Instead of taking his plebeian wife, she was left at home. She endured this slight until she was no longer able to bear it. Her husband's neglect increased. He dressed superbly, and usually spent his time at his club or in strolling about the avenues and parks, his wife seldom in his company. His Lordship was sometimes absent for days, and when he did return his features bore strong evidence of dissipation. He even grew insulting to her. One day when he announced his intention of going to the reception of a noble-

man, she could remain silent no longer, and demanded to be taken herself.

"Take you," said his Lordship, with a sneer. "You associate with noble blood!"

"Am I not your wife?" she asked.
"Yes," he answered, with a brutal oath, "but you must bear it in mind that if you are my wife, you are not my equal, nor the equal of any of the nobility. Were you and your parents so foolish as to think that simply marrying me would admit you to the best London society?—that you could be permitted to dance at the Queen's balls and attend to her private drawing-room receptions and dinners? Such an unheard of thing can not be permitted, and the sooner you get it out of your head the better."

"Oh, Heaven, help me!" she groaned, sinking in a chair and burying her face in her hands. She now realized just what it was to be the wife of an English Lord. The gilded dream had passed away. Ostracised from society and practically abandoned by her husband, her beauty wasted away. At twenty-five her hair was growing white. She was in reality deserted by her husband. The handsome dowry from her father was consumed by his Lordship in riotous living. She even saw him playing the gallant to other ladies, ignoring the presence of his own wife. Sometimes she was really in want of the necessities of life. Sir Thomas was appealed to again and again, but he became so brutal that when she tried to force herself into society, he threatened to have her removed by the police.

After eight years of this miserable life she received a legal notice that a bill of divorce had been filed against her by Sir Thomas Norville. She made no defense, but wrote full particulars to her father. He sent her money to come home, and the next day after receiving it she sailed for America.

There is now in New York a sad, lonely man, whose youth was so full of promise, but whose lamp of ambition light early went out; and a sad, white-haired woman, once the reigning belle, but long since forgotten by her giddy associates; both disappointed and miserable. Two promising lives blighted by an ambitious girl marrying a Lord.

—John R. Musick.

FORCE OF THE WIND.

An Important Question Which Is Still
Shrouded in Mystery.

The recent cyclones which have swept over some of our Western States forcibly call to mind how meager our knowledge of them is, and also hint the importance of systematically studying their origin, direction and effect. The force exerted by them, as a factor entering into the calculations of the architect and engineer, should make an intimate acquaintance with the laws governing them imperative. We are fairly familiar with their form and reasonably certain of the cause which create them, but of the other and to us infinitely more important part of the question—the pressure—we are lamentably ignorant. Whether we will ever be able to retard their progress, diminish their power or successfully divert them from objects which we do not wish endangered, are elements of the problem that can only be discovered by methodical observation covering a wide territory, and taking into consideration the topographical and atmospherical influences tending to their creation and continued existence.

There are but two plans for measuring the pressure of high winds: one by the aid of instruments, and the other by calculating the force required to overturn, or demolish obstacles which have stood in their path. The first plan is only of little practical value, since the best anemometers are either destroyed, or rendered inoperative, before registering the pressures we are most interested in obtaining. The perfect anemometer has yet to be constructed, and it matters not whether it is designed to give the velocity or pressure of the wind, so long as it is accurate and so sensitive and quick responding that it will register what we call gusts of wind. It should also unerringly follow all changes of direction in the wind, and, if possible, measure the upward or lifting power when this case arises.

It is a simple matter to estimate the force expended after a body has been overturned, but when costly bridges are the objects operated upon, the experiment is anything but economical. This plan will only give us the force necessary to do the work, but the amount in excess of this we can only guess at. To illustrate this: A locomotive was overturned in 1871, the calculated maximum force required to do this being ninety-three pounds to the square foot; the wind exerted a force greater than this, but how much can not be found. The fact that a storm passes between two points at a rate that will produce a certain pressure to the square foot is of no assistance, since it is not the average but the maximum pressure we seek after. That the whole question of wind pressure is shrouded in darkness is shown by the difference in practice among the leading engineers of this country; and the allowances made for wind pressure, whether twenty, thirty or fifty pounds to the foot, are the results of individual study, not of combined research.—Baptist Weekly.

—A sale of the effects of the late Pau Morphy, the phenomenal chess-player recently took place at an auction in New Orleans. Among them was sold the noted set of gold chessmen presented the player by his New York friends.

COST OF CROPS.

Its Reduction the Leading Requisite of
the Present Day.

If—as is undoubtedly the case in many instances—one farmer can produce corn or wheat at from 10 to 50 per cent. less than his neighbor, it is easy to see that one will prosper and the other fail in his business. I adopted the rule several years ago of keeping an account with my leading crops (wheat, corn and potatoes), and was strongly impressed with the fact that the cost per bushel as the yield decreased per acre increased. There are some factors of cost that can not be changed materially; for example, interest on the money invested in the land, seed and the ordinary operations of plowing and planting, and these will be about the same whether we raise ten or thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, or twenty-five or seventy-five bushels of corn. Now if we take \$10 an acre as the smallest sum that will pay ground rent, seed and labor, for growing a crop of corn or wheat up to the time of harvest, it will be seen that at the lowest yields named the farmer must receive \$1 a bushel for wheat and 40 cents for corn to get barely paid for his work and investment, and then look to the straw and cornstalks to pay him for harvesting the crop. If—as during the last year—the average prices of these crops are from 15 to 25 per cent. below what I have named, then life becomes a struggle with debt to the farmer who produces the minimum crops. The most carefully prepared statistics taken by both National and State authority show that the corn crop of the United States averages but little above thirty bushels per acre, and the wheat above twelve bushels.

Conceding those figures to be nearly accurate, and remembering that a large per cent of farmers produce on an average from 50 to 100 per cent. above them, we are forced to the conclusion that an equally large per cent. grow crops below these averages, and find no profit whatever in their business, but merely subsist by practicing an economy that is almost niggardly. Now I believe it possible on many farms to reduce the cost of production of all products to some degree and some of them so much as one-half, and will try to show how I think it can be done. The first thing I should say to many farmers would be: reduce the area of land under cultivation. It is the besetting sin among our Western farmers to cultivate too much land; 1,000 bushels of corn from twenty acres must of necessity cost less than the same grown on thirty acres of the same farm; and the farmer who can raise 500 bushels of wheat on twenty acres will realize a good profit, while his neighbor who sows from thirty-five to fifty acres to get the same amount will run behind. Now these highest averages that I have named are easily within reach of most farmers and can be excelled by many. I do not say that the farmer who has been growing poor crops can at once change his system so as to increase them to this extent, but I do believe there are few farms where the average yields are now at the minimum on which they could not be increased 50 per cent. in less than ten years. One hopeful feature of this plan of farming a smaller area and farming it more thoroughly, is that it is one which must improve the land, while the plan of keeping the largest part of the farm under the plow necessarily exhausts it.

I have tried during thirty years the plan of keeping up the soil by buying manure at the village and also by the purchase of commercial fertilizers, but some years ago abandoned them both as too expensive, and determined that the farm must be self-perpetuating to the extent of producing its own fertilizers, and I have been greatly pleased with the results. Now the system of farming which reduces the area under cultivation enables one to do this in two ways; first—and the cheapest and best—by growing crops which fertilize; and, second, by raising stock to consume the straw, hay and grain, and give a large amount of manure. Under the system which I practice on my little farm of ninety acres we grow from ten to twenty acres of clover every year, which is neither cut nor pastured, but allowed to make all the growth it will from harvest until cold weather and then is plowed down. It usually makes a growth equal to that in the following June on fields that are pastured closely in the autumn, as is the almost universal practice of farmers in this locality, and after a careful comparison of its effect upon the soil I estimate its fertilizing value to average about \$12 per acre, by which I mean that it is worth to the crops as much as a dressing of stable manure would be which would cost me \$12, if bought and drawn from the village two miles distant. Lest this article become too long, I will condense into a sentence the means by which we are to increase our yield, and thus reduce the cost of production: 1. Decrease the area under cultivation. 2. Follow a rotation which will put all the land in clover once in two or three years. 3. Keep good stock to consume the crops grown. 4. Make the preparation of seed-bed and the cultivation of all crops thorough.—Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.

—A post-mortem examination into the death of a child in Vanceboro, Me., established the fact that a doctor lanced a small boil that did not need lancing, and carelessly cut an artery. The child was bleeding to death, when the father succeeded in stopping the bleeding. Then, it was testified, the doctor put the child in a warm bath, which started the flow of blood again, and the child bled to death.—Boston Herald.