SHE KISSED ME.

She kissed me, my beautiful darling.
I drank the delight of her lips;
The universe melted together,
Mortality stood in eclipse.
A spirit of light stood before me,
I heard a far rustle of wings;
The kings of the earth were as beggars,
And the beggars of earth were as kings.

RICHARD REALF.

MUTINY AND MURDER.

Man's Extremity Amid Wind and Wave.

American Rural Home.

We were becalmed in mid-Pacific. The sails swelled no more than if they had been molten sheets in the tropical sunshine. Yet there was something strange about the sea, for it was rough. We had been making good time the day before and I concluded we must have come into a region over which some storm had passed. It was the dry season, too, and I could not account for it. But a man finds a good many things on the high seas that he can't readily account for, however scientific he may pretend to land-lubbers to be.

When a man loves the sea, the deck of a ship is more to him than a palace, and the salt air and the heaving waves, life itself. But there are times when he would give something to have the solid earth to step upon, not in a storm, there he stands to his colors and trusts in Him who can say to the waves: "Peace, be still." But there are uglier things at sea than storms, things that rise up out of a seeming calm. These compared with storms seem to me like the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—one stormy and fierce, the other tranquil for days together, but with a terrible element brewing in this stillnes.

There was on the deck of my good ship, "Vestigia," an atmosphere more oppressive than the tropic heat with the storm brooding in its heart. Like every sailor, I had faced the thought of shipwreck. But this dreadful, invisible something hanging over me was different, was a horror undreamed of, unendurable. Yet how could I tell that the dread of danger to my wife and baby boy who were with me had not conjured up a phantasy?

I tried vainly to tell myself that there was really nothing; there was something, intangible, shapeless, horrible, palpable at least to those fine perceptions which transcend the senses and often forerun them. I had not an enemy in the world, yes, possibly one, but if so, a man whom I had never seen, though I had cut sharply across his plans and purposes without being responsible. He was the nephew of my mother's uncle, his wife's nephew. He had been brought up with the old gentleman and expected to inherit the greater part of his property. But my uncle had left it all to me. Pierce Armitage trusted too much to the fact that my uncle disliked my father. Armitage was wild and lawless and when the money came to me, I was glad to be out of reach of his vindictiveness. I would have righted him if he had been dealt with unfairly, but he had been repeatedly warned by my uncle. What was this old story, however, to me in mid-Pacific? Yet, for all my endeavors, the shadow grew nearer.

One day as I sat on deck with my wife under an awning, she whispered to me suddenly:

"I don't like that man." I looked up. The first mate was going by. All in an instant my dread took form. This mate, Griggs, had been in the "Vestigia" when I was transferred to command of her. My own mate had been promoted, and Griggs was highly recommended by the ship's owners. but, as the saying is, I had never "cottoned" to him. I had struggled against my prejudice, now I understood it. As I sat there something happened to confirm my dread. My little boy in his play ran across Griggs' path. The mate swerved aside and passed on, and then I saw him cast at the child a look so venomous that it was with great difficulty I restrained from snatching up my boy in my arms.

At last I was awake, and I saw that I should not have had instincts, or that they should have guided me sooner. It was too late. Some of the men had sailed in the "Vestigia" before, others were of Griggs' own choosing. They were a motley crew, Irish, Swedes, Italians chiefly, good sailors, but men I did not trust, scarcely a Yankee among them. Of late they had obeyed me sulkily, and now that my eyes were opened, I recollected how much Griggs had gone among them on some plea, had flattered one, had relieved another from some onerous task, done a favor to a third, and so on. I recalled significent looks and whispers, and I saw that the crew were in the hands of my first mate, and that he meant mischief. I looked at Mary and my boy. To whom could I turn? I glanced at the second mate, but just then I saw Griggs in passing him thrust a bit of paper into his hand, and a few minutes after I saw this second mate as he stood talking to the man at the wheel give the paper a toss from him into the sea. Instead, it fell against the railing of the ship and caught there uncertainly.

I began with my boy a game of ball such as we often played on shipboard, when the unexpected directions of the ball were a great amusement to the child. To-day after taking different directions, I suddenly rolled the ball close to the paper, and told him in a low tone to bring both balls, the paper and the rubber one. He obeyed, laughing, and I read secretly:

"When the watch changes. Have the men armed and ready. Better dispatch Keefe with the captain, he will make trouble. I'll look after the woman and the boy."

I had, then, an hour of life, and he would look after my wife and boy. Ha! I looked at them. I would fight to the last. With a silent prayer I sent for Keefe in my cabin. In a few moments we stood looking into one another's faces like doomed men.

"Is there nobody among them all we can trust?" I asked.

"Not an infernal rascal," he answered. "But one thing, Captain, we'd better begin."

He was right, for then we should die like men instead of rats. I armed Keefe to the teeth.

"Let them see you leave," I said. "Then come back here and conceal yourself."

I wrote some letters, took a packet from my strong-box, went upon deck again, gave the packet to my wife, and drawing her toward me, kissed her passionately.

"Keep life and courage for our boy's sake, whatever comes," I said, and took my baby in my arms; his soft grasp nerved me like the touch of steel. I looked about me like one who looks his last. Still the same calm and the same unaccountable movement of the water, only that it seemed to have increased. I went below, and on some pretense sent for Griggs. He came, but at the first glance at my face, drew back. Too late. The door was double locked, and my pistol at his temple.

"Mutiny and murder," I said to him. "How long do you deserve to live? What is it for?"

He answered me by a name: "Pierce Armitage." Then, appeal would be useless. "Shoot!" he said defiantly. "I shall be avenged. I've breathed hell into your crew. Heaven itself can't save you."

I shuddered! "Whatever comes, I deny your blasphemy." I said. At a signal Keefe sprang out. Griggs, or Armitage, was ironed, gagged, and laid upon the cabin floor. Then, double locking the cabin door behind us, we went upon the deck. There I called the crew together.

"My men," I said, "what fault have you to find with your captain?" They looked at me, and at one another.

"We have spoken none," answered an Italian in his soft broken English.

"Not to me," I answered, "but worse than that, among yourselves and to my mate. You should have come to me with your grievances. I am here now to remedy them if you will tell me what they are. How is it with you, Gustave Doneldorf?" I asked a stalwart Swede, whom a moment before I had seen on my left hand. he had disappeared, and another boon companion with him. I was startled. But the keys of my cabin were safe in my pocket and I went on talking to the men, hoping to pass the fatal hour and to gain at least some adherents. Some of the men listened to me, but all were evidently in expectation of the leader, who could not come. I saw and heard everything, and noticed that the waves were higher. I talked on, and the men stood more in bewilderment than attention. What was to have been my death hour was beginning to go by, and no blow had been struck. In spite of lowering glances I had begun to hope, when suddenly I saw Gustave Doneldorf and his companion in their places again, and in another moment there sounded rushing footsteps, and Armitage sprang upon deck, pistol in hand rushed up to the sailors, and began in English and snatches of their own tongue to berate them for cowardice.

Why he did not kill me instantly, I can't tell; perhaps he meant to feed me first with horror, being sure of me, for the men responded to him like a trigger to the hands that pulls it. My boy ran to me.

"Shoot the brat first," shouted Armitage. I took aim at him and fired, but my ball went wide its mark. For the ship at the instant rose upon a great wave, and as she plunged downward there was a cry from many throats. I turned. A mountain of water was upon us.

"Reef sail! Down hatches!" I shouted, as at a look from me Keefe snatched my wife and child toward the cabin. In the common danger the mutineers forgot themselves in being sailors, and as if life hung on my words my orders were executed with magic speed. It was none too soon. The cabin door was barely closed when the frightful wave was upon us. We threw ourselves upon the deck, faces downward, and hands grasping at whatever gave any promise of holding firm. All but Griggs, who thrust one arm through a coil of rope about the mast, and stood, pistol in hand, ready for fatal aim at me should there be an instant of stillness. He had resolved that in any case I should not escape him. Our last glance showed this before the ship seemed to rise erect upon her stern, to poise herself in mid-air, and to plunge down unfathomable depths. A raging cataract swept over us, it roared in our ears, drenched and deafened us, beat us against the deck, and almost swept us from the supports to which we clung. The vessel shook like a leaf in the whirlwind, staggered and plunged until I thought she was going straight to the bottom. Then as the deluge rolled off from the deck and we sprang to our feet, I saw an awe-struck look on the faces of the sailors, and following their glances, perceived that Armitage's place was vacant.

Had Heaven interfered in my behalf? How could I dare to say so? All that I can affirm is that at the moment of my extremity a tidal wave on its way across the ocean had swept my first mate into the sea. The sailors, however, had no doubt. To their superstitions Heaven had fought for me, and they respected me accordingly.

"It is a strange story," said the captain as he finished, "but if you want something rational and probable, just get somebody to make it up for you."

The Severn tunnel in England, four miles and a half long, has just been opened. The distance was made by five carriages in 18 minutes. It can scarcely be called one of the great tunnels. These are Mount Cenis, otherwise Frejus, about eight miles long, which took fourteen years to make; St. Gothard, nine miles long, which took eight years to make; and the recently finished (September, 1884) Arlburg, about six miles long, which took only two years to make.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Brevities.

The manufacture of a pound of beeswax requires the assimilation of twenty-five pounds of honey.

Twenty acres of Clawson wheat in Kalamazoo County, Mich., yielded 1,004 bushels.

Mrs. Julia B. Nelson permits no barley to be planted on her 240-acre Minnesota farm, knowing that "the chief demand for it is from brewers."

According to the medical world every farmer wears out, on the average, two wives and a half in his lifetime.

There are near me apiaries of Italian bees, but they do not averge any more to the hive than mine. I think, with your correspondent "Joseph," that the Italian queen business has been carried too far, and too much is claimed for them. I prefer brown bees for extracted honey in the South. At the New-Orleans Beekeepers' Congress I heard men who were queen breeders say the same thing.—Home and Farm.

To cure a horse of stumbling, which is caused by dragging the fore feet too low and catching the toe, the toe should be shortened and no toe calks used. A bracelet of wooden balls strung upon a strap should be worn around the leg above the lowest joint. This causes the horse to throw the feet out a little and so lift them up more. A stumbling horse should be driven with a tight check rein, if he is given to the habit of carrying the head low and bearing forward in the harness.

A pretty elaborate as well as extensive structure is the barn of George V. Forman, now nearly completed, near Olean, N. Y. It is 264 by 46 feet in size, is placed upon a substantial stone foundation with four or five feet of space under the floor and numerous windows in the walls for purposes of ventilation. It will be as warm as a house, as it has a heavy plank floor and is sided and ceiled with fine pine lumber. There are 27 capacious windows in each side, with large ornamental ones in front. At both ends and in the centre is an ornamental tower, which serves as a ventilator.

The Ideal Cow.

The question is sometimes asked "Can polled cattle be good milkers?" It is the sheerest nonsense to suppose that horns have anything to do with the milkflow. Horns are neither useful nor ornamental, except from the force of habit. They are, on the other hand, both troublesome and dangerous, as the many cases every year of accidents and even death, resulting from persons being hooked go to prove. Here and there may now be found a dairy composed of hornless cattle; we have not been able to learn that any such are less productive than others. Were the breeds of polled cattle to be further improved, by breeding from selected animals only for a considerable time, excellent milking or other qualities might become established, and we believe a demand could be easily worked up for such improved stock. An improved breed of "mooleys" would afford almost the ideal family cow.

The Classification of Wools.

The Sheep Breeder.

This important article is divided by English staplers into a number of different classes and names, all of which, however, come under the head of long and short wools.

Long wool is so called because its staple runs to a great length. The best qualities of this wool are obtained from the English sheep, principally those which are bred in Lincolnshire and Leicestershire. The wool of the former is very long and silky, and has often been used in the place of mohair. Long wool, however, is generally used for combing purposes and the making of worsted yarns.

Short wool takes its name from the fact that the staple is shorter than that of the long wool, and not because it is inferior to long wool; for, taking it on the whole, it is more usefull and can be used for more purposes than the long wool. The best qualities of short wool are obtained from Australia, and are sent to the London, England, wool sales in great quantities. Port Philip and Sidney wools are about the best wools that can be bought. Short wools are used for fine mixtures, coatings, and a great variety of heavy and light goods.

Lambs' wool is shorn from the animal before it is a year old. It is the finest in quality, and best in color the sheep can produce, although it is short in staple in consequence of the age of the sheep, it is the best for the fine mixtures because of its tendency to spread; it will also make fine even yarn.

Yearling wool is so called because the sheep is clipped when a year old. The staple is stronger than that of the lamb and it will spin to a good length.

Fleece Wool.—Second and subsequent years of the sheep. The staple is thicker and longer than that of the two former. It is used in almost every class of the woolen trade, especially for heavy coatings.

Greasy Wool.—This is the ordinary fleece uncleaned. It has a fair staple, but loses nearly one-half its weight when scoured.

Scoured Wool.—Either lambs' or fleece, when shorn, is very greasy and dirty. It is scoured so as not to cost so much in carriage.

Handwashed Wool.—This may be called fleece wool, but the sheep are washed by hand before shearing. It is not a good wool and only suitable for low purposes.

Skin Wool or Pulled Wool.—This wool is taken from the skin of the sheep slaughtered for food, and in consequence of the lime and other chemicals used in burning the wool from the skin the staple is rendered very tender. It is only suitable for goods not being milled, unless blended with other wool of a superior quality.

Hornless Cattle.

The horns of an animal can be destroyed in embroyo with very little pain in the following manner: The small nubs from which the horns will grow, which appear on a calf's head, are cut off with a knife so that the embryo horns can be cut away. This is done with great ease and quiet rapidly by the use of a sharp knife. The wound is then seared with a white hot iron, which is not painful, as the great heat deadens the sensation, and it soon heals. The horn is destroyed and its growth prevented. Considering the great danger of injtry from the horns of cattle this operation is a necessary one, and as it is less painful than that of docking lambs' tails and far less painful than castration, any person who objects to it may be thought more nice than wise.

Grain Drops.

Farmers should eat more farinaceous food, and less meat and potato. Oat meal and cracked wheat recommend themselves as among the most nutritive and easily digested of foods. We have oat meal or cracked-wheat mush on our table for breakfast every day. We run a pound or so of whole wheat throught a coffee mill, which enables us to have purer and better grain than we can buy of grocers. After buying canary seed and other stuff mixed with the wheat at the store, we resorted to this device, as an experiment. It gives the best of satisfaction to all. Those farmers who grow wheat would do well to save out a bushel or two for family use, cracking a little at a time in a hand mill. It will pay farmers to plant enough seed for family use, if no more. —Country Home

Marry a Gentleman.

It was an excellent advice, I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen or not marry at all. The word was used in its broadest truest sense It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely, to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sunbrowned their faces. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question of yes or no. A man may be ever so rustic in his early surrounding, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character, which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids.—Woman at Work.

Plain Truths for Girls Who Flirt.

Whatever idea the young girls who practice street flirting may entertain of their seemingly innocent pastime, it may be set down as a certainty that when a respectable young man desires the acquaintance of one who may some day become his wife, he doesn't go out on the street and seek for acquaintance through a flirtation. But, on the other hands, the flirt of the street, no matter how innocent and fair her intentions may be, is the last person he would seek as his life's companion. He desires purity, without and above suspicion. The young lady who engages in this kind of pastime should bear in mind that she not only endangers her reputation and leaves a stain upon her good name, but that her name is a by word among those with whom she flirts, to be bandied about in the saloons, on the street corners, and in the lowdown unholy places in the city; fastening on her otherwise fair name a stigma or stain that will follow her years after she sees her folly and attempts to mend her ways.

How to Make a Scrap-Book.

Take a "Patent Office Report," or any decent looking book of no value, and with a sharp knife, cut out every other leaf, the whole way through; this will give plenty of room between backs for your scraps. Then make a thin paste with flour or starch, and apply with a brush to the scraps; as you paste them in the book use a clean cloth to rub the wrinkles smooth. It is better to have a good supply of scraps before you begin to paste; then you can assort and trim so as to fill the page nicely. This book is intended for cuttings from papers, etc., that are too good to be wasted, but bright pictures can be used so as to make it attractive. Where you make good selections, a very interesting book will be the result, which will be a favorite in the family, especially among the young folks that are on the "look out" for declamation and such things. If you can draw, the blank pages will be a good place to display your talent in that direction.

Abuse of the Muscles of Baby-Eyes.

The two muscles—a set for each eye—act in perfect correlation, and enable the organ in an instant of time to cover an infinite range of vision. No fine adjustment of the telescope, no system of lenses and prisms, can accomplish this feat in an instant of time.

The utmost caution is therefore imperatively demanded of every person to whom is consigned the care of the young child from infancy to perhaps the third year of life. It is during this time that damage to the muscular apparatus of the eye may be done. The mother or nurse is eager to have baby see everything from the nursery-window, or from a carriage or car. How many tired heads, languid eyes, and disordered tempers result from this mistake! How often is loss of accommodative power, or enlarged pupil, or cross-eye the consequence! Worms, "inward fits," sour stomach, fleabites, and bad temper are some of the morbid and moral posers which the mother and the family doctor ponder over.

An indication of the delicate and underdeveloped muscular apparatus of the eyeball within the first two months of life is found in the ease with which some infants look cross-eyed. It is well known that in sleep the eyes are turned upwards under the brows, and inwards, and that a true crossed condition of the optical axes occurs during this state.

An occasional temporary crossing of the eyes of an infant above two months of age should be carefully investigated. The child should be handled lightly; it should not be played with too much, It ought to lie or roll on its back in preference to sitting on the lap or in a chair. Any unequal size of the pupils should be carefully noted. It may be either the sigh of some internal trouble or a simple local affection of the muscular tissue controlling the pupil.—Babyhood.

Education of Girls.

Louisa M. Alcott says of the education of girls: "I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up some of the good old ways may also be restored. Respect shown to the aged, modesty, simple dress, housekeeping, daughters learning from good mothers their domestic arts, are so much better than the too early frivolty and freedom so many girls now enjoy The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society they are to enter by and by. Health comes first, and early knowledge of truth, obedience, and self-control then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talant lead her to desire—a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles and a good education any girl can make her own way and be the graver and better for the exertion and discipline."

An Aged Beau's Rebuff.

In the Mary Anderson company is plump, smooth, jolly Miss Tilbury. She doesn't amount to much as an actress yet, being a novice, but her youth and comliness are very compelling to the adulators of stage femininity. Boquets and notes are sent to her by the noodles, and one evening a somewhat years-worn beau, famous for a quarter of a century as a gallant of the green-room, was struck hard by her agreeable personality. His social and business relations with the management were such that he was able, just after rehersal next day, to be introduced to the girl. She received him respectfully, but not ardently, and he felt that he was not making a deep impression. He therefore made some intensely silly remarks, intended to convey his admiration.

"I seem to have been acquainted with you for a long time, somehow," he said.

"That's natural, sir," Miss Tilbury responded. "I am wonderfully like what my mother was fifteen years ago. You were very sweet on her, judging by the letters you wrote, and the inscriptions on the back of your photograph that you gave her. I was overhauling a boxful of her trash just before I sailed from England, and we had a good laugh over those things."

"And who was your mother?"

"Lydia Thompson."

The wooer of two generations retired as soon as he conviently could. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Archdeacon Farrar Says there is no Real Skepticism.

In a recent sermon in Philadelphia Canon Farrar said he did not believe that a genuine atheist existed; that not one man in millions really doubted the existence of God; but, notwithstanding this, clergymen were constantly in receipt of letters from those who were either fancitully or sincerely troubled with doubts. Such anxieties were especially frequent among the young. As a general thing there was no real skepticism, but what was taken for it was merely the result of self conceit or self-disgust. When honest, he said, it should, of course, be the object of a pastor's most anxious and faithful labor; but those honestly troubled should distinguish carefully between essentials and non-essentials; between things destined to be shaken and things made to remain. The miracle wrought by Joshua or the reality of the garden of Eden were not points of saving truth, but of biblical criticism. Nor did the opinions of Augustine or Wesley, or the dogmas of the church, he argued, constitute Christianity, which was to believe in God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; to depend upon Christ for life everlasting; to love God with all the heart and to love one's neighbor as one's self.

In dealing with confirmed infidels the speaker advised that no time be wasted in scriptural criticism, but that seven questions be propounded which no agnostic could answer. These were: "Where did matter come from?" "What is the origin of motion?" "Whence proceeded the order of nature?" "Whence came consciousness, free will and conscience?" And the test questions for the Christian are: "Do you believe in God and love Him, and do you love your fellow man for Christ's sake?"