

A MODEL GARDENER.

Bill Hedger was a gardener Who earned his daily meat By toiling valiantly all day— His zeal was hard to beat.

HIS WIFE.

The sun had just set when I arrived at Somerset station. A whole mile to walk in the pleasantest part of the pleasantest country in the world!

An enthusiastic lover of nature was this old lady of seventy years. Yes, there she was! I caught a glimpse of her white sleeve on the winnow-sill.

"Who is it?" said he, like one first awakening from a sleep. "Let me guess. The fingers are too little for Madge, and too long to belong to Sarah."

"Please release me," I said; and then, as he rose quickly—apparently surprised by the voice of a stranger—I added, rather indifferently, I suppose, for the tall fellow in the shirt sleeves laughed right heartily.

"Never was taken for an old lady before," he answered, with provoking nonchalance; and then added, as he hastily threw on a dressing-gown, "what do you think about it now?"

"I think I should like to know where grandmother is, and—"

"And what am I doing here?" he interrupted, with another laugh. "Your grandmother has gone to spend the evening with a sick neighbor. I belong to the next house—or rather am visiting my sister. She was unexpectedly telegraphed away, and as I have been ill, and am not quite well enough to take care of myself in the absence of a housekeeper, your blessed grandmother offered to look out for me until my sister's return. My name is David Alcott, and yours, I take it, is Miss Susan Ellis." And then we shook hands.

That evening marked a new era in my life. I was comfortable, as was always the case at grandmother's, and I was happy too—happier than I had ever been before. What it meant was of no sort of consequence to me then. I did not stop to analyze my sensations, but enjoyed to the utmost the strange entertainment fate and placed before me. Mr. Alcott showed where grandmother had left the strawberries after tea, and then I skimmed a pan of morning's milk, and prepared my supper.

"You have been to tea, of course?" I inquired of the gentleman, who had again taken up his book.

"Yes, but I should like a few strawberries, if you can spare me some." So it chanced that he drew a chair up to the little round table, proving a most interesting companion.

In an hour or more after our little meal was over, I sat on the door-stone alone, watching for grandmother. Then he came to the door and said: "You needn't expect her before 9 o'clock. I wish I could sit here with you."

"And why not?" I asked. "Because I am still in quarantine. Perhaps I might make it pleasant for

you indoors. If you are fond of being read to, I will do my best."

"And there is nothing I am fonder of," I answered, and followed him into the house.

"Make your selection," he said, pointing to a table quite overlaid with books.

"Something of hers," I replied, picking up an edition of Mrs. Browning.

"All right! now to please me, open at random, and I will read there."

I laughingly assented, and placed my forefinger plump on Lord Walter's wife—

"But why do you go?" said the lady, as both sat under the yew.

"Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair, and able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golden hair."

"Please don't go on," I interrupted. "I like the poem, but somehow it isn't pleasant now."

"I thought as much," said grandmother, entering just here. "I felt sure you had come when I saw the light," and no pet last child, a lady, was ever more welcomed than I by my dear dear father's mother.

"You promised me, David, you would certainly go to bed at 8 o'clock," said the old lady, reproachfully, after having sat sited herself that I hadn't changed a bit since she last saw me.

"But how could I?" he asked, with a comical pucker in my direction.

"Well, I hope you won't be any the worse for it to-morrow," said she; "and now to bed with you this minute!"

"Dear old Vagrant, good-night," said the gentleman, with a rare smile, obeying instantly; "and pleasant dreams to you, Miss Ellis."

"Nice boy that," said grandmother, as the door closed.

"Boy?" I repeated.

"He is twenty-five years old if he is a day."

"What of that? You are twenty, and what are you but a girl, I should inquire? Four weeks ago there didn't anybody round here think he'd ever get out again. The doctors gave him up, but the fever turned, and he went to sleep and slept two days steadily, and when he woke up he was as bright as a button."

I did not see my new friend for two days. He had overexcited himself, and the result was solitude for this length of time. I roamed the fields, and haunted the woods, read, wrote and thought. I never did so much thinking in so short a space of time, with such unsatisfactory results.

"Where under the sun have you been all this afternoon?" said grandmother, as at sunset the second day I dragged into the kitchen porch. "You have torn a great slit in your dress, Sue, and you look like a fright. I have wanted you—more'n your worth—for the last three hours."

"What are you making, grandmother?"

"Panada."

"How many quarts of this stuff does your patient consume, Mr. Ellis, in the course of twenty-four hours?"

"That is according to his appetite, Miss Alcott," said a rich voice at my elbow; and there stood Mr. Alcott.

"They've sent for me up to Jones'. They think the baby is dying," broke in grandmother, while I stood blushing like an embarrassed school-girl.

"And I want you to keep us and take care of him while I go up a while and see if I can do anything to help them." And the provoking old lady tripped away as composedly as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world for a young lady to be left with the care of an invalid, and the said invalid a man and a stranger. A few minutes sufficed to place me entirely at my ease, and no veteran hospital nurse was ever more composedly exacting than I in my new role. Grandmother's orders were explicit: David mustn't think of such a thing as reading aloud, and he must lie on the lounge in the sitting-room until she returned. Such an evening as that was! I read to him out of Auerbach—and this took us naturally to the thing—and then found that my companion had traveled among all my favorite European cities. What wonderful pictures he drew me of the Campagna, the Coliseum and the Forum! How exquisite was the play of the moonlight on the Sabine mountains, and how charmingly picturesque the sketch of the old Roman ramparts, in some places bare and black with age, with here and there patches of scarlet and green made of poppies and ivy.

Grandmother came all too soon. She never was unwelcome before. Six weeks of this dolce far niente life—and then

There is no good of life but love—but love! What else looks good is a mere shade flung from love—

Love gilds it, gives it worth. I knew as well as the queen and poor Constance what there was in life worth living for—what love meant. Not one word was spoken between us of the one subject that all-engrossed us, and yet I knew that his heart was as irrevocably in my possession as was mine in his.

One day, when he was fully well, we attended a little picnic in the grove down the road.

"We'll have a good time to-day, Lorchen," he said, as we made our preparations in the morning. "I will take out my scrap-book, and when the others are engaged, and won't miss us, we'll wander off by ourselves, and enjoy after our own fashion—won't we, Lorchen?"

"Lorchen!" How that word thrilled me! and how it epitomized the tender purity of his regard for me!

Oh! day long to be remembered! Oh! day of heartache and agony indescribable!

Sleep the soul in one pure love, And it will last thee long.

What kind of a love was my soul steeped in? Ay! love has its worm-

wood and gall, as well as its honeyed sweetness.

A party of friends—David's friends—came down from the city, and as we were walking slowly into the grove they came upon us from the depot road. I had David's arm. It was my arm—I knew it—and we should walk that way forever. Greetings and introductions were over. Shall I ever forget the face of that man who aimed straight for my soul with his poisoned arrow? Walking up to David's side, with a contemptible familiarity, he said:

"Saw your wife last week, Dave."

"Ah," replied my companion, perfectly at his ease.

"Coming down in the 3 o'clock train, if possible."

"Good," replied David; and then followed inquiries about various friends in a thoroughly cool and self-possessed manner. It seemed to me that my heart stopped beating. The hand on his arm involuntarily clenched itself, and there it remained until we arrived at headquarters, a little round bun h of coars and knuckles.

"You won't be gone long, Lorchen?" inquired David, as I moved away, ostensibly to help the committee of arrangements to decide where the tables should be set.

"What's that you call her?" my mortal enemy asked, inquisitively.

"Lorchen," replied David.

"Why, that's a Dutch name, isn't it? I thought she looked like a foreigner."

I heard no more, waited for no more, but watched my opportunity, and when sure that no eyes were upon me, struck the path leading to the road, and in less than an hour was home again in Grandmother Ellis's sitting-room.

"Oh! grandmother! grandmother! What misery has your terrible indiscretion brought me!" I groaned aloud—for grandmother had gone away to spend the day. There at the foot of the lounge were his slippers—there on the back of the lolling-chair his dressing-gown. I could not turn my eyes without beholding fresh evidences of his precious personality. What should I do? I could not leave until grandmother returned. Such a blow as that I felt sure the old lady would never rally from. I must suffer and keep it to myself, and get away at the earliest possible moment. In my agony I buried myself upon the lounge, and threw my head in the pillow—the pillow upon which his head reclined so often—the head I had so foolishly called mine. After awhile tears relieved the heated brain, and I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was in the water. I could not stir. Huge waves threatened to submerge me. Just beyond on the bank, almost within speaking distance, stood David, a beautiful woman by his side—his wife!

"David! David! take hold of my hand! Don't you see I'm sinking?" I cried out in my terror.

"Wake up, Lorchen! wake up!" said a familiar voice at my side. "Here are my hands, dear. They are both yours—not one, Lorchen, but both. Do you understand that?"

"But, David—but—"

"Because of your wife," I managed to say, with his face close to mine.

"It was my chum he meant, Lorchen! That's what we always call them at college. I'll get a divorce from that fellow, dear, if you will promise to be my own real wife?"

And I did.—Belgravia.

How to Keep Cool.

Said a New York physician to a Morning Journal reporter.

It is supposed by most persons that if they bathe in cold water, drink iced lemonade, ginger ale, ice-water, etc., sleep with a thin coverlet over them, eat cold dinners and rub their faces with their pocket handkerchiefs every few moments that they will be cool, or, at least, as comfortable as the weather will permit. Now this is all wrong.

A cold drink makes one feel exceedingly comfortable for a few moments, and then the individual will feel warmer than ever and perspire more profusely.

The best way to keep cool is as follows: Do not drink any ice-water, take only one glass of soda or lemonade a day; eat a warm dinner, but do not eat quite as much as you want; take hot coffee or tea for breakfast, just as you do in winter; sleep with a very light gauze blanket over you in the night, and take a sponge bath in tepid salt water before retiring. This makes the body cool and keeps mosquitoes away, do not wear a heavy hat or a tight collar, wear light flannels, low-cut shoes, carry an umbrella, and above all do not rub your face too often, because the action only heats the skin to a greater degree and makes you perspire more freely. If this advice is strictly followed you will be cooler and healthier.

Effect of Tobacco on Boys.

Dr. G. Decaisne has had in his charge thirty-eight youths, from nine to fifteen years of age, who are addicted to smoking, and has made known some interesting results concerning the effects of tobacco upon these boys.

The extent to which tobacco was used varied, and the effects were of course unequal, but were very decided in twenty-seven cases. With twenty-two of the boys there was disturbance of circulation, palpitation of the heart, imperfect digestion, sluggishness of intellect, and to some extent a craving for alcoholic stimulants. Twelve patients suffered from bleeding of the nose, ten had constant nightmare, four had ulcerated mouths, and one became a victim of consumption. The symptoms were most marked in the youngest children, but among those of equal age the best fed were least affected. Eleven boys stopped smoking, and were cured within a year.

FROM BELLE TO BEGGAR.

CAREER OF A WOMAN ONCE ENGAGED TO SALMON P. CHASE.

An Author's and a Daughter of an Officer of the Revolution. Wandering From Place to Place in Quest of Bread.

A recent letter from Olean, N. Y., to the Philadelphia Press tells the following story:

While in New York the other day your correspondent noticed a gray-haired woman begging at the foot of the steps leading to the Fourteenth street station of the Sixth avenue elevated road. A gentleman who was with me said that the woman's name was Lucy E. Maclean, and that she was a person of literary tendencies.

Residents of this place recognize in the name a singular and unhappy woman well known here, whose strange actions have caused much comment. Her mania for bustles is a prominent characteristic of her wardrobe. In summer and winter alike she wore a dark calico dress, with a long full skirt and a waist of a style in vogue twenty or twenty-five years ago. She is tall and in other days doubtless graceful.

She was the daughter of Captain Maclean, who served in the Revolutionary war, and who afterward moved with his family to Ohio, and from there to Springville, Erie county, in this State. Lucy Maclean and her sister Sara moved from there about twenty-five years ago to this place. When the two girls were young Lucy was a great belle, was very pretty, talented and gay, and her admirers were many. She wrote poetry of some merit, as the pages of Graham, Godey and the Knickerbocker testified. One of her best pieces was a satire on a school-master, who in some manner had given her offense. It had a great run in the newspapers of that day. She had a wide correspondence with men of letters and, among others, with Mr. Longfellow.

She became acquainted with the late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase in the bloom of her youth, and the friendship established terminated in an engagement of marriage. Correspondence continued between the two for some time, when suddenly the letters ceased. The reason of this Lucy would never disclose, but it was not very long after this that her friends noticed that her acts were very strange. She manifested more and more crazy impulses, until finally she became hopelessly insane. For twenty years she has wandered aimlessly, dependent upon the charity of her sister Sara.

Some of Lucy's habits are very singular. For years she haunted the banks of this city, continually inquiring for remittances that never came. Finally she gave this up and took to borrowing, or trying to borrow, small sums of money. Her usual manner was to enter a store when the proprietor was most busily engaged, apologize for her intrusion in a lady-like manner and ask for the loan of from twenty-five cents to \$2. Never more than that and never less. A refusal had no effect, as she would return next day with an apology and a similar request. She has frequently been to New York and several years ago she went to Washington to see certain members of Congress about a subsidy which she claimed she was entitled to as an authoress. It is a mystery how she obtained money for all her travels. Some say she did not use any money at all, but trusted to the gallantry of conductors not to put her off their trains between the stations, and when she had gone as far as possible on one train she would patiently await the arrival of the next.

Some of her vagaries are shown by an incident that happened here five or six years ago. Theodore Tilton was to lecture one evening, and she took her stand at the foot of the stairs awaiting his coming. When he appeared, in company with several men, she went toward him, touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Mr. Tilton, I want you to pay me the money you owe me."

Tilton was so astonished that for some time he was unable to say anything, but at length asked her for what he was indebted to her.

"You have been using my lecture long enough," she replied, "and now I want you to pay me for it."

New York's Most Interesting Widow.

The most interesting widow in America is Mrs. Hemersly, says a metropolitan letter writer. She is tall, erect and singularly impressive in bearing. Her carriage can be no better described than to say it is that of a West Point military man, softened by reproduction in the other sex. That is to say, she was a happy medium between stiff dignity and pliant grace. She had a very pretty, if not beautiful, face, but it was her high breeding that distinguished her above all others of equal comeliness. She might have been the aristocratic heroine stepped out from a conventional society novel. She is the daughter of Commodore Price, of the United States navy. She is in rearing and character all that her demeanor promises, and a widow at thirty, with \$5,000,000.

Japanese Dwarf Trees.

The dwarf trees are often planted in bronze vases, with huge peonies and grotesque rock-work for the decoration of a room. One of the ancient emperors is said to have carried a little old pine tree about with him in his carriage when he traveled. They and the factitious scenery of the gardens furnish the subjects of the Japanese landscape artists, who, like the Chinese, seldom go to nature directly. Most of the curious and unnatural forms that we see on Japanese ware and screens and so forth are the inventions of the gardeners, and not their brother artists who work with brush or chisel.

There are three women at Somerset, Ky., who are mothers of fifty children.

WISE WORDS.

The untruthful man makes a poor companion and a worse friend. Never despair of finding a lady in a cabin or too confident of finding one in a mansion.

Harsh words have frequently alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

If you count the sunny and cloudy days of the whole year you will find that the sunshine predominates.

How people deceive themselves when they think those around them do not know their real characters.

Habit is almost as strong as principle, and sometimes, when we are beset by a multiplicity of cares, may act in its stead. Be careful, then, that your habits are of the very best.

The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich. The world is but a magnificent building; all the stones gradually cement together. No one subsists by himself alone.

As in walking it is your greatest care not to run your foot upon a nail, or to tread awry and strain your leg; so let it be in all the affairs of human life, not to hurt your mind or offend your judgment. And this rule, if carefully observed in all your deportment, will be a mighty security to you in your undertakings.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours, above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

The Sultan's Harem.

A Turkish gentleman who recently arrived in New York, and who is the son of N. de Castro Bey, private counsel to the sultan, told a reporter some interesting things about the harem of the son of the sun. The first question asked by the reporter was suggested by a habit which is by no means confined to American ladies, but is universal throughout the feminine world. He wanted to know if the ladies of the harem flirted, to which Mr. de Castro replied:

"No; they can't. Like all other women, however, they would like to."

"Why can't they?"

"Their religion compels them to hide their face whenever they meet a man. If they happen to be met without a veil they will gather up one of their skirts and throw it over their heads."

"Where does the sultan obtain his wives?"

"From Circassia and a certain part of Asia. These countries are noted for the beauty of their women, and the sultan has emissaries stationed there to make selections and importations. The governments of these countries often send portly young women to the sultan as presents to obtain his good will and favor."

"Are the women blondes or brunettes?"

"Do they ever bleach their hair?"

"Oh, yes. Blondes are so scarce that they are in great demand, and the women use a plant for turning their hair yellow."

"What is the color of their eyes?"

"Black as jet and as bright as diamonds."

"Are they petite or large?"

"Small of stature, but very plump. When young they are really the handsomest women in the world, but they don't last a great while."

"They fade, do they?"

"Yes. Their lives are so luxurious that they decline from want of healthful exercise."

"What do they do?"

"Sit on low divans under bright canopies and smoke cigarettes and drink strong coffee."

"How do they dress?"

"In loose, bright garments. They dress in the Turkish style, but are adopting the European fashions as much as possible. The sultan has often issued decrees against the adoption of European tastes, but the women don't care about the dress nowadays, and when on the street many of them wear high French heels and bustles. They always wear white muslin veils, however, which add much to the seductiveness of their general appearance."

"How do the ladies wear their finger nails?"

"They bleach them red, and have them cut short. The nails are short, I suppose, because they are afraid their tempers might get the better of them," and Mr. de Castro stroked his mustache and laughed heartily.

A Busy Man.

Mr. Blinn had been coming in late for several nights and reporting to his wife that he was busy until midnight. Her suspicions were aroused, however, and she interviewed one of his companions without telling him who she was.

"You know Mr. Blinn?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, quite well. He is a particular friend of mine."

"You have been with him a good deal of late?"

"Yes, every night."

"He is quite busy at night now, isn't he?"

"He has been very busy, indeed, every night when I have seen him, and he laughed."

"Will you tell me the nature of his business?"

"Well, he was trying to walk on both sides of the pavement at once going home, and I assure you, madame, a busier man I haven't seen for a long time. If he has told you he was busy late at night, you may take my word for it that he was telling you the unadulterated truth, and no discount to the trade."—Merchant-Traveler.

DAWN.

The dawn fits from somber fold Of the mantle of night, and with tints of gold Illumines the skies;

And as he beckoned his myriad hosts The night with its weird and spectral ghost! Before him flies.

He sends the breath of the morning air To drive the wolf to his tangled lair, Out of man's sight;

And the serpent crawls with a hissing sound Back to his caverns under the ground, To await the night.

He speeds the wind, with its murmurs of rest, To awaken the robins within their nest, And bid them sing;

And tells it to pause as it wanders away, To cross the leaves and the flowers gay, And their perfume fling.

He sees a lily, with low bent head, Drooping and withered in an almost dead, Out in the street;

He sends the raindrops tenderly down To wipe from its face the dust of the town With their silvery feet.

The breath of the flowers and the early morn Touches a mother whose child, new-born, Lies on her breast.

She looks through the vine-wreathed window-pane At the glittering drops of falling rain, Filled with rest.

And he spreads on the face of the little guest All the rainbow hues that he loves best; And the mother's eyes Are filled with the holy mother-love (That is nearest kin to the angels above) And a sweet surprise.

The light is gliding the tall trees That are laden with myriads of sparkling drops; One fussy cloud Floats like a ship in the distance away, And the dawn making room for the full-grown day, Lies in his shroud.

—Effie M. Lund.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A thunderstorm is a high-toned affair.

A laughing stock—A collection of good jokes.—Boston Courier.

A hog may be considered a good mathematician when it comes to square root.

Watermelons are here and the population will soon double up.—New York Journal.

People should inform themselves about the tariff. It is every man's duty.—Pittsburg.

To wash a mule safely, do it with a garden hose, and stand on the other side of the fence while you do it.—Puck.

We are told that last year nearly 400 persons were killed by the wind in this country. This is probably a wild way of informing us that they were talked to death.—Statesman.

Sponge underclothing is the latest sensation," writes a fashion scribbler. It is nothing new. Tailors sponge everything, and fashionable young men sponge the tailors.—Pittsburg.

A Syracuse soda fountain exploded the other day, breaking a young man's leg and his jaw. We have always tried to impress the female mind with the fact that the blame things were loaded.—Hartford Post.

An exchange informs its readers that servant girls are flocking to China. American servant girls always were death on that kind of crockery. China needs to keep her weather eye open or the domestic may succeed in breaking her.—Statesman.

A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in this city three or four full-grown policemen have been found asleep on a single beat.—San Francisco Post.

Mr. Bergh, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There wouldn't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under the water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it became unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.—Norristown Herald.

In North Brazil there are no professional dressmakers, the first ladies usually making their own costumes. When a man buys his wife a two-dollar dress he doesn't have to give her ten dollars to get it made. There are some things in North Brazil worthy of imitation in this country.—Norristown Herald.

A young man dressed in the highest of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said: "Oh, how I would like to have my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied: "Bedad, you might have it there and it wouldn't sink."—Pretzel's Weekly.

Lucky Lawyer.

An Austin lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder by the collar, the lawyer exclaimed:

"You scoundrel, I'll have you tried and sent to the penitentiary."

"Let go my neck, colonel. If you are going to have me tried, I reckon I had better engage you for my lawyer, as you have the luck to be on hand."—Siftings.

On the Market.

"Well, what is the best thing on the market this morning," inquired Jones of his youthful partner the other day.

The young man deliberately scratched his head and replied:

"The best thing I have seen on the market since my experience in the exchange is a nice young lady."—Irrepressible.