

SHALL FIND REST

A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest
anon:
Thus do we say while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton
flights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag; but soon youth's
flame is gone—
Burned lightly out—'tis we repeat the
jest
With smiling confidence.—I shall find rest
A little further on.
A little further on
I shall find rest; half-fiercely we vow
When noon beats on the dusty field and
care
Threats to unjoint our armour, and the
glare
Thrills with the pulse of battle while life's
best
Flies with the flitting stars; the frenzied
brow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where Love soft nestling waits. Not
now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.
A little further on
I shall find rest; half sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out
the gleam
Of glory's torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace has been turned then,—All
depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so
unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits
its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool,
sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell, and
say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little further on.
—Robert Burns Wilson, in the Century
Magazine.

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"You have kept your promise," he said, rising painfully and moving towards her. "I pray Heaven I may be able to repay you for your kindness to me some day!"
"Did you not expect me?" she asked, a little reproachful, lest he had not put full faith in her.
"Indeed, yes," he answered gravely. "If I tell the truth, I must confess I did think you would come back; but why you should I cannot understand, for one of whom you know nothing."
She laughed softly as she lifted the snowy *sericette* from the basket and offered him the cup of soup she had brought hot from the fire.
"Why does it seem wonderful? she asked, glad to see how gratefully he emptied the cup. "Would you not have done as much for me?"
"That would be a different matter altogether. What man could see you in peril and not risk his life, if need be, to save you? But for myself, what claim have I on such compassion?"
"The same. Besides, do you not think it is a pleasure to be able to do something useful for one in trouble? I have wasted so many hours, so many days, doing nothing, helping nobody; now I feel that I am living for some good, and as long as I can help you, I shall be happier than when I had no care in the world."
Her words moved him strangely. She was close beside him, and looking at her with his deep gaze, he took her hand and touched it almost reverently with his lips.
It was a kiss of loyalty, of homage, such as he might have given his queen, and there was a courtliness in his bearing which was not lost upon Madoline.
"My good angel—My Maid of the Mill," he answered, the depth of his soul expressed in a few words; "you are to me like a pure fountain springing up from a scorched desert—a star shining out of a night full of bitter tempest. You have given me hope and strength. I feel now that it is worth fighting to live."
Madoline scarcely comprehended all he meant. She had befriended him in a time of need, and he was grateful. This was the one conclusion she drew from his manner, and she was content to have it so.
That her soft winning ways had roused any deeper emotion in his breast, did not occur to her; and yet when she had left him, some of the half-wondering tenderness—such as Margaret's voice had called to the heart of Faust, governed his thoughts, and he reflected that if men ever loved at first sight, it must be for the sake of such innocent purity as shone in the eyes of the girl who had lightened the dark prisoned hours from which he could not escape.
Madoline returned to the farm, without her mission being discovered, and although, for the rest of day, she was silent and pre-occupied, nobody suspected anything unusual had transpired to take her thoughts from her home, and she was left to dream, uninterrupted, over her secret.
It was not until late in the evening that she had any cause for immediate alarm.
In spite of the sunshine which had made the day so warm, the air grew chilly towards night, and a cheery fire burned in the large handsomely furnished sitting-room, inviting the inmates to gather round the hearth for a cosy chat.
Mr. Clyde, leaning back in his com-

fortable chair, was glancing over a newspaper, and near him, bent over some bright-colored embroidery, was his sister, Mrs. DeCourcy, who, since the loss of his young wife years ago, had taken upon herself the duties of a mother to Madoline.
Stern duties they were, too, and the girl had been brought up in such awe of Aunt Esther, that all sympathy between them seemed forbidden, that only a cold relationship reigned instead.
There was a piece of half-finished tapestry-work placed prominently on a table near Mrs. DeCourcy, but although Madoline knew it was put there for her, she let her gaze fall idly over the little pile of wool, and stood restlessly by the window, thinking of the bleak darkness outside, and the solitary prisoner up in the old mill.
"My dear, don't you think you would be better if you came over to the table, and occupied yourself with something? Surely it can not be so amusing to stand in that draught with nothing but a sigh with which to break the monotony. It is really shocking to see you wasting your time so persistently."
Madoline gave a slight start, and a deeper shade flushed her cheeks, as she moved to her father's side.
"What is the matter, my pet? Has the day been too long for you?"
"No; but my thoughts had wandered away. I had almost forgotten where I was when Aunt Esther spoke just now."
"You must take a ride with me tomorrow morning," her father said, drawing her down onto a stool at his side, and keeping his arm around her. "A gallop across the country always puts you in spirits. By the way, have you read Lucien's letter?"
She shook her head. The name of her aunt's stepson awoke no pleasant memories in her mind, and in the glowing embers of the fire she still saw the pale sunken features of the stranger, who was suffering alone, where none could hear if he called out in the pain of death.
"I don't know whether your Lucien would feel flattered by such a show of indifference," Mrs. DeCourcy remarked with a touch of displeasure. "I believe his one reason for coming is because of you, Madoline—in fact, I may as well be candid with you," she added, without lifting her eyes from her work, "and let you know the truth. He is coming in the hope of winning you to be his wife."
Madoline looked up in a blank surprise; then after the first shock of astonishment had subsided, she burst into a low rippling laugh.
"How absurd!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with amusement. "Did he really say that?"
"Is it so very surprising?" Mrs. DeCourcy asked testily. "I can not comprehend why you should consider his resolution in anyway ridiculous, unless, of course, you reflect that he is coming rather far out of his way, when there are so many from whom he might choose. A young man in his position does not need to beg for a wife."
"No, Madoline assented, trying to look grave; "therefore he should not come to me."
"What do you mean?" Mrs. DeCourcy said, turning her eyes slowly on her wilful niece.
"Only if there were but one single man in the world, and that man were Lucien, I would not marry him."
Mrs. DeCourcy smiled scornfully.
"You are talking without reason, Madoline. You have not had sufficient experience to be able to judge your own feelings. Lucien is no saint, but you might find many men worse than he—few better."
"Your aunt is right," Mr. Clyde remarked, stroking Madoline's hair, as he laid his paper down on his knees. "Here's a case I have just been reading of a young scoundrel who has been forging his father's name to such an extent as to cause ruin to his entire family. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a felon's punishment; but somehow he managed to escape before the sentence could be carried out, and there is now a large reward offered for him. Strangely enough, it is in this direction he has been tracked, so I shall tell the men to keep a sharp look-out for all tramps, and if he's found lurking about he will not receive much mercy at my hands."
"Yet he has done us no harm," Madoline said after a silence. "And will not the loss of a son be greater than the loss of a fortune?"
"My dear child, have you not yet learned to distinguish between the laws of right and wrong? Has your education been so painfully neglected? You certainly seem to have formed some very strange ideas."
Madoline held her point, notwithstanding this reproach.
"It would be hard to convince me it is not an unnatural thing for a father to condemn his own son. He should be the first to forgive him."
"A man forfeits all right to forgiveness when he acts as Ronald Castleton has done. To him should be applied the word unnatural, not to the one who but justly repaid his villain. I will go at once and set the men on the watch."
Madoline held his hand so that he could not rise.
"But, dad, do you know all the story? Are you sure it is not a mistake? Are

you certain Ronald Castleton is guilty? See what it says here," she added, as her glance fell on the column he had been reading. "Prisoners, on being asked if they had anything to say, replied, 'Not a word, except that I hope yet to prove my innocence of the charge brought against me, and I regret that your blood judgment—your disbelief in my guilt, gives in all truth and honor, etc.'—the unsuspected criminal to lawfully escape? Does that seem as if he uttered a lie?" she asked, looking up from the paper.
"Undoubtedly—beside his after conduct—the clever way in which he gave them the slip! But, there, I don't wish to pollute your mind with such a dark history. The fellow is a scoundrel, and if I had the chance of landing him over to justice, you should see the kind of pity I should show him."
"Not for the sake of the reward, dad?" she said, her eyes strained wistfully on him.
"Goodness me, no! My only desire is to uphold justice. To my mind there is no treachery so black as the ingratitude that makes a son sin against his father. At to the reward, if any of my men were able to detect the prisoner the money would be theirs, and well earned it would be, too!"
Full of importance at the probability of being able to render some service to justice, he left his seat, and walked from the room, he went out to instruct and put his farm laborers on their guard.
Madoline sat for a long time on the stool by the large empty chair in front of the fire, the sharp, almost mechanical click of Mrs. DeCourcy's needle being the only sound that broke the stillness, the flickering fire flames picturing a sort of strange fancies in the red embers.
What if in searching for Ronald Castleton they should discover the stranger who lay wounded in the old mill!
"I dare say it is a mistake—I dare say he has not even made his escape to this part of the country," she thought, trying to set her fears at rest. "If they are going to make a search, it will be dangerous for my secret—very dangerous."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Story of Kaiser William.

Recently the German minister gave a handsome dinner party in honor of the 90th birthday of Kaiser William. The occasion, of course, was replete with incidents of the long and eventful career of this wonderful man. One of the most interesting anecdotes related by a countryman of the emperor was in regard to his early youth, and which seems to be little known. Since public gambling has been forbidden by law in Germany the votaries of fortune from all Europe who used to fill the hotels of Ems, Baden, etc., have flocked to Monaco. The story runs that Kaiser William, while he was still crown prince and a dashing young officer, entered the croupier at Ems, wearing an overcoat which concealed his brilliant uniform, and approaching the crowded table, placed thereon a coin of small value, about a dollar. With a contemptuous gesture the banker tossed the coin upon the floor, with the remark: "For the croupier." Again the unknown gentleman threw down a coin and lost, the banker repeating his action and words, to the amusement of the other players. It was then, as now, the custom of the banks to set aside a certain sum each day, and put up a notice of the amount, beyond which they could not play. If their losses amounted to this sum the bank must close.
William glanced at this notice—200,000 francs—quietly remarking that he would play for the whole bank. "Who are you?" exclaimed the dealer, with sudden respect. For reply the future emperor of Germany then opened his coat, displaying the imperial star upon his breast. The cards were dealt, the prince won, and the bank was broken. Taking up the enormous sum, he deliberately dashed it on the floor, exclaiming: "For the croupier!" Then, turning on his heel, he left the apartment.

Garibaldi's Life.

The yet unpublished story of Garibaldi's life, as told by himself, says a writer who has seen the manuscript, "is a simple record of facts, having nothing in common with the general's crude attempts at a novel-writing, or his declamations against priests and tyrants." The same writer says that "Garibaldi's bed-room in his little house at Caprera is left just as when he died; only his sword of 1860 hangs over it, while in what was once the dining-room are carefully preserved all the commemorative offerings brought or sent during the last five years—a very hecatomb of crowns and garlands, wreaths of fresh flowers, bronzes, shields, curiously carved medallions, portraits of fallen braves, inscriptions innumerable. All round the house in summer time the garden is ablaze with flowers; the scarlet geraniums luxuriating in such immense masses that one might imagine an army of redshirts bivouacking there."—*St. James's Gazette.*

In these days of "progressive" all sorts of things it would be quite in keeping to call the tramp a progressive parasite.—*Lonell Citizen.*

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Unity in Speaking.

The old dramatists wrote with marked respect for the "Three Unities"—time, place, and plot. They subordinated metaphors, speeches, action, and scenes to the one purpose of making a single, distinct impression. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, the funeral discourses of Bourdaloue and Massillon, and the speeches of Chatham and Webster are marked by a similar singleness of aim. These orators always us... to appear as a master, int... off its graces.
"How beautiful!" he described Napoleon at St. Helena!" said a lady at the close of a sermon on the heroism of St. Paul. The preacher had his reward, for he had made that description the rhetorical gem of his discourse. No one sympathized with the Apostle, but many thought the Scourge of Europe a most ill-used man. The preacher's bit of rhetoric enfeebled the sermon.
Once while Haydon, the English artist, who delighted to paint on a large canvas, was waiting for the coach at a village, a countryman said to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you the great painter?"
"Well, I don't know about that exactly," answered Haydon.
"But, sir, did you paint the picture of Christ entering into Jerusalem?"
"Yes, my friend, I did."
"Ah, sir, that was a picture!" added the man; "that was a picture—and what a donkey!"
The villager's enthusiasm should have shown the artist that he was guilty of an artistic blunder, for he had made the beast more impressive than its rider.
No lady, with a sense of the fitness of things, so dresses that her garments suggest the question, "Who is her dressmaker?" And no speaker, intent upon communicating a great thought by the means of sound in the form of articulate language, will be satisfied with compliments to his rhetoric.
The business of the physician is to cure, not to administer syrups. The purpose of the quack is to magnify his nostrums.

The Power of the Whale.

If the whale knew its own power, he could easily destroy all the machinery which the art of man could devise for catching him, and it would only be necessary for him to swim in a straight line on the surface in order to break the thickest rope, but instead, on being struck with a harpoon, he obeys a natural instinct, which, in this instance, betrays him to his death. Sir Humphrey Davy in his "Salmonia," observes that a whale not having an air bladder can sink in the lowest depths of the ocean, and mistaking the harpoon for the sword of a swordfish or the teeth of a shark, he instantly descends, this being his manner of freeing himself from these enemies, who cannot bear the pressure of a deep ocean; and from ascending and descending in a small space, he thus puts himself in the power of the whaler. If we include the pressure of the atmosphere, a body at the depth of 100 feet would sustain sixty pounds on the square inch, while one at 4,000 feet, a depth by no means considerable, would be exposed to a pressure of 1,800 pounds. We need not, therefore, be surprised that on the foundering of a ship at sea, though the timbers part, not a spar floats in the surface, for if the hull has sunk to a great depth, all that is porous is penetrated with water, or is greatly compressed. Scoresby states that when, by entangling the line of the harpoon, a boat was carried down by a whale, it required, after the boat was recovered, two boats to keep it at the surface. As soon as the whale dives after being wounded, it draws out the line or cord of the harpoon, which is coiled up in the boat, with very considerable velocity. In order, therefore, to prevent any accident from the violence of this motion, which might set the boat on fire, one man is stationed with an axe to cut the rope asunder, if it should become entangled, while another, furnished with a mop, is constantly cooling with water the channel through which it passes.

Glasses to Read Wif.

It was a warm summer day when Uncle Ephraim Jackson, a worthy colored man, entered an optician's shop, and, removing his tall white hat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a bandanna handkerchief, sat down warily on a revolving stool, as if he feared it was about to run away with him, and asked for a pair of glasses "fer to read wif."
"What number do you wear?" asked the optician.
Uncle Ephraim grinned. "I guess I wears two," said he.
"Number two!" exclaimed the optician, in astonishment.
"Jis' two glasses, sah; one fer de one eye, an' one fer de odder."
The optician looked at him with a frown for an instant, but, seeing that the old man was innocent of any attempt to make a joke, went on with the business before him.
"Try on these," he said, picking out a pair, "and see if you can read the letters on that card over there."

Uncle Ephraim carefully put on the spectacles, and looked eagerly at the card.
"Can't read it, shush, boss," he said, looking disappointed.
"Well, try these," said the optician, trying a stronger pair.
"No go, boss," said Uncle Ephraim.
The dealer gave him another pair, and then another. Not one of them all enabled Uncle Ephraim to read, though he struggled ever so hard, and wiped his forehead again and again in considerable excitement.
"Look here," said the optician, finally, "can you read at all?"
"Neber could read, boss," said Uncle Ephraim. "Dey nabber nabber me how, nohow; but I done hears 'em ob people dat could read wif glasses, dat couldn't read widout 'em nohow, an' I made up my min' I'd see ef 'twas dat way wif me!"
"Very Good Boy."
Praise, being personal, says, "You are right. Approbation, which looks to the thing done rather than to the doer, says, 'That is right.' This is not a distinction without a difference, for the one appeals to the conscience, but the other addresses the vanity. The *Sunday School Times* tells a little story, which illustrates the case with which the praised boy passes into the boy who congratulates himself even on paying religion its due:
A little fellow's mother, one evening after hearing his prayers, added the commendation, "That's a very good boy."
On later evenings the same praise was not forthcoming, but the boy himself was not willing to let it slip; and now he adds, on his own account, a regular appendix to his prayer: "Amen. That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."
It would be well if such self gratulation were confined to children, but it is to be feared that, if the feelings of a good many adults could be analyzed, they would be found to be not very different from the child's self praise: "That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."
Apache Baby Life.
There is an astonishing amount of difference in the endurance shown by savage and civilized folks. Among us babies are treated 'as if they might break,' as the saying goes; but with the Indians their conditions of life are less finely balanced. Baby life among the Apaches is thus described in the *Oerland Monthly*:
Leaning against wagons and buildings are dozens of little baskets with baby Apaches sucking their fists therein. The baskets are of the regular Indian style, and the poor babies are strapped and laced into them tight and snug, nothing showing but the round, chubby face and two tiny fists.
Some squaws hang their baskets to the saddle, because if left standing on the ground, the dogs go round and lick the babies' faces, much to the little ones' discomfort. One rather frisky pony, with a baby on the horn of his saddle wanders from the bunch and is immediately surrounded by a crowd of dogs.
Their barking starts him to trot, and with a shriek the mother rushes from her place in the line to catch him. But the pony doesn't want to be caught, and from a trot turns to a run, and away they go—the basket flapping on his side only making him run the harder.
No one seems sorry for the poor baby, whose yells are drowned in the general burst of laughter that goes up.
Finally the strap that holds the basket breaks, down comes poor baby, thump, to the ground, face down, and the pony, after running a few more rods, is caught by a boy, while the distracted mother picks up her unfortunate infant, and immediately unlacing the deerskin cover, takes it out to assure herself it is sound in body after its rather risky ride and fall.
Snake Story.
In "A Naturalist's Rambles About Home" we find an amusing snake story, related by an old naturalist. As a "text" for his discourse he mentions the curious fact that when a snake is running away from you, you can measure it by inches; but when it's coming after you, every inch is a foot long.
"Now when June was fresh over the meadows, and everything that wasn't a fish was afoot, I was one morning busy after ducks and anything else worth shooting.
"Well, as I was floating about in my skiff, my eyes fell on a big water snake lying full stretch on a fence rail. He was a monster. The rail was eleven feet long—I measured it—and the head of the snake was at one end, and the tail reached almost close to the other end.
"Now I wanted the skin of that snake, just to show folks; so I fired. I aimed at the middle of the snake, and no sooner had I pulled the trigger than all of a sudden what seemed like a hundred snakes raised up on that rail.
"I came near upsetting the boat, I was so taken aback! What I'd seen wasn't one big snake at all, but a whole squad of 'em, and they had just twisted round each other like strands of a rope and lay there basking in the sun, on that fence rail."