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A Song of Rest.

O weary Hands! that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long;
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song.
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done,
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a weary way,
At last ye reach the trysting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze:
"'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

O weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain;
O weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To night forget the stormy strife,
And know what heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life,
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—*Florence Tylee.*

The Widow's Pumpkins.

It was a brilliant October morning, the grass all sparkling with hoar frost, the trees waving their red-jeweled arms to the sunshine, and Eliakim Ellis was driving serenely down Hay Hill.

"I ain't a poet," thought he, "but if I was, I could write a lot of rhymes about like this. Why, it's poetry all the way through. And—eh?—how?—what? Who's that?"

It was the Widow Hepsy Hall, standing at the door of her little one-storied house, and beckoning with her long, lean arms toward him. The farmer drew his rein.

"Hold on Sorrel!" he apostrophized his steed. "You ain't never in a hurry, when I want you to be, so I calcerlate you can stand still a bit now. Wal, Mis' Hall, what can I dew for ye this morning?"

"I've got some pumpkins that I want to sell," said the Widow Hepsy. "Dreffful likely ones."

"Pumpkins?" echoed Eliakim. "Why, blessyou soul, Mis' Hall, pumpkins is a drug in the market, just now. The pumpkin crop has turned out powerful good, thank Providence, and our folks is feedin' 'em to the cows."

A shadow of dire disappointment crept over the old woman's face, as she stood there, unconsciously picturesque, against the curly hop-tendrils and crimson woodbine leaves that garlanded the doorway. The tears came into her dim eyes.

"Then I may as well give it up," said she, in accents of dispair. "For I hain't nothin' else to sell, and Belindy had set such store on my comin' down this autumn afore cold weather set in."

"Eh?" said Mr. Ellis; good-naturedly. "You was a-goin' down down to Belindy's, eh?"

"I can't without no money," said the Widow Hepsy Hall. "And I was sort o' calculatin' on them pumpkins. The corn hain't amounted to nothin', and the weasels has tuk all the poultry, and the dried berries mildewed that last dog days weather, and the carpet-weavin' business is awful dull; so what be I to do?"

"Can't ye put off your visit?" said Eliakim, thoughtfully flicking the top off a cluster of saucy ox-eyed daisies, that grew close to his wagon wheels.

"Belindy's little boy's got the croup," said Mrs. Hall, lugubriously. "And her husband has fell off a scaffold and broke his leg. And if ever I'm wanted there, it's now."

"I swan!" ejaculated honest Eliakim, as he realized what the double meaning of poverty and misfortune was. "Fetch me them pumpkins; I'll buy 'em anyhow."

"I'll let you have the lot for a dollar," said the Widow Hepsy, wistfully. "They're jest out in the corner lot."

"Ain't gethered, eh?"

"Bless me! who've I got to gether 'em?" reproachfully retorted Mrs. Hall—"and not a soul about the place, and me with that crick in my back."

Eliakim Ellis' heart smote him. Who was he, to complain of a little extra trouble, when the Widow Hepsy was so much worse off than himself?

So he alighted, and led Sorrel laboriously down the stony cart track toward the corn field, where, amid the harvested shocks, gleamed the ruddy gold of pumpkins innumerable.

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"Pumpkins!" screamed Mrs. Ellis, when her husband drove into the door-yard at noon. "Pumpkins! Why, Eliakim Ellis, what on earth are you bringing pumpkins here for? Ain't we got the barn-chambers full, and the lots full, and the very cattle won't eat 'em? Be you clean gone crazy?"

Mrs. Ellis was a high cheek-boned female, with projecting front teeth, and hard, greenish eyes, like badly colored marbles. She was one of those who worship gain as the fire-worshippers far down before the sun. "Money is money!" was her favorite axiom. And Eliakim felt his heart sink within him as he faced her stern, uncompromising gaze.

"They're jest a few—" he began.

"A few!" shrilly echoed his wife. "The waggin is heaped full! And we a-throwin' of 'em away every day! That's jest a man's calculatin'!"

"Jest a few," said Eliakim, hitching desperately on the first section of his speech, "that I've brung down here to sell for Mrs. Hall. There ain't much market up that-a-way, you know, Loisy.

"And," he added to himself, "goodness knows how glad I'd be to sell 'em if I had the chance! I ain't lyin', nohow!"

Miss Ellis gave a prodigious sniff.

"Don't you fetch that there truck inside of the door-yard, 'Liakim!" said she. "Jest dump 'em on the roadside and let the neighbors' hogs eat 'em up as quick as they can!"

But Mr. Ellis took advantage of a tin-peddler coming along on the other side of the street, and engaging his help-meet's attention, to smuggle in the load of pumpkins,

"I won't waste 'em anyway," said he. "If anybody's hogs is to eat 'em, it may as well be mine."

That afternoon, when he came in to supper, a thing happened which had never before befallen him in all his married life.

He found the tea-kettle cold, the Graham gems unbaked, the table unspread and his wife crying piteously.

"Eh!" said Eliakim, blankly. "What in-all-creation's—the matter now? You ain't sick, be you, Loisy?"

"Yes, I be!" sobbed Mrs. Ellis. "Heartsick, Liakim. Oh, what *hev* I done? I've sold them old gray pants o'yourn to the tin peddler, and never remembered how I'd put that there hundred dollar coupon bond you gave me to keep, in the pocket, because I calculated no burglars would take a pair o'ragged old panst. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

For one minute Eliakim Ellis stood silent. A hundred dollars was a hundred dollars to this hard-working man, who could only save and scrape by littles.

But he looked at Louisa's pale, woe-begone face, and his great, tender heart rose up within him like the billows of the sea.

"Don't fret, Loisy, my gal," he said, cheerfully. "It was only an accident. 'Tain't wuth frettin' about." And he bent down and kissed her forehead—a rare occurrence in their undemonstrative household. "We'll go to work and make it up as fast as possible, my dear."

"Oh, 'Liakim!" sobbed the good wife, "I don't deserve you should be so good to me. I'm a cross, scoldin' creetur, and—"

"Tut. tut, tut!" goodhumoredly interrupted her husband. "Guess I ain't goin' to hev my wife abused this a-way."

"And I'm sorry I spoke so short about them pumpkins," added Louisa, dolefully.

Mr. Ellis whistled under his breath. He was almost disposed now, to regret that he had paid out that dollar for the Widow Hepsy's pumpkins.

"However, it's done," he said to himself, "and it can't be undone. Loisy'd best be left in the dark, I guess, about it."

He was alertly kindling the fire, while Mrs. Ellis moved sadly about, making preparations for the evening meal, when there was a lively tattoo, played by a very energetic pair of knuckles on the door outside.

"Come in!" shouted he.

And who should make his appearance but the tin-peddler himself.

"Hello, squire!" said he. "Guess there's been a mistake somewhere. I ain't buyin' up Government coupon bonds. I'm in the tin trade. I found this 'ere in your old pockets. So I allowed it was best to bring it back right away."

He held out the folded slip of parchment. Eliakim looked oddly at it.

"Fetch on Diogenes and his lantern!" said he. "I calc'late here's the honest man at last!"

"Get out!" said the tin-peddler. "I don't want none o' your four-syllabled fun poked at me. But I tell you what I dew want. Them there pumpkins that you was cartin' in when I exchanged a sauce-pan and two dippers for them gray pants with your good lady, I'll give you five cents apiece for 'em."

"Done!" cried Farmer Ellis, joyfully.

"There's to be a big dinner up to Stapleses Hill," went on the tin-peddler. "And they're goin' to bake two hundred pumpkins-pies, and all the pork and beans that's to be had. And there's goin' to be a corner in pumpkins. I've got my wagon out here, so I guess we'll load up right away."

And thus the hundred-dollar coupon bond was returned, all safe and sound, by the tin-peddler, who, was as honest as he was shrewd, and the Widow Hepsy Hall's pumpkins were satisfactorily marketed. So much so, indeed, that Eliakim even purchased out of the profits a snuff-colored merino gown, which he left at the widow's door the very next time he drove past.

"It's a pity she can't share more o' the good luck," said he.

Mrs. Hall found the gown, neatly wrapped in paper, at he door when she came home from cranberrying in the swamp, and she never knew where it came from. But she made it up, and wore it to her daughter Belinda's in the city.

But honest Eliakim has not yet told Louisa, his wife, that he bought Widow Hepsy's pumpkins, and paid a dollar for them in good hard cash.

"It ain't best to tell women everything!" said he.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

Beds of the Past.

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bed rooms, says a writer about the beds of our ancestors in the *Cosmopolitan*. A chamber or shed was built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies, and in this little cell the lord and his lady slept. Sometimes there was another chamber of the same kind built for the daughter or young ladies of the house. As a general thing, the young men of the house and the guests slept on tables and benches in the great hall, when woolen coverlets or blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept upon the floor.

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four poste" bedstead, an immense piece of furniture having a canopy supported at each corner by the posts, became the fashionable sleeping couch. Some of the old wills mention "posted sett work bedsteads." These panelled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant and massive architecture. The columns resembled huge balusters, and rose from square dado bases, and all the frame pieces were carved with decorative mouldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the columns terminated with figures representing the four evangelists.

A Ball of Birds.

It may, perhaps, be adduced as one of the most remarkable of the many curious and often inexplicable habits common to the lower animals of widely different classes, the practice of forming themselves into balls or clusters, as is the case with bees, star-fish, some kinds of bats, and at least two species of birds. One of these species is a swallow found in Van Dieman's Land; the other, the mouse bird of Central Africa. These strange little creatures, according to Le Vaillant, who describes them, generally live in small companies of five or six individuals, and generally select a densely foliaged tree or thick mass of bushes for their gathering place.

Penceaux, who verifies this statement of Le Vaillant, also mentions having seen them clinging to each other while asleep, the first bird holding on to the branch with one foot, while it supports a second bird by entwining one of the latter's legs with its own free limb; this second bird in a like manner supporting a third, and so on until they form a chain that often contains as many as six or seven of these living links.

Hunting Gulls.

The gulls, and there are millions of them about the mouth of the St. Croix, furnish profitable sport for the Indians. They take their soft, beautiful breasts to the watering places and sell them at 75 cents to $1.50 each to the ladies for millinery and decorative purposes. Gulls are easy game to bag, but for some unknown reason they stay on the Canadian side of the line the most of the time, and the Canadian authorities have forbidden Americans to shoot at them in the Provincial waters. This is a great grievance to the gull hunters, who have petitioned the governor of Maine and his council to take some action in the matter. The course of the Canadians is believed to grow out of the fisheries imbroglio.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Toughening Wood.

It is claimed that by a new process white wood can be made so tough as to require a cold-chisel to split it. This result is obtained by steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure, technically "upsetting" it, thus compressing the cells and fibers into one compact mass. It is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process that wood can be compressed seventy-five per cent., and that some timber which is now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building could be made valuable by this means.—*Iron Age.*

SILENT SCHOLARS.

Teaching Deaf Mutes to Talk in a New York School.

A Method which Requires Great Patience and Perseverance.

Up in Fiftieth street, not far from Fifth avenue, in one of those brown stone fronts that looks like the twin of every other brown stone front on the block, a queer class of pupils meets every day. Some of the pupils are only five years old and some are twenty, but not one ever makes any noise, and in point of quietness the class is a model one. Nobody ever hears schoolboy laughter or schoolgirl jollity ring out from that school-room, and the very house itself has not even the conventional door-bell. You can count every tick of the little clock with the class in full session while you stand waiting in the hallway.

In this silent house deaf mutes are taught to speak. Two private classes, with seven pupils in each, meet there day after day, and from 9 in the morning till late in the afternoon struggle with those simple sounds that most of us learn unconsciously in our babyhood. Miss Sadie W. Keeler is the teacher. For eleven years she has worked among deaf mutes and given to voiceless tongues the music of our speech. In this country and in Europe she has learned all that the best schools can offer.

But whatever methods different teachers may have, to the on-looker who spends an interested hour or two in her class-room it seems that the only successful method must be nine-tenths patience. One must have the quiet patience of a marble statue and persistence as the flowing of a river to perform this modern miracle of making the dumb talk. To make a sound over and over again and then to begin at the beginning and repeat and reiterate and explain and recite the same thing a thousand times is somewhat a suggestion of the work of a teacher's life.

Two boys about seven, another of ten, a pretty girl of sixteen and two smaller girls about eleven years old were sitting quietly around a little table. There was a blackboard and a First reader in the room. Miss Keeler was teaching the smallest boy to say "Ah!" She put one of his hands on her chest so that he could feel the vibrating of the vocal chords, and held the other close to her mouth, so that he could feel the expulsion of her breath. Then she said "Ah!" and he tried to say it after her. Then her lips formed the word "papa," and the little fellow, by closely watching, essayed to imitate her, but the only result was something that sounded like "mum-mum." The teacher held the lad's hand to her lips so that he could feel her breath as she expelled it in making the "p" in "papa." The "m" sound did not bring any breath on his hand; so he tried again, and, holding his hand to his own mouth, changed "mum-mum" into a guttural sort of "papa."

The little pupil had hard work getting the letter "e." The only way he could feel this sound was by placing his hands one on each side of the jaw of the teacher. The sound of "m" and "w" he got by placing the fingers of one hand on the teacher's nose and the fingers of his other hand in precisely the same way on his own nose. Then he copied the movement of her lips and tongue exactly, and another letter was won. The vowels are taught first, then letters are put together, and the lad at last learns to say "boy." Then he writes it on a slate, and is told that the three letters mean himself or any other boy.

One pretty little maiden named Minnie, sits just across the round table. She began learning early, and speaks very nicely. Of course, that voice which she herself has never heard lacks the modulation that we unconsciously learn to look for. "I love you," from those pretty lips has the same measure of affection expressed and the same placid intonation that "I hate you" has. She is a good example of the double system of teaching that goes on in this queer school-room. She has learned lip-reading. Speak slowly to her and she can tell from the changes in your lips and tongue what you say. Make the mere motion with your mouth, as if whispering softly, but do not make the least sound, and she can tell what your words would be.

Of course in this combination of object-teaching and lip-reading there needs must be strange mistakes. Take the case of Dr. Gallaudet, who, speaking in church to deaf mutes, tried to explain what a deacon was. He took his hat and passed it round as though taking up a collection in church—that was a deacon. Now, did they understand? Of course. Little George held up his hand and was given a chance to air his knowledge and tell what a deacon really was. "He is the monkey that goes round with the organ-grinder to collect pennies." So when he wrote on the board the definition of "consequence"—"that which follows," another bright lad said a dog was a consequence, because he followed the man.

Just about a century ago, the plodding, painstaking Germans began to try to teach deaf mutes to talk. They learned it from Spain, and have been improving ever since. Now nearly all the big cities of the civilized world have deaf mute schools. A child should begin at five or six years to learn, and in ten years ought to be able to talk fairly well. Most teachers limit their classes to seven, as it is difficult to give the desired attention to each member of a larger class. The pupils are glad to learn, and are singularly persistent in trying. But, after all, there is something pathetic in their struggles to talk a language that has no meaning for their ears.—*New York World.*

Voting by Electricity.

At the mechanical exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris, there is exhibited a machine for registering votes, which will, it is said, be shortly installed in the French Chamber of Deputies. Its object is to obviate mistakes, the loss of time, and the necessity of the members leaving their desks to record their votes. The machine, which is the invention of M. Debayeux, is worked by electricity, and the vote of a full house, it is said, may be make known by this means in less than five minutes. The arrangement of the apparatus is as follows: In front of each seat three contact makers are placed, the knobs being marked "Yes," "No," and "Abstention." Only one of the pushes can be depressed at one time, and neither of them can be used more than once, until they have been released by the action of another part of the apparatus, which is under the control of the president. The voting is recorded by means of three sets of cylinders, upon which is inscribed in relief the names of the members in alphabetical order, and also the series of figures from one up to the total number of members. These cylinders rotate under inking pads, and after the voting, an impression being taken on a band of paper against the name of each member present, is found a number in one or other of the three columns "Yes," "No" or "Abstention." These numbers appear perpendicular in numerical order. Hence the total number in each division is read at the foot of the three columns. The apparatus is necessarily somewhat complicated, but it is said to work with great facility. It will be remembered that for some time a similar voting apparatus was exhibited in one of the Congressional committee rooms at Washington, but was finally taken away by the inventor, who despaired of its adoption. —*Electrical World.*

Fear Does Not Reason.

An instance out of my own experience will go to show how fear does not reason. About ten years ago when I was in Baden near the Black Forest, I was in the habit of walking alone in the evening till late in the night. The security was absolute and I new very well there was no danger; and as long as I was in the open field or on the road, I felt nothing that resembled fear. But to go into the forest, where it was so dark that one could hardly see two steps ahead was another thing. I entered resolutely, and I went in for some twenty paces; but, in spite of myself, the deeper I plunged into the darkness, the more a fear gained possession of me which was quite incomprehensible. I tried in vain to overcome the unreasonable feeling, and I may have walked on in this way for about a quarter of an hour. But there was nothing pleasant about the walk and I could not help feeling relieved when I saw the light of the sky through a gap in the trees, and it required a strong effort of the will to keep from pressing toward it. My fear was wholly without cause. I knew it, and felt it as strongly as if it had been rational. Some time after that aventure, I was travelling at night, alone with a guide in whom I had no confidence, in the mountains of Lebanon. The danger there was certainly much greater than around Baden, but I felt no fear.—*Popular Science Monthly*

Quicker Than Wall Street.

"No, I wasn't cleaned out in Wall street," he replied, as he choked back a heavy sigh. "Wall street was too slow for me. I got my $7000 on a Monday; on Tuesday I invested in a short-horn bull; on Wednesday morning I got up and found that he had been kicked to by a $40 horse."

"Did you have anything left?"

"Only about $15, and I paid that to a fellow to kill the old horse and haul both bodies to the woods."—*Wall Street News.*

Delay.

Always to-morrow and never to-day,
So the winter wears till the bloom of May—
Yet what is a month more or less? you say.

But, as May goes over the purpling hill,
You lead before and I follow still
From end to end of the months, until

My passion wears, with the autumn weather,
To the very end of its tender tether;
For, never apart, yet never together,

We walk as we walked in the bloom of May;
But at last your "to-morrow" is my "to-day,"
When "what is a month more or less!" I say.

—*Norah Perry in Independent.*

HUMOROUS.

Isn't a revolving light on the coast a navy revolver.

A last farewell—A shoemaker giving up his business.

Yoked garments are much worn—By oxen. They are gored.

Many a man asks a girl to share his lot when he own no lot.

A trade union—A marriage between business rivals to promote trade.

"I'll just give you a few points" remarked the paper of pins as the man sat on it.

Schoolmarm to little Josie: "Where is the North pole?" "At the top of the map, marm."

The tailor and dressmaker are the individuals who dwell most on the eternal fitness of things.

A scientist went out the other night in a gale to see what color the wind was and found it blew.

The tailors and dressmakers are the individuals who dwell most on the eternal fitness of things.

Frequently the gentleman who lays himself out to deliver a nice, breezy discourse is simply windy.

Brown—Did you enjoy yourself while you were away? Green—You bet. Didn't see a blessed bill collector the whole time.

"There is something I have just dashed off," said the poet as he knocked his would-be-son-in-law off the door-step.

"Nerve food" is advertised. This is the kind of food the man eats who wants to occupy two seats in a crowded railroad car.

Lord Churchill makes 60 gestures a minute while speaking, or half as many as a woman who is describing her new hat to her dearest friend.

A little girl calling with her mother at a new house where the walls were not yet papered, exclaimed: "What a bald-headed house, mamma!"

A New York physician says "it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And we presume if he did go in after one he wouldn't find it.

Some western papers look with horror on the use of the word "woman" in respectable society. One of them recently chronicled the finding of a "lad'ys skeleton."

"Ah, George," she murmured as they drove along the moonlit road, am I very dear to you?" "And George, as he did a little sum in mental arithmetic, in which a team and his $6 salary largely figured, softly answered: "Very dear."

"Here, you," howled a customer at a restaurant to the waiter; "can't you see that I don't wear lace shoes?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, what do you mean by bringing me this shoestring in my soup? Take this back just as quick as you can and bring me a plate of soup with a button hook in it."

The World's Greatest Desert.

One-half of the earth's solid surface is buried in the abysmal regions of the ocean, and exists at undulating plains beneath a watery covering from two to five miles thick. On this land at the bottom of the deep sea, the director of the Challenger publications tells us, the conditions presented are most uniform. The temperature, near the freezing point of fresh water, does not exceed seven degrees in range, and is constant throughout the year in any locality. Sunlight and plant-life are absent, and, although animals of the large types are present, there is no great variety of form or abundance of individuals. Change of any kind is exceedingly slow. At the greatest depths deposits are chiefly a red clay mixed with fragments of volcanic matter, remains of deep sea animals, cosmic dust, manganese-iron nodules and zeolitic crystals. No analageous deposits have been traced on dry land, although the continents are mainly made up of rocks which must have formed under the sea near the coasts. Throughout all geological time the deposits of the continent bordering waters appear to have been forced up into dry land through the contraction of the earth, while the abysmal regions have remained the most permanent areas of the earth's surface.