A RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little bits of water cold
And a little bits of grass,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Scattered in the morning late.

Add to your most common sorrows
Just a thought to make them less,
And then, as your pleasure allows,
A pinch of every care to fix.

But upon it all sift the essence of love
And a little whiff of prayer,
Let a wise old cook and a prudent stove
Complete the job quite fair.

—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

"Good morning, sir—a lovely day!"

I started rather guilty from the sleeping position in which the robe of my traveling companion had accosted me. In truth and in fact I was engaged in a somewhat undignified contortion of a grandfather's chair whose back let me (for shame, and mention it not to myself) how very agreeably I could assume the crystal lake would be through the silence of the purple August daybreak.

"Good morning," I responded, trying to assume the inquiring gaze of a tall, gentlemanly looking person, apparently about 45 years of age, who stood smiling against a little gray, with his white cap and knickerbockers, with pleasing eyes, a fleeting slightly bald, and a jet black moustache, curved jaunty away from a small, serious mouth and his dress was tasteful and unobtrusive, for the hat he had taken off to fight stress had to great use, and one stood apparently awaiting some more definite explanation within my slumbers.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I stammered, rather confused; "I hope I am not trespassing on private grounds?"

"Why, no, you are comfortable on private grounds," returned the stranger, smiling; "but I think we won't sit by any more lakes same as yesterday. You are staying in the neighborhood?"

"I am staying at the Lake house for the summer," I replied, "and I suppose my morning walk just led me farther than I of that intended."

"You are about six miles from the house, sir," returned my companion emphatically; "and, judging from your complexion when I come down to the gate, you would not object to crossing back by water?"

I laughed, and acknowledged the fact.

"To tell the truth, sir, I was just running my row and and present a short row would be, in fact, if the boat had not been forward I should most assuredly have received all consequence, and hardly advanced the experiment."

"I think we can overcome that objection," said the stranger, quietly turning to an old canoe from whose grounded trunk overhung the transparent side, and leaving a key from its bottom depths. "Suppose we get up an appetite for breakfast together! I am not an overpersuaded sure man myself, and I suppose you understand the art of propelling on the water?"

"Also give me an opportunity to show I don't calculate my education in aquatic matters," I said, in high good humor, springing into the dazzling little shell, followed by my new acquaintance. "It, sir, this is an unexpected treat. I scarcely know how to thank you sufficiently for your courtesy."

"Time do not attempt," said the gentleman, inclining his head with a dignified, high bred politeness which increased our more and more in his favor. "I assure you the gratification is entirely mutual. Pull to the right a little; we shall get entangled in yonder floating sheet of water lilies if we are not careful. Upon my word this is a most perfect morning for the water."

It was indeed! Across the diamond glitter of the lake the golden splendors of an August sunrise were just beginning to be reflected, and in the distance a range of dim, misty mountain peaks leaned against the horizon like far off, ethereal, almost losing their outline in the blue radiance of the cloudless heavens.

"I wish I were an artist!" broke almost involuntarily from my lips.

My companion smiled.

"Need a man be an artist to enjoy the beauties of such a scene as this?" he asked. "A little more toward yonder point, if you please, sir. Now we are out in the channel, and you can pull as hard or as easy as you choose. The boat will almost move of herself, in fact."

He threw down his oars and leaned back in the stern, adjusting his silver hat so as to shield his eyes from the too vivid glare of the morning sunshine.

"Has scarcely thought of civilization in such a secluded spot as this," he murmured lightly. "I suppose there isn't a living soul within a mile of us, always excepting yonder cattle."

"I suppose not," I answered.

"But nevertheless, sir, the forms and ceremonies of society cannot entirely be cast aside. May I know whom I have had the pleasure of helping to an hour's enjoyment?"

I drew my card from my waistcoat pocket and handed it across with a smile.

"Vernon Cheveley, sir! A very pretty name, sir. I congratulate myself on making your acquaintance. Will you allow me to reciprocate your courtesy?"

He bowed low as he presented me with a remarkably full and heavy pocket that he extracted from an old cigar case. Upon it was inscribed in staring letters of red ink, the one word "Albert."

"Albert—sir!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

"Albert, sir!" returned my companion, starting into a stirring posture and regarding me with more dignity, "Albert, sir! Albert of England, Scotland and Wales!"

I stared at him aghast. Was the man mad or drunk?

"To your knee, sir!" he said, with a sharp, sudden imperiousness. "Have you never heard of my name?"

I obeyed his quick sign almost before I knew what I was doing. He seated himself, at the same time drawing a gaudy hand out from his breast and gravely offering it to the left breast of his coat.

"Yes, my friend," he went on impressively, "you are now in the presence of the prime minister of Great Britain! Men have assumed themselves by dissemblying the Side Side 1848 I was dead; that's if they knew about it. I was dead, and what is more, I never shall die. I am pledged with the art of everlasting existence! As long as I wear this pocket one death can never come near me!"

I felt the cold perspiration oozing from every pore in my body. I could almost feel myself grow pale as I became fully convinced that I was not upon the solitary lake alone with a madman! I had heard, when first I came to this mountain retreat, that there was a large asylum somewhere in the vicinity, but I had never gone the office a second thought. Now I was reaping the consequences of my carelessness and folly.

His dark, piercing eyes stared curiously from object to object, suddenly lingering on my stunned countenance.

"Are you a believer in the elixir?"

The remembrance of what I had read and heard about the experiment—of the restless monarch—this mind he had made immortal—the elixir he had sought so long and so vainly for—the elixir which might power their wrinkle, centered in me, and I became. "Of course I believe it! Why wouldn't I?"

"Ah, why, indeed?" yes, himself! But people are so cheptical sometimes. Now, when Victor Emmanuel was staying at his house, and Prince Pius came down by way of the Bonnyrennes—Tube cave! Thats his name, sir!"

I had thought to take advantage of the new pick left, which he (another wild madness) to direct the turning of the boat, shoreward, but the cunning, fierce eye was upon me in an instant.

"It—it is getting very late here," I stammered; "I thought, perhaps, we should find it darker out on the lake."

"Ah! ah!" he cried, putting his foot to shoe in order to slide up into the rowlock, "that's the way you want to get rid of me, sir! Pull, sir! Pull, sir! Pull