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MAGIC.

When the sparse leaves left to the oak are sere
And frost at their boughs and night is near,
And the wind wails over meadow and mere
Where the after light lies dead and drear—
Then, ah, [illegible]
[illegible] days that have been—
[illegible] a year—[illegible]

When the wild drake calls in the early blush,
When the plashy pools give back dull light,
And where to the grain [illegible] out of sight
The [illegible] by as their [illegible] flight—
Then, ah for the [illegible]
[illegible] days that are fled—
And their dear delight—and their dear delight!

—G. E. Turner in Springfield Republican.

THE EGG STEALER.

It wanted less than hour to high tide when Miss Marty Lear heard her brother's boat grate on the narrow beach below the garden, and set the knives and glasses straight while she listened for the rattle of the garden gate.

A stunted line of hazel ran along the foot of the garden and prevented all view of the landing place from the kitchen window. But above the hazels one could look across and catch a glimpse, at high tide, of the intervening river, or, toward low water mark, of the mudbanks shining in the sun.

It was Miss Lear's custom to look much on this landscape from this window; had, in fact, been her custom for close upon forty years. And this evening, when the latch clicked at length, and her brother in his market suit came slouching up the path that broke the parallels of garden stuff, her gaze rested all the while upon the line of gray water.

Nor, when he entered the kitchen and hitched his hat upon the peg against the wall—where its brim accurately fitted a sort of dull halo in the whitewash—did he appear to want any welcome from her. He was a long jawed man of sixty-five, she a long jawed woman of sixty-one; and they understood each other, having kept this small and desolate farm together for twenty years—since their father's death.

There was a cold pasty ready on the table, and the jug of cider that Job Lear regularly emptied at supper. These suggested no questions, and the pair sat down to eat in silence.

It was only while holding his plate for a second helping of the pasty that Job spoke with a full mouth.

"Who d'ye reckon I ran against today, down in Truro?"

Miss Marty cut the slice without troubling to say that she had not an idea.

"Why, that fellow Amos Trudgeon," he went on.

"Yes."

"Peers to me you disremembers 'en—son of old Jane Trudgeon that used to live 'cross the water; him that stole our eggs, long back, when father was livin'."

"I remember."

"I thought you must. Why, you gave evidence, to be sure. Be dashed! now I come to mind, if you wasn't the first to wake us up an say you heard a man cryin out down 'pon the mud."

"Yes, I was."

"An saved his life, though you did get 'en two months in jail by it. Up to armpits, he was, an not two minutes to live, when we hauled 'en out an found he'd been stealin our eggs. He inquired after you today."

"Did he?"

"Yes. 'How's Miss Marty,' says he. 'Again rapidly,' says I. The nerve that some folks have! 'Comes up to [illegible] cool as my lord and holds out his hand. I'd a mind to say 'Eggs' to 'en, it so annoyed me; but I hadn the heart. 'Tis an old tale after all, that feat o' his."

"Twas an forty year, come seventeenth o' July next. Did he say any more?"

"Ye—wanted to know if you was married."

"Oh, my dear God!"

Job laid down knife and fork with the edges resting on his plate, and with a lump of pasty in one cheek looked at his sister. Before he could speak she broke out again:

"He was my lover."

"Mar—ty"—

"I swear to you, Job—here across this table—he was my lover; an I ruined en. He was the only man, 'cept you an father, that ever kissed me; an I betrayed 'en. As the Lord liveth, I stood in the box an swore away his name to save mine. An what's more, he made me."

"Mar"—

"Don't hinder me, Job—it's truth I'm tellin ee. His people were a low lot, an father 'd have killed me if he'd know. But we used to meet in the orchard, 'most every night. Amos 'd row across in his boat, an back agen. For the Lord's sake, brother, don't look so. I'm past sixty, an no harm done; an now evil an good's the same to me."

"Go on."

"Well, the last night he came over, 'twas low tide. I was waitin for 'en in the orchard; an he would have me tell father and you, and I wouldn'. I reckon we quarreled over it so long his boat got left high in the mud. Anyways, he left me in wrath, an I stood there by the gate in the dark longin for 'en to come back. But the time went on, an I didn't hear his oars pullin away, though I listened with all my ears.

"An then I heard a terrible sound, a low sort of breathin, but [illegible], an something worse, a [illegible] of the mud below, an the [illegible]. There he was, [illegible] his knees in 't, half way between firm ground and his boat. For all his [illegible] he heard me and whispers out o' the dark.

"'Little girl, it's got me. Hush! don't shout.'

"'Can't you get out?' I whispered back.

"'No, I'm afraid.'

"'I'll run an call father an Job.'

"'Hush! Be you mazed? Do you want to let 'em know?'

"'But it'll kill you, dear, won't it?'

"'Lordy it will,' said he. Then after a while of battlin with it he whispers [illegible], 'Little girl, I don't want to die.

A Sacred Log.

There is a log of yellowish colored wood standing just outside of Chi Hua gate, Pekin. This log has remained in its present position since the fall of the old Ting dynasty. It is in good preservation and has commanded the respect of all classes and conditions of people. Insects in China usually make inroads in timber in a very short while, but they are said never to alight upon this sacred tree trunk, and it is true that they have not left a single trace of their work upon it, while the timbers in every direction are a perfect honeycomb of insect work.

The Chinese people believe that the log is the habitation of some god, and on that account gather and worship at its base at least once a year. Among the higher classes the day for this unique species of worship is the first of each succeeding month, unless that day should happen to be a new moon day. Oct. 1 of every year the emperor commands the board of ceremonies to appoint a committee to pay their respects to the deified log.—Chicago Times.

Man's Relation to His Country.

Not recognizing the fundamental distinction between a society which, having fighting for its chief business, makes sustentation subordinate, and a society which, having sustentation for its chief business, makes fighting subordinate, there are many who assume that a disciplinary policy appropriate to the first is appropriate to the last also. But the relations of the individual to the state are in two cases entirely different. Unlike the Greek, who, not owning himself was owned by his city, the Englishman is not in any appreciable degree owned by his nation, but in a very positive way owns himself. Though, if of fit age, he may on great emergency be taken possession of and made to help in defending his country; yet this contingency qualifies to but small extent the private possession of his body and the self directing of his actions.—Herbert Spencer in Popular Science Monthly.

Men Who Do Not Smoke.

There is a prevalent idea that men who abstain from tobacco indulge to excess in some other stimulant. There is some truth in this. Balzac, who eschewed tobacco as a weed that injured the body, attacked the intellect and stupefied the nations, drank great quantities of coffee, which produced the terrible nervous disease that shortened his life.

Goethe was a nonsmoker. So was Niebuhr. But the former is computed to have drunk some 50,000 bottles of wine during his lifetime, and the latter took a tremendous quantity of snuff. Nevertheless it must be acknowledged that a very large number of brain workers indulge in no stimulants whatever, or use them very sparingly.—New York Sun.

The Magnetic Button Fastener.

A clever adaptation of electricity is found in the magnetic button fastener. The difficulty in the common machines has been the absence of a plan sufficiently simple for feeding the buttons from the receiving hopper on the top of the machine down the tube leading to the stamping mechanism. This is now effected by the magnet, which, playing up and down in the hopper through a slot in the bottom, attracts several of the loose buttons at each upward movement. On the downward stroke the buttons which cling to the magnet are rubbed off into a little trough.—New York Telegram.

Quarrying Salt in Kansas.

Nearly 800 feet below the rolling prairie on which Lyons, Kan., stands we are quarrying rock salt. The supply is simply inexhaustible, as drills have penetrated it to the depth of 300 to 400 feet. The salt is almost pure, the foreign elements not being more than 3 per cent. of any given bulk or quantity. We mine the salt outright, while at Hutchinson they get it out by pumping fresh water on to the salt rock, pump out the salt water and then evaporate it. Our method is cheaper and more satisfactory.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Easily Answered.

A professor in a German medical college had one exasperating student.

"You see, Herr Dunce," said the professor to this young man one day, "the subject of this diagram limps because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now, what would you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, Herr Professor," replied the student with an expression of perfect innocence on his stolid face.—Exchange.

About this time of year citizens meet in convention and pass resolutions asking for laws to prevent tax dodging. Then they go home with a consciousness of having done their duty and list their personal property at the lowest rates it would bring at forced sale.

The Wave Length Standard.

Scientists have long sought for a fixed and invariable standard of length. The measures in common use are more arbitrary lengths, and, if the original standards should be destroyed, could not be accurately replaced. The French meter is supposed to be a ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the earth; but the accuracy of the original measurements have been seriously called in question. Therefore, the so-called "wave lengths" of light have been suggested as furnishing an invariable numerical magnitude, but their excessive minuteness and the difficulty of accurately measuring them have hitherto been an objection to their use.

But it is said that a method of measuring these wave lengths, which is accurate to the one ten-millionth part, has been discovered. When it is considered that a wave length of sodium (yellow) light is only about one forty-thousandth of an inch, the extreme delicacy of this method becomes apparent. Whatever theory may be held as to the nature of light, the numerical values, called "wave lengths" for convenience, are actual and invariable representatives of something; and if the proposed new method of measurement proves reliable, there will be no difficulty in obtaining a fixed standard of length which can be reproduced at any time or place.

A Desert Wonderland.

The bed of the Colorado desert today may well afford a study to the seeker after marvels as well as to the geologist. It is a desert wonderland. Imagine a plain of clay, smooth and level, relieved here and there by hills of sand built in beautifully wavelike outlines. These hills are not stationary; they travel constantly, though slowly, journeying over the plain as the winds direct. The sand of which they are composed is not like ordinary sand at all, but of a rather marvelous. Most of the grains are transparent, others are translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being in fact small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite and variegated garnet.

Looked upon beneath a microscope they are most interesting. A majority of them are perfect spheres, rounded and polished by attrition with each other. When mixed with a familiar acid they effervesce like seidlitz powders. Composed of these strangely wrought materials, the sandhills look like great snowdrifts, with here and there a gleam of color. Continually they give forth a rustling sound as the tiny spheres are shifted by the winds, slowly rolling onward.—Washington Post.

How Some Insects Sing.

The Greeks shut the cicadas in cages so as to hear them sing in their shops. The Greeks were at odds concerning the nature of the singing apparatus, and the controversy among naturalists on the subject lasted till very recently. The zoologist, H. Landois, who investigated the different voices of animal sounds with ceaseless industry and great skill, was able to give a satisfactory solution to the question. According to his research, the case is one in which the sound is really made by air circulating through passages to the interior of the body.

Every insect's body is permeated by a system of breathing tubes or tracheæ which open at places on the surface. The openings are called stigmata. This system of breathing tubes, through which the air is inspired and expired, takes the place of the lungs of the higher animals. Landois discovered them in very obscure parts of the cicada, and found that they form a kind of windpipe representing the actual tone factory of the animals.—R. Fraunhofer in Popular Science Monthly.

A chair propelled by electricity from a storage battery placed beneath the seat is the latest luxury for the invalid. One charging will last for fifty miles of travel.

A Lowell barber has just completed a picture made from 18,984 pieces of wood. The wood was obtained from 110 cigar boxes and is mostly Spanish cedar.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—for less a superior.

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