

SECRETS.

Where is the dearest place to live?
The very best place to laugh or cry?
In the whole wide world, from east to west,
The safest, warmest, coziest nest?
Only the babies know—
The glad, glad babies know!
What is more precious to have and to hold?
Worth more than its weight in rubies or gold?
The fairest, purest, loveliest thing
That earth can give and heaven can bring?
Only the mothers know—
The glad, glad mothers know!
—Emma C. Dowd, in Young People.

A LITTLE MAVERICK.

All that hot August day there had been a cloud of dust in the east like a column of smoke. No breath of air stirred it, nor did it seem to advance a yard. The sky was a steely blue, the air quivered like the white heat from a cauldron of molten metal. In the crisp and dry buffalo grass myraid insect life gave to the shimmering air a dreamy, monotonous sound like the humming of far-away bees.

The afternoon passed, darkness gathered, and with the rising moon came a cool wind from off the snow-capped peaks. The cloud of dust subsided, and revealed a line of moving, white-covered wagons.

As the caravan drew near, a gaunt prairie wolf rose suddenly out of the grass, gave a long, dolorous howl, and fled across the plain. After him, as if they had risen from the earth by magic, went a pony and rider, a bronzed, grizzled old man, as gaunt, and evidently dreaming the new-comers as much, as the wolf.

The caravan, numbering thirty wagons, went into camp in the form of a hollow square, the people and animals inside the barrier of wagons. The sound of voices, the smell of cooking, the laughter of children and the red glow of the campfires made a bit of welcome-life in the solemn land, breaking the soundless monotony of centuries.

Later, when the fires were low, and when the only noises were the champing of the animals and the tread of the sentry on watch, a strange, clish figure ran out of the stockade and began to dance in the moonlight—a girl of twelve or thereabouts, with big, sparkling eyes and short, black curls flying over her pretty brow. A bearded face was thrust out under a wagon cover, and a gruff but not unkindly voice called:

“Come in here, you Maverick, want the Injuns to git ye?”

The child laughed mockingly, and continued her dance. After the third call the big man jumped out of the wagon and ran after her. When she could run no longer she dropped like a log, remaining stiff and still, while he carried her to the wagon.

“Gritty, ain't she, marm?” he said, as the child rolled over like a stick of wood. The lady addressed was a tall, thin person with a wrinkled face, sharp black eyes behind spectacles, corkscrew curls, and a habit of wearing little shoulder capes in the hottest weather. She was a New England school teacher going West to better herself.

“Gitty? Western, I presume, Mr. Chase,” said the lady, Miss Mary Ann Reed. “What on earth do you call her a Maverick for?” Miss Reed clicked her needles viciously. She knitted all day, jolting in a corner of the wagon, a picture of martyrdom.

“In my Kentucky,” said Chase, “they call them stray young cattle that don't git branded Maverick; they don't belong to no herd, an' them that finds gits 'em.”

“She's got folks in Denver,” said Miss Reed.

“I dunno,” whispered the man, with an anxious look toward the sleeping child. “A feller that met me two days ago on the east-bound wagon-train told me he par and ma had died suddenly, an' the children hed scattered, an' he'd never heard of Janet at all. Her gran' marn had kep' her from a baby, an' the old lady dyin', Janet's uncle jest shipped her off to Denver where her folks was livin'. Don't seem nobody to take her.”

“Why didn't you send her back with these folks?” asked Miss Reed.

“Cause they was only half way, an' was short for grub; they wouldn't take her.”

Yet the Maverick was a great pet on the journey. Every one liked her, and welcomed her bright presence to their wagons. Around the camp fires even the men gathered to hear her sing the quaint old hymns her grandmother had taught her. She held tired babies till her little arms were numb, she told stories to weary children, and was a ministering angel at every wagon—at the last one in the train most of all.

This wagon had joined the train in Missouri, and belonged to an unfortunate family that Chase called “Pikes.” The father, a sullen, sickly man, drove the four lean oxen; the mother, half-dead from malaria, seldom lifted her head from her bed; and the nine children, practically orphans, took care of themselves, and of a little, motherless girl, sent to her father in Denver.

This baby, Rose, was a merry little creature of three, beautiful and winning, and much liked. But the days were toil-some ones, and as the Browns had charge of her, no one interfered, though many of the party wondered who could have trusted her with them.

The two younger Browns, homely, faded little souls, were faithful guardians over her. The other children were unruly and rude, but these two seemed like some good old folks who had lived out well-rounded lives and been translated back to earth to begin over again.

To these children Janet's presence was the one happiness of their day, nor could she could tell stories enough to satisfy them. Once Janet, coming unobserved, heard the youngest Pike telling baby Rose, who was cross, one of her own stories.

“You sorrowful little things,” cried Janet, “can't you make 'em up yourselves of your own?”

For a week, at night, the sentry at the

stockade saw far-off, black, moving specks on the horizon, and weary and anxious were the hours of darkness, early the start, eager the hope to get on without the attack. Each man would mutter in the gray dawn, as hazy and white, he harnessed his team, “Thank God, another night of peace, no Indians yet!”

“Janet,” said Chase one morning, when she came to watch him harness his team, “of them Injuns comes an' gits the better of you as you git on that red leather pony, Nance, thar, an' take Rose an' set out fur them low hills 'cross thar.”

“Nance likes me,” smiled Janet, “I feed her my bread.”

“All of us like ye, ye Maverick, yer so chipper allus,” Chase said, admiringly. “The Injuns shan't git ye of we kin help it.”

That day a young wife was sick, and all the long hours Janet tended the wailing baby his mother was too ill to care for. She looked back at the line of wagons and thought of baby Rose, that she loved best of all.

“These good little Pikes will see to her,” she thought, hopefully. But the two little Pikes were weary that day—they lay in a strange stupor, those pathetic guardians—and no one noted them. Locked in each other's arms they lay unheeded, and one was drifting away beyond earthly aid.

At the night halt Janet, freed from her charge, ran for Rose. Then the news flew from wagon to wagon, the child was gone and no one had seen her all day. Miss Reed remembered seeing her running among the sunflowers at breakfast.

“Ain't nobody going for her?” cried Janet, in agony. She ran to each wagon, to be met with the same answer: “It cannot be done.”

“You see, Janet,” said Chase, a sob in his voice, “there's fifty women an' children here an' only thirty men to guard 'em; there may be hundreds of Injuns out there. We dar'n't leave camp or they'll know it, an' we've searched all the plains with a glass an' there's no sign of her.”

“But ter-morrer—” choked Janet.

“Sh'll not be a wanderin', missy— don't ask me to tell ye, but there's Injuns an' perairie wolves.”

“We must only tell her father she died—never the whole truth,” said Miss Reed, coming to the wagon for the first night, which she wore on the dryest nights.

Chase walked away and sat down by the fire. “No, don't talk no more, Janet,” as the child went to him, “it aren't no use. I'm the only old Injun fighter in camp. I've growed gray at it. I've got ter take the lead.”

Janet went quickly to her wagon. By the light of a flickering candle she printed, in a round, childish hand, on a bit of paper, these few words:

“Mr. Chase, I am goin' to find Rose an' take Nance. I ain't no good in fightin' Injuns, an' I heard you say my folks was dead. Don't you come for me 'cause they need you. They don't me that is only a Maverick.”

“JANET.”

She pinned this note to his blanket, then went softly out in the starlight to the corner where Nance stood. Fearlessly she blanketed the animal, fastened the surcingle, then led her quietly out to an open space between two wagons.

She looked back at the dying campfires, the groups of men sleeping in the light of them, their guns by their sides, the silhouettes of the women against the wagon curtains, Miss Reed's prim and queer with the funny curls. How safe it was here, how lonely and dreadful outside! She climbed on the pony and turned her head toward the east; the animal, thinking of her home, struck into a run. The sentinal saw Nance disappear in the darkness, but did not note the little rider.

“That onery gray pony as sint been worked all the way he got loose an' gone,” he said to the crowd of excited men who ran out at the noise.

Every unusual rattling of gravel under Nance's hoofs quickened the beating of Janet's heart; every dark object was to her a beast of prey; every sound, the coming of the red men. She thought of the old-time stories of Indian warfare and cruelty her grandmother had told her, of the horrors of the plains the men spoke of by the camp-fires.

“But I'm the only one in all that train as hasn't nobody to care for me,” she said bravely. “There was only me to be spared.”

When the moon rose it showed her no living object on the great plains. The camp was far out of vision, and not even a spark from its fires glimmered on the still air. Absolute quiet and solitude; the world seemed asleep.

At the top of a little rise in the road Janet halted to rest her tired horse, and once more to look around the lonely land. The quivering of Nance startled her, and peering ahead, Janet saw a sight she never afterward forgot.

There in the moonlit road stood baby Rose, her yellow curls dishevelled, her face tear-stained and dirty, her gown torn, her little feet bare and bleeding. She still clung to her flowers that had led her astray long hours before.

Near the child, a lean gray wolf sat on his haunches, regarding her with a profound and melancholy stare.

At the sight of the pony the wolf gave a weird howl, turned and trotted swiftly across the plains. The child, with a wild cry, ran forward.

“I knew you'd tum, Janie. I lost all day an' hundy an' the doggie come, an' sined. I had a doggie once, Bounce, where mamma was. Oh, I want my mamma!”

Janet held her close, kissed her tears away, and then she gave her the food she had brought—her own supper. She lifted her to the pony's back, led Nance to some low hills that might give them shelter, and there waited for daylight.

“I never knew Janet was so long before,” sighed Janet, holding Rose in her arms. “Nance is laid down an' asleep. Only me awake, an' I must keep watch for wolves an' Injuns. Now the moon's goin', too, an' it gets lonsemer. I'll sing all the hymns I know to keep me awake an' brave.”

Try as she would her head would droop, the words grow confused and weary. As the moon sank and the chill increased, the shivering child covered Rose with her own skirt, and then to keep warm and awake walked up and down beside her.

What was it, that low, tramping sound, coming louder and nearer so fast? Janet caught up Rose and ran back to the hill; the horse followed, trembling in every limb. Just beyond the hill in a furious gallop came a mass of horses, and dimly amid the fog of dust about them Janet saw the forms of their Indian riders.

“Joe said Injuns was wuss'n wolves!” sobbed Janet. “Dear Lord, let them go on an' not find us!”

The Indians passed on their path, marked by clouds of sand that helped the darkness mercifully to hide the children.

“They're gone!” cried Janet; but hardly were the words uttered when there came another louder trampling, the click of arms against saddles, and more horses—hundreds of them it seemed to Janet—and then, bringing joy to her heart, an American voice called: “Forward!” as the cavalrymen pressed on after the Indians.

The danger having passed, the tired child fell asleep with Rose in her arms. When she woke it was bright sunlight. Her dazed eyes saw Nance feeding near by, Rose running toward her, and an oldish man, with a gray beard and bronzed face, looking at her kindly. By his side was the lean wolf Rosy had called a dog.

“I knew it was a tame one!” cried Janet.

“In course you did,” smiled the old man. “Me an' my gal, Ann Reed, fed out twenty-odd year ago 'cause I owned a tame 'b'ar. She went ter Boston, turned schoolmarm, an' I emigrated to Iowa.”

Janet, very wide-eyed, told him about Miss Reed, who was one of their wagon-party. Gaining courage, she also gave her own history and Rose's as far as she knew.

“Wal, you be a powerful talker!” cried the old man. “Now come eat, an' then we'll ketch up with the caravan. Say, though, sis, would you, 'lowin' fur age an' my whiskers, Ann Reed int no better-lookin' than me!”

“You're both nice for old folks,” said Janet, politely.

He led them to a dugout in the hills, where they found plenty to eat, and then they set out for the wagons, Janet with Rose on Nance, the wolf following the old man's bronco.

“The row last night, sis,” he said, “was Uncle Sam's sojers arret Injuns, same as has been hangin' round yer train. Wonder how them serious wars of Ann Reed's would 'a' took with Injuns?”

At night they reached the camping-place of the wagons, where there was great rejoicing—Chase, especially, coming often to stroke Janet's curls, and mutter: “Ef you aint a borned hero, I never knowed one! The stuff of a pioneer!”

Janet's only sadness was that a little grave where the youngest “Pike” lay; the child had died the night before. How many nameless graves, some pathetic, tiny ones, there used to be on that great pathway to the West!

When Janet, with Rose in her arms, climbed into her wagon, the hermit approached and said, mysteriously: “It's the same Ann Reed, sis, an' she's there a-pettin' that wolf like he were a poolie dog. Aint set again 'em no more.”

Two miles from Denver they met a horseman so pale and anxious they knew who he was even before he called hoarsely:

“Is my baby with you?”

“Aye, she be,” answered Chase, “but we'd met ye with blank faces an' sorrowful hearts but for Janet here.”

Then he told the story, and the father got down from his horse to kiss her first before his own child.

“I'm well on, Joe,” he said, brokenly. “I can do well for her, and you say she has no one. I will have two daughters instead of one.”

“You aint a Maverick no more, Janet,” cried Joe, something shining in his honest eyes, “an' there aint one of us but will bid ye God-speed. Ef ever a lone little child was God's speed, a father's love an' care, you be, an' the blessin' of all us that knowed ye goes with ye.”

And as she, with Rose and her father, parted from the companions of the long wagon journey, they followed her with loving, tearful eyes, that little Maverick who had found a happy home.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE ASSAY OFFICE.

HOW GOLD AND SILVER ORE IS REFINED.

A Full Description of the Process and the Instruments Used—\$100,000,000 in Bullion in One Room.

On Wall street, to the east of the massive and imposing Sub-Treasury, stands an odd building of white marble, flush with the street. In architectural design it resembles one of those colonial wooden structures that are still to be seen in certain parts of New England. Its staid simplicity seems out of place, situated as it is in the very centre of all financial activity. The quiet elegance of its front is in singular contrast with the rear of the building, which is of brick, and built in the style of an old Dutch burgomaster's house.



SUPERINTENDENT MASON.

In this peculiar building on Wall street is located the plant of the United States Assay Office, a branch of the Government the importance of which cannot be overestimated. It is the Mecca of all the tourists and sightseers who visit the metropolis, and its workings are matters of the keenest interest to every government of civilized people on the face of the earth. Its tests, which officially announced, stand in all parts of the world without a challenge, and in the domain of business, wherein the precious metals hold much sway, its work is incontrovertible.

But if the famous old house is curious outside, its various departments within are still more so. Superintendent Mason, who has been in charge of the office almost since its inception, is the authority for the statement that no photographs have ever been taken within its walls. True, magazine articles have been written about it, but the illustrations used therein were simply sketches taken here and there of some particular objects upon which men were at work.



THE BOILER DEPARTMENT.

Through Superintendent Mason's kindness, however, the photographer of this paper was allowed to take all the pictures he wanted save one. In the Assay Office, as in Bluebeard's palace, there is one room into which the public must not look through the medium of the camera. Of course, that was the room of which a photograph was most desired, but Mr. Mason thought it best that it be passed. He thought it would be ill advised to furnish enterprising burglars with photographs of a room containing over \$100,000,000 in solid gold and silver which is only protected by half a dozen massive steel doors and a small army of watchmen, fully armed. But for the information of such as may contemplate trying to force their way into this impregnable stronghold, it might be well to say that the bars of gold, piled up like building stone in a wall, are so heavy that they could not be moved, if the opportunity to try to take them away were allowed; so it is safe to presume that they will remain where they are, well guarded and in absolute security, as they have been for thirty years past.



THE GREAT HYDRAULIC PRESS.

There was a quantity of Mexican silver bullion received at the Assay Office the other day, and its peculiar shape and the size of the bars were such as to call for comment from those who handled it. The bars, or slabs, were about twenty inches long, an inch or more in thickness, and eight inches wide. Each of the bars was curved like a barrel stave. This peculiarity in shape, Mr. Graham of the weighing room said, was to facilitate the packing of the bullion on the backs of burros. The bars contained silver and gold in unequal weights. They were very heavy, some of them weighing eight or nine kilograms. The process of refining and assaying this metal is an interesting one.

In the weighing room, which is in charge of Mr. Graham, stand an immense pair of scales, towering up to a height of perhaps ten feet, and stretching out their gigantic arms fully as far laterally. The scales, although immense in size, are so delicate that they will accurately weigh 1-100th of an ounce or 10,000 ounces.

After the silver bars had been weighed they were taken to a number of furnaces in another department, where the weight of silver was added to half its weight of gold, making a mixture of one-third gold and two-thirds silver. When in a molten state the workmen drew forth the white hot crucibles from the furnaces, dipped into them with a shallow ladle, and with a deft twist of the hand tossed the molten metal into vats filled with water. So expert are these men in this work that the metal, when removed from the water tanks, is in thin, curly shavings, much like the turnings from a lathe.

After the silver and gold shavings, if such they may be called, have been allowed time to cool they are taken to the top of the building, in the rear, where the boiling vats are located. They are great cauldrons of copper, set in masonry, and contain perhaps, forty or fifty gallons of a solution of sulphuric acid. The metal shavings are placed in these boiling cauldrons in proper quantity and boiled for a long time. Then the decoction, which is of a bright bluish-green, is siphoned off to vats on the floor below, where it is put through another and another boiling until it has been thoroughly cooked seven times. Then it is decanted off into other receptacles lined with copper and having suspended across them bars of sheet copper. The copper collects the sulphur from the bath and precipitates the gold while the silver, still in solution, is carried off to other vats. It is put through a number of chemical processes until it is finally precipitated, and the solution in which it last was decanted off. The gold precipitate looks like coarse dirty building sand, and if a pile of it were dumped in the street in front of the Assay Office it might lie there for a month before any one, other than a mineral expert, would think of touching it. And if the silver precipitate were

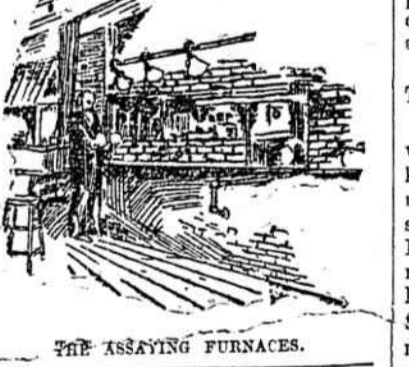


THE MELTING ROOM.

dumped side by side with it, Superintendent Mason would as likely as not be arrested for throwing ashes into Wall street.

But the golden sand and the silver ashes have yet many hands to pass through before the office is ready to report as to the quality and fineness of the metal. It is next saturated with hot water and allowed to stand half an hour. Then it is shoveled into a copper-lined box on wheels, and carted off to the press room to be made into cheese. Queer stuff to make cheese of, it is true, but if the average corner grocer had just one of those cheeses in stock, he could well afford to retire from business.

In the press-room is a hydraulic-hydrostatic engine of immense power. Beside it stands the hydraulic press, whose power is so great, yet so delicately applied, that a man's skull might be gently crushed and no abrasion of the skin be perceptible. The terrific power can be instantly released as well as applied. It is a dangerous machine to handle, but in skillful hands it is a faithful servant and does its work well. C. G. Brunner, a veteran in the service, and who has been



THE ASSAYING FURNACES.

in charge of this department from the day the Assay Office was instituted, stood at the throttle of his engine. He had just filled the drum in the press with the saturated gold sand and was in the act of applying the power when the visitor entered. The drum in the press is twelve inches in diameter, and fourteen inches deep. It was filled to the top and packed tightly when the solid piston head entered it. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the drum ascended and the piston was forced into it. The gauge on the engine began to register the pressure. Assuming the cake of metal to be a trifle less than a foot in diameter and to contain 113 square inches of area on its upper surface, the gauge showed that it was receiving a frightful squeezing. The hand pointed at 6000 pounds to the area when the machinery had been in motion half a minute. Thirty seconds later 10,000 pounds pressure was recorded, yet the engine ran merrily along without a squeak or a jar. There wasn't a sound to indicate that the powerful machine was doing anything beyond running its own fly wheel. Then 20,000 pounds and 30,000 pounds were recorded and still the steel finger moved on. It was almost agonizing to watch it. The pressure of that terrific engine can almost be felt in one's imagination; 40,000, 50,000, and the grim engineer lets his hand steal gently to the throttle of the great machine. It is now running a trifle slower, but just as quietly as before. The dome full of golden sand has risen almost a foot, and it seems that there cannot be a drop of water left in it, yet that merciless machine keeps on, and the finger on the dial marks more and more pressure. It has reached 55,000 pounds, or more than 500 pounds per square inch. What steam boiler was ever made that could withstand such pressure? yet this little brass cylinder in the press had withstood that awful power of twenty tons thousands upon thousands of times.

The engine was stopped and the drum was released. As it dropped down of its own weight a glittering disc of gold was revealed beneath it. It looked for all the world like a bright, rich cheese. It was weighed and placed in a drying oven to destroy the last traces of moisture.

“That cheese,” remarked Mr. Brunner, “you can have for \$36,000 if you will carry it home.”

The silver granules are treated in the same manner in this room, and when all are thoroughly dried and baked they go to the melting room on the first floor of the main building, where the beautiful cheeses are broken up with a sledge hammer and melted in gigantic crucibles of plumbago. The molten metal is run into bars, weighed when cooled, numbered, stamped and registered, and at last, after a portion has been assayed in the room above, is stored away in the big steel vaults to remain until it is needed at the mints for coining or by manufacturers for making watch cases or jewelry.

In the assay rooms everything is conducted upon a very minute scale. The small samples, taken from various lots of metal in the melting room, are here submitted to the tests by which their fineness is determined. Little crucibles made from bone dust are used to melt the metal. Whatever weight is used for assaying—usually only a fraction of an ounce—is represented as 1000 parts. The weight is taken to the 1-1000th of a grain, and after the assay has been made and the metal tested in the various technical ways in vogue there, the residue is weighed. The missing parts represent base metals or dirt, and are deducted from the whole as originally weighed. Gold or silver therefore, that is 999 fine, contains but one part in a thousand of base metal, alloy or dirt. And this is what some of those bars of Mexican bullion showed when they were put through the various processes herein described.—*New York Sun.*

Odd, Wandering Rocks.

Near the village of San Jose, Peru, on the shores of the great Lake Titicaca—the loftiest lake in the world, where are three large pillars of stone, of which we give a picture. They are of unusual height, and the condors that perch on the top of them add by their gaunt figures and black plumage to the weird effect of the solitude.

On one of these huge blocks the features



THE ROCKS NEAR LAKE TITICACA.

of a human face are cut, and the others are covered with designs of various kinds; and they all have some reference to sun-worship. The pillars were probably engraved by the original natives of the land, who are now known only by these and other relics in this quarter of Peru. They are supposed to have been a highly civilized race. It is not believed that the people brought these stones to their present position. The rocks are those called “erratic,” or wandering stones, and were probably left by a glacier.

The Natural Home of the Human Race.

Man instinctively turns to the tropics with a sure inspiration, for his body knows, if his brain does not, that here, under the brilliant sun, here in the warm southland, man originated. It was Grant Duff, I think, who recently wrote that no man had been liberally educated till he had passed some part of his life in the tropics. Here one feels as if admitted to nature's laboratory; here she began her experiments which we call evolution, the result of which was man. Down in the tierra caliente, the hot country, air, earth and water teem with life. There is inexhaustible vitality derived from the ardent sun. Agassiz records that the Brazilian tribes are models of perfect human form, for the sun is a sculptor, shaping everything to beauty. One sees how true this is when looking at the men and women of the tierra caliente. Even a little higher up in the tierra templada, or temperate country, one sees clearly the effects of the constant sunshine. How supple and strong are the shapely women! How broad chested and vigorous the well-nourished men! Where grow the sugar cane and the coffee tree, where flourish the fig and platanio, there man also increases in strength and in physical perfection.

In the tropics the existence of “nerves” is unknown. What a jolly good thing it is for a tired Northerner to lie for hours on a bench in a sun-warmed Mexican plaza and breathe in the perfumed air! And how, after days of this most pleasant regimen, a man begins to feel that it is good to live. He forgets the cares of his business or professional life; he learns, under the magic influence of the tropics, that human speculation in philosophy and theology are not worth the price of the paper they are printed on, and he finds his night's sleep sweet and refreshing.—*Boston Herald.*

A young man may have the worst memory on record, but he will not forget to remove the price mark from the present he buys for his best girl—if the article cost less than \$100. On the other hand, he may have the best memory in the world, but if the present costs \$25 the price mark is inadvertently overlooked.—*Norristown Herald.*

Forty thousand communications are daily made by telephone in London over the wires of the National Telephone Company.

THREE TRAVELERS.

Three travelers met in Brander Pass,
By the bubbling Brander spring;
They shared their cake and their venison,
And they talked of many a thing—
Of books, of song and foreign lands,
Of strange and wandering lives,
And by and by, in softer tones,
They spoke of their homes and wives.

“I married the Lady of Logan Brae,”
Said one, with a lofty air;
“There isn't a 't' in the North countree
A house with a better shair
Of gold and gear, and hill and lock,
Of houses and farms to rent;
There's many a man has envied me,
And I'm mair than weel content.”

“Dream of a woman as bright as day,”
The second traveler said,
“Dream of a form of perfect grace,
Of a noble face and head,
Of eyes that are as blue as heaven,
Of flowing nut-brown hair;
That is my wife, and, though not rich,
Oh, she is wondrous fair!”

The third one said: “I have a wife,
She is neither rich nor fair;
She has no gold, nor gear, nor land,
Nor a wealth of nut-brown hair;
But, oh! she loves me, and her love
Has stood through every test.
Beauty and gold are good, but, friends,
We know that love is best.”

They filled their cups in the spring again,
And they said, right heartily:
“Here's to the loving, faithful wife,
Wherever her home may be!”
And soon they took their different ways,
One thout' 't in each man's breast:
“Beauty is good, and gold is good,
But true love is the best.”

PITH AND POINT.

A stovepipe—The song of the kettell.
A watch sold at cost is particularly a bargain.—*Merchant Traveler.*
Necessity is the mother of invention, but many inventions are orphans.
The family stove-pipe was never meant for a pipe of peace.—*Binghamton Republican.*
It is the busy chimney-sweep who appears in a fresh suit every day.—*Boston Courier.*
Appearances are against some people, and so are their disappearances.—*Texas Siftings.*
If a rooster were as big as his crow, a whole family could live on him for six months.—*Washington Star.*
Boulanger is a man who always goes to the General.—*Washington Herald.*
The living skeletons of an exhibition in a dime museum because he is in reduced circumstances.—*Piscataway.*
When the gate's a-jar it is natural that it should be considered a proper place for sweet-meets.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
A manufacturer of artificial limbs should never be forgetful. It is his business to re-member.—*Washington Post.*
A man who plays the clarinet has some ground to regret that the season for reed birds is over.—*Merchant Traveler.*
The girl, since first the world began, has always sought the ideal man; but when they captured their ideal they found him more ideal than real.
There are persons that it is not safe to hold out the olive branch of peace to, unless you have a club in the other hand.
It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The recipe fails when the third generation is a girl.—*Binghamton Leader.*
They say that copper is so cheap it scarcely pays to mine it more.
But ordinary common sense seems just as rare as heretofore.—*Washington Star.*
He—“To live by your side,” mein Fraulein, I forsake everything—parents, honors, titles, fortune.” She (innocently)—“Then, pray, what is there left for me?”—*Basler Nachrichten.*
Kind Gentleman (picking up a boy)—“That was an awful hard fall, my young man. Why didn't you cry?” Small Boy—“I didn't know anybody was looking.”—*New York Sun.*
“Shall I play you this little fandango?” he asked, sweetly begging pardon, he said, to “but the fact is, I don't speak Spanish.”—*Boston Courier.*
Mabel to Maud, who has just looked through Mabel's MISS.—“You didn't know I was an authoress, Maud!” Maud—“No; and if you take my advice you won't let anybody else, either.”—*Harvard Lampoon.*
Gentleman (to tramp)—“What, you here again? It hasn't been a week since I gave you a half dollar.” Tramp—“Just a week, sir; but great heavens you don't expect a man to live a year on fifty cents, do you?”
Unsuspecting Mother—“I can't imagine where all the cake goes.” Guilty Ethel (anxious to avert suspicion)—“It must be the kid.” Unsuspecting Mother—“The kid! What kid?” Guilty Ethel—“I don't know, but I heard Uncle Harry say to papa: ‘That kid takes the cake.’”—*Time.*

A Photographic Hat.

Herr Lunders, of Gorlitz, has patented a photographic apparatus that can be carried in the hat. This novel head-dress contains, besides the machine, a number of prepared plates. In the front part of the hat there is a small circular opening about the size of a small shirt button behind which the lens is fixed. By means of a string on the outside of the hat its wearer, whenever he finds himself enjoying a pleasant view or is in contact with a person whose features he wishes to preserve, can, without attracting attention, instantaneously take the picture and finish it up at leisure.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The first lighthouse on this continent of which there is any record was built at the entrance of Boston Harbor in 1716, at the expense of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. It was supported by a lighthouse due of one penny per ton on all vessels passing.