

JAKE'S LITTLE GIRL.

"No, mister," said Uncle Jake, "I ain't spliced, nor never was." For many years old Uncle Jake had kept a little tavern near one end of the inlets where the sea breaks through the long sandbar into the Great South Bay, a point about fifteen miles from New York.

"It's goin' on three years now, mister, that a little after the June Maggie got to be 18 there was a young feller as come over here to stay. He was a good-lookin' chap, strong an' quick, an' as handy in a boat as anyone I ever see. He seemed to kind o' like it here. In the beginnin' he hired one of my boats by the week, an' when he'd had it that way about four weeks he took it for the season. Well, I was glad to let him have it, for it was often as he'd take Maggie out, an' I felt easy when I knew Maggie was with him, for, as I told you, he was strong an' handy in a boat, an' I felt as no harm could come to her when she was with him. One bright mornin' in September, just afore they sailed away, she came a-runnin' into me an' says as they was a-goin' for a long sail an' wouldn't be back till late. Well, it wasn't unusual for 'em to stay out till after sundown, especially o' moonlight nights, when they could come in on the tide an' the night wind; an' this time I didn't begin worryin' 'bout 'em until it got to be very late an' they hadn't come back. Some folks as was at the house walked the beach between the inlets with me till late in the night; but we saw nothin' of them. But bless me, I didn't give 'em up. It had been a fine day, an' it was a clear, bright night, an' I kind o' trusted the young feller, for he seemed kind o' fond o' Maggie, an' I thought he wouldn't let no harm come to her. An', sure as yer live, next day, early in the mornin', we spied the boat sailin' up the inlet, an' I began wavin' an' shoutin' 'em for joy. But some one as had a spy-glass said they wasn't aboard—an', mister, they wasn't. The feller as was in her came from the Jersey coast, an' he said as a man and a girl had landed there the day before, an' the man—a young, good-lookin' chap, he said—had paid him to bring the boat over. I'd kept up pretty well till then, but when I knowed she wasn't come back, an' felt all of a sudden as she might never come back, I hid my face in my hands an' cried like a baby. Folks told me as I wasn't a good one to be gettin' along with for the next few days, an' I guess they were about right. She was all the world to me, was Maggie. I took her to me as a child an' brought her up, an' set my heart on her, and for her to leave me in my old days was mighty hard. When I got quieted down they began to comfort me a-sayin' as she might come back. Ah, mister, if she only had, I'd have welcomed her, for she was still my little Maggie, an' I'd ha' loved her as much as ever. But it got to be winter an' spring an' summer an' on toward fall, an' I heard nothin' of her.

he remained barking and howling for half an hour after I had closed the door. I told Uncle Jake that I thought a man had been out there, but all he said was: "I guess it was one of them tramps as comes around. Samson ain't particular fond o' them. But if the fellow was cold an' wanted a drink why didn't he knock an' ask for it decent like? Sure he'd ha' got it." The next morning was bright and clear and very cold. As the wind subsided, Uncle Jake proposed to go over to the graveyard—he hardly let a day pass without going there. The graveyard was a little inclosure a trifle further out of the village than our house. As we entered the gate the dog suddenly darted forward barking furiously as he had the night before. Following him hastily, we saw what he was barking at. A thin, white hand had clasped the headstone, and over the grave lay, face downward, the body of a man, perfectly still. Uncle Jake grasped me and held me back a moment. Then we tried to loose the hand. But it was clasped so firmly that we could hardly draw it from the stone. At last it fell, and we turned the body over. I saw the same pale, haggard, driven face that was pressed against the window the night before. "Mister," said Uncle Jake, solemnly, "he's come back. An'—an'—I think I've forgiven him, as the little girl asked me for to do."—Gustav Kobbe in Baltimore Herald.

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Queen Christina and Her Charity. Rocked in the ivory cradle, inlaid with gold and silver, presented to him by his grandmother, the ex-Queen Isabella, and nourished by the omnipotent wet nurse, the infant king of Spain continues to thrive. Queen Christina is gradually relieving her usual duties. She distributes more than 100,000 lire a month in charity, without counting extra donations to almshouses, hospitals and other benevolent institutions, some of which she founded herself. On the bank of the Manganeras, in sight of the royal palace, in an open and cheerful spot, one sees a little house painted in bright colors, surrounded by a garden, from which in passing one hears the laughter, shouts and cries of children. The queen had it built as a resort for the little children of the laundresses, who, while their mothers were working, used to be left on the streets. It is a mingling of almshouse and school. She has also founded a hospital for foundlings, a house or species of college for the children of the tobacco workers, and a distribution of soup, meat and bread for all the poor of the city. She has several times gone quite unexpectedly to assist in the distribution to assure herself that no abuse was made of it, and having once discovered some roguery she provided against any repetition of the offense. The sisters of charity receive from her every month 70,000 lire.—New York World.

The Oyster and His Shell. Suppose that, placing two oyster shells in their natural position, we insert a piece of India rubber between the valves at the point where they are hinged together. If we now forcibly close the shells by pressure, the India rubber is compressed. When we release the pressure of our fingers, the elasticity and recoil of the India rubber forces the valves apart. In such a fashion, then, does nature provide for the constant maintenance of the unclosed condition. The "ligaments" of the shell are natural elastic pads existing at the hinge line. By their elasticity they keep the valves unclused. There is no strain involved in the action, which is a merely passive one after all. But when the more frequent act of closure has to be performed, then muscular energy requires to be displayed. The quick snap of the valves reminds us that muscular exertion, even if necessitating vital wear and tear, has its corresponding advantage in the rapidity and effectiveness with which it provides for protection against the entrance of disagreeable or noxious elements into the internal arrangements of oyster or mussel life.—Longman's Magazine.

A Georgia Ozier Willow Farm. About a mile below the city of Macon Ga., is an ozier willow farm. The willow switches, at the end of two years, are from four to seven inches long, and are cut and adhered into bunches like sheaves of wheat. They are steeped in water and the bark at the larger end loosened for a couple of inches by machinery. The leaves and bark are removed by a little machine, and the switches are placed in the mechanical stripper, and with a pair of pliers are pulled through with a sudden jerk. They are then wiped off with a woolen cloth banded and laid away to dry. All the leaves and barks are dried and baled. They are used for medicinal purposes and command a price of 25 cents per pound. The average yield is a ton to the acre. When dried the willows command \$200 per ton, and find a ready market.—Chicago Herald.

The Very Conspicuous Tally-Ho. Nothing could be more unretiring than the conching that has become intensely fashionable to a few of the most pretentious people in town. A four horse drag with glittering harness, bright vehicle, liveried hunkies, loud bugler and load of women gayly dressed, is quite as splendid as a circus chariot and commands as much attention as it rolls along a crowded street. But it is the loading or unloading that is particularly an amusement for the spectators. I have seen a distinguished belle mounting to the top of a coach in the midst of a rabble, in every way as conspicuous as a queen of the wire about to ascend to the height of a tent pole, with a saucy archaic commenting shrilly on her appearance, like a clown helping on the exhibition, and she was all the while as placid as though secluded in her own boudoir.—New York Letter.

John Q. Adams and His Coachman. A few days before the inauguration of President Harrison, the horses of John Quincy Adams became frightened near the Capitol, by the discharge of Colt's fire arms before a committee of congress, and ran away, overturning the carriage and injuring the coachman. Mr. Adams remained at home for two days, and bestowed all the attention and time upon the man that a child could give its father, regarding alike the religious condition and physical sufferings of his unfortunate servant. The first interview between master and man was quite touching. "Your horses are gone and the carriage with them," said the servant, when he first saw Mr. Adams after the accident, and adding to this that he was a "dying man." "Never mind the horses and carriage," said Mr. Adams, kindly. "If you are a dying man, think of your soul."—Ben Perley Poore. In a chivalrous but pathetic way Montana bachelors name a town in honor of a girl and then wait for the girls to come.—Inter-Ocean.