

**A Quarrel.**  
 There's a knowing little proverb,  
 From the sunny land of Spain;  
 But in Northland, as in Southland,  
 Is its meaning clear and plain.  
 Look it up within your heart;  
 Neither lose nor lend it—  
 Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
 One can always end it.  
 Try it well in every way,  
 Still you'll find it true.  
 In a fight without a foe,  
 Pray what could you do?  
 If the wrath is yours alone,  
 Soon you will expend it.  
 Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
 One can always end it.  
 Let's suppose that both are wroth,  
 And the strife begun.  
 If one voice shall cry for "Peace,"  
 Soon it will be done;  
 If but one shall span the breach,  
 He will quickly mend it.  
 Two it takes to make a quarrel;  
 One can always end it.  
 —Mary E. Van Dyke in *Young People*.

**BROUGHT TO LIFE.**  
 A STORY OF OLD PLANTATION DAYS  
 IN A CREOLE COLONY.

Fifty dollars a month is not much of a salary, but I had arrived only a fortnight before, and had no acquaintances in the country; therefore I could not presume to ask for better terms. My two pupils, M. Rabut assured me, were very well-behaved children; the girl was just fifteen, already a young lady, and the ten-year boy was equally apt at study. After all I was only required to give five hours a day to teaching; the rest of my time was altogether my own, to be devoted either to work or sleep, as I pleased.

"And remember," he said "your pavilion is at such a distance from the family residence that you can feel perfectly at home there and perfectly quiet. Of course everybody will treat you with the consideration due to your position in the household. You will observe that my poor old mother's head is a little weak, but she is the kindest of souls."

I accepted the situation. Ombreville is situated on the heights of Moka. The mule itself walked quite cautiously up the ascents, and as I was careful to keep the animal at a walk on the descents also, I came to the conclusion that I might just as well walk. I got down. Without troubling himself further about my wishes, my black who guided the vehicle soon began to urge his animal rapidly along the road, which made a sharp turn at the bottom of a long steep slope. When I reached the turn both vehicle and negro had disappeared. I was all alone. I reckoned that there was scarcely another league to travel, and as it was not quite seven o'clock, I would be able to be in time for breakfast.

It was in April. A threatening storm had been growling all the day before on the other side of Le Ponce summit; on either side of the road the trees drenched in torrential rain, shook down showers of water from the leaves with every breath of wind; the water of the ditches to right and left ran with a loud murmur under the shadow of the high grass; the air was fresh and all impregnated with sweet smells; the sun still hung at the edge of the forest curtain; it was a delight to walk. From the bottom of my heart I thanked the intelligent black who had imposed this pleasure upon me, and I continued on my way.

As I walked on I began to dream. What future did this new land hold in reserve for me? I had not come to it with any idea of making a fortune—(although a young man of twenty-five, I had acquired enough common sense to save me from such allusions)—but only to earn a good living, and lay by enough to enable me, when an old man, to return to France and sleep at last under the shadow of my own village spire.

Meanwhile, after half-an-hour walk, I had reached a point at which three different roads forked off from the main one. One of them, I knew must lead to Ombreville—but which? I invoked the Triple Hecate, sat down upon a rock, and waited.

A negro passing on the run, pointed out to me which road to take. Soon I caught sight of the lofty chimney of the sugar-mill—then the house itself, buried in a thick grove of mango trees, and, as I feared being late, I quickened my step. Under the verandah, already crowded, I saw people rushing back and forward—running, and no one noticed me as I ascended the front steps except a big fat negress crouching at the entrance, who sobbed and cried with renewed despair at my coming. There was on the sofa at full length, lay a young girl—almost a child! Her long, bright hair, all streaming with water, fell over the back of the sofa, and had dripped upon the verandah until a little pool had formed upon the flags. She was whiter than a piece of marble, the violet of death were on her compressed lips,

her lifeless arms lay rigidly straight by her side, and M. Rabut, on his knees beside her, was kissing one of her hands.

"Drowned, my dear sir, she got drowned," said a good old lady of about sixty years of age, who came to me, holding out her hand in the friendliest manner imaginable. "But you have walked here," she continued; "you must be tired. Of course you will take something? Myrtle!"

"Mamma! oh, mamma!" exclaimed M. Rabut, raising his head. "You see," he said to me, with a sob, "you see she was out bathing; the river suddenly rose, and—"

His head fell forward again over the little white hand, to which his lips clung.

"Myrtle! Myrtle!" again cried the good lady, "bring a glass of Madeira to the gentleman. Or perhaps you would prefer something else?"

I questioned the family. The girl had not been twenty minutes under water. And yet they had done nothing—had not even tried to do anything.

I gave my orders briefly—they were obeyed.

They had laid her on her back. I lifted her head so that it leaned sideways on the left. Her teeth were clenched. How cold her lips seemed when I pressed my own upon them! The poor father, senseless with grief, allowed us to do as we thought best, and the grandmother walked hurriedly to and fro, busy, fussy, always calling Myrtle, and declaring "the breakfast will never be ready, and here are all the people coming!"

And a carriage in fact suddenly drew up before the front door steps. Two young girls descended with a happy burst of laughter. I can see them even now as they stopped, looked, turned pale, and stood there with arms twined about each other's waist, and eyes big with terror—silent and motionless.

Half an hour had passed. What! was not that a flush we saw, mounting to the colorless cheeks. Oh! how fervent a prayer I uttered that moment to the good God! And it seemed to me the arm I held had become less rigid.

At that moment a horseman came up at full gallop.

"Myrtle! Myrtle!—take the doctor's horse to the stable!" cried the good lady, descending the steps to meet the physician. "Ah, doctor, I knew it!—your powder could not do me any good. The whole night, doctor, I was in pain. Ah! how badly I slept!"

The doctor came directly to us.

"Good! young man!—very good indeed! That is just what should have been done.

"Come, come!" he cried in a joyous tone, after a few moments had passed. "We are all right now—we shall get off with nothing worse than a fright! Why you old coward, have I not already told you so. Here! let me see a happier face on you!" And he gave M. Rabut a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

Then suddenly turning to me, he asked:

"But you—where are you from! I don't remember ever seeing you here before."

"I came from Brittany, doctor, by way of Paris and Port-Louis."

"Look!—look!"—he had already turned his back upon me—"she is opening her eyes!"

M. Rabut involuntarily seized my hand, and dragged me to the sofa.

She opened her eyes. They were blue—the eyes I always liked best.

"Helene! my own Helene!" murmured the poor father, stooping to kiss her forehead.

"Gentle! you!" exclaimed the doctor, pulling him back. "Let her have air, if you please?"

M. Rabut drew back, without letting go my hand.

Myrtle returned from the stable.

"Myrtle! Myrtle!—well, how about that breakfast? Is it going to be ready-to-day, or to-morrow?"

"Ma foi! I'm ready for it!" cried the doctor. "That gallop gave me a ferocious appetite."

"Why, Myrtle!—serve the Madeira to those gentlemen!"

This time Myrtle obeyed.

It was four in the afternoon when I left my pavilion to return to the house. M. Rabut came to look for me on the verandah. "Come," he said, "you can see her now."

He brought me close to her bed. Her dear blue eyes still had dark circles about them; but the blood was circulating under the clear skin; for she blushed at my approach.

"This is he, my Helene; if it hadn't been for him"—and his voice choked.

"Don't fret any more, papa. I am only sorry about my locket. Do you think they will ever be able to find it?"

The locket contained her mother's hair.

It was barely daylight when I reached the river. The negro who had taken her out of the water had shown me the evening before the precise spot where the current had carried her away, and also the place where he had found her—about fifty yards further down. It was a long narrow basin, shut in by great jamroes, whose tufted branches met above and stretched from one bank to the other. The pale light, flickering through the leaves, made gleams here and there upon the water like the reflection of molten lead; beyond the darkness was complete; it looked perfectly black there.

I dived and brought up three flat pebbles! But breakfast would not be ready until ten o'clock; I had plenty of time.

By eight o'clock the bottom of the basin had no mysteries for me. There was not a single cabot-fish that I had not disturbed beneath his rock—not a single camaron that I had not compelled to crawl backward into his hole. But the locket was not there—accordingly it must be further down. I left the basin and followed the course of the stream—interrogating all the roots, exploring all the boulders, questioning every tuft of grass. I was about to pass on, when I saw a little serpent, like a thin silk string caught upon the root of a wild strawberry plant, wriggling in the current. I seized it—it was the locket!

She would not come down to breakfast; but M. Rabut told me she would certainly come down to dinner. She was still a little weak, but that was all.

Man is a selfish creature; the medalion remained in my pocket.

While they were laying the table that evening, I stole softly into the dining-room. When her father had led her to her seat, and she unfolded her napkin, she found a little box in it.

"What is this? Another of your attempts to spoil me, papa?"

But the astonished look of M. Rabut must have convinced her more than his denial.

She opened the little box.

"My locket! my locket!" she cried, putting it to her lips and kissing it over and over again. I watched every kiss—I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Finally, her eyes met my own—she understood. But the little mysterious beauty did not even say "Thank you."

And the long and short of it is, dear sir, that I never gave Helene, who became my wife, a single lesson.

Ah, yes, *parbleu!* I taught her how to swim.

**The Chinese at Table.**

Chinamen consider the stomach the source of intellectual life, and therefore the fattest man goes for the wisest one. They affect to believe that foreigners come to China to eat because they have not enough to eat at home. It is considered a mark of refined politeness to treat a guest or a visitor to a meal at any time of the day. Only those Chinamen who have families take their meals at home; the rest eat at hotels. They usually have two substantial meals a day—one an hour after getting up in the morning, the other between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The well-to-do class take three or four meals a day. Often the father alone eats meat, while the rest of the family have to be satisfied with rice. Poor families usually get their meals from street vendors. The well-to-do ones employ cooks, the latter getting their degrees and diplomas like men of science. The Celestials use no tablecloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, plates or glassware. Instead of napkins they use packages of thin soft paper, which also serve them for handkerchiefs. After using they throw them away. Each guest has a saucer, a pair of sticks, a package of paper and a minute cup with salt saucer. The Chinese women never dine with the men. Everybody smokes during the eating of a formal dinner, and the dinner is crowned by story or legend narrated by some more or less known orator. No topic of general interest is discussed at such dinners; but a gastronomist who knows all about the preparing of food receives attention.

**A Generous Little Boy.**

"Bobby," said his mother, "there are two pieces of cake in the closet one for you and one for Gracie. The one on the lower shelf is for you."

Bobby broke for the closet and presently returned.

"You said that the piece on the upper shelf was for me, didn't you?" he asked of his mother.

"No," she replied, "that is Gracie's. The piece on the lower shelf is yours."

"Well, I'm very sorry mamma, but I ate Gracie's. But I'll tell you what I'll do," and a generous light shone in the clear little boy's eyes, "as soon as Gracie comes home I'll give her a part of mine." —*New York Times*.

**AGE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE.**  
 The Deadly Explosive in the Bradford Oil Fields.  
 Many Tons Used Annually in the Ceaseless Search for Petroleum.

A Bradford (Penn.) letter to the *New York Sun* says: "This is emphatically the age of glycerine," remarked an oil man, as he pensively contemplated the ever shifting figures in the electric indicator in the hallway of the Petroleum Exchange. "Less than two years ago Dr. Roberts, who invented oil well torpedoes, had a monopoly of the business. He raked in several million dollars before his patents expired, but he spent more than a million in bringing lawsuits against unscrupulous persons who infringed his rights. There was always competition, though, and all of the Doctor's money could not crush the daring men who secretly manufactured and covertly exploded the glycerine in the wells after nightfall. Then they were called moonlighters. Now the business is free to all. Many moonlighters were blown to pieces while engaged in their work. The profits, however, were so large that men were found at all times who were anxious to risk their lives.

"After the Roberts patent expired glycerine companies sprang up in every direction. The day after the monopoly expired the announcements of a round dozen glycerine manufacturers appeared in the oil country papers. The era of high prices came to an end at the same time. In Bradford alone there are no less than nine large firms who manufacture and explode about thirteen tons of glycerine per month.

"Never before in the history of the region has the use of glycerine been so extensive. For years the producer in the Bradford field was content to use fifteen or twenty quart shots. It was feared that heavier doses would ultimately destroy the sand formation and ruin the wells. The enormous prices charged for large torpedoes in those days also had a bearing on the situation. Torpedoes were quoted as high as \$1,200. For \$500 a wealthy oil man could give his well a good shaking up. Then glycerine was sold by the quart. Now oil men buy the stuff by the barrel. A barrel contains forty-two gallons, and costs about \$150.

"Bradford's nine firms employ perhaps fifty shooters. They are kept on the go both day and night. Last month over twelve tons of glycerine was burned in the Bradford field alone. Eighty quarts, or nearly half a barrel, now represents the average shot. Dynamite squibs have in a large measure succeeded the 'go devil.' The 'go devil' is a weight which was dropped at the critical moment on the firing head of the torpedo, exploding it. The constant enlargement of the cavity in the oil-bearing rock necessitated the use of something better, and that was the dynamite squib. While the average shot is eighty quarts, there are many firms who think nothing of exploding from two to five barrels of glycerine in a well. The shock tears out the rock and opens up the clogged veins of oil. The cans in which the deadly explosive is transported about the field have been enlarged from six to eight quarts' capacity, and each shooter's wagon carries ten cans, or eighty quarts, of the stuff.

"Some wells are treated to phenol-canal shots. The owners of the test well in Warren county wanted to make a big showing. They used over a ton of glycerine. The earth around the well trembled and the spectators were prostrated on the ground. It was the largest shot on record. A well which produces from one to two barrels per day naturally, has its capacity increased to eight or ten barrels after shooting. They gradually decline, and in the course of a few weeks fall off to their original figures.

"Dollar oil in Bradford, and the heavy premium paid for lower country, or white sand oil, is the cause of this boom in the glycerine market. During the past six months over fifty tons of the explosive have been consumed in the New York and Pennsylvania oil fields. If oil ever touches \$2 a barrel it will pay producers to manufacture their own glycerine."

**A Miniature Republic.**

Few people know much about the independent little Republic of Andorra, which is buried in the Pyrenees, and has preserved its independence and its own institutions for nearly 1100 years. A tribute of \$192 a year is paid by Andorra to France, and \$96 a year to Urgel; it is governed by a council-general of twenty-four members, four representatives for each of the six communes which compose the republic; there is no public debt, no taxation and but little crime.

**PEARLS OF THOUGHT.**  
 Wisdom is knowledge applied.  
 Goodness is better than knowledge.  
 It is the great at whom envy shoots her darts.  
 Caution is consistent with the highest bravery.  
 The hammer of custom forges the link of habit.  
 Any man who puts his life in peril in a cause which is esteemed, becomes the darling of all men.  
 There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.  
 Man is borne along on the tide of life like a straw, and, considering all things, is not of much more account.  
 From the gratification of one unnecessary want spring up half a dozen others, even more urgent, though less needful.  
 A tender conscience is an inestimable blessing; that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.  
 If, by instructing a child, you are vexed with it for the want of adroitness, try, if you have never tried it before, to write with your left hand, and then remember that a child is all left hand.  
 How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never—only by action. In the measure in which he seeks to do his duty shall he know what is in him. But what is his duty? The demand of the hour.  
 The Letter J in Spanish.  
 A few days since a stranger from the unconverted wilds of the East, where tenderfeet attain their highest state of sensitiveness, came out to Albuquerque to visit a friend. While walking along Railroad avenue he said to his friend:  
 "There goes a man I met up at La Junta," giving the J its natural pronunciation.  
 "You mean Le Hunta," the friend replied. "That is a Spanish name, and in that language j takes the sound of h."  
 "Is that so? Well, I must try to catch onto that."  
 After strolling along a short distance further he asked:  
 "Where are the James Springs, or which I see so much in the papers?"  
 "You should say Haymess Springs, they are over here in the mountains about sixty miles."  
 "Deuce take the language—it breaks me all up. That's a pretty house over there—that Armijo house, isn't it?" and again he gave the j its proper pronunciation.  
 "You mean the Armijo house; yes, it's a good one, too."  
 "How in Sante Fe is a fellow goin' to tell what's Spanish and what isn't? Why couldn't they build their language accordin' to the original plans?"  
 "Oh, you'll soon catch on. You will find it safest to give the Spanish pronunciation to nearly everything here."  
 An hour later they sat down at the table of the San Felipe Hotel, and, after scanning the bill of fare, the stranger said to the waiter:  
 "You may bring me a nice, huley piece of roast beef, some pig's hawl with caper sauce, some fricaseed hack-rabbit, some pork with apple helly, some boiled potatoes with the hackets on—unskun, you know—some tarts with currents ja—I mean currant ham, and, ah, some—"  
 At this point the waiter swooned and the guests in the room let out a roar of laughter that gave the chandeliers the chills and fever. This made the stranger mad, and he leaped to his feet like a crazy man, took off his coat and threw it down on the floor and stamped on it and howled:  
 "You fellers are tryin' to play me for a sucker, but by gosh you've struck the wrong snag! Whoopee! (and he jumped up and slapped his fists) I'm a destroyin' cyclone from Illnoy, an' I kin lick the hull crowd! Spanish? I kin sling more Spanish in a holy minute than Montezuma could in a year! Kin I? Well I should ehaculate that I kin! Let some idiot pull off his hacket and hump onto me, an' the first time I hit 'im he'll think he has the him-hams? Spanish? Oh, I guess not! My name's Jeremi—I mean Heremiah Hones from Hacksonville, Illnoy, an' when my dander's up I'm a ravin' hyena! You played me for a sucker, but you mustn't hudge s man by his looks. Whoop, go sound the hubbles. Somebody come out and face me. Let some him crow galoot come to the front and criticize my Spanish hargon!"  
 His friends got hold of him and took him from the room, and as he went through the door he remarked:  
 "I kin take a hoke, but it makes me mad fur a lot o' hackasses to try to play me for a gummy." —*Albuquerque (N.M.) Democrat*.

**Comfort.**  
 Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of the soul  
 Seen tempests roll?  
 Hast thou watched all the hopes thou would'st  
 have won,  
 Fate, one by one?  
 Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine  
 eyes to bluer skies.  
 Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,  
 And found no light;  
 No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the  
 plain—  
 No friend save pain?  
 Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn,  
 Rise a new morn.  
 Hast thou beneath another's stern control  
 Bent thy sad soul,  
 And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?  
 Yet calm thy fears,  
 For thou canst gain even from the bitterest  
 part  
 A stronger heart!  
 Has Fate o'erwhelmed thee with some sudden  
 blow?  
 Let thy tears flow;  
 But know when storms are past, the heavens  
 appear  
 More pure, more clear;  
 And hope, when farthest from their shining  
 rays,  
 For brighter days.  
 Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain  
 Its iron chain?  
 Hast thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?  
 Look thou beyond;  
 If life is bitter, there forever shine  
 Hopes more divine!  
 Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain  
 It lives in vain?  
 Not vainly does he live who can endure,  
 O, ho thou sure,  
 That he who hopes and suffers here can earn  
 A sure return.  
 Hast thou found naught within thy troubled  
 life  
 Save inward strife?  
 Hast thou found all she promised thee, Decent,  
 And Hope and cheat?  
 Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast  
 Eternal rest.

**HUMOROUS.**

A bad jury in a law-suit—Perjury.  
 An epitaph for a boatman: Life is  
 oar.  
 When a butcher gambles he should  
 play for large steaks.  
 The net to catch a man matrimonially—the brunette.  
 Is it proper to speak of an insane  
 Chinaman as cracked china?  
 "I like your impudence," as a pretty  
 girl said when her beau kissed her.  
 If a man is struck by a woman's  
 beauty, is it actionable as an assault?  
 Corn is the worst used of all cereals.  
 No matter how fruitful it is, it is only  
 grown to have its ears pulled.  
 A lawyer who climbs up on a chair  
 after a law-book gets a little higher  
 in order that he may get a little lore.  
 A policeman attacked by cholera  
 morbus lost so much rest that he was  
 forced to go on duty again to recuperate.  
 "Circumstances alter cases," said an  
 unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish I  
 could get hold of some cases that  
 would alter my circumstances."  
 Boy (who does not appreciate  
 sermons): "Well, I'd just like to know  
 what preaching's for, anyway?" Small  
 sister: "Why, it's to give the singers  
 a rest."  
 It takes off the edge of enjoyment  
 of love's young dream when you learn  
 from your jeweler that Miss L—  
 has been in to learn the value of the  
 last ring you gave her.  
 Sir David Brewster's Cat.  
 Margaret Marie Gordon, writing  
 from Nice to the *Home Chronicle*, says:  
 "My father, Sir David Brewster, had  
 a strong dislike to cats; he said that  
 he felt something like an electric  
 shock when one entered the room.  
 Living in an old mouse-ridden house,  
 I was at last obliged to set up a cat,  
 but on the express condition that it  
 never was to be seen in his study.  
 I was sitting with him one day,  
 and the study door was ajar. To my  
 dismay pussy pushed it open, and, with  
 a most assured air, walked right up to  
 the philosopher, jumped upon his  
 knee, put a paw on one shoulder and  
 a paw upon the other, and then com-  
 posedly kissed him! Utterly thunder-  
 struck at the creature's audacity, my  
 father ended by being so delighted  
 that he quite forgot to have an elec-  
 tric shock. He took pussy into his  
 closest affections, feeding and tending  
 her as if she were a child.  
 "One morning, some years after-  
 ward, no pussy appeared at breakfast  
 for cream and fish; no pussy at din-  
 ner, and, in fact, months passed on  
 and still no pussy. We could hear  
 nothing of our pet, and we were both  
 inconsolable. About two years after,  
 I was again sitting with my father,  
 when, strange to say, exactly the same  
 set of circumstances happened. She  
 was neither hungry, thirsty, dusty,  
 nor footsore, and we never heard any-  
 thing of her intervening history. She  
 resumed her place as household pet  
 for many years, until she got into a  
 diseased state from partaking too freely,  
 it was supposed, of the delicacy of  
 raw flesh, and in mercy she was obli-  
 ged to be shot. We both suffered so  
 much from this second loss that we  
 never had another domestic pet."