

## TWO HYMNS.

Extract from the account given by Mr. Tinkiss, one of the survivors of the steamer *Leila*:

"About five o'clock in the evening land was sighted, and the cry of 'Saved!' was raised, but they little thought that before that shelter was reached they would be beyond all earthly aid. The mate now struck up the old familiar tune, 'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore,' in which we all heartily joined. Our voices were next heard reverently singing, 'The sweet by-and-by,' when we fondly thought we could meet on the shore to which we were now drifting. It appears that shortly after the touching incident below related, that three out of the suffering five breathed their last."

Oh, think of that boat as she ploughed her way,  
Mid the raging wind and the blinding spray,  
And hark to that cry of the souls she bore,  
"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

There were saddest hearts in that shipwrecked band,  
But they sang in thankfulness, sighting the land:  
Oh! it was ever that hymn so sung before,  
"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

Nearer they drifted, then changed their song,  
Their voices weak, but their courage strong,  
Knowing not some of the singers must die,  
They reverently sang "In the sweet by-and-by."

But some were nigh spent, and could not reach  
That longed-for haven, the distant beach,  
Their voices soon sank to a dying sigh,  
And hushed was the hymn, "In the sweet by-and-by."

Alas! Of those few who the waters braved,  
One man, and one woman, alone are saved;  
On their memories stamped for evermore  
That "Sweet by-and-by" and "Pull for the shore."

FRANCIS J. MOORE.

## TORTILLA MAKING IN MEXICO.

A richly illustrated paper in the October Century, by Robert H. Lamborn, gives a graphic description of "Life in a Mexican Street," including the following about the tortilla, the bread of Mexico:

As you approach the interior of the city, at various places you find "tortillerias" occupying basements on a level with the street. This national combination of the grist mill and the bakery holds such an important place in the Mexican domestic economy that we may well afford time to examine a typical establishment with care. The tortilla is eaten by all classes throughout the nation, and it is almost the exclusive food of large numbers of the poorer people. I have met with it at the banquets of cabinet ministers and literary men, and the implements for its manufacture are invariably found in the humblest native hut. Visitors to the Centennial will remember in the Government building a large drawing of the interior of a Pueblo Indian house; this drawing, with a very few variations, would represent the interior of a hundred thousand Indian homes, existing from the borders of Colorado to the State of Yucatan. Maize is everywhere; two-thirds of the cultivated ground in Mexico is devoted to raising it. There is a saying that there are but two prerequisites for a household outfit by an Indian couple contemplating matrimony: a *petate*, or mat of reeds, which serves for a carpet and a bed, and a *metate*, a flat inclined stone placed upon the earthen floor, on which to pulverize the corn before forming it into cakes for baking. I concur in the estimate of well-informed natives, that so general and exclusive is the use of Indian corn, that were this crop to fail, one-third to one-half the aboriginal population would perish of starvation. A single frost that, on the 29th of August, 1784, injured the young plant, it is calculated, resulted in the death of over 30,000 persons. A population of millions is dependent upon the success of the crop. Ireland is not so dependent upon the potato, and millions in India scarcely so dependent upon rice, as the Mexican people are upon maize, now the foremost of our cereals, the monarch of our prairie-lands, and the arbiter of stock exchanges; it conceals from all who will trace its ancestry, from even the most persistent botanist, every clue to its native valley and to the form of its tropic progenitor.

The tortilla-shop opens with wide doors upon the street; the citizen may stand upon the flags of the sidewalk, buy his cake, and not only obey the injunction of the elder Weller regarding real-estate, but, while making the acquaintance of the chief cook, may see, examine, comment upon, and, if needs be, direct the whole process of manufacture.

Imagine a blacksmith's shop from which the Amazons have driven Vulcan, leaving only the grimy walls, the glowing, unchimed hearth, and a store of charcoal piled in a corner. The Amazons have rolled back their sleeves to the shoulder (if they possess such incumbrances) and have placed themselves on their knees upon the stone floor, with the inclined rough surface of the lava *metate* before them. Upon this stone they place, from a wooden tray, handful after handful of corn, which has been soaked and heated in water containing quicklime in solution. This alkaline substance has softened and loosened the exterior coating of the grain that in ordinary mills produces the bran. With a long, round stone, held like a rolling-pin, this corn is rubbed to a coarse paste, which is pushed, as fast as it is deemed sufficiently crushed, upon a pine board placed below to receive it. This paste now goes to the cake-maker, who stands near the fire. She takes a small piece, and, holding her hands vertically, pats it rapidly into a tin disk. This is thrown at once upon a hot earthen plate, where it is soon thoroughly baked or roasted. The tortillas thus made are collected hot into closely covered baskets, and are sold at three cents per dozen to the people who flock

around, ready to carry them off in their hands or beneath pieces of protecting cloth. Enormous as is the aggregate of this manufacture, each shop is eminently a retail affair. I once asked the proprietress of such an establishment how many tortillas she would sell for a dollar; she threw up her hands and eyes at the visionary immensity of the transaction, exclaiming: "Good Heaven! I could not count—a very great great many!"

## TUCKERTOWN TROUBLES.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown last year, but our folks weren't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who couldn't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist wouldn't play, and on others the singers would not sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Joy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what might happen before you came out; but folks said it was disgraceful, and I suppose it was. They complained of the minister because he didn't put a stop to it; so at last he took sides with the organist and dismissed the choir, and declared we would have congregational singing in the future. "Most everybody thought that would be the end of the trouble; but, mercy! it was hardly the beginning! Things grew worse and worse. To begin with, the congregation wouldn't sing. You see, they had had a choir so long, people were sort of afraid to let out their voices; and besides, there was Elvira Tucker, who had studied music in Boston, just ready to make fun of them if they did. For she was one of the choir, and they were all as mad as hornets."

In fact, the whole Tucker family were offended. They said folks didn't appreciate Elvira, nor what she had done, since she returned from Boston, to raise the standard in Tuckertown. And of course they were real mad with the minister, and lots of people took their side and called themselves "Tuckerites."

You see, the Tuckers stand very high in Tuckertown, and other people try to be just as like them as they can. They were first settlers, for one thing, and have the most money, for another; and they lay down the law generally. The post-office and the station are at their end of the village. They decide when the sewing societies shall meet, and the fairs take place, and the strawberry festivals come off. If there is to be a picnic, they decide when we shall go, and where we shall go, and just who shall sit in each wagon. If anybody is sick, Mrs. Tucker visits 'em just as regularly as the doctor, and she brings grapes and jelly, and is very kind, though she always scolds the sick person for not dieting, or for going without her rubbers, or something of that sort. If mother had a hand in this story, not a word of all this would go down. She says they are very public-spirited people, and that they do a great deal for Tuckertown. I suppose they do; but I've heard people say that they domineer much more than is agreeable.

The people on the minister's side were called "Anti-Tuckerites"; but, as I said, our folks weren't in the quarrel at all. The consequence of being on the fence was, that I could not join in the fun on either side, and I think it was real mean. Every now and then, the Tuckerites would plan some lovely picnic or party, just so as not to invite the Anti-Tuckerites. Then, in turn, they would get up an excursion, and not invite any of the Tuckerites. Of course, I wasn't invited to either, and it was just as provoking as it could be.

One day, when I went to school, I found that Elvira Tucker was going to train a choir of children to take the place of the old choir.

"I went over to call on Elvira last evening," I heard Miss Green tell our school-teacher, "and I found her at the piano playing for little Nell to sing. It was just as dusk, and they did not see me; so I stood and listened, and wondered why we couldn't have a choir of children instead of the congregational singing. Elvira said she thought it would be lovely."

Now, I had been to singing-school for two winters; so I thought I ought to belong to the choir.

"You can't, 'cause only Tuckerites are going to belong," said Melia Stone. "And your folks aren't one thing or another."

I couldn't stand being left out of all the fun any longer, so I said: "I'm as much a Tuckerite as anybody, only our folks don't approve of making so much trouble about a small affair."

"I want to know," said Abby Ann Curtis. "Well, I'll ask Miss Elvira if you can belong there."

Mercy me! I had jumped from the fence and found myself a Tuckerite! I was sure mother would be real mad if she knew what I had said, for I suspected in my heart of hearts that, if she had jumped from the fence, she would have landed on the minister's side. I made up my mind that I would not tell her what had passed, for maybe, after all, Miss Elvira would decide that I was no real Tuckerite. But the very next day she sent word to me that she would like to have me join the choir.

I told mother that I was wanted in the children's choir because I had a good voice, and I never said a word about being a Tuckerite.

"A children's choir," said she. "That's a real good idea—a beautiful idea."

She never suspected how I was deceiving her. Well, we had real fun practicing. That week we learned a chant and two hymns.

One day Miss Green came in.

"How does she happen to be here?" I heard her ask Miss Elvira, with a significant look at me.

"Oh, she has a real good voice," answered Miss Elvira, laughing. "Most of the children who can sing are on the Tuckerite side. Besides, from something she said to Abby Ann, I think at heart the Halls sympathize with us."

What would my folks have said to that? I felt half sick of the whole affair, and went home and teased mother to let me go and visit Mary Jane.

I never shall forget the Sunday I sang in the choir. Miss Elvira played for us on the organ, for when the real organist heard that only the Tuckerite children were to belong to it she refused to play. Everybody seemed surprised to see me in it, and even Dr. Scott looked at me in a mournful sort of way, as if he thought the Halls had gone over to the enemy. What troubled me most, though, was the look mother gave me when she first realized that the choir was formed only of the Tuckerite children, and that she had not found it out before.

But, in spite of all this, I enjoyed the singing. We sat, a long row of us, in the singers' seats up in the gallery. After the hymn was given out and we stood up, Miss Elvira nodded to me and whispered: "Now, don't be afraid, girls. Sing as loud as you can."

"Mercy! how we did sing! Twice as loud as the grown-up choir. Luella Howe said, afterward, that we looked as if we were trying to swallow the meeting-house."

But I never sang but just that once in the choir.—*St. Nicholas.*

## THE ENCHANTED WELL.

BY MAUD D. HOWARD.

There it lay on the Benson property between two cross-roads, and as there was neither bucket nor pump attached to it, the travellers who passed that way could draw no water. Some of the older inhabitants said the water had a queer, bad taste. The land on which it was built was rocky, and no one remembered when it had been built or why. There unused and open, it was a most dangerous-looking abyss, with no protecting wall around it, even. It was but a few minutes' walk from Mrs. Richmond's, and, when Louise's song had ended, some of the party proposed they should pay it a visit.

"Those who look in the well for the first time behold their future partner's face. Come, all who wish to learn their destiny, follow me!" cried Clara Richmond.

Nearly all followed the young girl to the two cross-roads at the base of the hill.

"Louise has never been here; she must look first," said Milly Benson.

"What must I do to conjure the spirit of the well to show me my fate?" asked Louise.

"Nothing, but simply stoop over its mouth and you will see the one who loves you best mirrored in its glassy depths," was the rejoinder.

"Have you faith in the fortune-telling property of the well, Miss Louise?" said Herbert Langley.

"Yes, certainly Mr. Langley. Is not the face of the one we love the best always in our mind, and would it be a difficult thing for the imagination to picture it in the water below? Yes, I will be the first to read my fortune," she answered.

"And you will tell us if you see anyone down there?" cried little Lily.

"O yes!" Louise laughingly replied.

Cautiously she bent forward on her knees, and tightly grasped the broken sides with her hands and peered down into the dark water. She saw the smooth, evenly laid bricks growing smaller and the well narrower in perspective.

Then, as her glance rested on the quiet pool below, the memory of a pair of tender, honest eyes flashed into hers and some sweet words of a letter she carried next her heart recurred to her. "Darling, I am coming soon," they said.

With an exclamation she drew back, a bright blush suffusing her cheeks.

"O you have seen some one," cried Lily, clapping her hands.

Meanwhile, a horse and rider were advancing along the south road. The rider was George Langley who had gone some months ago to the city to earn a livelihood as secretary to a scientific geological society.

George had become deeply interested in his work and the researches of the society, but his salary was not a very large one.

After he had become acquainted with the lovely Louise Richmond, he had presumed to ask for her hand in marriage; and, on going to Louise's father for his sanction, had been rudely repulsed by the old gentleman on account of his poverty. However, the lovers kept up a secret correspondence while Louise was visiting her aunt.

Now George was going back to his old home for a few days and he would have the pleasure of seeing Louise again. With this thought he chirruped to his horse and they flew along the road until they reached the village.

Presently he caught sight of the little party surrounding the well, and he urged his horse to still greater speed.

The little party hearing the sound of hoofs on the roadway, turned their heads and saw George Langley. In another instant he was beside Louise gazing with love into her eyes which were gloriously lit by his presence.

After salutations had been exchanged all round, for they were all his old friends, George asked,

"What were you doing when I came up?"

"Trying to see our fortunes in the well. At least Louise was, and now you've just arrived in time to try yours," said Clara.

"My fortune. Ah! I see we're on the Benson property. This land ought to be very valuable," said George, looking around on the rocky surface.

"Is your father at home now, Miss Milly?"

"Yes, Mr. Langley, papa's at home this summer. As for the value of this piece of property, papa says it's good for nothing but blasting."

"Tell Mr. Benson I wish to see him in the morning on important business. To-night, Herbert, I shall put up at the hotel and be at home to see them all to-morrow."

"You haven't seen your fortune yet?" persisted Clara.

"Well, shall I tell you the name of my fortune?" said he, as he peered down the well as Louise had done.

"Yes, yes! O do!" they exclaimed.

"Her name is—Petroleum."

"George," Louise cried, "I understand you!" Negotiations were entered into with Mr. Benson and George Langley became the possessor of the oil-well.

The returns which it brought in during the first year gave George courage to again present himself before Mr. Richmond and ask the hand of his daughter which was not refused him this time.

## HOW ARTHUR SULLIVAN BOUGHT A CARPET.

He bought a carpet in Alexandria, and the purchase took him three months. One morning, so runs Dr. Sullivan's narrative, he was passing by one of the bazaars where tapestries and such things are sold, when a particularly handsome and rich fabric caught his eye. He went in, and, after pretending to look over a lot of things which in reality he did not want, he said to the man who solemnly presided over the place,

"And what is the price of that carpet?"

"That," responded the dealer, "is not for sale. I purchased that carpet at a great cost to feast my eyes upon. It is magnificent—superb. I could not part with that. No, by Allah!" or words to that effect. "Will the English gentleman have a cup of coffee?"

The English gentleman would. He would also have a cigarette. After that he went away. In a day or two he came around again, and once more made the pretence of looking through Macdallah's stock. He had obviously failed to fool the sly Egyptian before as to the article he really wanted, so he took more time to it upon this occasion. As he expected, the seditious owner of the bazaar finally approached him.

"I have concluded, after several sleepless nights," said the merchant, "to part with that carpet. It grieves me very much to do so, for I have become very fond of it. I had hoped that it would be the light of my eyes in my old age. But the Prophet has counselled unselfishness among his people, and I will sell to the English gentleman."

"How much?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Nonsense. I'll give you £5."

The Egyptian's dignity was obviously wounded. An expression of absolute pain crossed his face. But he forgave Dr. Sullivan, and they had another cup of coffee and a cigarette together.

Then Dr. Sullivan went away, as before. In a week or so he dropped around again. After going through the regular business of looking over the stock, he was again approached by Macdallah.

"I have concluded, after much thought," said that worthy, "that I asked you too much for the carpet the other day. When Macdallah feels he is in the wrong, he is quick to acknowledge it. The English gentleman can have the beautiful carpet for £50."

"Now you acknowledge your error," replied Mr. Sullivan, "I will confess that I was wrong in offering you only £5 for your carpet the other day. I did that in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Bless you, no. And since you are prepared to make concessions, I will do the same. Instead of £5, I will give you £6. More coffee and another cigarette."

The next time Dr. Sullivan went around, the merchant took off £5 more, and the purchaser added £1. So it went on, with haggling and coffee, until Dr. Sullivan had finally agreed to give £12, at which price he took away the carpet. It would have cost about \$250 in London. He says that the kind of business mentioned is considered the strictly proper thing in Egypt and Turkey. But Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. While he was in Alexandria a gentleman named Morgan, from New York, came along and visited the bazaar of Macdallah. Three carpets struck his fancy and he priced them.

"Three hundred pounds," said Macdallah.

"Well," replied Mr. Morgan, "that seems a fair price, and I'll take them. Here's your money."

The next time Dr. Sullivan saw the merchant he was almost tearing his hair with rage against the "dog of a Christian." He explained the matter in an injured tone to the sympathizing Englishman, adding that Mr. Morgan's method was not "business."—*Boston Herald.*