

EVENING.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

Sunset: and not a sound;
Glories over sea and ground
Spaciously pouring.
On the deep one sailed bark
Crossing ruddy Vesper's spark,
And in ether the last lark
Tremulously soaring:—
Hark!

Faint and far from yon grey pile,
Turreted in Evening's smile,
Through the stillness growing dim,
Flows and ebbs along the rim
Of day, an anthem unto Him
With the earth's adoring:
Like a wave whose light is gone
After the great sun.

MY MISTAKE.

"And this is your final answer, Ethel?"
"Yes, Mr. Fairfax."
"Then good-bye, and may God bless you!"
And I was alone! And the sunshine seemed to fade out of the sky as I listened to the sound of his footsteps, growing fainter and fainter down the long gravelled walk; for I loved Reginald Fairfax, reader, although I had just refused to become his wife.

My name was Ethel Douglass, and I was nothing but a poor village school-teacher—little, and dark, and plain—while he was rich and handsome, and belonged to one of the most aristocratic families in Brighton. It matters not how we became acquainted, but from the first moment he saw me he was attracted toward me, and sought my society continually.

This disturbed me; for though poor, I was proud, and I thought he meant to trifle with me—to make a pleasant pastime in sounding the depths of my young heart, and then leave me. My blood was fiery, and I repulsed him with scorn, but still he persevered, and made me love him in spite of myself. But I would not let him read my heart; for though I soon began to know that he was in earnest, and that he loved me honestly and well, yet I could never be his wife.

His family would call me plebeian, and look with scorn upon the bride he had chosen; and even he in time, if I became his wife, might regret his marriage, and this thought I could not brook. I had been educated to think thus, for my mother had married one far above her own station, and had lived a sad and miserable life until my father died, and she had come away from among his haughty relatives, and settled in the little brown house where we now live.

We were poor, for my father, early in life, had spent all his property in wild speculations, and had died, leaving his wife and two helpless little girls with only a pittance on which to live. My mother was a brave woman, however, and coming back to her native village, she spent her little all for the cottage where our home still was, and then gave music and painting-lessons (for she was accomplished) for our support.

With money thus earned, together with her own instructions, she had been able to give my sister and myself a thorough and finished education, until now my salary from my school, and my sister's as a music-teacher, supplied all our simple wants, and we lived happily and contentedly in our cozy home, caring little for worldly wealth and splendor.

Into this quiet retreat Reginald Fairfax had entered, with his noble face and gallant bearing, and stolen away my peace and happiness; but not even my mother's searching gaze read the truth. I hid my feelings bravely, and went on as blithely as ever, with my little round of daily duties, hiding an aching heart all the while, but never repenting of my act.

Two months slipped away, and one day a letter came. It was from my lover and I wept while I read:—

"DEAR ETHEL,—My heart hungers for you, and will not be satisfied. Let me come to you and teach you the lesson of love—for such love as mine must, in time, win yours in return. Send me one little line and bid me to your side.

"Yours, through life,
"REGINALD C. FAIRFAX."

My heart pleaded for him, but still I remained obdurate. A vision of his haughty mother and scornful sisters stealed me against him, and I murmured to myself—

"He would repent after a time ever making me his wife, and we would both be miserable for life. Better, far better for it to be as it is."

A few days after receiving the letter I picked up the morning paper and read—

"We regret to learn that Mr. R. C. Fairfax, while riding out on the Belair Pike, about fifteen miles from town, was yesterday thrown from his carriage, and sustained injuries of so serious a nature that but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery. He suffers great agony, and is lying at his home."

I dropped the paper, and a sudden resolution filled my mind. I felt assured that he had been coming to me when the fearful accident occurred; now I would go to him, and ere the shades of death closed over him I would tell him of my love, and he would sigh out his last breath in my arms.

In a few words I told my mother all. She did not remonstrate, for she knew it would be useless, and at one o'clock that afternoon I stood on the marble steps of my dying lover's palatial home.

I was half choked with a sense of sudden relief when I found there was no floating crape at the door, and knew that I was not too late.

The servant who answered my ring told me, in response to my questioning, that "Young master was very—very low, indeed."

"I must see him!" I said, boldly. "I am a dear friend of his, and I know, could he speak, he would desire my presence."

The man hesitated a moment, and then said respectfully:

"If madam will please step into the dining-room, I will speak to Mr. Fairfax about it."

I walked into an elegant room, all crimson and gold; but little did I care then for splendor.

Who was "Mr. Fairfax?" Probably the

and I became Mrs. Fairfax that same summer. That was twenty years ago, and I am still the happiest wife the sun ever shone upon.

THE HANGER-ON.

"Boots and Brewer," of Dickensian birth, represent a larger class of sycophants than we wish existed. Society abounds with hangers-on. What small share of pleasure they receive in the pursuit of it, we do not envy them. The hanger-on receives his reward in being invited to many dinners and dances, and in being the recipient of a vast amount of condescending patronage. People talk about him as a useful fellow, who is exceedingly kind and obliging. When any one has to play second fiddle he is the one selected, because "he won't be offended," you know, besides, if he were, it would not be a matter of very great importance. He is,



"GLORIES OVER SEA AND GROUND
SPACIOUSLY POURING"

younger brother of Reginald—for I had often heard him speak of "Chester" with great affection.

I walked restlessly to the further end of the long room, and leaned my hot head against the marble mantelshelf, trying to imagine how my lover would look, and wondering if he would know me.

The door opened and closed, and I turned.

"Ethel, darling, you here!"

I looked up, and Reginald Fairfax stood before me, his eyes eagerly scanning my features, and a joyful light breaking over his face.

"I thought you were dying," I whispered, half choked with the happiness of seeing him alive and well beside me.

"No, it was my brother Chester, who was injured. And did you come to see me when you thought me dying? Did you come?"

I was silent, and he clasped my hands in his, and said eagerly—

"Tell me why you came, Ethel."

"To tell you that I loved you!" I sobbed out, and he took me in his arms and held me against his heart; and then I knew that we could never part again except as affianced lovers.

"But the paper said it was Mr. R. C. Fairfax," I said, at last, after he had kissed my tears away, and I had grown calmer.

"Yes, our initials are the same. My name is Reginald Castleton—a family name—and my brother's Roland Chester."

"How is he?"

"Much better now, and the doctor thinks he will recover."

My story is told. My mistake sealed my fate,

further, considered a "safe" man. It is not likely that he will be guilty of the arrant folly and presumption of making love to the daughters of the parents who invite him to their houses.

He has more regard for his true interests, and knows his position too well to do that. It is very well understood between those whom he pays homage to and himself what his position is. He is quite aware that it would never do for him to be in the slightest degree eccentric, or to have opinions—genuine opinions—of his own. If he were not willing to compliment Mrs. Jamfuzzle upon the juvenility of her appearance, and Mr. Jamfuzzle upon his wondrous powers of oratory, and his extraordinary knowledge of the world, he might as well retire from the campaign. To applaud every speech that comes from the lips of his patrons, to laugh heartily at their weak jokes, is a part of his programme. To frown down those whom they look coldly upon, to adapt himself to their fashions, though the most objectionable ever called into existence for the mortification of human kind—this, also, is a part of the delightful task which he voluntarily undertakes. That a man pursuing such a course can make many friends is simply impossible. That he must constantly be the subject of intense mortification is equally certain; and that he must lose his own self-respect and that of his fellows, to a certain extent, is true. Added to this, that he is generally, in the end, cast adrift by those to whom he plays the sycophant, and taken in hand by the very second-rate "swells," and it is worth the candle?

WONDERS OF NEWSPAPER PRINTING.

The New York *Herald* claims that its last Sunday edition numbered 150,000 copies. Each number consisted of twenty pages, that is one hundred and twenty columns, of which seventy-eight were advertisements and forty-two reading matter. The *Herald* says:—

A detail which will be perfectly new to non-professionals is, that to produce one hundred and fifty thousand full copies it was necessary to take nine hundred thousand impressions. To accomplish this, in the short time allowed, two rotary Hoe presses of eight and ten cylinders each and two Bullock perfecting presses were kept rolling off one thousand impressions per minute. To drive those huge presses two engines of eighty horse-power are kept in motion by burning six tons of coal in the furnaces. To form the stereotype plates for the cylinders, eight tons of type metal were melted down to cast one hundred and forty-eight plates, weighing when finished and dressed thirty-eight pounds each. The ink on a single copy would not be taken into consideration by the average observer, but it required seven hundred and twenty-five pounds to keep the rollers prepared to leave the imprint of their kisses on the eighteen million virgin pages that were to glow at daylight with the news. And those rollers were composed of five hundred pounds of glue mingled with one thousand pounds of honey. Then the virgin pages—the paper on which all this is printed. There are eighty men and boys about the presses handling it. Sheet after sheet it is passed by the feeders, until seventeen tons, or thirty-four thousand pounds, are printed on both sides. If you were to pile those sheets up one upon the other they would form a monument one hundred and twenty-five feet high.

THE RUSSIAN WINTER PALACE.

The home of the Russian imperial family from October to June, every year, is the Winter Palace. The immense building has a frontage of more than seven hundred feet, and is large enough to lodge six thousand persons. A curious story is told how, some time ago, the forty-three watchmen stationed along the roofs of this palace built huts under the shelter of the chimney-stacks to protect themselves from the inclemency of the weather, and how after a while, being lonely, they brought thither their wives and children, and commenced housekeeping. The little colony prospered, and hens and geese, and goats, and swine were gradually introduced into the premises. All might have gone on very prosperously for an indefinite time, but unfortunately a cow was taken up, and she became so uneasy that the czar learned the whole affair, and the colony was dispersed. All the arrangements of the Winter Palace show great wealth, consummate skill and exquisite taste. The suites of apartments occupied by the Empress and by Alexander, the present heir-apparent, and his family, are fitted up with great beauty and appropriateness. The children's nursery is one of the most interesting rooms in the whole palace, containing little furniture but a good supply of toys of every description. A room fitted up as a study, and which was appropriated to the crown prince and the grand duke Alexis in their boyhood, contains firearms, swords, military accoutrements and models of all kinds. A huge model of an iron-clad ship of war, completely and beautifully rigged, occupies a whole side of the page-room. Everything indicates the wisdom and care bestowed in the education of the sons.

THE CORK TREE.

In the south of Portugal, Africa and Spain, the cork tree is found in its wild state. The tree is a peculiar kind of oak, and the cork is the soft, cellular interior bark, lying just inside the exterior woody covering. It is removed by making several longitudinal clefts up and down the trunk, and then girdling the latter with horizontal incisions. This operation is not performed, however, until the tree has attained a certain age, generally fifteen years, and the first crop is employed only for inferior purposes. Seven years afterwards the tree will have another coating of bark, which is stripped and used for making corks, and so on every five to seven years, according to the quality of the ground. The tree does not suffer from the process of scraping, as it generally lives from one to two hundred years. After the layers of cork are stripped, they are inspected and assorted, according to their sizes and quality, those of the finest texture being of the greatest value. The inferior portions are generally sorted out, their crust burnt off and sold mostly for floats, thus receiving the name of fishing cork. The better qualities are first boiled and scraped, and then blackened over a coal fire, the object being to make the surface smooth, and at the same time to conceal flaws. Some varieties, generally the best, are faced, in order to exhibit the fineness of their texture. After being forwarded to the warehouses, the largest slabs are cut into pieces of about three and a half feet in length, eighteen inches in width, and ranging from one inch to three inches in thickness. Drying and packing in bales weighing one hundred and fifty pounds each follows, and the cork is ready for exportation.