

IN THE GARDEN.

I.

She walked alone in the garden:
The lilies all were dead,
But a gorgeous orange tiger-flower
Shone in the lily bed;
And near the bushes where many
A rose its sweets had shed,
A tall fritoma its burning spikes
Of fiery blossoms spread!

And at the foot of the oak-tree,
The violet's home in spring,
A pale pink-petalled chrysanthemum
Was bravely blossoming;
But naught she found of beauty
Or joy in anything,
And "Autumn's a dreary time," she said,
"When birds no longer sing."

II.

He walked with her in the garden,
And softly spoke her name,
And she saw the glow of the tigridia,
And the bright fritoma flame;
And the blossom beneath the oak-tree
No longer looked the same,
But the sweetest of blossoms seemed to her
That e'er to garden came.

"O flowers that come to cheer us,"
He said, "when days are drear,"
That linger in spite of cold and storm
Till winter is almost here,
Bear witness for me to this maiden
That I hold her most dear."
And "Autumn's a glad-some time," she said,
"The gladdest of the year."

MARGARET EVINGE.

UNDER THE CONVENT WALLS.

About twelve o'clock one bright February day in Paris Madame Blanchet sat waiting for the arrival of her belated scholar, Miss Cora Bell, a young American whose habit it was to spend a couple of hours three times a week in so-called "elegant conversation" in the French language with that worthy dame. The little apartment where the teacher lived had formerly been a garret over the dependence of a suburban boarding-house, taken under some stress of circumstances by its present occupant, and little by little, through taste and perseverance, it had been made to "blossom like the rose." No wonder merry Miss Cora liked her tri-weekly French lessons. The walls of the large room, divided into two smaller ones by screens, were hung with fluted chintz, all flowers and leaves of brightest hue. A tiny porcelain stove diffused, when called upon (but that was not too often, for Madame, like all French women, believed in economy in wood), a friendly warmth. In both windows, whose panes of glass were polished like the speckless boards of the flooring, were kept plants and birds. A great green box of mignonette in flower sent out a luscious fragrance. Vines were made to start from behind every picture-frame and out of every china jar upon the shelves; and somehow or other they grew like Jack's bean-stalk, strong and green and luxuriant. Best of all, a flood of genial sunshine came in on all sides, for the garret boasted of various windows. Where Madame slept one could find out by peeping behind a screen at the tiny white-curtained bed with the crucifix above it, but where Madame cooked no one ever guessed; yet she had a fashion of producing from unknown corners a series of luncheons that were nectar and ambrosia to her youthful visitors. Days there had been in Madame's past experience when the poor lady had known what it was to subsist upon the slenderest of rations, but now the fame of her exquisite embroideries in chenille and silk was raised abroad, while her occasional scholars, like Cora Bell and a few liberal Americans of the same set, made up an income sufficient for the widow's wants.

Madame Blanchet, sitting at the open window overlooking an ivy-covered wall that just here formed the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, felt quite wistful with regret over the non-appearance of her favorite scholar. "She will not come now," the widow said to herself, as the inevitable mantel clock struck a cheerful loud-voiced "one." "Truly, she has twined herself into my heart, that chere petite Cora. How she laughs and dances and sings her life away! Just like that other one—so many years ago." A shiver ran over the little woman's frame, and she closed her eyes as if to banish some painful image. "My pretty Cora will never know so sad a fate as hers, thank *le bon Dieu*." A light step upon the stairway, and Cora blooming with health and animation, came into the room.

"Don't scold, dear Madame. There is time enough yet for a chapter of our book before they send for me."

The lesson began, but Cora's attention wandered; her thoughts flew off at a tangent; her eyes grew dreamy; a deeper rose-color settled in her cheeks. At last a little white protesting hand was laid across Madame's page.

"Blanchet dear, I want to confess to somebody. Won't you be my priest? You know that papa is in America attending to business always, and that mamma is forever going out. I've nobody but that stupid Parker of mine, and talk I must—I must. Oh, Blanchet, if such a thing can be, I am too happy! All of this dear blessed morning he has been with me, and mamma has given her consent, and we are to be married soon."

And then, the flood-gates loosed, came a stream of joyous confidence. Cora never thought to look up at her listener until she felt a hot tear, then another, drop upon her hands clasped in the widow's lap.

"What is it, dear Madame!—what have I said to pain you?" the girl asked, wondering, to answered by a fit of bitter sobbing. With kind and gentle words Cora soothed her friend's emotion, and at last Madame Blanchet was able to speak once more.

"Forgive me, dearest young lady," she exclaimed. "In truth I never can forgive myself. I owe it to you to explain my weakness. See here: this picture which you have so often caught a glimpse of in my desk. Look at it—judge for yourself of her youth, her innocence, her beauty. She was my only child, and I have lost her forever. Years ago she knelt, as you do now, and poured out to me the wealth of her love and happiness, under circumstances like yours. The rest is too painful for you to hear."

"Tell me more," the girl said, tenderly. "I would be selfish indeed if I refused my sympathy at a time when all seems so bright before me." Little by little the story was revealed. Ten years before, Léonie Blanchet had been sought in marriage by a wealthy Englishman, to whom her mother had given her with some misgiving, watching her go from that modest home into a life of luxury with many anxious fears. The husband Léonie had chosen was handsome, young, and winning; he had made good his claim to a rank and station far above Léonie's expectations. Léonie adored him. What, then, was there to apprehend? The widow could not tell, but still! Léonie's first letters came to her so full of buoyant pride, of confident happiness, that for a time the mother could not but reflect upon it. The young couple were absent upon their wedding journey in the South, and had reached Rome, when a thunderbolt fell upon the pretty, trustful bride. The man whom Léonie believed to be her husband had left his true wife in England—a gay, fashionable beauty, sufficiently "emancipated," according to the notions of her class, to mock openly and lightly at her husband's latest fancy.

"But this is not for you to hear, my child," the little French teacher said. Cora, who from motives of delicacy had avoided looking at her friend, glanced hastily up, struck by the suppressed passion in her voice. What a transformation was there! In place of the quiet, repressed, demure personage she had been accustomed to see, Madame Blanchet's eyes were afire; her cheeks glowed with a dull crimson; her teeth were clinched.

"Do you know what I would have done to him?" she went on. "I am a Corsican, and the blood runs hot in our veins when it is stirred by wrong—*ça*!" The brief passion was spent. It was succeeded by a calm even more full of meaning. Cora waited until her friend could trust herself to speak.

"They parted then and there," Madame Blanchet went on, in a low tone. "He did not defend himself. He simply laughed at her—my poor, heart-broken, humiliated child. He said she was too innocent for the times she lived in. And so she was, *bon Dieu*, too innocent. She put all of this into one last letter to me, and then she fled—fled into the night."

"And now?" the young girl said, after a long silence.

"Now she is at peace," the mother answered, quietly. "The Holy Church received her in its bosom. Léonie is one of the sisters of the convent of the Sepolte Vive. For some time past I have been laying up money in order to take the journey to Rome, but until recently it was all I could do to live here, and to go away from my employment meant starvation. Oh, if I could but have seen her, I would have starved—yes, gladly—but that is impossible. All I can do is to visit the outside of the convent upon her 'day.' Once a year each sister has a 'day,' when she is allowed to throw over the convent wall a flower in token to her watching friends that she is still alive, but that is all. I know what flower my Léonie would choose—a bunch of fresh white lilac!"

"Sepolte Vive"—buried alive!" the young girl repeated, sadly. A shadow seemed to fall over her life, and her budding happiness.

A few months later saw the Roman spring unfold in all its glory. A party of tourists were visiting that relic of mediæval days, the convent of the Sepolte Vive. Most of them turned back disappointed at the threshold, but a group of three people lingered until the rest of the sight-seers, after a colloquy held through a revolving barrel in the wall of the convent, had reluctantly dispersed. Over this barrel was traced an inscription: "Who would live content within these walls, let her leave at the threshold every earthly care." Upon these lines a woman dressed in black, standing apart from her two companions, kept her eyes fixed, while her lips moved in prayer.

The order of nuns who have thus condemned themselves to a living death subsist on charity. It is only when their supplies are totally exhausted that they are allowed, after twenty-four hours' starvation, to ring a certain bell, which the outside world interprets, "We are famishing." Two Lentas are observed by them during the year—the one common to all Catholic Christians, and another held between November and Christmas. In the intervals the sisters receive and partake of whatever food may be bestowed on them by visitors.

Two of the three loiterers were young and handsome, radiant with ill-disguised happiness. That they were new-made husband and wife none could doubt, and it was a pleasant sight to see the wife order to be brought from a carriage awaiting them a hamper of abundant dainties, and with the aid of her husband proceed to un-

pack their store. To gain answer from the convent the young man knocked briskly upon the barrel head, which, slowly turning, revealed a shelf within.

"What wilt thou, stranger?" came a voice, faint and far as the note of an Æolian harp. So strong was the sense of remoteness and of desolation produced by this sound that involuntarily the young wife clasped her husband's arm in shuddering.

"Oh! it is too sad," she whispered in his ear. "I think I will go back to the carriage and leave Madame Blanchet with you—may I not?" "Nonsense, darling. Who is it who has contrived and carried out this little expedition, I should like to know! Come, cheer up, and bestow your bounties upon the good sisters within. Depend upon it they will relish them."

Their presents were given, and in exchange our visitors had received a series of *cartolini*, or tiny slips of printed paper folded like homœopathic powder papers, and intended to be swallowed whole by the believer, who might thereafter hope for a cure of any mortal ailment possessing him. As their colloquy with the unseen sister came to a close, the young man signed to Madame Blanchet to draw near. The mother had kept a veil over her face while standing by in silence, but now she sprang forward, and putting her lips to the opening, uttered with feverish anxiety a few sentences of wild pleading unheard by her companions.

Fainter and farther were the pitying accents that smote her ear in return.

"Sepolte vive, daughter. The grave gives back no answer."

"Let us wait beneath the garden wall, dear friend," Cora said, as between them her husband and she supported the steps of the trembling mother from the spot. "It should be at about this time that the flower is thrown, and oh! how it will comfort you to have it from her hand!"

Underneath the ancient wall of the convent garden the little group waited in silence. It was a moment of feeling too profound for words. As the hour drew near the mother left her friends and went to kneel alone upon a grassy mound where her cheek might graze the wall, as if caressing it. For a time all was silent. Then a bell sounded the hour with slow and solemn strokes. A bird burst into joyous carolling in the tree above where Cora stood. "It is a good omen," she said, glancing up into her husband's face. As the last stroke of the bell died upon the air something white and fragrant fell at the feet of the kneeling figure. "It is Léonie's white lilac!" Cora cried, starting joyously forward.

But the mother did not stir. The token had come too late to awaken joy or sorrow.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

HOT AIR FOR BOILER FURNACES.

The use of *hot air* for feeding the furnaces of boilers for generating steam where the heating of air is accomplished by conserving the heat of the waste products of combustion, and also the exhaust steam from engines and other sources, has been applied with much profit and satisfaction in a large establishment in this city, where its adoption has resulted in a decided saving in the consumption of coal, as indicated by an evaporating power of seventeen pounds of water to the pound of coal. In addition to this, one of the serious troubles and sources of waste in the ordinary methods of firing, viz., the slicing and cleaning of fires, is avoided. In this case it is done only at the end of the day.

In this apparatus, the draught power of the great chimney is alone sufficient to overcome the friction of the air in passing over the large surfaces of the heaters.

The first increment of heat is received by the air from a large surface condenser, into which the exhaust steam from the various engines and other appliances is discharged.

The temperature of the air after leaving the condenser ranges from 150° to 175°, varying with the temperature of the external air.

It then enters the pipes of a flue heater, consisting of a chamber placed between the boiler and the chimney and crossed by a large number of thin cast iron pipes arranged in sections, so that the air enters at the end next to the chimney, or coolest end of the heater, and emerges at the end next to the boiler, or hottest end; where the temperature as observed by a pyrometer, is found to be from 375° to 400° Fahr., at which temperature the air is drawn beneath the grate bars.

At several places, or between the doors, are inserted in the boiler setting a number of pipes with dampers, connecting the ash pit with the fire chamber, so that a part of the hot air, as regulated by the dampers, can be thrown into the fire chamber for perfecting the combustion of the gases.

The pressure carried in this boiler, which is of peculiar construction, is 110 pounds per square inch.

The appearance of the pea coal upon the grate, and the combustion of the gases, as observed through the peep holes, are highly characteristic of this system.

The coal appears of a dull red color, while the activity in the motion of the gases in the combustion chamber is remarkable.

In this condition of the fire, no clinker is made, while the coal seems to be partially vaporized, and the combustion completed above its surface.

The coal is fed in the usual way, at intervals of one-half to three-quarters of an hour, in thin

sheets; the grate carrying at no time a greater depth than six inches.

At the end of the day's firing the coal is allowed to burn down, when the fire is hauled from the grate, a new fire being built every morning.

No clinkers are found in the ashes and debris hauled from the grate; the fire bed does not become hot enough to form clinker.

In trials made by alternating a cold draught with the hot air draught, some simple effects were noticed. Upon closing the damper of the hot draught inlet, and also the dampers of the fire chamber connections, and opening the ask pit doors, so as to give the fires a cold draught as in ordinary boiler furnaces, the coal began to brighten and finally became white hot within the mass.

The volume of flame in the combustion chamber decreased; the pressure fell in a short time from 110 pounds to 90 pounds, showing very vividly that the combustion was going on within the coal bed instead of above it. In a short time the fires began to clinker, and recourse was had to dressing and cleaning the fires. This, on a grate of about 160 square feet with eight loors, was no light work.

The experiments seem to have fully confirmed the value of the hot air draught, and to finally establish it as an improvement parallel with the hot blast in the iron furnace.

It has been in constant use for several years. Its only objection seems to be the large cost of the heaters.

SWEARING BY TELEPHONE.

A quite practical question from an ethical point of view has just been decided, involving the morality of the telephone—whether one using its facilities is entitled to prostitute them to the furtherance of profanity; in other words, is a man entitled to swear by telephone, and will the courts protect him in the use of the telephone for that purpose? A case involving this issue came up recently in an Ohio town, where a party who used the telephone was addicted to the use of profane expressions in his communications.

He was repeatedly requested to cease his profanity, but refused. Then the company attempted to take the instrument away, and suit was brought to prevent them from doing so. The company had a rule prohibiting the use of "improper or vulgar language" in telephonic communications; and under this regulation they rested their right to remove the instrument. After hearing argument the court held that the company's claim was good, and that they had an unquestioned right to remove the instrument. In rendering his decision the judge said: "The telephone reaches into many family circles; and it must be remembered that it is possible, from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument, that a communication intended for one individual shall reach another. All communications should therefore be in proper language. Moreover, in many cases the operators in the exchanges are refined ladies, and even beyond this, all operators should be protected from insult." And so that instrument was removed and that swearer's profanity is not to be spread over the country by electricity. Probably good law, and undoubtedly good morals.

WAGNER'S PROPHECY.

It is related of Wagner that, when questioned as to why he did not come to America, "the meister said nothing. He simply touched my shoulder and beckoned me to follow him. He led the way in the direction of his house. We passed through the gate and through part of the garden. Then he halted and pointed to the right. As I turned I faced a plain granite mausoleum. On a slab over the portal was 'Richard Wagner' in plain, deep, sunken letters. 'I am an old man,' he said, 'and I have much to do here yet. You do not need me. America is the country of the future, and I am sure the music of the future will find a home there.'"

IMPROMPTUS.

An impromptu is a piece written down, yet in the style of extempore playing, or *improvisation*. Many musicians have been noted for their fine ideas in extempore playing. This is to take up some musical idea, and at the piano elaborate it just as the ideas come. In impromptus the musician gives the idea that he is doing likewise, and the result in the music of Chopin and Schubert is something very fascinating. It may be as well to say that Beethoven and Mendelssohn never used this term for any of their music, but Chopin seems to have created it as something too dignified not to take a first place among musical significations.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.