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LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

A REMINISCENCE,

And a Bit of Little Grandmother's Cheerful Philosophy.

Spiritual as is the expression of Little Grandmother's countenance, fathomless as are her large gray eyes, flaxen as are the masses of hair that her white lace cap but half conceals, and musical as are the tones of her voice, she is a veritable grandmother, and well advanced in years. But she is not old. The days of her life have all come and gone like the blessed spring, and summer, and autumn days—those days when the buds begin to open and the bees first exploit among the pussy willows and orchards, those days when the corn waves its green blades in the sun, and those days when the harvest bee sings to the reapers as the yellowing grain bends its heavy heads before them.

More, perhaps, am I reminded by the life of Little Grandmother of a river by whose banks I sojourned some summer months a good many summers ago. The valley through which it flowed seemed to incline in neither one direction nor the other, and the current was so peaceful that it was difficult to determine whither it flowed, but it flowed on, clear as the rain drops, unruffled by any obstruction, and the pebbles that formed its bed seemed to be glad because they were in such good company.

Again, the life of Little Grandmother reminds me of a footpath over which, when a youth, I went to school with my brothers. "A footpath," says John Burroughs, "is of slow growth, and it is a wild, shy thing that is easily scared away. The plough must respect it, and the fence or hedge make way for it. It requires a settled state of things, unchanging habits among the people, and long tenure of the land; the rill of life that finds its way there must have a perennial source, and flow there to-morrow and the next day and the next century." I always feel melancholy when I see a well-worn footpath broken up by the plough, or obstructed by walls or fences. It is like seeing a house grow windowless, and doorless, and roofless, where children have been born and marriages have been consumated and funeral services performed. The path I refer to led through a cornfield, and through a grove of pines, where the ground was thickly scattered with their cones, and by an old saw mill, and through a long stretch of beech and maple woods, where the squirrels and partridges always seemed to be expecting us in the morning and evening. The path was wonderfully pleasant, especially so when we were on our way home. So, Little Grandmother's path of life has always been a pleasant one, for when she reaches the end of it she knows she will have reached home.

Has Little Grandmother known no sorrow? Undoubtedly she has, but sorrow has brought nothing more than a temporary shadow to her brow, a momentary pang to her peaceful and trusting heart.

She has seen the friends of her childhood and youth falter, and fall down by her side, to join her no more in the path that stretched out before her, and with bitter tears, after bidding them a last good-bye, she has resumed her journey, saddened, but not broken in heart. "There is no death;" said Little Grandmother, on such occasions; "love never dies; thought never dies, the soul never dies; our poor houses of clay, even, are immortal."

Little Grandmother once expressed herself in this way before a group of little girls (she was Little Grandmother to all the little girls in the neighborhood) when I happened to be present, and they asked for an explanation.

"Why," answered Little Grandmother, "there is nothing new, nothing old, nothing found, and nothing lost. What was, is, and will be forever. Can you think for a moment, when our intercourse here is ended, that I shall love you less, that my thoughts—purified from all earthly taint—will be less active, that this frail body will be consigned to nothingness? No, little children, as every act of our lives is for eternity, so everything that belongs to us is for eternity."

"When I go out among the graves of those who were dear to me, as your friends are dear to you, continued Little Grandmother, "I see pictures of their faces in the flowers that blossom above them; I hear their voices in the songs of the birds that sing about them, and then comes to my heart a sense of restfulness that elsewhere is seldom experienced. Little children, when you have lived longer you will have better understandings, and a wider comprehension of the truth that whatever is good is surely immortal, and that nothing which we associate with life, except sin and sorrow, terminates in the grave."

Little Grandmother kissed the little girls and dismissed them, wondering perhaps, that one so old should speak so cheerfully, but I have often thought, since then, that her's was a most beautiful faith.

Only a Withered Rose.

I have something for you he softly said,
As out to the garden the way he led,
Take this, he said, I have saved it for you,
As he gave her a rose that was sparkling with dew.

Wear it till withered, then lay it away,
Till next summer you come with us to stay:
And then, though faded, and fallen it be,
Will you bring it again, just to show it to me.

Ah! winter is past and summer will come,
But the lips that spoke are silent and dumb,
For winter, scarce come, till in one short week,
The tyrant death, came her friend to seek.

The rose, though withered, is cherished and kept;
While over its leaves she has calmly wept,
For in sorrow she now may gaze on the tomb;
Of a lovelier rose that in heaven will bloom.

Fannie Hamilton.

One of These Days.

One of these days it will be over,
Sorrow and mirth, and our loss and gain,
Meetings and partings of friend and lover,
Sunshine of pleasure and cloud of pain;
One of these days will our hands be folded,
One of these will our work be done
Finished the platform our thoughts have moulded,
Ended our labors beneath the sun,

One of these days will the heart-ache leave us,
One of these days will the burden drop;
Never again shall the hope deceive us,
Never the hindrance our progress stop,
Freed from the chill of the rain endeavor,
Winged with the power of endless life,
One of these days we'll forget forever
All the defects of the earthly strife.

One of these days we shall know the reason
Haply of much that perplexes now;
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,
Seal of his peace shall adorn the brow.
Blessed when brought out of tribulation:
Lifted to dwell in the Lord's own light,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Well may we watch through the passing night.

One of these days the darling faces
Vanished here from the household band,
Haunting yet our familiar places,
Wooing us yet to the better land,
Smiling then in the light of heaven,
Once again will be all our own.
One of these days 'twill to us be given
To stand with our darlings before the throne.

Patiently then our cross we'll carry,
Joyously onward daily fare;
What though the word of the King should tarry,
One of these days he will want us there.
One of these days! Some pearl-bright morning?
One of these days! Some golden noon?
Or the evening gray, or the midnight warning?
Even so, Lord, come late or soon.

Come, beloved, and find us serving:
Come, we cry with our longing soul,
Come to save from our faithless swerving,
Come to touch us and make us whole.
"Till he comes!" 'tis our song and story;
One of these days its thrilling chord,
Echoing through the immortal glory,
We shall lift to our risen Lord.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Curious Facts.

Accounts are settled but once a year in the Bermudas. The 30th of June is the usual date.

The Kentucky River is 210 miles long, and there is not an island in it anywhere.

An oak tree recently felled in Pike County, Mo., made 429 fence posts and nine cords of wood.

There are 300,000 people in France who live in apartments that have no windows.

A French periodical says that such birds as the eagle, the swan and the raven live more than a hundred years. The parrot, the heron, the goose and the pelican have been known to live for sixty years.

An ingenious sleeping-bag which is in use by some mountain climbers consists of a mackintosh sack, one longitudinal half of which can be inflated, so that the camper can have the luxury of sleeping on an air mattress.

A medical opinion is, that if consumption were eradicated from cattle, it would soon disappear from the human race. Five per cent. of English cattle have tuberculosis, and twenty per cent. of some Jersey herds of the United States are said to be affected.

The following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe; St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000: Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

Mount Vesuvius serves as a gigantic barometer and thermometer for Naples. The direction in which the smoke from the crater blows indicates unerringly a coming change of weather twenty-four hours in advance. Also the approach of the hot and depressing sirocco.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Lord Augustus Loftus, at one time Queen Victoria's ambassador at Vienna, now presides over the bookkeeping department of Lady Loftus' millinery store.

A deposit of salt 300 feet in thickness has been struck under the town of Hutchinson, Kan., at a depth of 425 feet. The salt lacks less than a quarter of one per cent. of absolute purity, and will be a great source of wealth to the town.

A young woman in Maine recently travelled on foot eighty miles from her home and back for the purpose of engaging a minister to marry her to her fiance. After the honeymoon has waned it is more than likely that she will saw wood and do all of the chores about the house, while her lazy husband sits on a barrel in a grocery store, arguing against woman's rights.

Not long ago a Portland boy displayed rare nerve and courage in a time of trial, says the Advertiser. He met with an accident and it became necessary to amputate his leg. He refused his consent to the operation for some time but finally yielded to the assurance of the surgeons that he must lose either his leg or his life. When everything was ready his father took him by the hand and besought him to be brave. He looked calmly into his father's face and with a twinkle in his eye said, "Oh, I'll be brave; but I can't help wondering whether I'll go out of this room on wings or crutches."

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's great peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

The average annual death rate of the world is thirty-one for every 1,000 persons. The average death rate for the leading cities is 22½ in every 1,000 persons. Old cities, like Paris, Vienna and Berlin, approach the world's average is their death rate.

The only representatives of the royal Stuarts now alive are the Princess Mary Modena—lineally descended from a daughter of Charles the First, and married to Prince Louis of Wittelsbach, heir presumptive to the throne of Bavaria—and her eleven children.

The Bethlehem Iron Company of Bethlehem, Pa., recently made the largest single casting ever attempted in America, being the base for the large steel compressor to be used in the gun steel works. One hundred and twenty-four tons of molten metal were poured into the mould. The cast will require several weeks to cool. It is believed to have been perfectly successful.

One night last January A. F. McNeal, of Rawson, O., dreamed that he would die on Saturday, April 26. The dream came true, for at the appointed time, he expired after an illness of very brief duration.

John T. Smith, the veteran marine reporter of Boston, passed away on the 6th inst. He was born in Boston in 1815, and for many years was connected with the Boston Post. He was very popular with local ship-owners, to whom he was well known, and to his efforts was due the establishments of the telegraphic signal system now in operation between Boston and Hull and Highland Light.

Even in sunny Egypt an editor's lot is not always a happy one. In a French newspaper published at Cairo last month, there is a two column editorial beginning, "The scoundrel who brutally assaulted me as I was going home last night, etc., etc."

Lord Rosebery, of England, is to import from Vermont a pair of Black Hawk trotters.

Mr. Labouchere, of London Truth, has discovered the exact weight of Ignatius Donnelly's cryptogram volume. The book may be referred to as six pounds of Bacon.

Rider Haggard has sent $5 to a woman who wrote to him regarding two grammatical errors she had discovered in his novel "She." There are various popular novelists of the present day who would ruin themselves if they paid $2.50 for each sin against grammar they commit.

The most picturesque potentate in Europe is the baby King of Spain, who has just cut his first teeth. He is a very large child for his age and has the face of an old man. He is to be left entirely to the care of women until he is seven years of age, when a tutor and masters will take charge of him until he is sixteen. At that age he will supersede the Queen Regent at the head of the Spanish Government. Poor boy! He will have more glory than fun in this world.

The London newspapers have employed the boycott, an institution against which they are generally arrayed, in asserting what they claim to be their rights. To the annual dinner of the Royal Academy only one London journal was invited. Thus it was that although the Prince of Wales and other important personages indulged in oratorical fights their speeches were reported in only one newspaper, the journal that received a welcome to the feast. The other newspapers refused to print the official reports sent to them. It is satisfactory to see the London press growing more independent as time goes on.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill for the immediate abolition of slavery.

A pigeon message service is to be established in connection with the Signal Office at Key West. The purpose of the service is to bring the adjacent islands, into communication with Key West.

The Secretary of War of Mexico has notified Mexican officers along the border that hereafter the penalty of death will be imposed for crossing over into the United States with troops and interfering with the affairs of citizens of a friendly nation.

A remarkable story emenates from the wilds of Ohio. It is told that a Jersey cow residing in that presidential state is in the habit of devouring cats. At the first blush this seems incredible, but when one reflects how long cats have partaken of cow in the liquid form, the bovine idiosyncrasy doesn't appear quite so strange. The cow is simply getting even with the feline race.

They are still breaking out snowbanks up in the White Mountain region. This is only the general summer hotel landlord's preliminary announcement.

The recent fire at the Aberdeen Journal office was most disastrous, as the files for more than a hundred years were destroyed, and they contained a complete chronicle of all the events that have occurred in Scotland during that period. The first volume contained a long "personal narrative" of the rebellion of 1745-6.

The latest conundrum to confound the sages is whether America was named after Americans Vespucius or Americus Vespucus after America. Those who hold to the latter theory can point to Chinese Gordon and Stanley Africans as a vindication of their position. The discussion only emphasizes the wisdom of the saying that it's a wise child that knows its own father.

With the Mormons adjuring polygamy and the Brazilian parliament on the point of abolishing slavery, the twin relics of barbarism are about to become extinct in the western hemisphere.

The startling announcement is made by a Philadelphia paper that forty-five people are ground to death every year in that city under car wheels. A comprehensive plan for treating the subject is called for.

The New York World calls the newspapers of the country "the President makers." This assumption is likely to be disputed by the great army of cheap politicians throughout the land, who flatter themselves that they direct public opinion between their squirts of tobacco juce. Nevertheless, we guess the World is correct.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a British shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 4,000 times per minute. The high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding the thinness.

A New York business man has a novel method of refreshing his memory. When he has something important to attend to the next day, he writes himself a postal card, reminding him of the matter, and, finding the card among the mail the next morning, attends to it the first thing.

A tiger weighing 280 pounds can carry off a horse weighing 1,050 pounds.

Just across the street from a large dry goods store on Fourth avenue, New York, near Tenth street, is a milk shop, eight by ten feet in size, or thereabouts, and as plain and clean as deal boards and soap and water can make it. Fashionable looking equipages frequently halt at the curb in front of it, and daintly dressed dames and children in French boots and furbelows are to be seen almost any time during shopping hours going in for a penny glass of milk. The barefoot street child stands side by side with them at the counter and is served impartially for a cent with the same delicious draught which the possession of millions makes none the less welcome. Nothing is sold there but milk, and if the customers want to they can go into a neat little box behind the counter and sip their lacteal refreshment at a little brown table of boards that shines with cleaniness—which is the only appetizer good milk needs.

Continuous Rails.

[From Iron.]

An important invention in railway practice is the method invented by a Baltimore electrican for welding steel rails by electricity, which will enable track layers to lay a continuous track. The ends of the rails, after they are placed in the track, are welded together through the application of a transformed electric current, and are afterward tempered so as to make the joint as hard as the rest of the rail. The welding apparatus is carried on the pilot of an engine or on a construction car. The inventor proposes to thus make continuous rails a quarter of a mile in length, having expansion joints only at intervals of that distance, the rails being fastened at the centre so as to expand in both directions. Making the joint only takes half a minute. This plan, if successful, says the Railroad Gazette, would settle the great Fisher rail joint question, but the accumulated expansion and contraction in such long lengths of solid rail would be formidable.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A COLUMN OF GOSSIP AND HINTS FOR OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

What Women all Over the World are Talking and Thinking About.

The pretty fashion of side combs of tortoise shell is coming in again. They make very pretty effects among the puffs of the new coiffure built high upon the head.

* * *

Thumb rings have started out on a round of conquest. I saw one, a broad gold band, on a shapely little hand, the other night, where it looked as well as any ring possibly could, but I did not like it. It had much the same appearance as if the right hand glove had been worn on the left, and gave me a queer, hind-side-before sensation, which the wearer assured me would soon pass away, and "I'd like the antique idea immensely." A few years ago, when rings for the little finger came in vogue, a similar objection was raised by old-fashioned people, and doubtless I shall be considered old-fashioned by the present generation for rupudiating the novelty. But it requires a beautiful hand and a very slender little thumb to wear the ring of Germanicus, and how many very excellent and admirable charmers can lay that flattering unction to their souls? About one woman in fifty has a thumb that makes you want to bite it; but, on the whole, perhaps this is as well. It will be curious to see how the ingenious jeweller goes to work to overcome prejudice and physical disability in the introduction of thumb rings to the society girl. She will adopt anything if it only catches her fancy, and this the designing dealer knows better than most people.

* * *

Mr. Walter Besant has started a very lively discussion in England. It is on that exceedingly troublesome and distressing phase of the woman question—what to do for unmarried women who were not brought up to work, who have no aptitude for any particular work, and who yet must support themselves. We know how serious this problem may be in our older communities, but in England, owing to various causes, chief among which is the continuous agricultural depression, it has now become of really alarming importance. There has long been in that country what Mr. Besant calls an "army of necessitous gentlewomen," of women "who have known better days," and who have sunk into what amounts to genteel pauperism; but since the agricultural depression of late years, the army has greatly increased. As he points out, it is not merely the landlords and farmers who are suffering from this cause. All the trade of the small towns droops with agriculture; professional men lose their practice: clergymen get less from their glebes, and dissenting ministers from their congregations. There has also been, during the last thirty years, a vast increase of the "cultivated classes," because of the diffusion of education among both the poor and the rich. "The thickness of the cultured stratum grows greater every day," The consequence is that the number of educated and cultivated women who are trying to earn a living has both actually and proportionately been enormously augmented. Besides those impoverished by the agricultural depression, "the daughters, who, in the last generation, would have joined the working-girls," have now acquired tastes and habits which unfit them for such employment. So far as the making of a living is concerned, their education has, therefore, been a disadvantage to them. They also belong to the very circles of society in which the marriage rate declined, and their chances of matrimony, therefore, are less than they were before. Yet, when they enter the labor market, they have nothing except "general intelligence" to offer in the competition, and of that, the supply, even among men alone, much exceeds the demand. There is another very serious consideration. If women are to get the work, they must do so by underbidding men, and thus their entrance into employments on a great scale tends to make the labor question still more troublesome. Mr. Besant takes the extreme ground that "no woman should be forced to work at all, except at such things as please her," and to him it seems "a shame that a lady should have to stand in the labor-market for hire like a milkmaid at a statute fair." Accordingly he urges that the plan which prevails in France, of providing an endowment for every daughter of a family, should be followed in England, so that whether married or single, she should have something to depend on, no matter how small. In France, as is well known, no girl born of respectable parents is unprovided with a dot, however poor her family may be. As soon as she is born they begin to accumulate a dowry for her, well knowing that, without a dot she can never be married. In Germany this custom is not so prevalent, but there are societies, on something resembling the tontine plan, for the express purpose of providing for unmarried women. The subject is likely to provoke discussion in our own country, for what to do for daughters is one of the most serious questions that disturb all parents of small or moderate income.

* * *

Social circles of Brooklyn were shocked, recently, by the fact that there appeared, in photographs packed in cigarettes, a picture of Mrs. Ephraim J. Whitlock, the wife of the cashier of the board of education. The photographs showed the lady dressed in tights, as she appeared in a comic opera at Boston a few years ago. A gentleman walked into the temporary office of the board of education, a few days ago, and showed the picture to Mr. Whitlock. It was said that he was very indignant, and that after a consultation with his wife, he thought he would either take legal proceedings against the cigarette manufacturers or would ask them to stop issuing the pictures, but that he had not yet done anything toward stopping distribution of the pictures. Mrs. Whitlock is a very attractive woman, a petite brunette. She has a good soprano voice, and was a few years ago a church choir-singer. She had been a professional opera-singer before her marriage, and since she has become a wife and mother, she frequently sings at the entertainments given by the Brooklyn Amateur Opera Company, under her own name. It is the habit of Mrs. Whitlock to have her photograph taken if she is pleased with the costumes she wears when on the stage. When singing in Boston, a few years ago, she was thus photographed. The picture represents her as a fairy, attired in the typical fairy costume of the stage. It is this picture that the cigarette-maker has copied, and is packing in his wares.

* * *

A beautiful lady in Paris, belonging to the diplomatic circle, lately met with a most peculiar accident at a ball, to the intense delight of her "bosom friends" of the fair sex. The lady in question wore a low-bodied dress of artistic design, which attracted general admiration, but what most riveted the attention of the ball guests were her shoulders of dazzling white. Suddenly her brooch, a splendid cameo, became unfastened, dropped to the ground and broke to pieces. In her alarm, the fair owner quickly stooped to pick up the fragments. But this rapid movement caused someihing still more valuable to fall to the ground, viz., a portion of the charming white shoulders of the lady, a piece of a mass resembling porcelain, delicately touched up in blue and pink. The gentlemen gazed in blank astonishment at the damaged beauty, while the ladies giggled in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the husband ran for a shawl to conceal the misfortune. Tableau!

* * *

The fancy-step dancing of Miss Mollie Runyon, at the "Fashing Thursday" entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York recently, has created somewhat of a sensation among society people. The truth is that society people are slightly shocked, altough there does not seem to be any good and sensible reason for their being so. Miss Runyon, who is a daughter of ex-Chancellor Runyon, of New Jersey, executed a pas seul in front of a mirror on the stage, and later on tripped lightly through the intricacies of a pas a deux with a pretty companion. Later on, a number of young ladies participated in a general dance, wherein the steps were not of the conventional ball-room kind. The spectacle of young women of social position coming out on the stage in the fashion described, and giving performances which resembled, however remotely, the performances of a professional ballet, was, of course, an entirely unusal spectacle, and the people who saw it have not yet quite finished with the discussion suggested.

Died Twice in One Day.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

About 8 o'clock yesterday morning a negro woman named Sarah Acey, living on McDaniel street, near the corner of Peters, died.

That is to say, the industrious old washerwoman fell down on the floor of her room and, to all practical intents and purposes, she died.

The camphor supply of the neighborhood was exhausted by the sorrowing friends and neighbors, the vinegar supply followed suit, and, as the rigid form still showed no signs of life, the funeral was duly inaugurated.

The Coroner was notified and a coffin ordered. The old woman was placed upon her bed, and the neighbors gathered around.

The mourners were just fairly under way when the corpse turned slowly upon one side, moaned once or twice, and capped the climax by bolting suddenly into a sitting posture.

The room was as suddenly emptied, and it stayed empty until the doctor came.

Cautiously the neighbors surrounded the house, and finally, encouraged by the doctor's presence, ventured in one by one.

The coffin order was countermanded, and the old lady started in life once more. The neighbors left, and so did the doctor.

About half past 11 a scream was heard from the old woman's house, and a little girl ran to the door and screamed excitedly for help.

"Help! Help! Run in there quick! Miss Acey is dead again!"

Just as before the old woman was lying upon the floor and seemingly dead.

The doctor was called in again, and soon afterward the Coroner arrived. The doctor pronounced the woman dead and the cause apoplexy. No jury was impanelled by the Coroner. At this juncture the puzzled undertaker arrived, a rumor having reached his ears to the effect that the old woman had again concluded to live a while longer.

But she was dead.