

**Tubal Cain.**

BY CHARLES MACFAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
In the days when the earth was young,  
By the fierce red light of his furnace  
bright,  
The strokes of his hammer rung;  
And he lifted high his brawny hand  
On the iron glowing clear,  
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet  
showers  
As he fashioned the sword and spear.  
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handi-  
work!  
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!  
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield  
them well!  
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
And each one prayed for a strong steel  
blade  
As the crown of his desire;  
And he made them weapons sharp and  
strong,  
Till they shouted loud in glee,  
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,  
And spoils of forest free.  
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal  
Cain,  
Who hath given us strength anew!  
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the  
fire!  
And hurrah for the metal true!

But a sudden change came o'er his  
heart,  
Ere the setting of the sun,  
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
For the evil he had done.  
He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
Made war upon their kind;  
That the land was red with the blood  
they shed,  
In their lust for carnage blind,  
And he said: "Alas, that ever I made,  
Or that skill of mine should plan,  
The spear and the sword, for men whose  
joy  
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
Sat brooding o'er his woe;  
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,  
And his furnace smouldered low;  
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
And a bright, courageous eye,  
And bared his strong right arm for  
work,  
While the quick flames mounted high;  
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-  
work!"  
And the red sparks lit the air—  
"Not alone for the blade was the bright  
steel made,"  
And he fashioned the first plough-  
share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
In friendship joined their hands;  
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear  
on the wall,  
And ploughed the willing lands;  
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!  
Our staunch old friend is he;  
And, for the ploughshare and the plough,  
To him our praise shall be.  
But while oppression lifts its head,  
Or a tyrant would be lord,  
Though we may thank him for the  
plough,  
We'll not forget the sword."

**A Short Cruise.**

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER V.

AGROUND.

It was a long time before Thomas Hardy would be comforted, and then he had additional cause for terror. Because of the fog there had been no twilight to announce the coming of night; but the gray mist suddenly took on a darker hue, and in a few moments all was darkness. "Now there's no chance anybody can see us!" Master Seabury wailed; "and before morning we may all be drowned!" At this moment Samuel Abner awoke with a cry of fear; and once more was little Ellen forced to play the part of nurse to both her companions. With the baby in her arms, and seated by the side of Thomas Hardy, the brave little woman began to sing once more; and again the sound of her voice checked the loud evidences of grief. "We must go into the cabin," she said in a whisper, as if fearing to speak aloud. "Everything is wet out here, and we shall be in no more danger here. If you will take the baby, dear, I'll try to light the lantern." "I don't believe there is one on board this vessel. There isn't anything here we ought to have."

I saw the lantern when I was putting the baby to sleep, and it won't seem so lonely if the cabin is lighted." "I don't see how that is going to make any difference." "If you had rather not have a light, I had as soon do without one." As a matter of fact, Thomas Hardy would have been most wretched if obliged to remain in the darkness during all the long night, and he said ungraciously,—"Go ahead and do as you're a mind to, what I want don't make any difference." "Of course it does, dear. I shouldn't have spoken of the lantern if I hadn't thought you would rather have the cabin lighted." "Give me the baby, and don't make so much talk about nothing," Thomas Hardy replied petulantly, pushing his sister toward the cuddy. "It does seem as if we'd got trouble enough, without your bringing this miserable young one along to make more work." "I will take care of him, so don't let a little thing like that fret you. There is really no need of the lantern." "Of course there is!" Thomas Hardy cried angrily. "It seems as if you was bound not to do anything to please me." Ellen made no reply; but, hurrying into the cuddy, groped around until she found Captain Hiram's store of matches, after which the lantern was quickly lighted. It was not unpleasant, this little cabin, now it was illuminated; and Master Seabury so far recovered from his fears as to be able to make a very hearty supper, while his sister fed Samuel Abner. But for the fact that they were adrift, in danger of being run down by any passing craft, this adventure might not have been so very unpleasant; and Thomas Hardy put from his mind for the moment all disagreeable facts, as he tried to imagine that he was simply cruising in his own craft, with an able and willing crew on deck. "If the wind would come up now, I could soon run her back to Oldhaven," he said confidently, after the meal was concluded. "Do you think you know where the village is?" "Of course I do. Anybody'd think to hear you talk, Ellen Seabury, that I never saw a vessel before." "I am certain you have never been in one." "What difference does that make? Boys know how to do such things without being told. Didn't I steer this vessel nearly all the way from Oldhaven to Dollar Island?" Ellen did not again remind her brother that he had simply acted as helmsman under Captain Hiram's directions. He was in a reasonably cheerful frame of mind; and to contradict him, or to make any attempt at putting matters in their proper light, would only result in bringing about another disagreeable outburst; therefore she remained silent. The sails are up, for I helped fix them; and if the wind comes, I should only have to keep the rudder right to take her into the harbour. When it does come I sha'n't bother about going back after Captain Hiram. He has too much fault to suit me; and most likely this is the last time I'll ever go out in his old vessel." "I am afraid it is, dear; for he will be very angry because we have lost his anchor and rope." "That wasn't my fault. If he'd tied the rope right it wouldn't have slipped off the sticks." "But you untied it, dear." "So that's the story you're going to tell, is it?" And now Thomas Hardy's placid mood was gone, almost as soon as it had come. "Isn't it true?" Ellen asked, regretting most heartily that she had mentioned such a subject. "I put it back just as I found it. Besides, wasn't it my business to see if everything was fixed right?" Ellen made no reply, but bent over the baby as if he needed her immediate attention, although the little Jones was in a particularly contented frame of mind, owing to the fact that he had a bunch of oakum with which to play. Now, Thomas Hardy knew beyond a doubt that he was wholly and solely responsible for the present condition of affairs; yet he seemed disposed to shift the blame to Captain Hiram's shoulders, and continued to discuss the matter aloud, without receiving any reply from his sister, until a humming sound could be heard from above, and the sloop suddenly heeled over at such an angle that he was thrown from the locker to the floor. "What did that?" he cried, as soon as it was possible to rise to his feet. And, placing the baby in what she

fancied was a secure position, Ellen tumbled on deck. "O Thomas Hardy!" she cried in delight, "the wind has come up just as you wanted, and now we can sail back to Oldhaven. Perhaps we shall get there before it is time for mother to go to bed!" Master Seabury came on deck slowly; but his bearing was no longer as confident as when he had been explaining what he intended to do under just such circumstances. There was no question as to the truth of Ellen's statement. A breeze was singing through the rigging, and the sails were filled, causing the little craft to slip through the water with the accompaniment of foaming waves under her bow. Thomas Hardy took his station at the tiller, holding it exactly amidships, but sorely at a loss to determine in which direction he should steer in order to reach the desired port; and at that moment a most unaccountable (to Thomas Hardy) change occurred. The sails of the Island Queen suddenly lost the wind, and began to flap severely; after which the heavy boom swung swiftly from one rail to the other, when the little craft was heeled on the opposite side, throwing Samuel Abner across the cuddy with a thud that could be distinctly heard on deck. As a matter of course the Jones baby began to scream loudly; and Ellen hastened to his assistance. "What are you going down there for?" Thomas Hardy cried in fear. "Why don't you stay here and help me?" "What can I do, dear?" she asked, halting irresolutely at the companionway, while the baby's cries were redoubled. "I don't know; but it does seem as if you could do something." "What do you want done?" "How can I tell?" and Thomas Hardy pushed the tiller back and forth wildly. "Something's the matter with this old vessel, or she wouldn't act so queer." Ellen no longer hesitated. She understood that her brother was again frightened into nervous anger, and went at once to the cuddy, where poor little Samuel Abner was rolling to and fro on the floor, shrieking at the full strength of his lungs as the Island Queen pitched first this way and then that in the most erratic manner. That the baby had good cause for tears was shown by a wound on his cheek, which had been inflicted when he was first thrown from the locker; and Ellen had quite as much as she could do in attending to him, without even thinking of the petulant, ignorant boy on deck, who had boasted so loudly of what he would do when the wind sprang up. (To be continued.)

**A PILLOW OF SNAKES.**

In Egypt, an English traveller says, you find snake-charmers everywhere. Even children learn the secrets of this strange business, and seem to have no fear of their dangerous pets. One morning a little dark-skinned Egyptian boy came into the garden of a big hotel in Cairo, where this Englishman was staying. The boy had in his hand a bag which seemed heavy, and the child himself looked weary and hungry. He was in rags, but he had a bright, intelligent face. He came up to the traveller and said timidly, in very broken English: "Want see snakes?" The traveller, not being at all anxious to see snakes, tried to make the lad understand that he did not care to examine his stock in trade. But it was too late. The string that held the neck of the bag was already loosened, and out tumbled a squirming, interlaced heap of wriggling, excited reptiles, right at the traveller's feet. No wonder he jumped back quickly. But the boy only smiled reassuringly, murmured something deprecatingly in his broken English, and began to take up his ugly pets, one after another, without the slightest fear, stroking them caressingly, and making them twine obediently around his neck, arms, legs and body, till he was literally covered with their scaly folds. It was really an astonishing sight. The Englishman, though he did not enjoy the exhibition, gave him some small change for his trouble, and the lad untwined the snakes again, put them in the bag, and went off, delighted; for now he would be able to buy himself a meal, which he very much needed. Later on in the day, the traveller, driving through the city, came upon the same boy, lying asleep under the shade

of a friendly wall. He was taking a nap, very comfortably, after his dinner, and his pillow was—what do you suppose?—why, his bag of snakes!

**"The Bravest are the Tenderest."**

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

Fiercely the battle was raging,  
Thick flew the shot and shell.  
Where the "Johannes" hasty earth-  
works  
The "Yanks" were storming well.  
But in the midst of the tumult—  
The fearful, leaden hail—  
A bronzed and war-scarred Johnnie  
Heard a frightened little wail.  
"Meow!" He peered for a moment  
Over the breastworks low;  
'Twas a little, wild-eyed kitten,  
Wandering to and fro.  
The folk from a neighbouring farm-  
house  
Had fled in wild affright,  
Forgetting the helpless kitten  
In their bewildered flight.  
Then, scorning the awful peril,  
Out from the breastworks safe,  
Swift leaped the gallant soldier,  
To rescue the little wail!  
Back 'mid the whistling of bullets—  
Ah! what a rousing cheer  
Rose from the husky, dust-parched  
throats,  
Of his weary comrades near!  
He won nor ribbon nor medal,  
Yet 'twas as brave a thing,  
As many that win the guerdon  
Of emperor or king.  
So ever the best and bravest,  
For the helpless ones will care;  
And ever the heart that is tender  
Is the heart that will do and dare.

**A FLOWER CLOCK.**

Just think of a clock made all of flowers! Such a novel timepiece, at the country place of the Rockefellers, at Tarrytown on the Hudson, promises, it is said, to be one of the seven wonders of the summer world. Mrs. Rockefeller, who was a teacher of botany before her marriage, has always been a student of floriculture. In planning her floral clock she has chosen the wild flowers of the region. A landscape gardener has carried out the plan with great success. There are sixty-seven wild flowers ready to contribute at different moments. To one un instructed, the floral bed will look like many another tangle, but those who know will find that the dandelions, which will form the hands of the floral clock, will waken and "go to sleep" as a regular hour daily. The yellow goat's-beard is a very punctual blossom, and it is said that country schools in Scotland are dismissed by it. The snow-thistle closes its petals at one o'clock, the hawkweed at two o'clock, and so on. It will be a fascinating sort of timepiece to watch. Imagine guiding your summer occupation by such a clock! Think of being summoned to breakfast "at snow-thistle time." Starting off for a drive, you would be told to return to dine "at day-lily o'clock," and you would be indeed maternal if you rose for a dash across country in the saddle at the dandelion's hour for waking.

**FRIGHTENING A GRIZZLY.**

A veteran hunter tells of a bear which backed out of a fight, frightened by a man's acrobatic performances. He says: "A remarkable instance I heard of once, where a famous guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she-bear and two half-grown cubs, and by a series of ridiculous monkey shins and acrobatic manoeuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears, filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three hastily retreated into the woods. "The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspring and jumping up and down, stopping his hands and resorting to other unhunter-like measures. "He had heard of scaring panthers in this way, and he found it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, though he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults."