

STOLEN SWEETS.

GEORGIANA FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

A day's footsteps bright have vanished
in the threshold of the eve,
The pale light with moonbeams weave,
ah, meet me in the gloaming,
ah, sweets will lose their rapture
in we both have older grown.

the perfumed wings of zephyr
by the darkening lindens tall,
the rose leaves red are sleeping
earth soothed as they fall,
ah, meet me in the gloaming,
ah, sweets will lose their rapture
in we both have older grown.

ah, sunshine there is gladness,
slashing the gloom,
here's something in the moonlight,
nothing subtle—is it love?
ah, meet me in the gloaming,
ah, the day with joy is sown,
ah, sweets will lose their rapture
in we both have older grown.

waiting, I am watching;
I see your shadow fall
the rose leaves in the moonlight
it's the linden's fall,
ah, meet me in the gloaming,
ah, sweets will lose their rapture
in we both have older grown.

UNDECEIVED.

ustine Powers had never felt the cause by labor nor the hard-
suffering entailed by poverty; he would be quite sure, to see her sat listlessly before the piano in a ch and tastefully furnished apart-
ment, that the thoughts of woe and y never found even a transient in her breast. But although and beautiful, and possessed of luxury which money could pur-
or a refined taste could contrib-
be imposed upon her the duty of pungent bear the burdens of her sex were less fortunate than she, bying each day for the wants of unhappy creature. For this pur-
her trusty servant Peter was sent very evening to investigate the condition of such as were receiving her an-
or to discover new objects of generosity. At the time she is-
ht to our notice, her attitude was that she has been indulging of those harmless reveries called dreams. Her thoughts seem to far away from her surround-
and even the crumpled letter she holds in her hand has appeared to excite her emotion. The may, however, glance at this let-
It was written in a plain, school-
and, ran thus:

MY FRIEND: The trouble you have taken in my behalf causes me to be before acquainting you with what occurred to me to notify you in case any-
in which you can consider I feel it my duty. The man who has so greatly de-
me, and at whose door I lay all my degradation, passed the house, I am living this morning. He has

discovered my whereabouts, for he very hard at the windows, and will, I use every means to frustrate my intention. He never treated me so cruelly, when left me to die alone, I could still him; for, notwithstanding all the dis-
he has caused, the vision of happy moments still haunts the vacant chambers of art. What his object may be in seek-
out I cannot say. He may fear I will tell his name, for I am sure he is of a fictitious one, and disclose his conduct, but this I will never do.

MARY. Miss Powers had no sooner finished reading this note than her course was decided upon. Surely, thought she, Nathan will not object to my responding to so earnest an appeal as this. I will send immediately for Waltser and get him to accompany me.

A few lines were hastily sent to the lodgings of Mr. Powers' employer, and were as hastily answered by the clerk in person. After explaining her object Miss Powers excused herself for a moment, and soon reappeared attired for the street.

It was almost dark when they reached the lower part of the city. Men, women, and children were hurrying along. Shopkeepers were commencing to "light up," and all the confusion and din of great thoroughfare sounded in their ears. Presently they turned into a side street, and then into another, the filthy condition of which plainly indicated the poverty of the neighborhood.

At last they halted in front of a large tenement, around which a dozen or more half-clad and dirty children were at play. Into this house they entered and ascended its gloomy staircase. At the fourth floor they paused a moment, and Miss Powers scrutinized the passage-way, as if in doubt which door to enter, when they heard angry sounds come from one of the rooms near at hand. Anxious to shield the delicate ear of Miss Powers from such harsh language, Waltser hastened along the passage, but when he reached the door of the room, from which the sounds came, he hesitated a moment, as though he recognized the voice within, then, casting a hurried glance in the direction of his companion, passed on as if unwilling to have her understand the cause of his hesitancy. The sounds from the room became louder and more distinct as Miss Powers approached the door. She stopped, looked steadfastly at the door an instant, then stood as if riveted to the spot.

"Ah!" said the person inside, whose voice was that of a man speaking in great passion, "so after offering you money, a comfortable home, and everything, you still refuse, do you? I should like to take you by the hair of your head and pull you out of that bundle of rage."

And he seemed to move toward the object of his fury as if about to execute his wish.

"Oh, William, don't, please, don't," pleaded a female voice. "I shall leave here soon enough, and will want neither your money nor your home. Home!" she repeated, half sarcastically, "you took me from the only home I ever had."

"Well," said he, "that is immaterial now. I tell you, you must leave here to-night, and the sooner the better, and be sure no traces of your intended whereabouts are discovered. I don't want that fool of a girl hunting you up again."

"Oh, William," returned the other, "don't say that! She has been so kind to me!"

"Kind! She's a little fool," retorted the man; "but I did not come here to talk about her. You must be got out of here before to-morrow, dead or alive. I will go now and call a carriage."

"Oh, stop me!" pleaded the other, in a weak voice. "Before to-morrow my spirit will be far away; then you can do what you choose with my body."

"Nonsense; you can't deceive me," replied the man. "Do you think I want my aff'rs repeated to such a silly fool as this? Miss Powers must be?" Saying this he moved hastily toward the door, and as it flew open the flushed and

the cold, scornful glance of Augustine Powers. He staggered back a moment, then stepped forward, and would have hurried past her, but she stood in the doorway and prevented his passage. Then summoning all her courage, and with a look of infinite disdain, she took him by the coat sleeve and led him to the bedside of the dying girl. All through this scene the occupant of the room, who was none other than the unfortunate Mary, gazed vacantly around as if bewildered by what had transpired. Then, as if suddenly recalling her senses, she seemed to comprehend the question Miss Powers was about to ask. "No, no! my dear Miss Powers, this is not the man I spoke of. He never treated me kindly. Did you, William? You would never desert your little Mary. You said so, William?" She was evidently fast failing. "William," she murmured, holding out her thin white hand toward him, "they shall never say that you deceived me. He would never deceive me." She grasped his hand tightly, and added, in half broken whispers: "I hope God will forgive me for all the wrong I have done. Heaven bless you, William." These were the last words she uttered. In a few seconds she was a corpse. For a moment all remained quiet as the grave. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, Farlow made one dash for the door, and ran hastily down stairs and into the street.

The Powers family never saw him after that night. Through his attorney he withdrew his interest in the firm of Powers, Farlow & Co., and it was understood that he had gone abroad. Miss Powers, after making provision, as well as her condition would allow, for the burial of her dead friend, was taken with a severe fit of illness which lasted many months, and the physicians say, was caused by extreme nervousness.

Many years after might have been seen, in one of the daily papers, the notice of the marriage of Augustine Powers, daughter of Schuyler Powers, to James Waltser, of the firm of Powers, Waltser & Co.

The Sun's Supply.

From an article on "The Sun's Energy," by S. P. Langly, in the *Century*, we quote the following: "How is the heat maintained? Not by the miracle of a perpetual self-sustained flame, we may be sure. But, then, by what fuel is such fed? There can be no question of simple burning, like that of coal in the grate, for there is no source of supply adequate to the demand. The State of Pennsylvania, for instance, is underlaid by one of the richest coal fields of the world, capable of supplying the consumption of the whole country at its present rate for more than a thousand years to come. If the source of the solar heat (whatever that is) were withdrawn, and we were enabled to carry this coal there and shoot it into the solar furnace fast enough to keep up the known heat supply, so that the radiation would go on at just its actual rate, the time which this coal would last is easily calculable. It would not last days or hours, but the whole of these coal beds would demonstrably be used up in rather less than one-thousandth of a second! We find by a similar calculation that if the sun were itself one solid block of coal, it would have burned out to the last cinder in less time than man has certainly been on the earth. But during historic times there has as surely been no noticeable diminution of the sun's heat, for the olive and the vine grow just as they did 3,000 years ago, and the hypothesis of an actual burning becomes untenable. It has been supposed by some that meteors striking the solar surface might generate heat by their impact, just as a cannon ball fired against an armor plate causes a flash of light, and a heat so sudden and intense as to partially melt the ball at the instant of concussion. This is probably a real source of heat supply as far as it goes, but it cannot go very far; and, indeed, if our whole world should fall upon the solar surface like an immense projectile, gathering speed as it fell, and finally striking (as it would) with the force due to a rate of over three hundred miles a second, the heat developed would supply the sun for but little more than sixty years."

Longevity in the Cyclades.

We came to a low, whitewashed cot-

tage, where lives, high up on the moun-

tain top, a tottering old man, ninety-

five years of age. He looks after a

small garden, and whenever he wants

anything he walks into Hermonpolis for his shopping. Our muleteer called

him out and he came to welcome us; he

was full of stories about the wonderful

changes he had seen during his long

eventful life; how he had fought for

his country's liberties; how he had as-

sisted in building the first house for the

refugees down by the harbor. When

we left him, I asked our muleteer if

people frequently lived to be so old at

Syra. "Yes," was the reply, "an old

woman died at 130 only a short while

ago; in former years people lived so

long that the aged had to be thrown

down a mountain cliff, which is still

called Gerousi." This tradition of lon-

gevity in Syra is curious, and more espe-

cially so in connection with the

slavery of the aged. On the neigh-

boring island of Koes it is well known

that the old and useless members of

society were obliged to swallow hem-

lock when a certain age was reached.

The Albe della Rocca, one of the

Roman Catholic brethren in Syra, writ-

ing a century ago, tells us of the same

tradition existing then about the great

and general healthiness of the Sy-

riotes. Homer gives us the following

testimony:

In the city, void of pain and fears,

They dwell, and even as they wax in years

Apollo coming with his silvery bow

Aims with his sister the light-feathered spear

Against them, and the sweet life fades like snow.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

The reputed site of the Garden of

Eden, at the junction of the Tigris and

Euphrates, is now a sterile tract, where

the only vegetable life consists of a

clump of date trees near a very small

and dirty village called Gurana, at

which the Turks maintain a garrison

and a telegraph office. The inhabitants

point out to strangers the tree of knowl-

edge—a most sickly specimen, bearing

a small green berry which would come

in due time to maturity.

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as this? Miss Powers must be?"

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The Lime-Kiln Club.

As the meeting opened there was a strong smell of burning meat in the hall, and the echoes of the triangle had scarcely died away when Elder Toots made a break for the door in a way to upset half a dozen different members, and bring down another large piece of plaster from the ceiling. He had gone to sleep with his foot on the hot stove to thaw out the chilblains. They had thawed, and the heat had worked down through five years' layers of cement and got at the real flesh. When the excitement had been allayed, and the keeper of the outer door had reported that the Elder was down in the alley with both feet in a barrel of ice-water. Brother Gardner said:

"When I find a sober, industrious workingman who am out o' work I am givin' to reason dat it am de natural consequence of de general depression in bizness. When I find dat same pusson in want o' bread I am givin' to ax him sartin' queshuns. I want to know what he did wid his wages. If he libed as became a man airn' \$2 per day, I has no furder use for him.

"Each winter we h'ar dis cry of charity. Each winter de man who has managed to save up a little am told dat it am his solemn duty to hand a part of it over to charity. We am not to ax men and women whether they worked or idled de summer away; whether deir airn' went for luxuries or necessities; whether they spent wid a free hand or denied themselves a single thing. If de sales of beer an' tobacco depended on de rich o' moderately well-off de bizness would decrease two-thirds. If our summer excursion boats depended on de same classes dey couldn't run. If our street-cars had no other patrons dey would stop dey trips. Our circuses an' theaters are supported by de workin' classes. Our toy stores an' bazars make few sales to de rich.

Nineteen out of twenty of our working-men use ebry dollar of deir wages from week to week, an' not one laborer in fifty am satisfied to lib on his airn'. De rich practice economy; de poor waste an' destroy. In my humble cabin we practice economy. We remake an' remode. We color over old clothes, an' peal de taters close. If I ain' seen seven dollars a week we stop when we hav spent six. When de fall ends an' winter comes we has sunthin' laid up. Does dat sunthin' belong to us, who have pinched an' planned an' saved, or to charity—which means de man who has idled half his time away, an' had his tobacco and beer regularly—which means de woman who has dressed in cashmere when she orter hav dressed in caliker—which means de famly who has had oysters on Sundays when I had co'n beef. I ax no man to close his heart or purse agin honest people who hav met wid bad luck, but de so called charity of to-day am a premium on idleness and extravagance—an aid in maintainin' a class of leeches who have neither shame industry nor gratitude."

Each winter de man who has managed to save up a little am told dat it am his solemn duty to hand a part of it over to charity. We are not to ax men and women whether they worked or idled de summer away; whether deir airn' went for luxuries or necessities; whether they spent wid a free hand or denied themselves a single thing. If de sales of beer an' tobacco depended on de rich o' moderately well-off de bizness would decrease two-thirds. If our summer excursion boats depended on de same classes dey couldn't run. If our street-cars had no other patrons dey would stop dey trips. Our circuses an' theaters are supported by de workin' classes. Our toy stores an' bazars make few sales to de rich.

"CAN you tell me, sir," asked a young lady at a book shop, "in what order Thackeray wrote his books?"

"No, lady," replied the gentlemanly sales-gentleman; "but, don't yer know, I guess it was in order to make money."

NO LONGER.

No longer does the boy
In shady brooklets swim,
Nor seeks the maiden coy
The goldenrod so prim.

He's gone,
The way to school and back;

She simply sits and fears
For that lovely sealskin saucy.

A LOVER thus wrote to his sweetheart, whose name was Rein:

Whist shivering bairns at mothers rail,
Of frost and snow, and wind and hall,
And heat and cold complain,
My steader mind is always bent

On one side object of content,

I ever wish for rain!