

THE REST OF DEATH.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

What is the rest of death, sweet friend?
When is the rising up? and where?
I say death is a lengthened prayer;
A longer night, a larger end.

Hear me the lesson I once learned:
I died; I sailed a million miles—
Through dreamland, flowery, restful isles—
She was not there, and I returned.

I say, the shores of death and sleep
Are one; that when we weary come
To Lethe's waters, and lie dumb,
'Tis death, not sleep, holds us to keep.

Yea, we lie dead for need of rest;
And so the soul drifts out and o'er
The vast still waters to the shore
Beyond, in pleasant, tranquil quest;

It sails straight on, forgetting pain,
By isles of peace, to perfect rest—
Now were it best abide or best
Return and take up life again?

And that is all of death there is,
Believe me. If you find your love
In that fair land, then like the dove
Abide and turn not back to this.

Yet if you find your love not there,
Or if your feet feel sure and you
Have still a lot of work to do,
Why, then return to life and care.

Death is no mystery. 'Tis plain
If death be mystery, then sleep
Is mystery, thrice madly deep,
For, oh, this coming back again!

Ah, somber ferryman of souls!
I see the gleam of solid shores!
I hear thy stroke of steady oars
Above the wildest wave that rolls.

O Charon! Hail thy somber ships!
We come with neither myrrh, nor balm,
Nor silver pieces in open palms,
But large, lone silence on our lips.

A TALE OF THE RED PIKE.

"I thought I should find you with the girls, Mr. Godwin. You should have been with us. We've had such a scramble over the Honister Crag, and brought back no end of flowers for Gertrude. But one thing I must say, that fellow Losford is a jolly muf, though he doesn't look it. Just a funk, girls, and nothing else. Will you give me some tea, Mrs. Godwin?"

"What nonsense you talk, Bob!" cried his sister, conscious by some feminine instinct that her friend's face was hotter than a moment before; "you are a perfect *mauvais enfant* bursting in like that. I wish Mr. Losford would teach you manners."

"I'd like to see him try. It would take a pluckier man than he is. Why, he wouldn't come within yards of the edge, Mrs. Godwin!"

"He showed his usual good sense, Master Robert," was that lady's tart reply. She had her reasons for looking favorably upon Walter Losford, of Losford Court, Monmouthshire, by no means least honored guest at Mr. Godwin's lake villa. And they were a very cheery and pleasant party, the pleasantest set, Gertrude thought, that her mother had ever got together, and Gertrude was a young lady of decided tastes and somewhat difficult to please. Even Bob Marston, when he was not talking nonsense and appearing where he was not wanted at inopportune moments, was as amusing as any other Eton boy. Nevertheless, at this moment two people at least were ardently longing to make his ears tingle.

"And what is the programme for to-morrow, Mr. Godwin?" resumed the young gentleman, not a whit daunted by the unfavorable reception of his last remark. "Can we picnic on the Red Pike? It would be jolly fun."

The host hummed and hawed; he rather preferred an open-air entertainment at a place accessible in an open carriage. But if you have a house among the mountains, up them you must go. The climbing disease is infectious, and there is no evading it until by a permanent residence you become proof against its attacks. Mr. Godwin would have to succumb sooner or later.

"Yes, Bob," said Gertrude, suddenly laying down the fan with which she was playing, "we will go to the Red Pike to-morrow."

And Bob, who thought he had rather put his foot in it, as he would say, was comforted, for he knew that to the Red Pike he would go.

Gertrude's face, as she went up to dress for dinner, was thoughtful. "He showed his usual good sense," Mrs. Godwin had said, and the words kept ringing in her daughter's ears until her lip began to curl with scorn. If there was one thing which Gertrude admired it was courage. Was she beginning to like a man who could be called a coward even by a boy? And the insinuation chimed in with other things. Walter Losford was hardly one to please a romantic girl at first sight. Cold, sensible, and wanting in enthusiasm even in his ambition, trying nearly everything by the arguments of reason, he would have made a just and not too merciful judge. And yet when Gertrude met him at dinner the hauteur she assumed melted away, and she blushed and smiled at his glance, for what is so fascinating as the homage of one who seems utterly careless of all besides?

The Red Pike was red indeed in the evening sunlight, every cliff that buttressed its rugged top burnished to ruddiness, and yet the party lingered, reluctant to abandon the view of the sea and land from Forth to Windermere that held them entranced. It was Bob only who was on the move, skimming about untiringly.

"I say, Gertrude, here's a specimen for you! It is a blue gentian growing on this cliff, and a rare good climb it will be to get it."

The party hastened to the edge of the cliff. In a cranny of the rock about twelve feet down grew the flower Gertrude had been longing to find. A slight opening in the wall of the cliff made it just feasible, if somewhat dangerous, to reach it.

"Robert, don't go too near!" cried Mrs. Godwin.

Gertrude turned, with her face a little flushed, to Losford.

"Can you get it for me Mr. Losford?" she said, eagerly.

"Not without a rope," he answered, calmly. "We will bring one to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Gertrude, with sudden heat. "I want it now. Bob would get it for me in a moment, if I asked him, Mr. Losford."

"Bob's head is steadier than mine, perhaps," the other said.

He was in no way discomposed until, as he finished, his eyes met the girl's full of contempt and anger. Stung by the look he made a hasty step toward the edge of the cliff and bent down to make the attempt. For a moment he remained in that position, then, with a quick shudder, he recoiled, white to the lips.

"I can't get it for you," he said, hoarsely, falling back, while the others looked at one another in astonishment.

"And quite right, too, Mr. Losford; don't try it, I beg," cried Mrs. Godwin, loudly. Loudly, but not so that he failed to hear the word "Coward!" or to distinguish the tone of contempt in which it fell from her daughter's lips. The next instant he was his old calm self again, but he knew that he had his dismissal.

As for the bit of blue gentian, Bob brought it up in a twinkling, and chattered on in such a way as to earn every one's gratitude. Yet it was a dull party that wended its way down the hill, the little blue gentian nestling in Gertrude's fair hair, much to her mother's disgust.

If it was only an awkward hour at dinner that Mrs. Godwin feared, fate was to save her hospitality from—to do her justice—an unwelcome slur.

"Where is Robert?" she asked pettishly, after helping the soup. "Do you know, Violet?"

Miss Marston did not. Bob was not wont to be punctual, and she was about to say so, when the butler entered hastily and whispered something in his master's ear.

Mr. Godwin rose quickly, saying: "My dear, this is bad news. There has been a fall at the lead works."

"How unfortunate. I am thankful the men were not at work! Or, even worse, we might have been viewing them, as Robert has been plaguing us to do, and been all crushed together, like any common laborers. But where can Robert be?"

Here the butler spoke: "I fear, ma'am, that Master Robert—leastwise he went that way when he came back—is in there, and John has gone to the village for help."

The gentlemen rose and hurried from the room; but almost as soon as they reached the scene the women were there too. The boy's sister could not be restrained, and Mrs. Godwin signed to Gertrude to let her go. Anything was better than inaction.

Mr. Godwin's wad-hole and works were hardly a quarter of a mile from the house, though hidden by a shoulder of the hill. He guessed at once that the boy had taken the key that he might exhibit to the ladies the wonders of the wad-hole, and probably had gone to make his preparations. A servant seeking him when dinner was ready had discovered the accident and alarmed the village.

"Is there any hope?" asked Gertrude, in a trembling voice.

"No," replied her father, with a groan. "The props at this end are gone, and the men say the hill is coming down. We must wait for help from Keswick."

Gertrude was turning to the group indignantly, but one was before her.

"Now, men, I can handle a pick, though I am a Londoner. Ten pounds to every man who joins me. Don't let them say that the Cumberland men left their master's guest to perish because they were all cowards."

The cold, impassive face was aglow with energy and excitement. Was it Gertrude's fancy, or was it that that word, in his voice, struck her like a whip?

"The hill is on the move, master, and he be dead, too," said the foremost man.

"Hush, his sister be there!" put in a woman, in a low voice.

There was an instant's hesitation while the whole crowd watched the big miner.

"We be with you, master!" cried he, seizing the tool at his feet like a giant aroused.

The spell was broken, and who then so reckless as the Cumberland men? Losford soon had to check them, and assist the foreman to underpin and take other precautions as they worked. In time more men flocked from neighboring pits to the spot, and the work was carried on in gangs. Notwithstanding Mr. and Mrs. Godwin's entreaties Violet would not leave, and hour after hour, while the countless loads of earth were being wheeled away, she walked to and fro with Gertrude's hand in hers. How each workman was gazed at as he came from the darkness into the blaze of the fire and deposited his load. Whoever worked by spells, the figure Gertrude knew best did not appear. But, when the faint, lingering hope was dying out, one of the men staying in the house came quickly up to Violet.

"Miss Marston, do not be too sanguine. There is hope yet, however. The fall is only partial, and he may be in the main workings. The men fancy they heard him knocking."

Violet made no reply. She was sobbing on Gertrude's shoulder.

"Is any one hurt?" asked the latter, eagerly.

"Hardly. Only a few cuts from stones."

Another hour passed, while the crowd thickened, and listened breathlessly to the dull sound of the tools and the creaking of the barrows. A fresh gang was at work, and they came out more quickly. The sky was growing gray, and the hill-tops came out in cold majesty.

Suddenly the work ceased; a barrow on its way out stopped inside the entrance. The crowd outside drew close and breathed more quickly, and women hid their faces as the sound of voices came from the pit.

Then a crowd of men pressed out, and in their midst Walter Losford, stained and ragged, with the boy in his arms. He laid him on the wraps by the women. The blood was trickling from a cut in his own forehead, and his face, where it was not lead-grimed, was pallid with fatigue.

"He has only fainted," he said to the doctor.

"Just so; he only wanted a glass of whisky," said the latter, cheerily.

Gertrude rose from the boy to thank his bearer, but he had turned away.

"The worst time was just before they broke in, Gerty. I thought the earth must fall again, or something happen to prevent them reaching me," Bob said to her, when she visited him in his room next day. "But that Losford is no end of a trump. He's been up to say good-by, and I told him what an ass I'd made myself about him. I heard his voice first, and Mrs. Godwin says they would not have got me out but for him."

The likelihood of this alternative appeared to give him unmixed satisfaction.

"I don't think they would," said Gertrude, presenting him with a large bunch of grapes. "I'll get you some more, Bob."

"You bet your boots they wouldn't. It's a pity he can't climb. Fancy a fellow like that with what the doctor calls 'constitutional vertigo!' I can't make it out."

And Bob fell into a brown study which passed into a doze; and thus refreshed, he was enabled to chatter all dinner time.

Gertrude stole out of the room, and, running down stairs, found him in the hall. He had mislaid a favorite stick.

"Mr. Losford," she began, standing before him in she knew not what attitude of pretty humility, "I said something yesterday the memory of which is burning me with shame. I cannot forgive myself, but will you say that you do? Bob has made amends. Let me do so. What a foolish

girl said cannot have hurt you!" she pleaded, as he made no answer.

"Rather should not have hurt me," he replied, gravely; "yet it did, cruelly, Miss Godwin. But for the chance occurrence of last night, you would be thinking so still. It was ungenerous as well as thoughtless."

Gertrude winced under each almost contemptuous word. She had not bargained for this. Too much hurt for tears, she murmured as she turned to leave him:

"I am sorry."

"A moment, please. From any other woman I should have accepted the apology without a word. I have scolded you that you might know what it was like before I asked you to give me the right to do it. Gertrude, will you be my wife?"

And Gertrude said: "I will."

When she had fully satisfied him upon this point, she asked:

"And you have quite forgiven me, Walter?"

"I shall have when you have done the penance I order. It is that you wear the bit of blue gentian at dinner this evening."

There was a twinkle of fun in his eyes that a stranger would not have believed could harbor there.

The sight of the harmless specimen caused Bob to blush, the only blush he was guilty of in his school days.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

Some Interesting Parlor Games and Pastimes.

CLUMPS.—One of the most agreeable and funny games for the parlor is that by the name of "Clumps." It can be played by any number. Sides are chosen the same as in a spelling match, and one player from each side to go out and select some article, substance or thing from either the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom for both sides to guess, and the side that succeeds in finding it first gains one member from the other side. The rapidity and eagerness with which the questions are asked by both sides in order to win is very amusing and quite exciting, to say the least.

BLOWING THE FEATHER.—The players sit in a circle, each taking hold of the edge of a sheet with both hands and holding it up to the chin. A feather is placed on the sheet, and the players are to keep it in motion by blowing it, while one of the company is outside the circle trying to catch it by reaching out his hands. The quickness with which the position and direction of the feather can be changed by blowing sharply, will make the efforts of the catcher futile for some time. When he catches the feather, the person in front of whom it is caught must exchange places with him.

GAME OF BEAN BAGS.—A very pretty and amusing game for old and young: Take a board three feet long, eighteen inches wide; cut a hole six inches square; have the top of hole nine inches from the top of board and six inches from each side; arrange legs underneath, either stationary or with hinges, so that the board will slant to bring the bottom of the hole just one foot from the floor; cover with some pretty material—cretonne preferred.

Make six bags six inches square, of ticking, and one bag (called jumbo) six inches wide by twelve inches long. Put a scant half-pint of beans into the small bags and double the quantity into jumbo.

To play the game—Choose sides, then toss the bags the length of the room, about fifteen feet, through the hole.

Each small bag going through counts ten points.

The large jumbo going through counts twenty points.

If it lodges on the board the small bags count five; the large one ten.

The small bags going off the board, the player loses ten; jumbo twenty.

Game 100 points.

It seems an easy matter to pitch the bags through the hole, but experience will prove to the contrary.

THE FRUIT-SELLER.—This is a simple little game that very young children may understand, and yet older ones, by choosing foreign fruits that are not commonly seen, may make it quite puzzling. I got it up for a little class of boys and girls, who thereby learned much about the growth of fruit.

One child is chosen for the seller, and he or she selects a kind of fruit and does not tell the rest, who are to guess what it is after asking one question which may be answered by "yes" or "no." Any one asking a question that cannot be answered thus loses a chance to guess, and the one who guesses right becomes the seller, the previous seller becoming a buyer.

EXAMPLE.

Seller—I have a fruit to sell.
First Buyer—Does it grow on a tree?
S.—No.

First B.—Strawberries?
S.—No.

Second B.—Does it "keep" through the winter?
S.—Yes.

Second B.—Quinces?
S.—No.

Repeats to third buyer.
Third B.—Does it grow in this country?
S.—No.

Third B.—Figs?
S.—No.

Repeats to fourth buyer.
Fourth B.—Is it solid, fresh, or dried?
S.—Loses his chance to guess.

Repeats to fifth buyer.
Fifth B.—Is the fruit dried before being sent from the country where it grows?
S.—Yes.

Fifth B.—Raisins?
S.—Yes.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face. —*Franklin.*

They Do Not Like Our Food.

Not a few articles of food that are popular among civilized peoples, some of them being even regarded as great dainties, are rejected by many savage tribes as utterly unfit to be eaten. Some preparations of food, too, that we enjoy are not relished by uncivilized people, because in their experience they have met with nothing like them. The natives of New Guinea, for instance, cook a few cereals in their own fashion, but they made very wry faces when they attempted to eat some fresh baked biscuits that the missionaries gave them. They finally wrapped their biscuits up in paper, intending to keep them as curiosities. On some of the islands of the Malay Archipelago there are hundreds of natives whose only industry is to collect the edible birds' nests that are esteemed a great dainty by the Chinese. They wouldn't dream of eating them themselves, and they think the Chinese must be very peculiar people to use that sort of food.

The Esquimaux near Littleton Island once discovered a supply of bread and salt pork that Dr. Kane had cached, and they proceeded to enjoy a feast at the white men's expense. They liked the salt pork, and did not leave a morsel of it. This was probably the first chance they had ever had to vary the monotony of their meat diet. They nibbled the bread a little, promptly pronounced it a failure, and told Dr. Kane afterward that they would as soon swallow so much sand. The Esquimaux generally dislike all the preparations of vegetables that the explorers bring among them. They think it is a perverted appetite that craves anything but meat.

A tribe living not far from Port Moresby, New Guinea, that think boiled snakes are to be preferred to roast pig, draw the line at sugar. When they saw Dr. Chalmers, their first white visitor, sweetening his tea one morning they asked him for some of his salt. Dr. Chalmers told them it was not salt, but they were incredulous, and so he gave some sugar to one of the natives. "He began eating it," says Dr. Chalmers, "and the look of disgust on his face was worth seeing; he rose up, went out, spat out that he had in his mouth, and threw the remainder away." Then he told the crowd what horrible stuff it was, and they were satisfied to take his word for it without trying it themselves.

Many savage tribes think eggs are wholly unfit for food. They keep fowls that are very much like our own, and sometimes chickens are almost their sole animal food, but they never dreamed that anybody could get hungry enough to eat eggs until they saw the missionaries eat them. The spectacle of their white friends making eggs a part of their breakfast still troubles a number of tribes in Africa. Mr. Wallace says that among some of the Pacific Islanders hens' eggs are saved to sell to ships, but are never eaten by the natives.

There are a number of tribes in Africa whose chief riches are their herds of cattle, but who never drank a drop of cow's milk in their lives. They think the milk of their herds is for calves and not for human beings, and they are disgusted at the idea that anybody should consider it a proper article of food. A few tribes near the great lakes think it is a spectacle worth seeing to look at the missionaries milking cows and drinking the milk. Among many tribes, however, milk is an important article of food. They estimate a man's wealth by the number of cattle he owns, and thinks he is squandering his capital if he kills one of them for food. They use their cattle to buy wives and other commodities, and eat them only when they die in natural course.

Strawberries and raspberries are found in some tropical regions, but they are never eaten, and, in fact, are hardly worth picking, as they are poor, almost tasteless things. The wild fruits of tropical regions are generally far inferior in quality and abundance to those of the temperate zone.

These same tribes that are astounded at some of the articles white men put into their stomachs very likely eat grasshoppers, ants, monkeys, elephants, and many other things that have not been introduced into our cuisine. The pure white salt of commerce is the one article in the nature of food that they are all glad to get. Earth strongly impregnated with saline matter has a wide sale in one part of Central Africa, and along the Angola coast natives collect the impure deposits of the salt marshes to season their food. If salt were not so heavy, explorers would find it more useful than almost any other commodity in paying their way through savage lands.

A Coincidence.

A stranger who arrived at Sioux City was met at the depot by a rattling big fellow, half drunk and in fighting humor, who stopped him and said:

"Stranger, are you from Omaha?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then prepare."

"For what?"

"To take the biggest licking a white man ever got. I took a solemn oath an hour ago to lick the first chap who arrived here from Omaha."

The stranger "peeled" without another word and sailed in, and in three minutes he had taken the sand out of the big fellow.

"Stranger, why didn't you tell me?" asked the victim, as he wiped his bloody nose on the rim of his hat.

"Tell you what?"

"That you was a hitter."

"Oh, there was no use in that. As soon as the train entered the suburbs I made up my mind to lick the first man I met after leaving the car, and you happened to be the one." —*New York Star.*

HUMOR.

AWFULLY swell thing in hats—a dude's head the morning after a "bat."

A CANAL horse should never be hard up. He can always draw on the bank.

A HIGH-stepper—the tight-rope walker.

THE Boston girl doesn't say. "Let's skip the gutter." She remarks, "Let us suddenly overleap the marginal depression of the public thoroughfare."

THE scientist who said salt was injurious to the teeth never had his foot bit off by a ninety-year-old shark. —*Maverick.*

"Good gracious," said the hen when she discovered a porcelain egg on the nest, "I shall be a brick-layer next." —*Boston Bulletin.*

In some parts of Africa it is the custom for a woman to knock out her front teeth as soon as she is married. In this country it sometimes happens that a woman, soon after she is married, has this dental operation performed by her husband, in a discussion to decide which shall run the house. —*Norristown Herald.*

"ART is a wonderful thing. The painter Rubens could change the face of a laughing child into that of a crying child by a couple of dashes with his brush," said an Austin lady to a Professor of the University of Texas. "There is nothing wonderful about that. I can do that with one well-directed cut of a peach switch; I've done it time and time again," replied the Professor of the Texas kindergarten. —*Texas Siftings.*

SOPHRONIA: "What is a pessimist?" A pessimist is a man who grows when the meat is overdone, grows when it is underdone, grows when it is neither over nor underdone, and cannot see anything good in the world except when he is looking in his mirror. To your other question, "What is an optimist?" we reply that he is a whole-souled, jolly—but call in and see us in person some day; we don't charge anything to be looked at. —*Boston Courier.*

SURE ENOUGH.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be sad?"

The optimist asked with a sigh.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be glad?"

The pessimist asked, in reply.

—*Boston Gazette.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK says that ants have a means of recognizing each other not easily explained. "The recognition is immediate and complete, even after an absence of a year from the nest." The recognition in human families is not quite so immediate. For instance: when an aunt—a poor aunt—from the country visits a city nest occupied by rich relatives, after an absence of only six months, she is not recognized so suddenly and impulsively as to make her feel other than an unwelcome stranger. —*Norristown Herald.*

WASHINGTON IRVING once said to a lady friend: "Don't teach your daughters so many things; teach them one thing; teach them to be easily pleased." Judging from the specimens of husbands acquired by numerous young ladies, too many mothers have followed Irving's advice.

"OH, GAWGE!" "Yes, darling." "I fear, oh, I fear that my parents will oppose our marriage." "What makes you think so?" "Why, you know, Gawge, ma thinks you're a flirt. She saw you poking the fire in the grate last night, and she said you did it too well. She said no young man had that twist of the wrist who didn't sit up with a good many girls regularly. Oh, Gawge, are you deceiving me?" "Deceiving you? Naw! I got that twist when I went into the restaurant business—opening oysters. I am all yours, Angelina." "Oh, Gawge!" —*Chicago Black Diamond.*

A TOO COMMON FOOL.

There is a man in our town
Who wasn't very wise;
For twenty long and weary years
Did he economize.

For twenty years he wore old clothes
And toiled with night and main,
And starved and walked and often froze,
And suffered many a pain.

For twenty years did he deny
Himself the joys of life,
And all his self-inflicted woes
Were shared by his good wife.

In twenty years his wife and he
Had saved enough to spend
Their few remaining days in peace
With plenty to attend.

And then this man, like other fools,
To Wall street went so gay
With what he'd saved for twenty years
And lost it in a day.

—*H. C. Dodge.*

"You are going into the lecture field, they tell me?" "Yes, I think some of doing so." "Have you ever had any experience in public speaking?" "No, I never tried to address an audience in my life." "But, my good sir, how can you hope to succeed if you know nothing about the lecture business?" "Oh, I'm posted on the lecture business. You can depend on that." "But how does that come?" "Come? Why, great Scott, man, I've been married twenty-two years!" —*Chicago Ledger.*

The Sex of the Locomotive.

"Why," asked the fat passenger, "does an engineer always call his engine 'she'?" There was a moment of embarrassing silence, when the man on the wood box said something about "her headlight," which was followed by a hollow groan all along the line. "Because," ventured the tall, thin passenger, "the more you throttle her the faster she goes." But this was barred out under the rules. The man with the sample case suggested "because she runs the mail," but everybody said "ah, there!" so sarcastically that he apologized. The cross passenger said "because there was so much bustle and bang about her," and he was fined cigars for the crowd on the spot. The bashful passenger said maybe it was because she "pulled the smoker," and he was hissed off the stage. And longer had they sung, but the woman who talks bass closed the lodge by croaking: "Because we couldn't get along without her." —*Burdette, in Pathfinder Guide.*