

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 dreamful, flowery, restful isles—
She was not there, and I returned.

I say, the shores of death and sleep
Are one; that when we wearied 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 allotted 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 cars
Above the wildest wave that rolls.

O Charon! Hall thy somber ships!
We come with neither myrrh, nor balm,
Nor silver pieces in open palm,
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 muff, 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 hauter 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 fingered, 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, skirmishing 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, gently.

"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 steeper 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—

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 schooldays.

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?"

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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 *shrub* as in a spelling match, and one *clump* 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.

Repeats to second buyer.

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?

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 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 Malaya 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 drink 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."