

Bob.

"Bob Noyes, do stop your racket. No body can have a minute's peace if you are within hearing."

Bob's face flushed scarlet, and he laid down the hammer, leaving the nail half driven. He turned the toy wagon he had been working on over and over, with a wistful look which told of a piteous heart-ache. It was a pretty toy wagon in his eyes, and he made every bit of it himself, and if he could only drive six miles more it would be finished, and then there must be no racket, so he laid it away carefully, and going into one corner of the yard stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heel pondered over his many troubles. His mother had said there was no peace for anybody if he was within hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home.

He had slipped into the parlor after dinner, and was having a good chat with Mrs. Somers, and she was telling him of three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when Sister came in and asked him what he was imposing on Mrs. Somers for. He wasn't imposing, Mrs. Somers said so. Guess he could talk as well as Jennie, if she was eighteen months ago. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his ejection from the parlor Bob started to the garret to console himself by rocking in the old-fashioned red cradle. Grandmother Noyes rocked papa and Uncle John in, but Nell and the boys would not let him in; they were getting up surprise tableaux and "didn't want any little pitchers around." He sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected; "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heart-broken he turned to his mother's room. "Go right away, you will wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pie, but Bridget told him to clear out. He next went to the wood-house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon, and now he was forbidden that.

He could not understand why he was driven from everything; he had not been a bad boy and lost his temper. It was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. His poor little brain puzzled over what older children called "certain inalienable rights" without finding a solution of his troubles or coming to a conclusion. Had he been strong-minded might he have called a convention and decided that in the present order of things little boys have no rights which big folks are bound to respect, and drafted petitions for a change; but he was sensitive and submissive and let people snub him and trample on his toes without remonstrance.

The tea-bell roused him from his cup of bitter, puzzled thoughts. "Bob, come to supper."

He wouldn't have to wait, that was some consolation. At the table Mrs. Noyes was telling Mrs. Somers about a troupe of performing monkeys. "One of the monkeys with a striped tail, played on the violin, and—"

"Mamma, it was ring-tailed," interrupted Bob, eager to have the account exact.

"Bob, how many times have I told you not to interrupt?"

Bob subsided, but he knew it was ring-tailed, for he had counted the rings and had watched it half an hour while his mother gossiped with Mrs. Layton.

"All the monkeys turned somersaults when the keeper played Captain Jinks," continued Mrs. Noyes.

"Mamma, it wasn't Captain Jinks, it was 'Oh, rare is my little toy.'"

"Bob, if you talk any more at the table I'll send you to bed."

Bob was correct, and he knew it; he could whistle like a mocking-bird, while Mrs. Noyes did not know one tune from another. The two reproofs in the presence of Mrs. Somers was too much for his sensitive, bashful temperament, and mortified him beyond self-control. His little fingers trembled and dropped a glass of water, spilling its content upon the cloth.

"Bob, where's your manners? Leave the table instantly," commanded his father.

The children all laughed, and Jennie called Bob an "ill-mannered little boor," and the mortified little fellow crept sadly into bed and sobbed until he fell asleep.

This boy's experience was a fair sample of Bob's whole boyhood. He must not sing, whistle, shout, ask questions or pound, yet he must keep himself handy to run on errands and pick up chips. He must not talk to company, for little boys are to be seen and not heard—he must not have any company of his own, because he did not know how to behave properly.

The idea that Bob had any feelings or rights was not tolerated. The family did not intend to act unjustly; they loved Bob, but they were selfish and did not want to be disturbed, and Bob was noisy, and such an inveterate talker and questioner if given liberty. He was clothed and fed, and sent to school and to church and Sunday-school; surely that was all duty required.

Bob made a discovery after a while. He could pound and saw and bang as much as he pleased in Tom Smith's carpenter shop. Smith's wild, half-dissipated apprentice made a discovery, too—their fatherly Bob Noyes had a wonderful faculty for saying witty things, and for whistling and singing when he became acquainted—and they coaxed him off more than once to enliven the evenings at the "Excelsior" and "Star" saloons.

They were blind as moles at home until a reckless, almost criminal, deed, committed during the tumultuous period between boyhood and manhood, showed them that Bob's young life was being steeped in degradation and sin. They wept bitterly, but not in sackcloth and ashes. Wrapt in self-righteousness, they shifted the responsibility from their own shoulders, and as he was so so sacrilegious as to write slang in connection with so much beauty and grace. She filled the bay-window with freshly-potted weeds which she had laboriously gathered from the sidewalk and in the hollow under the bridge, and when he came around that evening she led the conversation to flowers and her admirer to the bay-window.

"Such lovely plants she had," she told him, and he just clasped his hands and looked around him in stilly ecstasy, trying to think of their names.

It was a South Hill girl. No other human divinity could play such a heartless trick on an admiring, nay, adoring and adorable, young man. He always praised the flowers she wore, and talked so learnedly about flowers in general that this interesting young angel put up a job upon him, if one may be so sacrilegious as to write slang in connection with so much beauty and grace. She filled the bay-window with freshly-potted weeds which she had laboriously gathered from the sidewalk and in the hollow under the bridge, and when he came around that evening she led the conversation to flowers and her admirer to the bay-window.

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The Desert of Sahara.

Now that the idea of turning the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea has been broached some geologists are remonstrating against the plan; urging that it would tend to reduce the temperature of the climate of Europe and bring on another glacial period. Within a few weeks Mr. Kinsahan, of the Geological Survey of Ireland, has written to the London *Times* "that it is well known that the hot south winds from Africa have a material effect on the snow and ice of South Europe, and in those years that there is a continuation of winds from this quarter the snow-line is raised, while the glaciers retreat further up the valleys than ordinary. From this it appears probable, as has been suggested by an eminent geologist, that the retreat of the ice and the snow into the higher portions of the European mountains followed the drying up of the sea that once occupied the Sahara Desert. The hot winds generated on the large expanse of sand thus exposed have altogether changed the climate of Europe. If the suggestion above-mentioned is correct it would appear that the inundation of the Sahara, if practicable, would affect not only Africa but also Europe. It should, therefore, be inquired: Would the climate of South Europe be so changed that eventually the snow-line would descend to its ancient limits; that considerable portions of Italy, Spain, France, Switzerland, etc., would be enveloped in perpetual snow; while the Rhine, Danube and other rivers would be changed into great glaciers? Geologists are more ready nowadays than formerly to perceive the slight changes in the contour and physiognomy of a country, and varying portions between masses of land and water may bring about important changes in climate and the distribution of animals and plants. It strikes us, however, that the notion expressed in the above quotation is based on a too narrow view of the subject. There are probably few geologists who could be induced to say that the glacial period in Europe was brought on by changes in Northern Africa. They rather look to Northern and Arctic Europe and Asia. On the other hand, we believe, if the matter was canvassed among leading European geologists, few would be willing to acknowledge that a partial glacial epoch, such as is indicated above, could be brought back by turning the Sahara into an inland sea. The wind that blows over the Sahara is tempered by the Mediterranean and great lowlands in temperate regions. We have felt the hot breath of the sirocco on the slopes of Vesuvius. As this same wind sweeps over the Apennines and Alps, it undoubtedly tends to produce the heavy annual rainfall of the southern slopes of the Alps, which amounts from sixty to ninety inches a year; and the great precipitation of snow which feeds the Alpine glaciers may be largely owing to the influence of this *John*, as the sirocco is called, in the form it appears in Swiss valleys. Possibly the change of the Sahara into an inland sea might so reduce the rainfall of the Italian and Swiss Alps that the glaciers would actually diminish. At all events the climate of Northern Europe and of the plains about Vienna would not be much affected by the change. Here the lowering of the climate would be due to a change in the climate of Northern Europe and Asia. Probably while the Sahara was in former times a sea, the rhinoceros, mammoth and cave bear and other quaternary animals lived about the foot of the Alps, and in summer were fanned by the moist and temperate, not hot and dry, south winds blowing over the well-watered basin of the Sahara, and the Mediterranean Sea, and the Italian lakes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Wonderful, wonderful indeed," he said; "one can never tire of botany. It continually opens to us new worlds of wonders with every awakening flower and unfolding leaf."

"And here," she said, indicating with her snowy fingers a villainous sprout of that little but the boys call "beggar's lice," "this *medicamentum parasitica*, see you?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, rapturously, "where did you get it? Why, do you know how rare it is? I have not seen one in Burlington since Mrs. O'Ghemine went to Chicago. She had such beautiful species of them, quite a charming variety. She used to wear them in her hair so often."

"No doubt," the angel said, dryly, and the young man feared he had done wrong in praising Mrs. O'Ghemine's plants so highly. But the dear one went on and, pointing to a young Jimson weed, said:

"This is my pet, this *Jimsonia Filiosensia*."

The young man gasped with the pleasure of a true lover of flowers as he bent over it, in admiration, and inhaled its nauseous odor. Then he rose up and said:

"This plant has some medicinal properties."

"Ah?" she said.

"Yes," he replied, stiffly, "it has. I have smelled that plant in my boyhood's days. Wilted on the kitchen-stove, then bruised and applied to the eruption, the leaves are excellent remedial agents for the poison of the wild ivy." He strode through the smiling company that was gathered in the parlor and said, sternly:

"We meet no more," and, seizing her father's hat from the rack, he extinguished himself in it and went banging along the line of tree-boxes which lined his darkened way.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Every one connected with a dry-goods establishment knows them. They come sailing into a store with an air well calculated to convey the impression that their resources are unlimited and that the purchases they make will require a special conveyance for delivery. It is only the unpracticed eye, however, which is deceived by them. The advent of one of them is a source of misery to the clerk unfortunate enough to be singled out as a victim. He knows that the department over which he presides will in a few moments be a scene of confusion; that article after article will have to be displayed, examined and commented upon; that he will have to submit to an ordeal of cross-examination equal to any inflicted upon a prisoner at the bar of justice, and that he has debared the privilege of which prisoners often avail themselves of making sharp or pertinent retorts. He must be all smiles and attention to a woman whom he intuitively knows—if he has not learned the fact from dear experience—had not the remotest idea when she honored the store with a visit of making a purchase more extensive than a paper of pins, or who, perchance, may have made the matching of an almost unattainable shade of antique goods the pretext for an examination of the innumerable variety of articles. These "shoppers," as they are called, apparently delight in producing disorder. For them the regular "opening day" has no particular attractions. Employers and clerks are then fully prepared to receive them, and would only be too happy to spread out the novelties of the season for their inspection. But they prefer to wait until the customary rush is over—until everything is again in its place, and the admirable system which prevails in a well-ordered dry-goods store has again been established. Then they come and have, as it were, an opening day all to themselves, while the poor clerk behind the counter suffers martyrdom. "Will it wash?" they ask of this piece of goods; "will this hold its color?" of another; and so on through a labyrinth of questions, paying no heed whatever to the answers, though they would be greatly incensed were they not treated with all deference and prompt replies made to their inquiries. When they have fully satisfied their curiosity—if their propensity for overhauling can be so denoted, as they call it—of the establishment as if they had done some noble action, and as if they had placed everyone, from proprietor to call-boy, under everlasting obligations. As likely as not they leave one store to enter a rival house, where they go through the same operation, using the knowledge they acquired at the first establishment cited for the purpose at the second of "cheaper" fabrics which they really have no desire of possessing. It is related of a woman who had acquired some slight notoriety for her achievements as a "shopper" that, having made some purchases in one establishment, she immediately bent her steps to a neighboring one. Here she journeyed from one counter to another, each one she left behind littered in promiscuous heaps after her, until finally she had made a complete tour. Then turning to the clerk who had last waited upon her she condescended to explain: "I bought some things at Blank & Blank's, you know, and I thought I would just run in here and see if I had been cheated." And there that woman had spent the good part of an afternoon pawing over and pulling at dry goods of every conceivable kind, making as much time as twenty customers would have done, putting everybody to as much trouble as she possibly could, and all for the purpose of seeing if she had been cheated in some trivial purchase at another place.

It is no wonder that the "shopper" is recognized by the clerk as a veritable nuisance; but she has her uses for all that. If she is not a source of profit to the merchant, she at least takes special pains to give his employees opportunities for the exercise of patience and courtesy; and for the cultivation of these qualities on the part of dry-goods salesmen she is largely responsible.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It happens, after all, that Prof. Tice's forecast of the weather was quite correct, except, perhaps, that it was a little too forecast. This Galveston gale has been identified as the one he promised to bring on in the latter part of August. It is to cut across the Gulf States, then fly up the Atlantic coast, and finally shoot across the Atlantic from some point about the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

THE Boston editor said he wrote as plain as could be "The scorching heavens around him shine," when the blasted printer went and made it, "The scorching hyenas around him whine!"

BAYARD TAYLOR says that there is alcohol in fresh bread, but one has to eat 180 loaves before he imbibes enough of the fluid to feel happy.

High Heels.

A cursory view of the customs of society or of some neighborhoods might convince one of the truth of the doctrine of depravity (total or otherwise), or at least of the idea that many persons are apparently trying to do as much violence as possible to this physical organism so "fearfully and wonderfully made." This thought is naturally suggested by an acquaintance with many of the prevailing customs and fashions of the present day, prominent among which, as illustrating prevailing follies, is the high-heeled fashion. We cannot avoid the conclusion that the human foot was originally made just right, and that ease in locomotion, not only for man but for the lower orders resembling man in structure, is best secured by the original form of the foot. In other words, if a high heel is really necessary for ease in walking the Creator would have placed a prominence on this part of the foot corresponding to the hump of the camel. But such a hump would now be regarded as a deformity, a malformation, if inside of the boot.

The most that we can claim in this respect is that a broad, low heel may be of service in rapid walking, but experience and observation can but teach us that heels worn by both sexes are a nuisance, if worn as the manufacturers intend. Many of these are so high and so small at the top that walking—naturally a fine exercise, among the best—generally becomes irksome, a task, and a protractive of many, many deformities and ailments. It is not too much to say that most of the deformities—of which so little is known in savage and barbarous life—such as corns, bunions, incurvature of the nails, sprained and deformed ankles, the misplacement and crooking of the toes, etc., are attributable to this cruel custom. In the words of a medical writer: "Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural laws, and a more unpardonable assault on the beauty and health of woman, than the invention of high-heeled boots."

If the natural position of the foot is the best for comfort and ease of motion, it is evident that any elevation of the heel above its natural position must crowd the foot forward into the boot, resting too much of the weight of the body on the fore-part of the foot, crowding the toes into the front of the boot, of course chafing them and in a variety of ways doing violence to the foot, of course deforming them and making business for a class of men now in demand, the chiropodists. Lameness, sprains, turned ankles and distortions in general are the inevitable results, and most of the wearers of these know the fact—at least in some degree—yet these high heels are still tolerated, high heels versus brains. Custom rules, at least, a certain class, compelling such to submit to arrant cruelty.—*Christian Monitor.*

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If the natural position of the foot is the best for comfort and ease of motion, it is evident that any elevation of the heel above its natural position must crowd the foot forward into the boot, resting too much of the weight of the body on the fore-part of the foot, crowding the toes into the front of the boot, of course chafing them and in a variety of ways doing violence to the foot, of course deforming them and making business for a class of men now in demand, the chiropodists. Lameness, sprains, turned ankles and distortions in general are the inevitable results, and most of the wearers of these know the fact—at least in some degree—yet these high heels are still tolerated, high heels versus brains. Custom rules, at least, a certain class, compelling such to submit to arrant cruelty.—*Christian Monitor.*

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BAYARD TAYLOR says that there is alcohol in fresh bread, but one has to eat 180 loaves before he imbibes enough of the fluid to feel happy.

High Heels.

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