FUTURE AND PAST.

Life's future spread to eyes of youth
Seems very wide—so wide in truth
That years doth seem to centuries raised
And seconds long as longest days.

Reversed, when eyes have lost their glow,
Life's the speediest thing we know.
A year seems short to hold within it
The record of a single minute.
—S. E. Hampton

A SPRIG OF ROSEMARY

It was at a corner of Blank street and Broadway. An old woman was standing on the curb looking uncertainly about her,—now at the endless chain of street cars, now into the faces of passers by. She was a countrified old woman, stout and plain, yet with such goodness in her face, such simplicity, such all-embracing human kindness, as to make it, for eyes that really see, lovely to look upon.

It was a hot summer afternoon, and she, too, was warmly clad in dark, homely garments. Near her feet on the curbstone was a large enamel-cloth satchel, with a robust cotton umbrella strapped to it. On her left arm hung a good-sized basket filled with growing plants,—old-fashioned things seldom seen outside of farm-house gardens. With her right hand incased in a gray cotton glove, she was fanning her heated face with a corner of her black shawl. Her pleasant gray eyes wandered from face to face of the hurrying throng, as if seeking sympathy, but few gave her even a casual glance, and of those few only now and then one gave her a second look lit up with momentary curiosity or amusement. The woman was so obviously out of place—as much so as an apple tree or a clump of cinnamon roses would have been.

The guileless wistfulness of her bright old eyes pierced the hard crust of worldliness and conventionality, and crept into their hearts, and more than one was moved to ask the stranger if she needed help or information, but the little crevice closed quickly, and they passed on. Only the look remained imprisoned in their bosoms, and they recalled that day things they had not thought of for many a year.

The woman had arrived on a noon train, expecting her nephew, William Henry Farner, to meet her at the station. She had waited a long time for him, then, thinking her letter had miscarried, she decided to go to his house up town. She had been there before, and she knew how to reach it, but she was timid about going alone.

William Henry was her only brother's child, and had grown up on a farm. He was a smart boy, and had grown up into a smart man. He was a prosperous provision dealer in New York now, married to a nice girl from his own township, and living comfortable in his own house out Harlem way. Whenever there arose a domestic emergency in his family—and they arose with astonishing frequency—Aunt Abby came on to nurse William Henry's wife. For that matter, they would have liked to keep her with them all the time; but Aunt Abby would not leave her home—the home of her humble farming ancestors for several generations. She was essentially of the soil, a country woman in every fibre of her being. The city was to her a monster, splendid but full of terror, whose glittering scales pained her eyes, whose incessant roar hurt her ears, accustomed to the quiet fields and woods. Not for worlds would she live in the city.

But she dearly loved William Henry, and Lucilla and the children, and was glad to come and stay with them during emergencies like the one pending. Lucilla was a country girl, too, and loved the old place, and when Aunt Abby came in she always brought with her something from her old home. This time it was some plants for Lucilla's window garden, from the place where William Henry's folks used to live. She had left a good deal of soil about the roots, and that made the basket very heavy. Her arm ached sorely, but she would not set the basket down for fear some one might tread on it, or even steal it when she was not looking, and she kept a sharp eye also on the black satchel. Aunt Abby read the papers, and her opinion of New York morals was not high.

She began to feel very tired, and wished William Henry had not missed her, and wondered how she happened to leave her palm-leaf fan on the train.

"I'm gettin' all het up!" she said to herself wearily.

She had thought that she knew just which kind of a car to take to get to her nephew's house, but they came along so fast, and looked so much alike that she was getting doubtful. And she meant to be very cautious. She was mortally certain, that once on the wrong car, her doom was sealed. There was no knowing to what dreadful den she might be lured, robbed and murdered, and no one would ever know what became of her. She had read of numbers of people disappearing mysteriously that way. So she let car after car pass until she could feel quite, quite sure.

When she had been standing there some time in the hot sun, a handsome couple stopped near her, and an old gentleman stepped out. He was a very fine looking old gentleman indeed, clean shaven, rosy, and somewhat pompous. His hair was silver white, and so were the heavy browe under which were eyes as hard and bright as polished steel; his mouth was the mouth of a man who loved pomp and pleasure, but it was not altogether a cruel mouth. As he stepped on to the curb he noticed the woman standing there with her basket of country plants, looking vaguely about, and fanning herself wearily with a black shawl.

He had a quick sense of the picturesque, this smooth-shaven old gentleman, and he was one of the few who looked a second time. His eyes softened a little, too. It was as if a breath of clover fields and orchards had been wafted to him by that bit of black shawl in the cotton-gloved hand.

Some one in passing had broken off a spray from one of the plants, and it lay wilting on the hot curbstone. The gentleman stooped, picked it up, and carried it into his office in the great stone building on the corner. When he was seated at his desk it was still in his hand. He looked at it curiously. It had large, oval, dull-green leaves, delicately serrated; a pungent, wholesome odor rose from it, prevailing over the other odors in the room,—odors of Russia leather, of tobacco and of the street.

The gentleman inhaled its fragrance long and deeply.

"What is it?" he asked himself. "I seem to remember—ah, yes! I have it. It is—rosemary! Yes. That's what it is. Rosemary!"

The steely eyes softened still more, and fixed themselves like those of one hypnotized. The full, proud mouth grew tender.

"There was a clump of rosemary in mother's garden," so ran his thoughts, "and near it was a great mat of clover pinks. They bloomed in June. I can smell them now. There was a huge bush of southernwood there, too, and some tawny lilies, and spiderwort, and monkshood, and striped grass. Strange how the old names came back to me! The lilac bushes in the corner were like trees to me in those days. I used to sit under them and play at matching blades of striped grass with sister Mary, and wonder why her hands were so white, and why mother never let her work hard I know now. She faded away and died, and there was only me left. I remember those Sundays in summer, when I was not allowed to play or run about. How long they were, and how hot! Like to-day, but with such a difference! Mother always had a spray of rosemary and a pink folded in her handkerchief when we started for the meeting house, and some caraway seed in her pocket, which she gave me now and then during the service when she saw I was almost asleep. I taste them now and smell the rosemary and the pinks, and the pine odors coming in at the open window, and the varnish on the pews, all mingled together. And I hear the creaking of the women's fans, and the horses whinnying under the shed behind the meeting house, and the minister's droning voice,—now it all comes back to me!

"And Abby—Abby Grover—her folks pew was across from ours, and I used to try my best to make her laugh in meeting, but I don't think I ever succeeded. She was a nice girl, Abby was. Not pretty, but with something about her that was better than beauty. And her eyes and hair were really lovely, I remember.

"Abby generally wore a sprig of rosemary pinned to her dress when I went over to see her Sunday nights in summer. That was after we grew up. We used to sit on the orchard wall and talk until the whippoorwills began crying and Abby's mother would come to the door and say the dew was falling and she guessed we better come in.

"I fancy I did most of the talking, though, for Abby was one of your silent, deep sort. I told her all my plans for getting away from the farm and making my fortune in the city. And she would listen patiently, though I must have been a terrible bore, and look at me with her nice clear eyes and say, 'How ambitious you are Joey!' Joey! Fancy any one calling me 'Joey now!

"And how proud she was of me when I began to get on in the world—and she helped me, too, Abby did. She lent me her little savings from school teaching, and, later on, when the farm came to her, she raised money on that to start me in business. Is there anything a woman will not do for a man she loves?"

At this point the color deepened on the old gentleman's forehead, and a deep breath like a sigh expanded his glistening shirt front.

"Of course, I paid her back, every dollar, with interest," went on his thoughts, "and I meant to keep my promise of marriage, too. It was Abby herself who broke the engagement, when she found out that I loved another girl better. It was the right thing. She did not seem to take it much to heart, either; but she never married. At least I never heard that she did. It is twenty-five years or more since I saw the old place. There was nothing to draw me there after the old folks died. I wonder—I wonder what became of Abby! Dead, probably. She would be an old woman if she were living—not so very old either. She was two years younger than I, and I am not yet turned sixty-five—"

A clerk came in and laid a telegram on the desk. The old gentleman took it. The steely look came back to his eyes.

The old woman in the black shawl was still standing on the street corner. She looked tired and anxious, and the plants in the basket had wilted sadly. The cars looked more alike than ever, and she did not dare to stop one. A policeman on the corner had scowled at her unpleasantly two or three times, and Aunt Abby felt almost ready to drop, what with the heat and the fatigue and the dread that the policeman might speak to her, and she be hopelessly disgraced thereby.

Suddenly her face broke into a delighted smile. A ruddy, youngish man came hurrying up to her.

"Wall, there!" exclaimed Aunt Abby as he shook hands with her and kissed her, and began asking questions and answering them all in the same breath. "Wall, there, now, William Henry, if that don't beat all!"

Then she told how she had waited in the station, and then on the street corner, until she was "all het up," and had left her palm-leaf fan on the train, and wondered if the plants would come up again, and asked how Lucilla was, etc.

Meantime the man had picked up the satchel and the basket, and hustled Aunt Abby good-naturedly into the car, and the two were gone.

And the sprig of rosemary lay forgotten on the floor under the old gentleman's feet.—Julia Schayer.

We live in the future. Even the happiness of the present is made up mostly of that delightful discontent which the hope of better things inspires.—J. G. Holland.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The world's largest tobacco factory is in St. Louis.

The Argentine Republic imported machinery last year to the value of $3,000,000.

Two divinity students are working their way through Yale by doing job printing.

For the last year our exports of railroad iron of all sorts were 610,212 tons against 747,662 tons for 1896, 588,375 tons for 1893 and 1,635,431 tons for 1890.

Passenger trains from Boston to Plymouth are hauled as far as Braintree, and then divided into two parts and drawn to Plymouth by a third-rail motor.

The number of cases of rabies has been decreasing each year. In London, for instance there were only 17, none fatal, in 1898 while in 1897 there were 151 cases.

Married people live longer than the unmarried, the temperate and industrious longer than the gluttonous and idle, and civilized nations longer than the uncivilized.

The bee of Mexico does not "improve each shining hour." As there is very little cold weather there no necessity exists for laying in winter stores of honey, and the bee is, therefore, as lazy as a cockroach.

A statistical Englishman estimates that a factory hand earning, say $6.25 a week, expends out of it for food $3.40, of which $1.06 is for meat, bacon and fish, and an equal amount for butter, cheese, lard and eggs.

A crank in Brooklyn recently went over the route of a century run and sprinkled it freely with tacks. Of the 80 that finished the run more than half had collapsed tires. The tacks remained in most of the tires until pulled out.

The South Carolina dispensary, which was designed to check drunkenness and furnish to an appreciative public only "chemically pure" beverages, is accused of selling "embalmed beer," otherwise beer treated with salicylic acid.

Oxford, Me., has a custard pie association, which meets annually in a hemlock grove on the margin of Swan Pond, and gorges itself with custard pie. It grew out of a custard pie eating contest between two residents of the town 39 years ago.

Ears of corn can be rapidly husked by a Kansas man's patent glove, the palm being covered with a series of interlacing rings of wire, which form a surface of sufficient flexibility and roughness to engage the husks and strip them from the ear.

At a recent auction sale of old books in London Sir Walte Scott's Waverley, first edition, three volumes, 1814, brought $545—a record price. The manuscript log book kept by Captain Cook during his first voyage on the Endeavor was sold for $375.

With a refrigerator in every house, cold storage warehouses in every city, and refrigerator cars on every railroad, it is a little difficult to realize that the process of freezing articles of food to prevent decomposition was not perfected until a little less than 20 years ago.

The Paris Figaro is named in honor of the typical gossiping barber. Petit Journal means "little journal," and has no connection with Le Journal. The Gaulois is the "Gaul." Liber Parole means "free speech." L'Intransigeant, Henri Rochefort's paper, is "the irreconcilable."

In Russia a sentence not exceeding one month's arrest or payment up to 100 roubles will be imposed on those who sell, prepare or store flax for commercial purposes which may contain foreign matters, and a fine not exceeding 100 roubles will be imposed on such as contravene the other rules and regulations.

To remove Paint from Wood—Where it is necessary to remove paint entirely, this is generally done by scraping; another way is to soften the paint by passing a flat flame over a portion of the surface at a time, and it can be scraped off easily while hot; but the method most recommended is to lay on a thick coating of plaster of fresh slacked lime mixed with soda; next day wash it off with water and it will remove the paint, leaving the surface clean.

OF REAL INTEREST.

To prevent the creaking of Doors—apply a little soap to the hinges, or take lard, soap and black lead, equal parts, and apply.

Ground Tea—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

To prevent the Formation of a Crust in Teakettles—Keep an oyster shell in your teakettle. By attracting the stony particles to itself it will prevent the formation of a crust.

To remove a Cork from the Inside of a Bottle—With a stout string projected into the bottle, turn the bottle around until the cork is caught in a loop of the string, and with force pull out the cork.

Artificial Skin for Cuts, etc.—A small quantity of collodion applied with a brush to a cut or wound will product a perfect artificial covering which is more elastic than plaster and sufficiently insoluble in cold water.

To Stop Bleeding at the Nose—Placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

To Expel Insects, Dirt, etc., from the Eye—The first thing to be done when a mote or cinder gets into your eye is to pull down the lower part of the eyelid, and with a handkerchief in your hand blow your nose violently at the same moment. This will frequently expel the mote without further trouble. A mote will, in many cases, come out of itself by immediately holding your eye wide open in a cup or glass filled to the brim with clear, cold water.

BE[illegible]LIN'S WORDS.

Want of care does us more damage than the want of knowledge.

For age and want, save while you may, no morning sun lasts all the day.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.

Lying rides upon debt's back; it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

Women and wine, game and deceit, make the wealth small and the want great.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep; and you shall have corn to sell and keep.

Work to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Foolish men make feasts and wise men eat them.

He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

Always taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, son comes to and never putting in soon comes to the bottom.

Drive thy business, let not that drive thee. Sloth makes all things difficult, industry all easy.

When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.

"No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example cannot hurt."

A FEW HOMELY PROVERBS

Here are a few old English proverbs imported direct from the old country:

Suspicion has a key that fits every lock.

Don't pull the house down because the chimney smokes.

If you give me a knife give me a fork too.

Give me to drink, but drench me not.

A hole in the purse, and the cupboard the worse.

The fuller the hand the harder to hold. Stroke the dog, but beware of his bite.

Heap on the coal and put out the fire.

The fool kept the shell and threw away the kernel.

One cock is sure to crow if he hears another.

In comes the fiddler and out goes the money.

The shorter the wit the longer the word.

Saw off any branch that you are sitting on.

My partner ate the meat and left me the bone.

If you break your bowl you lose your broth.

Don't wait until it is dark until you light the lamp.

Every bell must ring its own tune.

If you shoot one bird you scare the hole flock.

Beware of pride, says the peacock.

You must shut your eyes if the dust blows in your face.

EVERYTHING NEEDS REST

People will say, as observant people have been saying for a good many years, that metals, like living beings, grow tired, and that machinery works better and surer for an occasional rest.

Some men know that if an old watch, which had been discarded because of uncertainty, be wound up after a rest of ten years, will often surprise the owner by doing faithful duty as a timekeeper. A refractory razor laid aside for a year seems renewed, if not rejuvenated.

Telegraph operators say that telegraph wires are better conductors on Monday than on Saturday on account of Sunday rest they get in some of the Easter States. They also say that a rest of three weeks adds 10 per cent. to the conductivity of a wire.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Never judge the judge by the jury.

Self-reliance and courage go a great way in human affairs.

Our misfortunes are magnified by the fool comments of our friends.

If an air-ship isn't flighty the inventor of it is very apt to be.

More men give according to their meanness than according to their means.

It is a wise woman who doesn't get into an argument with her housemaid on wash day.

Don't forget the great object of life is making a home.

We generally are treated the kindest by those from whom we have no right to expect more than the merest passing courtesy.

One of the most practical Don'ts we have ever heard of is Don't talk about your neighbors. It will make you uncomfortable and cost you your standing in the community.

Machine grease may be removed by washing in cold water, using soap.

The home is an epitome of the nation, every public virtue may be cultivated there.

IRONIC L[illegible]FS.

If men have no scruples about fishing on Sunday they're apt to have drams.

If there is nothing in a man he is not on the visiting list of opportunity.

If gossips would stop to think, their tongues would get a much needed rest.

If the teacher flogs a girl pupil he hits a miss; if the girl dodges she misses a hit.

If people would frankly admit their ignorance lots of useless arguments might be avoided.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little.—Bacon.

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains of labor.—Addison.

To communicate oneself is Nature; to receive a communication as it is given is culture.—Goethe.

Whatever touches life with upward tendency is education.—Dr. Arnold Tompkins, Illinois State University.

What then is to be done? To make the best of what is in our power, and to take the rest as it occurs. And what hinders me, then, but that I may go smiling and cheerful and serene?

God created hope when listening to repentance. The fairest flower in the garden of creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom as to the sun.—W. H. Harrison.

We ought to watch * * * we do so in obedience to our commander, the Captain of our salvation, yet it is his own watching, who sleeps not, nor so much as slumbers, it is that preserves Us and make us not to be in vain.—Robert Leighton.

"What she could," not what she could not do, not what she thought might be done, not what she would like to do, not what she would do if she had more time, not what somebody else thought she ought to do, but "what she could."—W. A. Shipman.

To feel a conviction of immortality we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent too, the world becomes a veil of brighter glory that lies behind it; the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, "but is passed from death unto life."—Thomas Starr King.

It is a proverbial saying that every one makes his own destiny; and this is usually interpreted that every one, by his wise or unwise conduct, prepares good or evil for himself; but we may also understand it that whatever it be that he receives from the hand of Providence, he may so accommodate himself to it that he will find his lot good for him, however much may seem [illegible]hers to be wanting.—William von Humboldt.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth we need to believe, you and I, who have no "mission" and no great sphere to move in.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master's spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

There must be no rust on our hearts resulting from inconsistency or permitted sin. To keep us from thus deteriorating is God's perpetual aim; and for this purpose he uses the fret of daily life, the chafe of small annoyances, the wear and tear of irritating tempers and vexing circumstances. Nothing great or crushing, but many things that gall and vex—these are the sandpaper and the file that God perpetually employs to guard against whatever would blunt the edge or diminish the effect of our work.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Remember that in proportion to the fullness of thy heart will be the fullness of thy life. Be empty-hearted and thy life will be a meagre, skeleton existence; be full-hearted, and thy life will be full and strong, a thing that will tell upon the world. Keep, then, thy peace with God firm within thee. Keep thou close to this, that Jesus Christ hath made peace between thee and God. And keep thy conscience still; then shall thy heart be full and thy soul strong to do thy Master's work. Keep thy peace with God; this will keep thy heart pure.

Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome boy, or even man. Well did the sternest Roman writers place the high distinction of humanity, aloft from all manner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayst thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew! Only, when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers.

LEARNED BY LOOKING ON

Lying's a certain mark of cowardice.—Southern.

Silence is the gratitude of true affection.—Sheridan.

Men are never so good or bad as their opinions.—Mackintosh.

Polish on a man's manners and on his boots counts for a great deal in this world, but he loses caste when the polish is on his coat.

It was one of those trying children who always make out their adults semi-idiots, who inquired as to where the quarters of the old moon went.

The estimate output of the Klondike gold mines this year is $40,000,000.

English capitalists have recently invested about $30,000,000 in sugar plantations in Cuba and Porto Rico.

UNCLE BILL'S IDEAS.

Broad assertions are apt to fall flat.

A man often has to curtail his expenses to make both ends meet.

Uneasy lies the head that has to pay for a woman's new fall bonnet.

Some men are so mean they don't get any praise at their own funeral.

Even after they have been married four or five years, some women are persevering enough to think they will be able to [illegible]

HERE AN[illegible]

[illegible]