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Select Poetry.

A VANISHED VOICE.

There stood a tree beside his boyhood's door
That faced the west, and often, just before
The sundown, seemed transfigured with the light
That flooded in, and keen upon his sight
Burned images of flame; and from the tree
Fluted a nameless bird so goldenly
He seemed part of the sunset and the sky.

The listener had listened for that cry
Of love and longing many a weary time
And heard it never; nor can mortal rhyme
Encompass half its sweetness. Could the place,
The homely homestead, and the subtle grace
Of youth return, the magic moment when
The westering day shows heaven to mortal men,
Though transiently, perchance the chanting bird
Would be there too, perchance his voice were heard.

The listner listens vainly. Song is rife
Still in the world, still love illumines life,
But he would give the all of after-years,
Its triumphs, wisdoms, and revealing tears,
To list that little bird-soul from its nest
Leap into lyric rapture, sink to rest,
Youth in the air, and sunset in the west.

—Richard Burton, in Harper's Magazine for August.

Select Story.

LIZZIE'S ELOPEMENT.

"Liz! Lizzie!"

Mrs. Blake stood at the foot of the stairs, with her eyes fixed upon the door facing it above.

"Lizzie! Elizabeth!" she called again, more sharply this time.

But still there was no reply, and she went back into the kitchen with a vexed look, and began to beat an omlet for breakfast. The outer door opened, and Deacon Blake came briskly in from the garden.

"Fine morning!" he remarked, as he looked cheerfully around. "If this kind o' weather continues there'll be plenty of strawberries in a day or two. Some of 'em are beginning to turn already. Breakfast already. Breakfast ready, Cassie?"

"No," answered his wife, somewhat petulantly; "and not likely to be this fifteen minutes. I've had all the work on my own hands this morning."

"Where's Liz?"

"Not come down yet, and it's nearly 7 o'clock. She's getting lazier every day, and we allow her to have her own way too much."

"I s'pose she's tired out with the frolic at Cynthy's last night. Let her have what rest she needs."

"She's had as much as is good for her by this time, I guess. Here, Patty," turning to a small help, who was bustling about the kitchen, very much in everybody's way. "Run up stairs and wake her. She can be ready in time for breakfast, and it's so late to-day. Where's Tom."

"Not back from the mill yet. Time he should be," said the deacon, looking from the window.

Patty, in her zeal, dashed upstairs like a small tornado.

They could hear her rattling the door knob and calling:

"Miss Lizzie! Miss 'Liz'beth! Yer aunt says to git up. It's most 7 o'clock, and breakfas' most ready."

No answer came.

Then followed an irregular drumming on the door, and Mrs. Blake, with an anxious face turned to her husband.

"Joseph, I hope there's nothing the matter with Liz. Why don't she answer?"

Patty came running down with big eyes.

"Pleas'm, I can't wake her, and the door's bolted!"

Before Patty had concluded Mrs. Blake was half way up stairs, followed by her husband. "Lizzie!" he called, in stentorian tones, which would have awakened the soundest sleeper.

"Then, after pausing for an answer, he said hurriedly;

"Cassie, have you a key that will unlock this door? No? Then run down—quick!—and bring up my basket of tools."

His hands trembled a little, as with the assistance of the tools he pried open the door—no difficult task, as the lock was slight.

His wife stepped hastily within the room, and uttered an exclamation at once of relief and alarm.

"She isn't here. The bed hasn't been slept in. Why, Joseph, she hasn't been home all night!"

Mr. Blake stared round blankly as he took off his hat and wiped the drops from his brow.

"Mebbe," he said—"mebbe she's stayed all night over to Cynthy's."

"Why shouldn't she! It isn't far, and there was nothing to keep her."

"Unless she was sick," he suggested, anxiously.

"In that case they'd have let us know last night—"

Mrs. Blake suddenly paused, and as suddenly sank into a chair.

"Joseph, I hope—I hope it isn't that young man from the city—that Orville Parker, you know."

"Why, Cassandry, she'd never think of such a thing!"

"She might. There's no knowing what Liz would do when she's in one of her freakish moods. Parker was desperately attentive to her when he first came here, but she didn't care to have anything to do with him, so he went over to Elvira Jane. But lately she seems to have been encouraging him. Tom had a pretty sharp talk about it Sunday night, when Parker walked home with her from church. I took Tom's side—I never could abide that stuck up city clerk—and Liz got vexed, and said she'd marry whom she pleased, and go where she pleased, and if we didn't want her here she could support herself in the city—for that Parker had told her there were elegant young ladies of good families and education employed in the stores there."

"And what did you say?"

"I was vexed, and said she could go when she'd a mind to; but of course she knew I didn't mean it."

"How could she know that? Cassie, Cassie, I've warned you more than once or twice that your impatient temper would bring trouble at last. Flizabeth is like her poor mother was—proud and easy hurt. And she's not been long enough with us since her mother died to get familiar with your little irritable ways, and to know that at the bottom there's a good true woman's heart. Cassie, I doubt but you've driven the poor child off."

Mrs. Blake burst into tears.

"What's to be done, Joseph? God knows, Lizzie is as dear as me as if she was my own! And I did hope, she added, in a lower tone—"I did hope to to be able to call her mine some time. Tom—"

And here she choked and burst into fresh sobs.

"Yes, yes! Tom will be dreadfully cut up by this," said the old man, slowly shaking his head as the two proceeded down stairs. "But I wish he'd hurry home now, for until he comes I hardly know what's to be done."

"Hadn't we better send over to Cynthia's? Maybe they'd know something that would serve for a clew, since Lizzie was here last night. No doubt she took the 11 o'clock train for the city. Stay, I'll write a line to Joe, and ask him to step to the hotel and find out whether Parker had left there."

The hasty line was written and dispatched by Patty, who had all this time looked on with wide open eyes and mouth.

"Now, Patty, run for your life," said her mistress, and she gave her the bit of paper.

Patty ran—only stopping once to tell somebody whom she met that Miss Lizzie had run away to get married.

In ten minutes she returned accompanied by Mrs. Blake's sister, Mrs. Cuythia Harden, and her daughter, Elvira Jane.

Mrs. Harden, a portly lady, was all out of breath, and Elvira Jane, slender and willowy, was pale and agitated.

"Cassandra," gasped Mrs. Harden, as she dropped heavily into a chair, "what is all this I hear? Patty says Lizzie's run away to get married; but I don't believe it's true."

And then Mrs. Blake explained what occurred.

She left my house last night about half-past nine," said Mrs. Harden, growing very red, while her daughter became equally pale. "Twasn't Tom with her, Elvira Jane?"

"No, ma. Tom and she quarreled the first part of the evening, because she danced with—with Mr. Parker."

And Elvira Jane's voice trembled as she spoke his name.

"I thought so. They've undoubtedly run off together, or perhaps he's helped to get her off to the city."

"I wouldn't have believed it of Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Harden, with indignant emphasis. "I wouldn't have believed it of any girl that she could play such an underhanded part. Why she knew that Elvira Jane was as good as engaged to Orville Parker."

At this Miss Harden's feelings hitherto suppressed, became too acute for endurance and she sat down on the kitchen settee and burst into hysterical weeping.

"Don't cry Elvira Jane!" said her Uncle Joseph kindly. "If the fellow's capable of acting in this way, he ain't worth shedding a tear for."

"There'll be something to shed besides tears when Joe comes to hear of it!" said Mrs. Harden savagely. "He ain't one to see his sister put upon in this way, Joe isn't."

Just here there was a knock at the outer kitchen door, which, being opened, admitted two or three of their nearest neighbors, who had come to obtain information and administer consolation to the family in their trouble.

For by this time, thanks to Patty, half the village knew that Deacon Blake's pretty niece, who had made his home so bright in the few months that she had lived with them, and who everybody had decided was to marry his son Tom, had run off and got married to the dandy dry goods clerk, lately imported from the city.

"Well, I'm awfully cut up about it I'm sure," said Mrs. Peters, the wheelwright's wife, as she folded her hands on her ample chest, and solemnly shook her head. "I wish I could say something to comfort you, Mrs. Blake, but I've always noticed that them as you're kindnest to has the least gratitude, and adopted children are sure to bring trouble on the family."

"As for me, I've been expecting it all along," said Miss Tucker, who was president of the Female Mission and Charity Association. "I noticed the way Lizzie Gray and that Mr. Parker looked at each other in church Sunday night; and Tom Blake noticed it, too, for he appeared awful glum, and got up and went out before anybody else—almost before the blessing was spoke. I remember I said to myself, "if Elizabeth Gray and Orville Parker don't make a runaway match before long, then I'm no saint."

"If some folks would attend more to the sermons in church, and less to the looks and doings of other folks" said Mrs. Harden, addressing nobody in particular, but looking straight before her with a stony gaze, "they'd be considerable more saints than they are likely to become other ways."

Miss Tucker glanced appealingly at Mrs. Peters, and put on a martyr-like expression.

"I can excuse you ma'am," she said, with great politeness, and a compassionate glance toward Elvira Jane, "considering how badly you must feel about this matter. It isn't many of us can bear disappointments with patience and Christian meekness and fortitude.

Mrs. Harden's countenance certainly expressed neither meekness nor patience, but her reply was averted by a sudden exclamation from Patty, who was staring out the window at sundry curious and inquisitive faces of passers by, peering about the front garden palings:

"Oh, mum, they're coming! Mister Tom—and Mister Joe, too."

Joe Harden was hurrying up the road from one direction and Tom Blake driving from another.

The two young men met at the gate, and after exchanging a few words Tom left his wagon in the yard and they entered the kitchen together.

Tom's face was white, while Joe's was as red as his mother's.

"Well, Joe," said Deacon Blake, hastily stepping forward.

Joe answered in a hard, sharp way:

Parker left this morning at 5 o'clock. He hired a buggy. He didn't say where he was going, but Larry, the milkman, met him near the Meadow Bridge driving with a lady, who he is sure was Lizzie."

"But in that case where was she all night?"

Joe sternly shook his head.

Mrs. Blake burst into a passion of weeping.

Tom, meanwhile had taken something from a small box on the top of the shelf of the closet and was closely examining it at the window.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Elvira Jane, "what do you mean to do with that dreadful thing?"

Tom made no reply.

His lips were firmly set, and he put it in his breast pocket and turned toward the door.

"Tom, my son!" cried his mother, seizing his arm. "Oh, Joe, stop, him! There'll be murder somewhere. He'll kill that Parker!"

"If he don't" said Joe, deliberately, as he carefully selected a stout horsewhip from a number hanging in the closet—"if he don't succeed in killing him, then I'll finish him myself. Come along, Tom!"

Elvira Jane screamed, and Mrs. Harden and Mrs. Peters made a sudden, elephantine rush and placed their ample forms against the kitchen door.

Mrs. Blake threw herself into a rocking-chair with loud wailing, and then with tightly-clenched hands, mouth screwed up and eyes double their natural size, danced about the room on tiptoe.

"Stand aside, mother! There's something trying to get in here," said Joe, as the door was pushed from without.

And wrenching it open despite the resistance of the two stout ladies, he threw it wide open, while the eyes of all the excited group turned thitherward.

Everyone uttered an exclamation.

There stood Lizzie, bright and rosy, her hat hanging on her back by its strings, her curly hair all disordered with the wind, and in her hands a little basket, the contents of which were covered over with fresh green leaves.

At sight of the unexpected group her face assumed an expression of the utmost astonishment.

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" cried her aunt, starting up, "where have you been?"

"Where have I been?" repeated Lizzie, in a bewildered tone. Why, to the meadow-bridge wood, to get strawberries."

And she lifted the leaves and displayed the red fruit beneath.

A dead silence ensued. Everybody looked at each other, but no one spoke until Miss Tucker inquired, half incredulously:

"Who went with you?"

"Mrs. Lamb and the girls, and Frank Lamb and Mr. Parker," answered Lizzie unhesitatingly.

"Oh, Mr. Parker!" said Miss Tucker, with a significant smile and toss of her head.

"Yes. It was he who told us, as we came home last night about the strawberries being ripe at the meadow-bridge and said that as he would have to pass there to-day he would bring us some. And Mrs. Lamb proposed that as her wagon was to go early to the station, we should all go in it to the strawberry grounds, and it would take us up in returning. Mr. Parker overtook us in his buggy."

"And, pray," said Mrs. Harden, severely, "how was it that he offered you a seat in his buggy instead of one of the others?"

Lizzie hesitated, and smiled and glanced toward Elvira Jane. Then she stopped and whispered a word or two in Mrs. Harden's ear, whose countenance instantly cleared.

"You've given us a dreadful fright, Lizzie," said Mrs. Blake, beginning to cry again, but this time from pure relief and happiness.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peters, with a broad smile breaking over her face—"yes, we all thought that you and Mr. Parker had run away to get married. Ain't it ridiculous?"

Lizzie looked around, with an indignant flush suffusing her face.

Uncle Joe sat down and broke into a wild laugh.

Even Elvira Jane smiled, for she had caught Lizzie's whisper.

And while they were all laughing Lizzie turned to Tom, who happened to be close behind her, and said with reproach in her tone and tears in her eyes:

"I wouldn't have believed it of you, Tom!"

Tom looked very sheepish as he disappeared in the closet and put away something in the box on the top shelf.

"You see aunty," said Lizzie, standing by her side, with one arm around her neck and the other resting lovingly on Uncle Joseph's shoulder. "I came home so late last night that I had no opportunity of telling you. I was up and dressed early and while waiting for the rest, I thought I might as well set my room in order. Then I locked the door, to keep you from finding that I had gone; because I expected to be back in time for breakfast. You'll forgive me, aunty; won't you?—and you'll let me have some breakfast because I am so awfully hungry, and we'll all enjoy the first strawberries of the season.

The Seasoning of Stone.

Stone, like lumber, requires seasoning. Stone is often spoken of as the synonym of solidity—"as solid as a rock," we say, but, as a matter of fact, stone is very far from being solid. A cubic foot of the most compact granite, for instance, weighs about 164 pounds, while a cubit foot of iron weighs 464 pounds. This plainly shows that in between the atoms which compose the mass of the most enduring stone there exists much space for air, moisture, etc. This seasoning of stone prior to use for building purposes has been well understood by the architects of all ages, but in the modern rush of nineteenth century building too little attention has been paid to it. Now it enters into the calculations of every good architect.

A missionary on his way to Liberia gives the following as part of the cargo of the steamer that carried him:

"Ten thousand casks of rum, eleven cases of gin, four hundred and sixty tons of gunpowder and fourteen missionaries—all on their way to Africa."

Resistance of Vertebrates to Thirst.

The camel is the animal that is oftenest mentioned as an example of one in which thirst is the longest endured. But Mr. S. M. Gorman, of Cambridge, Mass., writes to Nature that more striking cases of prolonged endurance are found in a number of small rodents that inhabit the arid plains in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains. These animals live for weeks and months without meeting with a single drop of water. The sand is torrid, the entire vegetation is burned up, and yet they resist. This is not the result of observation solely, for direct experiment has been made. Some common mice were put apart on the first of last October in cages in which they received nothing but perfettly dry food, such as Indian corn and grass seed. On the seventeenth of January they were in perfect health and seemed as if they would continue thus for a long time, although they had not received a single drop of water or of any other liquid in the interim.

Activity of Animals.

In a recent number of Science Mr. Stewart gives the results of some interesting experiments upon the activity of animals that were made upon rats, mice, and squirrels inclosed in circular cages so arranged that every motion of the occupunt caused the cage to revolve. An automatic apparatus permitted of registering the motions of the cage and of consequently ascertaining the periods of rest and activity of the animals. Rats and mice divide their time into twelve hours of rest and twelve of intermittent work during the night.

During the period of work, the intervals of activity rarely exceed one hour, and are separated by intervals of rest of a nearly equal duration. In winter the squirrel works almost continuously from twenty minutes to two hours in the morning, and sometimes a little in the evening also, but during the balance of the time it remains at rest.

A liquid glue possessing great resisting power, recommended for wood and iron, is prepared, according to Hesz, as follows: Clear gelatine, 100 parts; cabinet makers' glue, 100 parts; alcohol, 25 parts; alum, 2 parts; the whole mixed with 200 parts of 20 per cent acetic acid, and heated on a water bath for six hours. An ordinary liquid glue, also well adapted for wood and iron, is made by boiling together for several hours 100 parts glue, 560 parts water, and 16 parts nitric acid.

A simple and effective way to remove warts on face? Castor oil constantly applied from 2 to 4 or 6 weeks, each day, that is, once a day; it has not failed in my hands, says a writer in the Therapeutic Gazette, in any case of any size or long standing. The time it takes may try the patience of the user, but, if faithfully used, they will get their reward in the removal of the wart without leaving any scar.

Farmers' institutes will be valuable in proportion as they are composed of genuine tillers of the soil and addressed by men who know at least as much about agricultural matters as they do about politics. The farmers of the United States are honest, well meaning men, but they have been woefully deceived by ranting demagogues.

Marl is excellent on grass lands, and contains lime, potash and phosphates, but in proportions which do not permit of shipping it to a great distance. Those who can procure it at a low cost for transportation, however, will find it a valuable aid on pastures, though its action is slow. It is an excellent absorbent when used with manure.

The electrical industry, according to the Electrical Review, is about 17 years old and employs over $1,000,000,000 of invested capital. The greater part of this immense investment has been made since 1888, when the electric motor was proved to be a success.

Small trees are easily injured by high winds if the soil is made very wet by excessive rains, as they will be shaken and loosened in the ground. To prevent this they should be staked.

The proper mode of keeping rabbits from trees is to wrap a piece of screen wire around each tree. This will cost but a small sum per tree and will save a great deal of vexation and annoyance,

It is said that when a Frenchman is intoxicated he wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishmen to eat, an Italian to boast, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

Keep your hearts warm by feeling for others, and your powers active by work done in earnest.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Vinegar for soaking lamp wicks makes a brilliant light.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens and blues in ginghams.

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