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HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour
May fall as falls the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself a seed
Of future good and future need,

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

—*Lord Houghton.*

IN SEARCH OF ROGER HALE.

In the month of June, 1884, the law office of Milliken, Frost & Co., situated on a noisy thoroughfare of the city of New York, presented its usual aspect. Three heads bent over three desks, while three pens scratched diligently at the respective tasks.

Mr. Hiram Milliken emerged from the private rooms of the firm, paused in the middle space of the office, twirling the gold seals which depended over his white waistcoat, and looked at the owners of the heads ruminatingly.

The pens paused, and three pair of eyes regarded the great man in respectful interrogation, for Mr. Milliken, a lawyer of fine reputation, large connection, and ample fortune, was a very great personage, indeed, in the estimation of his clerks. Some communication of importance was about to be made, for the stranger, who had been received an hour before, was visible through the open door engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Frost and Mr. Whitney.

"As sure as you are alive something is up with old Fudge," whispered Harry Fayall to his comrades of the desk.

Old Fudge was the nickname bestowed by the facetious youth on his senior, who, unconscious of the impertinence, continued to scan the group before him.

"Would either of you like to search for a missing man?" inquired Mr. Milliken.

"Yes, sir," replied John Leggat, promptly.

"Expenses paid?" echoed Richard Marshall, a prudent and dry young man, whose sandy hair hung straight and limp about his face, and whose thin lips closed like the valves of certain sea-shells.

"Expenses paid, and one thousand dollars for your trouble, if you find him," continued Mr. Miliken.

"I will find him," said John Leggat, wiping his pen and restoring it to the rack. "Who is he? Why is he wanted!"

The lawyer regarded him with marked satisfaction. Courage and energy of purpose were perceptible in the youth with the keen, gray eye, handsome features and curling, black hair. John possessed the true legal passion for tracing results to causes. Here was an opening. One of three. Prudent Richard Marshall bethought him of the heiress he was wooing at a suburban resort, and hesitated between the bird in the hand and one on the wing. Harry Fayall was reluctant to give up a fortnight of camping in the Adirondack mountains. John Leggat must go. He received his instructions in the private room. The missing man was an artist —Roger Hale by name. His brother had recently died in his native town in Central New York, leaving considerable property to be divided between two sisters and the absent Roger. No settlement could be made of sales until the artist gave his consent. He had been last seen at Nice, but as a correspondent Mr. Hale left much to be desired.

"I will find him," reiterated John Leggat. "I shall sail on the next steamer, if they put me in the coal bunk. I wonder what Katy will think of it," he added, as he sought the abode of his fiance, on the very wings of hope.

The search for Roger Hale meant such a start in life as the marriage of these young people, otherwise definitely deferred. Katy White lived with her brother on the fifth floor of an apartment building, where the increasing heat and the improbability of a country holiday had aroused the imagination of the children. Tommy had made a train of cars of chairs in one corner, while Molly, seated majestically on a table, announced she was on board the steamboat, bound for Newport, and Bob imagined himself to be on the Long Branch shore, with the aid of a wooden shovel and a toy pail full of shells.

"I mean to live in the country when I am married," announced Katy, who was as sensible as she was pretty, dimpled and rosy.

"I hate the country," retorted her sister in law, a pale blonde, with a fashion magazine open on her knee.

John Leggat entered, was welcomed shrilly by the children, and imparted the news that he was to seek Roger Hale. Katy wept and trembled, and became sufficiently calm to listen to his projects.

"Make your wedding dress, darling," he whispered joyfully.

Next day he sailed for Europe.

When John Leggat reached Nice, traveling from Paris without stopping, he learned that Roger Hale had been in that brilliant city, but had gone on toward Italy, sketching the shore. The information gleaned was somewhat vague when analyzed. Everybody knew Roger Hale, but no one was precise as to dates respecting his movements. The term used was that he was generally around somewhere and a very good fellow.

John departed along the shore, in turn, undeterred by fierce heat and the sinister rumor that cholera had appeared at Toulon and Marseilles. He searched every town, hamlet and inlet of a picturesque coast until checked by the frontier and the land quarantine which had been established on that sultry July day.

Escaping from the land quarantine John Leggat hastened to Genoa, where he learned that Roger Hale was in Milan. At Milan he was told the artist had sought the Turin exhibition. He took the next train for Turin, but failed to find the missing heir in the Mediæval castle or the Kermess fair. The hotel secretary was absolutely sure the object of inquiry had returned to Venice. Launching letters and telegrams, like a shower of arrows, in all directions, John turned his face toward the Adriatic. A fresh perplexity awaited him. Venice gained, he lost trace of Roger Hale altogether. What had become of him? Piqued, he sought banker, consul, hotels, and lodgings in vain. A lady at the table d'hote stated that a party of artists had gone to Titian's country ten days before, and Roger Hale was of the number. The lady changed countenance slightly when she learned that the American had sped after the artists.

"I am almost sure that was one of the names," she mused, "or was was it Smith?"

The artists cheered John. Roger was to join them later, and if the lawyer remained in their midst or hung about Venice, Hale was sure to turn up. The chief authority recalled, all in sketching a flight of steps, that Hale had sought Florence to copy a head of Titian's in Ritti gallery. John journeyed to Florence, discovered a canvas on which a woman's face was outlined, and learned that Roger Hale had left for Leghorn some weeks before. At Leghorn the artist was said to have gone to Sardinia with an Italian. A merchant promised to telegraph to a certain person at Rome for more accurate information. John waited, fumed with impatience, fast verging to exasperation. The artist, ever within reach, perpetually eluded him. How easy it had seemed to find him! John began to fear Roger Hale was a myth—a will-o'-the-wisp.

Leghorn swarmed with life; groups of girls gathered about the fountains; the air was redolent of hot oil frizzling on the domestic altar of supper in narrow streets. A funeral procession passed along a quay, the candles of the penitents flaring; a black prison-van, guarded by royal carbineers, wearing cocked hats, crept behind the four-in-hand of a Greek banker. The sun set behind the tranquil Mediterranean in a fiery disk, dyeing the waves crimson and gold. John strolled about the gardens of the shore, and sought one of the piers. On the right the serrated peaks of the Carrara mountains sloped to the brink of the Spezian gulf. All about him the people laughed and talked in a babel of tongues. A Sicilian princess, with narrow, Spanish face, enveloped in opalescent draperies like the sea at sunset, drank coffee at the next table. A piquant beauty, clad in maize colored satin, claimed the homage of a bevy of cavaliers. One by one little boats, wreathed with swaying lanterns, became detached from shore and flitted over the water to cluster about a yacht, gemmed with lights in an arch of green fire. A Venetian fete was transpiring, with song and revelry. Suddenly a word, an exclamation, a cry wrought swift change to the fairy spectacle. The beauty held a telegram in her rigid hand, the princess had started to her feet—the very waiters paused to look and listen. The cholera had reached stricken Spezia. The eyes of adjacent towns turned to the boundary of mountain in dread of the awful moment when the pestilence should wing its noiseless and fatal way onward to strike them as well. Panic ensued. The lights went out, and the multitude surged inland to join the fugitives of Spezia at Risa in a tumult of frenzied haste. The princess journeyed, enthroned on her own luggage in the baggage van, rather than be left behind.

At this auspicious moment John learned that Roger Hale was certainly at Naples.

"Let him stay there, then," he cried, wrathfully.

Roger Hale had an idea. When he had an idea he invariably put it into execution. Was he not his own master? His visit to Sardinia had been brief, and gaining Rome by Civita-Vecchia, he was meditating a return when the idea dawned upon him. A few hours of leisure decided him to write to his relatives in America. He bought some postage stamps at a tobacconist's, which the woman wrapped up in a bit of newspaper. Outside, in the shadow of a temple wall, the artist removed the paper, and consigned the stamps to his vest pocket.

"They will think I've died of cholera long ago," he mused, in dutiful allusion to his anxious sisters. His quick eye noted a paragraph on the bit of paper, in which the queen expressed sorrow for the misfortunes of Naples, the smiling Parthenope, seated on her incomparable bay.

"I have it!" exclaimed Roger Hale. "The Siren Parthenope was there cast ashore, and Neapolis was the city of Campania, built on the Sinus Carter." He took the next train southward. A votary at the shrine of beauty, absorbed in his art, the elusive ideal of perfection now flitted before him on rainbow wings toward the Vesuvian gulf. He had done nothing. Parthenope should redeem his years of idleness and live on canvas, a vision of loveliness, combining the golden tones of Tatian, with the redundant coloring of Rubens and the charm of Hans Makart or Cabanal. He was called color mad by his fellow artists.

Roger Hale was a short and stout man, with flowing beard, nose turning up at the tip, and a pair of hazel eyes, seeing everything their owner wished to discern, and further shaded by a felt hat, which had lost all shape in hard usage, now serving as a pillow and again protecting the owner's head from sun and rain. He took his chances as they came, and life was as glorious to him as to Ernest Renan. Hence the charm of the Siren Parthenope, a study of light, warmth, a goddess bathed in a luminous atmosphere, with shadow of ilex, palm, and orange groves cast athwart her draperies, and the peaks of Vesuvius and Monte St. Angelo in the background. The vision intoxicated him as he passed by the ancient Via Latina through the Campagna Felice, and thence onward to Naples. He pressed forward eagerly to the goal. Modern competition did not dismay, but oh! he must learn if ancient art had traced on marble and fresco of temple and bath the image he sought. He gained the museum, oblivious to outward event, going and coming in the cool halls, enriched with Pompeiian urn, candelabra, bronze, the light gleaming on crystal and gem, Roman empresses gazing down cynically on Æneid and Venus. The artist found a stick of chocolate in his pocket, and ate it while studying the figures of a sarcophagus. He would have worked on had the custodians dropped about him, for the town was already plague stricken. Artists have wrought thus in siege and famine. Naples, spent with fierce summer heat, stung by sudden storms, charged with hail, enervated by tropical showers arousing sickly emanations from the soil, must keep the festa of the Riedegrotta, with jingle of tambazza, snapping of castagnettes, and the partaking of red peppers, fried in oil, macaroni, rizza, salad and fruit. How to live without the red tomato sauce! How to banish the fig, ripening in luscious abundance for the good of man, nourishment of the Roman athlete? The city, pouting at municipal authority, had stretched forth her hand and plucked the fruit. When Roger Hale gained the town and hastened to the museum, a cry had arisen in the crowded streets, where the idler paused, staggered, fell, while his comrades fled.

Roger Hale emerged on thoroughfares rapidly thinning of frequenters, and closing shops. He had come hither to seek a siren, basking on golden sands, and found the charnel house. The doom of fear was written on all faces. Death met him on every side, wrapped in scanty rags in the hovel and scaling the palace alike. Old age shriveled before it; the warm current of the youth was stilled. The population surged, like a restless tide, dazed, frantic, or fleeing before the thunderbolt falling in their midst, as the citizens of Pompeii once fled from the lava torrent. After revelry came repentance.

Roger Hale decided to return to Rome by the next train. He went out into the streets. A procession hemmed him against a wall; girls, old men, children swept past with a startled rush of feet and rags. A boy fell forward on his knees, the old water vender at the corner threw up her arms, as if stricken by an invisible missile. Beyond a crowd of gamblers fell into an ecstacy because the lucky numbers had turned up for Naples in the lottery. A band of youths begged alms of the artist, who waved them off and returned to his hotel. How wretched and somber was the scene. Rain fell heavily, and the wind, cold as November, agitated the sea, hurling back noxious vapors at the town. Neapolitan malice circumvented Roger Hale. The boys prepared the crowd for him.

"See! The foreigner comes this way. He is the wizard, the poisoner, who brought the pest to Naples. He scatters a powder from his pocket on the air, in the salt, on our food. He helps the accursed doctors with his spells."

The idle listened, the turbulent paused and scowled. As the artist passed the altar improvised before a long-concealed strike at San Gennaro, and the door of the adjacent pork butcher, the latter sprang out and seized him by the collar.

"I will teach you, wretch, to tamper with my wares so that nobody will buy them," shouted the butcher. The artist believed his hour had come, and the infuriated man was about to kill him for some imaginary wrong. To expostulate would be to add fuel to the flames. More than once a complete limpness of demeanor had saved him from serious disaster. Suddenly the butcher snatched up the sausage cake on the bench, brushed by the stranger's sleeve, thrust the delicacy into his hand, and hissed: "Eat it or I will strangle you!"

"Willingly," said Roger Hale. "Your sausage is excellent." The butcher growled; the crowd watched to see the foreigner drop dead; a girl laughed; an old woman croaked, "He can eat it, but another would die."

The mirth changed to groans and cries. A chorus of female voices expressed a desire to have the skin of Roger Hale. Two guards attempted to force their way to his rescue. The artist flung the sausage into the butcher's face, and with an agile bound cleared the space behind the altar, gained the corner and vaulted into a carriage. He was saved. The occupants of the vehicle made way for him, too much astonished for words.

"Lord! That butcher nearly did for me."

"You speak English?" demanded the new-comer. "Have you met Roger Hale at Naples?"

Rapid explanation ensued. John Leggat has just arrived. The artist learned of his brother's death with contrition. He confessed that he did not always read his sister's letters quite through and seldom responded. The two men actually forgot their surroundings for the moment.

The king, accompanied by his brother, was approaching the royal palace, the carriage breasting a human wave of clamorous subjects as far as eye could reach. Years before, the soldier Victor Emanuel, in his shooting-coat, from San Rossore had undertaken the same heroic pilgrimage.

Roger Hale doffed his hat.

"That's the real article, you know," quoth the artist; "I don't care much about kings, but when I meet a man braver than I am I take off my hat to him."

In the railway carriage, Roger Hale said musingly:

"The picture must be Parthenope desolate, a Niobe weeping for her slain children, a Sibyl outliving the griefs of a stricken world. In the background Cassamicciola topples to ruin in the shadow of Epomeo, while at Parthenope's feet lies a dead child, crowned with flowers, the summer of 1884."

In the month of October Katy White glanced up through her falling tears to behold John Leggat standing in the doorway. He had his arm linked through that of a short man, as if fearing to lose him.

"My darling Katy," exclaimed John, triumphantly, "let me introduce you to Mr. Roger Hale."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

How Bees Predict the Weather.

Herr Emmerig, of Lauingen, writes in *Die Natur* on German bees as storm warners. From numerous observations, the writer advances tentatively the theory that, on the approach of thunder storms, bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, become excited and exceedingly irritable, and will at once attack any one, even their usual attendant, approaching their hives. A succession of instances are given in which the barometer and hygrometer foretold a storm, the bees remaining quiet, and no storm occurred; or the instruments gave no intimation of a storm, but the bees for hours before were irritable, and the storm came. He concludes, therefore, that the conduct of bees is a trustworthy indication whether a storm is impending over a certain district or not, and that, whatever the appearances, if bees are still, one need not fear a storm.

A bunch of grapes weighing eight pounds is on exhibition at San Diego, Cal.

SHOOTING WHITE WHALES.

A NOVEL AND EXCITING SPORT IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

Going Out on a Schooner and Waiting, Rifle in Hand, for a Shot at the Monsters.

Every other man about Chaleurs, says a letter from that place to a New York paper, is a fisherman, and those who are not fishermen are in the fish-curing business, or in some way connected with the great industry.

The other morning, before New Yorkers were awake, I found myself gliding down the bay toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence in as trim and neat a fore-and-after as it was ever my good fortune to meet. Every thing had been planned beforehand, and, after a thirty-mile run, the schooner rounded to off a rocky point, and a boat appearing, we took her, and were soon landed in the cabin of a famous guide and fisherman of those parts.

"What time shall we start, Sandy?" asked my friend.

"In about an hour," replied the fisherman; "then the tide's in chock."

"I've brought no tackle," I suggested.

"Ye don't want tackle for the white porpus," said Sandy, with a laugh. "There's the tackle for them," he continued, taking up an old-fashioned rifle and blowing down the barrel.

By the time a broiled sea trout dinner had been disposed of the tide was full, and, following the fisherman, we went down to the little cove before his house, where a heavy boat was jerking at its moorings, as if anxious to be off. The old man had given each of us a rifle.

"They ain't pretty guns, that's a fact," said Sandy, as he trimmed aft the sail and the boat bore away, "but they're shooters, and don't you forget it."

"There you go," whispered the old man, as a strong, loud puff came over the water, and a faint cloud of spray drifted from the crest of a wave. "Steady!" and the old man let the sheet run and seized his rifle. The next moment a round blue white hide popped up just off the beam. There was a crash as if a cannon had exploded, and the huge form of a beluga rose bodily four feet at least in the air, and fell back with a sounding crash.

"I winged him!" shouted the old man. The animal was whirling about in an erratic manner, beating the water with terrific blows with its powerful tail.

"Look out for him! "He's comin'!" And with a blind rush the round, bullet head struck the boat a sounding blow that lifted her prow above water.

"Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisherman, who was pushing on the oar that answered for a rudder. The passenger got the rope, and amid the spray from the dying whale the boat shot out of danger, and the old man rose and sent another bullet into the white target. "They're hard to kill if you don't fetch 'em first shot," he said. "Now you pull up and I'll give him the lance."

The whale was still making the water foam when the prow of the boat ran alongside. A quick blow—the water was discolored by the blood of the beautiful creature. A few more blows, and it was dead. A barrel was lashed to it and the boat fell away for another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman, as a puff came a hundred yards away. "Yes, that's too far, but you can tell now just where he'll come up a second time. Pint your rifle over there," continued the fisherman, pointing to a spot 200 feet in advance of the place where the animal had appeared. The sportsman followed instructions, and a moment later, almost in front of the rifle, rose the white head. I fired, and by one of those remarkable chances that come sometimes to green hands the bullet struck the white whale in the heart. A single leap into the air and it was dead. The old porpoise shooter dropped the oar and insisted on shaking hands. "Wall, you've been at this business before. There ain't no use a denyin' of it; you never could have hit that critter ef you hadn't." So greatness is thrust upon some people, and as I did not shoot again I came away with a proud record as an old beluga shooter.

The others took two more whales before the day ended, and for off-hand shooting it must be said that the exhibition was a fine one. It was interesting to note how accurately the fisherman gauged the power of the animal to remain under water. He hit it every time, and his own statement that he rarely missed could well be taken. The whales were finally taken back in tow and hauled upon the nearest beach.

The white whale, better known as the beluga, is very common in the gulf of St. Lawrence and several hundred miles up the river. The adults are about fifteen feet long, of a pearly blue-white color, the young being spotted or marbled. The beluga is quite valuable in trade, the oil being adapted to certain kinds of machinery, and the skin is made into a curious kind of velvet leather. The meat is eaten by some, and it is said that a company is forming to export it as beef, and in reality, there is no reason why it should not be done. The beluga is a milk giving animal, and the meat is good and nutritious, and not at all fishy.

Embarrassing Generosity.

A thing that surprises you greatly in Mexico is that nearly every man you meet makes you a present of a residence. He grasps your hand with ardent cordiality when he leaves you, and says: "My house is yours; it stands Numero tres— Calle," and so on, "and is at your service." The next man tells you that your house is at such and such a number, and he shall be angry if you do not occupy it. As neither of them has enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance for more than five minutes, and both are only casually introduced, this excessive generosity is quite embarrassing.

How to Take a Pill.

Place one or more pills under the tongue, then take a mouthful of water or other liquid and swallow (just as in the act of drinking); this done, look for the pill. Invariably the "I-can't-take-a-pill patient" is astonished, and sometimes he investigates the mouth with his fingers to reassure himself that he has swallowed the pill. The secret lies in the fact that in the act of drinking the tongue curves back upon itself; the pill, taken by the force of the current, is imperceptibly washed down the esophagus.

as the plain is unbecoming except to a very clear complexion, the tiny dotted chenile are still worn.

The Crown Princess Stephanie, of Austria, contributed some original drawings for a picture book and accepted pay at the rate given to other artists, though she presented the money to a charity.

Derby hats for misses, in brown and gray felts, have no plume this year, simply a corded ribbon to match the color of the hats. In shape they are higher and with more of a flat brim than last year's.

The Boston dry goods merchants like strapping girls for saleswomen—"tall saleslady" is the professional term. Tae "tall saleslady" gives a character to the store, and "ladies, as a class," prefer to trade with her.

The latest craze in fancy work is the making of artificial flowers of tissue paper. In the hands of an expert with artistic feeling very fine results from this inexpensive material are accomplished in the way of decorative pieces for interior decorations, as well as for personal adornment.

In Russia betrothal feasts are held. The woman has a lock of hair cut off in the presence of witnesses and given to the man, who, in return, presents a silver ring set with turquoise, an almond cake and a gift of bread and salt. Among poor people tin and a bit of bluestone are substituted.

In 1771 a young Boston girl wrote to her mother a description of the construction of her coiffure. It was composed of a roll of red cow's tail, mixed with horse hair and a little yellow human hair, all carded and twisted together and made into a structure a full inch longer than the young lady's face.

Government officials in Canada, as well as a large number of well-informed private ladies, say that if superior women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five go there and submit to the position of domestic service they are almost sure to marry, and marry well, within a short time of their arrival, especially if they go far west.

A Dog Fanning the Baby.

Dog stories are always in order, provided they are true. A gentleman in one of the suburban wards owned a fine specimen of the spaniel breed, which is very fond of children, and when any little ones visit his master's house constitutes himself their companion, playmate and guardian. A few days ago a lady with an infant visited the gentleman, and in the course of the day the child was laid on a pillow on the floor to amuse itself for a time. The next man tells you that the dog took his place near the little one, as usual. The day was hot and the flies bad, and they made the baby the target of frequent attacks. This rendered her restless. Doggie watched her for a few minutes, and then, walking close up, with his nose or paw drove away every fly as soon as it lit on the baby's face, and did it so gently, too, as not to disturb her in the least. The dog's actions attracted the attention of the mother and others, who were filled with astonishment at his thoughtful kindness. This story has the merit of truth.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

A German scientist has drawn attention to the fact that the Sutlej, one of the streams of British India, is probably the swiftest large river in the world, having a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, an average of about sixty-seven feet per mile.

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