Poetry.

Hopes.

BY E. CONWELL SMITH.

All day hath my soul been filling
With musical echoes of thought;
Would they had lingered forever,
Such beautiful fancies they wrought.
All day, for the shadowy future,
I've braided bright garlands of hope;
All day I've been gathering roses,
To brighten life's snow-covered slope.

I gathered the bright buds that faded
In sorrow's weird shadows away,
And woke them to life by the magic
That breaks from Hope's beautiful ray;
I gathered the tears that were trembling
In Memory's mystical cup,
And twined them in Hope's blessed sunlight,
Whose radiance swallowed them up.

I've woven a mantle of gladness,
And hidden my heart in its fold,
Yet still I go mournfully backward
To paths I have trodden of old.
I knelt at the shrine of the buried,
And saw their sweet faces again;
My burden of sorrow was lightened,
Hope bore away half of its pain.

Oh, life hath such beautiful treasures,
Such jewels of light and of love;
And hearts that have grown faint and weary
May hope for their resting above.

Sabbath Evening.

BY REV. H. A. GUILD.

The stilly Sabbath eve has come—
Slow sinks the sun to rest;
While purple clouds, all tinged with gold,
Lie thick along the west.
The merry warblers cease their song,
And seek their leafy beds,
While gray night's mantling curtain falls,
And soft the twilight spreads.

The silent dew steals o'er the mead,
And gems the sleeping flowers;
While hushed in stillness not a leaf
Moves on the rosy bowers.
The moon unveils her lovely face,
And pours a mellow light
Over the earth, and glistensng stars
Bestud the vault of night.

Great God! we praise thee for this day
Of glad and welcome rest—
A respite from our weekly toils,
From care and woe oppress.
Oh, let us at the parting hour
Of this, Thy hallowed day,
Render the grateful tribute due,
And heart-felt homage pay.

Let us with all creation join,
To sing and praise Thy name;
And may Thy spirit still our hearts
To calm and peaceful frame.
May this blest day our hearts revive,
And cheer us on our way,
Up to the Sabbath in the skies,
That never-ending day.

The Moonbeams.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

Oh the night, the night, the beautiful night!
When the green earth is kissed with moonbeams bright,
That light on the trees, and their silver wings
Keep time to the song that the zephyr sings;
They creep in each sweet flow'ret's folded cup,
And there on the sky-distilled dew they sup.
Oh, a dainty race of faries are they—
Those moonbeams—what magical wands they sway!

They visit the streamlets that hide in the dell,
And whereever they catch the water's swell,
They kiss it in gladness and leave a smile
On its bosom dark and linger awhile.
Oh, what halos of glory they cast round the head
Of the children that sleep in the cotter's low bed!
With their gossamer wings, and their silver-shod feet
That have strayed far away from the heavenly street.

Many deeds of good have their bright eyes seen,
And many a fond lover's kiss, I ween;
Oh, what visions of maidens made wondrously fair,
As they knelt in the moonlight to whisper a prayer!
Bright beams of love from the Father's throne
Over earth's slumbering multitude thrown,
Servants of heaven sent earthward to keep
Their silent vigils while sweetly we sleep.

A Family of Cranks.

There resides in Urbana, Ohio, a veritabe family of cranks. Their name is Glenn, and two sisters and a brother are now living. Years ago the father bought coats for the boys, but neglected one of his sons, John jr., whereupon the boy said he would never wear a coat as long as his father lived. He went upstairs to his room, where he remained until 14 years after, when the father died. The house was after painted all over with the most grotesque and curious designs. While John, the peculiar, and a brother were disputing about these designs the brother said: "John, I wish you would go upstairs and stay there." John did so, remaining as before for four years, coming down to attend the brother's funeral. John, the recluse, is bleached as white as a woman because of his long confinement He is 65 years old. A sister has charge of the finances, but the sisters and brother lived a secluded life, never mingling with the world without.

Underwear.

Cotton is injurious, when worn next the skin. The fibre of which it is composed does not absorb the prespiration of the body, which is forced back again in a chilly state upon it. To wear linen or cotton is like bathing in cold water and putting on one's clothes without drying. It is certain to produce colds, and very frequently, if persisted in, induces a person so disposed into consumption. Wool alone is the material out of which, summer or winter, our undergarments (by which I mean those worn next the skin) should be made. Wool is not impervious like cotton; it absorbs the moisture of the body, and helps the skin at a comfortable even temperature It permits ventilation also, an excellant thing for the healthy skin. In the form of vests, combinations, and stockings, woolen fabric should therefore be worn and worn always. But you will possibly object: How uncomfortable it would be in summer to wear hot vests, and above all hot stockings! So it would I admit. But it must be remembered that there are various degrees of thickness in woolen fabrics, and that it is therefore possible to adapt one's woollen clothing to the state of the weather. For example, there is thick lambswool for winter wear, and all-wool merino for summer of such gossimer lightness that you would not fancy it to be wool at all. One great point to be observed, be your clothing thick or thin, is that it be made of pure unadulterated wool. You will have to more for it, certainly, than for a mixture of cotton and wool, but with the great demand there has been of late for pure wool goods the supply has come forth, and all wool clothing does not cost half what it used to do.—Housewife.

Rebuked by a Ministers's Wife.

It was in a street car. Three ladies were engaged in conversation. Their subject was church matters and church people. Among the latter was the wife of the pastor of the leading Methodist congregation in the city. The ladies said a good many things about her, some flattering and some decidely otherwise; some things that were true and other things she would not be willing to admit to be true. For nearly half an hour the gossipers plied their avocation, and, as the interest arose so did the pitch of their voices. All the time a lady sat opposite them in the car and quietly watched them. When one of gossips remarked that she had never seen the pastor's wife referred to and the others expressed a desire to see her, the silent watcher smilled. After a while the car reached the point where the lady wished to alight She arose, but before starting toward the door laid her hand on the arm of one of the three who were engaged in conversation, and, with a self-possessed smile, said: "Ladies, you have expressed a desire to see me. Here I am. I have too keen a sense of humor to leave the car without telling you I am the lady you have been talking about. Now, let me give you a piece of sensible advice. The next time you are in a street car don't talk so loudly, for some one might hear you who would not enjoy it as hughly as I have. Good afternoon."

The lady left the car and the faces of the gossipers were a picture of astonishment and discomfiture. The other passengers smiled.—Philadelphia News.

A Strange Story.

The following wierd story told by a traveller from the wilds of Kwangsi admirably illustrates the belief of the Chinese in the transmigation of souls:—"A native's wife was taken very ill, and before she died she told her husband, 'I have a secret to confide to you, which I never told before, for your sake and for the child's. When I die, do not nail up my coffin, but leave it for a time out on the mountain. Have two live fowls ready in the house, for after I have been dead a hundred days I will return to the realms of living men for a time, and come back to our home. Fear not, but if I make to the child, offer me the two fowls, and say that you yourself will tend the infant, and that I need not be anxious, that between the dead and the living a gulf is fixed, and I should rest among the departed and not come back and trouble the child. I will look at you fixidly for a spell, take the fowls, strangle them and begone never to return. My body will not lie down again in its coffin, but will be transformed into a living tiger, and if hereafter you come out to the place, and see the clothing lying by the coffin, you will know that my words will come true." Holding her husband's hand, the woman expired. The ghost appeared at due date, did as the living wife had foretold, and dissapeared in the jungle and when the man visited the coffin some days after he found the cast-off grave clothes, and wept when he thought of their former happy life together and her strange fate. While drinking his tears he saw a tigress stalk from the jungle, and knew it was his wife transformed into a new existence. Gently he stroked its striped back, and with a melancholy roar it bounded away. No deed of blood was ever known to have been wrought by this gentlest of tigresseses on the mountain, and the child has grown up and prospers."

Women and their Pocketbooks.

"It is a matter of great wonder to me that women will carry their pocketbooks in their hands," remarked a police officer to a Baltimore News reporter. "Scarcely a day passes that a case of pocket book snatching is not reported at one or other of the police stations, and the newspapers generally publish all such cases as a warning to the fair sex, but for all that the women fail to profit by the experience of others. I have made careful observations since I went on the force, and can say with perfect truth that ninety out of a hundred women I meet carry their purses carelessly in their hands, giving as it were an invitation to sneak thieves to help themselves. Saturday night the latter class of depraved humanity is found in large force loafing around the various markets. They spot the victims, follow them on the way home, and as soon as a lonely street is reached, with a narrow alley in convenient proximity, they snatch the pocketbook and dart off.

"In some instances a rich harvest is reaped by the snatcher, but sometimes he gets left with nothing but an empty purse as a reward for his dexterity. This kind of petty thieving is largely confined to the colored race, although now and then we meet with a white snatcher. Another thing I have noticed is that many women wear their watches in their pockets in the bosom of their dress from which hang long chains, thereby making the thief's task an easy one. When will the women learn to be careful and when will fashion design a street dress or coat with serviceable pockets, is a matter which often puzzles me. Men will take lessons from experience but women as a rule have a superclious contempt for advice on such matters. If warned of danger they simply smile, as if confident in their superior wisdom, and go on tempting fate until they are robbed. Then they express their indignation in the strongest terms and regard their ill-luck as anything else but their own fault. Human nature is queer anyhow, but woman nature is the queerest part of human nature.

A SMUG HYPOCRITE

Who Tries To Hide His Villainies

Five years ago there came from the maritime provinces a young and handsome girl, bent on making her own living. But evil influences, dragged her down and she gradually sank. At last she met a young man she thought she could love, a scion of a wealty family, prepossessing in looks, affable in manners and a profesed Christian. He took her from low surroundings, and for two years lived with him as wife. Then they were married, and fearing that the marriage might come to ears of the relatives, it was performed in Cornwall. Two years more passed, but in the meantime the young man met the daughter of a wealthy Toronto gentleman. On the strength of his name his manners and his piety, he became engaged to her. Then he attempted to get rid of his wife, and by threats and brutality tried to make her consent to a divorce. The deceived woman, who during four years had proven the sincerity of her reformation, refused, so one night, obtaining possession of the marriage certificate and all that had passed between them.

HE BURNED THE WHOLE.

In the meantime his Toronto financee began to think of marriage, and being pressed, though putting the ceremony off from week to week, he at last consented to have it take place at an early date of the present year. The wife, however, hearing of it, forbade the marriage, through her lawyer, on the eve of its celebration. Seeing his game spoiled he adopted stratagem, played to perfection the part of repentant husband, and while keeping up liaisons with several other women, on whom he spent money lavishly prevailed on his wife to go with him on a visit to her relatives in the maritime provinces. One Sunday while there, he accompanied her to church, where he feeling expressed the powerful impression for good made upon him by the eloquent preacher, and the following day suddenly left for parts unkown, taking with him all the money she possessed, except two cents. When the wife, on the eve of becoming a mother, became aware of this she left for this city with the assistance of her relatives. Here she found that he had thrown up his position, and it is understood that he is at present in New York, where he will attempt to obtain a divorce. The wife's family, who claim that there is nothing whereon to base an application for divorce will do everything they can to prevent it and this evening the sorrow-stricken wife leaves for her parent's home.

Cattle Kate.

Mrs. Kate Maxwell, the "Belle Starr" of Wyoming, closed up a gambling house at Bessemer, recovered several thousand dollars which had been lost by her cowboys, and then saved the lives of the two gamblers, just as the infuriated cowboys were going to string them up. She is known as "Cattle Kate," and runs a small ranche near Bessemer. On Sunday she was robbed of $1500 by her own men and her resentment was aroused against the gamblers. Their room at Bessemer was crowded on Monday night, when Kate strode in, accompanied by her foreman, both armed to the teeth. While Kate covered the dealer with a six shooter Mason, her foreman, secured the box and showed the crowd that the game was an unfair or "brace" one. This enraged the cowboys, and gamblers Farley and Bodell were terribly beaten and ordered to prepare for lynching The ropes were in sight when "Cattle Kate" interceded for the two wretches, and announced that she would divide their money. Bodell and Farley were then chased out of town, and their place was fired, and all hands went over to Mrs. Maxwell's ranche, where a dance and general good time followed.

Various Uses For Glycerine.

"Few people realize," says the Scientific American, "the importance of the uses of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place. As a dressing for ladies' shoes, nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. As a face lotion, oatmeal made in paste, with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin. As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin. In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two tablespoonfuls of pure glycerine, in pure whiskey or hot rich cream, will afford almost immediate relief; and, to the consumptive, a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine. For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

Starving a Cold.

The man who originated the oft-quothed and unscientific maxim, "Feed a cold and starve a fever, either did not know what he was writing about or he has been widely misunderstood, to the great injury of multitudes who have acted on the absurd maxim. Presuming that the author was a physician, who knew something of the nature of a cold and the action of remedies, he must have spoken subjunctively, and not imperativels. And then it would read thus: If you stuff a cold, the consequence will be that you will be thrown into a fever, as a result of the stuffing treatment of the cold; and then you will to starve the fever. This is a true and sensible interpretation of this commonly received maxim, which has done as much harm as any of the thousand and one of the popular errors which prevail on medical subjects.

If it cannot be explained in the manner mentioned, it must be remanded to the dark ages of ignorance end superstition, and classed with lunar and stellar influences over the human body, witchcraft and other absurdities long since exploded in the progress of true science. Without dwelling on the nature and causes of colds or on what physicians call the pathology of these disorders, I will say that a low or even starvation diet for a few days, mildly stimulating teas, is better for a cold than any drug or combination of drugs. If with this a warm bath or a hot footbath is taken, little more will be needed. Nine cases in ten of colds can be broken up in their early stage by a hot footbath or regular leg bath, keeping the bath as hot as can be bourn until perspiration arises. After the bath, drink a half a pint of hot lemonade and go to bed. —Woman's Work.

Even Gold Sometimes Discolors.

The Jeweller's Review tells the story of a young man who purchased a fourteen-carat gold necklace for his best girl, and a few days after rushed into the store and throwing the present on the counter, declared that he had been swindled. He explained that the owner wore the necklace at a reception, and after the first dance, finding it had made a black mark on her neck, she immediately went home, and the next day returned the piece of jewellery, with a note that "she did not like his brass." The jeweller assured the man that the article was as represented 14-carat, and while testing it, a young physician, who was standing near and had overheard part of the story, asked to be told it all, as he believed he could throw some light on the subject. Pretty soon he laughed outright, and said: "Why, sir, the trouble is with your girl and not the necklace. She has too much sulphur, iron, mercury, salt or acid in her blood, and as any of these substances has an affinity for gold the explanation is clear. I have patients for whom mercurial medicines have been prescribed, and the result is that their fingers upon which rings are worn discolored at once." The customer cooled off and carried his purchase away.

The Handsome Women of Connemara.

The women of Connemara says an Irish letter to the Pittsburg Dispatch, are picturesque in attire and shapely in form to a remarkable degree. Their limbs are long and graceful. They are errect and and spirited in carriage, and the immense black braideens, or cloaks, with which all shortcommings in clothings are shrouded, fall in truly classic folds about them. Rare-limbed as the men, at all seasons, you will not infrequently catch glimpses of legs as exquisetly moulded as those of the Venus of Cos; while the most voluptious types of Southern Europe, or languorous, tropical Cuba, furnish no more perfect examples of tapering, dimpled arms beautifully formed shoulders, and full but lengthened neck with dove-like double curve. The broad, large faces are still supurbly oval. The chin has strength, the full, shapely mouth is red and tenderly expressively curved; the regular teeth are charming in pearl-white glint and dazzle; the nose is large, well cut, with thin, sensitive nostrils; the eyes, under long, heavy lashes, look straight and honestly at you out of clear large depths of gray or blue; the eyebrows are marvels of nature's pencelling; the forehead is wide and fair, and such heads of hair crown all that were they unloosed the Connemara woman could stand clad in lustrous black immeasurably surpassing her sloe-black braideen. Not a thread is on them bedides the Connemara flannel. It is spun from the wool of the mountain sheep.

Famous Women.

The Pundita Ramabai landed in England with $3.50 in her purse, friendless and ignorant of English. She stayed there three years studying English literature and teaching Sanskrit. She came to America in 1886, owing $2,000 for her own and her child's board. She gave 113 lectures and received $3,320 for them, and thus discharged her debt. This lady is now lecturing in Japan to great audiences. In Tokio, the largest lecture hall in the city was so crowded that the door had to be closed half an hour before the meeting began, every inch of room being already occupied. Ramabai, of course, speaks through an interpreter.

The Empress Eugenie has derived considerable benefit from the treatment of the famous Amsterdam specialist to whom she resorted in hope that he would be able to rid her of her rheumatism. She has a slight cough, but otherwise she is very well. The Empress leads a very quiet and retired life at Farnborough, in the house now called the castle, which she bought from Mrs. Longman.

"Hook and Eye" Baptists.

An affecting scene took place at a railway depot of a village in the States only a few evenings ago. A large number of "hook and eye Baptists" reside in Croghan and other towns on the east side of Black River, and a more honest, sincere, and affectionate class of people, we are told, never settled in northern New York. They derive their name, presumably, from the fact that they never wear buttons upon their clothing—hooks and eyes being used instead. They also dress very plainly, their clothing being of the "home spun" sort. In all of their transactions they, as a class, are strictly honest, and will stand by one another as close as brothers. As a rule, they do not marry outside of their own church. On the occasion here referred to three or four of these people started for Missouri, and a dozen or more of their friends came to see them safely started on their journey. For a full half hour before the arrival of the train they stood in a huddle at one side of the depot, deeply engaged in conversation, and at frequent intervals the men would throw their arms around each other and hug and kiss like young lovers. The three women of the party also came in for their share, and cried and sobbed bitterly. The scene was witnessed by several travelling men with a great deal of interest, and the remark was frequent that if all people were as true and loyal in their affections as these people, there would be little use for courts of justice, penitentiaries, etc.

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