POETRY.

Out of Mourning.

Heard we gladly, "out of mourning,
When bright Belle and Blanche
Chose at last for their adorning
Hues of almond branch.
Blue of iris, gule of roses,
Cross Care's sable line;
Sorrow's marble cup encloses
Consolation's wine.

And the low chant, "out of mourning,"
Heralds fresh'ning spring:
'Neath the rugged March wind's warning
Gleams her emerald ring;
Silver crown with sapphire eyelets,
Cestus rich with pearls;
April's feet, dew-washed, the violets
Wipe upon their curls.

Out of mourning! From their weaving,
Sisters of the cloud,
O'er bald deserts, wild storms cleaving,
Bring the rainbow's shroud—
Violet, deep blue, azure, golden,
Orange, burning red—
Shroud that light and life have holden
For the darkness, dead.

Out of mourning! Life-long vernal
Love's "blue flower" gleams
On the border of th' eternal
Garment "without seams;"
And forever "out of mourning"
Sackcloth, ashes, earth,
Drop at threshold of the dawning,
And celestial birth.

Among the Dead.

My soul is sad to-day, I know not why;
Against my will, the brown leaves swirling round
Carry my eyes down with them to the ground;
I cannot see the blue, unclouded sky.

Against my will, before my vision waves
The hazy drapery of the golden air,
In semblance of such veils as mourners wear
Going with measured pace about new graves.

Sad cadences in mighty billows surge
Around me like the billows of a sea
Of melody; but still the melody
Taketh the solemn beauty of a dirge.

I call on memory, and would fain go back
With her to the glad season of my youth;
But stumbling progress do we make, in sooth,
Because of graves that lie across the track.

Well, it is well if sometimes we be led
To sit in spirit by some grassy mound,
Or strew some tender thoughts, for flowers, around
The quiet resting-places of our dead.

If I, in truth, might lay my tired head
Down softly on the grave I love the best,
As if it were upon my mother's breast,
I know my sad soul would be comforted.

What is Love?

(Translated from the German by S. Gale.)

Of thy deep feelings, oh! my heart!
I fain would question thee.
Know'st thou this secret? What is love?
Ah! then reveal it me.
"It is two souls fast united,
Bound by a magic spell—
It is two hearts only beating
Each thought, each wish to tell."

Then when is love the purest?
Say, is that moment known?
"Yes, when it quite forgets itself,
And loves for love alone!"
Canst tell when 'tis the deepest?
Is't when both hearts are glad?
"No; when they're still and silent,
And others think them sad."

Once more—when is't the richest?
When on bright hopes it lives?
"No; when it offers everything—
'Tis richest when it gives!"
When does it fade?—for all things fade!
When the spell is snapt and gone?
"Never, indeed! though hearts may break,
Love fades not—but loves on!"

FAST LONDON LADIES.

Habits of the Princess of Wales and Princess Louise.

(London Correspondent 'Frisco Argonaut.)

A fast woman in England is a totally different creature from her sister in America. What is understood by the word in England when it is employed to a woman is an independent manner and self-possession not only beyond the bounds of affected prudery and straight-lacedness (as some claim), but give her a mannish style in all she says and does, of which horseishness and slang are the usual accompaniments. It does not follow, nor is it necessary, that she should be a flirt (though, of course, she may be, being a woman), for her fastness, as such, does not lie in the direction of affection for the opposite sex. On the contrary, should there be any love exhibited by her one would expect it to be for another woman, instead of a man. In short, though she may be rough and loud, and do things that shock one by their lack of feminine softness and refinement, she is never immoral—that is to say, so far as her fastness is concerned. At all events, if she is, we should not describe her want of chastity by the term "fast." A forward, masculine woman is, I take it, as distasteful to all men as must a bashful and effeminate man be to a woman. My object only is to point out the distinction that exists in both countries as to the meaning and application of the term.

Without these few remarks, as an explanatory preface, it would not be believed when I say that in her own quiet way the Princess of Wales is fast. That is to say, she has a good time of her own, and picks out all the good-looking fellows to dance with at a ball. Of course, I know she is very dignified and cold, and all that sort of thing—in public. She can't well be otherwise with the eyes of Europe upon her. But in private, when staying at a country house with a jolly party, it is safe to say she is as larky as the rest of them. There is another thing, too, that people seem to forget when they hold her up as such an icy paragon; and that is that she wears her gowns as decollete as an opera bouffe actress. I know she set her face against the sleeveless garments, and why? No one would wait long enough for an answer who saw her arms. The Princess Louise is decidedly fast. She talks unblushingly with men on subjects which are usually supposed to come exclusively within the masculine province of discussion, and can appreciate the point of a joke whose recital would have delighted Dean Swift, or would make some other women's hair stand on ends. She has a jolly, hearty laugh.

A WEASEL'S SINGULAR FATE.—A Biddeford gentleman found in his woodshed a dead weasel with his tongue frozen to an axe blade. The axe has been used in cutting beef in the morning, and the animal, in attempting to secure a piece of the meat which adhered to the blade, had singularly met his death.—*Boston Journal.*

The Prince of Wales has an income of $500,000 a year, and his wife $50,000, yet it is said to require management and occasional spasms of retrenchment to enable them to live within their means.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Decorations that will Make the House More Beautiful.

THE LATEST RECIPES.

Bay Window Decoration.

A novel decoration is a wheelbarrow, ordinary gardener's size. Fill it with flower-pots containing flowers, hiding the pots with green moss. Round the edges inside fix a wooden trough, and in this and all along plant hanging creepers and lycopodium; also some ivy, and let this latter fall over the wheel. After the flowers are arranged, gild the barrow on the outside. It is best to get the dry gilding powder, two packages of bronze and four of the yellow gilt packages, with a liquid that comes for mixing with it. Use a flat camel's hair brush an inch wide. When the gilt is thoroughly dry, varnish the surface with white varnish and it will retain its brightness. Stand on a bright red rug or mat.

Arrangement of Curtains.

A tasteful way to arrange the narrow curtains at each side of a hall door is to make them of muslin or of lace, gather them at the top and bottom, have the muslin full. About midway between the top and bottom tie a ribbon around the muslin, make a pretty bow and let it come next to the glass. Tie the ribbon so close that the muslin will be drawn in at the centre, let the muslin hang loosely and gracefully, not in stiff folds. If there are no other windows in the hall, plenty of light will be admitted by this arrangement. Dotted muslin is preferred to plain.

Fancy Basket.

Shallow open basket of wicker-work covered with a clear ecru-colored satin, tufted. The flower pattern is worked on the ground as follows: The centre flower with coral silk of three shades, in satin stitch, and gold bronze in overcast stitch; the separate point russe and chain stitches with red silk, and the calyx with reseda wool. The rest of the flower with three shades of blue in buttonhole stitch, and gold bronze in overcast stitch. The vine leaves, tendrils and arabesques with several shades of olive and reseda crewels; the raised spots in satin stitch with crimson silk. The scollops at the lower edge are worked with brown crewels. The basket is finished with bright chenile, braided with silk pompons. The edge is decorated with long tassels made of bright-colored worsteds and silk. The handle is twisted with satin ribbon and tied in full bows at each end. The basket can be gilded, and looks much brighter.

Original Recipes.

To canvas hams.—When the hams are smoked ready for canvasing roll them in stiff paper. Cut your brown muslin to fit them, and sew it on with a large needle and twine. Then make a starch of flour and yellow ochre, and with a small white-wash brush cover them well with it. Hang them up to dry.

Snow-Flake Cake.—Three eggs, one cup and a half sugar, half-cup butter, half-cup milk, half-teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar, two cups flour, whites of two eggs, half-cup of sugar beaten together. Bake in jellycake tins, frost each layer and sprinkle with grated cocoanut. This is excellent.

Delicious Hot Cake for Tea.—Beat two eggs to a froth, add to them half a cupful of sugar. Into one cupful of sour cream beat half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water. Stir it into the eggs and sugar. Add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make it a thick batter for griddle cakes. Bake in "gem pans" or shallow biscuit pans, and serve piping hot.

Pudding made of cracked wheat is very agreeable and nourishing To one quart of sweet milk allow nearly half a cupful of cracked wheat; put it in a pudding dish and bake slowly for two hours, stirring it several times. If you choose to do so you can add raisins and cinnamon for flavoring, but most people prefer it well salted, and to eat with a little cream and sugar. This is nice, both warm and cold.

Domestic and Useful.

Never neglect a cold. The attack may not seem severe, but a cold is a cold, and therefore an enemy to be looked after with the greatest watchfulness.

To ensure the cracking of pork being crisp and eating short, just before the pork is done moisten the skin all over with a little butter, dredge it with flour, and place it near the fire to brown.

It may not be known to some housewives that if flour is kept in a closet with onions or cabbage it will absorb unpleasant odors from them; you may not notice this until the flour is cooked, but then you will.

Irish poplin is likely to be once more fashionable, and her interest in its manufacture is again instanced by the action of the Queen, who has selected this material for the bridal dress of her granddaughter. Princess Victoria, of Hesse.

To Whiten Linen that has Turned Yellow.—Take a pound of fine white soap, cut it up into a gallon of milk, and hang it over the fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has quite melted put in the linen, and boil for half an hour. Now take it out, having already a lather of soap and warm water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

Pincushions.—Pretty round pincushions can be made in semblance of a sunflower. Make the petals of yellow cloth, each one curled and fastened together like a small paper bag with the top opened and pointed, and arranged around a stuffed circular cushion of brown velvet or velveteen, with a frayed row of gold-colored silk sewed round the centre, which is studded with pins. The whole is the size of a large real sunflower.

Oh, yes, it is easy to cast a gloom over a man. If we just want to agonize him we say: "I cut a mighty pleasant notice of you out of some paper this morning, but I've lost it." And then he frantically wants to know what paper it was and we can't remember, and it drives him nearly to madness.

In the attack on Bacninh the French forces made use of captive balloons for observations, heliographs for signalling, pontoon trains and other scientific resources.

TOO HEAVY DRESSES.

The Troubles Which Fashion Heaps on the Fair Sex.

The chief particular in which the dress of our day errs against common sense is the excessive weight that characterizes it, owing to the quantity of material now used for dresses. "Silk is sold by the acre now, is it not?" asked a gentleman in the days of round crinoline and distended skirts, referring to the quantity needed for a gown, and the satire is applicable now, though even the duodecimo edition of crinoline known as the crinolette is no longer known. The stuff is absorbed in occasionally incoherent trimmings and too often irrelevant draperies. It needs skill—and skill is too costly to be at the command of any but the wealthy—to produce a costume that shall have the air of being elaborately trimmed, and yet be light enough to wear without inconvenience during a brisk walk. It has been within the experience of thousands of Englishwomen during the last few years, to have chosen a fabric, selected the style of making, and decided upon the trimming, with the result of a gown delightful to look upon, but impossible to wear. Thus arose the demand for woolen materials, combining warmth and lightness, a demand which was promptly responded to, with the occasional result of disgusting old-fashioned shoppers, who test a fabric by its weight, as well as by a peculiarly horrible way of trying to scrape a hole in it with the thumb-nail. Minds open to more enlightened impressions were soon, however, convinced of the value of these viougnas, serges, tweeds, and other cloths; but, unfortunately, they have had the effect of encouraging, rather than discouraging, elaborate trimmings. Thus, the fact remains that for the million unduly heavy dresses are the rule. It seems absurd that fourteen or fifteen yards are needed to make a gown for a woman, while about five yards are sufficient to make a great coat for a man. It is fortunate, in view of this fact, that trained dresses are worn only at dinner and in the form of tea-gowns. The added weight and inconvenience of a train, which must be held in the hand, would render a walk a penance instead of a pleasure. It may be hoped that fashion will never reintroduce the long skirt for out-door work. It has nothing to recommend it, even from the point of view of the dressmaker, who has now found it possible to crowd all bearable trimmings upon the limited surface of the short dress. When trains first went out, leaving the feet plainly visible, coquetry brought them more prominently into evidence by the introduction of the high-heeled boot. This, in its turn, has now almost entirely disappeared from the walking gear of the fashionably dressed; and there is even a gleam of hope that high heels may vanish from the ball-room before long; and, with them, their peculiar influence on the dances of the day. The jerky valse, now in so much vogue, would soon be consigned to oblivion, together with the sharp little "tap-tap" of the narrow, elongated heel of the fashionable shoe; and those who realize that even ball-room dancing might be softly poetic and dreamily graceful would cease to be irritated by the sudden swing and the violent onslaught of couples engaged in the arduous *trois-temps.* Let such as these hope for the abolition of the high heeled dancing-shoe, even though it be followed by the mournful elegies of those deficient in stature though not in the ambition of preferring a tall partner.—*London Standard.*

A Dakota Domestic Blizzard.

The other day a Bismarck gentleman was coming up from Standing Rock, and stopped to see a man who lives near the Cannon-Ball River. In response to his knock at the door he heard a shrill, sharp, "Come in!" and on entering found a sharp-faced, angular woman sitting in the room under an open scuttle-hole leading into the loft above, with a shot-gun on her knee. "Is the gentleman of the house in?" he asked. "Yes, sir, he air." "Can I see him a moment?" "No, sir; you can't see a hide nor hair of 'm!" "Why can't I, madam? I would like to speak to him on business." "If you was a dyin', and Jim was the only doctor in Dakoty, yo couldn't set an eye on him till he give in an' talks decent. At dinner a while ago he told me to pass in the apple soss, an' I tol' him it wasn't soss, but sass, an' he said he knowed better, it was soss, an' I tol' him that w'en he tuk a notion that a little apple sass'd feel soothin' to his stomach to say so, an' he said he'd have that soss or die. Then I tel'd him I'd defend that sass with life, an' made a break for the shotgun, an' he made a break up through the scuttle inter the loft. W'en his senses come to him, an' he gives in that sass is sass, he kin cum down, but if he makes a break afore that, off goes the top of his head. Thar sets the sass, stranger, and thar's Jim up in the loft, an' that's the way the mitter stands jist now, an' I reckon you'd bitter mosey along and not get mixed inter the row!" As the gentleman moved away he heard her voice saying: "Jim, w'en you get tired o' your durn foolin' an' want this sass, jes' squeal out!" And a gruff voice from the darksome garret responded "Soss!"—*Bismarck (Dak.) Tribun.*

A Wife Murderer's Welcome.

An interesting ceremony took place at Birmingham, England, recently, on the occasion of the "home-coming" of a man named Hall after twenty years' penal servitude for wife murder. Thousands of people, it is stated, met Hall at the railway station and gave him an enthusiastic reception, greeting him with loud cheers until he was driven off in a cab with his relatives. These tokens of sympathy and esteem must have somewhat surprised Hall. Wife murder was twenty years ago looked upon as a rather serious offence, even when, as in the case of Hall, it was committed under circumstances of extreme provocation.

The coming Rosa Bonheur is said to be Miss Strong, of San Francisco. Her teacher is Von Marcke, the cattle painter. She has had in the salon a life-size picture of a dog which showed a strong original touch. Then she went to live in the country to study sheep and cattle painting, in which she evinces like power.

The Bishop of Ontario will shortly leave for England in order to attend the annual meeting of the S. P. G.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

What Excited It in Japan—Corsets Not in Favor.

In the country house of a ruined daimio, where we obtained lodging and entertainment, writes an English lady travelling in Japan, I was a cause of much amusement. A number of ladies were invited to meet me at afternoon nice (the name for dinner) They sat on their heels around the little table which I used as a chair. My feet were stretched out before me. The hostess with, as I took it, many apologies, began to inspect my boots. As her curiosity was keen, I drew them off. All the ladies pounced upon them, and some of them asked leave to fit them on. Before doing this, they caused bowls of hot water to be fetched, washed their feet carefully and dried them by fanning them, which made the wet evaporate quickly. As they all had children's feet, my boots were awkwardly big and more ridiculous than I can say. The ladies next handled my skirt and corsage, and, to oblige them, I took them off. The petticoats had their turn, then my stockings, which they did not laugh at, after them my buckled elastic garters, and last my stays. Japanese politeness here broke down. Every one shook and cried with laughter in looking at the stays. One of the ladies had picked up some French at Osaka (a treaty port), and explained to me that the others wished to know whether the stays had been invented to serve as a cuirass to protect fair Europeans from rude men, or was it worn as a penitential garment to expiate sins? I said: "No, but to beautify the figure." This answer convulsed them. A stayed-up woman affected their impressionable and well-educated eyes as something monstrously ugly and absurd. Japanese dress is beautiful, and so easy. There was yet another question to be answered. There are, so far as I know, neither cows nor goats in Japan. Children are not, therefore, weaned until they are nearly big enough to go to school. I had noticed that poor little Miss Mite was an object of general commiseration. I did not know why. The reason came out when my stays were being examined. They were a barrier between the mother and the child, which was cut off by them from its lacteal rights. I told them that we delegated the nursing duties to poor women and cows. I am afraid I was imperfectly translated, for I saw that I was for a moment an object of horror.

England's Necessity.

France is reconstructing her navy; Germany is reorganizing her's; Russia is fast strengthening her's; and Italy is developing a very powerful fleet. All Europe is, in fact, recognizing the necessity of having heavily armored ships, fitted with modern ordnance and carrying trained crews. The British Admiralty are not unconscious of this significant fact, and the constructive programme which is arranged for this financial year will show that Lord Northbrook and his colleagues are also alive to the importance of increased expenditure, rather than retrenchment, in the building of line-of-battle ships. During 1883, fourteen vessels were launched for Her Majesty's navy, twelve vessels were ordered to be constructed, and in most cases were commenced, and at the present time there are, in addition to the number just mentioned, seven others on the stocks, which were under construction prior to the commencement of last year. The vessels now in progress, some of which are in a forward state for launching, include a sixteen-gun screw corvette, built of steel and iron, cased with wood, 2,770 tons and 3,000 horse power engines; a fourteen-gun screw composite corvette, of 1,420 tons, with engines of 950 horse power; three twin screw steel armor-plated barbette ships, each of 9,600 tons and engines of 7,500 horse power, to carry ten guns each; a similar vessel, but of less tonnage—namely, 7,390 tons, but with engines of greater horse power—namely, 8,000, and a ten-gun double screw steel second class steam cruiser, of 3,750 tons, with engines of 5,000 horse power.

Why do Women Laugh?

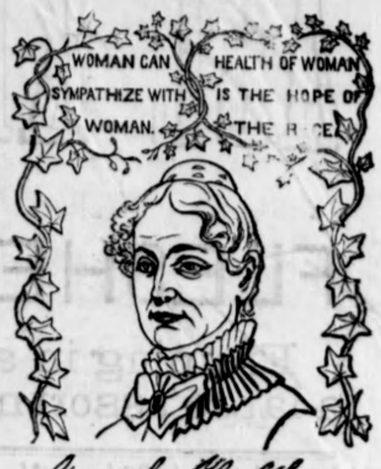
A divorce case in which an elderly foreigner sought to tear himself away from a young and pretty wife, who had proved to be more of a torment than a blessing, calls up the above question. He wanted to be forever rid of her because she laughed at him. Her "silvery peals" of "ringing laughter" made life a burden to him, until he finally told her to "glear owut," and went straightway and filed a petition for a divorce. She beamed with smiles in the court-room, and when the judge asked her why she laughed at her husband in open court she laughed and said: "I like to laugh; I was born to be merry," and laughed again. Are all women "born that way?" asks the Boston *Globe.* They certainly laugh a great deal more than men do. It was a mistake to call them "the sad sisterhood." They are the laughing sex. Notice them in conversation either with their own or the other sex. Their faces are invariably wreathed with smiles, and they laugh incessantly. Is it habit, or is it the result of a more highly organized nervous system—what the superior scientists contemptuously call an "hysterical organization"—or is it the woman's inborn desire to please finding expression by seeming interested and amused, or is it that a woman really is more easily amused than a man? Perhaps it is a combination of all four. At any rate, it forms as distinctive a line between the sexes as any of the common peculiarities which are supposed to characterize one sex or the other.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now befor the American public is Hop Bitters. You see everywhere. People take it with good effec It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to th taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whisk drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News.*

Horses hard at work need water much more frequently than the morning, noon, or night plan. If not allowed to drink between morning and noon they become extremely thirsty, and will overload their stomach with water, so that their food will not digest quickly.

Queen Victoria's well-known objection to making poor men peers gave way in the case of Lord Tennyson. His eldest son is a clerk in a public office.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.

Pleasant to the taste, efficacious and immediate in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

PHYSICIANS USE IT AND PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

FOR ALL WEAKNESSES of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the KIDNEYS it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of Either Sex Find Great Relief in Its Use.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, at the same time will give tone and strength to the system. As marvellous in results as the Compound.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Mention this Paper.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents.

Sold by all Druggists. (3)

D. CN. L. 14. 84.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO'S
IMPROVED BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color *as the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.

BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.

If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (56)

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

DOWNS' ELIXIR

N. H. DOWNS'
VEGETABLE BALSAMIC
ELIXIR

Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE YEARS, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price 25c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

DOWNS' ELIXIR

YOUNG MEN learn steam engineering and earn $100 per month. Send your name and 10c. in stamps to F. KEPPY, Engineer, Bridgeport, Ct.