The Irish Spinning Wheel.

Show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel, wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughing out on us!
Faix, an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us!

That there's a sight
Bates for deligh.
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
Oh, no!
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See the lamb's wool
Turn coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy white hands of her,
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Talk of Three Fates
Seated on sates,
Spinnin' an' shearin' away till they've done for me;
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me.

An' isn't that fate
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it?
Oh, no
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Spoken After Sorrow.

I know of something sweeter than the chime
Of fairy bells that run
Down mellow winds; oh, fairer than the time
You sing about, in happy, broken rhyme,
Of butterflies and sun.
But oh, as many fabled leagues away
As the to morrow, when the east breaks gray,
Is this which lies, somewhere most still and far,
Between the sunset and the dawn's last star,
And known as yesterday.

I know of something better, dearer too,
Than this first rose you hold,
All sweet with June, and dainty with the dew,
The summer's golden promise breathing through
Its white leaves' tender fold;
Oh, fairer, when the late winds, gathering slow
Behind the night, shall moaning sad and low
Across the world, make all its music dumb.
Oh, dearer than the earliest rose to come,
Will be the last to go.

I know of something sadder than this nest
Of broken eggs you bring,
With such sweet trouble stirring at your breast
For love undone; the mother bird's unrest,
That yesterday could sing.
My little child, too grieved to want my kiss,
Do I forget the sweetness they will miss
Who built the home? My heart with yours makes moan;
But oh, that nest from which the birds have flown
Is sadder far than this.

KISSES IN LITERATURE.

Stories of Milkmaid and Duchess With Their Dukes and Swains.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Sleet, the butcher, a kiss for his vote nearly a century since; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, who died at Elgin, Scotland, in 1866, delighted in relating how he kissed the Duchess in taking the shilling from between her teeth to become one of her regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-second. The old Scottish veteran of '87 has not left one behind him to tell the same tale about kissing the blue-eyed Duchess in the market-place at Dutkill. An American naval officer who had spent some time in China narrates an amusing experience of the ignorance of the Chinese maiden of the custom of kissing. Wishing to complete a conquest he had made of a young mel jin (beautiful lady) he invited her—using English words—to give him a kiss. Finding her comprehension of his request somewhat obscure, he suited the action to the word and took a delicious kiss. The girl ran away into another room, thoroughly alarmed, exclaiming: "Terrible man-eater. I shall be devoured." But in a moment, finding herself uninjured, she returned to him, saying: "I would learn more of your strange rite. Kees me." He knew it wasn't right, but he kept on instructing her in the right of kee es me until she knew how to do it like a native Yankee girl. And after that she suggested a second course, remarking: "Kee es me some more, seen jine, Meelee-kee!" (Anglice-American), and the lesson went on until her mamma's voice rudely awakened them from their delicious dream.

Kiss her gently, but be sly;
Kiss her when there's no one by;
Steal your kisses, for then 'tis meetest,
Stolen kisses are the sweetest.

Tom Hood once asked whether Hannah Moore had ever been kissed—that is to say, by a man. It is almost impossible to imagine such a thing, and yet it has been asserted by the author of "Rejected Addresses." But to think of her being kissed on the sly and in church-time! Horace Smith distinctly affirms that on a certain occasion

Sidney Morgan was playing the organ,
While behind the vestry door
Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
From the lips of Hannah More.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Boy Failed.

Mr. Osborne is a very economical, but at the same time a very irascible parent. Last Sunday his boy Tommy deliberately disobeyed his father, whereupon the latter seized his offspring, threw him over his knee, and proceeded to rebuke him in his usually energetic manner with the palm of his hand. Tommy, who is something of a strategist in a small way, thinking to gain time, exclaimed:

"Pa, remember I've got my Sunday clothes on. You will ruin them."

"That's a fact," responded Osborne, releasing the youth. "You can take them off, while I go into the garden and cut a dozen or so of peach-tree switches."

Restoring Cut Flowers.

At this time, when cut flowers fade so soon, says the Indianapolis *Journal*, it is well to know that if a small bit of the stem is cut off and the end immersed in very hot water the flower will frequently revive and resume its beauty. Colored flowers are more easily rejuvenated than white ones, which are apt to turn yellow. For preserving flowers in water finely pulverized charcoal should be put into the vase at this season. Where vines are growing in water, charcoal will prevent foul odors from the standing water.

FASHIONS FOR FALL.

What the Modistes Have Decreed in the Way of Bonnets.

FALL COSTUME CHANGES.

Eccentricities of Dress for the Fall

Silver braid in rows or rings will be the stylish trimming for black cashmere dresses.

Basques are made in habit fashion for stuff dresses, with the back shaped in a narrow square, and the postilion pleats pressed as flat as possible; the sides are then very short, and the front may be sharply pointed, or else rounded, and only a trifle longer than the sides.

Cheviot, or cloth dresses may be bordered with rows of braid, or with the interlinked rings of braid that may be had in passementerie that closely represents braiding done by hand; a border for the foot of the skirt is now also made of very large lapping rings of braid or of galloon, and a narrower border to match trims the apron drapery.

The woollen dresses imported for street suits for the early autumn are distinguished by severe plainness in design and in trimmings, depending for their beauty on the fine fit of the corsage, and the graceful flowing lines of the skirt and its drapery. The corsage may, if preferred, be a simple round waist without basque or sash, merely finished by a belt ribbon with front bow.

A popular skirt revived from the fashions of a few years ago has three-side pleated flounces that cover the back breadths from the belt to the foot, while only the lower flounce goes all the way around; an apron then covers the plain space in front, and is make with a long point at the middle near the foot, and is broadened, full and wrinkled at the top to extend back on the tournure and meet the upper flounce of the back.

The waterfall polonaise is a favorite, and is very similar to the princesse dresses that are made with a basque and apron in front, while the back is in continuous princesse forms. In such polonaises the fulness of the straight pleats of the back is sometimes added merely in the two middle forms, and falls thence in two very large box pleats laid in double or in triple folds quite straight from the tournure to the foot, while others have four pleats that are single box pleats, two of which are extended from the side forms.

Double aprons are seen on French dresses; these are sometimes of one material, but may also be of the two fabrics combined in a dress; the short upper apron is of the material of the waist, and ends on the hips; the second lower apron is figured or striped, and is draped to follow the curves of the upper one and form a sort of border for it. There is a tendency to widen all dress skirts by putting full breadths in the back, and making straighter side and front breadths, fashioning them much broader at the top than the closely gored breadths formerly used. When velvet is used for the collar of woollen basques, a small quantity of it may reappear in lengthwise folds in the back of the basque.

My friend Lily saw some very pretty dresses at a large garden party given the other day near Versailles, France. One, worn by the Comtesse de Bressac, was composed of a mauve-satin short skirt, veiled with white lace. Two violet velvet panels started from the waist on either side, and were tied in a loose knot at the bottom of the shirt behind; the bodice, high up to the neck behind, was of mauve satin, and open in front; a white-lace fichu was crossed over the bosom and tied behind at the waist. The elbow sleeves were of lace. The bonnet, with a very high crown, and a sort of pent-house aspect in front, was of white lace shaped by gold wire, and had cost the enormous sum of £11! On the pent-house was a huge cockade of violet velvet mixed with lace.

Bonnets for the Near Future.

Clara Belle writes from New York: "I fell in yesterday with two girls from Long Branch and one from Newport, who had come to town to get an idea of what the millinery of the immediate future is going to be. We went to several of the best importers and makers, and here are some of the things we found out: The new felt bonnets have taken the fancy of the buyers, and the market will be flooded with them next month. Women are tired of velvet, which has been in fashion summer and winter for so long, and all the possible changes seem to have been rung on fancy bonnets. Every sort of material, thin and thick, plain and figured, has been used for bonnet crowns, and without this return to felt the chapeaux of the coming season must only, so far as material is concerned, have been repetitions of what was worn during the last two winters. Said one milliner on whom we called: 'An objection to felt bonnets was their stiffness and their obligation to keep the shapes provided by the trade and which, however large, could never have the diversity of the buckram form produced by the milliner herself, who always managed to put something peculiar or personal into it. The same objection used to be brought against straw, and has been met in the same way. You have seen how the crowns have been removed from straw hats or bonnets and crowns in gathered muslin or lace substituted for them, and how flat Leghorn flaps have been twisted, folded, plaited into natty little capotes or broad-brimmed granny bonnets. The new felts are submitted to the same process. They are turned about, folded, cut, until they no longer resemble what they were than the capote or granny does the Leghorn flap. Their first success will doubtless be due in part to this, and they are likely to be maintained in fashion much longer on account of it, as there need be hardly any limit to these modifications. Men would laugh at the idea of high art in millinery, but you girls understand how sensitively expressive of good or bad taste—how harmonious or inharmonious to the head it is worn on—a bonnet may be.'"

For late summer wear this same milliner showed us imported bonnets and hats and braid an inch wide, woven of very large old straw. This braid, though heavy in effect, is indeed very light, and in the pale golden tint of freshly ripe straw it is exceedingly handsome. A little English capote made of it is bound on the edge of the brim with black velvet, has black velvet strings, and posed high on the left side is a dense cluster of half-opened pink moss-rose buds. Most of the chapeaux intended to be worn as long as the fine weather lasts are in black, brown or variegated straw, the colors being mingled like the streaks of Venetian glass, brown, crimson, olive, beige and gray being particularly prominent. Some very pretty little coarse black and brown straw bonnets have come in for the autumn. They are mostly trimmed only with ribbon bows, and perhaps a flower beneath the brim. Bows of brown ribbon, mixed with palest pink and ecru—the double-faced satin being of the two colors—make nice trimmings for the brown straws, and green, with a little pink or crimson, for the black. Such simple decorations are preferred by women of taste to the grasses in which hovered insects of all sorts, and even small green velvet lizards and frogs disport themselves. Upon my word, when I tried to lunch in a city restaurant the other noon, a woman across a narrow table lowered her head, bringing a nasty lot of reptiles before my eyes and nose; my blood turned into wriggling horrors, and my meal was spoiled. Happily, there seems to be an undercurrent leading towards the adoption of flowers, and I am glad to predict their use for small bonnet trimmings this fall and winter. Smooth felt in bonnets and hats will be in vogue for early autumn. We shall have in hats as a leading shape a modification of the Henry III., with the brim projecting in front. A sort of compromise with the bonnet is seen in a large head-dress which not inaptly reminds the observer of a great truncated funnel, with the mouth tilted in front and pared off at the back, or, a modification of the Mother Hubbard bonnet, which may become a hat at the will of the modiste.

MAKING A HUMAN FACE.

Thomas Cott's Thirteen Years of Experience Under the Surgeons—Further Details of the Great Surgical Feat.

In 1871 Thomas Cott, then 12 years old, was taken to Bellevue Hospital, New York, suffering from a disease which had destroyed his nose and lips, and had begun to affect his eyes. He was taken in charge by Dr. Gustavus Sabine, and since that time has been under treatment with a view of replacing the lost parts of the face. After the course of the disease had been checked the process of building up was begun by cutting away the flesh about the edges of the orifice, where the nose had been. Then the inside of the larger finger of the right hand was flayed, and the fresh cut wound was fitted where the nose should be. The hand was held in place by bandages and plaster of Paris until the finger had grown fast to the forehead and cheeks of the patient. In the meantime the mouth was covered by the hand, and a silver tube was inserted into the lad's throat, through which he was fed, and through which he also breathed. When the grafting of the finger to the face was completed, and circulation established, the finger was amputated near the knuckle, leaving two and a half joints attached to the face. The operations so far had required about a year, but the process was only begun. The next step was to trim down the finger into the shape of a nose by removing the bone and gradually building up the flesh on each side and drawing the skin from the cheeks and forehead over it. In course of time the result sought was obtained, except that there was as yet no nostrils. The eyes of the unfortunate boy had both been drawn out of position somewhat, and these were straightened by clipping nerves in the manner usually adopted by oculists in treating cross eyed people. The eyebrows were also patched up at the inner ends. The next step was to give the boy a new pair of lips. This was done gradually by taking pieces of flesh from the cheeks and grafting them in place bit by bit. Yesterday, after thirteen years of experience under a surgeon's knife, having meantime undergone and recovered from thirty different operations, the patient, now a young man, left the hospital. His face was smooth, and to the casual observer bore no traces of what he had passed through. The case is extraordinary for the extent of the work done and the perfect result obtained. Not less extraordinary was the fortitude of the patient, who never murmured under the necessarily painful operations, and who, when walking the floor because of his suffering, was wont to cheer up the other patients in the ward by telling droll stories, of which he had a large supply. He was known in the hospital as "Patient Tommy."

Something Like an Athlete.

Stanley, the African explorer, describes a strong man he met there who was 6 feet 5 inches, and rather disproportionately slender. He could toss an ordinary man ten feet in the air and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large Muscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot lay the surprised ass on his back. He could carry a 3-year-old bullock half way round his master's plantation. Once he actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders and chest, a distance of 300 feet.

Newfoundland Looking Up.

At the same time that the hope that Greenland is not an ice clad barren wild is shown to be groundless, reports come from Newfoundland that the resources of the interior of that island have been greatly underestimated. The coast fogs do not usually extend very far inland. The thermometer ranges from 7 to 83 degrees, it has fine grazing land, magnificent forests of valuable timber, and is rich in copper and other mineral products.

A woman's smile and a soda-fountain clerk's nod are more expressive for what they conceal than what they reveal.

Charles G. Leland writes from England that though the House of Lords will not be abolished in a hurry, it will be effectually prevented from obstructing the manifest will of the people.

The barracks at Nusserabad, India, were struck with lightning and six soldiers killed.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

HUGGED AGAINST HIS WILL.

How Two Plucky Young Women Caught a Thief.

There was an exciting episode about half-past 6 yesterday morning in the cigar store of George Blizzard. Mr. Blizzard and wife are out of town. Yesterday morning their sons, who look after the business in their absence, went to another store run by the firm and left the Washington street store in charge of Miss Delia E. Read, Mr. Blizzard's niece, and her friend, Miss Mollie Pahl. Soon after the departure of her cousins Miss Read looked in the money-drawer and noticed that some money was missing. She stopped to consider who might have taken it. She heard a noise under the counter. Quietly lifting up a curtain which covered the space beneath the counter she discovered a young man. He had hold of a small lunch-basket. Miss Read neither swooned nor screamed, but took him by the collar, hauled him out and told him to hand over the money he had stolen. He declared he had none. Holding him firmly by the coat-lapel she insisted on his returning the money. He fumbled in his pockets, but did not produce any of the stolen money. The brave little woman insisted upon his basket being opened. She tightened her grasp upon both lapels this time, and in a reluctant way the thief opened the cover and lying upon a napkin pinned around a lunch was the stolen money. Miss Read pulled open the money drawer and in a commanding voice said, "Put it where you got it." He did so. To make sure all had been returned, Miss Read made him open his lunch, which she told the reporter had been put up with care, probably by a good mother. All this time Miss Pahl had been sitting in the dining-room perfectly ignorant of the interesting scene on the same floor. Miss Read now called to her, and as she did the thief tried to break away. But the plucky little brunette held on to him. Miss Pahl did not understand the situation at first, but when her companion said, "Mollie take hold of him!" she did not ask for an explanation, but threw a pair of strong, shapely arms about the fellow. Under the circumstances he did not enjoy the hugging, and shouted "Let me go, I want to go to work!" "Not until I am through with you," said Miss Read. While Miss Pahl pinioned him by her strong embrace Miss Read rifled every pocket in pants, coat and vest. "I am done with you," said Miss Reid, after she had found that all his wealth had been hid in the lunch basket. He left in a hurry.—*Baltimore Sun.*

BALKY COOK STOVES.

Julia Has Trouble with One and is Given an Assorted Lot of Recipes to Choose From.

Boston *Globe*: "Julia" writes, saying she has a new range in the kitchen that vexes her badly, because it won't draw, and asks what she can do with it. We wrote back and told her that, judging from the fact that it was in the kitchen, we inferred that it was a short range, and advised her to either go out of the business altogether or else put up a Creedmore range of 1,000 or 1,500 yards. If she erected a range of this kind, we told her, and then advertised liberally and offered a lot of $100 medals, costing 20 cents a dozen, as prizes, and hired an assortment of ancient colonels and brigadier-generals to loaf around the premises in full uniform, we thought it would apt to draw and pay for the outlay, provided she run it in connection with a first-class bar-room. Then she wrote back and told us that her range had no target and that her husband was a policeman, who was all the officer she needed, and informed us she referred to a new $60 cook-stove which she had just purchased, and which she could not induce to draw by any means. We board in a bean restaurant at the the south end ourselves, and are not troubled with balky cook stoves. Before coming to Boston we drove a mule team, and whenever they threw up their heads and refused to draw we got some shavings and kindling-wood and built a fire under them. It worked to perfection every time. It is understood that cook-stoves have been made to draw by the same method. It would be a good plan to try this scheme before swapping the stove away with the junk man for two tin dippers and a corn-popper.

How the Bees are Robbed.

It was a German, I believe, who invented the extractor now in common use in England and in this country. The idea came to him upon seeing his boy tie a bit of string to a piece of honeycomb and swing it around his head in order to get the honey out. The centrifugal force forced the honey out of the comb. From this to the ordinary extractor it was but a step. The machine, as in common use, consists simply of a big tin barrel, in which turns a frame upon which honeycomb may be placed; by means of ordinary gearing the frame is turned very rapidly, and the honey flies from the cells to the sides of the barrel and trickles down. The beauty of the extractor is that it saves the bees all the trouble of making honeycomb, a labor requiring considerable time and material, inasmuch as for every pound of comb there are 20 pounds of honey. When the comb in the extractor is empty, it is put back into the hive, and the bees dismayed at the loss of their stores, go to work at a terrific rate in order to provide for the coming famine. When the comb is again full of honey, it is placed in the extractor and again emptied. According to the experience of my venerable friend, the bees can be made to do about twice as much work when their honey is taken away from them after this fashion as when they are required to build comb. In other words, the yield of honey is nearly double.—*Orange (N.J.) Letter in Hartford Times.*

A loan without security is a cyclone for a bank.

The investigation of the charges of bribery against the Holly Engine Company, will be commenced by Judge Boyd, at Toronto, on Tuesday morning.

Julia Brace, whose name appears in the cyclopedias, died recently at Bloomington, Conn. At the age of 4 years and 6 months she lost both her sight and hearing, soon losing, too, her power of speech, and so for all her long life she was a blind, deaf mute, deprived of her most important senses, yet learning to distinguish articles, persons, and even colors by her nice sense of touch.

IT IS AN AWFUL MYSTERY.

The Murderer's Photo in the Eyes of His Victim.

Several Arrests Made—Strange Suspicions of the Girl's Father.

The Ella Watson murder case in Salem county, N. J., is still a mystery. Besides William Jones, George Peterson and Thos. Simkins, Howard L. Sullivan, a young man who, when the Sheriff offered a reward of $10 to the finder of the stump from which the club had been cut to do the fatal deed, went to the spot and claimed the money, was also arrested. The funeral services were solemn and impressive and were attended by a large number of people. Carriages to the number of several hundred surrounded the unhappy domicile. It was utterly impossible for all the people to hear the sermon, and so a large number of those present sat on barrels, boxes and boards placed under fruit trees. Rev. N. J. Wright, a Methodist minister of Woodstown N. J., preached the sermon. The girl's body lay in a coffin in the parlor, and surrounding it were choice flowers of all kinds. A man's sobs broke the stillness of the occasion. It was Ella's big sun-burned brother weeping over her sad fate. Her mother sat in the next room, her face swollen and wet with tears, but near the coffin, with head bowed and in silent grief, sat her gray-haired father. It was a sad sight. When the minister touchingly related the sad incident connected with the girl's death several persons wept bitterly. The preacher could not restrain his wrath at this point and fairly shouted the words: "Why this excitement in our midst? The answer is, because, though accustomed to reading of such foul crimes, yet we never realized fully until the present the damnable, hellish nature of the deed." He then invoked "the punishment of hell-fire on the murderer, if that of the rope should escape him." "The providence of God has nothing to do with this dear girl's death," he said, "or else God himself is the murderer." The thoughts of the men who heard him were not of honoring the dead, but, by their own confession, of lynching the man whom they thought was the murderer.

Howard Sullivan, who now lies in Salem jail, cannot account for his time between 6 and 8 o'clock on the night that Ella Watson was murdered. Neither can he wholly account for the plethora of money with which he went to Atlantic City on an excursion next day. For this much the prosecution should give thanks to old John Elwell, perhaps the one Assemblyman in a rural district of New Jersey who ever had detective sense. When the murderer took the girl's chicken money from her handkerchief his hands were smeared with her life blood, and in placing the coin in his pocket the lining must have been stained. Such a garment is now being hunted for, which may prove an important clew.

A photographer of this city communicated with the Salem county authorities on the day of the funeral, asking for permission to take the dead girl's photograph for the purpose of discovering the murderer in Ella Watson's eyes. The hope was based on the French criminal detection system. In cases of sudden and violent death under certain circumstances the retina of the eye retains an impression of the last object seen at the instant death ensues. This impression has been reproduced by the camera, and in several instances has led to important disclosures. It was hoped that Ella Watson's dead eyes would disclose the face of her murderer, but it was too late, as the photograph was taken a few hours after death. A gentleman of this city once had a cow shot and immediately after the animals eyes were photographed on a small place which was then enlarged. A man was distinctly visible in the act of shooting.

Memorial service was held on Sunday in the Sunday school room at Oakland, of which Ella Watson was Secretary. She also went to school on week days in the same building. It is situated about one-half mile distant from her home. After a few remarks were made by Henry Drummond, of Yorktown, and Louis Wright, the superintendent, and some music by Ella's former companions, during which the women sobbed, it was agreed to have a memorial printed and hung upon the wall, which would hand down to the scholars for generations the story of the crime and the merits of the dead girl.

Sent to Jail for Painting His Dog Yellow

A London cablegram says: A man with the fatal name of Puckridge fulfilled his manifest destiny by an unpleasant lesson on the danger of too much political zeal. In 1880 he not only wore yellow ribbon to prove his devotion to Conservative principles, but painted his dog yellow. The animal, not taking kindly to the paint, sickened and died. Puckridge was prosecuted by a humane society and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment with hard labor. He fled to Boulogne, which fulfils the same functions to English refugees as Canada to American cashiers, but returning recently, in the fond hope that the escapade was forgotten, is now doing his sentence.

Johnny's Logic.

"Couldn't you find room enough for yourself on that bench, without pushing that little boy off on the floor?" asked an Austin school teacher of the bad boy of the school.

"I didn't want any room for myself," was the reply; "I wasn't crowded at all."

"Then why did you push him off?"

"To give him more room. He was the boy who was crowded, so I pushed him off to give him plenty of room. There is a great deal more room off of a bench than here is on it."—*Texas Siftings.*

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

Some citizens of Trenton, New Jersey, who favor cremation have purchased a pottery-kiln at Pennington, and will transform it into an oven for burning bodies.

A girl has only to give assent to get married, but it costs her dollars to get a divorce.

The annual sun dance of the Cheyennes on the Canadian River, Ark., continued without cessation three days and nights.

There is nothing so wild as a mad Texas steer, but a cow always obeys her udder.