Fast and Sure.

Strong in the faith of woman
 I lift mine eyes to thine,
And feel thou art a true man
 To love as fond as mine,
Fond as the flower that turneth
 To where the sunbeams shine.

What need of words revealing
 All thou dost know full well?
True love hath no concealing,
 And eyes will secrets tell,
Love firm as rocks still braving
 Unmoved the ocean's swell.

Within thy hand now laying
 My hand I place secure,
Nor doubt nor fear betraying;
 My faith is fast and sure—
Fast as the twining ivy,
 As oaks that storms endure.

Nay, if my pulses flutter,
 'Tis not the throb of fear:
My lips no word could utter
 Of doubt while thou art near;
So let my stay be ever
 Thine arm so strong and dear.

Yes—draw me to thee nearer,
 And whispering sweet and low,
In accents that are dearer
 Than chiming water's flow,
Tell me the love thou feelest
 No change can ever know.

Oh! thus upon thee leaning,
 As woman ever should,
Thy heart may learn the meaning
 Of trustful womanhood,
Leaning on man her weakness,
 With strength to be endued.

A LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

It was midnight by the clock of Egyptian design that stood on the mantelpiece of my library. I had been to a dinner party at which there were several intellectual men and two or three lovely women, and had on my return thrown myself into the most luxurious chair in the room. Then I had lighted a cigar, and had composed myself to think for half an hour before going to bed. I had a good deal with which to occupy my thoughts. I was writing a book on an abstruse subject connected with the mind. A patient in whom I was greatly interested had not responded as decidedly as was desirable to the remedies I was giving him, and then—and truth compels me to say that this was pre-eminent—the young lady I had escorted to the dining-room would not get out of my mental vision, although I honestly tried my best to banish her. Finally, I gave up the attempt, and allowed my imagination to run loose with all sorts of erratic ideas, of which she formed a prominent feature. I began then to think that I was in love, and, if so, it was the first time that the faintest gleam of the tender passion had ever shone in my heart. I was an old bachelor—so called—though under 50. Many assaults, so I had been told, had been made on my celibacy by designing mammas working in the interest of their daughters, but I had gallantly held the citadel of my affections against them all, and had about reached the conclusion that I should remain single all my life. Society seemed to have arrived at the opinion that I was not a "marrying man," and hence when I went to receptions and dinners and balls, as I did very often, it fell to my lot usually to look after the dowagers and wall flowers. I was always willing to make myself useful in this way, and therefore I was a welcome guest wherever I went. I was well to do as the world looks at matters, my practice was excellent, I held a professorship in a noted medical college, and I had written several works that had been well received by the profession. Besides, I had a snug little fortune that my father had left me. But I was in love with my profession, and, when a physician gets into that state in which he finds something more in his studies than his "bread and butter," he is not very apt to be led astray by the blandishments of women, no matter how attractive they may be for mankind in general, or how assiduously they may make use of their charms. Now, so far as I knew, I was in love, and that, too, with a woman that I had never seen before that night, of whom I had no other knowledge than that derived from three hours' conversation and observation, and of whose antecedents I was altogether ignorant, except that, meeting her in good society, I was bound to take it for granted that she was a lady. I had always prided myself on my knowledge of women, and, if I knew anything at all, I knew that no one of the sex reveals her true nature to a man during the first three hours of her acquaintance with him. I was conscious, therefore, that I was making a fool of myself, and acting in opposition to some of my most cherished principles in being caught in this ignominious manner. True, she had made no effort, so far as I could perceive, to capture me. I had fallen into the pit solely through my own mishaps, and that made it all the worse. I was old enough to have known better. Well, many a wiser man than I had been caught in fully as easy and idiotic a way by a pretty face and engaging manners. If there was any consolation in that knowledge, I had it in abundance.

I had not thought her particularly attractive as we talked together in the drawing-room before going into dinner. She had, it is true, a beautiful face and figure, but, though I was an old fool probably, I was not such a big one to be caught by allurements of that kind. She had not talked much, and what she had said was of very little consequence. I was not quite sure that she was not weak-minded, for there was a certain degree of abstraction in her manner that had prevented her replying at once to my remarks. She had appeared to me to be in a kind of reverie, or rather of mental inaction, from which she had to rouse herself before she could gather her thoughts together, so as to comprehend my speeches and frame suitable responses. Her brain had struck me as being one of those slow working ones so often met with in persons, who, without being absolute idiots, are, nevertheless, not far removed from imbecility, in whom the cerebral cells are never ready for action, and in whom some extraordinary exaltation is necessary to start them going.

Beside this, there was a look of surprise in her face which was altogether incongruous, for there was nothing in her surroundings at all calculated to develop wonder or astonishment. The remarks that, during the ten minutes subsequent to my presentation, and the signal from the hostess that dinner was ready, I had addressed to her were of the most commonplace description, and yet, each time that I had spoken to her, she had raised her eyebrows in amazement, and then, after a half-minute or so of apparent mental vacuity, had stammered out some simple response, generally a "yes" or a "no," or a few words not so decided in their meaning.

Still, to a certain extent, she had fascinated me from the very beginning, without at that time exciting my admiration. Into this feeling there entered a strong degree of professional interest. There was something morbid about her; of that I was sure, and I made up my mind to study her so far as I could consistently with the requirements of politeness. Certainly she was beautiful, but then, as I have said, mere facial beauty did not go for much with me. I was constantly on the lookout for expression in the faces of the men and women that came in my way, and hers was not of the kind that pleased me. One feature she had, however, that was magnificent, and that was a kind of golden-red hair, nowhere observed in such perfection nowadays as in Lombardy and Venice. I could see at a glance that had she let it down it would have reached to her feet; and as to the color, it was superb.

I was apprehensive that I would pass a stupid two or three hours at the swell dinner that was about to come off, but my anticipation was agreeably disappointed, for a more charming companion it had never been my good fortune to meet than the one that sat next to me at that table. No sooner had she eaten the half-dozen oysters before her and drunk the glass of chablis that was poured out for her, than an entire change ensued in her manner and mental characteristics. She became vivacious, quick to perceive the drift of my remarks, ready at repartee, witty to a degree that I had never seen equalled in a woman, while her face lighted up with an intelligence that astonished, while it delighted me. I was enraptured, overwhelmed, enthralled, subjugated, everything, in fact, that expresses the complete supremacy of that power she had acquired over me, and that is indicative of the dominance of love. As the dinner went on, there was no diminution in her flow of spirits, or in the appositeness of every word she uttered—now she was beautiful; now there was expression in all the infinite variety of which the human face is capable, and when I handed her into her carriage I felt sure that my happiness for the comparatively few years of life that yet remained to me depended on the fact of my being able to get her for my wife.

Mary Plowman was her name. I sen my brougham away and walked home in the cold winter air, hoping to cool my head and calm the beatings of my old heart. I did not succeed very well, and, therefore, when I threw myself into the big chair, and, stretching out my legs, puffed away at the strongest cigar I could find, my thoughts all went to her. Thirty years I gave her. A mature woman, just about of a suitable age to be the wife of a middle-aged man like myself. From Tunkhannock she came, so she had told me, and was stopping at the Windsor Hotel, where I was by her permission going to call on the following day to make her a visit. Where was Tunkhannock? I had never heard of the place before. I had an idea, however, that it was somewhere in the oil region of Pennsylvania, but in this I was mistaken. I got my gazetteer and hunted up the name—"A village in Wyoming county, Pa. Population 953." I knew enough of geography to know that Wyoming county was in the coal district. Doubtless she owned mines of coal and iron, else, why should she live in an insignificant village such as Tunkhannock certainly was?

There was something strange about her; something that interested me intensely, and at the same time frightened me. Why had the mental inertia disappeared as soon as she began to eat and drink? Why had there been any mental inertia—stupidity it really was—at all? Why had she been so preternaturally brilliant at the table? Which was her normal condition? Perhaps, after all, she had only been mentally preoccupied, and a glass of wine had excited her brain to new thought. Clearly hers was a case to study, and I resolved to study it, but I was none the less in love.

So I went on thinking and smoking till I finished my cigar, and then, getting up laboriously from the comfortable chair, made ready to go upstairs to bed. I was just about turning out the argand burner over the table when a loud ring at the door bell, sounding in the stillness of the night with tenfold its ordinary loudness, startled me for the moment almost out of my wits. All the servants had hours ago gone to bed, so I walked through the long passageway with no pleasant feelings in my heart toward the unseasonable intruder, and ready on slight provocation to treat him with short courtesy. I threw open the door, and there on the steps stood a woman.

"I wish to see Dr. Waldron immediately," she said in quick, sharp tones.

"I am Dr. Waldron."

"If I am to talk with you, I would like to come in."

"Very well, madam," getting out of the way as I spoke and thus allowing her to enter. "Come in, by all means. It is nearly 1 o'clock, but doctors must expect to have unseasonable visitors."

"Of course. If people had their option in the matter, they would probably prefer to get sick during the daytime. This visit I assure you is as disagreeable to me as it is to you."

I offered her a chair as she entered the room, and when she had taken it embraced the opportunity of looking at her.

She was 50 at least, and had the appearance of being a housekeeper or some other kind of upper servant. There was nothing in her looks to excite interest. Her expression was one of calmness and dignity. My prime object was to get rid of her as soon as possible.

"Now, madam," I said, with a slight accent of impatience in my voice, "I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me the object of your visit."

She made no answer in words, but, plunging her hand into a pocket of her frock, produced a small package, which she laid on the table.

"I have heard that you give special attention to diseases of the brain, and that you are very successful in discovering their true character. I wish your services for a patient who is under my immediate charge, and who is very dear to me. I am her governess, guardian and nurse. I am so thoroughly acquainted with her symptoms that I can give them to you with absolute fidelity, so that it will not be necessary for you to see her, your—"

"Stop, if you please!" I exclaimed; "I never, under any circumstances, give an opinion of a patient that I have not thoroughly personally examined. If you wish me to break through this rule, you may save yourself further trouble, for I shall not violate it now."

"I am prepared for that objection," she answered, with entire composure. "I am a Russian, and in my country there are physicians—and wonderful men they are, too—that are able to discern the nature of a malady from inspecting, not necessarily the whole body, but a portion of it. I do not suppose that the American doctors are their inferiors, and I have been led to suppose that you are still more skilful. I cannot allow you at present to see my charge, but you can now, if you choose, inspect a portion of her body. I have it here in this package."

"Great heaven!" I thought. "What a horrible woman!" I looked at the small parcel that lay on the table. It was large enough to contain an eye, a finger, the tongue or an ear. I was shocked beyond measure, not only at the cold blooded revelations of the woman, but at the awful ignorance and superstition that they implied. That she had in some way mutilated the poor woman under her control I had no doubt. I turned my eyes toward her, and now I noticed what I had not seen before, the Tartar cast of her features. She noticed my inspection.

"I am a Cossack," she said, proudly. "My father was a prince. You are horrified at what I have told you, but your emotion is entirely misplaced. See!"

As she spoke the last words she tore open the package she had brought with her and disclosed to my astonished gaze a long lock of golden-red hair. She drew it slowly between her fingers as though admiring it, but seemed lost in some intense thought that the contemplation suggested.

I broke the silence.

"And you expect me to prescribe for a patient by simply looking at a lock of her hair! I am sorry to find that you are so ignorant and credulous as to believe that such a thing can be done."

"Ignorant and credulous I may be," she answered, with a sharp tone of contempt in her voice, "but I know that there are physicians in my country who could, by merely looking at these few strands, discover all the phases of my darling's disease, its causes, its seat and its cure. You are supposed to be enlightened; you have microscopes and chemical tests, and God only knows what else, and yet, when I give you a lock of hair that grew not half an inch from the spot where my poor child suffers the most agonizing pain, you can tell me nothing."

"Give me the hair," I said, as an idea flashed with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning through my mind.

"Yes," she exclaimed with eagerness. "Take it. I am sure you can find out something. You will save her from death, or," she added, "from what is worse, a lunatic asylum."

I took the long silken tress in my hands. It was of exactly the same color as the hair I had so much admired two hours before on the head of Miss Mary Plowman. It was fully four feet in length. I was sure of its identity.

"How did you get this?" I inquired.

"I cut it off, of course."

"Why can I not see the patient?"

"Because her father and mother have called in two other physicians, who are now with her, and they would object to you seeing her. I made an excuse for being absent, and taking a carriage, came here to consult you."

"Then as she has medical attendance I cannot interfere. May I ask the patient's name?"

"You may ask what you please, but as you refuse to help me, I shall have nothing further to do with you. Give me back the hair and let me go."

She stretched out her hand, and, seizing the lock, began to draw it through my fingers. As the last part of it escaped my grasp, I felt that the ends were rough.

"Stop!" I exclaimed. "Let me look at this a moment."

I held it under the full glare of the argand burner, and picking up a hand lens that lay on the table, looked through at the bunch of ends.

"You did not cut this hair," I said severely, for it has been torn out by the roots, every single strand of it."

"Then you can tell something after all from looking at a lock of hair from a woman's head. Ha, ha! I thought you were wiser than you gave yourself credit for being. You see, I knew you better than you knew yourself. Shall I tell you something else? Yes, I will. You recognized the hair. It came from the head of the woman you love. I saw it in your eyes. Well, she has just 279 strands less than when you last saw her. I pulled them out as she stepped lightly from her carriage, and I counted every one of them as I came here. Two hundred and seventy-nine. Neither one more nor one less. It was a hard thing to do, wasn't it? What a piteous cry she gave?"

She bent forward as she uttered these last words, and peered into my face with a look of malicious cunning on her countenance that was as diabolical a one as I had ever seen.

I was almost overcome with horror. How my darling must have suffered as the wretched woman tore from her tender skin the silken strands that lay before me! I looked at them again almost expecting to see a portion of the scalp hanging to them. But I did not waste much time in reflection.

"You vile monster!" I exclaimed, as I rose from my chair and pulled down the little lever of the district telegraph apparatus, and gave the signal for a policeman. "You are probably insane, but lunatic or not, I'm going to have you taken care of for the night at least. Such tigresses as you are not to be allowed to run at large to torture women as you by your own confession have tortured Miss Plowman."

"A lunatic!" she shrieked, "and you've just found it out! A pretty doctor you are! Yes, I'm a lunatic, and that hair came from Sarah Spine's head. She's the chief nurse in Ward No. 6 in the woman's lunatic asylum on the island. I'm the crazy Cossack Princess. Ha! ha! Miss Plowman! She's the girl you're in love with. I've found out all your secrets, and now I'm ready to go back. I heard them talking about you as a great, mad doctor, so I thought I'd get out and see for myself. And I've seen enough. I've taken your measure, and now I'll go back. You don't care so much about the hair now, do you? Well, neither do I. Keep it for good luck. Sarah won't begrudge it to you. There's your policeman," as the door bell rang. "Come along."

She led the way to the front door, and I, after making a short statement of the facts in my possession, and my inferences from them, gave her in charge.

I did not sleep soundly that night, but I was still in love with Mary Plowman, and the long lock of golden-red hair still lay on my library table.

INDIANS AS PLEADERS.

Strange Scene in a Northwest Court of Trial.

A large number of Blood Indians, from the Head Chief Mecasto to the ordinary scrub, came in from their reserve last week on one of their periodical missions of complaint. This time the leading topic, among many others which was to be discussed, was concerning the imprisonment of White Calf's son, who is awaiting his trial in connection with the horse stealing expedition to Medicine Hat. As the authorities are waiting the arrival of the owners of the horses, the trial cannot go on at once.

After the trial of Long Crow, the Indians assembled in the police orderly room. The colonel has had a varied and extensive experience in these interviews, and knew just what to expect. So, notwithstanding that we were in the presence of royalty, pipes were lighted all round, and every one squared off for a regular siege of blarney, pleading, partial threatening, etc.

To say that every subterfuge was resorted to, to get the promising young White Calf released, is an unnecessary item of information to those who know anything about Indians.

Stirring speeches were made by Mecasto, or Red Crow; White Calf, Old Moon, Blackfoot Old Woman, Strangling Wolf, Going-to-the-Bear (or, as his helpmeet calls him, "Morning Post," or morning paper, him whom the Gazette supplanted); Mrs. White Calf, who implored the Colonel to take pity on her (kimoket), and stated that she would like to take her boy home with her, who was by far too exemplary a youth to go on the war-path or steal horses; Running Wolf, Calf Shirt and Crop Ear Bull. We would repeat the speeches made by these eloquent warriors, but have too much regard for our readers. They evidently went on the principle that the constant dropping of water on one spot will wear a hole in a rock, for one after another walked solemnly on, shook hands all around (except with the newspaper man—all of them except Morning Post have an unfair and ungrounded suspicion of that fraternity), and then talked to the Colonel as if he were at Whoop Up, each repeating what was originally said. His adamantine heart refused to kimoket, even when assaulted by the charming Mrs. White Calf, and so White Calf, jun., will languish in prison until the time comes for the tribunal before which he is tried, to pronounce him innocent or guilty.

But the immediate release of White Calf's son was not the whole burden of their complaint. There was another Indian wrongdoer, named Hair Face, who was serving out his sentence in the guard-room, and whose term of imprisonment was now over, so contended the Indians. They asked therefore that he be released. On consulting the record, it was found that his term expired on the next day (Tuesday). So, on the solicitation of Red Crow, the colonel suggested that he should be let out that day.

Thus ended this great pow-wow, which for constant repetition, challenges even the speeches in the Legislature, moving and seconding the adoption of the speech from the throne.—*Fort McLeod Gazette.*

Beautiful Blending.

Apropos of Miss Bessie Darling playing the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" in bare feet, Cecilia Logan says in the New York *World*: Their pinkness reminds me of a curious story Mme. (Patterson) Bonaparte once told me. She said: "While Napoleon I. would never publicly acknowledge me as the wife of his brother Jerome, he did so privately by allowing me to be on terms of intimacy with the members of his family, who, without an exception, received me as if I were one of themselves. One day I called on Caroline, Bonaparte's favorite sister and the greatest beauty of her day. She had just emerged from her bath and was lying on a lounge in her bed-room. The scantiness of her clothing revealed to me one of the most perfect forms that heaven ever bestowed upon woman. In particular her feet were of the most exquisite shape and color, the soles and undersides of the toes being the tint of a tea-rose, the upper portions rivalling the lily in whiteness. Noticing my steadfast gaze, Caroline smiled and said: 'Is not the blended color divine?' I admitted that I had never seen anything more lovely. 'I have it done every morning after my bath.' 'Have it done!" I exclaimed; 'what do you mean by having it done?' 'Why, after the manicure has attended to my hands the chiropodist polishes my toenails and pinks and pearls my feet.' I wondered why," remarked Mme. Bonaparte in conclusion.

It was a Winter Picnic.

A newspaper writer says: "Twenty years ago, when Sherman marched down to the sea, he saw before him a sullen foe; around him bleak field and ruined, smoking homesteads; behind him tearful eyes and despairing hearts." The rear view of Sherman is correctly described, only the bleak field and smoking homesteads should have been in the picture, says the Macon *Telegraph*. In fact, there was nothing before Cump, save helpless women and children, big, little, young and old negros, stock of all kinds, well-filled barns and loaded smoke houses. He and his bummers enjoyed a winter picnic of sausages, backbone, spareribs, chitlings, cracklin bread and sweet potatoes, and the mighty warrior and many of his men have been mad ever since that they cannot come down and gather loot, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia." The historian of the future, in describing the March to the Sea," will become as peckish as a reader of one of Dickens' novels.

The Mahdi began marrying when he was 16 years old, and has kept on doing it, till he has now accumulated a collection of thirteen wives, which looks as if the False Prophet found real profit in matrimony.

The Colon affair will probably put a period to the disturbances on the Isthmus.

FOR THE LADIES.

Domestic and Useful.

Oranges should not be chosen for size; weight is the test of a good orange.

To clean the isinglass used in stove doors, rub with a cloth wet with vinegar till clean, and then with a dry one; it will look as good as new, and be as good.

Mildew in books, ink, gum, paste or leather may be effectually prevented by a few drops of oil of lavender dropped in the book on to the leather and mixed with the above-mentioned liquids.

Fine flour for pastry is better for being kept for a little while before it is used. It must be put into dry jars with air-tight lids; it makes lighter pastry after keeping for a while than when fresh ground.

For cough roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you

Oysters are very nice roasted in the shell Place them in a baking-pan and keep them in a hot oven for about twenty minutes. Take them from the oven and serve on hot dishes. By this mode of preparation the first and best flavor of the oyster is retained.

Patients suffering from enteric fever are frequently awakened by dryness of the tongue, which is generally parched and covered with sordes. Painting with glycerine, repeating when necessary, is found to give almost instant relief, and to materially assist in procuring sleep for the sufferer.

To remove tar from black clothes first soften it with olive oil, and then dose it with successive applications of turpentine. Naphtha or benzine will answer the same purpose as the turpentine. The secret consists in getting the tar spot thoroughly soft before you begin; and the best way to prevent the oil confining itself to the tar is to apply it with a pledget of cotton wool.

Spring Fashion Notes.

Never were washable dress goods and their ornamentation so dainty as at the present time.

The neck of the evening dress of this summer is likely to be often cut square, but by no means low.

Smallness of size and simplicity or else absolute uniqueness must characterize the buttons this spring.

Modistes favor long, straight draperies that demand expensive stuffs and require little or no decoration.

Turbans of straw, as well as of such materials as crepe, silk, tinsel cloth and costume goods will be quite popular this Easter.

The fancy for gold braid and brilliant-hued vests makes it a certainty that dark greens, blues and browns will remain in favor.

The judgment of Paris in certain matters pertaining to the gowning of womankind is undisputed, and to-day Paris says: "Cotton costumes are *au fait*."

The bonnet of Paris is much larger than has been lately worn. The larger bonnet, the baby waist and the tucked skirt are sure to be accompanied with a wide lace or muslin collar.

More novel and beautiful effects in dress trimmings are produced this month by the skilful arrangement of extraneous garnitures with the dress material than in any other way—braids and embroideries being among those that have obtained the strongest hold upon public favor.

The liking for yellow has shown itself this season, especially in ribbons used in the arrangement of jabots and gilets. The very wide ribbon is usually of satin or soft, lustrous gros grain, while the narrow is generally velvet or moire. For the ribbon tied close around the throat, with its coquettish bow on one side, velvet with the satin facing is preferred.

Among the illuminated cloths some attractive combinations are shown, the fabric showing tiny specks of color accompanying the striped variety. A brown and mode shows solid stripes of brown and blue, each alternating with a stripe of the illuminated brown and mode. Blue and white has in the same way solid blue and scarlet, while acajou and white has ecru and acajou.

An Easter bonnet to be worn with a brocaded wrap showing a lining of scarlet satin has the crown overlaid in full, soft folds with the material, which is fastened here and there with small, gilt pins, the brim being of black velvet with an underfacing of scarlet satin. On the left side is a bunch of holly-berries combined with very dark leaves. Tilted slightly forward and worn without strings, this bonnet is more than becoming to the brunette who is to wear it. Scarlet, yellow and heliotrope are in great favor just now.

Baths in Country Houses.

Thousands of country houses cannot have, except at considerable expense, a bath-room, with the usual amount of fixtures. But in any country home persons may easily and thoroughly wash themselves—which, I take it, is the one purpose of a bath-room—at almost no expense and no slopping. The bowl of soft water and good castile soap, to begin with; then, instead of the crash towel, which so many use, get a half yard of shaker flannel—cotton and wool flannel. The reason for this is, it will not stick together like linen, and there is more friction to it when wet than linen has. Soap it well, and with it not dripping wet, go over the body: then wring it out and go over the body again; and there is no need of any Turkish towel for friction. Then plunge the feet in the bowl and hold them there according to pleasure. The whole process need not take more than five minutes, and you are clean. I like very much what my physician told me once about bathing and rubbing: "Do not destroy the sensitiveness of the skin," which a great many people who bathe or wash themselves seem determined to do, imagining that the harder they rub themselves with a coarse towel the better for them, whereas so much the worse.—*Illus. Christian Weekly.*

The great-grandnieces of President Madison are conducting a little private school near Orange Court House, Va.

A young lawyer of Sylvania, Ga., went through that town the other day driving a portion of his first law fee—a yearling steer. The fee consisted of $8 in money, a stack of fodder, a silver watch, an old sow, and the yearling.