The Song of the Housekeeper.

Sweep, sweep, sweep,
In the short December days
And dust, dust, dust,
In the Summer's silvery haze
It's O! to be a slave,
And forever a duster flirt,
And wear the years of our life away
In the hand-to-hand battle with dirt!

Sweep, sweep, sweep,
While the dust rises up to your eyes,
And scrub, scrub, scrub,
Then drive out those horrible flies!
Husbands hungry and tired,
With buttonless trousers and shirt,
Meekly retire from the awful scene,
While we fight a pitched battle with dirt.

O! men with brow serene,
How much work you make for your wives!
Leaving your boots and shoes "under foot"—
And eating cakes, tarts and pies.
Cook, cook, cook,
To meet the demands of our kin,
And bake, bake, bake,
Though the heart is faint within.

O! for a little change—
A respite, however brief!
From the petty trials of housework free—
From mutton, pork and beef.
New songs to gladden the heart,
To all would be far more sweet
Than that old, old tune by housekeepers sung:
"What shall we have to eat?"

O! but to breathe the breath
Of the fragrant new-mown hay!
And in pastures and woodlands green
To wander far away.
For only one short hour
Away from the housework to steal,
And dreamily rest by a babbling brook
While—some one else cooks the meal!

A Maryland Rip Van Winkle.

A rival of Rip Van Winkle has just risen to fame in Worcester County, three miles from here. On Thursday last Levin Newton, a small farmer of good repute, disappeared from his home. His family, knowing that he had made many enemies on account of his opposition to the five-acre oyster bed law, which gives citizens the right to take up oyster beds for private use, feared that he had been murdered. A rigid search was made for him and he was given up for dead. Late on Sunday afternoon a neighbor went into Newton's barn to feed the horses and cattle, and to his astonishment noticed the missing man stretched out at full length on his back on the top of the hay. He was sleeping soundly and only awoke after being vigorously shaken. Newton exhibited no surprise when awakened, simply saying, "Well, John, is it late?" He evidently thought that he had been sleeping but an hour or so

Inquiry showed that Newton rose at 6 o'clock on Thursday morning, after sleeping from 10 o'clock the night before. He went to the barn, where he fed his horses. Feeling drowsy, he says, he laid down on the hay. "I don't remember anything more," he remarked to-day, "until Neighbor John called me. I then thought that I had been asleep but an hour at most." Newton's sleep extended from 10 p. m. Wednesday until 6 a. m Thursday, and from 7 a. m., one hour later, until 5.30 p. m. Sunday. Excepting the hour on Thursday morning he was asleep 90 hours and 30 minutes, the longest natural sleep known to physicians in this State.—*Snow Hill Special to Philadelphia Times.*

The Growth of London.

It may indeed be safely asserted that London is the greatest city this world ever saw. Never before in this planet's history has there been gathered together such a concourse of human beings. Nineveh might boast of a population, according to the Book of Jonah, of 800,000 or 900,000; Rome, which, like most of the olden cities, resembled London as the centre of a world-wide empire, never reached a third part of its population, good authorities setting down the highest number its people ever reached, which was in the days of Nero, at about 1,020,000; and Pekin of modern times is said to be the only city which has any claim to rank beside it; but eye-witnesses tell us that Pekin is rather a peopled district than a city. Paris, Vienna and Berlin united would but a little more than equal it in the number of its people; and twenty-three of the other largest cities of these isles must be rolled into one to make a second London. Sir Salar Jung, in visiting it, may also, while describing Paris as "the city of pleasure," well refer to "the severe aspect and activity of London," seeing that 10,488 vehicles course through twenty-four of its principal thoroughfares *every hour*, and 384,000 pedestrians and 75,000 vehicles pass over its bridges *daily*. In the words of Sir Joseph Bazalgette, "it is now without a rival as regards its size and population, not only in the present, but as far as we know in the past history of the world. Its population is equal to that of the whole state of Holland, is greater than that of Scotland, and double that of Denmark, and if it continues to increase at the same rate until the end of the present century it will then equal that of Ireland as indeed outer London now does."—*Christian Chronicle.*

Bullet Wounds of the Heart.

Dr. H. L. Harrington, of Monmouth, Ill., writes as follows to the *Medical Record*: "In your issue of April 4th, under the title, 'Is Death Necessarily Instantaneous After Bullet Wounds of Heart?' you relate a very interesting case. Let me detail another very remarkable case, which came under my observation while house physician in Cook County Hospital, Chicago, in the year 1875. One evening at dusk a man aged about 30 years was brought in an express waggon, rapidly driven over rough pavements a distance of over a mile, with a bullet wound in the left side; he was in a condition of profound shock, and was treated accordingly, by means of heat externally applied, stimulants and morphia internally. Reaction ensued, and progressed sufficiently to admit of his moving about in bed, and talking in a loud voice, when he suddenly died, three hours after receiving the wound. An autopsy made by me the next morning revealed the fact that the bullet had perforated the apex of the heart, traversed the entire length of the left ventricle and auricle, and, after passing upward through the right lung, had become imbedded in the right shoulder."

A theory new and novel is that the vast depressions of the ocean beds are to be accounted for by supposing that the moon broke away from the earth more than 50,000,000 years ago. The basins are the scars then make.

Tennyson, with the aid of Sir Francis Palgrave, has just arranged and annotated a "Golden Treasury" volume of his choice lyrics. It does not include his latest poems of indignation.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

What Women Turn to See.

Bags netted of steel beads are carried as a sort of semi-shopping bag.

Sleeves of evening dresses are as short and gloves as long as ever.

Overjackets of beaded passementerie are to be worn over colored waists.

Plain slippers are again worn trimmed with black ribbon bows.

Tinsel will be very prominent in fans as well as in every other department in dress and dressy accessories.

Novelties in crepe lisse ruching have little rolled points, on the tips of which are tiny pearl beads.

For morning wear, especially with flannel goods, colored cuffs and collars are again coming into favor.

Bustles are worn very large, because there is a tendency to do away with masses of drapery on the tournure.

Plain costumes are transformed into very dressy toilets by fichus, scarfs, plastrons, and many other accessories of lace.

The short pelerine mantle, short and tight in the back, high on the shoulders, and loose in front, is the leading spring wrap.

Gold and silver braid and all sorts of gold decorative objects trim many hats and bonnets intended for early spring wear.

As was customary last year, summer muslins, lawns and other summer diaphanous gowns are being trimmed with velvet bows scattered over the bodice and skirts.

The Eton is a new cutaway jacket, pointed in the back and very short on the sides, where it barely reaches the waist-line.

Satines are less glossy this year and consequently look better when they are washed; the designs also are in many instances smaller and more suitable.

A very handsome wrap is a combination of velvet and Sicilian silk, elaborately trimmed with hand-made spanish lace and dull jet beads, and lined with changeable silk lustreen.

Upon lace bonnets are frequently placed two rows of roses, set closely together and one above the other, these going around the edge and next the wave of hair, the flowers partly veiled by falling lace, to correspond with the crown trimming.

Among light silky materials there is the toile du Louvre, a new kind of foulard of soft hues, sewn, as it were, in bouquets all over the fashionable grounds of havannah, moss, cress, strawberry of an intense shade, etc.

Embroideries will be selected even more than laces this season for trimming summer dresses. There are navy blue goods embroidered in red and white effects, cardinal grounds embroidered in black and white, and also those that are done in olive and brown.

Canadian ladies are so fond of black dresses for street wear that the most untiring efforts have been made to secure fast black dyed hose. Success has at last crowned this research, and those goods known as the "anchor dyed" may be purchased and worn with perfect assurance of immunity from such vexatious discolorations.

The pretty checked and striped silks make very cool and stylish suits for summer. There are very pretty chine silks that are adapted to the same purpose. China silks come in white and all delicate tints, both plain and embroidered, and make most lovely dresses. Embroidered pongees have the patterns done in red, blue or brown on the natural color.

A very practical novelty is the new velvet ribbon bow attached to a clasp pin. These bows come in all of the popular shades, and are extremely serviceable as a garniture. A lady has only to pin and unpin them to apply them to any toilet that may please her fancy. They come in sets of six in a box, but are also sold singly in the retail stores. There are several kinds, each very stylish and "Frenchy." For dressy toilets in light materials they are exactly the thing needed.

Fancies in Flowers.

Brocaded stuffs for wraps and for parts of costumes have the figures outlined with gold.

A universal fashion in the spring time, and a very pretty one, is of late the wearing of flowers.

Ribbons, cords, braids and laces glitter with gold, and sometimes cords, braids and aces are composed entirely of gold.

Gold pins, slides, butterflies and all sorts of ornaments aid in giving golden elegance to bonnets and hats and accessories of dressy evening costumes.

Plain silk gauzes, designed for wraps in place of a figured design, are powdered with gold and black; brown and colored veils of all sorts are dotted and sprigged with gold.

Flowers are tendrilled and tipped with gold. Gold catkins and aigrettes are made to lend their illumination to tufts of golden-brown ostrich tips, and gold dots appear on wing feathers for hats and bonnets.

Not only women appear with their bunches of roses, violets or daffodils, but men are not ashamed to take their daily walks to store or office with a geranium leaf and a spring forget-me-not, a primrose or a pansy in their button-hole.

Gold tinsel of silver and steel, but especially gold, grows in favor as the season advances. On all the counters gold tissues glitter and gleam. There are gold gauzes in every tint of green, blue, rose, orange, amber and purple, to be used for bonnet-crowns and scarfs.

Many were the criticisms passed upon Charles Dickens when he appeared upon the platform with a rose in his button-hole. Now it is the general expression of homage to the incoming spring, the beauty of the fruitful summer, and so much more charming because spontaneous.

Work for Women.

A delicate potato cream soup is made as follows: Make a puree of potatoes, thin it with boiling water and pass it through a sieve; add the yolks of six eggs; mix well and add a little finely minced parsley and chervil. Serve with crontons.

Very good little cakes are made by this recipe: Mix thoroughly a quarter of a pound of pounded almonds, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of butter, a little grated lemon peel and one egg. Add just flour enough to roll, and cut in small cakes with the paste-cutter, glaze with egg and bake a delicate brown.

A dainty cream is made of apricots. Stew twelve canned apricots with half a pound of sugar, strain throw a sieve and let them cool. Mix them with half a glass of white wine. Pass this mixture again through the sieve and add sugar if it is not sweet enough, pour it into a mould, and heat it by placing it in a pan filled with boiling water. Serve in custard cups.

The Ruler of Afghanistan.

His Highness was dressed in military costume; light-colored coat, astrakhan cap, and loose trousers tucked into shining top boots. His waist was girt by a broad belt studded with silver ornaments, and he wore a sword with richly chased scabbard. He sat his horse well and wore the air of perfect self-possession and impassiveness which always marks him. He is too dignified even to show surprise or astonishment, and takes everything as a matter of course. His Highness Abdurrahman Khan, Ameer of Cabul, is rather a tall, burly man, large of limb, broad-shouldered, slightly inclining to stoutness, his face not of the strongly marked Jewish type which prevails so much in Afghanistan, but round and full, with a free growth of whiskers and beard, traces of gray showing in the latter, features clearly marked, and eyes keen as Afghans' always are. From his face one would scarcely judge the Ameer to be a man of strong will and determination such as he has shown in his past career. Rather one would judge him to be of a quiet, pacific character, worn somewhat by the stress and strain of fortune, but now content for the world to take its way, a man approaching 50 years of age, and with every year lived to the full since early manhood. He has suffered much of late from gout, which his journey from Cabul must have aggravated, and in stepping from the carriage his temporary lameness became apparent. He was dressed in a uniform of dark color, and without the elaborate gold embroidery which some of his officers boasted. He wore a richly ornamented sword, and had two small stars, of silver, I think, on his left breast. His headdress was a low conical cap of grey astrakhan or fur, with a broad, turned-up border, on which glittered some jewels. He looked a soldierly figure, and had an air of dignity which well became him.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Women and Opium.

In the course of his lecture on "Effect of Alcohol on the Human System," at the High School on Monday evening, Prof. T. B. Stowell, of the State Normal School at Cortland, made the statement that "opium in some form or other is used by women just as generally as tobacco is used by men. Girls use opium as much as boys use cigarettes. If the druggists of this city would tell what they know it would arouse the city in a night. It is owing to alcohol, tobacco and opium that we find so many suicides, insane people and cranks." When spoken to on the subject Prof. Bacon, of the High School, said that he had read the lecture and found it very hard to believe that there was any justification in fact for the remarkable statement of the lecturer. He knew Prof. Stowell to be high reputation in his specialties, but he thought he had been led into exaggeration under the excitement of an oratorical effort. In Prof. Bacon's experience as a teacher he had never known a single case of opium at a school, and he had almost positive knowledge that the use of the drug is not common among either boys or girls. He thought the confectioners might possibly have made use of opium to enhance the value of their goods.

Dr. Brownell, Professor of Chemistry at the High School, was present at the lecture, and afterwards expressed himself as utterly at a loss to account for the bold statements made from the platform. His classes of girls were equally astounded at the declarations. Dr. Brownell had known extremely rare instances of girls who indulged in arsenic eating, but he had never heard of one who had been guilty of tampering with opium.—*From a Syracuse (N. Y.) Despatch.*

Beans as a Farm Crop.

"I should think," said the doctor, "that the farmers on the new, cheap land of the Northwest would go into the raising of beans on a large scale." "When I was in Minnesota and Dakota last fall," said I, "the same idea struck me. The soil and the climate are favorable. But possibly there would be a difficulty in procuring the necessary labor to pull the beans." "If they should grow the crop on a large scale," said the doctor, "they would very soon have a machine to pull the beans, or, possibly, to thrash them where they stand. We ought to raise beans enough to supply the world. As matters now are, beans are grown on a comparatively circumscribed area, and any trivial cause may greatly enhance prices and thus effectually stop the foreign demand. Some years beans are down to a dollar a bushel and then up to three dollars per bushel. Of course, such extreme fluctuations seriously interfere with foreign trade. But let the Northwest take hold of the matter and we should have a large area to draw from, and steadier prices and a larger trade would be the result. Beans are the most nutritious of all vegetables. They will keep from year to year. They do not need grinding into flour, like wheat, and moreover can be easily transported any distance. Let us have more beans—especially for export."—*Joseph Harris in American Agriculturist for June.*

Maintaining His Position.

Young Featherly, who was dining with the family, was unremitting in his attentions to the oldest daughter.

"I don't see that sister is eating any salt," ventured watchful Bobby.

"Never mind what your sister is eating, Bobby," interposed the father in alarm. "Little boys should be seen, not—"

"Well, she ought to eat salt," insisted Bobby, "cos ma told her last night that everything what Mr. Featherly said to her must be taken with a grain o' salt."—*New York Times.*

Among a number of startling axioms in the late Dr. Beard's "Neurasthenia" is this curious one about cannibalism: "Why is not man good food for man? and why should not cannibals be healthy and strong? The answer is that man is good food, and cannibals are the strongest and healthiest of savages."

PRESERVED SUNSHINE.

The Inseparability of Light and Life—A Secret for Living.

Light and life are inseparable, that is, such was the generally received opinion many years ago, and in accordance with it, houses were built liberally supplied with windows, and as liberally now—but go along any of the fashionable streets in New York and you will find not less than three, and often six, distinct contrivances to keep out the sunshine and gladness, says *Hall's Journal of Health*. First, the Venetian shutter on the outside; second, the close shutter on the inside; third, the blind which is moved by rollers; then, fourthly, there are the lace curtains; fifth, the damask or other material. In the same train come the exclusion of external air by means of double sash, and a variety of patent contrivances to keep any little stray whiff of air from entering at the bottom, sides and tops of doors and windows. At this rate we will, in due time, dwindle into Liliputs, if indeed we do not die off sooner, with all science and art, and leave the world to begin anew, from the few sons of the forest, who persisted in eschewing civilization. We lay it down as a health axiom—the more outdoor air and cheery sunshine a man can use the longer he will live. But the preserved sunshine! What about it? The very same sunshine which so lavishly beamed upon our continent with all the tropical fervor in the earlier ages of creation, what has become of it? A casual reader of the *Journal* will exclaim, "What a fool of a question that is!" Let us leisurely inquire into it; but in doing so we must take it for granted that the reader knows something. In Central America, where the sun shines with all its brilliancy and fierceness, vegetation is of fabulous growth, of a luxuriance almost incredible. But why does a tree grow? Without light no wood is made in any vegetable growth; the woody fibre is from carbonic acid gas being absorbed by the leaves and through the bark of any growth. But light separates the two constituents which compose this carbonic acid gas, carbon and oxygen, and two different uses are made of it; the oxygen is liberated, thrown out and breathed by animals and men, while the carbon or "coal" goes to form the woody fibre of the plant, which presents a kind of ring, plainly seen in sawing through any tree, the number of rings indicating the age of the tree in years; some of these rings are broader, some narrower, indicating most probably the more or less sunshine of that year, for a plant will not grow as much in a cold summer as in a warm one. In a section of a California tree, a part of which we have seen, more than 2,000 such rings were counted, showing that these trees must have lived in the times of David and perhaps of Abraham. In the earlier ages of the world, some great flood or floods swept over the immense growths of the warmer climes, which then no doubt included what is now called Ohio and Pennsylvania. In process of time this growth was covered with earth and stones, and eventually became "coal," the anthracite and bituminous, with which we are so familiar; and the very identical carbon which the sunlight of ages ago separated for the purpose of vegetation, is now, by its combination with its old associate oxygen, returning to its original condition of carbonic acid gas, and in making that change by what we call "burning," warms our houses, lights up our streets, and is preparing to grease our rail cars by the oil which it is capable of yielding.

A Hungarian Wedding Procession.

The bride bore herself with a simple graceful dignity which would have done credit to a fine lady. Then began our progress to the church, at the other end of the little town; the bridegroom and bridesmaids walking near the bride's carriage. Young beech trees had been cut down and set in the ground, forming an *allee* of tender green foliage from the house to the church, through which we passed. At least a thousand people were on foot about us, throwing torpedoes beneath our horses' feet, singing and shouting, and sometimes dancing in couples. I can give you no idea of the noise and confusion, and of the discordant music; of the mad plunging of our horses, of the wild capers of the ponies of the *banderium*; and, but for the continued and smiling complacency of those beside me, I should have experienced terror rather than of enjoyment of this very novel and un-American bridal procession.

Honoring Philanthropy.

One of the most magnificent floral displays ever gotten together was that at the recent floral festival in Sacramento in honor of Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker. This lady has crowned a life of good deeds by presenting to the city of her residence a splendid art collection—the finest private collection in the United States. The day set apart for the formal acceptance of the gift was fixed upon as the proper time for offering a tribute to the generosity of the donor. Flowers poured into the city from all points of central and northern California in endless profusion. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the review by Mrs. Crocker of a procession of some 3,000 school children, each one of whom in passing placed at the lady's feet a handsome bouquet.

An Artful Young Pig.

One afternoon I had occasion to visit a newly-erected cow-house on a farm on my property in Shropshire. In one part of the cow-house, partitioned off from the rest of the building, the farmer had six milch cows tied up, and also a litter of fine young pigs running loose and separated from the sow. Whilst conversing, I observed one of the young pigs was busily sucking the milk from one of the cows, which was standing perfectly quiet. The sucking pig, which had paid no attention to our entrance, was erect, supporting itself with its forelegs against the inside of the cow's off hindleg. In this manner it was able to reach, and continued sucking vigorously, with evident relish, until the farmer's wife, to save her milk, drove it, with the other young pigs, out of the cow-house.—*Notes and Queries.*

—"My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn gray first." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

LUCKIER THAN ODLUM.

A Woman's Leap of Two Hundred and Forty-five Feet.

The Bristol (Eng.) *Times and Mirror* of May 9th has the following: "A woman leaped from the Clifton Suspension Bridge yesterday afternoon, but, strange to say, did not meet with her death. The occurrence took place at about half-past 12 o'clock, at which hour she was seen by several persons to fall from the bridge to the mud on the Clifton side of the river, near the water, which was then receding, and was about half tide. John Williams, of Ashton-gate, and George Drew, who were near, at once went to her aid, brought her to the bank, and took her into the refreshment room at the Avonmouth Railway booking office. Extraordinary to relate, the woman was alive and conscious. She was able to reply to questions put to her, and stated that her name was Sarah Ann Henley, that her age was 22, and that she lived at No. 30 Twinnell road, St. Phillips. Dr. Griffiths, of Gordon road, Clifton, who was passing, examined the woman and advised her immediate removal to the infirmary, whither, however, she was not immediately removed, owing, it is said, to the shameful conduct of a cabman. He, living near, was requested by Detective Robertson to take the woman to the infirmary, but—although payment was offered—he objected, because she would make his vehicle dirty. Robertson remonstrated and said he would put a sheet around her, which would keep the mud from the cab, and added that no doubt she was dying. 'I don't care,' the cabman is reported to have said, 'let her die.' Men had therefore to be sent to the Clifton police station to procure a stretcher, upon which she was removed to the medical institution named, but not before nearly an hour had elapsed. Reaching the infirmary, she was examined in the casualty room by the medical staff and then transferred to one of the wards. Her condition was found to be critical, for besides receiving a shock to the system she sustained other injuries. The probability is that she will succumb, but there is a possibility that she may recover. Rumors were rife that the cause of the woman committing the act was a disagreement with her sweetheart. The height of the bridge from high water is 245 feet."

Better to Starve Than Be Left.

It is a question whether the flour barrel or the spring bonnet has "the call" in household discussions. Many old and experienced observers stake their money on the "s. b.," while to a casual onlooker the "f. b." would seem to be of greater importance. It was just after the sermon and they were wending their way home in a soothed and peaceful frame of mind.

"Oh, Job, did you see that delightful new bonnet of Mrs. Arbutus'? I think I want something like that."

"Like that!" exclaimed Mr. Shuttle. "That! Why, it's the worst phantasy in roses I ever saw."

"Now, Job, you know better. That bonnet is a complete symphony in harmonious tones, an effect that is perfectly bewitching, and I'll have one like it if I have to scrape the slivers off the inside of the flour barrel for the next loaf of bread."—*Hartford Post.*

The Power of Taffy.

A tramp sneaked up to the window of Col. Merrill's kitchen, and taking off his remnant of a hat, said to Matilda Snowball:

"Fair lady, can't you give a poor, but respectable man something to stay his stomach? Have you no pie, for instance?"

Matilda had both compassion and pie, and cutting the latter in halves, gave one of them to the polite visitor, remarking that he was a gentleman, even if he was white.

"Thanks," he responded, "may you retain your present beauty for a thousand years."

"Dat's twice too much," said Matilda, blushing.

"Well, if it's twice too much, fair lady, give me the other half of the pie to make us even."

He got it.—*Texas Siftings.*

Heading Off the Cholera.

We were very much shocked yesterday at seeing Col. Percy Yerge, one of the most influential citizens in Austin, in an advanced state of intoxication.

"Why, colonel, what is the matter with you?" asked several of his friends, whereupon the colonel steadied himself on a lamp-post, and asked them in a broken voice if they had not read the papers, to which they replied that they had.

"Well, then, didn't you (hic) read that Asiatic cholera's comin' this way? Be here in leshn three months (hic). Brandish and whiskish only sure remedy. I'm ready for Asiatict cholera right (hic) now."—*Texas Sifting.*

Sequel to a Daughter's Suicide.

The body of a marine engineer named Peter Robinson was found lying on a grave in Kirkdale Cemetery, near Liverpool, and beside him was a bottle containing laudanum and carbolic acid, some of which he had evidently taken. A short time ago Robinson's daughter committed suicide, and was buried in the grave on which his body was lying, and subsequently his wife died. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his brother, stating that he had walked all the way from Perth, in Scotland, to die on his daughter's grave.

The stories which have the largest popular sale of any are those which have "The Duchess" for an author. The identity has been carefully concealed. The books are originally published in London by different firms, through whom American publishers of advanced sheets have dealt. All efforts to get at the writer have failed. Now it is asserted that the productions are the work of various hands. Next in the order of market value stand the novels of Bertha M. Clay, and a lawsuit has revealed the fact that Charlottte Brame, the writer of the first few of the series, has been dead for years, but this has not interrupted a regular supply of her stories from London. Miss Braddon's fiction is third in point of sale in America. Several of the novels issued in her name prove to have been only edited by her.

"Elias Josephus" and "Marine Aida Diana" were the names two colored infants received recently at a baptism held in Georgia.