### Knee Deep.

They are calling "knee deep! knee deep!" to-night in the marsh below,
Down by the bank, where the rank swordgrass and calamus grow;
Like an army of silversmiths, forging bells for the northern sprites,
And, keeping time to a rhyme, they work thro' the summer nights.
Steadily up from their swampy forge, the sparks of the fire-flies rise
In the pool where the wading lilies make love through half-shut eyes
To the whippoorwill who scolds, like a shrew, at the fluffy owl;
While the nighthawk shuffles by, like a monk in a velvet cowl,
And the bat weaves inky weft, thro' the white starbeams that peep
Down through the cypress boughs, where the frogs all sing "knee deep."

I have known a song to lead a failing elderly man like me
Back thro' the gates of the years to the scenes that used to be,
When the world was fenced from heaven by one rose hedge, and thro'
This bourne the blessed angels looked, and the asphodel odors blew.
So these syllables of the song, from the singers among the reeds,
Have made me to walk again, knee deep, in the clover meads,
And I see the storm king riding the summer clouds in state,
With his chariot whip of livid flame, and his thunder billingsgate;
And I watch the strong tawny tide, through the flags like a lion creep,
Where the frighted inhabitants cling to the rushes and sing "knee deep."

Knee deep I bend in the rippled creek, with buttercup blooms o'erblown,
Like the gold on beauty's billowy breast, its color half-hid, half-shown;
Knee deep in the saffron marigold flowers, that prank the meadows fair
Like a procession of Saxon children, blue-eyed and with yellow hair;
Knee deep in the whortleberries, sunbrowned in the sun I stand,
With my torn straw ha half filled, and a quail's nest in my hand;
Knee deep in the topaz chestnut leaves, I rustle toward the place
Where the pert and upright rabbit sits, washing her innocent face.
Song of the quivering culms and osiers! I am wading again in truth,
Knee deep in the stream of Memory that flows from the land of youth.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### Fashion Notes From Fashionable Sources.

### EVOLUTIONS OF A LADY'S UNDERGARMENT.

#### Late Fashion Notes.

The short puffed tulle sleeves of many ball robes have a little wreath of flowers at the edge.

The gauze ribbons embroidered with dots and printed in soft tints and mediæval patterns are a novelty.

Elegant shoes for wearing with outdoor costumes are of fine kid, either black or matching the dress, and no ornament is put on.

For evening and dinner toilets and concerts young ladies wear a small tuft of flowers in the hair and another on the shoulder, or at the point where the ends of the fichu meet.

Short sleeves with high French waists and perfectly straight skirts are features of new cream and ecru embroidered dresses, the sashes of wide, watered ribbon, pale ecru in color.

High full bodices of lace over a low corsage of colored silk or satin, and ornamented with a parure or fichu of beaded tulle and lace, are adopted for small evening receptions and evening concerts.

Rather stout figures look better with a flat band of embroidery, beaded lace, velvet or any other trimming preferred, put on round the neck and straight down the front, outlining a jacket, than any other way.

At garden parties and outdoor fetes it is very usual now to see hats and bonnets trimmed with bouquets of real flowers, generally nature's field favorites, while another fastens the collar, fichu or plastron, or even corsage together, and a third is attached to the tip and handle of the parasol.

The fashion of stripes has even extended to black materials of light texture, and though patterns of spots, etc., are still to be seen, stripes predominate. Black woollen canvas stuffs are extremely serviceable, and when trimmed with silk or woollen lace make pretty dresses for walking or making calls in a quiet way.

Some very stylish dresses have been made of woollen lace entirely, lined with electric blue surah, finished with a broad, soft electric blue sash, arranged as drapery with a mixture of lace. The bonnet and a small visite are made to match, but the bonnet is fancy Tuscan straw lined with silk and trimmed with an electric blue aigrette.

With a dressy toilet, Swedish gloves continue the only handgear considered suitable. With a white robe, white chevrett may be worn, and the fine doe glove with white embroidered points, always very long and buttoned upward from the wrist, is worn for the street, shopping, etc. There are also elegant silk and kid gloves with long lace gauntlets worked in gold and silver threads, and silks of different colors.

The favorite woollen lace has become more attractive by the addition of a velvet pattern. This covers the thick lace knots and is sewn on in fine chain or stem-stitch lines. Of course the velvet must be exactly the color of the lace itself. Another very effective and handsome addition to this lace consists of longish wooden beads which are sewn on in the middle of the lace pattern, but as yet the latter has only appeared in the trade in brown.

#### To Check Bleeding.

The natural process by which bleeding is stopped is the formation of a blood-clot, which plugs the orifice of the divided vessel. When an artery is divided the cut end retracts or shrinks so that the formation of a clot is facilitated, but the blood current is so strong, unless loss of much blood has diminished the force of the circulation, that it hinders the coagulation. It should, therefore, be the aim of an assistant to check or stop the flow of blood from the artery in order that the beginnings of clot-formation may not be swept away by the current. This may be accomplished by pressing upon the orifice of the vessel in the wound, or by pressing the edges of the wound firmly together, or in cases where this is not easy and efficient by compressing the artery which supplies the part from which the hemorrhage is taking place in some part of its course between the heart and the injury. The main arteries supplying the head lie in the neck, one on each side of the windpipe, where their pulsations may be readily felt. In case of a wound of an artery in the neck the cut ends of the vessel should be compressed with the finger, if possible, or the artery, both below and above the wound, should be pressed firmly against the backbone. Unless skilled surgical aid can be speedily obtained, there is little hope of saving life in case these great vessels are wounded.

#### Evolution of an Undergarment.

I know I shall astonish a good many people, says a writer in the Boston *Herald*, when I say I think that vulnerable and highly-respected article of female dress, the chemise, may advantageously be wholly dispensed with. Every one is supposed to have a chemise "to her back," but that this supposition is not wholly true was proved to me some time ago. When at the seaside last autumn, two girls, mutual friends of mine, and whom I introduced to each other, went one warm day with me to bathe. One said to the other: "I am afraid you will be awfully shocked when you see me undress." "Shocked! Why!" "Well, I hardly like to tell you; but the fact is that I have so little on." "I don't wear much," said the other." "All I have is combinations, stays and one petticoat under my dress." Curiously enough, both those girls were dressed in precisely the same way, in woollen combinations, stays (well-shaped and not tight), one petticoat, and a dress, which, from its elegance, gave no suspicion of the state of affairs underneath. As I had an opportunity of observing, these young ladies were dressed in perfectly sanitary style, although none but myself had any idea of the fact; and, in spite of it, they passed for two of the best-dressed girls at the fashionable watering-place where we were staying. I have since had several opportunities of observation, and I find that quite a number of the best dressed women of my acquaintance have renounced the use of the chemise in favor of woven combinations. The majority, however, I believe, are not induced to do so by sanitary considerations, but simply because the chemise is a bulky article and makes them look stouter than is natural to them, whereas the combinations, being made in a stretchy material, fit somewhat closely and show the symmetry of the figure. This is, to my mind, a very good reason why the chemise should be given up; but, from a health point of view, we can find a still better one. Chemises are generally made of linen or cotton, both of which materials, as I have already said, are unsuitable for clothing, because they are good conductors of heat, bad absorbers of moisture and bad ventilators.

#### What to Take to Picnics.

At this season of the year the question what eatables to take to picnics arises so frequently that a few suggestions may be acceptable, says Miss Parloa. Many people lose sight of the fact that good bread and butter and cold meat are articles of which there should be an ample supply, even at the cost of going without some delicacies. A small spirit-lamp will enable one to get, with very little trouble, a cup of hot tea, coffee or chocolate. Here is a short list of good things from which to make selections for a luncheon in the woods: Buttered thin bread, buttered rolls, pressed chicken, broiled chicken, tongue, ham, pressed corn beef, sardines, stuffed eggs, hard-boiled eggs, broiled smoked salmon, pickles, olives, crackers and cheese, orange marmalade, hard gingerbread, cake, cold coffee, cold tea, lemonade. There are many fruit sirups which, mixed with cold water, make palatable drinks. Lemon juice for lemonade should be extracted at home and carried to the picnic grounds in bottles. The sugar may be put with it or added with the water when the lemonade is wanted. When ice can be transported the bill-of-fare may be improved greatly. For example, salads may be packed in ice and they will be found tempting when dinner is announced. Ice cream and sherbet will also make the meal seem a hundred per cent. better on a hot day, and a little ice in the lemonade will make it so much more refreshing as to pay one for the trouble of carrying the ice. But have good bread and butter anyway. It is well to distribute crackers and cheese among the party on first reaching the grounds, so as to relieve any feeling of faintness.

#### The London Revelations.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* in a late addition, commenting on the result of its revelations, says: "Letters of sympathy arrive by every post. A large proportion of those who write promise to subscribe, some varying from five shillings to £100, to defend the *Gazette* in the event of its prosecution by the officers of the law. It will, however, be time enough to think of defending ourselves when anybody shall be foolhardy enough to attack us." The origin of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* article was in the arrest of a woman known as "Mme. Jeffries" for the abduction of a young girl from Holland. She occupied one of the handsomest residences in Piccadilly, but is understood to have owned and used for her purposes some twenty houses in various parts of London.

The Bishop of Chester writes to the *Gazette*, urging the paper to use its influence on members of Parliament, to induce them to hurry through the amendment to the criminal law. Dr. Gregg, senior bishop of the Reformed Church of England, writes as follows: "As a minister of the gospel and a physician, I thank you for your heroic treatment of London's social evil. Speak and hold not thy peace. Lift up thy voice like a trumpet for the exposure of wickedness and the defence of its victims."

Eccentricity in a rich man is lunacy in a poor one.

In India the 91,000 native Christians of 1851 rose to 138,000 in 1861, to 224,000 in 1871, to 417,000 in 1881. An advance in these decades, respectively, of 53 per cent., 61 per cent. and 86 per cent.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin, Texas, to induce her to get her husband's life insured. "Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?" "Certainly, madam." "But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?" "No, madam, we cannot do that." "Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured if he doesn't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

### HOW GORDON DIED.

#### A Christian's Story of His Murder—Shot While Reading the Bible.

There is still another account of the death of Gordon, and this time it comes from a Christian, Rosti Penago, a Greek storekeeper at Khartoum. He tells his story half defiantly, quite desperately, as a man who has lost his home and fortune, to the Dongola correspondent of the London *News*: When the steamer approached a great cry arose through the town: "The English are coming! The English are coming!" The rebels took their rifles and commenced to fire at them. "Ha!" said a man to me, "look at them; they cannot save you." It may have been arranged to deliver up the city just before the English came. I don't know; but this I know, if you had come three days or two days sooner, you would have taken Khartoum easily. Farig moved away the troops guarding the gate that was entered the night before, and took them to the other side of the town on some pretence or other. Gordon did not know of this—nor did any one, I think, except the troops themselves. We Europeans knew there were traitors, but we did not think they could do anything, or, as I said before, we should have formed ourselves into a band. Boom! boom! boom! was the sound that greeted us from dawn to sunset. We were sad, sorrowful and depressed. Power was in the magazine in the church, guarding and looking after the ammunition. You say you know all I am telling you. Do you know that a woman once got in and nearly succeeded in blowing up all the ammunition? She was seized, but after a while Gordon released her. I used to sit in my shop all day near the barracks selling coffee. All spirituous liquor was gone. We used to sit all day gambling and playing cards; we had tobacco. There were 42 of us and 10 Jews; some of us had our women with us—Greek women—that we had brought with us, but not all. Cuzzi used to go and come with messages from and to Gordon. Gordon said if he came again he would hang him; after that he came no more. And now the day arrived that was to separate husband from wife, brother from sister and parent from child. The streets were soon to run with blood. I was not at my house. I was with some Greeks—eight in all—near the mosque, when we heard a hideous uproar, as of men shouting and yelling, and of women wailing around about on all sides. Nearer and nearer did this long-continued roar approach, swelling close on our ears. Men with frightful gashes on their faces and limbs came flying by, and toward us women with torn garments and dishevelled hair shrieking, screaming "Jesu Christo!" I shall not forget that horrible din to the day of my death. "We are lost! We are lost!" we cried. "The place is taken!" But no one would tell us exactly what was the matter. We ran up to the top of the mosque, and saw that the town was given up to massacre and bloodshed. We ran to a house, barricaded the doors and windows, went upstairs, shut ourselves into a room, and determined never to surrender, but die like Greeks; for we, mindful of our ancestors, fight to last. Thus it was when our fathers were surrounded by Turks; we are a brave nation! How we escaped I will tell you.

But listen, I pray you. Have you not asked me where Gordon Pasha was slain? You say everybody has said he was either killed on the courtyard steps of the palace or outside, going to the Austrian Consul's house. They all lie! If you choose to believe them, you may, it matters not to me. I am a respectable Greek merchant, not an Arab. You want the truth; I tell it to you. True, I did not see Gordon slain; but everybody in Khartoum knows where the event happened. An Arab rushed upstairs and shot him with a gun as he was reading the Bible. Another Arab cut off his head and put it on a spear; and so went forth into the city, carrying it and brandishing it on high. The Copts in the palace in the rooms below were slaughtered at the same time.

The Arabs came pouring in; they slew every man they could find; no mercy was shown to any one. There was no resistance. I don't think a hundred shots were fired by Egyptians or blacks. Men ran in and shut themselves up in houses, but doors were burst open, and spearing and cutting and slashing went on bravely in the streets, in the market square, in the bazaars. It was a horrible scene, this bazaar afterward. I went through it. Gay curtains, crimson-colored and orange-striped, gold-edged satins, silks and muslins, lay smeared and splashed with blood; everything was upset and strewed about and trampled on. Everywhere was the wildest disorder. You know how narrow it was and how it winds. One corner was so full of corpses and dying that we could not get by. I had my hands tied, and I fell several times in the road, slippery with blood. The havoc went on till 8 o'clock. Then Mahomet Achmet sent over word from Omdurman that Allah had revealed to him that the slaughter must cease. We are told this. It was shouted about the streets, and those that were still hidden were bidden to come forth. Of 42 Greeks only eight escaped. There were 10 Jews; these were killed, I think. Gordon's head I saw on a spear. It was taken over to Omdurman and shown to Mahomet Achmet. It was laid before him. A grim, savage smile passed over his face. He gazed long at the countenance of his enemy. "God be praised!" he cried, "can this be his?" He did not express anger at Gordon's death, as you say has been reported—he made merry at his death when it was told him. The head was then borne away, and men plucked the hairs out of his head and beard, and spat in his face. His body was cut up into little pieces. This was his end! I omitted to say that Gordon wrote to the Mahdi saying he might be viceroy of Kordofan. The Mahdi replied: "I am sent by God to be king of all," and invited him to surrender Gordon replied in insulting terms, saying he was a false mahdi, and that he (Gordon) would never surrender to him.

Owing to a delay in delivering orders for court mourning, in England, when Prince Charles died, a considerable scandal was raised, since the royal enclosure at Ascot appeared in gay colors on the day of the race. Another message forbidding any of the Queen's horses, carriages or servants to appear also miscarried, and the royal party went there in procession, to the horror of every one.

### DOFFING THE HAT.

#### The Courtesies of the Custom—When Women Did the "Lifting."

All Jewish congregations worship with their heads covered; so do the Quakers, although St. Paul's injunctions on the matter are clearly condemnatory of the practice. The Puritans of the Commonwealth would seem to have kept their hats on, whether preaching or being preached to, since Pepys notes hearing a simple clergyman exclaiming against men wearing their hats in the church; and a year afterwards (1662) writes: "To the French Church in the Savoy, and where they have the Common Prayer Book, read in French, and which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our church." William the Third rather scandalized his church-going subjects by following Dutch custom, and keeping his head covered in church, and when it did please him to doff his ponderous hat during the service, he invariably donned it as the preacher mounted the pulpit stairs. When Bossuet, at the age of 14, treated the gay fellows of the Hotel de Rambouillet to a midnight sermon, Voltaire sat it out with his hat on, but uncovering when the boy preacher had finished, bowed low before him saying, "Sir, I never heard a man preach at once so early and so late." As a token of respect, uncovering the head is one of the oldest of courtesies. Says an ancient rhyme:

"If you any good man or woman meet
Avail thy hood to him or her
And bid 'God-speed dame or fere.'"

Shakspeare's Osric takes no heed of Hamlet's suggestion he should put his bonnet to its proper use, "'tis for the head;" and when urged again to cover replies: "Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith." Massinger's Wellborn meeting Marrall in the open country, asks him, "Is't for your ease you keep your hat off?" And that worshipper of the rising sun answers:

Ease, and it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.

In Charles the First's time even the ladies doffed their head-gear in salutation. The writer of Will Bagnall's Ballet says:

Both round and short they wear their hair,
Whose length should woman grace;
Loose, like themselves, their hats they wear,
And when they come in place,
Where courtship and compliments must be,
They do it, like men, with cap and knee.

Lamenting the decay of respect to age, Clarendon tells us that in his young days he never kept his hat on his head before his elders, except at dinner. A curious exception, that, to modern notions of politeness, but it was the custom to sit covered at meals down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir John Finett, Deputy Master of the Ceremonies at the Court of King James the First, was once much puzzled as to whether the Prince of Wales should sit covered or no at dinner in the presence of the sovereign, when a foreign ambassador was one of the guests; since the latter, as the representative of a king, was not expected to vail his bonnet. Giving James a hint of his difficulty, His Majesty disposed of it when the time came, by uncovering his head for a little while, an example all present were bound to follow; and then, putting on his hat again, he requested the prince and the ambassador to do likewise. "Hats need not be raised here," so, it is said, runs a notice in one of Nuremberg's streets. "Hats must be raised here," should have been inscribed on the Kremlin gateway, where a Government official used to stand to compel passers by to remove their hats, because, under that gate, the retreating army of Napoleon withdrew from Moscow. Whether the regulation is in force at this day is more than we know.—*Hatter's Gazette.*

#### Not to be Fooled Again.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I am thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes," says a writer in the *Baptist Weekly*. Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said them in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through an open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow there, ran and looked into the farm yard where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time, the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated the outlook; but, on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, and wagging his tail, looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation that he could not help laughing at him. On which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his warm corner with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.


#### Complain as We May

About our lot in life, we cannot deny that any are exempt by their position from the common lot of pain and suffering. The highest, as well as the most humble, must be ever on the alert to take advantage of such means as will relieve when pain makes relief a necessity to our comfort. By a letter from "Government House, Ottawa," asking for a supply of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, we are reminded of two things; first, that corns are universal, and secondly, that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is recognized by all classes as the most certain, painless, and non-poisonous remedy for corns. Beware of the particle just as good, and use only Putnam's Extractor.


A convict, however poor, can always have a watch and chain.


When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.


One drawing room in the residence of Mrs. James P. Scott, of Philadelphia, cost $100,000 for furnishings and decorations.

"This substitution of electric lights for gas in our streets may be all very well," pompously said a Boston "wine clerk" the other day, "but most of our customers object to it. You see, young man, an electric light takes the place of four or five gas lamps, and, under the present dispensation, it is often a very long way between posts."


#### Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says

At one of the
"Windows"
Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendroms and great masses of May blossoms!!! "There was an interesting group.

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so
Paralyzed!!!
That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"*
(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured)
and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last Five years not able to attend to my business, although
Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the
Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "Advocate"; "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines?

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—
Consented!!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3rd. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could
"Walk!
So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any
"Stick!"
Or Support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester
"Royal Exchange"
For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going into the room on Thursday last. Very gratefully yours, JOHN BLACKBURN
MANCHESTER (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.
Two years later am perfectly well.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.


Dom Pedro of Brazil is the oldest living sovereign. He has reigned 53 years, or since he was 6 years old.


#### Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, ulcers, obstructions, unnatural discharges, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental and organic debility, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of prostate gland, kidneys and bladder, piles, fistulas and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendence, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.


Henry Ward Beecher says that in his dreams he has stolen like a rascal, but when not dreaming he doesn't remember to have ever stolen anything beyond apples and melons.


#### Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's NERVILINE is in using it. Polson's Nerviline never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nerviline cures all kind of pain, internal or external. Go to any drug store and get a 10 or 25 cent bottle, and be delighted by its promptitude in doing its work.


Four thousand persons are annually buried in "Potter's field," of New York city.


#### Drowsiness in the Day-time

unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease. If it be accompained by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and sallow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from biliousness and consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.


Montreal is to have a botanic garden, 75 acres in extent, in the beautiful park on Mount Royal


TO DEALER AND CONSUMER.

We import only the finest qualities of Coffee and Spice.

Our BLENDED COFFEE, sold ground and unground in 1 lb. tins, is a perfect luxury.

Our 10c. tins of PURE SPICE are perfection; all our goods branded "pure" are guaranteed free from adulteration.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER, is "*The Cook's Best Friend.*"

The Trade supplied with whole Roasted and Ground Coffees in Air-Tight Packs. or 25 lb. tins.

PURE GROUND SPICES in all sized packages.

W. G. DUNN & CO.,
CANADA MILLS, HAMILTON.

D U N. L. 30 85.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

BLACK to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Elevator Wish Circulars free