Absolved.

I who have worshipped beauty long
Beheld a woman's face to-night
That thrilled my being into song
And touched my soul with sudden light;
And yet, perchance, had you been there
You scarcely would have called it fair.

Gray eyes that held a subtle shade
Of sadness that was half expressed,
Lips that for laughter were not made—
Perhaps by Pain's white finger pressed
To patient silence. All of art
Sank down abashed within my heart.

Ah, life has one high lesson yet
That I have learned of womanhood—
'Tis when we lose and we forget
The beautiful within the good;
'Tis when the senses swoon to see
The soul's surpassing mystery;

Like moonlight comes a calm content
With larger hope and purer love,
A memory of the form that bent
Thro' nights of fevered pain above
The cot of childhood. Better so
For this brief vision I may go

Once more into the world like him
Who has been pardoned. Lo! he kneels
And murmurs in the cloister dim,
"My father, I have sinned!" He feels
The craving of the spirit cease
Soothed by the answer, "Go in peace!"

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

It was the first time the accusation had been publicly and boldly made in the presence of the miners, and, although none ventured to join in it, the faces of all betrayed that they fully believed it. Ulrich yet stood in his place silent and motionless; he did not contradict; he did not defend himself; but his eyes, with steady, open gaze, were fixed upon the young chief, as if from that mouth alone he expected absolution or condemnation.

Arthur's glance met his for a moment only; then he broke loose from the strong arms which sought to restrain him.

"Below there in the mines there are more than a hundred lost men if we do not help them, and there I think no hand will be raised but to save. Give the signal! Lend me your arm, Hartmann. You must help me."

Trembling, Ulrich reached forth his arm to give the required assistance. The next minute Arthur stood at his side.

"As soon as we arrive safe below," he said, "send down all who wish and are able to follow us. *Gluck auf!*" "*Gluck auf!*" repeated Ulrich in a hollow voice, but with the same firmness. It had a weird, almost ghost-like sound, this salutation which both men threw up from the depths of the abyss which now received them. The elevator sank slowly. Those standing above saw only how the young chief, giddy at the strange descent, stupefied at the vapor now happily but faint, reeled backward, and how, with a quick movement, Hartmann placed his strong arm around him and held him up; then both vanished in that suffocating pit of vapor. Arthur was right. His descent decided all, while that of Ulrich remained without effect. They were accustomed to see the steiger Hartmann imperil his life for immeasurably less cause than this, and always to rescue it unharmed; so there was already among his comrades a sort of superstitious belief that no danger could reach him. It was he who had made the footway-shaft impassable; and his attempt upon the elevator had caused more than an hour's delay, and his father was down there with the others, lost, perhaps, through his act; and so, as a matter of course, he would without hesitation rush into a danger none else could wish to share.

But when the chief set the example—this delicately-reared, aristocratic man, who had never entered his mines when they were supposed to be safe, and who now forced his way down when death threatened every one; as he went before, so all followed. Next him were the three miners who this morning had laid their hands upon the elevator, which now carried them down under the guidance of one of the engineers. Then came new and still new helpers; no exhortation, no command was needed. The chief engineer very soon had to keep back the rushing throng, because the services of only a part could be made available.

Hour after hour went by. The sun had long since reached the meridian, long since neared its setting; and still below there, in the bosom of the earth, human intellect and human will contended with the destroying elements to wrest from them their sacrifices. It was a battle more terrible than could have been fought in the light of day; every foot's breadth must first be conquered, every step be won in the face of mortal danger, to make it a possibility to press forward; but they still pressed forward, and it seemed as if these unheard-of exertions would have an unheard-of reward.

Universal sympathy was awakened for these unfortunate men; all hoped to rescue them, for they still lived, or a part of them at least. A happy accident, the discovery of two miners, lost or bewildered in their haste to escape, furnished the right clew. The explosion seemed to have only partially affected the upper shaft, and the miners must have had time enough to flee for refuge to one of the secure side passages, where the vapor could not reach them, but where the falling-in of a portion of the outside wall had blocked them up and cut off their escape. The aim of the rescuers was now to work through to their comrades, by a way which, at least, looked possible; and to the carrying out of this hastily-formed and reasonable plan all lent their utmost endeavors.

"Even if the whole earth lies above them, we must make our way to them!" Ulrich had exclaimed as the first clew was found, and this had become the rallying-cry of all. There was not one who quailed, not one who shunned the perilous duty imposed upon him. With most, strength and ardor kept equal pace; and yet, not to increase the number of victims, many had to be sent back exhausted and stupefied, to be replaced by new helpers. There were only two whom nothing moved, nothing wearied—Ulrich Hartmann with his iron body, and Arthur Berkow with his iron will. This will to-day had lent that tenderly-reared, frailly-built man nerves as of steel, and helped him to endure amid surroundings and in dangers to which so many stronger men were not equal.

Both held out; side by side they pressed forward, always in advance, always the first. While Ulrich's giant strength accomplished almost incredible things, and triumphed over obstacles which seemed invincible to human hand, it sufficed to the "master" that he stood at the head, that he was the head. He could in truth not do much more than inspire the men with courage for their work; but this was enough, far more than his arm could have accomplished. Three times already had the hand of his more experienced companion snatched him back, when, unacquainted with the dangers of the mines, he had imprudently exposed himself; repeatedly the chief engineer had entreated him to turn back, now that there were men enough to help, and officers to assist; every time Arthur most decidedly refused. He felt how much depended upon his remaining among the workmen, who, from mutiny and sedition, had hastened to this work of rescue. They all looked upon the chief, who, since he had been aroused to self-dependence, had always been opposed to them, and who to-day for the first time stood with them in need and death; who, like the humblest of them, perilled his life; like them, had left above there a young wife in mortal anguish.

In this hour of common labor and danger there was at last extorted from them the confidence they had so long denied. There below in the depths of those rocky mines, the old hatred and the old dissension were buried; there the quarrel ended. Arthur knew that for him the remaining here meant more than a mere risk of his life, which any other in his place might have offered; he knew that by this perseverance he contended for the future of his works; and for this prize he left Eugenie alone in her anguish, and remained.

The work went on with unwearied energy, unwearied persistence. They pressed forward slowly, step by step, but still they pressed forward; and soon the malicious powers of the mines yielded to the will of men who had forced a path to their brothers there below. When the sun above neared its setting, the way to rescue had been found, and the rescued were lifted up to the light of day, wounded indeed, half-suffocated, stupefied by terror and mortal agony, but still living; and there followed them, as it were wearied to death, the rescuers. The chief and Hartmann, the two foremost in this heroic undertaking, were the last to return; they would not leave the mines until all were saved.

"I do not know what it means that the chief and Hartmann still linger down there," said the chief engineer anxiously to the surrounding officers. "They were already at the outlet when the last men were brought up, and Hartmann certainly knows the dangers of the mines too well to linger a moment longer than necessity demands. The elevator still waits below; they give no sign, answer none of our signals; what does that mean?"

"What if an accident should happen at the very last moment!" said Wilberg nervously. "Just now I heard a strange noise in the mines, just as the last men came up. The distance was too great and the creaking of the elevator too loud for me to distinguish plainly; but the whole earth around seemed shaken. I only hope that no falling-in of the shafts has followed."

"God grant that it may be so!" cried the chief engineer. "Give the signal with all your might! If it remains unanswered, we must go down and see what has happened."

CHAPTER XXI.

But, before he or the others could carry out this decision, the signal for ascent was quickly and violently given from below. All above ground breathed more freely and pressed nearer to the mouth of the shaft, in which, after a short delay, the elevator appeared.

Ulrich stood upon it, his face distorted by pain and blackened by the soot of the mines, his clothes torn and covered with earth and gravel, while blood oozed from his forehead and temples. As at the descent, his arms were around the young chief; but now he supported not merely a staggering man. Arthur's head lay upon his shoulder. The face was white as death, the eyes were closed and the form hung lifeless and motionless in the arms which held it upright only by the exertion of all their strength.

A cry of horror rose from all sides. The men scarce waited until the machine stood still. More than twenty arms were outstretched to receive the unconscious man and bear him to his wife, who, like all the others, during the whole time had not moved from the scene of the accident. All crowded around Arthur and his wife. They called for assistance, for the physician; and none, in all the confusion, had a thought for Ulrich, who, strangely silent and submissive, had let them take the burden from his arms.

He did not spring with his wonted quickness and agility from the elevator; slowly, painfully he stepped out, and had to grasp twice at the chain for support. Not a syllable was heard from him; but the young miner's teeth were set in silent agony, and the blood now flowed in a torrent, although, under the thick coating of dust and soot, none saw that in deathly pallor his face quite equalled that of the young chief. He staggered a few steps forward, until near the group which was now pressing around Arthur; then he suddenly paused and with both arms embraced the pillars of the building for support.

"Calm yourself, my lady; it is only a swoon," consolingly said the physician who had hastened to the aid of Arthur Berkow. "I do not find that your husband has sustained the slightest injury. He will recover."

Eugenie did not hear the comforting words; she saw only the closed eyes, only the prostrate form which gave no sign of life.

There had been a time in this young wife's experience, when only a few hours after her marriage a stranger hand had rescued her from mortal peril, and she was still in uncertainty as to her husband's fate—a time when, with cool self-composure, almost indifference, she had said to the rescuer, "See after Herr Berkow!"

That sin of coldness and disdain was now bitterly atoned for by the anguish of these last hours, in which she had learned what it means to tremble for the loved one without being able to help him, or even to be near him. Now she allowed no other at his side; now she knelt by his prostrate form, and, like any other wife, in hopeless agony, called her husband's name.

"Arthur!"

It was a cry of passionate love, of utter despair, and, as it rang forth, a convulsive quiver passed through the frame of the young miner, who still leaned against the pillar for support.

Yet, once again he turned his melancholy blue eyes and fixed them upon both; but in them there lay nothing of the old hatred and defiance, only a deep, silent agony. Then their glance was veiled, the hand rose, not to the bleeding forehead, but to the breast, which, though it bore no wound, he pressed tightly, as if there were the worst pain of all; and at the very moment when Arthur, in the arms of his wife, opened his eyes, Ulrich fell senseless behind them.

Although all had been rescued from the mines, a strange silence and oppression rested upon the assembled throng. No shouts, no expressions of joy were audible; the appearance of the rescued men forbade. They did not yet know who would really be restored to life, or if death might not yet demand the victims with such difficulty snatched from his grasp. The young chief had recovered from his swoon more quickly than had been hoped. It had been a caving-in of earth which at the very last moment had struck him and his companion, but which, strange to relate, had not wounded Arthur in the least. He again stood upright although still weak and pale, and, leaning upon his wife's arm, tried to collect his scattered thoughts so as to answer her anxious inquiries.

"We had already reached the outlet of the shaft, Hartmann some steps ahead, and therefore in safety; then he must have remarked some token of danger. I saw him suddenly rush back to me and grasp my arm, but it was too late; already all above and around us wavered. I only felt how he flung me to the ground, and threw himself over me; I felt how, with his own body, he covered me from the down-rushing fragments; then my senses left me."

Eugenie made no answer. She had so unspeakably feared the nearness of this man! She had trembled with such indescribable terror when she heard that Arthur was about to take this venture in his company. And now she must thank his presence alone that she held her husband alive and safe in her arms.

The chief engineer approached these two. His face was very grave and his voice was deep and mournful as he said: "The physician thinks they will all recover—all but one, and that is Hartmann; him no help can avail. What he did down in the mines to-day was too much for even his giant nature, and the wound has done the rest. I cannot at all comprehend how, in spite of this severe wound, he succeeded in lifting you up from the mass of earth and stones, Herr Berkow, in placing you in the elevator and holding you fast until you came safely to the light of day. He did it, but he must atone for it with his life."

Arthur looked at his wife. Their glances met, and each understood the other. In spite of his exhaustion, Arthur roused himself, and, grasping Eugenie's hand, led her forth to the place where the rescued miners had at first been taken to receive the aid and sympathy so abundantly offered.

Friends and relatives had borne away all but one. Ulrich Hartmann lay stretched upon the ground. His father had not yet returned to consciousness, and knew nothing of the fate of his son; but he was not alone nor dependent upon stranger-aid. At his side knelt a young girl who held the dying man's head in her arms and with an expression of heart-rending agony gazed into his face, without in the least regarding her betrothed who stood on the other side and held the hand of his friend, now growing cold. Ulrich did not see either; he, perhaps, did not know that they were near him. His wide-open eyes were fixed upon the flaming evening sky, upon the sinking sun, as if he would receive yet one beam of the eternal light, and take it with him over into the long, rayless night before him.

Arthur had addressed a half-audible question to the physician who stood near; he answered with a silent shrug of the shoulders. The young chief knew enough. Loosening his hand from that of his wife, he whispered some words in her ear, and then stepped aside, while Eugenie bent over Ulrich and called his name.

Then, even through the mists of death, broke forth a mighty flame. The whole fire and passion of a lifetime were for a moment concentrated in that glance which with the fullest consciousness he gave the young woman, from whose lips came the low, sorrowful question—

"Hartmann, are you severely wounded?"

The agony of a few moments before again quivered through his features; his voice sounded hollow and broken, but calm. "Why do you ask after me? You have *him* again. Why should I want to live? I have already said to you, 'he or I.' I certainly then supposed things would turn out quite differently from this; but that threat passed through my mind when the wall fell in. I thought of you and of your sorrow, and I remembered also that he had reached me his hand as no other man would have done, and then, then I threw myself upon him to shield him from the impending danger."

He sank back. While he yet spoke, the spark, kindling into a fitful, momentary glare, went out; but the wild, glowing life, without pain or struggle, bled slowly and calmly away to death.

The man whose whole existence had been only hatred and warfare against those whom destiny had placed above him, had found his death in rescuing the chief he hated. The prophecy the waters of the stream had yesterday murmured in his ear was now verified. From the depth of the mines, from a deed of self-sacrifice, the death greeting had come to him. There was now no need that he should gaze with anxious foreboding out into a to-morrow so thickly veiled from his sight. With that to-morrow, all had ended for him—all!

From the highway yonder sounded the measured tread of an advancing host, words of command and the clatter of arms. The military help expected from the garrison had arrived to put down the revolt. Immediately upon entering the colony, the commanding officer learned what had happened, and bidding his men halt, he had come, accompanied by a few of his subordinates, to the scene of the disaster, where he asked an interview with the chief.

"I thank you, colonel," said Arthur Berkow with quiet gravity, "but you came too late. I do not need your help against my men. In a mutual ten hours' struggle for the lives of our miners, we have made peace—let it be hoped forever!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Again it was summer; again summer's splendor and sunshine lay upon wooded hills and valleys, and over all the Berkow colony, where life, as stirring and vigorous as ever, had become more free and happy. There floated now, as it were, an atmosphere of freedom and prosperity over all the works, which had lost nothing in magnitude, while they had won all which had been wanting to them. This certainly had not been a work of weeks or months; it had taken years, and they had been full of anxiety and toil—those years which had followed the catastrophe.

When work upon the mines was resumed, a heavy burden lay upon the shoulders of the young chief, who, although he had made peace with his workmen, stood upon the brink of ruin. That time of danger, when by his personal courage and sacrifice he had opposed the excesses of a rebellious mob, was over; but now came other, graver duties—a time of care, of steady, arduous work, of often despairing conflict with the might of circumstance—and these almost crushed Arthur to the earth.

In the first struggle he had learned and proved his strength, in the second he knew how to use it. For more than a year it had remained doubtful whether the mines would retain their organization or their possessor, and even after this first dangerous crisis was past, there were still enough dangers and losses to challenge the utmost endurance.

During the later years of the elder Berkow, daring speculations, boundless expenditures, and, above all, a system of operations based only upon immediate gain—a system whose disastrous consequences had at last fallen upon the proprietor himself—had imperilled both the Berkow position and fortune. The cessation of the works, which for almost a month had lain idle, the accident in the mines, to repair which great sums were necessary, threatened utter ruin to the already half-ruined chief. More than once it seemed impossible to maintain the works; more than once it seemed as if the wounds which past dissensions, and more than all this last quarrel, had inflicted, must be incurable; but Arthur's character, aroused at so late an hour, grew firm as steel, and became fully developed in this school of enforced uninterrupted activity.

All had tottered and threatened to collapse when, years before, the young chie had assumed the arduous task of creating a new order of things out of the chaos of business obligations and demands, which must first of all be arranged. But he had learned confidence in himself; he had his wife at his side; and he had a whole future, a life's happiness for her and himself, to win. This it was which lent him courage, where, perhaps, any other would have given up, will-less and despairing; this it was which sustained him when the task seemed beyond his strength; this it was which at the last won for him the victory.

Now the last painful consequences of that catastrophe were overcome; and the old prosperity had been restored to all the enterprises attached to the name of Berkow. But this name had been divested of its former ill-repute; it now stood pure and honorable before all the world. The works, with their giant extent and their vast activity, were more firmly and securely grounded than ever before, and with them also the wealth of their possessor. This wealth had once threatened to prove fatal to the young, spoiled heir, and had in a measure become so, because, without effort of his own, a fortune had been laid at his feet and he had regarded it with scornful indifference. Now, when in a struggle of years' duration he had been obliged to win back the lost fortune; now, when in his hands it had become a blessing for many—it had also become of worth to him.

It was toward mid-day, and the director and the chief engineer were going home from the mines. Both had grown older with the lapse of years, but they had not changed. The one had retained his good nature, the other his malice, which once more gave intonation to his voice as he said, continuing the conversation before begun—

"The Herr Baron Windeg has announced his coming through his eldest son. It seems they now plume themselves somewhat on a relationship to which at first they vouchsafed to descend very much against their will. Since our business and our organization have received such wonderfully flattering attention from government, those in higher places have become interested in us, and the old aristocracy consider our works worthy of representation at court. This son-in-law certainly can rank with the Windegs. The whole Rabenau heirship and magnificence does not half equal the Berkow possessions and the influence of our chief. The Baron now sees that with his estates he is lost in the multitude of other proprietors, while we have become a power in the Province to which no one any longer denies recognition."

"But we are accomplishing more than any of the other works," said the director. "They are everywhere studying our organization and our improvements, and yet none have imitated us."

"Ah, yes; and if things go on as now, we shall soon be ranked among those 'philanthropic institutions' against which the late Herr Berkow once so vigorously protested. Well, God be thanked"—here the chief engineer raised his head with intense self-satisfaction—"we are able now to be one of these! It does not at all embrrass us to expend upon our workmen sums that other proprietors must anxiously hide in their pockets, and these sums are not small. And yet only a little while ago we had neither means nor influence, but had to struggle for the very existence of the works, and we could not have saved them if, at the decisive crisis, two lucky accidents had not come to our help."

"And if our miners had not conducted themselves so excellently," added the director gravely. "It was no slight thing for them to remain calm while mutiny and insurrection continued all around us upon the other works. That accident in the mines cost us vast expenditures of money when every thousand was difficult to obtain; but I believe that with these outlays we have not paid too dearly for what we have won from our workmen. No man forgets to-day, none will ever forget, those hours of anxiety and danger our chief shared with them in the mines to rescue their comrades. These have bound him and his miners together. Since that day they have believed in him and in his promise to do all in his power to promote their interest, if they would only give him time and permission to proceed in the way he thought best. They have honorably waited, and it is no wonder that he has done more than he promised."

"All very well!" said the chief engineer dryly. "He can now afford himself some luxuries in the way of benevolence. But, under the circumstances, it is a consoling fact that we are carrying on a most flourishing business with our philanthropy, as our yearly accounts prove. They are far more considerable than under the old *regime*, which could not be reproached with any especial philanthropic acts; and still at that time all that could be forced out of the works was forced out of them."

"You are an incorrigible scoffer!" said the director angrily. "You know best of all that Herr Berkow does not allow himself to be actuated by such motives.

(To be continued).

A Tree-Climbing Fish.

Of all land-frequenting fish, however, by far the most famous is the so-called climbing perch of India, which not only walks bodily out of the water, but even climbs trees by means of special spines, near the head and tail, so arranged as to stick into the bark and enable it to wriggle its way up awkwardly, something after the same fashion as the "looping" of caterpillars. The tree-climber is a small, scaly fish, seldom more than seven inches long; but it has developed a special breathing apparatus to enable it to keep up the stock of oxygen on its terrestrial excursions, which may be regarded as to some extent the exact converse of the means employed by divers to supply themselves with air under water. Just above the gills, which form of course its natural hereditary breathing apparatus, the climbing perch has invented a new and wholly original water-chamber, containing within it a frilled bony organ, which enables it to extract oxygen from the stored-up water during the course of its aerial peregrinations. While on shore it picks up small insects, worms and grubs; but it also has vegetarian tastes of its own, and does not despise fruits and berries. The Indian jugglers tame the climbing perches and carry them about with them as part of their stock in trade; their ability to live for a long time out of water makes them useful confederates in many small tricks which seem very wonderful to people accustomed to believe that fish die almost at once when taken out of their native element.—*From "Fish Out of Water," by Grant Allen, in Popular Science Monthly for January.*

The Skirl o' the Pipes.

The Maharajah of Johore is an excellent and most enlightened monarch, yet from a passage in the speech which he made at the Scottish corporation dinner on St. Andrew's night, an Englishman—we do not say Scotchman—might imagine him to be a monster of cruelty. His Majesty said he would never forget the reception which had been accorded to him, and he hoped to take back with him the national instrument which had enlivened the proceedings. That is to say, that he is going deliberately, and in cold bold, to introduce the bagpipes into Johore! But if any Englishman feels such pity in advance for the poor Johoreans as to class the Maharajah with the miscreants who first brought rabbits and thistles to Australia, that Englishman is mistaken. The bagpipe is just the instrument to delight the Eastern ear. In India the populace follow a Highland piper about with open-mouthed fascination, just as in England street children pursue a performing monkey. The reason for this is that genuine Eastern music is more like that of the bagpipes than of any other European instrument. Natives of India learn to play our music and musical instruments very respectably, and form fairly efficient bands. But their heart is still with the music of their native land, which to European ears seems so monotonous, discordant and uninteresting. It may be suspected that the Scottish bagpipes arouses Indian enthusiasm, because it is like native music, only more so. It is by no means rash to assert that the "skirl o' the pipes" may be destined to aid materially in arousing the East from its immobility and lethargy.

Balcony and Bridge.

Witness—Yes, sir. He struck me on the bridge—

Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—How is that? You said a while ago that he struck you on the balcony.

Witness—So he did, sir. I'm tellin' no lie.

Lawyer—Did he strike you more than once?

Witness—Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied.

Lawyer—How then could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time and with one blow?

Witness—Anyhow, he did, sir.

Judge (interfering)—On what balcony?

Witness—The balcony of the hotel, your honor.

Judge—And on what bridge?

Witness—The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spalpeen waited I'd told him.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Cincinnati was 97 years old the other day. It was on Dec. 28th, 1788, that Israel Ludlow and about twenty others landed on the present site of the city and concluded to settle there. In 1789 Fort Washington was erected, and in 1802 the city of Cincinnati was incorporated.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

The Latest Novelties as Seen in London Drawing-Rooms.

Velvet and plush for smart occasions, and the roughest looking materials for everyday wear, is the order of the day. More attention than ever is bestowed on the fit of the bodice and the set of the skirt. This winter there is no "waggling," but the skirt falls straight down, after being well kept out by the tournure or mattress pad at the waist. The walking gowns clear the ground well; the afternoon reception ones are a little longer, the ball ones just touch, and the bridal and dinner robes have long square trains.

For day wear, petticoats of Astrakan cloth, which resembles exactly the short curl skin, are worn under tunics of rough serge or vicuna, draped long in front and at the back, open on one side and drawn across the other. The bodice opens away from the waistcoat of Astrakan cloth. For outdoor wear, a short jacket, tight-fitting at the back, with basques, and loose plain fronts, with large buttons, is worn. A colored, silken, full shirt front is frequently seen under these jackets, or a scarf of coffee-colored or black lace brought from the throat, left to fall loose, and then caught in at the waist. On a dark costume this bit of color is effective.

The large buttons, apparently growing larger as they increase in popularity, are to be seen down the sides of the skirts, the fronts of jackets, and in couples at the throats and waists and cuffs of gowns. Some skirts of curly cloth are arranged in long graceful drapery all round, except down one side, where great bows either of the new Astrakan ribbon, or broad velvet ribbon, are placed at short distances apart. The Signorita and Matador short jackets are very popular. When the costume is velvet, loose double-folded fronts of some pale colored Surat are inserted between the jacket and the tight-fitting velvet vest. Pale blue with dark brown, or claret velvet, pink with black, or dark grey, green, or ruby, are popular.

Fancy pocket handkerchiefs are now tucked into the bodice very high under the chin. If with lace borders, they look well under bonnet strings at afternoon receptions. The Primrose Dames and their followers use pins with small primrose heads to fasten their bonnet strings or attach the corners of their fancy handkerchiefs to their bodices. There are also pretty little safety pin gypsy brooches, with a tiny primrose in the centre, used for the same purpose. Striped muslin pocket handkerchiefs in soft blended hues are novel, also self-colored ones with Valenciennes lace round the edge, or vandyked ones with horseshoes in two colors alternately in every vandyke. For deep mourning, plain white with very deep hemstitched borders are considered in better taste than black bordered ones. Colored silk ones are very popular, peeping out of the fronts of bodices, with two or even three corners pinned back with fancy headed pins or small brooches.

A flying swallow, or a flight of three or four, is a very fashionable design in jewellery, whether real or in imitation. A crab spiked on a trident, a royal crown resting on a sceptre, a guitar, a banjo, an Irish harp, a crescent moon with an owl on it, are a few of the many new designs. A very large hook and eye in Paris paste diamonds is novel as a clasp for wearing at the throat of a handsome evening cloak or rich material gown. There are some beautiful "berry" pins now being worn in the hair, about the size of a very large raspberry, composed of mixed pearls and paste diamonds. The same may be seen in jet. A diamond star is well displayed by being put in the centre of the bonnet string bow, at any entertainment. Another is frequently put in the centre of the brim of the bonnet. Rococo jewellery (made in England, and copied from the antique) is gaining in popularity.

The tournure and its steels have taken up the attention of the modistes of London and France for the past year, and many are the devices which the inventors have submitted and had rejected, until now comes a Frenchman who has been entirely successful in a device which is said to be an improvement on any and every other, and which is quite acceptable to the French modistes. They will be here very soon.

A ball dress is wholly of tulle and has three skirts. The two lower skirts are of plain tulle over a taffetas lining. The third skirt is of illusion, covered with fine pearl beads. It is gathered and has a satin ribbon drawn through the hem. The second skirt or tunic is slightly puffed and fastened on the side under a long and wide satin ribbon bow. One loop and one end of the ribbon are embroidered with field flowers in all colors, and the remainder of the ribbon is plain. The waist is low, in bretelle shape, and is covered with draperies of beaded tulle. Around the open part of the neck is a puffing with a narrow piece of satin ribbon drawn through it. On the lower part of the waist is a satin ribbon sash embroidered with field flowers.

Now that fancy dress balls are in vogue in London, the ingenuity is taxed to appear in some new costume. A more elaborate costuming, to represent a carp, than is given elsewhere, may be interesting. The bodice was of white satin, covered entirely with silver scales. A very long train of the same material was cut in the shape of a carp's tail, and was covered from end to end with green scales, shot with silver, and at each side were fins of silver gauze, fastened with silver thread. The front of the skirt was profusely trimmed with water lilies and reeds, and diamonds were showered over every part of the dress. The head was adorned with a carp's head of diamonds, arranged in the form of a crescent.

The tailor dresses of serge which by many are considered indispensable for utility use have almost without exception draped backs, which are best described by comparing them to a very large half square, the centre point falling to the back of the skirt, while the other two are caught up in butterfly drapings, the extreme ends hidden beneath their soft folds. The effect of this arrangement is easily imagined. It is extremely simple, and not likely to get out of order, as more elaborate drapings are apt to do. This style of arranging the skirt back is newer than the square-cut waterfall drapery, the point in the back being considered more graceful than the one just alluded to, which is cut straighter across both top and bottom.

Care of the Ears.

"Picking the ears" is a most mischievous practice; in attempting to do this with hard substances an unlucky motion has many a time pierced the drum and made it as useless as a bursted rubber life-preserver; nothing sharper or harder than the end of the little finger, with the nail pared, ought ever to be introduced into the ear, unless by the physician. Persons are often seen endeavoring to remove the "wax" of the ear with the head of a pin: this ought never to be done; first, because it not only endangers the rupture of the ear by being pushed too far in, but if not so far, it may grate against the drum, excite inflammation, produce an ulcer which may finally eat all the parts away; second, hard substances have often slipped in, and caused the necessity of painful, dangerous, and expensive operations; third, the wax is manufactured by nature to guard the entrance from dust, insects, and unmodified cold air, and when it has subserved its purpose it becomes dry, scaley, and light, and in this condition is easily pushed outside by new formations of wax within.—*Phrenological Journal.*

A writer in the Boston *Globe* traces the origin of the umbrella back to the Garden of Eden. This may furnish a clew to the origin of petit larceny.

GIRL MADE TO ORDER.

A Unique Woman Who is Content with Her Servant.

Although I have worked for wages, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Press*, I am sorry that I am obliged to admit that I had never the felicity either (I am vulgar enough to pronounce it either) to have been a house servant or to have married a rich man. I keep no servants, which may be the reason that I don't spend my whole time in complaining about them. I have one hired girl, whom I made to order. I learned the way from my respected mother, who always keeps her servants until they marry. Julia was scrawny, yellow and sickly looking when I found her. She was sewing from 7 in the morning until 6 at night for 35 cents a day. Now she is fat and rosy and can officiate at a wash tub with the best Biddy in the market. She gets less money and lots more fun. [It must be said that she does not get very good wages, then.]

I lost my cook and nurse maid in one week, one from sickness and the other from sauciness, and Julia came to stay until my cook was well, and here she stays. When she first came I had to do all of the cooking. I had my washing and ironing done out of the house, and my washerwoman came one day in the week to sweep and clean. Now I send the collars and cuffs to the laundry, and occasionally a white dress for myself, but that is all. I do not even have help for the house-cleaning, except that I hired a man to whitewash the cellar last spring, and Julia was so disgusted with his work that they quarrelled and she did his work over, and all the rest, back yard fence and all. I have never given her a cross word since she has been with me. What is the use of getting angry when you just have to get over it again? To begin with, I sat down in the kitchen and told her just how big a pinch of salt and how big a lump of shortening to use, and so forth, to the minutest detail, and, having asked and found out that she was willing to undertake anything new, I never touched it afterward. Sometimes I had to tell her a great many times over. I had her measure everything exactly. I never told her to take "some sugar," but up to a certain rim in the measuring cup. If I changed a recipe in a cook book, I wrote it all out in full. I never make her feel ashamed or afraid to ask me about anything. I told her that was what I was here for. I can trust her to keep house any time. Her cooking pans are as bright as ammonia and sand soap can make them. I buy all sorts of work-saving things, and we experiment with all sort of soaps and sodas, and I loop up her overskirts and interest myself in her hats and wraps. She runs my sewing machine, and puts the children to bed when I have company or wish to go out. The children just think it grand to have Julia put them to bed. They dote on her, and she on them. She thinks there are no children born quite equal to them, in which we perfectly agree—perfectly. She never takes advantage of my friendliness. She never has sat at table with me. I have asked her repeatedly when we were alone. I've told her that I would not eat her, that I preferred chicken or even beef. But she always has some work to finish first, which work invariably lasts until I am done. Next week she is going home one day to make a new dress for herself. Her mother and sister are going to help her, and the children and I are going to run this establishment. They are wild over it. We have done the same before. The neighbors always think there is a riot at such times. It may be that Julia has her faults. If she has, I say if she has, I shall never tell of them. I never inquire into her goings-out or her comings-in. I tell her that she is old enough to take care of herself; that every one will judge her by the company she keeps; if she goes with a girl who is "talked about," people will say the same evil things of her, and whether true or false will make no difference in their belief. I also tell her that as long as she has numerous admirers I am satisfied, but as soon as it settles down to one steady fellow I shall load my shotgun for him.

Advice to a Young Man.

My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just asked me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow and toil and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know when I was much younger, but I find that as I grow older I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why the best people seem to have all the suffering and the great sinners have all the fun. I don't know why innocent men suffer for the wickedness of guilty men. I don't know why the man who cast the faulty column in Pemberton mills wasn't crushed when the mills went down. I can't see why my neck should be broken in a railway accident because a train despatcher sends out a wrong order, or a signal man goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill-health and suffering, just because his grandfather was a rollicking, hard-drinking old profligate. I can't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel at my best. I can't understand why Lincoln died and Davis lives. I don't know why some people starve while worse people founder. Well, you say, wouldn't it be pleasanter if all these crooked things were straightened out? Yes, oh, yes. And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them? Ye—s—hold on a minute—ye—I don't know, really, that I want to try. There are several things to consider, when you sit down to run a universe. True, if I managed things, I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia, for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an italic *d*; my pantaloons would not work up, nor bag at the knees, and my collars would not climb the back of my neck, and my moustache wouldn't keep waxed like a bristle at one end and fray out like a satin ribbon at the other, and—but there are some other things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I might manage for a week, may be, but there would be an eclipse or two to look after, an occasional rain, some snow, a late spring or an early autumn or a capricious harvest time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy, I have never yet been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find, on looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office, that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the highest accord with the administration, and wish to give it and to the extent of my poor ability do give it my most earnest support and encouragement, yet, I much prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

At a race in South Australia, a few weeks ago, the falling of a leading horse brought nearly the whole field tumbling over him. Two jockeys were killed outright, half a dozen others seriously (some fatally) injured, and several horses killed or maimed.

King Thebaw has four queen wives besides a score of assistant sharers in his royal smiles. Is it any wonder that when they all made a demand upon him for winter bonnets and sealskin sacques he found it cheaper to go to war with England?

M. Cousins, keeper of a museum in Paris, is negotiating for the bath in which Marat was assassinated by Charlotte Corday, but this identical bath can be bought by anybody in any one of the old curiosity shops in Paris.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

What Made a Dear Little Wife Laugh Queerly.

A Lewiston business man's wife has been away on a visit to the old home in another city. He has lived, during her absence, ostensibly at home, but really has been living on porter-house steaks at the hotel, and had just been elected President of a new whist club, in which he had a young red-cheeked girl for a partner, and while of course he deeply regretted the enforced absence of his own dear wife, he was managing to get along without pining away very rapidly. The other night he and his roseate partner had just swept the board. They had had a thirteen trick hand and the rest of the table was nowhere.

The Lewiston man went home at 10.30. Things looked just the same. He composed himself to write his customary letter, beginning, "It is now half-past 8 o'clock. I have just come in from my work on the books. I am awfully tired, dear, and miss you so much. I don't want to hurry you home, and I want you to stay as long as you feel like it, this time, for I shall not want to let you leave me again, etc., etc."

He finished the letter and stamped and directed it, and then took a look at the starlit evening, and thinking he would finish his cigar (he never used to smoke in the house) walked out to the corner. When he got back he heard a rustle in the dining-room and looked in. The light had been moved. There was a head bending over the light. His wife's smiling face looked up out of the radiance beneath the shade and greeted him. She was reading the letter. His heart dropped down his trousers' leg. He felt like death. "I'm reading a charming letter from you," said she. "So kind of you! It sounds like those we used to write before we were married." The lady read it through and then read it aloud.

"If she'd only a got mad I'd been all right," said the Lewiston man, Tuesday; "but she didn't; she laughed. Every one of my yarns twisted her up and she laughed until it made me sick. I never got such a roast, and the worst of it is I've lost all my reputation for veracity. If I say I'm going to the lodge she sets out one of them laughs and I stay at home. If I say I have been making up a trial balance at the office and it kept me late, she draws that laugh on me and I wilt. It's terrible. I feel meaner every day. If it keeps on I'll have to fix it with a sealskin cloak. It's my last resort, but if this thing keeps on and worse comes to worse, I'll have to stop taking degrees and ante on the sealskin."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Misused Christian Names.

"Frank" is a very pretty, pleasant sounding name, and it is not strange that many persons use it in common conversation all their days when speaking of a friend. Were they really christened by that name, any of these numerous Franks? Perhaps they were, and if so there is nothing to be said. But if not, was the baptismal name Francis or Franklin? The mind is apt to fasten in a very perverse and unpleasant way upon this question, which too often there is no possible way of settling. One might hope, if he outlived the bearer of the appellation, to get at the fact; but since even gravestones have learned to use the names belonging to childhood and infancy in their solemn record, the generation which dooks its Christian names in such an un-Christian way will bequeath whole churchyards full of riddles to posterity. How it will puzzle and distress the historians and antiquarians of a coming generation to settle what was the real name of Dan and Bert and "Billy," which last is legible on a white marble slab, raised in memory of a grown person, in a certain burial-ground in a town in Essex county!—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

From George Eliot.

The charm of fond words vanishes when one repeats them to the indifferent.

When Death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

Our love is inwrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalting its power by a subtle presence.

Trouble is appointed for us all here below, and there comes a time when we need more comfort and help than the things of this life can give.

It is well known to all experienced minds that our firmest convictions are often dependent on subtle impressions, for which words are quite too coarse a medium.

But we get accustomed to mental as well as bodily pain, losing our sensibility to it; it becomes a habit of our lives, and we cease to imagine a condition of perfect ease as possible for us.

Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as