From a "Wish," by Matthew Arnold.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
  Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
  There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
  The freedom to my life denied;
Ask but the folly of mankind
  Then, then, at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
  The friends who come and gape and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
  All which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
  Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head and give
  The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustom'd toll
  Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul
  To canvass with official breath.

The future and its viewless things—
  That undiscovered mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
  Must needs read clearer, sure than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,
  While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
  Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
  The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born
  The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,
  Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
  And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
  In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home;
  To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
  The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
  Nor human combatings with death;

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow
  Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
  To work or wait elsewhere or here.

Little Ah Me and Little Ah There.

Little Ah Me was a Chinaman
  With a queue as long as his arm,
Whose spirits seemed constantly under a ban,
  Tho' he never did evil or harm;
But he ever inclined to the darker side
  And the pessimistic view,
And his life was a failure, and, when he died,
  The mourners were very few.

Little Ah There was another Chinee,
  But one of a different sort,
His face was a map of the Land of Glee,
  And worries he made his sport;
He had his failings, but he was gay;
  He'd many a little sin;
But he won all hearts by his cheery way,
  And they made him a mandarin!

From Little Ah Me and from Little Ah There
  The lesson sublime is learned,
That it's better to keep up a semblance fair,
  Till it's time to be inurned.
It's seldom a whiner may reach his goal,
  While a laugher seldom fails;
Strength breeds itself in a bantering soul,
  While the one that is hopeless quails.
—*Chicago Mail.*

My Little Bo Peep.

My little Bo Peep is fast asleep,
  And her head on my heart is lying,
I gently rock and the old hall clock
  Strikes a knell of the day that's dying;
But what care I how the hours go by,
  Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
  When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet with dimples sweet,
  From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
  I caress as she lies a-sleeping;
Her golden hair falls over the chair,
  It's treasure of treasures safe holding
  That my hands are so tightly holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock; you may wait, old clock,
  It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
  And bid your days go all a-Maying.
O, Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
  Of content while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
  And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

THE BOWSERS GO SHOPPING.

Mr. Bowser Creates a Sensation Among the Ordinary Run of Shoppers.

I had mentioned in a casual way that we needed some dishes, a new carpet and some table-linen, and that I must get down town and buy them, when Mr. Bowser came home at 2 o'clock one afternoon and said:

"Well, are you all ready?"

"For what?"

"Why, to go down and buy those things!"

"But I didn't know you wanted to go. Indeed, I wish you wouldn't."

"Oh, you do! Are you ashamed to be seen with me on the street?"

"You know I'm not. I'm afraid you—you—"

"Well, what?"

"You'll jaw folks and get into a quarrel."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you getting soft in the head? Jaw folks! Get into a quarrel! Humph! Are you coming?"

We first visited the carpet store. I had not yet made up my mind whether to buy Brussels or velvet, nor whether to get light or dark colors. I expected to take a chair and have the clerk roll down about fifty pieces of each kind, and to be all of two hours making up my mind. One clerk ran to place chairs for us. A second arranged the window curtains and a third inquired of Mr. Bowser:

"Did you wish to look at some carpets?"

"Did I come up here to buy oysters?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Ah—um! Light or dark colors?"

"Light."

"But the dark are all the style, you know,"

"I don't know anything of the sort! There are plenty of white horses and houses and white shirts and hats; and I don't know why light carpets shouldn't be fashionable. Roll down this piece."

"Yes, sir; but you won't like it. This dark pattern is what Mrs. Governor Smith selected for her front bedroom."

"Yes. Well, I may get that for my horse barn later on. Send up a man to measure the room, and give me that light pattern."

"Why, Mr. Bowser!" I said. "You haven't selected already!"

"Certainly."

"But—we—we—"

"Five minutes is enough for any one to select a carpet, Mrs. Bowser. We want body-brussels, and we want a light ground. That's all there is to it. We will now go over and buy the table linen."

"But can't I have time to look around?"

"Time! What do you want of time? You want three linen tablecloths and two dozen napkins. We've got the money to pay for 'em. What more is desired?"

"But it's so sudden."

"So are earthquakes. We'll go in here."

We entered a dry goods store and sat down to a linen counter. A young man came forward to wait on us, and after being told what was wanted, he queried:

"So you want some real linen. Well, here is something I can recommend."

"Is that all linen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he turned to me.

I didn't think it was, but I told Mr. Bowser to let it go. It was the custom in all dry goods stores to lie about such things, and no one thought of raising a row.

"Madame," said Mr. Bowser, as he took the cloth over to a motherly old lady, "is this all linen?"

"No, sir; it's half cotton!" she replied after an inspection.

"Where's the proprietor of this store?" he demanded of the clerk.

"I—I'll call him, sir."

The proprietor came up.

"Is that linen?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"It passes for linen, sir."

"If you put a cow's horns and tail on a horse he'd pass for a cow, wouldn't he? Sir, this looks to me like a petty swindle, and one you ought to be ashamed of!"

The proprietor began to blow up the clerk, and the clerk said he'd resign, and as we got out doors I penned Mr. Bowser in a doorstep, and said:

"I'll never, never dare enter this store again!"

"Don't want you to. The man is a liar and the clerk lied by his instructions. We'll try another."

The next store was crowded, and as we reached the linen counter it was to find every stool occupied. I tried to get Mr. Bowser out, anticipating trouble, but unfortunately at that moment one lady observed to another:

"Dear me, but this is the third afternoon I've come down town to buy a table-cloth, and I haven't got suited yet."

"And I want four crash towels, and I've been all over town twice," replied the other.

"Here, you!" snapped Mr. Bowser to the clerk, "are you busy?"

"Waiting on these ladies, sir."

"Have they bought anything?"

"No, sir."

"Are they going to?"

"I—I don't know."

"Well, I've no time to fool away. We want three linen table-cloths and two dozen napkins."

The ladies arose in great indignation. Each of them gave me a look that pierced me to the heart, and each one gave Mr. Bowser a look which ought to have shortened him two feet, but which had no apparent effect. In seven minutes we had found what we wanted, paid the bill and were ready to go. The clerk acted a bit sulky, and Mr. Bowser was getting ready to give him a blast, when I appealed to him to hold the peace. I told him it was the custom for several thousand ladies to come down town every afternoon to shop, and that shopping consisted of promenading up and down to show their suits off to a lot of well dressed loafers, and entering the stores and taking an hour and a-half to buy a sixpence worth of lace or ribbon. The clerk melted a little at the same moment, and I got Mr. Bowser out without another eruption.

"Now for the dishes," he said as we got out, and we went to a crockery store.

one who was saying to a clerk:

"And so that tooth-pick holder is six cents?"

"Only six, madam."

"How very cute!"

"Yes, it is."

"And it is imported?"

"It is."

"How very, very charming! This is the same one I saw yesterday, is it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Dear me, but I wish I could make up my mind whether to take it or not. You see, we may move in the spring, and if we moved, you know——"

"I want about $15 worth of dishes," interrupted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir in just a moment."

"How many of these tooth-pick holders have you got?"

"Only five."

"I'll take the lot; and now come and wait on me. I want twelve cups and saucers, twenty-four plates, three or four platters, two tureens and a fish platter."

The lady turned about and killed me dead with one long look. Then she looked at the back of Mr. Bowser's neck and tried to murder him, but he would not fall. Then she returned and killed me over again, gave her shoulders a twist and walked out of the store. She had hardly departed when a fresh arrival asked our clerk, busy though he was, to show her some tea-spoons.

"Madame," said Mr. Bowser, "do you wish to buy some spoons?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you know whether you do or not?"

"Why—I—I will look at them."

"Very well; you sit down and wait until I am through buying. I came to buy, know what I want, and shall pay cash down."

I was killed again, and if looks could have crushed Mr. Bowser, he'd have been a mangled corpse in ten seconds. We were only thirteen minutes buying the dishes, and, as we got out and reached the car, Mr. Bowser said:

"Mrs. Bowser, when you come down town do you go fooling around the stores and obstructing doorways and crosswalks like the women we have seen to-day?"

"I—I guess I do."

"And end by buying four cents' worth of something?"

"Yes; it is the custom."

"And would it have taken you three weeks to buy what we bought in two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll write this very day to an idiot asylum and see if I can squeeze you in? It's no wonder every other home in Detroit is full of scandal, and every other husband wants a divorce!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CELEBRATED Paris scientist, Dr. Delannay, has made the remarkable discovery that centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development, while centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. In other words, the person who naturally draws a circle, for example, from left to right possesses a higher grade of intelligence than one who draws from right to left.

EAU DE COLOGNE DRINKING.

The Favorite Tipple With Fashionable English Women.

We hear from time to time of persons falling victims to Morphinomania, as the disease resulting from injecting morphia has been termed, and it is almost unnecessary to remind the reader of the fatal consequences ensuing to those who indulge in laudanum or chloral. But the very idea of drinking a perfume would seem to be almost too absurd to suggest. Yet, says the *Temperance Record*, medical men know only too well how many of their patients, more particularly among the weaker sex, take eau de cologne to excess, and to such an excess, too, as to compel, in some instances, their being relegated to retreats specially established for the treatment of dipsomaniacs. When it is known of what the odoriferous compound in question is distilled, it will be readily admitted that an incalculable danger may be the outcome of a continual use of it as a stimulant. The following is a receipt said to be adopted in the manufactories of the Farina family at Cologne: Twelve drops of the essential oils neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary; one drachm of Malabar cardamons and one gallon of rectified spirits. We have only to mention that spirits of wine, along with methylated spirits, are resorted to by habitual drunkards in the last stage of their complaint to make it appear self-evident that the strength of eau de cologne must be greater than that of the wines and spirits in common use, and its effect upon those who regularly imbibe it. What, then, it may be asked, brings about a craving for the fragrant preparation (we have used the word "craving," for a liking one can never attain for it, if we are to credit the confessions of an habitue which have come under our observation), and why is it that ladies form, as a rule, the largest number of its devotees? The reasons are not far to seek, and may be briefly summed up as follows: 1. It can be purchased with ease. 2. There is no occasion whatever to visit a public house, a call at a neighboring chemist's exciting no suspicion. 3. It can be indulged in with absolute secrecy, even as in instances we have known, where the drinker affects to be a staunch teetotaller. 4. Few people are aware that this article of toilet can be abused to such an extent as to bring about a condition of intoxication. Let us at once say that the habit generally commences by taking a few drops on a lump of sugar, in order to produce an unnatural buoyancy of spirits. This may go on for some time without any apparent deleterious effects, but in nine cases out of ten the old, old story results. The small quantity taken at first refuses to bring about the wished-for effect. Stronger doses are required to this end, and while one would well-nigh shudder at the idea of drinking half a tumbler of whiskey or brandy and water, the best part of a small wine glass of eau de cologne, filled up with water, is swallowed without the least compunction. Like many drugs it is exceedingly nauseous to take, besides being of an intensely fiery nature. Mixed with water, it turns into a repulsive milky-white fluid, and those who have been in the habit of drinking it assure us that they close the nostrils while doing so, eating immediately thereafter lozenges of a powerful odor to overcome the taste. [illegible] drink three small bottles (costing a shilling each) or even more, per day. Pleasure in so doing there is none; while *au contraire*, those who affect wines, spirits or liquors do certainly derive some enjoyment. The only possible advantages eau de cologne possesses as against other common alcoholic beverages are—that it can be taken secretly, is in a highly concentrated form, can be carried about easily, and is rapid in its action. Many there are who are unable to break themselves of the habit of drinking the poison, except under restraint of the most stringent character; and we have it on the authority of one who has gone through this trying ordeal, that the first week after he is debarred from the use of the perfume, the suffering is intense. A fortnight, however, will in most cases see the worst over, and within a month the body will resume its natural functions; refreshing and undisturbed sleep will have returned, and the appetite will reassert itself, nervousness will "melt into thin air," and the feeling of despondency and abject misery will give way to comparative ease and comfort.—*London Globe.*

English Wit.

This Weather!—"And how are we to-day, my dear madam?" "Well, doctor, the cold I caught the day before yesterday is rather better; but the one I caught on Monday week is ever so much worse—and I caught a brand new one last night!"—*Punch.*

Well Meant, no Doubt.—She: "You were present at our concert the other evening, Major Stubbles, now tell me seriously, do you think my voice has improved since I took lessons?" Major Stubbles: "Oh, really, my opinion is of no value, and generally the reverse of what is correct; but, candidly, I think your voice has improved immensely."—*Judy.*

Ingenious Youth.—First school boy: "Wot did yer tell him yer saw me done it for?" Second S. B.: "'Cause I saw yer; I wasn't a going to tell no lie." First S. B.: "I didn't want yer to tell no lie for me, but yer might 'ave said 'Yer didn't know who done it.'"—*Fun.*

Singular Phenomenon in Mid-Atlantic.

The passengers who landed at Queenstown on Tuesday morning from the Inman steamer City of Chicago, from New York, report that on the morning of the 19th inst., two days after leaving New York, three immense spiral columns of what at first appeared to be waterspouts, moving in a southwesterly direction, were observed about a mile distant from the steamer on the port side rising out of the water. The sea at the base of the column was in a very disturbed state, and the spray was being lifted to a great height by a whirlwind. One column appeared to incline to a considerable angle. The phenomenon, which lasted for eight minutes, disappeared in a thick mist.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Way to Save Expense.

Mrs. A.—Yes, I advertised for a nurse girl. What are your terms? Nurse—I shall want $2 a week with laudanum, $4 without.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

MAN AND HIS MANAGEMENT.

A Woman Who Knows the Subject Gives Advice.

If a man is fond of flattery let him have it. Not by the volume, but in crisp little verses. Hunt up poetry for his eyes; get things to rhyme with his fat white hands; pick out all the big gods and the little heroes of Troy and Rome, whose legs are not half as good and whose backs were cambric by comparison. Laud his shapely head to the skies, and he will keep his hair cut; praise his shapely hands, and you solve the problem of unkempt nails. Hunt the dictionary for words and synonyms to give variety to your enthusiasm; if he has ambitions or schemes listen to him with open eyes of wonderment, and no matter what the occasion is never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Men despise smart women, but have no fault to find when her talent is large enough to appreciate his greatness. Another piece of wisdom on the part of a wife is the cultivation of helplessness—she must be able to lift nothing heavier than a box of candy; know nothing about the management of an umbrella, a window, a knot or a bundle, and just in proportion as she appeals to his strength, size and greatness, just so large will her influence over him be. Men like to be looked up at, depended on, quoted and referred to. That's the reason why a little woman marries three times to the one wedding of the tall, heroic lady. To be born a woman is to be born a martyr, but the husband that is worth wedding is worth keeping, and if a little artifice, a pleasant smile, a contented heart, forbearance, neatness, devotion and tact will hold him, by all means let him be held. Men must be taken as they are, and not as they should be. They are not a half bad lot under the refining influence of mutual interest and love, and he is a very wretched specimen of humanity who cannot be counted on to shield a wife from the buffets of the world and be an anchor for her when youth and beauty have proved unfaithful. Poor fellow! he is weak, but he can't help it! He was made so. He would rather be good than bad, a king than a serf, and I think it is a woman's duty to do what she can for him. Sick and tired of the bang and clatter of the world's machinery, a man is ready and willing to go anywhere away from the tumult and with any one who will help him to forget his cares, disappointment and his very existence. This thing of trying to rule a husband is all buncombe; it can't be done. You can coax most men, bribe some and govern a very few, but that vulgar rubbing of the fur the right way wins every time.—*Orleans Picayune.*

She Got There.

"How funny some people are," she said.

"Funny?"

"Yes, some people who are going to be married."

"Oh!"

"Yes, some want to be married in a balloon, some on the middle arch of a bridge, some in a boat, some in a railroad train, some on horseback, some on the edge of a precipice, some down in a coal mine——"

"Yes, I have noticed it."

"What is their object, I wonder?"

"Marriage of course." [illegible] they get married in this way so that they can tell their children and their grandchildren they were married under peculiar circumstances, as, for instance, 'your mother and me, children, were married in a coal mine,' or, 'your grandmother and me, children, were married in a balloon."

"Perhaps that is the reason," said the maiden.

"Of course it is the reason."

There was a pause. Then the maiden with a glowing cheek said,

"I've been thinking, John."

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively.

"I've been thinking how funny it would be—" (a pause and a deeper blush).

"Well, Bella, you have been thinking what?"

"I've been thinking how funny it would be if——"

"Yes."

"If when the subject of marriage comes up thirty or forty years hence you could point to me and say, 'Why, children, your grandmother proposed to me in leap year and we were married a few weeks later.'"

John is very busy these days furnishing a nice little cottage and Bella is superintending the making of her wedding dress.—*Newark Journal*

A Bombay Juggler.

Without paraphernalia of any description, devoid of dress, except a cloth around his loins, he peforms tricks of legerdemain the recital of which bring a shrug of unbelief from the reader, and will therefore not be attempted, and yet one example must be related just to give the imagination a chance. A common washbowl was placed in the centre of the room. Four hen eggs procured in the hotel were deposited in the bowl. The little assistant of the juggler, in the presence of spectators who could plainly see the eggs on the bottom, slowly filled the vessel with clean water. The Hindoo placed his bare hand on the rim of the bowl and the eggs disappeared from view, returning when the hand was removed. This was repeated several times, but he kept the explanation of the trick to himself.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A German Flora Macdonald.

The death is announced at Meran, in the Tyrol, of Baroness Jenny Schleinitz, at the age of 86. The deceased lady and her husband, the late Privy Councillor Baron Schleinitz, rendered a signal service to Prince William of Prussia, afterward Emperor of Germany, when, on the 19th of March, 1848, the revolutionary mob attacked the royal palace at Berlin. The Prince took refuge in the house of Baron and Baroness Schleinitz, who succeeded in smuggling him out of town in disguise. The late Emperor never forgot this episode in his career, and to the last showed his gratitude to the Baroness, who, after the death of her husband, some years ago, settled at Meran.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Woman (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—You seem to have a good appetite. Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes, madame, that is all that I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.

HOW TO MAKE SPIRIT PICTURES.

First Get an Ordinary Chromo, and with Practice the Rest is Easy.

Mme. Diss Debarr's spirit-painting is an ancient trick, which has been resorted to by mediums, astrologists and fortune-tellers in this city for many years, says the New York *World*. Any one who is familiar at all with art materials is aware that canvases for paintings are usually sold stretched over little wooden frames, which can afterward be inserted into gilded frames if desired. The canvases are made in certain sizes, so that it is easy to secure duplicates whenever desired, and any "spirit-painter" can promptly furnish an exact counterpart of any sized canvas that may be given to her to operate upon.

Like everything else in spiritualism, that which is done must be executed in the dark. A dim and uncertain light is necessary, and things are so arranged as to smack of the supernatural as much as possible.

"You have brought your own canvas, I see," remarked a medium as the visitor unwound a small modern frame over which canvas was stretched.

"Oh, yes; I thought I would be able to say that I had convinced myself that there could be no possibility of tricks."

"Very good," replies the medium. "The spirits and myself are well pleased to have the matter placed beyond the question of scoffers."

The medium is never discomfited. She has a canvas already painted just the size of the one brought, and a little clever work in the way of sleight-of-hand is all that is necessary. She takes your canvas, looks at it a moment, and then asks that it be marked. This is done. She carefully notes the position of the little mark placed on the canvas, and leaving the room she marks a painted canvas in a similar manner and places it under her skirt, through the side of which is a wide cut, large enough to allow the painted canvas to slip out easily. Returning to the room, the medium again takes your canvas and requests you to face a small mirror, which is so small that anything that happens below the level of her shoulders cannot be seen. While this placing is being done the medium apparently holds the canvas carelessly in her right hand, but in reality she hitches it to a hook cleverly concealed at her waist and draws out the painted canvas, which she raises in such a way that the painted portion is not reflected in the mirror because of a slight backward slant which is not noticeable to the visitor.

Meanwhile you stand with the canvas poised above your head before a glass and fondly imagine, if you are at all inclined to believe, that the canvas is the original one and that trickery is out of the question.

"Now," says the medium, "just hold the frame very steady for a moment, so as not to disturb the spirit artist, who is one of the old school and who will reproduce a most valuable ancient painting for you."

You hold the frame firmly and look steadily into the dimly-lighted mirror.

"Now," continues the medium sweetly, "tip it forward just the least bit." This tipping discloses the painting in such a way that it looks like a long, dark streak on the canvas. "Now tip it slowly for be moved too fast and dispel it too fast." The effect of this, in the dim [illegible] forward, the mirror, is to make the pa[illegible]um, less th[illegible] to develop from the black streak first seen. To the subject the illusion appears perfect, and the cheap print chromo thus developed seems to the awed imagination a genuine work of art.

To make the trick even more impressive the medium sometimes places a touch of phosphorus in the centre of the canvas, which naturally attracts the attention and is watched with bated breath during the process of development.

Another system mediums have of producing these art treasures is a chemical process known to few. A picture is painted and then sized over with this peculiar chemical mixture. If an artist were to examine the canvas he would say that it had simply been primed. When it is desired to produce the spirit-painting the canvas is rubbed with a sponge dampened in a liquid which eats off the white priming and exposes the picture as fresh as when painted. This can be done on a wall as well as on canvas, and it is in this way that spirit paintings on walls are produced. Mme. Diss Debar "paints" most of her spirit-pictures in this manner. The secret of the chemical preparation used is carefully guarded by those who know it.

By the Way.

Bachelor—A wild goose that tame geese envy.

The worst enemy a man can have is a fool friend.

The old notion that blood will tell is a vein conceit.

There's a good many ins and outs in the life of a ball-tosser.

A dog will answer to any name when you show him a bone.

It is a queer thing that in the ethics of kinship a man usually rushes for his uncle after bidding good-bye to his ante.

A Notable Cremation.

A singular incident occurred at Mildmay Park Wesleyan Chapel, London, on a recent Sunday. The minister, Rev. G. A. Bennett, B. A., has been denouncing the works of certain poets and novelists as having an immoral tendency. After the sermon, Mr. Bennett produced a large number of books, which he said had been sent to him to be destroyed by a person to whom th[illegible] had been a great snare. Subsequently the books were committed to the flames by the minister and the chapel officials.

A Paying Business.

A unique business card is that of a Frankfort, N.Y., stove dealer. On one side is the following inscription:

How $2,000 Was Made.

$1,000
By Attending to Your Own Business,
$1,000
By Letting Other People's Business Alone.

Alexander Cohen, a Pole, just dead at Lawrence, Mass., has lived as a hermit for 12 years, although he was a highly educated man.