LOST ?

Lost labor ? Nay, not so. The planted seed,
Unheeded and forgotten, yet shall grow
In fruitful silence, and to traveller's need
Shall grateful shade and sustenance bestow.
No act of good or ill, no task of hand
Or brain, no faithful striving of the soul,
But leaves a foot-print on life's level sand
Or, graves a letter on th' eternal scroll.
No toil is wasted : though we may not see
The harvest of the strife, the work, the rhyme.
The Master saith "What is that to thee ?
Use thou the means—leave thou the end to time."

Lost faith ? Ah, never What though dark the cloud ?
We know beyond it lies the polar star.
Pallid the lips and hands and close the shroud—
But doubt we regions where no shadows are ?
What if no answer to our cry comes back ?
Our trust shall be its own supreme reward.
Knoweth the meteor of its shining track ?
Or sentinels the treasures that they guard ?
Not to ourselves alone shall be our faith ;
But, as a lamp upon a darkened road
Guides least the bearer, light life's rugged path,
And show some faltering foot the way to God.

Lost love ? Least yet of all can love be lost,
Love, the eternal—love, the portress sweet
Of Heaven's strait door—our rampart 'gainst a host
Of 'leag'ring foes—the messenger whose feet
Upon the dark heights of our sorrows haste
With lovely promise. What if thorns of pain
Crown our life's holiest effort ? What if waste
Wait our soul's wealth, and sacrifice be vain ?
Lost ? Never dare we deem that love is lost!
Through loss and woes uncounted unatoned
Love lives and gives—and knows his heavy cost
Most blest unthanked, best guerdoned when unowned.

Annie Rothwell, Kingston.

THE LADIES' GOSSIP.

Tramping Ten Thousand Miles for His Wife, Only to Lose Her Again.

QUEER NUPTIAL ARRANGEMENTS.

A Land in Which the Women Always Begin the Courtship.

SOME ODDITIES IN COSTUMES.

The Rich Mormon Girls on Strike Against Polygamy.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

Latest Parisian Novelties.

A cablegram from Paris says: Embroidery will enjoy exceptional prestige next winter. Already clothes are being made less heavy. Add to the dress or garment the rich furs that fashion will impose and you will have some idea of their cost. Fortunately for modest purses common sense allows the gentlewoman to wear a plain gown, without frill or ornament. If it only fits well and the minor appointments correspond in dainty thought and freshness one can yet afford to be smiling and gracefully indulgent to the more bedizened favorites of fortune. Moreover, nothing prevents one from embroidering a vest in finely-striped Louis XV. silk or peau-de-soie, and this, with plain cloth or velvet redingote and a plain jupe of peau-de-soie, with three pinked plaitings at the edge, will be charming, and, as the French put it, a select toilet. One vest can be made to do much service. In buying the buttons for these redingotes—there are only six in front and three on each side—choose something artistic and of value and get them from a jeweller of repute, for they make or spoil garments. First the fit, then the buttons, and last of all consider the goods.

Woman in Zuni Land.

In Zuni Land the woman makes the first advances looking toward marriage. The woman raises the family. She transmits the name. She sends to the youth she chooses a basket of meal or peaches, and if he is inclined toward her he forthwith makes a present of "primary consideration," consisting of a whole deerskin, beautifully dressed and snow white. That signifies that she is provided with shoes for life. The skin is placed over the foot and then rolled around the leg and strapped down with delicate thongs. You can always tell a newly-married Zuni woman by the large roll of deerskin and by the small silver buttons that adorn the leggings. Whenever the foot piece wears out it is cut off and the roll is replaced. When the woman becomes old the roll is small. The only sanctification of the marriage is the formal adoption of the young man after the acceptance of the bundle. He is then the step-son of the girl's father.

Independence for Our Girls.

If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of Republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so. It is absolutely certain that happy marriages will be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives.—*Century.*

Wearing Real Flowers.

A rather pretty mode is the wearing of real flowers in "trails" of bouquets on parasols at garden parties. It dates from the flower festa. There were a few at Lady Lytton's garden party early in the month, and very many at Mme Carnot's last, which wound up the season. The Presidentess was still dressed in black and white, in which colors she appeared at the dinner at the Russian Embassy, the dinner at the British Embassy and the garden party there. It is a pity for young butterflies that garden parties cannot become fashionable, there being now so few gardens (save in the Faubourg St. Germain) in Paris large enough for festal purposes. The Lockroys have a fairly large one, which I expect next year Mlle. Jeanne Hugo will make, in her natural character of Rose Queen, a centre of festivity. This season she has been debarred from social gayety by the attack she had of inflammation of the lungs. As in England, fashion over here now holds its most brilliant revels after Easter, and they go on to July, when the heat chases the butterflies to the seaside. Those beauties who are no longer young, and who mean to be beautiful forever, prefer the old way of only seeing company indoors. The crude sunlight of the garden party pitilessly shows what faces are made up. I suppose that this is why the broad-leafed hat is so much worn, and why parasols are made so impervious to the sun's rays by means of lining, lace covering, and natural flowers.—*Paris Letter to London Truth.*

Polygamy in Utah.

"The prettiest bather in the lake," said a returned Utah tourist to a Denver *Tribune* reporter, "was a sweet blonde, daughter of historic Hiram Clawson, who came to Utah with Brigham Young and built the first house in Salt Lake and Utah Territory. Mr. Clawson married two of Brigham Young's daughters, and has 32 living children." "Is polygamy dying out in Utah?" asked the reporter. "Very fast. The rich and intelligent young Mormon girls won't go into it. I saw at the theatre Miss Clawson, accompanied by a handsome young Mormon beau, to whom she is engaged. When I asked her if she allowed her beau to have another sweetheart she looked solemnly down at her solitaire ring and said, half bitterly : 'No, unless he is smooth enough to fool me.' *Harper's Bazar* is killing polygamy among the rich and respectable. No husband can afford to buy four or five bonnets and sealskin sacques."

The Right Kind of a Wife.

What a clever man wants is a clear-headed, sensible wife, who will forget his vagaries in remembering his brilliancy, and remain a constant shield between his sensitiveness and disagreeable things; something, in fact, like one of those cushions that sailors put down the side of the vessel to keep it from jarring too roughly against the dock. Look at me, for instance. I never wrote a word for publication, painted a picture, composed music, or did anything clever in all my life. But I make my husband just the sort of wife he needs.—*Irish Times.*

Hair Reform Association.

A Hair Reform Association has been started in Japan, and is doing good work in the interest of neatness and simplicity. Ten years ago Japanese women were accustomed to wear their hair piled up in a most exaggerated and complicated fashion, and the arrangement of their chevelure was a labor of at least two hours.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Wife Lost and Found.

A Chicago correspondent of the New York *World* writes as follows : When Frederick Wilks, a tall, good-looking young man went home last night he found a note from his pretty little wife, Annie, that told him she had run away. The young man spent last night and to-day looking for Annie, with the aid of the police force, but she has probably gone far enough to be able to elude him. They had only been married a few months. They are from Nottingham, England, where Annie was the prettiest slip of a girl in town. Frederick fell in love with her when she was 17 and he 19 years old. He got a day set for their marriage, but just before it came Annie ran away to America. Her lover followed her, found her in New York city, and a marriage ceremony was again arranged for, when the girl disappeared again. This time she slipped back to England. He followed her and, after tramping up and down the country several weeks, found she had gone to the Continent. To the Continent went the constant lover, and for months she led him a will-o'-the-wisp chase from city to city. Finally she got back to Nottingham, and he caught her, and, before she could get away again, they were married. She made it conditional that they should go at once to America. They sailed for New York, and thence drifted to Chicago, where Frederick has been employed as book-keeper. He says he has tramped 10,000 miles for his wife and is ready to tramp 10,000 more, if necessary.

Nuptial Arrangements—A New Fashion.

It is fashionable now for husbands and wives to keep separate bed-rooms. Kings and Quens have set the example, and the newly coupled folks in our fashionable world are following it. No secret is made of the custom. The nicest of our output of June brides will calmly show you her own daily boudoir, and then exhibit the bedroom of her husband. And the Duke of Marlborough and his bride, the beautiful Widow Hamersley, sailed away on their honeymoon voyages in two staterooms.

More than that, I have it from a postively trustworthy source that on the evening of the wedding, after the Clews dinner at Delmonico's which was concluded at 10.45 p. m., the chaperon, Mrs. Cruger, and the Duchess were driven in a carriage unattended to the Hamersley mansion on Fifth avenue, and the Duke, after passing some time with his friends in ordinary post-prandial entertainment, sought his quarters at the Albemarle Hotel. This was construed as ducal politeness.

The idea is that the bride must not be intruded upon, and that she must be left to invite her husband to call sooner or later, as the fancy suits her. In one instance the wedded couple went right away on diverse tours, to meet at the end of a week in some distant place, the locality being kept a secret from their acquaintances.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Seasonable Dainties.

A delicious dish for this season is red raspberry. Take a quart of the fruit, and after looking it over carefully put into a sauce-pan with a half cup of boiling water. When it boils add a half cup of white sugar and the same quantity of red currants off the stem.

In a pudding dish beat up the yolks of three eggs with a pint of milk and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Stir in the berries and place in a moderate oven to bake. It should be done in about a half hour. Just before removing spread on top the whites fo the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Let it get delicately brown and serve ice-cold. Blackberry pudding may be made in the same way.

For a tea dish blackberries mixed with currants and served with powdered sugar and cream are delicious, and are much nicer than the berries plain.

A simple huckleberry pudding, especially good for children, is made as follows : Get a pint of the berries and put into a deep fruit dish. Make a custard out of a pint of milk, brought to a boil, into which two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch is stirred. Sweeten to taste and pour over the berries; eat cold.

For and About the Fair Sex.

Drawn hats in black point d'esprit make very attractive head gear for mourning, and are as light as possible. Black Neapolitan is also very attractive for the same reason.

The fancy belts of gray and tan suede kid are very stylish as well as those in fancy leathers and morocco. Many sorts of belt buckles are stylish on these pretty belts. Rhine stone, silver and jetted designs.

Fancy ribbon sashes are stylish for young girls, and will be worn with fabrics which require no other finish than this ornamental sash. Beautiful designs in flowers on a moire ground are exceedingly pretty for young girls, and make a mull or a Swiss muslin dress into a most attractive gown.

The proper simple refreshments at an afternoon tea are tea and bread and butter.

One of the four state executioners of Austria is a woman. She is large and muscular.

An advertisement for a wife in Berlin recently brought 277 answers, 87 of whom were widows.

Mrs. Moses Fraley wears four gowns a day at Long Branch and never repeats a gown for three weeks.

At the time of the marriage of General and Mrs. Harrison their stock of table cutlery consisted of six knives and six forks.

THE SINKING FRENCH COAST.

A Prediction that Paris will be Submerged in Ten Centuries.

Just lately, says a writer in the London *Globe*, on the coast of Brittany, one of those geolocial discoveries has been made which suggest to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing the most ambitious human achievements. This is the disclosure, by the displacement of a mass of sand during the last high tides, of a forest that must have been buried for some twenty centuries at least. The situation is just opposite Saint Malo, at the foot of the cliffs of Saint Enogat and Saint Lunaire. The forest is supposed to have once extended from Saint Malo to beyond Mount Saint Michel. This discovery is considered of great scientific interest, as it affords a remarkable illustration of the gradual sinking of the French shore. The progress of this sinking during the last 2,000 years is clearly shown in an old map found at the abbey of the Mount Saint Michel. Within no more than seven centuries back as many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidences of this region. And in the Bay of Douarnenzes there is known to have existed in the fifth century quite a flourishing town called Is, the scene of the famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water, may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mogber Greghi (wall of the Greek). The people of the country pretend that they can sometimes hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the motion of the current. French geologists estimate that the gradual sinking of the soil of Britanny, Normandy, Artais, Belgium and Holland is not less than seven feet a century. At this rate it is calculated that in about ten centuries all the channel ports will be destroyed, and Paris itself will become a maritime city. In another ten centuries it is predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting, perhaps, that the tops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and some other monuments may be discernible at low water by the people who will then be living.

Why the Romans Went to Bed Early.

History tells us that ancient Rome, even in times of festival, was always as quiet as the grave after the closing in of the night—a fact which De Quincy thus accounts for : "They went to bed early in those ages simply because their mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, or young lady (for geologists know not whether she is in that state of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to 'a certain age') she, good lady, would have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. 'Candles, indeed !' she would say, who ever heard of such a thing ? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis ? What will the wretches want next ?' The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting around a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilious himself was obliged to trundle off into the dark. Tarquinius may have been a very superb fellow, but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

Did Not Like the New House.

The Boston *Advertiser* says : A well-known Boston gentleman keeps pigeons at his country place near Milton. The birds lived in the barn until recently, when he built a new hen-house, with a dove-cote in its second story. The barn was then boarded up, and the pigeons invited to enter their new home. They unitedly refused, and slept in the trees for a week. Then a consultation was held, and all but one adopted the new abode. The one stalwart stayed in the trees a few days longer, and then was seen to fly a great height in the air and disappear. Some days later he turned up in Waltham, where he was recognized by a man who had reared him, and who had marked his wing. The bird had been near Milton for nearly two years, and had originally been brought there from Waltham in a closed basket.

In Desperate Condition.

Wife—John, dear, what would you do if I were to die ?

Husband—Don't speak of such a thing. I would be desperate.

Wife—Do you think you would marry again ?

Husband—Well, n—no ; I don't think I would be as desperate as all that.

An Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years for murder, interrupted the judge by asking if the Government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

FOUND IN THE ROCK'S HEART.

A Steed and His Rider, Who Had Been Hidden There for Years.

Henry Martin, who resides up in the direction of Antelope Basin, Wyoming Territory, recently came across a ghastly relic of early days which might well form the foundation for a tale of frontier life. He was out prospecting in a wild and broken part of the country, where in the midst of an elevated plateau it is not uncommon to suddenly find oneself on the brink of a crevasse or cleft in the rock, a plunge into which would inevitably prove fatal, says the Laramie *Boomerang*. It was in examining one of these strange openings formed during some tremendous convulsion of the earth ages ago that Mr. Martin saw pinned between the adamantine walls far below him the whitened bones of a man and horse. He made a circuitous journey around the hill which brought him to where it was possible to enter the narrow gorge, and by difficult climbing over jagged boulders to reach the skeletons. He cautiously picked his way through for a distance of several hundred feet, and at length reached the object which had excited his curiosity. There was no doubt, from the position of the animal and his rider, that they had plunged headlong to their death either while being pursued or in some mad ride which did not leave time to check themselves on the brink of the yawning chasm. The man must have been fully six feet in height, and between 50 and 60 years of age, the latter supposition being established by the fact that he had during life lost some of his teeth and the bone had grown over the cavities afterwards. The skull showed a rather intelligent forehead, the cheek-bones were prominent and the general shape of the head indicated that the bones were those of a Mexican. This theory was confirmed by the discovery of a rich Mexican sombrero, with heavy gold trimmings, all in a good state of preservation. The skeleton was found in a perpendicular position, the head downwards and tightly pinned between the two walls of rock. The rider had fallen from his stead and the bones of the latter were similarly suspended, but twenty feet further up. In a little basin at the foot of the gorge was discovered a copper plate about six inches square, and strangest of all, a plug of tobacco of apparently ancient manufacture, but seemingly as perfect as when the dead man had put it in his pocket to solace him in his lonely ride across the hills.

Mental Effects of Hot Weather.

One of the most interesting studies bearing upon this subject (of the relation of mind to matter) is found in observing the effects of a high temperature upon different organizations. The nervous, sensitive, egotistic man, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, is chiefly intent upon publishing his personal discomfort. Instead of sitting still and cooling his mind through work or genial diversion, he moves busily about telling everybody how hot he is, with gestures and ejaculations to match. He is a mental radiator, bent upon transmitting his own conditions to other minds, and without intending it is generating his own discomfort within others. On the other hand, the man of even temperament, of cool mind, avoids all mention of physical and thermal conditions on a hot day. He purposes to get his mind as far away from them as possible. He hears his nervous friend fling down his pen or spade and declare that it is too hot for work. To him congenial work is the very best means of keeping his attention away from physical discomfort. One feels comparatively cool in this man's presence. He is a partial refrigerator and transmits his own conditions.

The mere physical temperature of a man on a hot day is not the measure of discomfort. In this busy season hundreds of Canadian farmers toil in open fields in the hot sun in such excessive perspiration that hardly a dry thread is found on them through the day. But if one is accosted from the roadside and reminded that it is a terribly hot day he will generally reply with drollery that it is splendid weather for corn. The farmer's mind is on the hay and corn crops instead of on the heat. His mind is kept cool by congenial labor and the promise of good crops. What is true of man is true of beasts. One of the most painful sights to a person of kind heart is to see the distress of the horses that pull the street cars on a scorching day. These animals receive the best of care and treatment by the companies, and their muscular strength is not overtaxed so far as mere work is concerned. A horse doing the same work on a country road would not perspire much. It is the tremendous strain upon their nerves caused by constant fear of losing their feet on the smooth paving when starting the car that chiefly induces both their sweat and semi torture. Even with a horse it is the condition of mind that largely decides its power to endure heat and work.

Killed by Cherry Stones.

The practice of swallowing cherry stones caused the death of 17-year-old Pauline Wurster at her home, No. 148 Dauphin street, on Monday, after an illness of a week. Dr. Forman, the coroner's physician, yesterday made a *post mortem* examination and found that peritonitis had been caused by cherry stones. The little tubelike appendix suspended from the junction of the large and small intestines, the use of which physiologists have never been able to discover, was found choked up with cherry stones. The lower end of it had become ulcerated and had also been ruptured by the pressure of the stones, and the contents of the intestines as well as the stones escaped into the cavity of the bowels, producing violent inflammation.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Dying of a Spider's Bite.

Mr. Russell, the engineer of the pile-driver at work on the track of the "O.K." line at Milan, has met with a singular misfortune. A few days ago, while at work he drank water out of a dipper and felt a sting in the end of his tongue. Looking into the dipper he noticed a spider in it. At first he took no notice of the bite, but his tongue commenced to swell and soon became so large that it filled his mouth. A doctor was summoned and he did all in his power to relieve the suffering of Mr. Russell, but all his efforts were ineffectual, and on Wednesday his condition was so critical that his wife and child, who live in this city, were sent for.—*Quincy (Ill.) Whig.*

BIRDS FOND OF MIRRORS.

They Will Wash Themselves There, and Play with the Reflected Image.

Do you know that the little canaries you keep in cages are fond of mirrors, asks a correspondent of *Youth's Instructor*. We have seen little girls, and older ones, too, who were fond of mirrors, but who ever heard of birds that used them ? I will tell you about a little canary that lives at the house where I board. Some time ago our landlady got a canary and put it in a cage alone. The little bird was taken from a large cage holding a dozen birds. He was very homesick and lonesome, just as you would be if you were taken away off among strangers, away from mamma, papa, sisters, brothers and everybody you ever knew. Just so our little birdie cried and moaned, and would not eat nor sing. It wanted to go home and see its mamma. The lady did all she could to comfort and make it feel at home. She talked to it and petted it, giving it clean water, good seed, apples and everything she thought it would like, but it was of no use; birdie kept crying and wouldn't make friends, but wanted to go home. One day his mistress brought him a large piece of broken mirror, as big as my two hands, and placed it inside his cage where he could see it readily. Do you suppose he cared for that ? Indeed he did. He hopped down and, going up close, looked in, seeming to be perfectly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing and putting on all the airs he was master of. He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down just as close to the glass as he can get. You see, he thinks he is sleeping beside that other little bird. His mistress often lets him out into the room, where he can have more liberty. She may put that glass anywhere in the room, and he will find it and spend most of his time before it. One day the little fellow acted very naughtily. He got angry and tried to get into a fight. It all happened because he wanted his own way and could not get it. He went up to the glass so lovingly and tried to coax the other bird to come and play with him somewhere else. The looking-glass bird would not follow him, but went the other way every time. Then the canary got provoked, and flying at the bird in the glass tried to have a real fight with him. He tried it only once, and then he looked ashamed of it. The blame, you see, was all on one side. That shows how foolish it is to get angry and pick a quarrel. He washes himself before the large mirror in the room, pluming his feathers and making his toilet with much satisfaction ; and, like all folks that spend much time before the glass, he is getting very vain.

Bringing Debtors to Terms.

A Paris tradesman has invented a new device for dealing with a recalcitrant debtor which may become common. A gentleman who, to use a rather hackneyed phrase, is well known on the turf, had the misfortune to lose a large sum of money at the races, and rumors as to his solvency were soon spread about the city. Applications were at once made to him by his numerous creditors, and he succeeded in coming to satisfactory arrangements with all of them except one on whose books he was down for a mere trifle of £1,200. The creditor refused to compound, and wanted the money at once. As his debtor was unable to "come up to the scratch" the tradesman threatened to send out advertisement vans and "sandwich men" over the city to emblazon the insolvency of the gentleman well known on the turf, who was also a Knight of the Legion of Honor, before the eyes of all men, women and children. This did not in the least alarm the debtor, who evidently regarded the threat as a gigantic joke. To his surprise and vexation, however, the "sandwich men" are let loose on the metropolis. They carried boards and banners with inscriptions thereon setting forth the name, titles, qualities and liabilities of the debtor. With these they marched one fine day along the Boulevard des Italiens, and, diving down the Rue de Richelieu, they made for the Stock Exchange, round which they walked silently and solemnly three times. After that they returned to the Boulevards, passed the Madeleine, traversed the Place de la Concorde and proceeded slowly and steadily up the crowded Avenues des Champs Elysees, where their terrible inscriptions were paraded before the gaze of nymphs and *noceurs* who were going out to the Bois, of quiet political or professional people who were taking their daily drives in the same direction, and of the hordes of mothers, nurses and children who usually congregate on fine afternoons in the same pleasant part of Paris. This was too much for the debtor, who summoned his tormentor before the *Parquet* on the ground of his trying to obtain money under false pretences. This dispute was too peculiar and unprecedented for the Magistrates, who postponed their verdict.

Munchausen Outdone.

In the forest of Esterel a man and woman were at work, recently, and not far off a babe—an infant six months old—was lying in its cradle, which had been moved to the front of their cottage in order that the little cherub might inhale the fresh air under the watchful gaze of its fond parents. Suddenly a noise was heard, and an enormous eagle, swooping down from the cerulean sky, seized the babe with beak and claws and began to soar once more toward the sun, when the distracted father, rushing madly into his hut, took up his gun. Without a moment's hesitation the man pointed his weapon at the cruel bird and fired. The eagle dropped earthward as dead as a door nail, and its slayer now achieved another feat that would have won him any amount of applause at Lord's. He held out his hands and caught the child as it fell, the little one escaping without so much as a scratch, and returning from its journey into mid-air as "bright as a button." So Tell of immortal renown has a rival. The only drawback is that a skeptic has hinted that if it were carefully examined the majestic bird might prove, after all, to be only a canard.—*London Telegraph.*

Pomposity with an Unimpeachable P.

New Boarder—"What a pompous-looking man that Mr. Darby is ; don't you think so ?" Old Boarder—"Pompous ! I guess you'd look pompous if you'd captured the strawberry out of the shortcake for three successive days the way he has !"—*Judge.*