Jan. 17 - 1889

Forget-Me-Not.

A mother's last good-by,
A dear friend's parting sigh,
A message from on high,
"Forget-me-not."

A love which God hath blest,
A maiden's heart confest,
A soldier's last request,
"Forget-me-not."

A patriot's love of fame,
A sweet, familiar strain,
A poet's last refrain—
"Forget-me-not."

A wish all hearts contain,
A voice from o'er the main,
A echo back again—
"Forget-me-not."

Never More.

Far away from the world her heart throbs are stealing,
Over field, over mountain, over river and rill;
She heeds not the charm of their silent appealing,
She's wrapped in her musings, and it's peace be still.

Where is her lover? and what path does he follow?
Does he ever look back to think of her pain?
Does he ever look back from mountain or hollow?
With a sigh that he never shall meet her again?

Let her dream of him now in the light wind that passes
Over lilac and myrtle, where lingers his shade;
Let her dream of him now in the turn of the grasses,
Where once in his wooing his steps may have strayed.

Ah, proud was the glance that unkindly estranged them,
And secret the torture both hearts had to bear;
Was either to blame that a light word had changed them,
And pride was the mask weeping love had to wear?

Love's chain may be severed and its bloom seem declining,
As steps full of sorrow proceed their own way;
But the links and the bloom will live on repining
Till the hearts of both lovers are wrapped in the clay.

HUGH FARRAR MCDERMOTT.

Bare-Legged Ushers for Mrs. Langtry.

In her forthcoming production of "Macbeth" in New York city, Mrs. Langtry positively refuses to be dictated to by criticism or tradition. One of the novel features about the plan will be introduced in the front of the house. Behind the scenes Mrs. Langtry's will is supreme, but in the auditorium Manager Joseph Reynolds' authority has such weight that the actress has gladly accepted his suggestion that the ushers be clothed in Highland costume. Kilts, plaids, bare legs and claymores are to take the place of the neat little military jackets that they usually wear. Not only the ushers on the main floor, but those in balcony and gallery as well are to don the Scotch undress. Even the man who takes tickets at the door is to wear it, and the colored porter who guards the Broadway entrance is to do the same. These two are inclined to protest against the novelty on account of their innate modesty. They don't like the idea of being stared at.

"I'll go on de roof 'n' shovel snow," said the colored man of all work. "I'll walk de tight-rope across de stage. I'll play eny part dey axes me from de star down tu de super. I'll do enything Misser Reynolds say 'cep'n' prance roun' de front door wid my legs all naked an' bar. 'Tain't right to su'ject er ginelman to undignerty like dat en dese civilizin' times."

He is entitled to sympathy.

"Aren't you afraid that the 'gallery gods' will pinch the legs of the upstair ushers?" Mr. Reynolds was asked.

"Well, we thought of that," he replied, "but have come to the conclusion that there's no danger. You see, Mrs. Langtry never draws a gallery. It is mostly the fashionable people who go to see her. No, we are not afraid of being guyed by the 'gods.'"

"Any other novelties?"

"I can tell you of one. All the tiresome part of the witch scene is to be cut out of the play."

Mr. Reynolds expects that Mrs. Langtry will furnish a pleasant surprise to the public.

The Night Before Christmas.

It seems that Troy lays claim to the honor of having first published to the world that remarkable poem, "The Night Before Christmas." "The first rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city," says a contemporary, "the Rev. David Butler, who resigned in 1834, had a daughter Harriet, who sometimes visited the family of Rev. Benjamin Moore, of New York, an eminent bishop of the Episcopal Church. On one of these visits she looked over the poems of his son, Clement C. Moore, who was a professor in the General Theological Seminary of his Church. She found the Christmas poem, which its author regarded as of no value, and carried it to Troy, where it was published in the Troy *Sentinel*, edited by Orville L. Holley. It was instantly copied by the press throughout the country, and has made the name of its author a household word in every home where the English language is read."—*Rochester Union.*

A Paradox.

"My son," said a mild parent, "it grieves me very much to see you keeping the company of worthless young spendthrifts. You should remember, my boy, that a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, father," replied the prodigal, "I know all about that. But don't the fools still seem to have the most money in this world?"—*New York Evening Sun.*

—Underdone cake in the course of time will batter down any man's stomach.

"Zeb, the hermit fisherman," who lives a lonely life near Stonington, Conn., has amassed a fortune $50,000 from an annual income of from $300 to $500, which he has made from his fishing boat during the past forty years. He started with a capital of $90, which he invested in a dory, and his annual expenses, food and all, have rarely been more than $25.

Over twenty seizures of illicit tobacco have been made by Inland Revenue officers recently in Prescott and Russell counties.

—Young girls of 10 say that if they marry at all they will marry the best man to be found; but when their wedding day comes the "best man" is not the bridegroom.

—"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?" "No. What for?" "For breaking into song." "Is that so?" "Yes. He got hrough two bars when some one hit him with a stave."

LADIES' COLUMN.

Household Suggestions.

Dark carpets do not need to be swept oftener than light ones, if you give them a good dusting say twice a week with a flannel cloth tied around an ordinary broom.

When one has been so unfortunate as to get machine-oil stains on white sewing saturate the piece of work in cold water immediately; soak for two hours, dry in the sun, then wash in the usual way.

If you are building, put the hooks in children's bed-room closets low enough to be easily reached by them. It is also a good idea to have a closet so arranged that sleds, rocking-horse and all large playthings can have a place.

Dust has such a sad way of insinuating itself wherever there is a place for it to lodge or work through that housekeepers are almost distracted to find brooms and dusters that will fit in every nook and crevice. A long-handled feather duster, a short-handled feather duster, a toy broom, a whisk broom, a flat bristle brush, a paint brush, and the ordinary cheese-cloth dusters seem to do all the dusting that is required if vigorously wielded.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Fur shoulder capes continue to be extremely popular for street wear. Embroidered and braided bands for cloth and woolen gowns grow in delicacy and elaboration of design.

The costliest wraps reach to the hem of the dress, and are lined throughout with fur or plush. White silk garters, clasped by a snowy daisy, or enamelled orange blossoms, are one of the details of bridal toilettes.

A boa of black fur, worn with a *decolette* toilette of black lace, forms a striking combination for an evening reception.

Some very rich black cloaks are made of black brocade in round peasant shape, with green plush fronts for their entire length, and green lining in the broad round hood.

Bonnets are chosen to match the cloak, instead of to match each gown. The low capote shapes, the toque and the round hat with projecting brim are the shapes that find most favor.

Sable on bonnets or round hats gives a touch of elegance, and sometimes forms the entire trimming. Fur and embroidery are almost as constantly seen now on bonnets as upon wraps.

In dull tones of red, emitting the fine odor of Russia leather, are walking and riding gloves imported from England. These can be made to order and will fit as the proverbial glove rarely does, delighting ever after by their durability and comfort.

The soft breast-feathers of turkeys, chickens, ducks, pheasants, with their delicate, well harmonized tones of brown, white, green and gray, are used in bands or as an entire covering for round turbans. Almost every shade of silk or velvet in the foundation combines with these soft colors.

Lace scarfs and boas in black and white are valuable accessories of the toilette. Black lace for street wear hides often some defect in a costume, softening the lines about the neck and falling in long, graceful ends nearly to the ground. After fashion has substituted some greater novelty these scarfs, if handsome in the first instance, become indispensable when going out of an evening without a bonnet.

Jet trimmings are more popular than ever.

India cashmere in white and light tints is a favorite cloth.

A pretty boa is made of soft green tinted flat ostrich feathers.

Fur panels on the skirts of street costumes appear to be growing more and more fashionable.

A tasty opera cloak is of white and gold brocade lined with pink plush and adorned with pink marabout bands.

Pale almond colored brocade or apricot brocade, made up in conjunction with golden brown, is a late French fancy.

The tendency is to dress the hair lower—in fact, the styles seem to require some hair on the neck, even when the chignon is high. The latest English and French fashion for younger women is to have the hair braided and arranged low on the neck in "twists" or loops, often tied with ribbons.

Hats, as we have already observed, have round flat brims, and are trimmed *en couronne* with tips of feathers.

Capotes of velvet or felt are larger than last winter; they have high borders and low crowns, and are much trimmed with feathers.

The chapeau is generally matched to the costume, the same material as the dress being employed for the capote or for the small toque, which is also much the fashion. If the material is a plain one, cloth or cashmere for instance, it is embroidered with beads or braided with small round silk cord of the same color. A bird and a bow of ribbon complete the trimming.

Two colors seem to divide popularity, dark green and navy blue, but the former predominates, and on dit that more of it has been converted into gowns and coats than any two other colors. Sometimes it is braided with black, or made up with black watered silk, trimmed with beaver or Astrakhan, or enlivened with a few touches in red. Some dressmakers call it directoire green, and say it is the same shade that was so fashionable during the early part of the century, while others call it watercress or laurel. Over black skirts, smart, light-fitting jackets of green cloth are worn, edged with a narrow binding of Astrakhan, with large revers of the same. Very large buttons fasten them.

The long Directoire coats, with the large square hip-pockets, cuffs and wide revers, are beginning to appear. They reach the edge of the skirt, all the fullness is clustered at the back, the front is open, and does not meet by at least a quarter of a yard, if not considerably more. This style is also fashionable for indoor wear. In fact, Directoire and Empire are the two styles of the season, and though people are hazy as to which is which, it is generally considered that the short-waisted look given by reason of broad folded waistbands, belongs to the latter. In most costumes, however, a connoisseur would probably see something of both styles, and few strictly correct.

The silks which have been selected for this winter season are of exceptional variety. Armure royal and morie have been blended in all colors, and large brocades in steel and black, green and black and other combinations bid fair to be universally worn. Russian velvet and corded silk is another novelty, and Pompadour chintz patterns on armure grounds and cream and gold. All these have been used for cloaks as well as evening dresses. One of the best Paris models of an opera cloak is a dead leaf brocade, trimmed with cock feathers; and many are made of the new Egyptian angola cloths with printed borders, white and grey, coral and white, beige and white, terra-cotta and white and other mixtures.

Deaf and Dumb Dancers.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League gave a ball in Lyric Hall last night. A party of about 200 young ladies and young men attended it, and they formed a very happy and joyful company, notwithstanding the fact that nearly every one of them was both deaf and dumb. There was excellent music, and the dancers kept remarkably good time to it, aided somewhat by the vibrations of the orchestra and by watching each other very closely. The young ladies were excellent dancers. There was never a quieter ball given in the city. The sound of the human voice was rarely heard, but the dancers kept up a lively conversation for all that. The Union League is a club of 14 boys and young men who are either pupils at or graduates from the Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes. At this school the articulate method is taught, but, notwithstanding this, one-half the proceeds of last night's ball will go to the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at Wappinger's Falls, N.Y., which is named after Dr. Gallaudet, who was the great advocate of the sign system, which is at war with the articulate system.—*New York Times.*

Saved from an Earthquake.

Inscription on a tombstone in a burying-ground on the island of Jamaica: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died the 22nd of September, 1739, aged 80 years. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled in this island, where, in the great earthquake in the year 1692, he was swallowed up, and by the great providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming till he was taken up by a boat and miraculously preserved. He aftewards lived in great reputation, and was universally lamented."

Oddities of a Day.

Many workmen in a York (Me.) bleachery spent Christmas with both hands in slings. A new lime used in dye a few days before had so softened the skin of their hands that the blood burst through.

A man in Malton, Nev., tipped a couple of barrels of whiskey into a natural spring which flowed on his premises and invited all the ranchmen for miles around to come and see it. The next day he sold the spring for $10,000 in gold dust and fled the country.

A Physical Impossibility.

Young Charlie Gunther (whose pa rich)—Jack, she just rejected me, and actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me!

Jack—Oh, she cawn't do that, deah boy. Her dwess is sleeveless, don'tcherknow?

His Choice.

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakspeare or Edison?"

Little Son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Yes. Why?"

"Cause he ain't dead."

Sucked Before.

Little darling—That was a white sugar-almond I gave oo, Mr. Squeams. Does oo like it?

Crusty old bachelor (who is trying hard to swallow the dainty in question)—Very much, indeed, thank you.

Little darling—It was pink—once.

The Wrong Proposition.

"Well, my boy, he asked cheerfully at the breakfast table the morning after Cholly had taken the important leap, "how did things go last evening? Did she smile on your proposal?"

"No," said Cholly, faintly, pushing away a breakfast roll. "She smiled at it."

A Modern Instance.

"Madame, are you a woman-suffragist?"

"No, sir; I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

A Hitherto Vacancy.

Miss Marigold—What's the matter, Mr. Pantley?

Mr. P.—I've got a very bad cold in my head.

Miss M.—I'm glad you've got something in it at last.

Regardless of Expense.

Nurse—We ought to have a piece of soft old linen to bind up Master Rupert's bruise.

Young mother (anxiously)—Ought we, Barker? (to under nurse) Jane, go right out and buy three yards of the finest old linen you can get.

It is denied that the Rev. Alexander Fownes Luttrel, who died recently at the age of 96 years, was the oldest Anglican clergyman in England. Archdeacon Philpot is 98 and the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards is 99 years of age.

It is a customary remark that wrinkles come from worrying, but a physician says most of them come from laughing.

—One of the most valuable lessons a man can learn is that the human family can get along very well without him.

—American experts claim that the addition of cotton seed oil to lard improves its quality for pastry cooks and is not an adulteration.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MICAJAH HENLEY, the man who invented roller skates, lives in Richmond, Ind. He was a poor wood-sawyer, and it took nearly his last dollar to pay for its patent, but the craze for skating that spread over the country made him rich.

DON'T swear at things up hill and down dale because your water pipe happens to be frozen, and hotly seek to thaw it out like that angry New York man who used gunpowder with more profusion than prudence. He is having a flat-on-his-back, oh-heavens-don't-it-hurt holiday season.

A WASHINGTON preacher is going on at a great rate about the Presidential inauguration ball which is to occur next March. He says that thousands of people in peacock costumes will hop around the hall. He is mistaken. Dancers haven't hopped for years and years. They all glide nowadays.

THE magnanimity of the male sex has again been shown. Two husbands in Galveston, Texas, discovered the other day that each had married the same girl. Instead of resorting to a court of law to decide the priority of claim, each one offered to resign in favor of the other. We are not told how the matter was settled.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, author of the now famous novel, "Robert Elsmere," was born June 11th, 1851, on the Island of Tasmania, about 120 miles southeast of Australia. She is the eldest daughter of Thomas Arnold, M.A., of the University of Oxford. Her first book was a story for children, entitled "Milly and Olly." In 1884 "Miss Bretherton" appeared, and the heroine of the book is said to be Mary Anderson, the beautiful actress.

IT is probable, to say the least, remarks the New York *Forum*, that fully 90 per cent. of the whole body of people spend nearly all that they can earn; of this 90 per cent. a portion may be setting aside a moderate part of the small earnings, become the owners of a house, or become depositors in a savings bank, or insure their lives in a moderate way. Of the remaining 10 per cent. a part save enough to protect themselves against want in their later years, and a very small part may become rich, and then need not work unless they choose.

Odd Items from Foreign Shores.

Bismarck is now said to be "thin and bony."

The flower trade of London is estimated to amount to £5,000 sterling a day.

The cleansing of the marble arch has been finished, and now, to the disgust of the old Londoners, it is as white as though it had been painted.

The character of annual awards of literary prizes by the French Academy may be inferred from the fact that the gold medal was given this year to "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, for a poem.

The cause of women's rights in France has progressed to the point of the introduction of a bill to grant to trades women paying licenses the right to vote at the elections of judges of the tribunal of commerce.

The Paris Prefect of Police has bought a wooden horse, harnessed, and all candidates for cabmen must show that they know how to harness and unharness him, and pass an examination on whatever other tests the Prefect may propose.

"Why Do I Suffer So

with headache and vertigo, doctor? I have a bad cough, too, and dull aches under the shoulder-blades; I'm losing weight, and am bilious all the time." The courteous physician answers: "If you inquire what is the cause of all this mischief, it is a torpid liver. That organ, you are aware, is the largest gland in the body, and its office is to carry off the waste of the system. When it fails to do its proper work, the refuse of the body is re-absorbed and goes circulating round and round in the blood, poisoning, not nourishing, the tissues. But why you continue to suffer in this way I am at a loss to understand, since Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would give prompt relief, and future immunity from such attacks."

Brother's Present.

Mother—"What are you working at so industriously, my dear?"

Daughter—"I am making a smoking-cap for a present to brother."

"Why, he does not smoke."

"I know he doesn't, but I don't know how to make any men's things except smoking-caps."

Cure Your Catarrh, or Get $500.

For many years the proprietors of Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible, financially, as any one can easily ascertain by proper inquiry, have offered, in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy, which is sold by druggists at only 50 cents, is mild, soothing, cleansing, antiseptic and healing.

Ontario Government Appointments.

John Johnstone Anderson Weir, solicitor Galt, has been appointed a notary public; Mr. James Smith, farmer, of Chippewa, has been appointed Sheriff of Welland; Mr. James H. Coyne, barrister, St. Thomas, Registrar of Elgin, and Dr. A. B. Mallory, Registrar of East Northumberland.

—The phonograph will be a failure in one respect. Many wives will not recognize their husband's voices. The familiar alcoholic breath will be missing.

—When a strand of feminine hair gets entangled in a masculine scarf pin it does not require a very heavy step in an adjoining room to make two hearts beat as twenty.

Mme. Hess, of Paris, has refused £5,000 for her hair, which is six feet long.

There is in Sydney, Australia, an ancient spinster of 105. She has smoked for fifty years.

Ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of Italy are declared to be the most beautiful in all Europe.

—The skating season has opened—and the obituary editor fills his inkstand.

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER.

She Kept a Diary Until She Suspected Her Father of a Mean Trick.

Mark Twain, if he is in a mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first met the lady who afterward became his wife he was not so distinguished as now; his origin was humble, and for some years of his life had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again with the same result, and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you said 'Yes;' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the Judge rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtlessly getting a glimpse at it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzy and me?"

"No, no indeed!" replied the magnate, sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad;" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Mark has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and, among other things, the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by and he thought "we" didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page was worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary." She was Mark's own child.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Never Heard of "Davy Crockett's Coon?"

That's queer! Well, it was like this: Col. Crockett was noted for his skill as a marksman. One day he levelled his gun at a racoon in a tree, when the animal, knowing the Colonel's prowess, cried out, "Hello, there! Are you Davy Crockett? If you are, I'll just come down, for I know I'm a gone coon." Just take a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and see how quickly your biliousness and indigestion will emulate the example of "Davy Crockett's coon," and "climb down." They are specifics for all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

A Samaritan.

"Young man," said the conductor, "tobacco chewing is not allowed in the ladies' car."

"I am not chewing tobacco," replied the young man, with some severity; "I am chewing gum."

"Well, for heaven's sake," said the conductor, pulling out from his pocket his box of Old Comfort, "here, take a chew of obacco.

—"How are you getting on in business?" asked a gentleman of a merchant. "I am having a hard time of it. Luck is against me." "How so?" "Didn't you hear how burglars broke open the shop and robbed my rival over the way. Just think of what a lot of free advertising he gets. It's telling on my business."

—The man with a big foot lasts longer than the man with a little foot.

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