Summer is Going.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD. Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew So freshly green when June was young are fall ing;
And an the whisper-haunted forest through

The restless birds in saddened tones are cal From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell, "Farewell, sweet summer, Fragrant, fruity summer, Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Glenning the latest sweets its bloom can send,
And, knowing that their harvest time is near,
Sing half a lullaby and half a knell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
bweet farewell!"

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and shady shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell,
"Farewell, sweet summer, Warm and dreamy summer, Sweet farewell!"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane,
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sign of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks in gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make With melancholy song their loss complaining; Among the sights and sounds of summer's war

ing; I, too, have loved the season passing well— So, "farewell summer, Fair but faded summer, Sweet farewell!"

The Long Ago or the River of Time. Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time, As it runs through the realm of tears, With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,

nd a broader sweep and a surge sublit As it blends with the ocean of years. How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow. And the summers like buds between; And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go On the river's breast, with its obb and flow,

As it glides in the shadow and sheen. There's a magical is'e up the River Time Where the soft airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as a vesper chime, And the times with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago: And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beau y and bosoms of snow
There are hears of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and treases of bair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings, And a part of an infant's prayer; There's a lute unswept and a harp without estings

There are vows and pieces of rings—
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent

roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for age be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful

And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile, May that "Greenwood' of soul be in sight! -By Benj. F. Taylor, formerly editor Chicago

Cloud Land.

bomewhere, the legends says, there lies a land Older than silent Egypt, whose dirr coast No human foot had trou, no eye has scanned; Where never mariner was tempest-tossed, Nor pilgrim fared along the lonely strand.

And where in brimming cisterns hyaline, Flashes the fountain of eternal youth,
Whereof who dri. ks shall know not any sign
Of fading cheeks or palsy-parched mouth,
Or age's long slow languor and decline.

Some say beyond the sunset's latest ray, Far down the ocean's azure brink it lies; And oft-times I bave seen at close of day Strange semblances reflected in the skies, In cloudy pageant soon dissolved away.

Domes, temples, palaces and misty gleams Of shapes were far behind thin, purple veils, Vistas of bills and plains and winding streams, Doek forest solitudes and pasteral dales; Sweet haunts of quietness and pleasant dream

Surely the old belief was not in vain!

There must be ultimate, divine repose, And love that dieth not and end of pain; But none have found beyond the twilight The hidden highway to that dim domain.

Yet the relentless turmoil and unrest, The inborn feverous craving and the strife,
The winged spirit, prisoned and oppressed,
Urge us still forward toward the ideal life, Onward forever in untiring quest.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

" A Kiss First."

"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?" Mother wonders, but cannot tell. Out by the well-curb Bessie stands; The pitcher grasped by her chubby hand Is empty still, while many a trace Of anger vexes the childish face. "If I worden't tases "If I were a boy, I wouldn't tease. Leave me alone now, Bobby, please.

Upon the well-curb Bobby sits, C pon the well-curb Bobby sits,
A roguish smile o'er his brown face flits.
"I sin't your kind of a boy, you see;
Give me the kiss and I'll let you be.
You're welcome to drain the old well dry,
But a kiss first, Bessie, so eny I."
And Bobby is master of well and rope,
So how can Bessie for victory hope?

Slowly homeward little Bess goes. Her soft cheek blushing like any rose; And nob (the little vexed heart beats fast)— But the pitcher is full to its brim at last. There's a mose grown well near by, and to-day I heared a gray haired woman say,
"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Ah | I know, but I wouldn't tell.

For what if two by the well-curb stand.

Bobby and Hessie hand in hand!
What if a pitcher forgotten lies
At the feet of both! and if two blue eyes
See only the glance of another pair,
And if there are saucy lips that dare
To ask for a kiss! What harm, pray tell,
If Bessie should linger at the well?

PAULINE

Yet, I suspect none would have taken us for a newly married couple. At any rate there were no nudgings and sly glances among our fellow passengers. The cere-mony had been so burried on that no attempt had been made to invest Pauline with the usual bridal accessories. Her dress, although becoming and fashionable, was the one in which I had seen her several times. Neither of us had any brand new belongings to stamp us as being bound for a honeymoon; so the only notice we attracted was the notice which was due to my wife's

great and uncommon beauty.

The carriage was nearly full when we started from London, and as the strangeness of our new relations prevented our conversing in an ordinary way, by mutual consent we were all but silent; a few soft words in Italian were all I could trust

myself to speak until we were alone. At the first important station, the first place at which the train stopped for any time worth mentioning, I exercised a little diplomatic bribery, and, changing our carriage, we were installed in a compartment the windows of which bore the magic word Pauline and I were alone. I

took her hand in mine. "My wife!" I said passionately, "mine,

only mine forever !' Her hand lay listless and unresisting in my own. I pressed my lips to her cheek She shrank not from my kiss, neither did be return it—she simply suffered it. "Pauline!" I whispered, "say once Gilbert, my husband."

She repeated the words like a child learning a new lesson. My heart sank as her emotionless accents fell on my ears. I had

a hard task before me!

I could not blame her. Why should she love me yet? Me, whose Christian name, [think, she heard yesterday for the first time. Better, far better, indifference than simulated love. She had become my wife simply because her uncle wished could at least comfort myself by thinking the marriage had not been forced upon her; also that, so far as I could see, she entertained no dislike to me. I did not for

one moment despair. I must now woo her humbly and reverently, as every man should woo his love. Certainly, as her husband. I did not stand in a worse position than when I was her fellow-lodger and old Teresa was following my every move-

ment with her black, suspicious eyes.

I would win her, but until I could claim the rights which love would give, I resolved to take none of those with which the law had invested me. None save this, and this

"Pauline," I said, "will you kiss me? Only once I ask it. It will make me hap pier; but if you would rather wait until ve are better acquainted, I shall not com-She leaned forward and kissed my fore-

head. Her young lips were red and warm, but they chilled me—in that kiss there was not a suspicion of the passion which was

I drew my hand from hers, and, still ascertain what manner of woman I had hours without speaking. Her whole exist-married—to get at her likes and dislikes—ence was a negative one. to study her disposition—to determine her tastes—learn her wishes—read her thoughts, and eventually to make her regard me as one who would spend his life

in rendering her happy.

When was it the idea first struck melack of animation—that shyness alone could not be entirely responsible for the questions? I made every excuse for her. was tired; she was upset; she could be taken to-day—more rash for her than for me—as I, at least, knew that I loved her. At last I, too, sauk into silence, and miles and hours went by, whilst the bride and bridegroom as to side. by side without exchanging a word, much less a caress. It was a strange situation—

a strange journey! And on and on the train rushed northward—on and on until the dusk began to creep over the flying country; and I sat and looked at the listless but beautiful girl at my side, and wondered what our future life would be; but I did not despair, although the rattle of the train as it whired along seemed to resolve itself into a dreamy rhythm, and reiterated without ceasing old

Darker and darker it grew outside, and as the carriage light fell on the pure white face of the girl beside measure.

Darker and darker it grew outside, and glib Italian doctor.

Him, I felt, it was peccess. its never changing expression; its beautiful but never varying pallor, a strange fear came over me—a fear lest she was wrapped in an armour of ice which no love would ever thaw. Then tired, weary and almost dispirited I sank into a kind of sleep. The last thing I could remember before my eyes closed was that, in spite of my resolu tion, I took that white, well-shaped, unre sisting hand in my own, and slept still

holding it.
Sleep! Yes, it was sleep, if sleep means anything but rest and peace. Never, since the night I heard it, had that woman's stifled moaning come back to me so clearly; never had my dreams so nearly approached the reality of the terror which the blind the reality of the terror which the blind man had felt years ago. Right thankful I was when the haunting ory rose shriller and shriller, and, at last, culminated by resolving itself into the shricking whistle, which told me we were near to Edinburgh. I loosed my wife's hand and recalled my senses. That dream must have been a vivid one, for it left me with the beads of perspiration

clammy on my brow. Never having been to Edinburgh, and days. During the journey I had suggested this to my wife. She had agreed to it as though place or time was a matter of little | begin. moment to her. Nothing, it seemed to me,

swoke her interest! We drove to the hotel and supped together. From our mannor we might, at sweet refined the most, have been friends. Our intercourse, for the time, being confined to the usual civilities shown by a gentleman toward a lady in whose society he is thrown. Pauline thanked me for any little attention to her comfort, and that was all. The been a long and trying one-

she looked wearied out. "You are tired, Pauline," I said, "would you like to go to your room?"
"I am very tired." She spoke almost

plaintively.
"Good-night, then," I said; "to-morrow you will feel better, and we will look at the lions of the place.'

She rose, we shook hands and said goodrecalled the events of the day. Husband and wife! The bitter mockery

of the words! For in everything except the legal bond Panline and I were as far apart as we were on that day when first I saw her at Turin. Yet this morning we had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did us part. Why had I been rash enough to take Ceneri at his word? Why not have waited until I had ascertained that the girl could love me, or at leas ascertained that she had the power of loving at all? The apathy and utter indif-ference she displayed fell like a chill upon my heart. I had done a foolish thingthing that could never be undone. I must bear the consequences. Still I would hope hope, particularly, for what to-morrow

might bring forth. I walked about for a long time, thinking over my strange position. Then I returned to the hotel and sought my own apartment. It was one of the suite of rooms I had

fears until the morning came, and, tired with the day's events, at last slept. My bride and I did not visit the lakes as I had planned. In two days' time I had learned the whole truth-learned all I could know—all that I might ever know about Pauline. The meaning of the old woman's repeated phrase, "She is not for love or marriage," was manifested to me. The reason why Dr. Ceneri had stipulated was manifested to me. that Pauline's husband should be content to take her without inquiring into her early life was clear. Pauline-my wife-

my love, had no past!
Or no knowledge of the past. Slowly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for that puzzled, strange look in those beautiful eyes-knew the reason for the indifference, the apathy, she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was fair as the morn; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue; her voice low and sweet; but the one thing which ani-mates every charm—the mind—was miss-

How shall I describe her? Madness means something quite different from her state. Imbecility would still less convey my meaning. There is no word I can find which is fitting to use. There was simply something missing from her intellect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent Memory, except for comparatively events, she seemed to have none. The power of reasoning, weighing and drawing Pauline. You will stay here until I return. Every one will be kind to you. Priscilla events, she seemed to have power of reasoning, weighing and drawing deductions seemed beyond her grasp. She appeared unable to recognize the importance or bearing of occurrences taking place around her. Sorrow and delight were emotions she was incapable of feeling.

"Yes, Gilbert," she said softly. I had taught her to call me Gilbert.

Then, after some last instructions to Priscilla, I started on my journey. As my can drove from the door I glanned up at neither persons nor places. She lived as by the window of the room in which I had left instinct—rose, ate, drank and lay down to Pauline. She was standing there looking

or else the shy, troubled eyes sought for a moment the questioner's face, and left them as mystified as I had been when first

I noticed that curious inquiring look. Yet she was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away no worse impression than that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were as those of a perfectly same woman; but as a rule her voice was only heard when the ordinary necessities of life demanded, or in reply to some simple question. Perhaps, I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child—but, alas! it was a child's mind in a woman's body-and that woman

Life to her, so far as I could see, held neither mental pleasure nor pain. Considered physically, I found that she was more influenced by heat and cold than by nake myself agreeable to the woman I her out of doors, or the cold wind would loved. If I felt distressed and somewhat drive her in. She was by no means disappointed, I concealed it and strove to unhappy. She seemed quite content to sit talk pleasantly and naturally—tried to by my side, or to walk or drive with me for

ence was a negative one.

And she was sweet and docile. She followed every suggestion of mine, fell in with every plan, was ready to go here, there, or e verywhere, as I wished; but her compli-ance and obedience were as those of a slave to a new master. It seemed to me that all the horrible idea that even the peculiarity and novelty of situation could not altogether account for Pauline's apathy and had so misled me—had almost made me think that Pauline loved me, or she would not have consented to that hasty marriage difficulty I experienced in making her talk Now, I knew that her ready obedience to to me, even in inducing her to answer my her uncle's command was really due to the her uncle's command was really due to the inability of her mind to offer resistance, and its powerlessness to comprehend the think of nothing else save the rash and sudden step taken to day—more rash for her than for me—as I, at least, knew in her beauty and grace of person; strong man craving for love, might win from her, perchance, at last, what might be compared to the affection of a child to its

parent, or a dog to his master. As the truth, the whole truth, came home to me, I am not ashamed to say that I lay down and wept in bitter grief. I loved her even now I knew all! I would not even have undone the marriage. was my wife—the only woman I had ever cared for. I would fulfil my vow—would love her and cherish her. Her life, at least, should be as happy as my care

at once. From him I would wring all par-ticulars. I would learn if Pauline had always been the same—if there was any hope that time and patient treatment would work an improvement. I would learn, moreover, the object of his concealment. I would. I swore, drag the truth from him, or to face with Ceneri I should find no peace l told Pauline it was necessary we should

return to London immediately. She betrayed no surpuse, raised no objection. She made her preparations at once, and was ready to accompany me when I willed it. This was another thing about her which puzzled me. So far as things mechanical went, she was as other people. In her toilet, even in her preparations for a jour-ney, she needed no assistance. All her actions were those of a perfectly sans person; it was only when the mind was called upon to show itself that the deficiency became at all apparent.

It was a gray morning when we reached Euston Station. We had travelled all night. I smiled bitterly as I stepped on to the platform; smiled at the contrast between my thoughts of to-day and the wishing to see something of the city, I had of a few mornings ago when I handed the proposed staying there for two or three wife I had so strangely won into the train, wife I had so strangely won into the train, and told myself, as I followed her, that a life of perfect happiness was now about to

And yet how fair the girl looked as she stood by my side on that wide platform! How strangely that air of repose, that sweet refined calm face, that general appearance of indifference, contrasted with he busy scene around us as the train dis gorged its contents. Oh, that I could sween clouds from her mind and make her

what I wished! I had found some difficulty in settling what course to pursue. I decided, after ventilating various schemes, that I would take Pauline to my own rooms in Walpole street. I knew the people of the house well, and felt certain she would be taken care of during my absence; for after a few hours' repose, it was my intention to start in search of Ceneri. I had written from Edinburgh to Walpole street, telling the good people there to be ready for me, and night. Pauline retired to her apartment whom to expect; moreover, I had again whilst I went out for a ramble through the appealed to my faithful old servant, Priscilia, and begged her to be at the house awaiting my arrival. For my sake, I knew she would show every kindness to my poor

irl. So to Walpole street we went.

All was in readiness for us. Priscilla received us with eyes full of curious wonder. I saw that her sympathies were a once enlisted by Pauline's appearance After a cup of tea and something to eat, 1 begged Priscilla to lead my wife to her room, that she might take the rest she

needed. Pauline, in her childlike, docile way, rose and followed the old woman. When you have seen to Mrs. Vaughan's comforts come back to me," I said, "I

want to speak to you." Priscilla, no doubt, was only too eager to return to me. I felt she was brimming over with questions about my unexpected marriage; but I checked her volubility. My face must have told her that I had nothing pleasant to communicate. She sat down, and, as I desired her to do

It was one of the suite of rooms I had engaged, and next to my wife's. I dismissed, as well as I could, all hopes and the morning came, and, tired and would keep my affairs secret. So I listened without comment to my tale. well as I could Pauline's peculiar mental state. I suggested all that my short experience brought to my mind, and I prayed Priscilla, by the love she bore me, to guard and be kind in my absence to the wife I The promise being given I threw myself upon the sofa and slept for several

hours.

In the afternoon I saw Pauline again. I to Ceneri. She shook her head.

Try and think, my dear," I said. She pressed her delicate finger tipe against her brow. I had always that trying to think always troubled her

greatly.
"Teresa knew," I said to assist her. "Yes, ask her.' "But she has left us, Pauline. Can you

tell us where she is?"
Once more she shook her bead hopelessly He told me he lived in Geneva," I said. Do you know the street?" She turned her puzzled eyes to mine. I

sighed, as I knew my questions were use less.
Still, find him I must. I would go to Geneva. If the man was a doctor, as he represented himself, he must be known there. If I could not find any trace of him at Geneva I would try Turin. I took my

the window of the room in which I had left such questions or remarks as came within the limited range of her capacity she looking sad, like the eyes of one taking

replied to—those outside it passed unheeded, | leave of a dear friend. It may have been only fancy, but as I never before even fancied the expression there, that look in Pauline's eves was some comfort to carry away with me.

And now for Geneva and il dottore Ceneri!

(To be continued.) PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL.

Departure of the C. P. R. Exhibit Car for the East. The new C. P. R. exhibit car, recently completed, and of which mention has already been made in these columns, left for the east Friday evening. The car will proceed to Detroit, and before it reaches there everything will be in apple-pie order. The sides of the car were decorated with no less than forty-three varieties of native grasses, which were neatly arranged in small sheaves, bound with blue ribbon, and tacked to the woodwork. Below there was a shelf running around the car, which was stocked with samples of wheat, oats, bar ley and other grains, and vegetables of splendid quality, some of them being of phenomenal size. A gigantic squash, about three feet long, and correspondingly corpulent, reposed "proud in its conscious night" in front of one of the windows, and will, no doubt, prove an astonisher to many people in the east. Close to it are some leviathan potatoes, one of which in general contour puts the observer in mind of a very young child. The exhibit in this line, as well as in that of grain, is simply magnifi-cent. An array of massive turnips and Titanic cabbages command the attention of the beholder, and are emblematic of the vastness of the land which produced them. Several roots of celery also tempted the eye, while any quantity of beets, onions and other vegetables reposed in passive majesty in rich profusion. Nearly all these products came from the various experimental farms established by the C P. R, and are incontrovertible witnesses of the fertility of the soil of the Northwest. Besides the above there are also samples of clover. flax, mangolds, carrots, pumpkins, citrons, peas, radishes, cauliflowers, corn, kohlrabi wild peas, vetches, oucumbers, grapes mineral specimens from the Alberta mine Bow River Pass Tunnel Mountain and other districts, coal, C.P.R. samples of soil of ten different farms, poplar wood, willow, june berry, maple, cottonwood, birch, elm, bass-wood, cherry, spruce, black ash, thorn, plum, tamarac, black poplar oak. An excellent collection Calgary is a pominent feature and speaks well for that region. A number of photographic views of mountain and prairie, tastefully framed, also helped to embellish the car very much. The car is in charge of Mr. W. A. Ducker, Superintendent of the C.P.R. Experimental Farms, and Mr. W. D. Scott, of the Land Department. After leaving Detroit, it will visit most of the important points in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and

Personal Paragraphs.

Winnipeg Free Press.

may possibly take a run through the

of literature descriptive of the Northwest

and also about 50,000 small paper bags, in which samples of grain will be placed and

distributed where they will do most good.

Agassiz is still in very poor health. Charles Stewart Parnell has received one time and another the sum of \$200,000 acknowledgment of his services in behalf of Ireland.

Archbishop Lightfoot, of Wellingborough, ng., will not allow an organist to officiate in his church because he has previously played for a Congregational body.

Princess Wilhelmina, whose right to the throne of Holland has just been amicably settled, is a little toddler of 4 years of age in the royal nursery at The Hague.

The youngest daughter of President Tyler is to be married in Richmond this month to Mr. Ellis, a member of the Virginia Legislature.

Lord-Mayor-elect Nottgate, of London is 55, President of a photographic company, has been an Alderman and Sheriff, is goodlooking and Liberal in politics. The magnificent bequest of \$50,000 for a

gymnasium at Phillips Exeter Academy by the late Dr. Francis P. Hurd, of Boston, makes the benefiting boys believe that it is better to be heard than seen, sometimes. Marietta Stowe, Belva Lockwood's com

panion in political tribulation, has been in politics before. She was one nominated for Governor of California, and also for School Director in San Francisco. After Dr. Newsholme on tea, Dr. Alfred

Taylor now declares that every wife should give her husband good coffee, and he alleges that "bad coffee makes bad men." Bad coffee certainly furnishes grounds for a great deal of bad language.

The Modern Shakapeare.

"Henrico! what means this daily phras ing 'bout a 'self-made man?' Me com-prehension fails at such demand and waits for lustier mind t' anlock the mystery.

" Thou'rt moored in sober harbor, girl, a proved by sweet concessions of thy speech. The lustier mind doth open to thy knock and yields thee gen'rous harvest to thy 'Oh. thanks, Sir Modesty! Thou'rt yet

to lay the corner-stone of thy conceit."
"And by that token, lady, I may prove a
master builder to thy mind's desire." "And make thyself a self-made man

"Nay, an' thou love'st me, charge me not with that, for he that boasts a self-created self is worse than peacook strutting i' the sun. "How worse, good Solomon? Thy satire

blooms, but with it comes no reasons for its "Because, thou pecking pullet, thou dost curb me speech ere it doth haif way uncoil the limit of its run. Is peacock worse than he who struts him i' the eye of day and slights the Lord that launched him i' the world? That makes no note of nature's gifts whereby he's won what e're success

he holds and weighs each favoring circumstance as part and product of his own design, unaided by the forces borne to 'Ah! these are they that hold not to the fate that there's a Providence which shapes

our ends?" "The same. Andromedal That foist them i' the public eye as better finished than their fellowmen because of this same independence of the greater Architect.'

Yonkers Gazette. Mr. GLADSTONE generally dresses plainly but, like the alos, blooms once in the hundred years or so. When that event occurs the splendor of his blossoming calls for detailed record. On his first drive into Edinburgh from Dalmeny—the morning was bright and sunny—he flashed upon the town like a ray of light, and sat among his sombre companions like a bird of paradise in an aviary of jackdaws, clothed, like Tennyson's party in the pool, "in white samite," or what might have been a coat of that material; his waistcoat was also white, his trousers a lovely lavender, his tie the bue of the pale primrose, while in his buttonhole he sported a rose larger than a cauliflower, but less in size than a drum. head cabbage. Add to this a hat of veritable white, not the dubious drab which is the common wear, but as white as white wash, and you have the figure which showed in the Scotch capital as the sun in Turner' sea pieces shows from surrounding clouds.

A prominent citizen of Whitfield county, Georgia, has had his grave dug and comented and inclosed with an iron railing. Although in the evening of life the gentleisstill hale and hearty, and likely to prolong his existence for years to come.

FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Burnett and Her Ornamen tal Children.

WHAT TO TEACH THE GIRLS.

Fresh Fashion Notes and Cooking

Recipes. Sunshine After Shadows.

Our fairest flowers wither first, And faded leaves are left us; Our hearts are full of bitter thirst For sweets that are bereft us. But softest hearts ere long will heal And sorrow lose its stinging; While once again with joy we'll feel The charm around us clinging.

O, heart ! wherein us pain-fires burn, O, neart i wherein us pain-ines burn, Should darkness gather o'er thee, Think not that light will ne'er return, For hope can sour restore thee. Be brave and true thro' dark and day, And let no cluid oppress thee; The darkest night will pass away.

A woman juror of Wyoming was asked by another to write in her album. She

"They talk about a woman's sphere. "They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had no limit,
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Mrs. Burnett's Roys.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the well known authoress, is an exo ption to the ordi-nary rule, and her oraze for the picturesque extends not only to her inanimate surroundings, but to her two boys. A lady who has recently paid Mrs. Burnett a long visit is the authority for the statement that they are very handsome boys. Their proud mother is quite aware of their beauty by keeping them dressed in the most becom ing fashion. She taught them to pose in ar artistic manner. If the bell rings and a visitor is announced, Mrs. Burnett turns to her sons and says: "Take your posi-tion." Immediately the well-trained

boys fall into the poses best suited to their dress and beauty. The older one will lean his elbow on the corner of the mantelpiece and rest his head upon his shapely hand, while the younger will stretch him in a graceful attitude on the heavy fur rug in front of the fire. The visitor enters and cannot fail to be struck by the pictures que beauty of the scene and goes away, he mind full of admiration for her friend's children, and feels almost ashamed of the general roughness of her own boys at home whom she is much more likely to find gliding down the banisters, sitting on the fence or playing ball than in poses which would gladden an artist's heart. Of course the attitudes given above are only those for winter use. For summer an entirely different set prevail, but they are all quite as effective, and, indeed, they are the pride of Mrs. Burnett's heart. the result of this novel mode of education will be is a question which agitates many of the writer's friends, but they will soon have the opportunity of seeing, for a boy who can lean an elbow on the mantelpiece

cannot be so very small. New Designs in House Decoration. Some of the old mansions about Wash ington square, New York city, have been refitted with fine modern work. One of the best examples of good taste in carrying out a simple scheme of color has walls of dull green gold, painted with old arrange ments of the apple and almond—whole trees with their twisted trunks and masses of blossoms. The furniture is tawny plush, like lion's skin, a few kakemonos hang on the wall, as there can be no pic tures, and some fine rugs cover the floor.
It is a study in green gold. Near Boston,
an old dining-room, with wainscoted sides
and high mantel, has been painted Pompeiian red; the walls a delica ish blue; a freize of apple-blossoms around the room, from which a large branch breaks down over the mantel with a flight of swallows. Another, where a harmony of blue-light, olive and orange, concentrates in a blaze of scarlet trumpet creepers painted over the old-fashioned black fire-place—the furniture mahogany and polished brass. In a design or a library the shelves are Georgia pine-

a freize of pine-boughs and swallows; the large windows of stained glass, heavily our tained with peacook plush, embroidered with masses of dog-wood blossoms-the floor of polished wood and dark Bokhara

rugs.—Country-Side Art Notes. What to Teach Girls. Give your daughters a thorough educa-tion, said Mgr. Capel in a recent sermon Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on but tons, to make their own dresses. Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account. Teach them that he only lays up money whose expenses are less than his income, and tha all grow poor who have to spend more than they receive. Teach them that a calloc dress paid for fits better than a silken one unpaid for. Teach them that a full healthy face displays more lustre than fifty consumptive beauties. Teach them to purchase and see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-trust, self-help and industry. Teach them that an honest mechanic in his working dress is a bette object to esteem than a dozen haughty well-dressed idlers. Teach them gardening and the pleasures of nature. Teach them if you can afford it, music, painting, eto but consider them as secondary objects only. Teach them that a walk is more salutary than a ride in a carriage. Teach them to reject with disdain all appearance and to use only "Yes" or "No

Lace Toilets.

earnest.

Lace plays a very important part in the dressing of the day, and a very handsome walking and visiting dress is made of black silk and lace. On the lower part of the round skirt is a narrow silk fluting. Above this is a lace flounce. Down the front is breadth of lace which forms two full puff ings. Narrow flounces trim the back of the skirt to half its depth. On the lower part of the right side of the skirt is a large striped velvet and satin bow. On the left side is a breadth of this same velvet and satin goods, which forms a kind of quille trimming, consisting of double round plaits reaching from the hips to the is full around the waist, and falls in a long pointed apron. It is surrounded by a lace ruffle. The lace waist is lined with silk. It is pointed back and front, and has a lace jabot. The lengthwise plaited sleeve is all of lace and has no lining. Another lace toilet is combined with cardinal external. bined with cardinal ottoman. The skirt is of cardinal satin, covered with lace flounces. In front is a large display of ottoman, fastened down on either side under a long plait which reaches to the lower part of the skirt. The ottoman waist opens over a tight-fitting vest covered by a lace drapery. This drapery is taken down to form a small panier on the left side. The waist is out over the shoulders and filled in with lace intertion to form bretelles. The straight collar is of ottoman, with a piece of narrow black ace around the throat; the sleeves, which terminate at the elbow, have the inside of ottoman and the outside of insertion; they are finished with deep lace ruffles.

Fresh Pashion Notes. Close-fitting jackets are made either double or single breasted. All of the dark shades of velveteen are

fashionable for street wear.

It is fashionable once more to trim

basques around the edge. Upon some very stylish-looking gipsy hats of darkest green velvet are coronets of orange colored nasturtiums, mingled with sprays of pale-green maiden hair fern. Many draperies of autumn costumes are joined to the front of the overskirt with a

band of ribbon, others with a fan-plaiting, and others still crossed like a braid. The fashion of cutting demi-toilet dress equare or V shape in the neck seems to be more than ever the vogue, and now comes the rumor that the bonnet strings are to be

Silk Jerseys are plain or have silver and gold galloon trimmings. They are in light shades, generally of the color of the skirt with which they are worn. They are also

to be seen in contrasting hues.

While costumes of mixed materials are as much in vogue as ever, some of our good conturieres are attempting to introduce torlets entirely made of one fabric and one color; this simplicity is grateful to the eyes in the midst of so many varied tints.

As a compromise between the plain bodice and the draped tunic, a sort of lacket is made with plaited barques, which form a kind of panier and tournure; this may be either of the same material as the skirt or of another—sometimes the drap-

eries only are of a different material. Whatever fashion may decree, a medium size waist, pretty shoulders, with the arm-hole placed high enough to show the bust to advantage, but not gathered up into a balloon at the shoulders, will always be and look the perfection of a figure. The fashion of the epatalet of ribbon or passe-menterie is also very pretty; it is added to many dresses, on one side only of course. Embroidery patterns, worked either over the material itself or over bands to

match, and represent Japanese devices such as large birds perched upon one leg odd trees of the most primitive design, and no less strange-looking quadrureds, the whole outlined with narrow braid edged with gold thread. This style of embroidery is worked in all colors and produces a most unique effect, not without elegance, on dresses of plain glace or brocaded mohair.

In mantles we have to note the pelerine mantlet, which is in shape a deep round caps with long narrow lapels in front. It is made of faille, Ottoman or brocaded silk, and also of the ribbed velvet, and trimmed with deep fringe and lace, beaded or not beaded, sometimes with both. The shoulders are marked by a seam, and the more elegant models are trimmed with passementerie patterns placed on each side close to the shoulders. The lanels are not edged, but covered with lace and often finished with jet tassels. In some cases they are exchanged for a deep fall of lace, which is draped a little and fastened upon the left hip by a jet brooch. The neck is finished with a narrow standing up collar of silk or velvet.

A handsome winter outdoor costume made of nut-brown fine cloth, or woollen fabric, or velveteen, trimmed with fawn-drab silk, embroidered with brown silk, and fawn-drab fur for the paletot. The skirt trimmed with a band of the fawn-drab silk embroidery. The tunic arranged at the side in fan plaits, and bor-dered with the silk embroidery, lined with pale blue silk, which shows through the centre of the brown sprig; the black drapery formed in puff-loops of the nutbrown fabric, lined with the pale blue silk, so that it shows the edge of it. Victoria paletot of the brown, fitting to the figure, and bordered with fawn-drab fur, with a narrower width for the cuffs to the coat sleeves. The paletot festooned down the front with light blue buttons, and a round collar of fur. Bonnet of brown velvet and blue silk, garnished with a blue feather across the front, and aigrette strings of blue and brown tied under the right ear Gloves to match the garniture of the dress

Cooking Recipes. Beef Soup.—Four pounds of shin of beef four quarts of water, six onions, four oar rots, two turnips, all chopped fine; pepper and salt. Put the meat to boil and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and

cook one hour longer. Beef Tea.-Cut one pound of beef into slices, put into a glass jar and set in boiling water twelve hours. Add boiling water till of the required strength and season

with peper and salt. Chicken Broth.—Cut chicken into quarters, lay it in salt and water an hour; soun kettle with an onion and four quarts of water. Bring very slowly to gentle boil and keep this up until the liquid has diminished one-third and the meat shrinks from the bones. Take out the chicken salt it and set aside with a cupful of broth in a bowl (covered) until next day. Season rest of broth and put back over the fire. Boil up and skim, add nearly a cupful of rice, previously soaked in a bow of water. Cook slowly until the rice is tender. Stir a cupful of het milk into two beaten eggs, then into broth. Let all come barely to a boil. When you have added a

handful of finely minced paraley pour out into tureens and serve.

Preserved Apples.—Pare and core twelve large apples; cut each into eighths; make a syrup of one pound of sugar and one-half a pint of water, and boil; put in as much apple as can be cooked without breaking remove them carefully when tender; after all are done, add to the liquid one cup of sugar and boil ten minutes slowly; flavor with lemon, and pour over the apples, or grate nutmeg on them instead. Rice Pudding.—One teacup of rice, one

teacup of sugar, one quart milk, one tea-spoonful cinnamon; bake slowly one and one-balf hours.

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