

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY ALICE GARY.

The years have turned over and over, soft April and dew-dripping May, since all where a bank of red clover, that ground and half-ay stretched away, a little maid sat at her walking, and singing a love-laying lay.

Up out of the daisy-draped edge, that bordered the green walking lane, up out of the top of the edge, to look in the list of her strain, the brown little heads of the wild birds were lifted again and a strain.

A fair child it was to behold her, no shadow of care on her brow, the girl's arm bare to the shoulder, that leaned on the bank of the clover, Oh, my love, my beautiful Maytime! say, how long then came to her now?

Draw back from the window the curtain, look in on the bed where she lies, the shadows are cold and uncertain, the sun goes out of her smile, the girl's arm bare to the shoulder, comes up to look out of her eye.

She turns the years over and over, clear back to the Maytime moon, clear back to that cloud of red clover, that ground and half-ay stretched away, and she cries from the depth of her anguish, "My Lord and my God! is it I?"

HELEN VINTON'S PRIDE.

When Helen Vinton was twenty-one, the great mills where her father had made the bulk of his fortune became her absolute property.

A heavy charge for a girl, and many of her friends questioned the wisdom of the will. But it had been understood that before that time she would be the wife of her cousin Victor, to whom she had been betrothed almost from her cradle.

And besides this, between her and all care regarding the mills stood her foreman, Stephen Walker, the strong, calm man whom the men both loved and feared, and whose father had been foreman there before him.

And though the marriage had been delayed from time to time, and Victor had spent most of the two years since she reached her majority wandering over Europe, she had never known the responsibility of her position until this autumn day, when she sat amid the rich surroundings of her library, herself the fairest object there, bending wearily over the long columns of figures that represented to her the state of her business.

There was a quick step in the hall, and Stephen Walker entered—a tall, rugged man, with kindly brown eyes, and a smile that redeemed the plainness of his features, and with strength and determination in every line of his face.

"You are examining the accounts, Miss Vinton. I trust you find no difficulty in understanding them?"

"Oh, I dare say they are plain enough," she replied, with a forced laugh, "but I was always stupid about figures. This is a heavy burden you have thrown on my shoulders, Mr. Walker—how heavy I scarcely realized until I attempted to go over these dreadful books."

Stephen Walker grew very pale, and his voice sounded harsh and strained as he said: "I hope there will be no trouble, Miss Vinton. I suppose Victor will be home in the spring, and I think Brown will be quite capable of taking charge of them until then."

"I dare say we will do very well, and I cannot blame you for wishing to go. I know you have talents that are quite thrown away here. But Stephen—with a little break in the sweet, proud voice, and extending her little hands to him—"I will miss you sadly."

He took her hands in his, and bent over them, with a great sob in his voice. "Oh, Helen—don't you know? Can't you understand? It is not because I want to better myself that I must go, but because to stay here, seeing you every day, and knowing, as I do, that you can never be mine, is madness—for, oh, Nell, my queen, I love you!"

"Grop!" she said, passionately, her face white, and a steely gleam in her eyes that would have daunted a weaker man. "No; you must hear me. I never meant to tell you this, but now you must know why I desert the charge your father left me. I remember the first day I saw you, when your father brought you down to the dusty old mills—a tiny, golden-haired fairy, who seemed of finer clay than I, a rough boy—and left you for a whole bright day in my care. Helen, from that day I have worshipped you, madly, hopelessly, and know, but as man never loved before, and now to stay here and see you Victor's wife, is worse than death!"

"Have you quite finished?" she said, coldly, as he paused. "Then go. It is well you have chosen to leave here at once. And never dare to come in my presence again!"

He turned, without another word, and went wearily out into the autumn evening, where the wet wind, sobbing through the leafless branches of the trees, seemed a dreary echo to his thoughts.

cepted an offer to superintend the erection of some mills in South America and was going far away. And then the restraint she had put upon herself suddenly gave way, and she fell down unconscious at Victor's feet, who, in all his alarm and anxiety, did not dream of the true cause.

A few days after this she was engaged in some household duties, looking very beautiful in her morning dress of soft muslin, when Victor's bright face appeared at the window.

"I want you to come down to the mills by-and-by, Nell," he said. "The addition is almost finished, and I want your approval before we remove the scaffolding."

"Very well, Victor, I will be down presently," she said, laying her hands on his shoulders and looking down into the frank, handsome face, with a secret regret that she could not love him as he deserved to be loved.

"And Nell," he continued eagerly, "the men have been working like beavers to get it finished, and I have promised them a half-holiday to-morrow, and a picnic up at the quarries. Could not you lay aside your dignity, and honor us with your presence for a while? It would be so much better for all concerned if there was a better feeling between you and your people."

"No, thank you, Victor," she said laughingly. "If there is anything in this house that will serve them, they are welcome to it. But to go up there and play the Lady Beautiful, nurse the babies and listen to the endless accounts of last winter's rheumatism and this summer's lumbago, is too dreadful for contemplation."

"What a thoroughbred little aristocrat you are, Nell! You were born a hundred years too late. But I think I love you the better as you are," raising the taper fingers to his lips.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, she bent forward and touched her lips to his bright, boyish brow.

And Victor went down to the mills with a lighter heart than he had known for months, for he loved his cousin, and her coldness and indifference troubled him sorely.

Just then the morning train thundered up to the little station, half a mile distant, and left a single passenger—a tall man, in a gray tweed suit, who nodded familiarly to the few bystanders and took the path across the fields to the mills.

Victor was standing surrounded by the men, looking like a young god. His straw hat was in his hand, and the wind ruffled his bronze curls.

He was telling them of his arrangements for the picnic, amid bursts of applause and peals of laughter, for the young master was "always ready with his joke."

On the outskirts of the little group, unnoticed in the excitement of the moment, stood a tall man in a gray tweed suit.

Suddenly he raised his eyes to the scaffolding above Victor's head, and then, no one knew quite how it happened, but strong men were thrown right and left as by a giant's strength.

There was a sickening crash, and Victor was thrown, as though he were a child, far out of harm's way.

Helen? Did you care for me a little, after all?" "So much, Stephen, that if you are taken, there will be no good thing left in life for me but to lie down and die, too—so much that I could never have married Victor, though like a coward I shrunk from telling him so."

"I must live, dear," he said—"I cannot die now!" And then he drifted away into unconsciousness.

It was long days before he knew her again—long, weary days, while the iron constitution had battle with the fever that consumed him, and often when it seemed that the battle was hopeless.

And through it all she never left him. In that dark time, all that was best and sweetest in Helen Vinton's nature came to the surface. She had no thought, then, of concealing her love; but her whole being went out in one passionate prayer that he might be spared.

And when the crisis was passed, and he was pronounced out of danger, there seemed to be no room in her heart for her great joy and thankfulness.

They were married at Christmas, and I don't think the most fastidious of Helen Vinton's friends ever looked upon her as having made a "miscalculation," for Stephen Walker won both wealth and honor, and never did wife glory more in her husband's success than she in his.

Victor took his sore heart away to Europe as soon as Stephen was out of danger. But his trouble was not incurable, for he has just brought a fair young English girl home, to be mistress of the big house he is building.

Stories of Sang-Froid and Shyness. It is not every one who possesses the coolness of the Ambassador whose imperturbable sang-froid so piqued Louis XIV. The monarch vainly attempted to impress him with the glories of his Court, and then thought to embarrass him by interrupting his first speech by calling upon him to speak louder.

The Ambassador merely bowed low, raised his voice and went on unmoved. There is a companionable story of a modern American debutante, at her first appearance at a drawing room, remembering that she had omitted to courtesy to one member of the royal group, and turned back to rectify the error with perfect sang-froid.

But such people are the exceptions and not the rule. Sir Arthur Haigs remarks that the manners of the majority of English people in society is the demeanor which Confucius prescribed to his disciples in the presence of their superiors—"an air of respectful uneasiness." In one of the eighteenth century magazines is an amusing description of the agonies endured by the shy man who has written a book or a poem, and becomes the fashion in consequence.

But this fictitious story is fully paralleled by the event in the life of Gay. The Princess of Wales, hearing that he had written a tragedy called "The Captives," desired to hear it read by the author. He accordingly attended her residence. Unfortunately, the poet being an extremely nervous man, was so overcome by the excitement of the introduction that he never observed a large Japanese screen until he respectfully backed upon it, and sent it crashing to the ground, amid the screams of the Princess and her ladies. It is needless to say that his subsequent reading of tragedy did his work little justice, and the Princess appears to have been but slightly impressed with his genius.

Fashion Hints. When ladies go what is popularly called "a shopping," they generally do so without any fixed ideas of their requirements. This dress strikes their fancy, and that bonnet; a wrap in the window attracts their admiring gaze, and gloves, they think, are very pretty of a particular color. These purchases are made, and the result is lamentable. The dress is pink purple, the wrap is a blue purple; the bonnet is rude, and the gloves are blue. Each article is handsome in itself, but when worn together the "ensemble" is frightful. A little thought before going to "shop," regarding the harmony of colors and the gradations of shade, and this blunder would have been avoided.

They see on a lay figure, or some friend, a dress that they admire exceedingly. They go into a pattern store, purchase the paper pattern, and, full of ardor they make up the new silk dress. The result, as in the previous, is lamentable, and they throw all the blame of their grotesque appearance on "the horrid people that sell such dreadful looking patterns."

They forget that what suits one figure does not suit all. An immensely fat woman cannot wear with impunity the same styles worn by a graceful, slender one. A short, stout, clumsy woman ought not to loop her draperies after the manner of a tall, lithe one. It is to suit all figures that there is so great a diversity in these patterns, and the range being so wide, there need be no blunder committed in the selection.

The Bath. A man who resided not half a hundred miles from Pontiac objected to taking the warm bath which I prescribed for him a few years ago, declaring that a drop of water had not touched his back in forty years. What must have been the condition of his system, leaving out all aesthetic considerations, and what must have been the condition of the great unwashed multitudes of Europe during the thousand years when the bath was absolutely unknown? In cold weather, this potent poison, or the moisture in which it is dissolved, may be seen condensing upon the window-panes, sometimes forming a dense layer of frost, and often woven by the mysterious fingers of nature's silent workers into the most fantastic designs, sometimes presenting views of startling beauty, as if thus designing to conceal the deadly agent of disease and suffering hidden within its sparkling folds. A few weeks ago I stepped into an unventilated railway car when the thermometer was several degrees below zero outside, and found the accumulation of this frozen filth upon the windows nearly an inch thick. Did it ever occur to you that the same condensation is constantly taking place upon the walls and ceilings of our homes? A layer of frost such as covers the windows on a cold day would be also visible upon the walls were it not for the

fact that our walls are porous and absorb the filth as fast as it condenses, thus preventing its visible manifestation. The accumulation goes on in a house, the rooms of which are not freely exposed to the disinfecting influences of air and sunlight, until the plaster and paper covering its walls are completely saturated with decomposing filth, which pours out continually upon the occupants of the house a stream of noxious gases and other forms of dirt. But the lungs and the skin are not the only sources of gaseous and organic filth, the cesspool, the gutter, the vault, the neglected cellar, the wood box, the back yard, the stable, the pigsty, the garbage barrel—all these and a hundred other sources constantly pour out a deadly stream of poisonous gases and organic filth.—Sanitary News.

Mothers and Daughters. Said one dark-eyed woman to her neighbor, in the public conveyance which accommodated a throng of passengers: "She had completely effaced herself for her daughter. Everything is done to accommodate Helen and Julia, and Mrs. — is superseded. It don't seem just right to me that a mother should be kept altogether in the background."

"Oh, said the sweet-looking lady to whom this was addressed, "self-denial is easy to mothers. What is a mother's life any way but a sacrifice all through?"

I agree with the first speaker. It don't seem right to me that the Helens and Julias, bright, beautiful, bewitching though they may be, should step to the front in selfish absorption and monopolize the best things, while "mother," a pale, colorless, worn-out figure, is wearing old dresses, reading old books, or none at all, seeing few friends, and living a humdrum life of routine, chiefly enlivened by conflicts with Bridget's stupidity and Noah's impertinence. Indeed, it is not right, and Helen and Julia, flashing like butterflies in the sunny morning of youth, would be the last to enjoy their warm and cosy home if they felt that they were responsible for the monotony of their mother's existence. Mother is herself the person most to blame. For self-denial is easy indeed to a real mother. From the hour when her nature first over-brimmed with the tidal rapture which sweeps full-blooded into the heart that cradles a babe, through the weary, watching hours of teaching and whooping-cough, mumps and measles, on through school days, and vacation days and courting days, the mother's life is poured out and given incessantly for her children. So it should be in a sense. In every child the mother renews her youth, and each son and daughter is an addition to the home wealth.

But some of you mothers, to whom I am talking, carry your self-sacrifice so far that you forget that you have any life of your own, for which you are responsible to God. You spend your strength so freely and so recklessly during the year's of children's childhood that you have no elasticity, no resources, no health left to spare by the time they are grown up. You so devote your skill and talents to the material side of the house that you have no time to keep up with the current of the world's thought, or to grow up intellectually with your young people. Many a good woman suffers her religious life to droop and languish because in her thoughtless giving up of every moment of time and of every remnant of nervous force to the daily demands of her households, she has absolutely no opportunity left for sitting at the Master's feet. Society is not, in our cities, given up so wholly to the young as it was a few years ago. In fact, there can be no social success where only the crudity of early youth appears on the scene. Older people who bring to the front the tact, the experience, and the knowledge which they have gained through the years, must mingle in the social gathering if it is to be witty, brilliant and attractive. The mothers must be in the van, and the daughters, as beneficiaries, a little in the sheltering shadow if we are to have the ideal social life growing out of the ideal home life.

I am very fond of the Helens and Julias. I like their sparkle, their vivacity, their spirit, but I do not like their want of consideration for mother, if she is, perhaps, a little old-fashioned, a little tired, a little diffident and frightened in the blaze of their splendor. True and tenderly-loving daughters will never be contented to let mothers efface themselves, even though self-denial be an easy maternal duty.

One of the Public. One day a grand postoffice official happened to be passing through a government office with which he was not connected. There he saw a man standing before the fire reading a newspaper. Hours afterward, returning the same way, he was shocked to find the same man, legs extended, before the same fire, still buried in the columns of a newspaper. "Hallo, sir!" cried the indignant head of the department, "what are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I am doing?" was the answer. "Sir, I came through this office four hours ago, and I found you reading the paper; I returned and you are still wasting your time in the same manner."

"Very true; you have stated the case to a nicety." Hereupon the head of the department naturally fires up. "What is your name, sir?" he said.

"Well, I don't know that my name is any affair of yours; what is your name?" "Sir, I would have you know that I am the so-and-so of the postoffice."

"Indeed! Well, I am glad to hear it. I am, sir, simply one of the public, who has been kept waiting here four hours for an answer to a simple question, and I shall be much obliged if you will use your influence to get me attended to."

An Emperor's Frolic. The late Emperor Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, the most iron-handed of modern times, held one thing in particular aversion, viz., wealth coupled with avarice. He was once traveling with a great dignitary whom he had often bantered because of his stinginess. At one of the stages the carriage had to undergo sundry repairs, and the gentlemen went forward on foot. They came to a spot where the road was flooded to a considerable depth. The emperor called

a road laborer and asked him if he would undertake to carry him through the water. "Why not?" said the laborer, who looked the monarch on his back and carried him safely across.

The emperor gave him a couple of gold pieces, and whispered: "Now, go and fetch the other gentleman, but when you have got him, if you through the water, stand still and ask him how much he intends to give you."

The man did as he was told, stood still with his living load, and inquired in the middle of the water how much he was to get. "You rascal!" cried the miser; "the other gentleman paid for us both; I saw him, you impudent winder! You shall not have another farthing!"

"What is he going to stand?" called out the emperor. "Nothing." "Then throw him into the water." The laborer was about to do so, but his intended victim held on tighter and exclaimed: "I will give you three roubles!" "Ask 300," interposed the emperor, laughing.

And now began a most comical scene. The terrified rider clung still more closely to his bearer, whom the emperor by his gestures encouraged to remain firm. The rage and terror depicted in the features of the miser were indescribably ludicrous, the emperor meanwhile urging him to come on.

"Well, now," exclaimed the grand dignitary at last, "hurry me across. I will pay you when we get there." "Don't you trust him!" called the emperor, nearly choked with laughter. "Make him pay at once!" "Our anxious traveler had, while hanging over the water, to bring out his pocket-book and hand to the countryman the 300 roubles.

The Demand for Eggs. The tuneless bird of the barnyard, the industrious but modest hen, has lately endured in unprotesting silence the contumely of the feeder's scorn because of her profligate neglect to produce as many eggs as in former years. For a time evidence bore largely against the gentle cackler, and there appeared, in the scarcity of the fruit and the prices of the grocer, a painful suspicion that she had fallen into the vicious ways of idling gossip. But it seems she was much abused all this time. The responsibility rests with a peculiar manufacturer of which few people know anything. The principal offender is the Albumen Paper company at Rochester, though it has accessories in similar institutions at Camden, N. J., and Philadelphia. These three institutions supply the 7000 photographers of the country with the special paper necessary to their face-taking proficiencies. In this business the Rochester concern uses 6,000,000 eggs per annum, which must be perfectly fresh for service. The whites of the eggs, after undergoing chemical solution, are spread over the surface of a fine quality of paper imported from France, which gives the gloss we see in photographs. The yolks are turned over to glovers, who use them in dressing kid. It is against such competition that the hen has to contend in her endeavor to furnish the table with delicacies, and it would be readily perceived that the establishment of many such concerns would tend to distract the hen from the natural course of her industry, if it did not in time quite discourage her.

WORDS OF WISDOM. Soft words seal not the mouth. Care makes a man old before his time. Don't spare the butcher and fee the doctor. Do noble things; not dream them all lay long.—Charles Kingsley. Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure to put it where you can find it. The man who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.—J. Stuart Mill. A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones. The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading.—Theodore Parker. Honor and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so.—Don Quixote. The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him say six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—Franklin.

A FILE IN A BANANA.—Last Saturday afternoon Edward Holman, who was confined in the city jail under a three years' sentence to the penitentiary for burglary, was visited by his wife, who brought him a basket of delicacies, among them several bananas. The guard on inspecting the baskets discovered that the skin of one of the bananas was broken. Examining it closely, he found a small file run through the center of it. Two files were also found in the basket. The woman was placed under arrest and her husband notified of the fact. Holman confessed that he had been plotting to make his escape, and produced five small saws from his cell, which his wife had smuggled to him. He was taken to the penitentiary yesterday. —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

THE CANADA-PACIFIC COLONIZATION SCHEMES.—The Canada-Pacific railroad company and other capitalists of British North America, offer to transplant five thousand families, aggregating twenty-five persons, from Ireland to the Canadian Northwest territory. If the British government will loan £1,000,000 without interest for the purchase of farming outfits for the emigrants, the loan would be guaranteed by the railroad company and it associates in the enterprise. They would also provide for the settlement of fifty thousand persons on the same terms. The government according to Lord Carlingford, regards the proposition favorably.

A little southern boy, when asked if his father had a good mule, mournfully replied: "One end of him is good."

Mrs. J. W. Mackay will remain in Europe another year. A big hurricane completely stopped the outbreak of cholera at Manila. The other day a Florida couple, aged sixty years each, rode thirty miles in a springless cart to get married. Murderers in France, if they have money, are compelled under the new law to pay a large sum to the family of their victims. Two children were poisoned at Shelbyville, Ill., by a dose of morphine given by mistake for quinine by an intoxicated physician. M. W. Gillis, the proprietor of a small bank at Clifton Springs, N. Y., put into circulation about \$25,000 of forged drafts and then decamped. A gentleman of East Medway, Mass., 83 years old, on Monday shot a wild goose with a gun which was used in the revolutionary war. An Illinois man boxed his wife's ears for investing \$2 in a lottery ticket. She went to her father's home, and her ticket soon after drew \$5000. A novelty in sideboards is of light made in walnut, and has two small cupboards beneath and a series of small shelves, terminating in a picturesque railing. Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish crown, lives in Venice, where he is causing much scandal by misbehavior. The aristocracy generally shun him. A minstrel traveling through Vermont sings "Home, Sweet Home" so effectively that most of the audience get up and go home before he finishes the first verse. Five living grandmothers is the share of a child living in Terrel Co., Ga.; two of them are grandmothers, two grandmothers and one great-grandmother. A story comes from Canton, China, of a woman who, to punish a female slave who had stolen some food, cut a slice from the girl's thigh and made her cook and eat it. The late suppression of the French newspaper, the Black Cat, has produced great public excitement in Paris. In fact there is still a strong feeling against the government. In jewelry is shown a very novel lac pin in the form of a locust with sapphire eyes, the body of a light colored lapis lazuli; the legs of gold and wings formed of tiny diamond chippings. Curious fact in the grammar of politics: When statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, though they are seldom forgetful of their relatives.—The Judge. The contract for building the Yorktown monument has been awarded to the Hallowell granite company, of Maine. The work is to be completed by October 18, 1884, the anniversary of the surrender. No one ever supposed the prairie-dog towns to be of any value in the west until a Yankee besieged one and began to capture the animals for their skins, which, it is said, can be made into gloves which rival the finest kid. General Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced. Tecumseh always was a reckless man, much given to cutting away from his base and depending on the country for his supplies as he went along.—Howkeys. The hammer and anvil of Powell, the "harmonious blacksmith" of Whitechurch, England, have been sold at auction. The anvil, when struck with this hammer, gives two notes—B and E. Its sound suggested the melody named after the blacksmith. The Boston Herald wishes to revise its opinion that the President has a talent for recreation. A man, it says, who can be satisfied with two days' splendid fishing and can't stay contented in one spot for more than six hours, has no real genius for repose. A man living near Lake Louise, in Manitoba, picked up an armful of sticks one day last week, and carrying them home threw under the stove. In a few minutes two of the sticks commenced crawling away, having developed into good sized snakes with the heat. The newest brocaded Ottoman silks are in designs of fruits and flowers, and the seissors of the dressmakers will make as great havoc with apples, plums, oranges, grapes and various buds and blossoms as they did last season with heads of beasts and birds. John Chinaman does not tackle to base ball. In Philadelphia a nine of "pig tails" was formed, and the first ball pitched struck the batsman square in the stomach. He yelled, "Him hurted belly much," and threw up the bat, the entire nine following suit.—Hartford Post. It is soberly related that in one county in Georgia that the rabbits are so numerous they are a nuisance and are gotten rid of by being made to commit suicide. Sunif is sprinkled over the plants that the bunnies would eat and this causes the animals to sneeze themselves to death. Fanciful stones, fancifully set, with the slightest rim of gold passing around the finger, are the fashionable rings for ladies. Pearl rings, especially the pink, bronze, gray and black pearls, are in great favor, and solitary white pearls—emblems of purity—are being chosen for engagement rings. The Honolulu Gazette says it was rather odd at the Grand ball to see the diminutive royal highnesses acting as pages to carry the heiress princess in a train. Royal highnesses "as is" royal highnesses are not usually employed for such duties, but then the Hawaiian court is "sui generis."

A comparison of statistics shows New York as the third German city in the world, coming after Berlin and Vienna. Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis rank close to Frankfurt, Hamburg and Dresden. Boston is the only large city in the country where Germans are not found in large numbers. Many are the joys of well doing. We read of the Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden, who recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she was interested. When visiting the hospital after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by his side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds' gain."