TO MY MOTHER. BY STEPHES C MASSETT.

My Mother! canst thou see me now, From the far-off helds of tight.
Canst thou in spirit come again.
And bless me with the sight?
Ob! I can see thee, when these eyes
Are closed in balmy sleep.
Are develing in happy dreams,
and reveling in happy dreams.

Years, years have passed, and life to me Has been but as a dream:
Year often have I yearned for thee,
As, sailing down its stream,
Fond memory brings thee back again
As thou wert once to me,
Ween asstied in thy arms I lay,
Or crept upon thy knee!

and when I saw thee in that sleep
From which there is no waking.
And felt, as then I gazed on thee,
My very heart was breaking.
My very heart was breaking.
Where there is no more pain,
We may once more united be,
Never to part again?

And shall we meet as we have mot, And so as we have been;
And so as we have been;
And shall I see then smile on me,
As I have sometimes seen?
O God! if his it is to meet
in Heaven's own land of light,
lliame my path, direct my feet,
And guide my steps aright!

#### Kelp in the Hebrides.

The only sensible folk who had made provision against sun or rain were some ise old women, possessed of large bright lue umbrellas, beneath the shadow of which they sat on the parched grass. They were comfortably dressed in dark blue homespun, with scarlet plaids and white mutches, and near them grazed several sand-colored ponies, forming a pretty bit of color. Behind them groups bright, healthy-looking lads and lasses were assembled round the white booths, ad all along the yellow shore faint wreaths of white smoke from the kelpfires seemed to blend the blues of sea and sky, for the blessed boon of sunshine is too precious to be wasted even in a holiday to Loch Maddy Fair, and the kelp-burners dare not risk the loss of ene sunny day. Here, in North Uist, the industry of kelp burning is still continned—that toiling harvest, whose returns are now so small, and always so uncertain, that the men of Skye have altogether abandoned it. This difference is, however, partly due to the fact that the seawced of Skye contains a much smaller proportion of the precious salts which give it value than does the weed on some other isles. For instance, in the Orkney group, the kelp is used in the manufacture of plate glass, whereas that made in the Hebrides is only fit for soap. They say, 'It's an ill wind that blows no man good," and, without referring to

the precious driftwood and other treasures east up by the sea after wild storms, the kelp-burners know that such tumults of ocean will assuredly bring them riches from the submarine forests, so they anxiously follow the tide-line to collect from among the masses of seaware every branch of the small brown tangle covered with little bladders, which yields the richest store of carbonate of soda, iodine, and other precious salts for which they toil. They pass carelessly by the broad fronds of brown wrack which strew the shore so thickly -those may help to manure the soil, but their search is chiefly for the one plant. At low tides they go out to the furthest rocks to cut all that they can find growing on the rocks, such fresh weed being far more valuable than that which is cast up by the sea. This they collect in the creel which they carry on creels slung on either side of sturdy little ponies; and again and again they toil to and fro across the wet sands and slippery rocks, bearing their burden of heavy, wet weed to some safe spot above high-water mark, where they spread it over the sand or grass, and leave it for saveral days to dry.

This is the most anxious stage in the kelp harvest, for one heavy shower of rain will wash away all the salts which give it value and leave only worthless weed. So the moment it is dried the weed is collected in little heaps, like hay-cooks, and so remains till the moment when the furnace is ready to

fluid mass, which is stirred incessantly with a long iron bar, a labor which must

be continued for hours. Very picturesque is such a group of workers, surrounded by their piles of dried brown weed, and half veiled by the volumes of white, opal smoke, with

its pungent marine scent.

When all the tangle has been burnt, the kiln is allowed partially to cool, and the kelp is then cut into solid blocks of a dark binish-gray material. These very soon become as hard and as heavy as iron, and are then ready for the market. From this material much carbonate of soda and various salts are obtained. But its most valued product is iodine, which is only to be obtained from the ash of dried seaweed, and is precious alike to the physician and the photographer. In former times the manufacture was highly remunerative, but the removal of the duty on Spanish barilla greatly decreased its value, which has been further diminished by the large amount of potash which is now imported. Moreover, it is found that crude carbonate of soda, of better quality and cheaper, can be obtained from sea-salt. The iodine, however, is a comparatively recent discovery, and one which must give a renewed impetus to the kelp trade.—All the Year

### Girl Life in India.

On the day of her wedding she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and car-ried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, on whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best, and how to cook them. If his mother in-law is kind she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom, or never, any love between them, and no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she can never complain

to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself and the children. When it is prepared she places it on a large brass platter, and sends it to to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back, with what is left, for her and her children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed to go any

The little girls are married as young as three years of age, and should the boy to whom such a child is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood-she can never marry again. As a widow she must rever wear any jewelry, naver dress her hair, never sleep on a bed, nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold brick; and, no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day. She must eat but one meal of food a day, and that of the coarsest kind; and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips-not even if she were dying. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother in-law, unless they command her to do so.

Her food must be cooked and esten apart from the other woman's. She is a disgraced, a degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman; but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow, she

will immediately become one herself.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 widows in India under sixteen years of age. The prevalence of suicide among young females is so great that it has been brought to the attention of the courts. This can be traced to the oppressive control exercised by the motherin-law in household matters over the daughter-in-law, independently of and unchecked by the interference of the husband. The son is expected to take the part of the mother against the wife. -Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

#### Circus-Struck Girls.

"Ever have any amusing experiences from circus-struck girls?" asked a reporter of a circus man.

"Lots of them, and some of them very funny. I remember one season I was in a small Indiana town waiting for my circus to come. I was waiting in the barroom of the hotel reading, when the landlord came up to me and said that there was a lady in the parlor that wanted to see me. I went to the room and found there a lady apparently about forty-five years of age. In all my experiences I do not think I have ever seen a thinner woman in my life. Honestly, I do not think she weighed more than sixty pounds. When I entered the room she began bowing and smirking in a ludicrous manner, and it required consideraager, and being answered in the affirmative, she got right down to business and said she wanted an engagement. Of course I asked her the usual questions of experience, and, as I expected, found that she had none, but was confident in The band on her undoubted ability to make a great sensation as an equestrienne. I told her to call again the day that the circus was here, and he would give her a trial. As soon as the tent was up I had one of the men place the 'mechanic' in position. The 'mechanic,' you know, is a machine used on learners to keep them from falling. Well, I let several of the performers into the secret, and secured and this is first patiently ignited, for it does not burn very readily, but needs careful kindling. Then a handful at a time is added, till the grave is filled and heaped up, and the kelp becomes a semi-fluid mass, which is stirred incessantly with a long iron bar. and that made her dizzy, and away she went, but the 'mechanic' kept her from hurting herself. In fifteen minutes she begged to be let down and that ended all the ambition to be a circus rider. I subsequently learned that she was worth in her own name over \$50,000, and that ner family was one of the oldest in the state.

## A Solid Hitch.

A couple from away up in the hills came to town to get married. The groom wore a clay-colored suit of jeans, a broad brimmed, black, slouched hat, and a pair of pants, in the mud bespotted legs of which his high boots were poked. He carried in one hand a black-snake whip. He apparently was about thirty years of age. The bride was indeed a blooming beauty—a good deal better looking than the Jersey Langtry, and the same age that Eve was when she got married, twenty years. Pulling the license out of his pocket, the love stricken man

asked "Be you the 'Squire?"
"I be," said the 'Squire, "what is it you wish?"

"Have you power fur to marry peo-

"Yes, sir; I have."
"Hitch 'em solid?"

"Yes, sir." "So it can't become undone?"

"Yes, sir. "So Sallie can't get mad at any fool-

ish thing, run off with another fellow and get a divorce from me?"

"Yes, sir." "Fire ahead, Squire."

The 'Squire proceeded to business, and when he got as far as the question to the girl: "do you take this man for your lawful and wedded husband?" the groom lengthened the ceremony by putting ad-ditional questions to her, for he wanted to be hitched "tighter nur wax."

"And you won't have no more to do with Bill Sykes?"

"No." "Nur Sam Hill?"

know whether you will or not. Look square in my face, Sally."
Then Sally looked square in his face,

and he continued: "Nur Jack Powers?"

"I don't think it's necessary to pin the young lady down so closely. She prom-ises to be your true and lawful wife, and that is enough."

"Squire, you don't know that gal like I do. She's a croquette. She flirts with every feller that gets stuck after her, and there are dozens of 'em. Now, I want all that business stopped; and I want it done

"So be it," said the 'Squire; "Sarah Peters is wedded to you for life, and no power on earth can take her from you."
"That's the talk. Come on, Sally; you're mine. We're glued for life. Wait

till I pay the 'Squire."

He paid the 'Squire a dollar—all he had—and left for his country wagon, happier than he'll ever be again.—Kentucky State Journal.

#### No Necessity to Waste Time on Poetry.

Mr. Topnoody came home early Wednesday evening, and as his wife had not begun her supper arrangements, he sat down near her and said:

"My dear, I had a minute for reflection in my office to-day, and I thought I'd write some poetry on home. "Drinking again, I suppose," she an-

swered, significantly. "You should not talk that way, my dear, for home is a word that touches the hardest hearts and brings back memories sweet as heavenly music. But listen, my

Cling to thy home! If there the merest shed Yield thee a hearth and shester for thy head. And some poor plot with vegetable stored—"

"Topnoody," interrupted his wife, "did you see that man about spading up the garden?" "No, dear, I-but hear the rest of

this: Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board. Unsavory bread and herbs that scattered grow Wild on the river bank or mountain brow—"

Yet e'ea this cheeriess mansion shall provide More heart repose than all the world beside." Did you nail that paling on I told you to this morning?" again interrupted

"No, my dear, but let me finish: "Is thatall?" she asked. "Yes, my dear." "Well, I'm glad of it. And now go back down town and see that man about the garden, and get some meat for sup-per, and hurry back and nail on that paling, and get mea bucket of water, and carry in the coal and kindling, and grind the coffee, and not sit around and see your poor wife wearing herself out trying to make home something like. I think when a man has nothing else to do but write poetry, he had better hire out to maul rails, and let somebody take his place as the head of the family who knows what its duties are, and will attend to them instead of wasting his time trying to be a poet. I don't believe you wrote that, anyhow, and I-" but Top-

### Second Avenue Serenade.

noody was gone, and the poor woman

went out into the kitchen to make home "something like."-The Drummer.

Up Second avenue the other night five young men softly entered a yard, arranged themselves in a semi-circle on the grass, ters, or accumulate in larger ble will power to keep a straight face. and suddenly began to sing, while a conceither side of sturdy lit. She inquired if I was the circus man-guitar and banjo added their sugary notes to the general sweetness. As the song was finished a sash went up and a masculine voice called out:

"Splendid! Beautiful! Gentlemen,

The band on the grass was only too happy to accommodate, and "Only a Pansy Blossom" went floating again on the night breeze.

"Entrancing, positively entrancing!" exclaimed the man at the window, "Gentlemen, I don't want to put you to trouble, but if you would only sing that over once more!"

The song dragged a little this time, and the alto voice seemed to have swallowed a troche down the wrong pipe, but it ended at last, and the old man encored and called out:

"That's what I call singing, that is! Gentlemen, I'm no hog, but if I could prevail upon you to render that delightful poem once more it would be a kindness I never could forget!"

There was a great deal of cussing and growling in undertones, but the leader gave the key, and for the fourth time the neighborhood was filled with dreadfully faded pansy blossoms. When the last note died away the old man clapped his hands and exclaimed:

"Better and better! You have my heartfelt thanks. The old woman is deaf, my darter is in Pontiac; and the hired gal quit yesterday, or I'd have 'em all stick their heads out to thank you in person. Good night, gentlemen-good night, and if you see fit to come to-morrow evening I'll have the old woman sot up with a bed quilt wrapped around her!"-Wall Street News.

## Historical Collection of Shoes.

A singular addition has just been made to the Cluny Museum. It was the curious passion of the great engraver, Jacquemard, to collect the boots and shoes of all times and countries, and in gratifying this special taste he was at once both connoisseur and artist. He knew the actual value of these curiosities, and he also knew how useful they would be to artists whose subjects were taken from earlier periods in history. When a man has perfected his collection but two courses are open to him-to break it up or to leave it to the nation. Jules Jacquemard did the latter, and the the gallery just opened in the Cluny museum is without rival in its completeness and its interest. The heavy top-boots and leggings of the warriors of the Middle Ages are here, evidencing that "abundance of grease and absence of Day and Martin" which Carlyle so in-sisted on as characteristic of Frederick the Great's war costume. Other cases are full of little slippers and high-heeled shoes of the beauties of the eighteenth century. From this collection it would seem that the ladies' boot, as it was worn a few years ago, buttoned up some inches above the ankle, and in effect, acting as a kind of bandage round the lower part of the leg, was not very popular, and that whether from motives of vanity or "See here, Sally, don't look down on hygiene, the district round the ankle was the floor that way; that means you don't allowed the advantage of free circulation.

We have latterly reverted to this excellent fashion, but if some collectors were in a hundred years from now to present our South Kensington museum with a collection of English shoes of the nine-"No."
Here the 'Squire interrupted, and heels are still in antagonism to health as they were in the eighteenth .- Pall Mall

### On Hand a Little Ahead of the Divorce.

Impatient love has brought a man from San Francisco to claim as his bride a lady who is already a wife, but whose husband is a wayward traveling man with a flame in every port. She sued for divorce about three months ago, and sent word to an old admirer that the little word "yes" that he longed to hear four years ago could now be heard if he would come 1500 miles or more to hear it. He needed not a second invitation, and last week he got leave of absence from the large saddlery firm by which he is em-ployed and came to St. Louis. Without changing his apparel or brushing the dust of states and territories from his coat, he rushed to the abode of his love. A second more and he would have gathere i her to his manly bosom, but she waved him back.

"Not yet, not yet," she murmuged. "And this is my reward for coming all the way from the Pacific slope!" cried, picking up his gripsack.

This time she reached for him and bade him listen wnile she told her story. The case would be completed in one short week, after which delay would not be necessary. The pill was a bitter one for him to swallow, as he had not expected that the chances of his happiness hung on the lips of a cold blooded judge, bald and wrinkled. She pacified him, however, and he is waiting at a St. Louis hotel. The case will be on this week in the circuit court, and he wi'l sit by her side in the court room and help her bear the agony of hearing her husband's past four years of life handled without gloves by her lawyer.—St. Louis Chroniele.

#### Sensitive Feelings.

"The next time I meet you," exclaimed an angry man to a passer-by,
"I'll whale you till you can't stand up."
"What's the matter?" asked an acquaintance.

"You see, I owe the devilish fellow, and he persists in meeting me.'

"Does he insultingly remind you of your obligation by speaking of it in the presence of others?"

"No, he never says anything." "Then what right have you to com-

"Well, he knows devilish well that it is embarrassing for me to meet him, that it makes me feel bad, but when he sees me coming he doesn't get out of my way. Why doesn't he leave town until I pay him?"—Little Rock Gazette.

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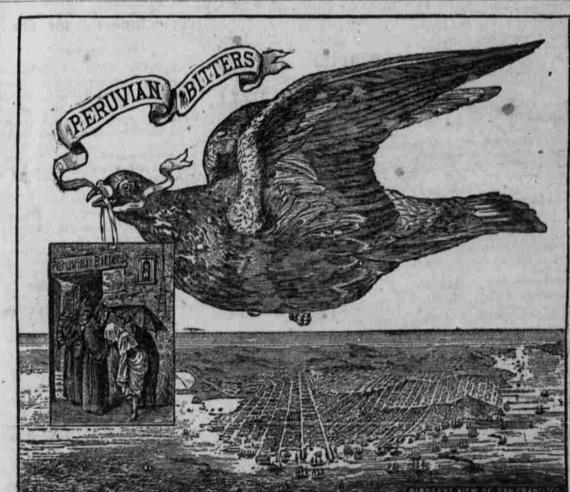
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