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DREAMS AND REALITIES.

BY PHEBE CARY.

[The following poem is the last one sent by Phebe Cary to "Harper's Bazar," which paper said of it: "It is the song of the dying swan, tender, and sweet, and beautiful."]

O, Rosamond, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June!
Why didst thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet time?
Why didst thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou hadst lived to be my guide,
Or thou hadst lived and I had died,
'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O golden head—
Bright sunbeam for a moment shed
Upon life's lonely way—
Why didst thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From heaven's unclouded day?

O friend so true, O friend so good—
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms—
What had I done, or what hadst thou,
That through this lonesome world till now
We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted—
Had life been always fair—
Would these dear dreams that never depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bounds of death,
And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled;

That even the children of the brain
Have not been born and died in vain,
Though here unclothed and dumb;
But on some brighter, better shore
They live, embodied evermore,
And wait for us to come.

And when on that last day we rise,
Caught up between the earth and skies,
Then shall we hear our Lord
Say, "Thou hast done with doubt and death;
Henceforth, according to thy faith,
Shall be thy faith's reward."

JUDITH MILES;

—OR—

What Shall be Done with Her?

BY MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Mrs. F. F. Victor, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington City.]

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JUDITH TAKES A HOLIDAY.

Two days had passed in preparation for Boone's departure, in which Judith had taken her part, in looking after her brother's wardrobe, with a patient and sorrowful tenderness. Her evident depression on his account touched the lad's generous nature, and he very much desired to do something kind and pleasant on this last day at home to brighten up her spirits. This desire, together with the feeling that he was about to do his father an important service, emboldened him to ask a special favor.

"Pap," said he, when the early breakfast was over, "if you have no objection to taking care of Katie to-day, I should like to take Judith with me down to the store. There are some things to be bought yet for the trip, and I reckon Jude needs something for the house, before I leave. I suppose we can have the saddle-horses?"

This assumption of care and its privileges was a new thing in his son, and struck Miles with a half-comical surprise, not unmingled with respect. The very novelty of the proposition gained it favor. He glanced covertly at Boone, wondering if his beard had grown in a night; but detecting the secret tremor beneath the bold aspect, smiled grimly to himself.

"Waal, now I think on't, Jude orter go the store. She hain't bin nowhere, it's goin' on a year, nuther—that's so. In course—take the beasts if you want 'em. Katie an' me ken keep house."

Judith, who had not anticipated this pleasure excursion, was made very happy by it. A child in all her experience, it was an easy thing to give her pleasure. Unused to fashion's dictation, she felt herself as well dressed in a gay-colored calico, with coarse shoes and a sun-bonnet, provided none of these articles were old or shabby, as the "girl of the period" does in her elaborate toilet. Her simple preparations were soon completed and she and Boone set out for their holiday, half of business and half of recreation, with smiling faces, and many gay good-byes to Katie, who was promised an inexhaustible supply of dulces for staying at home.

The morning was as lovely as spring mornings can be down in the "cow counties." All beneath them was the lush spring herbage; all above a cloudless, azure heaven; all about them that goldenly-transparent air which brings the distance close to the eyes, and is a wine of delight to the joyously inspiring lungs. Meadow-larks sang exultingly on every side, and the shy quail dodged among the grass, timidly alarmed for the seclusion of its nest. These fine influences of air and scene affect the dullest sense; while to natures of a sensitive mould they are a governing power. In spite of her past vexations and in defiance of to-morrow, Judith gave way to her gayest spirits, giving her horse some trouble to keep up with her, having the best mount of the two, and being a fearless rider.

"I say, Jude," expostulated Boone, at length; "that horse has got to go to Arizona, and you'd better leave a little speed in him for my service—such as running after wild cattle, or running away from Indians."

"O Boone! Now I am going to see how fast he *can* run. I shall feel that you are safe if I know he can go like the wind. Catch me if you can, Mr. 'Indian!'" and seating herself firmly, Judith gave the word and the touch, and she sped away as if she really believed the whole Apache race were in pursuit, until she had put a mile at least between herself and Boone, when she drew rein and walked her horse back to meet him, smiling triumphantly.

"You are a good rider, Jude," was Boone's first remark. "If we had two horses like that I'd risk you to go with me down among the Indians."

"No, thank you, Boone; I am rather vain of my hair, and prefer not to risk it," answered Judith, laughing. But the jest did not suit with the anxiety which was only being ignored after all—not in any measure subdued—lying at the bottom of her heart, and she reproached herself for having made it.

"Forgive me, Boone," she said turning a serious face towards him; "if anything should happen to you, my only brother, I never will forgive Pap—never!"

"Now, Sis, what a terrible thing that would be for Pap! It's a good deal more likely that you will do something he'll never forgive you for; isn't it now? Besides, nothing is going to happen to me. You'll get our fortune to make—yours and mine—and I haven't got time for accidents. Do you just be a good girl, and not fret, and keep on the right side of Pap for three months, and I'll bring you something handsome—see if I don't."

That was Boone's usual asseveration, meaning quite as much as an appeal to all the gods of mythology, and so Judith understood it.

"Well, I'll try," she said, "because you wish it and because I know it is right. But there is something I wanted to talk to you about before you went away. For the last year I have read a good deal in the books that Mr. Shultz has given me, and I have learned that there is a very different kind of life from the one we live here. It seems to me I should be very happy if I could ever hope to be like the people I read of, and to live as they live. The more I think about it the less satisfied I feel to keep on in the way we are in all my life. I want to be a good daughter and sister, and all that; but I never can be a happy one if Pap always forbids the things I like, and hates the people I like—and I don't see any way out of it."

"Which means," returned Boone, "that Pap gets mad sometimes; that he is down on the Yankees—and Dutch," he added, mischievously. "And now that you have mentioned it, Sis, I wish to say just here that I want you to be careful about letting Shultz make love to you. There's no harm that I know of in your reading his books, tho' Pap wouldn't allow it if he knew it, that's certain. But if he is a gentleman and means right he won't talk any nonsense to you; and if you are the right kind of a girl you won't let him; because you see, Jude"—explained Boone, growing embarrassed—"Pap and him never could agree; and a man like him never should make up to a girl only one of his own sort; and it isn't likely he would, only in fun. And no man must treat you that-a-way, Jude, unless he likes being shot at."

Having given utterance to this warning, and done his duty as a man of nineteen, Boone rode for a time in dignified silence, uninterrupted by a word from Judith, whose cheeks were flaming. She knew Boone meant to be kind, but, Oh, was it not a cruel outrage, this well-meant impertinence of fathers and brothers, who forced upon a girl's mind suspicions that never ought to have occurred to them, and never could by any possibility be true? Even Boone, her "only brother," as she called him, had hardly been admitted into her ideal world; and now he pushed with irreverent feet, with irreverent hands thrusting in upon her only real living guest. The grief, the indignity, was more than she could bear.

"It is cruel and mean to say such things," she cried, passionately; "I shall hate you if you talk like that!—that is, if I cannot forget it," she added, penitently, feeling how kind Boone had always been to her.

"I don't want you to forget it," returned her brother, resolutely. "But you need not be quite so quick with your hate, either, Jude. You know I wouldn't say anything to anger you for nothing."

Judith could not bring herself to reply just then. But she did the next best thing she could—turned her face so that he might not see her smiling face and tear-bright eyes, then set off at a pace that soon brought them in sight of their destination.

The store was on the Spedden estate, and was only a rude warehouse for the storing of such articles as were needed to provision the men employed there, with such coarse clothings as was required by them. To the stock was added a few patterns of gaudy calico, cheap ribbons, colored silk handkerchiefs, beads, fans, and such like trifles as were needed or desired by the native California women, who, with their half-breed children, composed the families of the vaqueros. Attached to the store was the office of the agent, a small rough-board building; and scattered about were the huts of the families just mentioned. This settlement went by the name of the proprietors, and was called simply "Speddens."

Judith had only been here once, a year or two before, when she had known no one connected with the establishment, and was in fact too much of a child to remark the peculiarities of the place. With no knowledge of towns, having always lived the nomadic life of the Texan or other western prairies, it did not impress her as being different from those rude cattle stations to which she was accustomed from infancy. But this morning she could not help feeling a sentiment of surprise at the picturesque rudeness of the Spedden headquarters; nor was the feeling altogether separated from a spirit of criticism. In the ideal world she had been living in of late there were elegant structures, charming houses and cultivated scenes, all rather vague and visionary to be sure, but with enough of tangibility to furnish foundation-room for her thoughts to build on. From what she had read and imagined, and heard from travelers, she had come to expect that whenever by some happy fortune she should be transported from the low, two-roomed house which contracted her vision, she should be at once introduced to something very superior to her own home or anything she had yet beheld. In her ideal world, too, educated people were always found to be inhabiting places more or less elegant, as, according to the laws of fitness, they should. How, then, could Mr. Shultz, who knew such a great deal, contrive to live in such a place as this? All Judith's arguments and conclusions, as was natural, revolved around Mr. Shultz.

That gentleman having not yet returned from his morning's ride over the estate, Boone and Judith, after having secured an oak-tree shelter for their horses, amused themselves with walking from house to house and glancing in at the doorways, where they seldom saw anything but a dirty earthen floor, the inmates being mostly in the open air. Small dogs, chickens and black-eyed children were rolling in the fine, loose soil promiscuously; while dark-haired, scantily-clad, but not ill-looking señoras gossiped together, or chatted with some vaquero just in from his night-watch over the herds. In one doorway, over which a mission-rose was blooming, sat a beautiful young girl, idly fingering a guitar, as if, lacking an audience, there could be no motive for the exertion of playing. A white, ruffled chemise set off the plump, cream-colored shoulders, and a crimson skirt gave effect to the chemise. Crimson ribbons also contrasted brightly with the heavy braids of shining black hair falling over the girl's shoulders and brow.

No such vision as this, at once so pretty and so *bizarre*, had ever occured to Judith, and she knew not whether to admire or shrink from the spectacle. But Boone, who was fond of music, and played the violin in true Arkansas style, whispered her to stop, and in a curious mixture of Spanish and English asked the girl to play an air for him.

"Si, Señor," she replied with ready politeness, and immediately commenced tuning her instrument, at the same time inviting the strangers to enter the house. Declining the invitation, the brother and sister remained standing outside while the señorita performed with skill and taste several of those half-gay, half-pathetic airs in which the Spanish people so delight, and which sounded to Judith's unaccustomed ear like melodies from heaven, and made her think better of the performer.

She thanked her entertainer warmly, yet shyly, after which Boone asked the girl a few questions before taking leave. They were about turning from the door when a party or horsemen dashed past, and Judith recognized Mr. Shultz, accompanied by a dozen vaqueros just come in. He, too, recognized her, and riding back, lifted his hat to the party; and Judith observed that in saluting them by name he addressed the Spanish girl as "Señorita Inez," who returned his salutation with a pleased perturbation of manner.

"We were waiting for you, Mr. Shultz," said Boone; "wanting to get some things out of your store."

"Shall be happy to serve you, Mr. Miles," returned the agent, cheerfully, and dismounting to walk beside Judith. "To what happy inspiration am I indebted for this pleasure?" he asked in a different and lower tone, bending his head to catch her answer.

"Boone asked me to come," answered Judith. "He is going away to-morrow, to Arizona," her voice trembling with many contending emotions, which Mr. Shultz perceived without understanding.

"Ah, that is sad for you. But we must not let you unhappy be to-day. To-morrow will be time enough to be sad for your brother. Is it not so, Mr. Miles?"

Boone, who was not attending, had to have the conversation explained to him; after which he affected to make light of his sister's pain, as boys not yet out of their hobble-de-hoyhood have ever been wont to do.

"It is well to have some one to regret us when we go, and to smile to us when we come, Mr. Miles," said the agent, but not at all sentimentally. It was a common truth to be acknowledged by all; nothing more.

Taking a great key from his pocket he unlocked the warehouse, around whose door a score of men were gathered waiting for supplies. Boone drew Judith's attention to one of the vaqueros who was improving his time by taking a standing nap, leaning against his horse. Judith laughed, and pointed the man out to Mr. Shultz.

"Yes, they loose much sleep, and are always ready to make it up in any leisure moment. If your time is not of too much consequence, Mr. Miles, will you take your sister into the office until I give these men their rations? I shall not long detainn you."

Throwing open the door of the adjacent building he pointed his guests to seats, and returned without further ceremony to his business with the vaqueros. The room into which Judith was ushered had a rough, bare floor, some wooden benches, two revolving office-chairs, and at one end some rude shelves filled with books in two languages besides the English. But on the plank walls hung several choice chromos—scenes in France and Germany—and a small oil painting representing the "Margaret" in Faust.

Judith had arrived in her slow scrutiny of the room before the picture. She stood for some moments gazing at it, not knowing whether it was a fancy piece or a portrait, but held by the fascination of the sadly questioning eyes whose history she instinctively felt to have been sorrowful. Boone, meanwhile, was looking at a chromo of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair."

"See here, Sis," said he; "did you ever see any horses like these? They're splendid though, ain't they? But they couldn't run."

"No," said Judith, giving them a critical glance; "My Coaly can out-run any of those. But, come here, Boone, and look at this girl's picture. Who do you think it is—some relative of Mr. Shultz?"

"She don't favor him enough to be his sister," was his comment. "Maybe she's one of his Dutch sweethearts."

"Hush!" whispered Judith; but it was too late to prevent the remark being overheard. Mr. Shultz was just entering the door-way, and smiled at Booone's suggestion quite good-humoredly.

"Miss Judith is acquainted with the lady," he said; "though she never met her out of a book. Let us see if she can tell me who it is."

He looked at Judith attentively, and she looked at the picture, now more interested than ever. At length the meaning came to her. A light broke over her face; the tears came to her eyes. "It is 'Margaret!'" she said, looking up appealingly.

"It is so," returned Shultz, both surprised and pleased. "Never say to me again that you understand not what you read. Your sister is most remarkable," he added, turning to Boone. "Not many could have told that so readily. It is pleasant to meet with one like that. Now if you are fond of pictures, Miss Judith, I shall give you my port-folio to overlook while I sell your brother whatever he may want."

Going into another room Mr. Shultz brought forth a rather heavy portfolio of drawings which he spread upon the desk, inviting Judith to perch herself upon the high stool and inspect them at her leisure. This she proceeded to do with alacrity, first laying aside the overshadowing sun-bonnet, that every faculty might enter into the enjoyment unhindered.

So absorbing did Judith find her occupation that she could not have told, when at length interrupted, whether it had been an hour or a day that she had been so engaged; and the eyes she turned upon the intruders had the look of one whose soul is coming back from a visit to some other and better world than this, with the wonder and glory clinging to it.

"Then my poor pictures did amuse you, Miss Judith?" cried their owner, delightedly. "I thought your brother never would have got all he wanted; and, indeed, he nearly exhausted my stock. But now that he is done, I shall have you to dine with me; for it is not often that I can have that honor and pleasure, and I must not let it pass for this once"—to which proposition the young people objected in vain.

"I have sent word to my cook more than a hour ago, and we shall see presently what he is able to give us. It will be something, which is better than nothing—and you must not ride home on that. If you will permit me, Miss Judith, I should like to turn over these drawings with you," said Shultz, suiting the action to the word. "How do you like that view?" selecting a small water-color drawing of an ordinary old-fashioned house in the German style, with a primly arranged garden in front of it, in which were a few flowers blooming along the walks.

"I think," said Judith, "that it cannot be called a handsome picture; but it looks as if it might be very pleasant living there."

"That is where I was born, and where my *fader und mutter* still are living. It is beautiful to me. But you are right—it is not for the picturesque that I made it."

"You made it!" repeated Judith, in astonishment. "Did you make these, too—all these other beautiful pictures of such beautiful places?"

"Yes, indeed. I made all those drawings from the scenes they represent in Germany, Switzerland and France. Now show me the one you admire the most."

Judith turned over the drawings observantly. At length she came to one of a meadow, with a shaded pool, on the margin of which cattle were standing; a bank with linden trees above it, and a cottage half hidden in the distance behind them. Beyond all, a mountain-wall which seemed to shut out the world; and close to hand, under the lindens, were two figures reclining—a man's and a woman's—with an open book lying unread between them on the smooth turf.

"This is not more beautiful than many others," she said with a diffident air of not liking to criticize. "But there is something in it that makes me wish to be there. I would like to live in that house and come to read my books by that lake."

"Then the picture is yours, if it gives you pleasant thoughts," returned Mr. Shultz, courteously, rapidly separating it from the others.

"Oh! how can you—I mean how can I thank you?" murmured Judith, with glowing cheeks.

"We need no thanks when we do things for the pleasure of others; and certainly not when we give pleasure to those we esteem, for that itself is happiness." Having given utterance to which graceful sentiment, Mr. Shultz closed the portfolio.

"Do you never make pictures now?" inquired Judith.

"Not with colors. I have no time, and I am out of practice. Sometimes I draw a little with my pencils," and raising the cover of the desk Mr. Shultz produced a spirited drawing in black lead of a *rodeo*, or cattle-branding scene. Seeing that Judith smiled mischievously as she studied the sketch, he leaned over to inspect it critically. "What is the matter with it?—for I see you think it is not right," he asked.

"You have not been raised among cattle as I have," explained Judith, with a smile. "I cannot tell you what is the matter, but I will show you with the pencil. Here, this line is wrong. No cow ever had a leg like that—it should be like *that*," correcting the drawing so as at once to give harmonious outlines, and at the same time action.

Boone, who had been reading an illustrated paper, attracted by the discussion, now examined the picture. "You are right, Sis," he said; "but I did not know you were so observing."

"She is an artist!" cried the German, excitedly. "Why, I have practiced years, and I could not make a cow's leg with such ease as she does it! It is most remarkable. I said before your sister was most remarkable, and now you see it!"

"Do you think I could make a picture?" asked Judith, earnestly.

"A woman made that one;" pointing to the "Horse Fair." "Why should not you make a cattle-market?"

"O, Boone, if I could!" she exclaimed, turning to him, with a sudden recollection of that morning's talk. He understood her, and replied uneasily: "It is not likely, Jude—how could you?" with that ready discouragement of anything out of the usual way, by which "men and brothers" suppress feminine aspirations.

"But I do not see why not," contended the enthusiastic German. "I should much like to give Miss Judith such instructions as I am able; not worth much, perhaps"—with a smile and deprecating gesture—"but just so much better tnan none at all."

Judith did know why not, and giving Boone a glance significant of the state of her mind—by no means compliant—bent her head again over the table to conceal the turbulence of her mood from other eyes. Boone, who feared the effect of Mr. Shultz's advocacy, rather awkwardly proposed that they should start for home; a proposition which Judith, with feminine tact, felt to be a rudeness, and which she contrived to evade by asking him, with a pretty pout, if he had forgotten that they had accepted an invitation to dinner.

This little by-play did not escape the observaton of their entertainer, who, without seeming to heed it, adroitly led the conversation away from pictures by commencing to talk of other things.

"This California life," he said, shrugging his shoulders contemptously, "is not good for the student. When we are in the old country we study, and we have an object in it to know something well—to have a profession which will allow us to live and be happy. In this country we think only how to get money quickly—nothing but money—no home, no steady pursuits; but only to stay here one while and there one while; never contented with the place we are in. That is not the best life. For me, I wish I had remained in the land of my birth. I like to be at rest."

"And I should like to travel," said Boone; "and I mean to, when I have got money enough—you would like it, too, wouldn't you, Sis?" This inquiry was intended as a friendly hint to Judith that the future contained some possible good for her, if only she were willing to bide her time, and was accepted by her as such, as her answering smile acknowledged.

But Judith was thinking of what the last remark of Mr. Shultz suggested: that he was not contented where he was, and might go back to Germany. Such a possibility had never before occurred to her. She had regarded the young German agent as a part of the Spedden estate, and, as such, inalienable. While she was trying to comprehend the idea of a future without any Mr. Shultz in it, that gentleman announced dinner, and proceeded to escort his guests to the eating-room.

[To be continued.]

Woman's Political Influence.

Woman has political influence, which is exerted as a power among the voters of the State.

But her power is indirectly applied through the male voters, over whom she has influence, and who are alone accountable to the public for the act performed. It is exercised under that sense of irresponsibility which mankind feel when they influence the conduct of another, who alone must bear the responsibility of the act performed. All power thus applied is irresponsible. You cannot hold it to any just accountabilty.

It is so subtle and intangible that even public sentiment—that alone omnipotent force of society—cannot reach or control it. It is so insidious and indefinable that no code can restrain or political arrangements direct it.

This is the kind of power women exercise upon the ballot, and almost all men are apparently satisfied with the arrangement. So long as you deny the direct political power, will she exert whatever of influence she posesses over the voters, with no other sense of accountability felt by her, or realized by community, than that subjectively induced, which means that his conscience is only involved who has the duty to perform.

What society should have is the direct political power of woman, recognized so that she may feel that she is responsible for the discharge of a high public and personal duty, and that she may be held to public accountability just as we hold the male voters.

The course pursued by the State toward woman tends to make her what she ought not to be—an unconscientious factor among its powers, a cunning, designing, managing creature, aiming to do indirectly what, by usurpation of her rights, she is prohibited from doing openly.

It is about time we learned that women are moved and controlled by the same motives that influence and govern other human beings.

It is unwise State policy to give encouragement to the exercise of this irresponsible power and the evil results to which it tends, by continuing to deny to woman the direct exercise of her rights as a member of society.

To a woman, it appears that all the conservative forces of the State should be employed to their best advantage, and that all political power should be so applied that their sense of duty will operate on the actor, and that society may know whom to hold responsible for the exercise of that power. Society as well as women are justly interested in a proper solution of this matter.—*Toledo Journal.*

The Care of God.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut, from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God and of his special care than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child of four years old with long curly locks, which in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheek uncovered. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the strokes of the heavy ax as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In so doing I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the ax was coming down with all its force. It was to late to stop the blow. Down came the ax. I screamed and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his ax, and found hair upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of the boy's hair, sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as an angel hand had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending on my head.

"That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my threes-core years and ten, but this speaks most plainly to my heart. It is the oldest and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

The young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.

Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.

Independent in Politics and Religion.

Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

Floricultural.

WINDOW FLOWER-BOXES.

Given fresh mosses and leaves, a few trailing creepers and a spike or two of flowers, and the effect must be charming, whether framed in enamel or zinc, in ebony or deal. And for those who are ambitious only of effect, there are a dozen cheap and feasible methods of securing it. The box may be of tin, pointed green, or of common white pine, stained and oiled, with a strip of moulding, or a few lichens or fir cones tacked on by way of ornament. Or, prettier still, it may be turned into a rustic affair by covering it with narrow horizontal lengths of rough-barked wood or virgin cork. Birch boughs or laurel, or both, alternating, will answer, halved lengthwise with the saw, and cut into sections to fit the box, the shelf which supports it being edged with the same.

Or a gayly-colored affair may be made with narrow strips of oil-cloth, finished off with wooden moulding at top and bottom, a set pattern being chosen, of bright solid colors, like the titles which are so much in vogue for more expensive arrangements. In either case, unless the window-sill is of unusual width, a strong wooden shelf must be adjusted in the recess to support the box, and the edge which fronts the room must be ornamented to match.

The one essential of window gardening is sunshine. That secured, the rest is easy. A south window with a shade which can be raised or lowered at pleasure is best. The box provided and the shelf set, begin operations by a bottom layer of broken charcoal. It is well to have the plants in pots, both for convenience of removal and to obviate the need of box drainage, which is a troublesome thing in a parlor. Set the pots on the top of the charcoal, arranging according to fancy, but keep the taller plants in the middle.

Free hardy bloomers, such as fuchsias, some roses and geraniums—scarlet, rose, and white—carnation, Chinese primroses, do better in the house, as a general thing, than tropical ferns and begonias, which are so temptingly beautiful in conservatories and perish so quickly out of them. One or two foliage plants will also be pretty, and two or three German and English ivies. Fill in around the pots with light, friable soil, one-fifth sand, and smooth the top over so as to cover the pots. Into the interstices you may tuck smaller plants—mignonette, lobelia, cerastium, sweet alysium, jonquil bulbs, ivy geranium, moneywort. There should be an American creeper to arch the window.

Last of all cover the surface with mosses fresh from the woods, amid the roots of which will be tangled all sorts of sweet wild things. Water well, and sprinkle the surface every day with a fine rose or wisk broom. Later in the season, as some plant grows yellow or dull, you can lift it out and carefully insert a new one—a tall spiked heath, or a baby cactus; and the sudden brightening of the whole, by virtue of the addition, will startle you into fresh pleasure, like the lovely surprises of the spring. The water used for the plants should be tempered slightly when the weather is very cold.—*Ex.*

THE WEAKNESS OF OUR GIRLS.—We have in the city an army of dependent, unmarried women, who, if brought up individually, would, in reply to certain questions, answer as follows:

"What can you do?"

"Oh, most anything you please."

"But tell me particularly."

"Why, I can do all sorts of work."

"Well, there's dentistry, teaching, type-setting, watch-cleaning, engraving and—"

"Oh, I don't mean such things, but I can do any common work."

"Can you cook?"

"Well, not much; and then I don't like cooking."

"Can you do fine needle-work?"

"No, but then I can do plain sewing."

"Can you make men's shirts?"

"Oh, no, I can't do that; but then I can sew on pillow-cases and sheets, if you will show me just what you want me to do."

"Can you do chamber-work?"

"A little, but then I don't like going out to service."

"I don't see, then, that you can do anything but a little plain sewing, and for that you want a superintendent. There are at least five hundred occupations in this city which women could follow and earn an independent living thereby. You come seeking employment, and finally inform me that with superintendence you can do a little plain-sewing, a thing which a young man can learn in three days."—*Dio Lewis in To-day.*

HOW ONE WOMAN GOT HER MONEY.—But one woman succeeded in fairly melting one of the Directors. She was a young woman, not particularly pretty, perhaps, but interesting, and she had tears in her eyes, and $50 in the bank. She rushed frantically to one of the Directors, and asked him if she could not draw her money?

"I am sorry, madam," said he, "but I can't help you to it just now."

"But I want it immediately," she replied, passionately. "It's all I have in the world."

"Well, my dear madam, you must have patience as well as the rest."

"But mine is an urgent case, and I can't wait, because—"

"Well, because what?"

"Because," said she, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye, "because I'm going to be married, and I've to get some things. The man I'm going to marry has not a cent to pay the minister, and he has only one leg, and so I've got to see to everything myself."

The benevolent Director dove into his pocket and produced his private purse, out of which he paid her the amount. And she went on her way rejoicing.—*Chicago Times.*

NOT DOING MUCH.—McBride, of the Washington *Chronicle*, was rushing along D street, one day last Summer, pencil in hand, and caromed against Rev. G. A. Hall, who is always equally in a hurry, through his zeal on religious chores. "Hallo, Mac!" exclaimed the Rev. G. A., impulsively, taking him by both hands. "What are you doing for Jesus?" "Well," says Mac, "to tell the truth, I ain't doing much. I am on the *Chronicle* now."

A silk blanket for a fashionable poodle in New York city costs $16, and more than 30,000 laboring men and women are thrown out of employment in that city.