

The Golden Days Departed.
 O voices still beneath the churchyard sod,
 Bright eyes that glistened from behind long
 lashes,
 Warm beauty early given back to God,
 Red lips that now are ashes!

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
 Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
 Each hope and joy and grief is hid within
 The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of midnight hour,
 A strain of haunting music sweet and olden,
 A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower,
 A sunset rich and golden—

Can fling that portal open; and beyond
 Appears the record of each earlier feeling;
 All hopes, all joys, all fears, all musings fond,
 In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight—
 Its cares and woes that make us weary
 hearted,
 And leaves us basking in the holy light
 Of golden days departed.

MARIETTE'S HAIR.

Little Mariette had long yellow hair. It was so long that it fell almost to her knees whenever she pulled her comb from it and tossed her head, like a bird shaking its plumes. It was as yellow as ripened grain and showed golden lights that made one imagine that it had caught and imprisoned the light of the morning sun whose rays had indiscreetly lingered to kiss her white shoulders as she braided her hair before the window. Ah, the beautiful tresses of Mariette! Many youthful gallants dreamed of them. Among these was Jean, a young man of twenty, and one fine day Jean and Mariette were married.

Jean was a clever, merry youth, who looked upon life as if it were a good farce. He was gifted by nature with a talent for drawing. It was by this talent he expected to make his way in the world.

Well, Mariette and Jean were married. Why? Because they loved each other, of course. Jean, who treated Mariette as a comrade, carried his heart in his hand. One evening, when they had clasped hands for a longer time than usual, Mariette found his heart in her little palm. The giddy-headed Jean had forgotten it. To punish him, Mariette kept it. That is the whole story.

The day after their marriage Jean, after searching his pockets, found three francs.

"They will not last us very long," he said.

They hardly lasted until dinner, which was somewhat abridged. Jean and Mariette, however, recovered themselves at supper—a supper of fond caresses and kisses.

Two days afterward Jean was surprised by the receipt of five hundred francs. An uncle who lived in the provinces had sent it to him as a wedding gift. After having pinched each other to assure themselves that they were not dreaming, the couple began to lay their plans, and talked of buying everything in Paris. Mariette was the first to become serious.

"Give me the money," she said. "I will take care of the cash box. It is necessary for us to economize and think of the future."

Jean, with a royal gesture, handed her the bank notes, and took no more thought of the money. One thought only troubled him a little. When he went into the street and saw himself in the large glasses of the store windows he found that he had a bourgeois appearance and he was constantly examining himself to see if he had not reduced his obesity somewhat. Then, in order to make himself slender, he would run about Paris searching for work.

At the end of a fortnight Mariette began to experience great uneasiness. It could hardly be believed—the 500 francs were nearly exhausted. Was it possible? Was there not some magic under it all? Mariette became grave and reflected a long time.

"You know," she said to Jean in the evening, "it is eight days since you have had work."

"I know that very well," he replied. "But why that serious air? Have we no more money?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "only a man ought not to be doing nothing."

"You are right. I will look for work, but it is not easy to find."

Eight days later Mariette became very anxious. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that starvation was at hand. She said nothing to Jean, knowing that he was doing his best to find work. She tried to

imagine what would be the end of this terrible misery. She began to practice the most extreme economy.

At the end of a week Mariette had become a most prudent as well as a most clever manager.

One morning, as Jean was about to depart, Mariette was seized with a fit of weeping. One hundred sous—only one hundred sous were left—only enough to last two days—and then! Decidedly everything looked black. She made her toilet, however, but not without sighing. As she was putting up her hair before the glass she found that she had no hairpins left.

"Another expense!" she groaned.

When she went into the street she entered the shop of the hairdresser at the corner to buy a package of hairpins for two sous. The hairdresser was busy in a corner of his shop braiding a plait of blonde hair which was fastened by a nail to a wooden head.

"You have no need of that," he said, glancing toward Mariette's hair.

"No; fortunately not," replied Mariette, "for that must be dear."

"Oh, it costs twenty-five francs."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the labor of arranging it, you know, brings a good price."

"To be sure! But the hair alone—that is worth something?"

"Indeed it is! This now is worth fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs! How much would mine be worth on my head?"

"Let me see it."

Mariette drew out her comb, and, as she shook her head, her luxuriant hair fell about her.

"Ah," exclaimed the hair dresser, "a beautiful head of hair."

Then, suddenly restraining his enthusiasm as he scented business, he added:—

"That is worth—well, a hundred francs would pay you well for it. Do you wish to sell it?"

"Not to-day," replied Mariette, as she put up her hair, "but one of these days, perhaps. For some time it has tired my head very much."

"But we could arrange not to cut it all at once. I would buy it by the piece."

"That will be a good idea. Well, we will see."

And Mariette went homeward in a thoughtful mood. Jean had just returned for dinner.

"Jean," said Mariette, with a little laugh, "do you know what the hairdresser below has just proposed to me?"

"No."

"He wishes to give me a hundred francs for my hair."

"What an absurd idea!"

"Oh, I don't know! When our money gives out that would be a resource worth thinking of."

Jean suddenly worked himself into an angry passion, saying that if ever she did such a thing— Well, what would he do? He did not know, but— Well, anyway, only a woman could have thought of such an absurd idea.

Mariette made no reply. A fortnight later as she was combing her hair, Jean, who had forgotten something, hastily entered the room.

"Goodby," he said, embracing his wife.

Then he suddenly paused.

"Look here! This is strange. One would say your hair was falling out."

"Do you think so?" answered Mariette, drawing her hair through her hands. "Yes, it has seemed to me for some time past that it has been falling out somewhat."

"Then buy a hair restorative."

"Bah! they are worthless."

Eight days afterward, as he leaned over the bed to say goodby to Mariette, who was rather lazy that morning, Jean said:—

"Decidedly, your hair is becoming thin; you have not nearly so much as formerly."

"Yes, yes," replied Mariette, sinking back and burying her neck in her pillow; "it falls out continually. Well, when I have none left you will no longer love me!"

"You deserve not to be loved for saying so. But be patient. If I conclude my negotiations to-day we will bring back your hair. I promise you that."

At mid-day Jean returned, entering the room so hurriedly that he failed to close the door behind him.

"There," he cried, "the bargain is concluded. It appears that I have talent, talent enough. I am engaged for 300 francs a month Peru and

Golconda! And to begin with, I have received pay for half a month in advance. Look at that! I am rolling in wealth!"

And the triumphant Jean threw five Louis on the table.

Mariette, astonished, looked at him with admiration.

"But," said she suddenly, "why have you all those bottles?"

"To restore your hair, madame," replied Jean. "I have a dozen bottles of the best hair restorative. I have rifled all the perfumers."

"And for that?"

"Yes. I paid only fifty francs; no more."

Mariette almost fell to the floor.

"Ah! you have done a fine thing!" she exclaimed.

"How so?"

"Why, my hair is not falling out. Here, look at it."

And, taking her hair in both hands, she pulled it without moving a muscle. Then, as her astonished husband stared at her, with open mouth, she broke into a hearty laugh.

But Jean suddenly approached her, and, seizing her hands, thrust them aside.

"It is not possible!" he said, in a changed tone.

"Why not possible?" answered Mariette.

"Cut! You have cut your hair?"

"Well, it was necessary—to live, as we were out of money a month ago."

Jean for a moment remained silent and motionless. Then he tenderly pressed his wife to his bosom and kissed her forehead.

As she let him do this without saying a word, Mariette perceived two large tears fall upon her hair.

"Ah, foolish fellow!" she said, "be reasonable. My hair will grow again—have no fear—for those two tears will do it more good than your dozen bottles of restorative."—*Joseph Montel.*

Strange Antipathies.

The following are a few of the more striking manifestations of that unaccountable feeling of antipathy to certain objects to which so many persons are subject, and with instances of which—in a modified form, perhaps—most people are acquainted:

Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish that the smell of it threw him into a fever.

Ambrose Pare mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.

There is an account of another gentleman who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.

A lady, a native of France, always fainted on seeing boiled lobsters. Other persons from the same country experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odor of jonquils or tuberoses.

Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.

Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.

Uladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples.

If an apple was shown to Chesne, secretary to Francis I, he bled at the nose.

A gentleman in the court of Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewling of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.

Henry III, of France, could never sit in a room with a cat.

The Duke of Schomburg had the same aversion.

M. Vangheim, a great huntsman in Hanover, would faint, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away at the sight of a roasted pig.

John Rol, a gentleman in Alcantara, would swoon on hearing the word lana, wool, although his cloak was woolen.

The philosophical Boyle could not conquer a strong aversion to the sound of water running through a pipe.

Lo Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of musical instruments, though he experienced a lively pleasure whenever it thundered.—*Glasgow Times.*

The Germans are steadily increasing their navy. They have lately added 25 torpedo boats, and many larger vessels are now in course of construction.

It is estimated that one voter in seven cannot write.

FISHING FOR PORPOISES.

An Industry Which Recently Sprung into Existence.

How the Porpoises are Caught and Their Carcasses Utilized.

A new industry which has been prosecuted with a fair measure of success during the summer, and gives great promise of developing into a large and prosperous business in the near future, is the catching of porpoises in the Delaware Bay. The idea was conceived by a number of Wilmington fishermen.

A seine is used, which is necessarily very large, extensive and cumbersome. It is about 1000 yards long and is constructed in three separate sections, which, when in the water, forms the section of a circle, the shore making the connecting cord. The net is deep enough to almost reach the sea bottom. The whole structure forms a bag, the limits of which are contracted as the haul is made.

The school is surrounded by the ponderous seine, and men then grasp it at each end, and tug it ashore, slowly and cautiously. The fish, feeling themselves being drawn to the beach, struggle frantically and desperately for life. They plunge with violence into the meshes of their netted pen, and in water with depth enough to admit of their swimming strongly, they usually break their way through the heavy ropes, and go bellowing into the water.

The scare among them and excitement is intense. They lastly ter into a foam, and savagely at the net or aim to leap over the corks, snort, blow and belch mad creatures. When excited or aroused, the lazy, sleepy creature possessed of wonderful strength and animation. Perhaps in one hour fifty fish may be netted, but the haul is landed.

However powerful in the water, fish are absolutely helpless, and are called dead, the instant they are on the beach. As soon as they are ashore the "sticker," with a sharp butcher-knife, appears, and inflicts a deep wound on the porpoise's neck, much in the manner as a pig would be killed. The carcass is taken directly to the boiling houses, where they are cleaned. The blubber, which is a valuable part of the fish, is cut from the carcass with the skin, and the average, about an inch thick, is scraped from the carcass into tubs, and dried out into fish, in condition, will yield twelve to fourteen gallons of excellent oil, for which there is always a ready market at from eighty-five cents to \$1 per gallon. A very valuable and fine oil, which is used on watches and delicate machinery, is extracted from the head of the fish. It is worth about \$8 per gallon, and each head yields about two ounces.

The skin after being cleansed of the blubber is ready for the tanner, and they readily bring \$5 each. Out of porpoise hide very fine leather is made, a quality that takes color nicely, dresses beautifully, and is employed in making some of the finest novelties. The carcasses are not put to any use as yet, they simply being prepared as a fertilizer. Experiments with the flesh of the porpoise go to show that it is very good for food, being both tender and palatable. In some respects it resembles beef, and some who ate heartily of it aver that it is quite as enjoyable as a rib roast. It has a slight gamey flavor, something like venison, and there is an entire absence of the fishy taste.

Two cents per pound has already been offered for all carcasses of the catch by New York parties, who intend preparing it for mince meat, which will divest mince pies of their repulsive mystery. Occasional orders have been filled for good cuts of the fish from Philadelphia and New York restaurants, and it is probable that in a short time there will be a demand for all the fish caught.

Each porpoise is estimated to be worth \$20 per head. The aggregate value of five week's result was \$3740. The outlay, including all the expenses for the same time, was less than \$1000.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Two Peeps at Siam.

It is not a long circuit from the gate

of the Captain's garden to that of the famous temple, but even that short distance shows us a few sights which would be sufficiently amazing in any other part of the world. A native house is gravely coming up the river by itself, the father steering it with a long oar, while the children watch its progress from the steps of the ladder leading down into the water from the veranda. Under the shade of a huge banyan tree, half a dozen bare-limbed, dusky Siamese boatmen are playing a kind of aboriginal lawn-tennis, using their feet instead of their hands to keep up the ball. Just beyond them a small, native child, with nothing on but the ornamental wreath which encircles the bristly tuft of black hair surmounting its otherwise shaven head, is admiring a magnificent butterfly, almost as large as a sparrow. A little farther on, a group of amphibious youngsters are playing in the thick, greasy, soap-colored water, as Western children might play on land, while just across the river we espy a flotilla of light canoes, laden with fruit and vegetables, and manned by Siamese market women, who keep up a perpetual clamor of bargaining as shrill as a chorus of angry parrots.

But the moment we pass the deep lowbrowed gateway all this bustle of busy life vanishes as if it had never been. With one stride we go from the present to the past. The mighty ruins that start up through masses of clinging foliage in the gloomy depths of the valley look more like the bones of a giant than the work of man.

Some of the most striking features are the two great towers which stand on either side of the entrance to the temple. They are built of brick and are covered with a mosaic of gold and silver. The towers are connected by a long bridge of arches. The bridge is also covered with a mosaic of gold and silver.

Now this is the thing what we send you here for, to learn white men's way. There is two roads, one is good and one is what we call a devil road. Another thing is, you know, if who do nothing, just put his hand on his back and lie down, so any dime not come to in his pocket itself, so you must do something with your hands. Now you must not home-sick any; but you must try to be good and happier."—*St. Nicholas.*

Autumn Leaves.

Maple and oak are most desirable; sumac and ivy must be gathered after the first slight frost, or the leaflets will fall from the stem. Ferns may be gathered at any time. The leaves when gathered should be placed in a large book; this may be made of common newspapers with pasteboard covers. Immediately after gathering take a moderately warm iron, rub white wax over it, and apply to the surface of each leaf. Do not press the leaves with the iron too long, or they will become perfectly flat. Very pretty transparencies are made by placing a bouquet of autumn leaves between two pieces of bobinet lace, which are kept in shape by bonnet wire, and bound with bright-colored ribbon. A bird cage of autumn leaves with a stuffed bird in it, is a pretty ornament for a winter room, though a live bird in a wire cage would be in some respects more desirable.

Off the Gulf coast of Texas is the Padre Island, containing 350,000 acres, and owned by no one knows whom. There are scores of claimants to the title, some of whom have already induced credulous Englishmen to invest \$100,000 in ideal schemes of improvement.