

THUS FAR.

Because my life has lain so close to thine,
Because our hearts have kept a common beat;
Because thine eyes, turned toward me frank and sweet,
Reveal sometimes thine unthought thoughts to mine—

Think not that I, by curious design
Or oversight of too impetuous feet,
Could desecrate thy soul's supreme retreat,
Could disregard its quivering barrier line.

Only a simple Levite I, who stand
On the world's side of the most holy place;
Till, as the new day glorifies the east,
One come to lift the veil with reverent hand,

And enter with thy soul's soul face to face—
He whom thy God shall call to be high priest,
He whom thy God shall call to be high priest,
—Elias Burroughs.

THE DECLINE OF POLITENESS.

Deplorable Change Going On in the Manners of English Society.

The signal deterioration of manners that has for some time been going on in what is called good society is every year becoming more glaring and more deplorable.

The demeanor of women, nowadays, to men is on a par with the male behavior we have described. Far from resenting the unceremoniousness with which they are treated by men who are in reality utter strangers to them, they go to meet it half way, and permit themselves to be on a foot of familiarity as far as manner is concerned.

The notion that people are to be specially honored in their own houses has gone quite out of fashion. No one nowadays is so antiquated in his ideas as to suppose that hospitality is to be regarded as a favor conferred on the person to whom it is extended.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran's Business Methods. Mr. Hyde, the white haired, gray whiskered, rosy faced, blue eyed gentleman who has for forty years acted as the late Mr. W. W. Corcoran's private secretary, tells me that Mr. Corcoran's last business act was the signing of a real estate transfer.

Another thing will ultimately tell against India as a wheat country. Manure is carefully picked up and dried for fuel. The land needs it and cannot get it. Trees are scarce; leaves, coarse grass, and excrement of cattle keep the natives in fuel.

Formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yucatan by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many still retain the ancient sign; for example, the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted on the corner house.

Household Hints. Clean zinc with kerosene. Painted chamois skin tidies now decorate chairs and sofas.

Save cold tea for the vinegar barrel, says a housewife. "It sours easily and gives color and flavor."

To soften water for dish washing and laundry purposes thoroughly dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated lye in four gallons of water.

"MAN OVERBOARD"

A Cry Which Only Those Who Have Been at Sea Comprehend.

One day, wind fresh and abeam, the ship staggering along under topgallant sails, the cry was heard, "Man overboard!" Those only who have been at sea know what this means. It has been written up many times, but no writing can express just what the cry and the fact convey.

But when the running ship, towering on the crest of a lofty wave, dashes suddenly onward and down, burying her head again in the boiling sea, and tears them out again with a terrible strain, as was the case on this occasion, no living thing can hold on, and so our poor shipmate was dashed into the sea, was struck and passed over by the ship and was never seen more by any living man.

Mr. Depew's Correspondence. It was late in the afternoon, and yet a mass of correspondence remained upon Mr. Depew's desk. I was never more strongly convinced that great men occasionally have to work.

The rapidity with which Mr. Depew went through his pile of letters—reserving some and handing others to an assistant—was truly surprising. He has evidently acquired the art of getting at "the meat" of a story in the shortest possible time.

Careless People of India. Our farmers need never fear India for good wheat. These people are too slovenly in their manner of cleaning it over to send a good article to England, and, as the commissioner (governor) of this district told me, they will not change their habits.

Queer Sign Posts for Streets. Formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yucatan by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many still retain the ancient sign; for example, the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted on the corner house.

The Old Brother's Prayer. A college student was invited one Sunday to occupy the pulpit in a little country church. After what he considered a masterly effort on the subject of "Lazarus and the Rich Man," he called on a good old brother to pray, and was somewhat electrified to hear the following: "Oh, Lord! we thank thee that we are not like this poor, despoiled beggar, Lazarus, who we've just been listening to!"—Boston Journal.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Popular Bed Room Furnishings—Receipts for Old Fashioned Dainties.

Colored and white bed spreads are both in fashion. Pretty crochets or satens is much used for the colored ones, and the bolster, which may be rounded or flat, is covered with the same. White marseilles is a popular counterpane, while antique lace or lace insertion and scrim in alternate stripes is highly fashionable.

Good Home Made Apple Butter. Home made apple butter used to be a part of every country family's provision for the winter. Mrs. S. D. Pover tells just how this article is made as excellent as it ought always to be.

An Expert's Test for Flour. An expert advises as an easy mode of testing the purity of flour to squeeze it in the hand. The cohesiveness of flour is very great, and the lump so squeezed in the hand will be a longer time before it breaks and falls apart if of wheaten flour than if adulterated.

The Decline of the Pillow Sham. Pillow shams are going out of style and use. Long narrow pillows are much used on beds made up with spreads that are brought up over the pillows so as to entirely cover them.

Toilette Table in French Style. The toilette table represented in the cut is of French origin and its light, graceful character makes it particularly suitable for bed rooms. It can be fitted with drawers underneath, if preferred.

Indebtedness of European Nations. The wonderful increase of the public debt of European states within the last few years suggests the question, "Whither will this tendency lead them?" In 1870 the total indebtedness was \$15,000,000,000. This has been increased to the amount of \$21,000,000,000 in 1896.

Persia's Divorce Law. In Persia, as in Turkey, if a husband wishes a divorce from his wife all he has to do is order her out of the house. As a check upon the too free use of this arbitrary proceeding, however, the Persians have constituted a committee and ingenious custom. With the Mohammedan laws make it so easy for a man to band to put away his wife, it occurs to all her own property. Under no consideration can the husband deprive the wife of her own property.

Bright Literary Prospects. Friend (to young writer)—What do you hear from the Every Other Monthly Magazine, Charley, in regard to your MS? Young Writer—"It came back to me a couple of two ago with 'many thanks of the editors for my kindness in giving them the privilege of seeing it.' Mind you, Gus, the thanks of a single editor, but the thanks of every one of 'em on the magazine, of there may be a dozen, for all I know. I'm going to send them something else in a few days."—The Epoch.

THE PLEASURES OF RANCHING.

Life in the Cattle Country—Clouds of Mosquitoes—in a Rain.

For bedding, each man has two or three pairs of blankets, and a tarpaulin or small wagon sheet. Usually, two or three sleep together. Even in June the nights are generally cool and pleasant, and it is chilly in the early mornings; although this is not always so, and when the weather stays hot and muggy, and when the hours of darkness, quitoes are plenty, the hours of darkness, even in midsummer, seem painfully long. In the Bad Lands proper we do not often pitch camp very seriously by the Big Missouri, but in the low bottoms of the reedy ponds and beside many of the prairie, they are great sloughs out of the very hot nights, when they are especially active, the bed clothes make a man feel absolutely smothered, and yet his only chance for sleep is to wrap himself tightly up, head and all; and even then some of the pests force their way in.

At sunset I have seen the mosquitoes rise up from the land like a dense cloud, to make the hot, stifling night one long torture; the horses would neither lie down nor graze, traveling restlessly to and fro till daybreak, their bodies streaked and bloody, and the insects settling on them so as to make them all one color, a uniform gray; while the men, after a few hours' tossing about in the damp attempt to sleep, rose, built a fire of damp sage brush, and thus endured the misery as best they could until it was light enough to work. But if the weather is fine, a man will never sleep better nor more pleasantly than in the open air after a hard day's work on the round up; nor will an ordinary shower or gust of wind disturb him in the least, for he simply draws the tarpaulin over his head and goes on sleeping.

But now and then we have a wind storm that might better be called a whirlwind, and has to be met very differently; and two or three days or nights of rain insure the wetting of the blankets, and, therefore, shivering discomfort on the part of the would-be sleeper. For two or three hours all goes well, and it is rather soothing to listen to the steady patter of the great rain drops on the water can get in, or else the tarpaulin will begin to leak somewhere, or perhaps the water will have collected in a hollow underneath and begun to soak through. Soon a little stream trickles in, and every effort to remedy matters merely results in a change for the worse. At one end of the way in, the water gets wet in a fresh spot, and the best course is to lie still and accept the evils that have come with what fortitude one can. Even thus, the first night a man can sleep pretty well, but if the rain continues, a second night, when the blankets are already damp, and when the water comes through, more easily, is apt to be most unpleasant.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Burmese "Pickled Tea." The Indian Forester publishes the diary of an expedition which recently ascended the Chindwin river, in Upper Burma. The writer describes a village called Kawya, on the river, where the people are wholly devoted to the cultivation of tea, and which may be considered as the southern limit of the tea plant in this region.

When the princesses—of whom there are a dozen or so—take it in their royal highnesses to dine in the public dining room, an enormous sensation is created. People have to bob up and down repeatedly when they enter, and all the officers in the princesses' hands with the most respectful and impressive homage. It's funny to see the princesses turn their faces and watch the kissing. They feel about the same interest in it as a cow does when she turns around and looks contemptuously at the maid who is milking her. The officers are dandies and out. They never attempt to conceal it. They wear stays, and when they take off their helmets and caps in the big restaurant and hotels they lean over the tables and calmly arrange their hair with little mirrors and brushes carried in the coat tail pockets. This takes a long time as a rule. The spectators evince a respectful interest in it, when it is at length completed they all give a general sigh of relief and satisfaction, and officers bow to one another politely, and the world rolls on again upon its axis.—Hubert Hall's Berlin Letter in New York Sun.

Friend (to young writer)—What do you hear from the Every Other Monthly Magazine, Charley, in regard to your MS? Young Writer—"It came back to me a couple of two ago with 'many thanks of the editors for my kindness in giving them the privilege of seeing it.' Mind you, Gus, the thanks of a single editor, but the thanks of every one of 'em on the magazine, of there may be a dozen, for all I know. I'm going to send them something else in a few days."—The Epoch.

STRANGE SIGHTS IN MEXICO.

Old and Primitive Customs Which Surprise Northerners—Silent Courtesans.

Everything looks particularly strange in Mexico at the present time," said E. A. Ward, of Los Angeles, who arrived there on one of the vestibule trains. "The things do so differently down there, away from what we do, that things look queer to an American. Scenes in the streets now set you to thinking."

"In all the cities and towns you see long lines of jack trains loading with goods, and this notwithstanding the railroads and streets as they call their street car lines. The lines are the regular cars drawn by mules. The country seven, eight and as far as ten miles right through the country to and beyond other towns, sometimes connecting a line in a chain. You may ride a short distance on one of these first class cars for one-half real, or six and one-half cents. On a second class car you pay half of that, and on a third class half of that again. They run the three kinds of cars on the same track."

"The City of Mexico has not been broken for 300 years, and an Ohio company has just taken a contract to do it. Harrows of the drainage has run into a lake that drains it all back again, and you lift up any of the sidewalks in that city and you get a good deal that nearly knocks you over. There is just one elevator in the City of Mexico. It has only been recently put in. Every evening great crowds stand around with wondering eyes to see it work. They never leave the place for one in any of the rooms, and you are sometimes quite uncomfortable. They light you upstairs with a tallow candle, and each guest must furnish his own towel and soap."

"Going along the streets of Mexico one day I saw a young man slipping his fingers grotesquely, as though playing an imaginary tattoo in the air. I looked around but couldn't see anything. The next day I saw him at it again, gazing around all the time. I went into the hotel, and one of my friends asked me if I had seen the young fellow who was courting that young girl. I fell all at once, and looking out saw a girl in a third story window looking out at him and doing the tattoo act again. Said my friend: 'This business has been going on for years, and neither of them has spoken a word.'"

"It was so. They were courting. That was the way they do it down there. It was a flirtation, long protracted, but whether the pantomime was translatable into language I am unable to say."—San Francisco Examiner.

The manners of people of high rank in Germany are amusing to a stranger. Nowhere in the world are "dukes and dukes of such" so unpretentious as here. In the land where I am stopping there are several hundreds of nobles who are waiting an improvement in the emperor's condition before returning home. Soldiers guard the entrances of the hotels in their honor, but that is the beginning and end of all ceremony. The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, a tall, amiable looking man with a big gray beard, and the Duke of Saxe-Horsmar, who is blonde and dapper, were under unconcernedly followed by dozens of men in magnificent uniforms. Wherever they go people rise and remain standing till the men of title have seated themselves. Then there is a general sinking into seats and covert looks toward the great men.

When the princesses—of whom there are a dozen or so—take it in their royal highnesses to dine in the public dining room, an enormous sensation is created. People have to bob up and down repeatedly when they enter, and all the officers in the princesses' hands with the most respectful and impressive homage. It's funny to see the princesses turn their faces and watch the kissing. They feel about the same interest in it as a cow does when she turns around and looks contemptuously at the maid who is milking her. The officers are dandies and out. They never attempt to conceal it. They wear stays, and when they take off their helmets and caps in the big restaurant and hotels they lean over the tables and calmly arrange their hair with little mirrors and brushes carried in the coat tail pockets. This takes a long time as a rule. The spectators evince a respectful interest in it, when it is at length completed they all give a general sigh of relief and satisfaction, and officers bow to one another politely, and the world rolls on again upon its axis.—Hubert Hall's Berlin Letter in New York Sun.

Persia's Divorce Law. In Persia, as in Turkey, if a husband wishes a divorce from his wife all he has to do is order her out of the house. As a check upon the too free use of this arbitrary proceeding, however, the Persians have constituted a committee and ingenious custom. With the Mohammedan laws make it so easy for a man to band to put away his wife, it occurs to all her own property. Under no consideration can the husband deprive the wife of her own property. As a precaution against divorce, then, the husband in the marriage contract is usually required to promise a considerable sum of money as a wedding gift to his bride. This money is forthcoming at the wedding nor is it placed to the wife's credit as it is owed to her by the husband. As is usual in divorce this money would have to be paid over, the amount is usually made so large that it is virtually beyond the husband's means. In that case divorce to him means financial ruin, and as a Persian pocket is the most susceptible part of his anatomy, it follows that there is no divorce. Owing to this ingenious arrangement, although a mere angry order to divorce is legal divorce, there are fewer divorces in Persia than in the United States.—Theodore Stevens in New York Sun.

Bright Literary Prospects. Friend (to young writer)—What do you hear from the Every Other Monthly Magazine, Charley, in regard to your MS? Young Writer—"It came back to me a couple of two ago with 'many thanks of the editors for my kindness in giving them the privilege of seeing it.' Mind you, Gus, the thanks of a single editor, but the thanks of every one of 'em on the magazine, of there may be a dozen, for all I know. I'm going to send them something else in a few days."—The Epoch.



DESIGN FOR TOILETTE TABLE. This table is of wood, painted white and well varnished. The tabletop is covered with red flannel, over which is ecru colored etamine edged with knitted thread lace. The drapery consists of Turkey red calico upon which are applied, with chain stitch, designs of flowers or birds cut out of cretonne. If it is desired to make the table handsome, the drapery can be of more costly material with hand painted or embroidered ornaments.

Rose Scent Jar. A potpourri or rose scent jar consists of a stock of rose leaves, to which are added various odoriferous substances and essences. The rose petals are gathered in the morning, and after drying them off for an hour are put into a dish with layers of salt; they are stirred every morning and allowed to stand ten days. Fresh leaves can be added every morning until there are enough. Then put into a jar with two ounces coarsely ground saffron and the same of broken stick cinnamon. Let it stand closely covered for six weeks. Mix together one ounce each of coarsely ground allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mace, one ounce bruised orris root, some lavender flowers or any sweet scented dried flowers or herbs obtainable, and put into your permanent rose jar in alternate layers with the rose stock; add a few drops of oil of rose geranium or violet and pour over the whole a quarter of a pint of good cologne. Add from time to time orange flower water or the like and every season a few fresh rose petals. Every morning after putting the room in order leave the cover off the jar for a few minutes.

The Old Brother's Prayer. A college student was invited one Sunday to occupy the pulpit in a little country church. After what he considered a masterly effort on the subject of "Lazarus and the Rich Man," he called on a good old brother to pray, and was somewhat electrified to hear the following: "Oh, Lord! we thank thee that we are not like this poor, despoiled beggar, Lazarus, who we've just been listening to!"—Boston Journal.