

**THE FORSAKEN LOVER.**  
The boughs regain their flush of green,  
The brooks their saucy glee;  
The game is bold, the skies serene;  
The birds at mating free;  
And merrier yet bath Millieent,  
The blacksmith's daughter, kept  
The springtide's tryst, on mischief bent,  
At breaking hearts adept.

For never more—alack the day!—  
Doth she my rambles seek;  
My woodman's garb of homespun gray  
Brings blushes to her cheek;  
My homely manners rouse her scorn;  
No tender glance betrays  
The joy of old that oft was borne  
Along these forest ways.

Some gallant of the smoky town,  
Where, with her kinsman free,  
She passed the winter, must have grown  
More tender than should be.  
However it is, to cloud and rain  
My day of sunshine turns  
Though still with love's delicious pain  
My heart within me burns.

Adieu, the blush so like the dawn's,  
The lissom shape and light;  
Swiftfalls, like the forest of fawn's,  
Fair, sunny eyes, good-night!  
Still of a woodman must I toil,  
My lot forlorn and poor,  
While ye become the Summer spoil  
Of some more courtly wooer.

But henceforth in the gray old woods  
My pines and rest I'll find;  
They have no false, coquetish moods  
That change with every wind.  
They do not win the heart to cast  
It scornfully aside,  
But closer press with every blast  
That bows its hope and pride.

**CONFESSIONS OF A HASH-EATER.**  
At eight o'clock on the morning of the first day of each month I wrote a check on the Hibernia Bank in favor of Madame Josephine Aroni for the sum of forty-eight dollars. I have thus occupied myself at that hour on the first of each month during the past three years. The trifling sum of one dollar and a quarter which I am charged for the gas I usually pay in cash.

This check seems to afford the Madame a gratification extravagantly disproportionate to its face value. She delights in fingering it. It appears to give her a sense of aristocratic wealth to be holding a check that requires her signature across the back before it will be honored. It also impresses her with my importance. The man who carries a check book is possessed of a charm that can only become impotent when death stiffens his fingers, or his bank of deposit goes to smash.

I have furthermore observed that when the Madame moves in her professional hospitable manner into the breakfast-room on the morning of the First, she takes particular pains to delicately and suggestively parade my check. I presume this is a ladylike method of reminding the others that the First is pay day.

But I have observed with much sorrow that the wistful eyes of more than one wife follow that fluttering bit of paper, and ill concealed sighs agitate the loaves on more than one delfty padded bosom.

Why is it that the average wife of the average man of business is a hangery-on, a whining dependent, a humiliated poor relation, and alms-begging pauper, when it comes to her husband's pockets?

As I have passed from the breakfast-room any time within the past three years I have frequently been shamed, mortified and saddened to hear a shy wife slip out into the hall after her burly man and ask him in abject whisper, "Can you give me just a little change this morning, dear?" And then I, John Quixote, Bachelor, Secretary of the Association for the Relief of Superannuated Makers of Wax Flowers, and resident hash-eater, in the establishment of Madame Aroni, fall to thinking, as I stroll toward the office, of the time when that pretty creature wore her orange blossoms and bravely, after the fashion of her sweet sex, pledged herself to a salaryless life of small miseries. To a woman of spirit it must be a decided misery to be a pensioner on her husband's bounty, at the mercy of his capricious benevolence.

Gad, sir, it makes me rejoice that I never married. Rejoice for the woman's sake, whoever she might have been. How can I feel sure that I might not have developed into a domestic tyrant?

Who knows better than I that much of the agreeable manner in which many married couples conduct themselves is mere conventional veneer? Gad, sir, there's many a married gentleman whose dressing gown is a beast's skin, and when he gets into it, he also assumes the beast's growl and savage ill nature.

When the Wisconsin come laughing into the dining room, or are seen cosily trotting arm in arm into the theater, who is to know, save the occupants of the room next to theirs, that the sanctity of their bedchamber is frequently disturbed by bitter revilings; that she is a volcano and he an iceberg.

Yet Mrs. Wisconsin is a great favorite of mine. In fact, the title I have written at the top of these pages leave me free to admit that all of the ladies, both the "regulars" and "transients" whom I have the honor of meeting under Madame Aroni's roof, are favorites of mine.

"Dear Mr. Quixote," said Mrs. Emily Ardor to me one day; "dear Mr. Quixote, your wig is our protection." God bless my soul! To the innocent feminine mind does a wig signify venerableness and virtue?

The ladies, however, justly place implicit confidence in my virtue; their husbands also appear to place implicit confidence in my venerableness. These confidences I have never betrayed. As Secretary of the association mentioned above, an association composed mostly of ladies, I may say that considerable diplomatic tact is required. I pretend never to be in earnest. I find it works admirably. When Mrs. Dollie Delight, who is really an efficient worker, comes to me, hurried and reproachful, and exclaims,

"Oh, Mr. Quixote, Mrs. Wisconsin says you said I like to have all the ladies under my thumb," I simply pat her on the shoulder and answer: "My dear creature, do you think I could say such a thing of you? If I had made such a remark does not your conscience satisfy you that it must have been about Mrs. Wisconsin?" and then I laugh, as if it were all a joke, and tell her a mild and much diluted little club story.

Satisfy a woman's little personal vanity, and she will be sleek and velvety as an amiable cat. Several times when Mrs. Delight has been on the verge of an open quarrel with certain of her sister workers, I have restored her to good temper by merely referring to her for grammatical correction the committee report of some (absent) member. Precision of phraseology—except when she is excited—is one of Mrs. Delight's chief vanities. She is a woman fond of "long-tailed words ending in 'ousity' or 'ation.'" I have observed that she is wise enough to frequently employ these long-winded terms in the vanquishing of the meeker members of the association.

Mrs. Delight is a woman of admirable persistence. Her association in a responsible position with the Superannuated Makers of Wax Flowers has calculated to develop this faculty. I have discovered that the presidents and other officers of benevolent and charitable associations are liable to become personally callous to the sufferings and timidly expressed inclinations of their proteges. They are to end by regarding their poor as so many head of cattle to be fed and sheltered without discrimination. Mrs. Delight's fault is the common one of forcing her dependents to take her periodical gifts as so much salutary physic. Gad, sir, they must take it whether they will or they won't.

Miss Emily Ardor, who professes to be a girlish gourmand, and who is a trifle ostentatious in her fondness for a good dinner—she is proud of being thought a fine healthy girl, with a fine appetite—has just tapped at my door to say that there is to be real turtle soup for dinner. Madame Aroni is an admirable caterer. At her table you will always find etiquette and clean napkins and the best viands of the season. I must say that even the hash is good. Mr. Wisconsin will probably not appear at dinner to-day. Last night about 11 o'clock the house next door caught fire. There was an excitement among the boarders, and all were aroused. After the danger was over several of the ladies, including Emily—I am almost of the opinion that single ladies of more than twenty-five are ubiquitous—seated on the front steps recounting their impressions and recollections of fires, when the front door opened and Mr. Wisconsin appeared clad simply in a nightshirt, with his silk hat (he is a lawyer) on his head and his great coat upon his arm. He was visibly nervous and alarmed.

The ladies scattered like a flock of birds surprised by a hunter. It was some time before I could convince Wisconsin that he was in more danger of arrest by the police than of being burnt by the fire! What a remarkable different man Wisconsin is upon an occasion of supposed danger, from the Wisconsin who manages to get the best and rarest bits of tenderness in the morning. Gad, sir, you can never tell to what depths of folly a man may descend till you've seen him at a fire, beastly intoxicated and in love.

**A MAKER OF INFERNAL MACHINES.**  
George Holgate, the manufacturer of explosive machines, who lives at No. 1502, South Juniper street, in this city, says that from the description of the effect of the explosion of the infernal machine under the Government Office in London he feels confident that it was caused by a power much greater and more destructive than dynamite. Mr. Holgate, who makes no secret of the business in which he is engaged, has probably made more infernal machines than any man in this country. Within the past six weeks he has constructed four explosive machines and sold them to parties in New York. Each contrivance can be placed in a cigar box, and possesses an explosive force equal to 900 pounds of gunpowder. He has also, he says, constructed and sold two burning machines, which can be set for any number of hours, and when sprung create a flame equal to a hundred gas-jets and an intensity of heat equal to a thousand such jets. "I know nothing," said he, "of the uses to which my machines are put. I no more ask a man when he buys one whether he proposes to blow up a Czar or set fire to a place, any more than a gunsmith asks his customers whether they are about to commit murder, or a match merchant asks if his purchaser is about to become an incendiary. I make the machines for those who want them. I don't believe in killing Kings with bombs, nor do I think that it is proper to assassinate statesmen with knives, but I would not have the cutlery business stopped because bad men make improper use of the dagger. If the Nihilists are in earnest, if they possess half the courage they are credited with, they will be supreme in a few years. I do not believe that the Czar will be crowned."—[Philadelphia Record, March 17th.]

When a lion is roused he never goes directly forward, but takes an oblique course, receding with a slow proud motion, going from one side to the other, and bounding rather than running. The lion is a long-lived animal; in his native forest his age exceeds that of man. When a lioness fears less her retreat may be discovered she often hides her tracks by brushing them out with her tail.

**INSOMNIA.**  
The Cause of and Remedies for the Distressing Trouble.

**BEEF TEA AS A CURE FOR SLEEP-LESSNESS.**  
The causes that produce this serious trouble are various. Not unfrequently the tendency to it is inherited with a delicate nervous organization, and overwork will increase it. It is difficult for the sufferer to know just how much work, mental and physical, may be accomplished without producing the unpleasant result. For one so constituted a most watchful care becomes important, and the most interesting employment must be turned away from at the first sense of weariness.

An earnest conversation with a friend exciting your sympathy, the demand upon your strength made by an invalid, reading an article that stimulates the mind to intense thinking, may, any of them, cause you to spend weary, wakeful hours, and lead to severe exhaustion on the morrow. By watchfulness you may learn to spare yourself the over-fatigue, as a duty which others may not understand the reason for. You may avoid the conversation and the book at evening, seeking them at an earlier hour when the choice lies with you. But with every care you are liable to suffer from causes you can neither foresee nor prevent.

Sometimes indigestion will awaken you at the small hours and take revenge for some very slight departure from the careful diet you uniformly adopt. Recently it has been discovered that many persons lose hours of sleep because they are in need of nourishment—that the fast is too long that continues from supper time at 6 o'clock until 6 or 8 o'clock the next morning.

Physicians who used to prescribe bromide of soda or potassium for sleeplessness now urge their patients to take beef tea instead. The writer, after taking various prescriptions with little benefit, was at length so fortunate as to receive such advice. At first beef tea was used, with some light bread or biscuit broken in it, sipped from a spoon as warm as it could be taken. Afterward, milk, just scalded, not boiled, was substituted, and to make it more easy of digestion a tablespoonful of lime water was added to half a tumblerful of milk. To facilitate matters a pocket stove with an alcohol lamp or an arrangement for the gas fixture should be at hand. If neither beef tea nor milk can be easily procured, hot water with an infusion of hops or mint may be substituted, or even hot water alone will quiet restlessness and induce sleep. A darkened room that the moonbeams can not enter, a little fresh air from an open fire-place or window, are valuable assistants in making the sleep continuous.

When once the habit of wakefulness is broken up, the beef tea or milk may be taken cold, but not iced. If you are always a poor sleeper, it will be well to continue the late supper as a permanent thing in your daily life. Provide for it in the case of aged and delicate persons who may be under your roof, and as the troubles of life appear more weighty when scanned in the midnight hours, you may be able to lighten the load for the rest of their journey.

**BUSINESS MAXIMS.**  
A prominent merchant has compiled the following maxims from his own inquiry and experience:

1st. Choose the kind of business you understand.  
2d. Capital is positively required in business, even if you have real estate outside and credit ever so good.  
3d. One kind of business is as much as a man can manage successfully. Investments on the outside do not generally pay, especially if you require the money in your business.  
4th. Buy cautiously and just what you want, and do not be persuaded to purchase what you do not need; if you do, you will soon want what you can't buy.

5th. Insure your stock; insure your store; insure your dwelling, if you have one. If the rate is high it is only because the risk is great, and of course you should not take the risk yourself. A business that will not pay for insuring will not justify running.

6th. Sell to good responsible parties only. Sell on specified time, and when your money is due, demand it; do not let the account stand without note or interest for an indefinite period.  
7th. Sell at a reasonable profit and never misrepresent to effect a sale.  
8th. Live within your income; keep your business to yourself; have patience, and you will succeed.  
9th. Competition is the life of trade, but in trying to run your competitor out of business, be careful you do not run yourself out.

Many a deluded child has been cured of a cold by this means:—Take a cup of brown sugar and put it in a saucpan to make candy, but instead of adding water in which to dissolve the sugar, put in a little tea made by steeping thoroughwort. This will impart a bitter taste, which is not unpleasant to the child after the first mouthful, and is really a good remedy for a "tickling in the throat."

German geographers propose to christen a portion of the Northern ocean the Njenskjold sea. Done; it's kjold en igh now.

**HOUSEHOLD.**  
GOSSIP REBUKED.—One day the conversation at dinner in a family well known to the writer turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms the married sister added:

"I can't endure her, and I believe I will not return her call if she comes here again."  
Her husband, who had hitherto remained silent, replied:  
"She will not trouble you again, my dear, as she died an hour ago."  
"You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?"  
"She is really dead. I learned it on my way to dinner."  
Overwhelmed with shame the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we will wish we had done when

"Death sweeps their faults with heavy hand,  
As sweeps the son the trampled sand."  
SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful saleratus, one egg, and flour to roll out.  
FROSTING FOR CAKE.—One pound powdered sugar, whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch. Flavor with lemon. This is for one loaf.  
GOOD RUSKS.—One pint of milk, one teacup of yeast, mix it thin; when light add twelve ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of butter, four eggs, flour sufficient to make stiff as bread; when risen again, mold it and spread on tins.

CREAM TARTAR CAKE.—One teacup of butter, two and a half cups of sugar, two of milk, three tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, two of soda, one egg, nutmeg, fruit if you please. This makes two loaves and is extremely good. Try it.  
WEDDING CAKE.—Four pounds flour, three pounds butter, three pounds sugar, four pounds currants, two ounces raisins, one-half pound citron, one ounce mace, three nutmegs, two dozen eggs, half tumbler of molasses. This makes six loaves.

HOARSENESS.—Bake a lemon or sour orange for twenty minutes in a moderate oven, then open it at one end and dig out the inside, and sweeten it with sugar or molasses and eat. This will cure hoarseness and remove pressure from the lungs.  
PORK CAKE.—Thirteen ounces fat pork, chopped, one pint boiling-water poured over, add three cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, six cups sifted flour, one pound raisins, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon cinnamon, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, one nutmeg.

BURNS.—Wet saleratus and spread on a cloth, bind this around the burnt part and in a few hours it will be nearly well unless the burn is very deep, in which case the saleratus should be removed, and after being removed the burn should be covered with a piece of old linen on which has been rubbed a little mutton tallow or sweet oil.

No man should do more work of muscles or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point exercise is good; beyond are waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food and fatigue demands rest, we are in the natural order and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves or excite an appetite, we are wasting life.

If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap-suds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.  
SHEEP.—Keep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let sheep stand or lie in mud or water.  
Coal ashes sifted on errant bushes, it is said will destroy the currant worm.  
Young cows do not give as rich milk as those of mature age do. A lean cow gives poor milk and a fat cow gives rich milk.  
To ruin oilcloths—clean them with hot water or soap-suds, and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, and very dingy when dry, and soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them, and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe thoroughly dry. If you wish them to look extra nice, after they are dry drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them and rub with a small dry cloth.

When Senator Vest was solicited by the suffrage-begging women to help their cause, says a Washington letter, he listened patiently while they contended, in the usual style, that the woman was the equal of the man and ought to hold office—any office, Senator, Governor, postmaster justice of the peace or constable—anything, indeed. "Great heavens," said Mr. Vest, "do you mean that? Now, just think of it. Think of a man going home and kissing a justice of the peace, or telling a friend that he was in love with a constable! It is dreadful!"

Appearances seldom ought to determine our judgment. When the honor, probity, or reputation of some one is the matter in question, it ought not to be pronounced without a thorough investigation of the subject; and in that case, suspicions are never certainties.

**CONDUCTORS.**  
A Few Wise and Useful Hints Offered Gratuitously.

"IF A MAN LOSE HIS TICKET, BOUNCE HIM."  
To succeed in any industry, a man should be solemn and disagreeable. Especially does this rule apply to those whose aspirations for sudden wealth have carried them into the profession of conducting railroad trains. The genial man never succeeds in anything, and the genial conductor is doomed to a life of disappointment and penury.

The conductor should first assume that the road is run for his sole behoof. Under no circumstances should he ever permit a passenger to glean the idea that the fare-paying traveler is entitled to the slightest respect. If a man wants to know anything and he is square across the jaw and hinge of muscle, the conditions are altered and it might be well to answer his questions in full, but if a little man or woman becomes importunate, the screws should be put on without delay. If the conductor gives way to either of them, he must give way to all, and perhaps lose all his fun in the baggage car, besides forfeiting the respect of those who are inclined to take advantage of a man's good nature.

When a timid passenger or an elderly woman asks a question the snub is the only proper answer. Have no parleying. Spub from the start, for if the questioner finds that the conductor hesitates he's gone. Hesitating conductors have been asked as many as ten questions between New York and Chicago, while the man who puts the passenger down from the start, has been known to make six round trips without being interfered with.

On a local train the conductor should devote his attention to the school girls. As a general rule, this class of traveler can't find anybody willing to flirt with them, and, therefore, they are more or less dependent on the conductor. To a certain extent the roads depend on the school girl custom for subsistence, and therefore, it is to the interest of the road to have men who will see that the line is made attractive to this important branch of the community.

The proper place for the conductor is in the baggage car. For there he can smoke and sleep unmolested by inquiring minds "who want to know, you know." From that vantage ground, also, he can see the engineer jump, in the event of an accident, and understand what it is best to do in order that he may get out speedily and assure the press that nothing has occurred, and that the people in the burning cars didn't travel on that train. The killing of a conductor puts a road in a hole. The impulse is to advertise the line by giving him a send-off, but this is an admission that there was an accident, and, therefore the conductor should take care of himself, rather than subject his employers to any such inconvenience.

It is well for the conductor to have favorites among his regular passengers. These should be selected with discrimination from among the smoking and flask-carrying traveler. Familiarity with them pays, for they will applaud anything the conductor does, and feed him from their store whenever he has added to their importance by cutting down some man who has only the merit of regarding a functionary as a public servant.

If a man lose his ticket, bounce him. No matter that you saw it a moment before. No matter if you see it lying under the seat, bounce him. There is never a time when an official looks so dignified as when he is employing force to sustain his dignity. If by any chance the man finds his ticket before he is bounced, bounce him anyway. He has no right to waste the valuable time of a conductor by making him think that he is going to have the fun of a bounce, and then go back on him.

If you find by the ticket that a passenger is on the wrong road, tell him so, and then pass on without any further explanation. It will put him in a frame of mind until he can bump up and find the particulars. Keep him in suspense until the train that would carry him back has passed and then charge him what you like, for the company won't know that he was on your train at all, and you get an opportunity to put in a little thrift.

There are a few other rules, in relation to waking a man up with a wrench, and making him hand you a check in his hat band; refusing to let a sick woman have a double seat, when there are two other passengers in the car; occupying the seat near the stove, and letting the woman with a baby shiver in the corner, and the like, but these are generally so well observed without express directions that it is a work of supererogation to go into them.

Follow out the others carefully, and if you don't get rich by following some not here alluded to, you will grow up with the road a wise and respected conductor.

Washington knew three trades, Jefferson as many, Franklin was Jack-of-all-trades and good at several; and the assertion is safely made that the history of any hundred illustrious persons will show that the majority of them had their heads knocked against something hard in their early days.

**LOUISE MICHEL.**  
Private letters from Paris, Louise Michel, the Communist, of the most dramatic figure of types of strong contrasts.

An American lately in Paris, states that the disorderly mob suddenly silent, as if when a delicate little woman in black, walked forward in form and made a gentle appeal for quiet.

She had a pale, immobile face, out a trace of excitement; she spoke with her eyes closed, hands clasped hanging by her side. Her voice was low and soft, kept time to its monotonous by a slow rocking to and fro of her body.

In this gentle, even manner she poured out vindictive details of her enemies and those who rations to murder that appeared most brutal of her associates.

This woman is the high priestess of murder in France. Who may think of the truth or her political convictions, she doubt as to the engineering she would propel them; it is a nation, pure and simple.

She lives, it is stated, in a garret, where wrapped in a taut, both ragged and dirty, writing, surrounded by heaps of books and papers.

There is, however, one garret which is carefully and dusted. There, on a white and clean, lies a withered man, who orders the terrible about as "Ma petite," and orders are instantly and scrupulously obeyed. Her passionate old mother is the one human this cold, implacable Petrovitch.

When, on her return from a great banquet was held, she slipped away from her back door to find the poor man in her attic; and now, writing out her plans of bloodshed, she will throw a pen and fly to bring the soup or gruel, and to get la pauvre "God," says the Arab proverb, his sign-manual somewhere worst of men."

**MICA MASKS.**  
A well known German manufacturer of mica wares, Herr Breslau, now makes mica masks, the face, which are quiet and very light, and affected with heat nor by acids. They afford protection to all workmen able to be injured by heat, noxious vapors, all workers metal and glass melters, stokers, etc. In all kinds of grinding, polishing work the flying sparks rebound from the arched mask of the mask without injury.

These plates are fixed in a frame, which is well insulated means of asbestos, so as not to be tacked by heat or acid. They allow the turning of the eyes in direction, and, as against mica plates, they afford the advantage of protection to the whole face. In cases the neck and shoulders also be guarded by a sheet of impregnated with fire-proof material or by an asbestos sheet attached to the mask.

The interval between the eyes and the eyes allows of view who have poor eyesight, or spectacles, and of workers who are in melting operations, under red glass spectacles, under mica being such a bad conductor of heat. Where the mask has worn long, it is found desirable to add a caoutchouc tube with a piece for admission of fresh air, tube passes out to the shoulder where its funnel-shape tube times holding a moistened sponge supported. The mask has a cap attached to it for fixing the head.

**A STUPID LANGUAGE.**  
A respected German citizen city has a bright son who applied for the place of clerk at the office of one of our streets ways. He was engaged and pearance was so favorable to superintendent made a remark it which did not, however, please the boy, who took occasion to go home and did not return place came the old man.

"Mine boy comes not to me," said, "I likes not doze place." "I am sorry," remarked the superintendent, mildly. "We like and would make it worth to him to stay."

"Nein! nein!" said the boy angrily, "I not prings him to my business; he work not by his mit der hoeses!"

"Certainly not," assented the superintendent. "We want him here office to run errands and do what he likes." "Yaw, yaw! dot is my intention," he comes home some more and was a shtable boy—shtable boy was vat you tells him, po grand."

The superintendent thought ment, then he laughed. "I said he was a good stable boy—I didn't—oh, ha! ha! mean— I meant he was steady—what here, Jacob and explain—what I meant—ha! ha! ha!"

It took the whole office force plain it through an interpretation then the old man still looked as he grumbled:

"Vell! I lets him come pass more, but mine Gott! vot a langvidich!"

One of the rarest pieces of an opportunity for merited cence.

Some men are club-footed, is the p3iceman who is club-