A SONG FOR MIDDLE AGE.

I am just a little weary to-night, Sitting alone in the waning light, Alone in the silent room; And my eyes are full of unshed tears For the hopes and dreams of sweet, dead

years, Years lost in a tender gloom.

Oh, to think how my memory strays Back, and back to the beautiful days. The days when I was young; When hope and I were never apart, When love made melody in my heart And melody on my tongue.

Never again shall I dream such dreams: See such meadows, and woods, and streams Or earry a heart so glad.
I have crossed the hill at the turn of life:
I have borne the burden and heat of strife;
I'm tired, and a little sad.

I know that my hair is turning gray,
I feel I am growing old to-day,
And my heart sinks wearily;
When the sweetest rose of life is dead.
When song is over, and beauty fled.
Ah! what has life left for me?

Hush! There are footsteps upon the stair; Hush! There are sounds on the soft s.ill

And I forgot to complain.

My sons and daughters are in the room.

And gone is the soft, regretful gloom:

I am glad and young again.

Polly, and Kitty, and Jack, and Chris—All of them wanting a mother's kiss,
All tenderly full of fears;
Then quite forgotten were youthful joys,
I was well content with my girls and boys,
Content with my fifty years. - Christia Unon.

POOR KATIE.

Mrs. Lovell, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always smallonly a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. But she struggled hard to pay the rent and keep Tim and Katie in

In school-that was the great "Plenty of money may come one day, little ones," she would say, "but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President and Katie a Mrs. President and you can't know to much of school-book. I'm sure that, when you're grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don't mind the patched clothes, but keep at the head of the class, if

you haven't a hat for your head!" But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

"Give it all to Tim," Katie would say; "I believe I don't want anything at noon." Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no lunch-eon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it, she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the

fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that looked like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I cannot tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but ffer mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room—Tim's blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas, two or three winters before. for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head, and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mamma!" she sobbed. "I wanted to make believe that I had luncheon -it's only Tim's blocks!"

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mindhow the pride of her child was wounded because she could not ap pear as the other school-children did. and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to "keep up appear ances," and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust hersay much; so she smoothed the little girl's hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: "Never mind, Katie! Bet-ter days will come! Mother feels sure of it?" And then Katie slipped

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make believe dinner before her. Her teacher no the scales in its favor.

one of the pieces of paper will add enough weight to the paper to turn in dere sleep?"

'Does I ebe in dere sleep?"

'Mighty soul dinner before her. Her teacher no ticed that she kept her seat, and see ing her luncheon, went to her and said: "Why do you not go into the last of others lunch-room and eat your luncheon and eat your luncheon with the other girls" at the same time reaching out for Katie's hundle.

Wild chickens, numbered by thousands it. An actor once said to Garding a great mess of stuff, jest befoah dey some beauties in my acting last one of themselves; for with the other girls" at the same time reaching out for Katie's hundle.

Wild chickens, numbered by thousands it. An actor once said to Garding a great mess of stuff, jest befoah dey some beauties in my acting last one of themselves; for with the other girls" and the great comedian replied, without changing a muscle; some beauties of themselves for the whole family of pride and ignor-shift the same the whole family of pride and ignor-shift the same that the same tha time reaching out for Katie's bundle. ance are incestuous and mutually be-

ing into tears, "don't touch it! and teacher, don't tell, please! It's only blocks!

"Only blocks." softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes.
"Never mind, Katie, I'll not tell the You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the

school! Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but, longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own lunch eon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers when was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms bring "better days" at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother's selfcarried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal. and all other needful things, soon mother's industry. And Tim's blocks

Happy little Katie!-|St. Nicholas for April.

A SALESMAN'S SIGH

A New York letter says: A patient, quiet young salesman in the men's underwear department in Ridley's store, heaved a sigh recently that a reporter who stood by inquired what he trouble was.

Do you see that young lady going away there with her mother?" replied the young salesman, passing a long, thin, white hand through a poetic head of hair and then pointing to a chattering, laughing, daintily dressed young woman, who was fol lowing an enlarged edition of herself through the crowded store. "Lately married," he added sententiously.

"How do you know that?" See, here are forty-eight night shirts that I have had to pull down from the shelves above, open, stretch out, show her, and that I now have to fold up and put away. And ne'er a into dere valise. Anything to hide sale, nor even a thank you. She 'em from de porter and sabe a few came to me with her mother, and pennies." modestly blushing, asked me to see some night-shirts.

"Boys?" I asked. 'No; men's she replied.

nes, but they were too small. Then I climbed up that step-ladder, and got her numbers 36 to 42. She said the latter was the size.

"Have you any frilled bosoms?" "I pulled down the latest style of

"Haven't you any of these colored frill shirts, with little pockets?" she a chuckle and a grin, "de cullud trash

continued. "I went to the end of the counter, I climbed up the step ladder and got me jest gib me back de good old down three boxes of colored number slabery days. Gib me back my old 42's, frilled. She examined each box, massah and missus, and I'd cut stick same family at more than double her pronounced them sweet, priced them. ossed them all about; then she turned to her mother and said:

"Ma, what do you think he would like the best, one of these shirts or a silk handkerchief?'

"You know best," answered her mother.

shirt to church.

"There they go to the silk counter,"

A Philadelphia physician has made a special study of the phenomena of death' both through his personal ob-servations and those of others, and his conclusion is that the dissolution is painless. "I mean," he explains, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother noticed it as she discovered to the causes of doubt. lence, dissolution comes either through syncope or asphyxia. In the latter case, when resulting from disease, the struggle is long protracted. and accompanied by all the visible marks of agony which the immagination associates with the closing scene of life. Death does not strike all the organs of the body at the same time, and the lungs are the last to give up their functions. As death approaches the latter gradually become more and more oppressed; hence the rattle. Nor is the contact sufficiently perfect to change the black venous into the red arterial blood, an unprepared fluid consequently issues from the lungs into the heart, and is thence transmitted to every other organ of the body. The brain receives it, and its energies appear to be lulled thereby into sleep generally tranquil sleep-filled rith dreams which impel the dying to murmur out the names of friends and the occupations and recollections of past life."

There are a pair of scales in the away with her little bundle, and the bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

There are a pair of scales in the New York Assay Office of a kind blighty souls! how he did cuss de ole fat man. Den de gemmen in de top balance with two pieces of paper of ships that had befallen her little ones.

There are a pair of scales in the New York Assay Office of a kind blighty souls! how he did cuss de ole fat man. Den de gemmen in de top beff calls foah me, and he says, 'Portones ones.

When the proming came Katie stipped

When the proming came Katie stipped

There are a pair of scales in the opposite side ob de kyar swoah at him. Alighty souls! how he did cuss de ole fat man. Den de gemmen in de top beff calls foah me, and he says, 'Portones ones.

When the proming came Katie slipped

System a small installment of ready-five system as mall installment of ready-five system a There are a pair of scales in the

"Oh, teacher!" cried Katie, burst- | get each other.

ON A SLEEPER.

YANKEES WHO HIDE THEIR SHOES AT NIGHT.

very bright, intelligent porter on a a good social position. sleeping-car on the Washington express a few rights ago. He was sitting in the forward end of his car Others without the patter of All the passengers had gone to bed thing. of praise of the little girl, that each All the passengers had gone to bed thing." Other women are making one resolved to do all possible to and the porter had made his rounds homes happy for their aged parents. respect by offering her charity, but berth and section. Lead pencil, he plenty of work, with good pay, was said would not rub out. Formerly occasionally "How nice it would be rubbed off easily and sometimes he for it." came to their home through the found himself all mixed up. He was at home without causing neglect of a genuine specimen of the Southern other duties. went back into their corner to stay darkey, and was rubbing away vigorously when the reporter said:

"You've got a big job before you."
"Yes, sah," said the ebony porter as
he showed his white teeth; "but dat ain't all de shoes in this hyar kyar; dere is free pair ob shoes a missin' but I reckons I knows whar dey is, and the frowns over the porter's nose grew deeper and he frowned a very knowing frown. "In de fust place de owners ob de missin' shoes am de porter couldn't black 'em and den she would not be respected. dey wouldn't had to pay nuffin in de

Why did you say the owners were Yankees?" asked the reporter.

"Bekase, sah, no Soth'rn gemmen wud hide his shoes. Dey ain't so mean, but de people what belongs to Yankee land does hit right 'long. Ebery trip de same fing happens; sometimes dey wrap dere shoes up in dere pantaloons-us and shoves dem under de pillar when dey takes 'em off, and sometimes dey jest drap dem

All this the porter said in a low tone, while he shined his shoes as the train was rattling over the road.

'I'se been on a Saint Louis run. "I brought down some fine linen and I'se been on a Boston run, and I'se been hyar, and right hyar's de best ebery time. De trabel to de Souf am fust-class. De Soth'en gemmen always am liberal wid dere cash. and whar a man from de Norf gibs de porter ten cents de Soth'en gemmen gibs him a dollah, and doan make haf de fuss ober hit,

"Golly, boss," said the darkey, with kin say what dey pleases 'bout bein' free and libin' up Norf hyar, but for from dis hyar kyar quicker dan a 'possum kin climb a tree."

"But don't you make out pretty well here?" asked the reporter.

"Sakes alive, yes, sah," answered the porter quickly with a grin: "I does in fack. You see, de Pullman Company pays me \$30 a month, and "She thought for a moment, and hits a werry dull time when I can't then as she trotted off I heard her scrape together \$75 a month. Somesay: 'I guess ma, I'll buy a silk times I beats dat; I'se made as high handkerchief. He can wear that to as \$100 in a month. Most ob de church.'
"That's so, dear,' ma replied, "and he can't wear a colored frill night-good fur half a dollah, but de actors and de actresses beats dem, and de people what's a trablin' round sight added the young salesman, as he seein' takes de cake. A man and his heaved another sigh from his breast wife trablin' from New York to New and a shirt box to the shelf over- Orleans am wuf 'bout \$2 or \$3, and a man by hisself am wuf-'bout \$1, but de man what's just bin married," said the porter with another chuckle, "he am de boss, 'kaze he don't know de ropes, and when a man jest gets mar-ried he's kind ob reckless bout his

trablin' expenses. "People when dey am trablin'," continued the porter, "doesn't go to bed as early as when dey am to home, but de minnit one man tells me to make up his bed, den de hull kyar full wants dem beds shuk up at de same time, and den hits porter here and hits porter there till de whole ob de beds am made; but you kin always count on de newly-married couples goin' to bed last. Dey jest hang on till everybody else am gone to bed, and den dey go too. Sometimes I gets hold of some werry troublesome trablers, wimen, ob course. Dey wants de kyar warmer or dey wants de kyar colder or dey wants a drink ob water, or suthin' just foah de sake ob showin' off, I spose.

"Sometimes I gets passengers what nebber been in a sleepin' kyar befoah and dey don't know how to go to bed; specially if dey hab an upper berf, and den hits fun to watch dem climin'

up into de berf. "I kin 'member till Judgment Day, went on the porter, as he blew his breath on a shoe, "'bout a big, fat old gemmen what went down to Richmond last trip. Mighty souls! how de did snore. He snored so loud dat de did snore. de neise of de de kyar trabling 'iong wa'nt nuffin, and a gemmen in de berf right ober him yelled at de fat cups of milk, two eggs, four tableman and one ob de passengers on de

tribute in their respective places, he said: "I hears and sees a heap ob quare tings but I doesn't tell all I knows-not dis chile, ha-ha."

HOUSEHOLD.

WORK FOR WOMEN .- Much is said about employment for women where by a little money could be made or A Press reporter stumbled across a rather earned without compromising Women in comfortable homes with a family of children to rear, and care for have their hands often fully occupied. surrounded by a pile of boots and dren's feet in their household, have shoes, which he just began to blacken. so much to do, they tell their neighbors they have no time for "any and gathered up all the shoes he Others are in the delightful circle of could find, marking in lead-pencil in girlhood's home, with parents, brotheach shoe the number of the owner's ers and sisters around them and share in the labors incident thereto. said, would not rub out. Formerly occasionally "How nice it would be he used chalk, but found that it to do some work at home and be paid brilliant, but inwardly wretched. It of work if obtainable could be done Many women are without these sions, and debased her genius by

ties, so to speak, and are free to seek her greed for money. kind of work.

Many a lady is living on the generosity of indulgent friends, whose fective singer, but her acting won at self-respect would be increased by tention and she was placed under Yanks, and dey hid dere shoes so dat earning her own living. She fears eminent masters.

> Said a parasite lady, who secretly yearned to do something for her sup port, "I wish I was a widow with six children on my hands. Then I would take in fine washing and ironexcuse for it. But if I should attempt to do any work for wages I should disgrace myself and offend my friends. If I could obtain a situation as a teacher in the public schools, or teach music or some such thing. would do it at all hazards. But I cannot, so I must do without hand- thetic. some dresses, a gold watch and chain and all that.

a situation in a seminary, folded her tain perfection in it. certificate and did dressmaking until poor health admonished her that it must be given up. Then she took cluded. True she did not eat at the table with her employer, nor was she invited to parties, as other young ladies were. She enjoyed good health although her meals were eaten at a paid short visits to friends, wrote letters, did sewing, reading, etc., without neglecting any duty. Five years have passed and she lives with the same family at more than double her With loss of character and lofty Yorker.

ROMAN PUNCH.—Two quarts cold water, one of Maderia wine, half her grave. a pint of brandy, the juice of six lemons and two quarts of sugar. This is very hard to freeze. In winter used snow instead of ice.

MARCIA CAKE. - One cup of butter, two of sugar, four eggs, one wine glass of champagne, half a teaspoonul of salaratu and flour ign to pat out with the hand. Make into small flat cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

A HINT FOR THE DRESSING OF FOWL. If you wish to give a delicate and yet distinct onion flavor to the fowl, boil the onion till tender, changing the water twice; then chop it in very small bits, just as if it were raw. Roast goose or wild duck gain to most palates by having the dressing thus

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Stuffed tomatoes make a delicious entree. Choose half a dozen tomatoes of as nearly the same size as possible; cut off the top, and take out carefully with a silver spoon the insides; rub the pulp through a sieve; then add to it, stir ring vigorously, two large spoonfuls of bread crumbs, a little mixed butter, and pepper and salt to your taste, fill the tomatoes with this put on the covers, and bake in a moderate oven. Bake on an earthen pie plate or pudding dish.

CRULLERS.-One cup of white sugar, two thirds of a cup of sweet milk, dinner with soup has without doubt, hot, and plenty of it. Turn them and you cannot fail to have cakes meal. In two or three minutes after

of butter in one-cup of hot water, and while boiling beat in one cup of flour. then take from the fire and cool. When quite cold stir in three eggs one at a time without beating them. Drop on tins in small spoonfuls, and bake in a moderate oven. Custard filling the above-one and one-half

When a man fishes for a compli-"Does I eber hear pussons talkin' ment he is apt to get more than he duties. wants. The best way in which to get "Mighty souls, yes, sah! I hears praise is to do something which de-

A MAD CAREER.

Story of the Brilliant but Wretched Actress

EARNING A THOUSAND DOLLARS A NIGHT.

Rachel was the most brilliant actress of our time. She drew crowded houses in Paris and London, in Berlin and St. Petersburg and New York. She accumulated a large fortune by a few years upon the stage. Few women have been so honored by the artistic world as was this great tragediane. But no one can read her life with-

out repeating, with profound sadness, the phrase which often trembled on the lips of her best friends: Pauvre Rachel! Her life was outwardly Many times, various kinds failed to bring her content because it was destitute of high moral aims. She sacrificed her honor to low pas-

stead of earning a good living for themselves. Why? Because they have false ideas about the respectability of this, that and the Born of poor parents, and leading few sous to the family income. Her voice was thin, and she was not an ef-

> Under their training she appeared on the stage and won great applause when only fifteen years of age.

eighteen she had taken Paris by storm and was earning a thousand dollars a night, which was more than ing and other things and have a good the whole income of her family during any year since her birth. The sudden influx of wealth was of

small value to her. Her greedy father took it all, and allowed her scarcely enough to purchase suitable dresses for the stage. The family life was still pinched and unsympa-

But Rachel cared little at this time for wealth or sympathy. She was de-A friend of hers, failing to obtain voted to her art, and ambitious to at-

At twenty she was without a rival on the French stage. At twenty-one London was at her feet, and she bore the place of second girl in a wealthy herself with dignity in the saloons family at a salary of six dollars a of nobles and in court circles. Even month with reasonable privileges in the Duke of Wellington paid her honor.

But her fall began in the very intoxication of success. The moral purity, hitherto guarded with sacredness, was surrendered to the flattery less pretentious table. The food was of false friends, and society closed excellent and her appetite ditto. She its doors to her blighted womanhood. She grew reckless of public opinion, ity.' lost her ambition to excel in her art,

former salary. She is not a recluse, aims, came also loss of health, and but a real happy lady. Rural New before she was thirty her power over an audience had waned, and ere she reached her fortieth year she was in

> Pauvre Rachel! Who can envy such a career? Her own sad words "It seems to reveal a weary heart. me that death were preferable to this life which I drag as a convict drags his chain." "I have had great success, but how? At the expense of my health, of my life! The intoxication with which an admiring public in asserts that there is no such this spires me, passes into my veins and "dipsomania," and he says it is t burns them up.

Pauvre Rachel! brilliant but wretched; because she was not true to herself and much less to her God. In the height of her fame, her ewels were her pride, but in the end happier was the lot of the simplest peasant girl who had the jewels of iety and virtue in her soul.-Youth's Companion.

.... WHY WE COMMENCE DINNER WITH SOUP.

The rationale of the initial soup has often been discussed: some regard it as calculated to diminish digestive power, on the theory that so much fluid taken first dilutes the gastric juices. But there appears to be no foundation for this belief. A clear soup disappears almost immediately after entering the stomach, and in no corn. way interferes with the gastric juice which is stored in its cells ready for The habit of commencing action. two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one its origin in the fact that ailment in egg, three small teaspoonfuls of this fluid form—in fact, ready digestbaking powder; season with nutmeg. ed—soon enters the blood and rapid Have the cakes all rolled out before ly refreshes the hungry man, who, you begin frying; have the lard very after considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exover almost constantly while cooking, haustion to commence his principal light, tender, and free from grease. he has taken a plate of good warm

CREAM PUFFS.—Melt one-half cup soup, the feeling of exhaustion disappears, and irritability gives way to the gradual rising sense of good-fellowship with circle. Some persons have the custom of allaying exhaustion with a glass of sherry before food-a gastromic no less than a physiological blunder, injuring the stomach and depraying the palate. The soup introduces at once into the spoonfuls of flour, sugar to the taste, system a small installment of readyindirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties. "No, my child, it might spot teeth. Eat it yourself."

goes to bed with dere stomick chock full and gets de nightmare."

As the porter gathered up an arm-ful of freshly-polished shoes to dis-full of fr

WIT AND HUMOR

The rule of Three: person to clear out.

The man who sings the song greenbacks should have his notes

fore him. Caucuses for town meetings soon be in order. A caucus is vi thirty or forty men get together

vote as one man tells them to. A New Jersey widow is sa have changed her religion b she wished to avoid meeting her

band in the next world. The poetical expression, -R have wings," must have been sugged to the author by seeing wing a woman's hat.

A Sanday school boy gave the lowing definition of faith: feeling perfectly sure of when you have nothing to back it A bank president left a son town the other day forever, will

with him. He died. Things are coming to a pretty in Kentucky when a preacher he salary docked for time lost on a to fight a duel in a distant part of

taking a cent of the bank's ne

State. Pat says that if men could hear their own funeral sermons read their own head-stones, would be no living in the world them at all.

Statistics show that the number of marriages are by per under 23 years of age. prove that as people grow olde ecome wiser

Rev. Mr. Beecher thinks man be compelled ere long to acknowle his relationship with the lower mals. It will go mightily agains grain for us to admit that we are to Mace and Slade.

"Owain Alaw," or John Owen, national bard of Wales, has just at the age of 63. He was the man whose literary efforts coulds Joseph Cook's seem intelligib comparison. - They are building tenementh

who occupies the top floor is ob to start home about 9 o'clock in evening in order to reach his b hour after midnight. Professor Jullien asserts that brown-stone houses of New York entirely crumble away in less one thousand years, so ruinousi

so high in New York that the

atmosphere. That settles it. shall not build a brown-stone k It wouldn't be economy. A Delaware editor who hap to observe Henry Ward Be says, that 'time is beginning to: its marks on Henry, but he cane

with all his old-time vim and el Rev. Dr. Hall said that every was a sermon, when a boy was ing apples from Mr. Hall's ore When the boy's father subsequ asked him why he limped he re

that he was struck with one Hall's sermons. A Montreal clergyman, in see to discover why his church was swept and dusted, learned that woman whose work it had been died of starvation. Poor woma is supposed a church donation got into her house by mistake for

clergyman's. A man who spea ing more or less than a "plain, fashioned drunk." The fast y man of the present generation wants to know what on earth

"old-fashioned drunk? Isn't it wonderful that in spec ng for a rise somebody doesn't his attention to gunpowder? commodity seems to possess necessary elements, although scare may be necessary in manipulation ing it. A magazine article migh

good. An old story has been revived prayer-meeting held for a poor low's relief who had broken his While Deacon Brown was prayit tail fellow with an ox-goad kno at the door, saying, "Father could come, but sent his prayers in thed They were potatoes, beef, pork

Rev. Mr. Talmage accuses a C go clergyman of stealing his sen The Chicago divine may approp his sermons, but he can never, in wide world, steal his gesture grimaces, and flip-flaps, and Mr. mage's sermons, without these are, to use a new smile, like "Han with the melancholy Dane omit

A Springfield Sunday school caused a momentary sensation week because of this speech, w he made as he tendered his l contribution: "Here's my p Father hadn't any and mother b any, and so I took this out of yeast cup. I was bound to one even if we had to go wi I was bound to b

Mrs. Peter Schinsky is one of Austin ladies who take much le care of their animal pets than the of their children. She has got poodle by the name of Fido. ently Mrs. Shinsky's little boy. asked his mother: "Shall I give this piece of sugar he is begging!

Two English girls are rough with boisterous laughter in a hor Wild chickens, numbered by thou- Nice. Then comes the shocked "For Heaven's sake, Ma A few don't! They'll take you for ou