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The Children.
Do you love me, little children?
Oh, sweet blossoms that are curled
(Life's tender morning-glories)
Round the casement of the world!
Do your hearts climb up toward me
As my own heart buds to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew?
When the fragrance of your faces,
And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices
Transform the silent street,
Do you see my soul move softly
Passer where you move,
With eye of benediction
And a guarding hand of love?
Oh, my darlings! I am with you
In your trouble, in your play,
In your sobbing and your singing,
In your dark and in your day;
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the bowels where you lie,
In the sunlight where you bloom,
And the blackness where you die.
Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;
Not a thistle-bird doth sting you
But I suffer with the wound;
And a chord within me trembles
To your slightest touch of tone,
And I furnish when you hunger,
And I shiver when you moan.
Can you tell me, little children,
Why I'm weary with the burdens
Of my sad and weary woe?
Do the myths and the aloe
Spring blithely from one tree?
Yet I love you, oh, my darlings!
Have you any flowers for me?
I have trodden all the space
Of my solemn years alone,
And have never felt the cooling
Of a babe's breath near my own;
But with more than mother passion,
And more than mother pain,
I have loved you, little children,
Do you love me back again?

THE SOAP WOMAN.

It is doubtful if the judge would have felt as much surprised to hear his wife say she was going to make a voyage to Europe as to hear her say she was going to make soap. The judge was a very long married man and the judge was not yet conversant with the full catalogue of that thoroughly home-made woman's accomplishments. She had been one of the most dutiful daughters of a widow, left while her children were very bit girls in very straitened circumstances. The way the mother reared them up to a true and useful womanhood was a marvel of perseverance, industry and economy. She managed to have them well educated for the times, and saw them all married into the best circles and occupying positions of respectability and influence. Judge Manotte's wife was the youngest of the widow's daughters, and it was thought she had made the best match of the five. The judge's place was the pleasant in the judiciary village, which has since assumed the more ambitious name of city. He had been gently born and raised, went early to college, and from thence to his profession as a lawyer. Manual toil was a stranger to him, yet he was a man of industry in no sense of the profane-ness of expenditure. He approved and admired his wife's general prudence in housekeeping and spoke with pride to his guests of the excellent food with which his board was served to profusion. Mrs. Manotte might have kept servants. I think the judge would have been better satisfied if she would have had a girl (all the ladies of her position had maids), but she declared with decision, pretty early in their wedded life, that she would not be bothered with servants as long as she had health to do her own work. The exertion was more than she needed for her own benefit.

Mrs. Manotte had a will and way of her own, as this little tale will bear abundant evidence. The judge made his discovery pretty early. He could doubtless make a moving picture in a court room, but he was aware he could make no plea to move his wife when she was fully bent upon a certain course.

But yet when Mrs. Manotte, over the breakfast table of a fair April morning, announced her intention of making a barrel of soft soap, the judge looked as if stricken with a sudden palsy. I doubt if he would have worn a more rueful or had his best lawsuit gone against her purpose.

"And I hope you will help me all you can," added the earnest woman, on thoughts of economy, ashes and grease intent.

"Indeed, I can render you no assistance whatever!" returned the judge, in sharper tones than his wife had ever heard him speak before. Her calm blue eyes surveyed him with unflinching composure, but there was not in look or bearing any symptom of wavering from her purpose.

"Then I must go about the job alone," she said quietly.

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind," continued the judge, something very like a frown contracting his brow; "I am perfectly willing to buy all the soap we need, and what use should we have for the vile, sloppy stuff?"

"Soft soap was good enough for my mother, and it is good enough for my daughter," said Mrs. Manotte, with a dignity approaching sternness. "I shall make no vile, sloppy stuff, but an article far more efficacious for cleansing clothes and for various household purposes, than anything to be bought at stores. Are you aware how much money we paid out for soap last year, Mr. Manotte?"

"No," said the judge, "and it doesn't matter."

"Indeed, I think it does matter," said the wife. "However much money people may have, they are never justified in wasting it. So I hope you will call at the grocer's for various household purposes, and see if you can procure three molasses hogheads."

"Three molasses hogheads?" exclaimed the judge in a tone of mingled terror and dismay, "do you then propose to manufacture the article by peddle soft soap by the gallon from door to door?"

"The wife laughed gleefully at her husband's rueful apprehensions, and asked:

"Don't you know that I must set up a lemon squeezer?"

"Leech, in old parlance, means an understrapper of a doctor," said the judge, moodily.

"Well, I mean a wash-tub," returned Mrs. Manotte. "Perhaps you hoghead a head answer, one for the ashes, the other to hold the soap."

The judge went out without further words; his wife did not know whether he would heed her request or not, but she thought the judge in a humor to set right in this supposition. Within an hour a dry dumped two hogheads and a tight barrel in the back yard. Mrs. Manotte at once retired herself in a shirt and dress, a long crocheted poke bonnet, shut up the front of the house and retired to the scene of her proposed labors. She drew a pair of her husband's old leather gloves on to her hands, and set to work with a will. She had a score of years, and telling her how to adjust the bricks and straw in proper fashion.

Next she got a great hot and commenced to fill the hoghead with ashes. She worked with such vigor that a tremor of dust was seen to rise from the yard. People going past in the street outside sneezed and coughed, and wondered what was going on at Judge Manotte's place.

But Mrs. M. was absorbed in the work of the hour to utter oblivion of the fact that from the second story of the mansion just across the area from her own, curious and puzzled eyes were fastened on her and her movements. In her wash room a little set of scales were heating the water to drench the dry ashes. She had to climb into a chair to reach each pail on to the leech. Certainly to unfamiliar eyes, her work might seem strange and mysterious. The judge's girls, at the chamber window opposite, with tating and crocheting, could at length contain their surprise and wonder no longer.

"By my cat's mon, one of them exclaimed," and see if she can't unroll the mystery, and tell us the meaning of the operations over in Judge Manotte's back yard."

While the judge has got a woman to make some sort of compost for his pear trees," said the other.

While the two girls gazed, a stiff pole was plunged into the fuming hoghead, and the judge's girls were punched and shaken by the stout workman.

"She is a Hercules," they said. "What muscle those women have. Mrs. Manotte is a worker herself, and she wouldn't hire a woman to do it still."

But now the woman disappeared for a while, and when she next came in view she had under her arm an auger and axe, in one hand a smooth billet of wood, and in the other a huge red hot poker. The two girls gave a little shriek at the sight, but the worker heard it not, her head enveloped in the black, poke bonnet. She proceeded to bore through the billet of wood by means of the flaming poker, while the smoke as it burst its way made a dubious blue cloud about her head.

"I declare, things are getting desperate down there," cried the youngest girl. "I bet the infernal wheel-work is going on; I will have mother called."

Mrs. Sequin was summoned. She was a city-bred woman, first and last, and the proceedings in Judge Manotte's back yard were as mysterious to her as to her young daughter.

"What the woman is doing I don't know," she said, "but she works with a will. I should like to get her to do our spring cleaning."

"It is very likely you can, mother," said the elder daughter. "We will get father to inquire of Judge Manotte about the woman—in, indeed, she is rany."

"Next there was a hole made by means of the auger in the lower part of the hoghead, and the bored billet of wood driven soundly in by aid of the axe, vigorously wielded by the woman's lusty arm, and a whittled plug placed in the wooden spigot.

"What a great, stout creature," exclaimed Mrs. Sequin. "She handles tools like a man!"

Then more boiling water was dashed into the ash-filled hoghead till it stood up to the brim, and the work began. And now all was silent and deserted. Judge Manotte's backyard. In the afternoon, Mrs. Manotte, richly dressed, was seen holding up her skirts, tip-toeing round the great hoghead, as if in response to the question, "Is it done properly and thoroughly done."

At a very early hour the next morning the judge's girls heard noises in the back yard, and sprang from bed to see the work that was being done. Sure enough she was; they beheld a huge kettle swung on a stout pole being cranked staves driven into the earth, and a pile of blazing fagots beneath.

"There is her cauldron; I told you so," said the younger girl. "And look at the pails of black liquid she is pouring into it, and the foul lumps and bones she is pouring from that greasy can. It is infernal; another that must be she is concocting."

"And there is another barrel with the dark liquid dripping through the spigot," said the older one.

"When did she fix that? What a vicious creature! She would clean our whole house in twenty-four hours. Let us call father. He knows most everything. I bet he can tell us what all this infernal work is for."

"So Mr. Sequin was brought to look down on the spectacle in Judge Manotte's backyard.

"It beats the wifites in Hecate all hollow," said the two girls in chorus, as their paternal parent entered the room. After quickly surveying the operations below a moment, he burst out laughing.

"Why, the woman is making soft soap," he said; "that is all; I have seen my old mother do it fifty times; and that was a boy on the home farm; and that woman understands her business, too. I declare I'll have her make up for me. Soft soap is better for a hundred purposes in a family than all your patent cleaners found at stores."

"I wish you would, father," said the younger daughter, "for it is just what I need to wash my hair; but what is she throwing old bones into the kettle for?"

"That is the grease; the lye will eat them all up. She has got a keg full of good strong soft soap. Mrs. Manotte is a prudent woman. She was country raised; her mother taught her to save meat scraps for soap grease, no doubt."

This is the way all farmers do, and make their own soap."

"But Mrs. Manotte need not have done this, as she is rich," said Mrs. S.

"Yes, and always means to be," said Mr. Sequin. "You know she does her housework. You might have a dozen waiters if she wanted them. Now she has found a hand to work up her ashes into soap."

"Mrs. Manotte is rather an odd woman," remarked Mr. Sequin. "I don't think the judge is quite pleased with some of her ways."

Three days after Mrs. Manotte announced her intention of making soap, she called her husband to see the result, which was a hoghead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The judge gazed at it solemnly as his wife explained its various uses, and accordingly the "good luck" which had attended her efforts.

"As we burn the best of wood the ashes were strung enough without polishing, which makes soap biting and harsh. I added a strong solution of borax, which will render it softer for the hands, and also increase its cleansing properties."

"How much do you call it worth?" asked the judge.

"I do not purpose to sell it," said the wife, "so you will not have the pleasure of peddling it out; but it will last two years, and save forty or fifty dollars."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the judge, with a humorous twinkle in the corner of his eye. "I am lost in admiration and amazement of this achievement. Could I ever have imagined I should have a soap-maker for a wife?"

Mrs. Manotte laughed; she knew the judge was rather pleased after all. Though his wife dismayed and almost shocked his propriety sometimes, he had a certain quiet pride in her progress. He never knew her to make an essay, which ended in defeat; nothing she attempted "fell through." If she could plan, she could also execute. A few days later, as the judge was walking home to dinner, he was accosted by Mr. Sequin.

"Judge Manotte, will you have the kindness to give me the name of your soft-soap woman? Our folks accidentally saw her at the mill yesterday, and we want to employ her to make up our ashes. She is a splendid worker—such activity and strength, you don't find many such in these days."

The judge was agitated, but he soon made up his mind. "I will send her to you to-morrow morning, if you would like," said Mr. Sequin, "and I will tell his wife, if Judge Manotte's soap woman will be on hand with the morning."

The judge merely remarked to his wife at the dinner-table that Mrs. Sequin wished her to call at her house next morning, and Mrs. Manotte thought nothing strange of this. The ladies were acquainted and attended the same church. Accordingly Mrs. Manotte made ready at the time specified. The judge's wife was a handsome, stylish woman when dressed. As she approached the door of her neighbor's house, she found the front part of the house had a decidedly shut up appearance, and she had to ring once and again for admittance. Within the two girls were "peeping."

"How strange she should call at such an unreasonable hour, they said. 'I never knew her to do thus before, and now we are all in our work clothes, with the parlors shut up, and the soap woman here. It is too bad; how can we let her in?'"

But the bell rang again rather peremptorily, Mrs. Manotte saying to herself, "As the girls are in the parlors, and she is about to call at this hour, why do they keep me waiting for entrance in this unseemly style?"

"I must let her in," said Mrs. Sequin, "or she may take offense. It is no use; it is too good a friend to lose, though it is strange she should call at such an untimely hour. Something particular may bring her."

The door was hastily opened in the parlor and Mrs. Manotte admitted, while Mrs. Sequin excused delay by saying they had some unusual work claiming their attention that morning.

"Let me tell you about some queer birds that I saw in South Africa. They are called 'Hadedes' by the natives, and are as large as crows, with long legs and bills, and wings that are dark-green in one light and golden in another. The birds look like gentlemen in dress suits, with their hands folded under their coats."

The hadeda lives in marshy places, but they are easily tamed to live in houses, and soon go in and out as if they were at home. And, indeed, you might almost think they were part of it, for, when they cry, they say 'Pa, pa, pa,' quickly, like an impatient child.

Two of these birds that I saw were the father of the family, and would follow him about as if he were a minister. When he came on Sundays they would even walk after him into church unless he locked them out at home. Once they actually did walk into church, marching gravely up the aisle, and taking their stand near their master, who was the minister. I have seen the little lectern or reading-desk. It was very funny to see these three solemn figures standing there, and it was lucky the birds did not think to call out 'Pa, pa, pa,' just then, for the congregation laughed quite enough as it was. The birds wouldn't go away, although the minister told them to in a severe tone; so he had to walk out, and they followed him into the open air. When he came in again he shut the door close behind him and so kept them out.—M. Enanda, in St. Nicholas.

Imitation Jewelry.
Some of the imitations are admirable, it must be owned. A gold watch case, eighteen carats fine, costs fifty dollars; another, fourteen carats fine, can be bought for half the money; and a third, four carats fine for ten dollars; and nothing but comparison reveals any difference between the three to inexperienced eyes. Bracelets in gold plate finished in a dozen different ways, bronzed, nished, fretted, or faceted, cost less than those of real tortoise shell, and would deceive anybody when worn. Lace perukes, curls, and wigs, made of hair, which was a hoghead of rich brown liquid, smooth and thick, exhaling a clean, alkaline odor, as it stood in a sunny nook of the back yard. The judge gazed at it solemnly as his wife explained its various uses, and accordingly the "good luck" which had attended her efforts.

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A Bird that Cries "Pa, Pa, Pa!"
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The Inhabitable Family.
The other day a genuine tramp with a s.o.m. yearning for a picked-up meal undertook to enter a yard on Winder street. A large, heavy stool at the gate to give him a hostile welcome, and after vainly trying to propitiate the animal the tramp called to a lad of ten who was making a kite on the veranda: "Ye, ye, ye!" was the reply. "Say, bub, call off yer dog." "No use—no use," replied the lad. "Even if you got in here ma's waiting at the kitchen with a kettle of hot water, Sarah's working the telephone to get the police, and I'm here to holler 'ma'!" and wake up the whole street.—Free Press.

The midnight marauder should not be quickened from our dwelling any more than by a cough or cold of any kind driven from the system. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup quietly yet positively places all colds under its control. Price 25 cents.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.
Fashions of the Season.
BONNETS.—The bonnets now being made are made from neat materials, and include all shapes, from the baby bonnet to the broad, flaring brimmed hat. From this it will be seen that there is no particular fashion for hats. Every one may wear what best suits her taste, or her purse, and is most becoming. Nearly all bonnets have broad ribbed ties; some are broadened, mixed with gold or silver; others plain and flowered. Stripes, and still others of the most common kind of fowl are purchased in great quantities, dyed brown, black or in bright colors, are sewed separately on large pieces of thin cloth, and made into elegant feather bonnets. A black cottage bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers, studded with black beads, trimmed with a cluster of black tips and black feathers, and with a broad, striped strings of plain and broadened satin. The crowns of many of the bonnets are embroidered in variegated beads, jets and silk, in many fanciful shapes and colors. A pretty cottage bonnet, with a crown of black and white feathers, and a black cottage bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers, studded with black beads, trimmed with a cluster of black tips and black feathers, and with a broad, striped strings of plain and broadened satin. The crowns of many of the bonnets are embroidered in variegated beads, jets and silk, in many fanciful shapes and colors. A pretty cottage bonnet, with a crown of black and white feathers, and a black cottage bonnet is made entirely of small black feathers, studded with black beads, trimmed with a cluster of black tips and black feathers, and with a broad, striped strings of plain and broadened satin. The crowns of many of the bonnets are embroidered in variegated beads, jets and silk, in many fanciful shapes and colors. 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