

FIFTY YEARS APART.

They sit in the winter gloaming,
And the fire burns brightly between;
One has passed seventy summers,
And the other just seventeen.

They rest in a happy silence
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low:
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose brave heart is her's alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory
Shine in the happy eyes.

Who knows which dream is the brightest
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But only the end is the rest.

The Parson's Daughter.

There was a great commotion in Foxville when old Parson Fox died. It was because Foxville curiosity was on the *qui vive* about Joanna, his grandchild, the sole remaining blossom on the gaunted old family tree, who was left quite unprovided for.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Emmons, "I don't know what is to become of that girl!"

"She hasn't no faculty," said Sabina Sexton, the village dressmaker; "and never had."

"Books possessed no charm for her!" sighed Miss Dodge, who taught the Foxville district school. "She always cried over parsing, and I never could make her understand cube root."

"There's no denyin' that the old minister was as near a saint as we often see in this world," said Mrs. Luke Lockedge piously.

"But he hadn't ought to let Joanna run loose in the woods and fields the way he did. Why, I don't suppose she ever made a shirt or fried a batch of fritters in all her life."

"Is it true," said Miss Dodge, peering inquisitively up under her spectacle-glasses, "that she is engaged to your Simon, Mrs. Lockedge?"

Mrs. Lockedge closed her mouth, shook her head and knitted away until her needles shone like forked lightning.

"Simon's like all other young men, Miss Dodge," said she, "took by a pretty face and a pair o' dark eyes. And they sat on the same bench at school. And as long as we s'posed Parson Fox had left property, why, there wasn't no objection. But there wasn't nothing—not even a life insurance. So I've talked to Simon, and made him hear reason. There can't nobody live on air."

"But that's rather hard on Joanna, ain't it?" said Mrs. Emmons, with a little sympathetic wheeze.

"Reason is reason!" Mrs. Lockedge answered. "My Simon will have property, and the girl he marries must have somethin' to match it."

So that Joanna Fox, sitting listlessly in her black dress by the window, where the scent of honeysuckles floated sweetly in, and trying to realize that she was alone in the world, had divers and sundry visitors that day. The first was Simon Lockedge, looking as if his errand were somehow connected with grand larceny. Joanna started up, her face brightened. She was only sixteen—a brown-haired, brown-eyed girl with a solemn, red mouth and a round, white throat, banded with black velvet.

"Oh, Simon," she cried, "I knew you would come when you heard—"

Simon Lockedge wriggled uneasily into a seat, instead of advancing to clasp her outstretched hand.

"Yes," said he, "Of course it's very sad, Joanna, and I'm sorry for you. But—"

Joanna stood still, her face hardening into a cold, white mask, her hands falling to her side.

"Yes," said she. You were saying—"

"It's mother," guiltily confessed Simon Lockedge. "A fellow can't go against his own mother, you know. She says it's all nonsense, our engagement, and we shouldn't have anything to live on. And so, with a final effort, 'we'd better consider it all over. That's the sense of the matter—now, ain't it, Joanna?"

She did not answer.

"I'm awfully sorry," stammered Simon Lockedge. "I always set a deal of store by you, Joanna."

"Did you?" she said bitterly. "One would scarcely have thought it."

"And you know, Joanna," he added awkwardly, mindful of his mother's drill, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Joanna smiled scornfully.

"It seems," said she, "that love doesn't always wait for that."

And she turned and walked like a young queen into the adjoining room, while Simon Lockedge, slinking 'out of the door like a detected urchin, muttered to himself—

"It's the hardest job of work I ever done in my life. But mother says it must be done, and she rules the roost in our house."

Next came Mrs. Emmons. "Joanna," said she, "I'm deeply grieved at this 'ere affliction that's befell you."

"Thank you Mrs. Emmons," said the girl, mechanically.

"I've come to ask you about your plans," added the plump widow, "because if you have no other intentions, I'll be glad to have you help me a little with the housework. I'm goin' to have a house full o' summer-boarders, and there'll be a deal more work than me and Elviry can manage. Of course you won't expect no pay, but a good home is what you need most, and—"

"Stop a minute," said Joanna. "Am I to understand that you expect me to assume the position and duties of a servant, without a servant's wages, Mrs. Emmons?"

"You'll be a member of the family," said Mrs. Emmons. "You'll sit at the same table with me and Elviry and—"

"I am much obliged to you," said Joanna, "but I must decline your kind offer."

And Mrs. Emmons departed in righteous wrath, audibly declaring her conviction that pride was certain, sooner or later, to have a fall.

"I have plenty of friends," said Joanna courageously, "or rather dear grandpapa had. I am sure to be provided for."

But Squire Barton looked harder than any flint when the orphan came to him. "Something to do, Miss Fox?" said he.

"Well, that's the very problem of the age—woman's work, you know; and I ain't smart enough to solve it. Copying? No, our firm don't need that sort of work. Do I know of any one that does? N-no, I can't say I do. But if I should hear of any opening I'll be sure to let you know. I am a little busy this morning, Miss Fox. Sorry I can't devote more time to you. John, the door. Good-morning, my dear Miss Fox. I assure you, you have mine and Mrs. Barton's prayers in this sad visitation of an inscrutable providence."

Old Miss Gringe, who had twenty-five thousand dollars at interest, and who had always declared that she loved dear Joanna Fox like a daughter, sent down word that she wasn't very well, and couldn't see company.

Dr. Wentworth, in visiting those invalid daughter poor old parson Fox had contracted the illness which carried him to his grave, was brusque and short. He was sorry for Miss Joanna, of course, but he didn't know of any way in which he could be useful. He understood there was a kind of glove factory to be opened on Walling river soon. "No doubt Miss Fox could get a place there. Or there would be no objection to her going out to domestic service. There was a great deal of false sentiment on this subject, and he thought—"

But Joanna, without waiting for the result of his cogitation, excused herself. She would detain him no longer, she said. And she went away with flaming cheeks and resolutely repressed tears. When she arrived home she found one of the trustees of the church awaiting her. He didn't wish to hurry her, he said, but the new clergyman didn't want to live in such a ruinous old place. It was their calculation, as the parsonage was mortgaged much beyond its real value, to sell it out, and buy a new house, with all the modern conveniences for the use of the Rev. Silas Speakwell.

"Am I to be turned out of my home?" said Joanna, indignantly.

Deacon Blydenburg hemmed and hawed. He didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but as to her home, it was well known that to all intents and purposes the old place had long ago passed out of Parson Fox's ownership. They were willing to accord her any reasonable length of time to pack up and take leave of her friends—say a week.

So Joanna, who could think of no remaining friend but her old governess, who had long ago gone to New York to fight the great world for herself, went down to the city, and appealed to Miss Woodin in her extremity. Miss Woodin cried over her, and kissed her, and caressed her like an old maiden aunt.

"What am I to do?" said poor, pale Joanna. "I can't starve."

"There's no necessity for any one starving in this great busy world," said Miss Woodin, cheerfully. "All one wants is faculty."

Joanna shrank a little from the hard word, which she had so often heard from the lips of Mrs. Emmons, Miss Sabina Sexton and that sisterhood.

"But how do you live?" said she.

"Do you see that thing there in the corner?" said Miss Woodin.

"Yes," answered Joanna. "Is it a sewing-machine?"

"It's a type-writer," announced Miss Woodin. "And I earn my living on it."

"But what do you write?" inquired Joanna.

"Anything I can get," answered Miss Woodin.

And thus in the heart of the great wilderness of New York Joanna commenced her pilgrimage of toil. First on the type-writer, then promoted to a compiler's desk in the "Fashion Department" of a prominent weekly journal. Then, by means of a striking, original sketch, slipped into the letter-box of the *Ladies' Weekly* with fear and trembling, to a place on the contributor's list. Then gradually rising to the rank of a spirited young novelist, until our village damsel had her pretty rooms furnished like a miniature palace, with Miss Woodin and her type-writer snugly installed in one corner.

"Because I owe everything to her," said the young authoress, gratefully.

And one day, glancing over the exchanges in the sanctum of the *Ladies' Weekly*, to whose columns she still contributed, she came across a copy of the *Foxville Gazette*.

"Hester," she said, hurrying home to Miss Woodin, "the old parsonage is to be sold at auction to-morrow, and I mean to go up and buy it. For I am quite—quite sure that I could write there better than anywhere else in the world."

Miss Woodin agreed with Joanna. In her eyes, the successful young writer was always right. So Joanna and Miss Woodin, dressed in black and closely veiled, went up to Foxville to attend the sale. Everybody was there. They didn't have an auction at Foxville every day in the week. Squire Barton was there, with a vague idea of purchasing the old place for a public garden.

"It would be attractive," said Squire Barton. "These open-air concert-gardens are making no end of money in the cities. I don't see why the Germans need pocket all the money that there is going."

Miss Dodge, who had saved a little money, thought that if the place went cheap she would pay down a part, and give a mortgage for the remainder.

"And my sister could keep boarders," she considered, "and I could always have a home there."

But Simon Lockedge was most determined of all to have the old parsonage for his own.

"I could fix it up," said he to himself, and live there real comfortable. It's a dreadful pretty location, and I'm bound to have it—especially since mother's investments have turned out bad, and we've got to sell the old farm. Nothing hasn't gone right with me since I broke off with the old parson's granddaughter. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but there seemed no other way. But, let mother say what she will, it brought bad luck to us."

And the rustic crowd surged in and out, and the auctioneer mounted to his platform, and the bidding began at two thousand five hundred dollars, and "hung fire" for some time.

"Three thousand!" said cautious Simon at last.

"Four thousand!" peeped Miss Dodge faintly.

"Five thousand!" said Simon, resolutely.

"Seven thousand!" uttered the voice of a veiled lady in the corner.

Every one stared in that direction.

"Tain't worth that," said Squire Barton. "All run down—fences gone to nothing!"

But Simon Lockedge wanted it very much.

"Nine thousand!" said he, slowly and unwillingly.

"Twelve thousand!" spoke the soft voice decidedly.

"Twelve thousand dollars!" bawled the auctioneer. "I'm offered twelve thousand dollars for this property."

"Twelve thousand—twelve—twelve—twelve! Twelve thousand, once—twelve thousand twice—twelve thousand three times, and gone! What name, ma'am, if you please?" he asked.

And the lady, throwing aside her veil, answered—

"Joanna Fox."

The old parsonage was rebuilt, and studded with little bay-windows and medieval porches. Laurels and rhododendrons were set out in the grounds; and Joanna Fox and Miss Woodin came there to live in modest comfort.

But Mrs. Lockedge and her son Simon moved out of Foxville when the mortgage on the old place was foreclosed, and the places that had known them once knew them no more.

And Mrs. Emmons said—

"She's done real well, Joanna has. I always knew there was something in her?"

And Mrs. Wentworth, and the Misses Barton tried desperately to become intimate with the young authoress, but without avail.

Proffered Service: Costermonger (to swell who has asked his way): "Well, can't exactly direct you, governor; but if you'll jump into my barrier I'll drive you there."

For Our Better Halves.

Extended Notes But Important.
COTTON COSTUMES.

The pompadour designs, so much liked for foulards and sateens, are extensively copied in the cheaper calicoes and percales, which every year grow prettier. Even the five cent calicoes are remarkable for beauty and delicacy of coloring, though these are, of course, limited in variety, and appear mostly in dots and specks, tiny flowers and broken lines. Eight cents gives a wider choice and better quality, while the percale and American sateen finished prints, which sell for twelve and a half cents, are in all the charming floral and window glass patterns first introduced for sateens, and some also, many of them, with solid colors for combination suits. Polka dots and rings, shells and lozenges, Kate Greenway figures, animal's heads, all sorts of quaint and pretty designs abound, and ladies who like these inexpensive cotton gowns may indulge in them to any extent.

Wrappers are once more favorite garments for home wear, and very tasteful, cool, clean looking matinees are made of the cheap prints, with tiny spots or larger polka dots on a white ground. Ladies who object to loose wrappers, and young ladies who do not wear them, make instead these simple morning dresses with a short round skirt, with a single deep flounce or two narrow ones, and a long half-fitting saque edged with a ruffle and worn with or without a belt. The fancy for gingham is an established one, and plaids, stripes and checks are all shown. Gay Madras plaids are more popular than last season, still many ladies prefer small checks and plaids in less brilliant colorings.

PRETTY ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.

Very pretty zephyr gingham comes in robes with plain material for the overdress and stripes for the skirt. These are put up in boxes, and are accompanied by a plate to show the manner of making. Polonaises are much worn for such suits, still many gingham are made up in what may well be called the standard style for wash dresses viz., a short round skirt with one, two or three flounces at the foot, a long, round overskirt draped by means of tapes run in casings into a short wrinkled apron in front, and falling in full, soft puffs at the back. The bodice for the dress may be either a round, full waist with a belt, a pleated blouse, or what is the favorite style, a basque with coat-tail, the sides sloped on the hips and pointed front. The tassets for crinolated edges, i. e., edges cut into tabs or points, reaches to gingham, and some very effective dresses have Jersey basques with the edges cut out and bound with solid colored gingham, while overskirts and flounces are finished to match. One of the laws of fashion is that the lower skirt must be trimmed to match the overskirt—it is no longer in good taste to put lace or embroidery on the overskirts and plain flounces on the under; the latter must also be edged with the trimming. The dress should, however, always have a narrow ruffle with plainly hemmed edge set at the foot under the flounce, in order to protect the lace or embroidery thereon.

White nainsooks and Victoria lawns are of many kinds, from the plainly made dress with tucks for the sole trimming to the elaborate robes made almost entirely of embroidery, or trimmed with Oriental, Russian, or Medici lace by the piece.

Aesthetic costumes, with round shirred waists, full puffed sleeves and plain round skirt, formed of a single deep embroidered flounce are liked for young ladies and misses.

TWO KINDS OF HANDSOME DRESSES.

The handsomest white dresses are either almost entirely composed of lace, or else are all of the new open-work embroideries, with barely enough plain material to hold them together. Our best dressmakers make the basques, cut from embroidery by the yard, with the seams cut close and button-holed over on the wrong side. The embroidery edging the basque is joined on in the same manner, and great care is taken to match the figures so that the effect is given of a basque formed of a single piece of needlework. The apron overdress is of the solid embroidery, and the skirt is covered with flowers to match. Very elegant dresses are of fine mull, or sheer nainsook, almost covered with Oriental lace frills, and with draperies of Oriental lace net. Pompadour lace, the new lace with raised flowers, is very beautiful for such dresses.

Embroidered batistes, with Irish point or purple patterns in wide borders for draperies and basque, and deep flounces to match, are again imported and find great favor with ladies who can afford them.

Ribbons are used in profusion, both in many bows of narrow ribbon and broad sashes.

The most fashionable of the white toilets worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of

rose-color, blue, or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp pink, and the like, and a leading toilet will be one of white nun's veiling or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimmings of pale primrose yellow, with primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chapelet of amber beads.

One lovely sateen has tambourines decked with wheat ears, poppies and ribbon bows in bright coloring on a pale blue ground. Nautilus shells, animals' heads, stained glass patterns covering the whole ground, balls, rings, and a host of other quaint and pretty fancies are seen. In buying a suit of sateen or foulard, it is well to purchase two or three yards extra for a parasol to match. These will be made to order by any dealer in parasols, and the handle may be selected to choice, or an old parasol frame, if one be on hand, can be used, thus lessening the cost considerably.

Exceedingly pretty sateens are in solid color, pale blue, pink, cream, etc., embroidered in openwork designs of white needle work. These make lovely dresses for afternoon wear at watering places.

THE FAVORITE GLOVES.

There has never been a time when fashionable people were so independent in the matter of gloves as now. Some leaders of fashion wear gloves in mousquetaire style of twenty-button length, while others use four-buttoned gloves, and still others leave their soft, white, carefully-kept hands bare for opera, ball or reception. Four-button length gloves are usually worn with tailor-made costumes and jersey jackets, still many ladies prefer for street wear mousquetaire gloves worn over the tight jersey or cloth sleeves. Mousquetaires for the street are generally chosen in from six to eight-button lengths. Pale, shadowy shades of gray, French grays and slate colors in all shades, from a blue slate-color to a dark Russia gray, are in demand this season with ladies of refined taste. Yellow shades in gloves continue to be popular, and are shown in the favorite Fedora yellow tint or crude gold color, in red mandarin orange hues and in all shades of dead-leaf yellow, shading into dark. Autumn brown shades in gloves are shown in a variety of stylish neutral tints, which may be elegantly worn with any costume or color.

Terra-cotta in dark and medium shades is a very fashionable color for gloves, and may be worn with almost any color. Following the fancy for black stockings, black gloves are worn with light dresses, and are in good form on all occasions. It is always in good taste to have stockings and gloves to match for evening toilets where the low shoe shows the hose, and the dress front if slightly short.

THE MOUSQUETAIRE GLOVES.

Ladies from Paris say that mousquetaire gloves are going out of fashion for full dress; here, however, they continue all the rage. Very good pig-skin mousquetaires are sold in quite a number of colors for fifty cents a pair for six-button lengths, and are consequently in great demand for ordinary wear. Ladies' long taffeta gloves in from eight to ten button lengths are shown with Jersey tops or in mousquetaire style in all the new stylish hues of the season. Long taffeta gloves to wear over the dress sleeves in fourteen-button length are imported in black, tan-color, strawberry pink, strawberry red, metallic red and white.

Lisle thread gloves are imported this season in all colors, with long Jersey wrists in open lace pattern or with plain tops. These gloves are shown in mess greens, drab browns, golden browns, copper colors, strawberry red hues, tobacco browns, old buff tints, shrimp pink, electric blue and black, and are sold in from six to eight button lengths. Silk mitts will be again worn this summer in plain solid silk in black and all the stylish new shades of the season.

Too Much Sleep.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled and the sensations and moral intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of heptitude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; i. e., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of rising were earlier by an hour or two. We commend this to those who cry "a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

Salt liberally sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping will absorb the dust and dirt, and bring out the colors as fresh as new.

The Dispensary.

THE PERIOD OF INCUBATION OF MEASLES.—Dr. W. E. Green to the *Brit. Med. Journ.*, April 7, 1883, corroborating the statements of Mr. Vacher, and citing many illustrations to prove that the period of incubation in measles is fourteen days.

COFFEE IN TYPHOID FEVER.—Recently Dr. Guillaumie, of the French Navy, has given coffee in the stage of typhoid fever with marked success. Three teaspoonfuls were given adults every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret Burgundy wine. A beneficial result was immediately apparent.

NATURE OF DISEASES OF THE HEART.—The *Medical Times and Gazette* says:—M. Martin, in an elaborate paper on the pathology of heart diseases, in a recent issue of the *Revue de Medicine*, divides all heart affections into two groups, those of valvular origin. These groups resemble each other in that each has an acute and a chronic stage, the latter being almost always a consequence of the former; in both groups, too, the original lesion—whether it has a chief valvular focus, or whether it depends upon a number of minute vascular foci—may be the starting-point of a two-fold inflammatory process, partly intestinal. The former process is always compensatory. As regards the latter, whether the process has commenced in one of the valves and spread thence to the muscular wall of the heart, or whether it has commenced as a parietal lesion, is a matter of little moment, for the ultimate result is the same, viz., diminution of the power of the heart, and finally asystole.

But, granting that no hard and fast line can be drawn between the two groups, or even that ultimately it should be shown that all lesions of the heart have their origin in some vascular change, still M. Martin thinks that his proposed classification might be retained with advantage, as corresponding with unquestionable differences in the etiology and mode of evolution of these changes.

ATROPINE FOR EARACHE.—The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says that Dr. A. D. Williams recommends its use as follows:—The solution is to be simply dropped into the painful ear, and allowed to remain there from ten to fifteen minutes. Then it is made to run out by turning the head over, then being wiped with a dry rag. The solution may be warmed to prevent shock. From three to five drops should be used at a time. The strength of the solution must vary according to the age of the child. Under three years one grain to the ounce, and over ten years four grains to the ounce of water. In adults almost any strength may be used. All ages will bear a stronger solution in the ear than in the eye. The application should be repeated as often as may be necessary. Usually a few applications will stop the pain. In acute suppurative inflammation of the middle ear, and acute inflammation of the external meatus, atropine will only slightly palliate the suffering, but in the recurring nocturnal earaches of children it is practically a specific.

Scraps.

The *Whitehall Times* asks: "If Necessity is the mother of invention, will some sharp paragonist please inform us who the father is?" Why, the husband of Mrs. Necessity, of course. Isn't this a-parent enough?

"Circumstances alter cases," said a lawyer to his client, after losing his fourth lawsuit. "Cases alter circumstances," savagely replied the client. "By your management of my cases my circumstances have been nearly ruined."

An English paper exultingly exclaims that the Turks appear to know how to make capital use of their improved arms. Recent events induce the belief that they know how to use their legs, too.

The newest collar is called "Safety." It is so named from the fact that it is high enough for a man who wears one to crawl up behind it and hide when his wife steps to the office to inquire whether he mailed her letters.

At the French Assembly 7.15 p. m.: Speaker (aside to member): "For heaven's sake finish your speech! I give a dinner-party to-night." Member (aside to Speaker): "I know it. Another time you'll invite me."

A printer's devil propounds the following: "What is the difference between a thirty-dollar-a-week position at the 'case' and the chief of the Sioux?" Ans.: "One is a bull 'set,' and the other is a Sitting Bull."

When a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "HERR-E-E"—finishing the last syllable in capital letters—you may know that she is not in a capital humor.

An exchange remarks that "some people are wholly unable to appreciate delicate irony." We have observed this ourselves, particularly in the case of washerwomen and shirt bosoms.