

HOME BEAUTY.

"Mine be a cot, 'f' for the hours of play,
Of the kind that is built by Miss Greenaway,
Where the walls are low, and the roofs are
red,
And the birds are gay in the blue o' erhead;
And the dear little figures in frocks and
frills
Go roaming about at their own sweet wills,
And play with the pups, and reprove the
calves
And do nought in the world (but work) by
halves
From "Hunting the Slipper" and "Riddle-
me-ree"
To watching the cat in the apple tree.
O art of the household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate,
They may soar on their wings of sense, and
float
To the AU DELA and the dim remote—
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West,
'Tis the art at the door that will please the
best:
To the end of time 'twill be the same,
For earth first laughed when the children
came!

Then and Now.

It was twilight in the schoolroom.
Over the swelling woods beyond the
open window the shades of coming
night are falling, and there is a glimpse
of the far off ocean as it gleams beneath
the rays of the descending sun.
Rhoda and I stand alone by the win-
dow. There is a feeling of profound
peace over everything.
All the earth seems restful.
Only my heart is full of disquiet,
for the pain of parting lies heavy on it.
She looked so winsome and loyal in
her simple white dress, this well-be-
loved comrade of mine, with all her
riotous golden curls pushed in care-
less, schoolgirl-fashion into a con-
fining net, as she stands beside me
silent—a remarkably strange mood for
her.
With an impulsive movement of awk-
ward, boyish love, I draw that dear head
to my broad shoulders with characteris-
tic shyness.
Then the tears come into her eyes for
the first time.
Her cool, soft hands steal confidently
into mine.
"Oh, you dear old Garry, what shall I
do without you? How I shall long for
you!"
Then, with a shy, upward glance of
softest feeling, she asks—
"Shall you miss me?"
I strive to recall some touching suit-
able answer from the depths of my love,
but it is a failure.
And who is eloquent at such a time?
—so I said only—
"Yes."
"When you are in Kamtchatka or in
the interior of Africa, and I am in this
hateful school, will you sometimes
think of me?"
"Oh, won't I, though!" I say, in
solemn earnestness.
"I'll remember how we read 'Lucile,'
in the apple tree, and paddled around
the pond in the dear old punt, and were
lost in the woods! I'll remember what
a jolly little thing you are, and how
much we love each other, and then
—" I say, breaking off rather abrup-
tly.
"And then?" she asks interrogatively,
rubbing her soft, rosy cheeks against my
hands.
"Well, then, when my trip to the ends
of the earth is over, and your schooldays
are done, why—I'll come back and marry
you."
Rhoda blushes, and I am not sure
that I did not blush myself—though,
fortunately, my manliness did not suffer,
since it was almost dark by this
time—as I fold her to my heart like an
affectionate bear and kiss her over
and over again. Oh, how well I loved
her then!
Every feeling of my unclouded young
heart was ruled by her.
She was a frank, simple child,
and I an honest, rather lanky, youth,
brimful of fervor and fidelity worthy
of the days of the Crusades, when
we parted for five years on that summer
night.
"The time went by like a tale that is
told."
Years have bloomed and faded
and it is the evening of another sum-
mer day.
It is only three months back since
I arrived home again, and after the
rapture of reunion with my numer-
ous brothers and sisters had in a
measure subsided, I came straight to
my old sweetheart's home to await
her return, which is daily expected.
I have been here about a month.
"Rhoda will be home surely to-
morrow," says the youngest daugh-
ter of the house, with a laugh of
expectant happiness, coming to my
side.
My heart gave a passionate throb at
the sound of her dear name, and all
through the following hours the words
"Rhoda will be home to-morrow," kept
ringing in the happy measure through
my brain.
Closing my eyes I can see her again
as she lives unfaded in my memory
with her flower-like face, and shining
hair, dressed in that soft muslin dress,
and the twilight shadows falling around
her.
Though a man now, of soberer
thought and sterner heart, Rhoda is as
dear as in my boyhood.

These last hours which must pass
until she is once again by my side seem
almost interminable.

In restless impatience I saunter out
for a solitary walk.

The evening is soft, and rests like a
blessing on the earth after the noontide
heat has passed away.

High up in the heavens the full moon
is shining from a pale background of
fleecy cloud, and the fragrance from
hyacinth bells steals refreshingly on me
as I saunter on, until a fence bounding
a neighboring meadow is reached, and
I find I am not alone.

Standing against the low, white rail-
ing, with her elbow resting on the
upper bar looking thoughtfully out into
the lane, is Doris Harper, the children's
governess.

Since the beginning of my visit we
have grown great friends.

She puzzles and charms me at the
same time, this young girl, with such
lustrous meditative eyes, dark, soft
hair, and independent manner.

I walk to her side.
She nods graciously, and goes back
to her former position.

"Miss Harper, are you unhappy?" I
ask abruptly.

"Not here," she answers. "Among
the flowers and in the stillness I am
very happy, though sometimes—oh, I
do feel so lonely in the state of life
into which it has pleased Heaven to
call me, as the dear old catechism
says."

"I am at peace with the world to-
night," I say, uncontrolled joy ringing
in my tones. "Rhoda will be home to-
morrow!"

"She is very dear to you, this Rhoda
of yours," she asks.

"Very!" I say solemnly, from my
heart.

"As the old song runs, 'She is the
very eyes of me.'"

It is the afternoon of the next day.
Rhoda has come.

I am standing out here on the bal-
cony, watching her as she sits inside,
furling and unfurling her fan, and
glancing up archly at the young man
standing up close by her side.

It is in truth Rhoda, but how changed
—how sadly changed from the dear
little maiden of years past!

Where has the simplicity which sat so
well upon her gone?

Did it depart forever when she put
away her riotous childhood?

And so I watch her, a disappoint-
ment at my heart so great that there is
room for no other feeling.

Her beautiful soft hair, which had
once crowned her head like a halo, is
distorted into a hideous edifice piled
high over her forehead.

Voluminous skirts take up half the
space in the room, and she kicks them
into place as unceremoniously as a
heroine of opera bouffe.

Her voice has lost much of its sweet-
ness, and is loud and affected.

She has learned the cant phrases of
scientific atheism, and plays with the
great doubts of the age like a purring
kitten with a ball of yarn.

How different from the memory I
had loved so well, and cherished so
tenderly among strange lands and
faces!

With a sore, bitter heart I turned
away—I cannot stand it.

Her mirthless, affected laugh mad-
dens me.

In the garden I came across Doris
and her young charge.

She reads my disappointment and
pities me.

It is only another version of the old
proverb, "Sometimes bitter bubbles
up," she says softly.

But I am not to be comforted, and I
sit moody and silent holding the skein
of bright wool for her as she rolls it
into a ball.

And while she winds and winds she
talks in her soft sweet voice; and as my
fancy keeps time with the incessant
winding, a feeling of rest and satis-
faction steals over me.

I forget Rhoda, with her frivolity
and lately acquired worldliness.

A drop of oil has fallen on the
troubled waters of my life.

The awful gloom of war was de-
pressing our land.

Along the banks of a dark, silent
river our camp was stationed.

The fires burned red and high, cast-
ing long shadows around, and making
the forests in the background look
darker by contrast.

A small party around a watch-fire
were busy at cards, and except for their
muttered imprecations at ill-luck, or
chuckles of gratification from good
fortune, the silence of the camp was
unbroken.

I stood with bared head at the door of
my tent, weary from the day's march,
still unable to sleep.

My thoughts were far away from the
camp-ground, as a soldier's will stray
when the noise of battle is for a while
silent, and patriotic zeal slumbers dur-
ing the brief rest.

From an inner pocket I took out a
small picture.

By the light of the fire I could see it
plainly.

It was the lovely face of Doris, half
laughing, half tender, turned over her
shoulder, and looking back at me, with
those fond soft eyes from out of the dark
frame.

The memory of her warm fingers at
parting when she slipped it into mine,
the sweet "God speed," the tear-dimmed
eyes and quivering lips, rise up in my
mind. I close the cover on the smiling
face and choose to think of her thus as
I saw her last.

Standing there in the silence, the grand
breathless calm of nature all around,
with those multitudes of changeless
starry lights above rolling on eternally,
it comes to me with convincing certaint-
y that Doris owns my tenderest love.

The softest, best feelings of my nature
are awakened even to think of her.

"I love her!" are the words which
beat in my brain.

"While I live, even to the end, I will
love her forever!"

And this is what saddens me, for
Doris rules my heart.

Rhoda feels that she is still bound to
me by the promises that were made in
our younger days.

"Perhaps in the course of time those
early vows will be fulfilled!" I think
rather recklessly.

"We will marry."
"Rhoda will tolerate me, and I will
pity her."

"If we are sensible we will shake
hands on the matter, and decide to make
the best of a bad bargain."

"If not we will separate and end by
cordially hating each other!"

"What a future!"

The next morning, however, these
gloomy forebodings are dispelled by a
letter from Rhoda herself. Her conceit
is plainly visible in it.

It is full of pity for the pain I must
invariably suffer, appeals for forgive-
ness, and self-reproaches.

At last at the end of four pages, I
read that she had married a handsome
ne'er-do-well, and been disowned by her
family in consequence.

I feel sorry for her.

"If we are sensible we will shake
hands on the matter, and decide to make
the best of a bad bargain."

"If not we will separate and end by
cordially hating each other!"

"What a future!"

The familiar faces, bright with quick-
ening life, in a second of time quivering
in agony or fixed in death!

The tramping steeds, the cannon, the
carnage—I can see it all.

I live over again in fancy the bullet
striking my arm and rendering me pow-
erless to fight, though I still cheered on
in lusty tones my men to the charge;

then another bullet comes direct to my
mark and I fall from my horse.

The passionate, distorted faces of the
soldiers grow dim, the noise of the con-
flict becomes faint, and I lie there one
among the many.

When next I wake it is in a white-
washed ward.

The glorifying sunlight falls on the
livid faces of dying men!

Nothing is clear to me.

I place my hand feebly to my head—
there is no hair there.

The other arm is bandaged, so is one
of my legs.

I am in a maze.

The only memory which stands out
with any distinctness is a woman's face.

I cannot understand where the face
was nor to whom it belonged, but I
knew that it looked down at me full
of tenderest pity—that the lips had prayed
for me and blessed me. There it was
again bending over me!

The same violet eyes, now full of tears
of unbounded joy, were looking down
into mine.

I felt the same cool, soothing hand
on my brow, and saw the familiar hair
on which the nurse's cap sat like a
crown.

Then the sweet lips are laid on mine
in an earnest kiss full of wondering sol-
emnity, full of a thrilling power that car-
ried me back from the borders of death
into unclouded life to love the bestower
of that kiss for evermore.

For it was Doris, who left all and
came to nurse me—Doris who kissed me.

And could it be possible to do ought
but love her after that, do you think?

Unreasonable.

There are people who become very
angry when anything appears in a paper
which reflects upon them. They then
go for the editor without mercy, and no
epithets are too mean to describe him.
We know of just such fellows, and we
know too when they were armed with
scurrilous articles wherein their
neighbors were abused unsparingly.
We consider people of that make mean
and unreasonable, and past any serious
notice in reference to what they may
say. The man that is unwilling to take
when his turn comes should never give.

Recent Legal Decisions.

**FALSE PRETENSES—SUFFICIENT
FACTS.**—J., a merchant, was indicted
for obtaining goods by false pretenses
from F. P. & Co., wholesale dealers,
and the false representation was this:
He stated that he wanted to buy goods
on credit, in the fair and usual honest
course of trade, with the intent to pay
honestly for them. And F. P. & Co.,
it was declared in the indictment, on
the faith of this pretense delivered the
goods to J. A conviction was had, and
it was objected on the appeal of case—
State vs. Jordan—to the Supreme Court
of Louisiana, that these facts were not
sufficient to justify a conviction. But the
Court affirmed the judgment, and
through Judge Fenner, said: "We think
the facts are sufficient to show a bargain
of sale, so that the delivery of the goods
is connected with it. There is quite
enough here to support an indictment
for obtaining goods by false pretenses,
and a conviction thereon."

**MINING—DEED—SURFACE SUP-
PORT—MACHINERY, ETC.**—Pur-
chasers of the surface land from the
same grantor who had sold and con-
veyed the minerals thereunder brought
an action to eject the mine-owner from
the occupation of any portion of the
surface for sinking shafts, making any
excavations or constructing any ma-
chinery, because by the deed for the
minerals no reservation for surface
rights was made. In this case—Erickson
vs. Michigan Land and Iron Company
—the plaintiff succeeded in the trial
Court, but the judgment was reversed
in the Supreme Court of Michigan.
Judge Campbell, in the opinion, said:
"It seems to be the general and we
think the better doctrine that a mere
reservation of minerals or such a
reservation with the right of mining,
must always respect surface rights of
support, and will not, standing alone,
permit the surface to be destroyed
without some additional statutory or
contract authority, and that such
statute or contract authority will be
carefully construed to prevent the
destruction of surface rights."

"But it seems to be also agreed that
the easements to do such acts as are
reasonably necessary to get out the
mineral and remove it from the mine
may be granted or reserved so as to
attach to the mining estate. We think
that ejection will not lie for those
parts of the land necessarily occupied
by shafts or other mining excavations
or erections made and used solely
for mining purposes, and that their
use is in the nature of an easement
which is appurtenant to the mine. The
plaintiff is entitled to compensation
under the deed for the appropriation of
the surface, but he cannot eject the
company from the land which it is oc-
cupying for the necessary purposes of
mining."

**1. CHATTEL MORTGAGE—MISRE-
PRESENTATION OF DEBT SECURED.—2.
THE SAME—PRIORITY OF FILING
PROOF.**—A chattel mortgage was
given to secure a note of \$300, which was
not due, but a payment of \$30 was to
be made for ten months and there was
indorsed upon the note that it was given
to secure the payment of this sum of
\$30 monthly, and that when all of these
payments were made the notes should
be null and void. The mortgagee also
gave two other mortgages on the same
property, and all of these mortgages,
three of them, were filed by the same
person at one time. On the trial it was
shown that this person acted as the
agent of all the mortgagees in the filing,
and the first mortgage was shown to be
the prior act of the mortgagee, and
the objection to its validity, because of
the misrepresentation of the amount due,
was overruled. From the judgment in
his favor, the case—Manox vs. Street
—was carried to the Supreme Court of
Minnesota, where an affirmance was
had. Judge Berry, in the opinion, said:
"First, the validity of this mort-
gage is not affected by the fact that
the condition misrepresents the obliga-
tion or liability in fact secured or intend-
ed to be secured by it. The considera-
tion was valuable, and the instrument
was enacted in good faith. The ques-
tion is: Was the mortgage made with
intent to hinder, delay or defraud the
mortgagee's creditors? If it was not,
then the form of its condition is not of
decisive importance. The real considera-
tion may always be shown to repel an
attack by creditors, and if, upon inves-
tigation, a proper consideration and law-
ful intent are found the mortgage will
stand. (2) As to the priority of this
mortgage proof was properly given
(1) to show that A., who filed the three
mortgages, was the agent of all of the
mortgagees; (2) that, in fact, this
mortgage was the first executed, and,
therefore, took priority of others."

**NEGLIGENCE—ALIGHTING FROM
MOVING TRAINS.**—A passenger stepped
from a train when it was in the
station slowing up but not stopped, and
was thrown down and injured by a sud-
den jerking of the train. He sued the
company for damages and recovered a
judgment. The company had defended
on the ground that alighting from a
train in motion was such negligence in

itself that no action would lie for dan-
ages. On an appeal of the case—Gal-
veston, Houston and San Antonio Rail-
road Company vs. Smith—to the Supreme
Court of Texas, the judgment was af-
firmed. Judge Watts, in the opinion,
said: "It is claimed that alighting
from a train in motion is such negli-
gence as to preclude a recovery, what-
ever the circumstances. This may be
true, and no doubt is, when the com-
pany is not in fault and the train has
considerable speed; but it is not neces-
sarily true when there is a question of
comparative negligence. A train might
be barely in motion, moving so slowly
that getting off would be attended with
no danger whatever. The question of
negligence, therefore, was a question
for the jury, and they have found for
the plaintiff under proper instructions.
If a passenger takes no more risk by
alighting than ordinarily prudent men
take under like circumstances he is not
precluded from recovering for an injury
suffered in consequence of the com-
pany's negligence."

**TELEGRAPH COMPANY—CLAIM FOR
DAMAGES—TIME TO BRING ACTION.**—
An action was brought to recover dam-
ages against a telegraph company for
negligence in transmitting the dispatch
so that it was not promptly deliver-
ed. The mistake was in the transmis-
sion of the name, "Hiram" being sent
"Herman." On the telegraph blank
used by the sender it was stated as the
contract between the parties "that no
claim for damages shall be valid unless
presented in writing within twenty
days from sending the message." No
claim for damages was made until 124
days after the sending of the message.
The trial Court decided in favor of the
company, and the plaintiff carried the
case—Herman vs. Western Union Tele-
graph Company—to the Supreme Court
of Wisconsin, where the judgment was
affirmed. Judge Orton, in the opinion,
said: "This condition as to making a
demand for damages in a stipulated
time is valid. Such a condition has
been held obligatory in insurance,
freight and other contracts, and in leg-
islation where damages have resulted
from accident or negligence, and in
such cases the principle is undisputed.
But it is clearly not unreasonable that
a telegraph company should require
notice of claims for its defaults within a
reasonable time before being held to
answer for the alleged default. From
the nature of its business this may be
essential to its protection against un-
founded claims. Another reason is
found in the multitude of messages
transmitted, requiring a speedy knowl-
edge of claims, to enable the company
to keep an account of its transactions
before, by reason of their great number
they cease to be within recollection or
control. It may be added that this
was a night message and at one-half
rates, because of its not requiring
repetition, and, on account of its liabil-
ity to mistake, error or delay and of
the common uncertainty and great labor
of night work, the company should not
be held unless there is the clearest li-
ability."—Reported for Phila. Record.

How to look Stunning.

Handkerchiefs are now made to
match each toilet.

Ruffles of lace are again worn in the
sleeves.

Silver spider pins are now placed on
the toes of slippers.

English Balbriggans are the favorite
colored hosiery for summer.

Most of the white dresses for morning
wear are made with baby waists and
sash backs.

The newest parasols have five divi-
sions, cut out about the edges in deep
triangles instead of the usual curves.

Demi-toilets are made of black faille;
they are quiet and elegant looking,
always appropriate, and wear as well as
alpaca.

Little gypsy hats of dark blue or deep
yellow straw, trimmed with a cluster of
wild flowers, are very pretty for morn-
ing wear.

Low shoes tied across the instep are
more used this season than they have
ever been, because of the fancy for
black stockings.

Flower bonnets are as popular as
ever, and tie under the chin with white
lace strings.

The fashions of the day vary so that
almost any dress is fashionable if it fits
well, has tight sleeves, and drapes back
quite tightly.

Bouquets are not now worn on the
corsage, but at the waist. They should
be large, and loosely put together, and
of only one kind of flowers.

The tiny lace caps now worn at din-
ner parties are made perfectly flat.
These caps measure but little over five
inches across the widest part, and
generally consist of lace only, laid in
creamy folds, but not so full as to con-
ceal the pattern of the lace, which must
be rich. In the centre of the cap is set
a tiny bunch of fine French flowers or
buds. Wide collars of old lace are
worn to match.

The New Chinese Corvette.

Startling Effect of a Volley From
Her Decks Upon Herself.

Though the Chinese corvette, the
Ting Yuen, has been built at a German
port, she seems to have been constructed
on strict Chinese principles. One of the
chief features of the vessel is that every
time her guns are fired some consider-
able injury is done to herself.

At the first discharge of one of the
Krupp guns we are told that "the effect
produced was considerable." Skylights
and windows were smashed, a smoke-
stack was snapped in two, a thick iron
rail on the bridge was wrenched from
its place, furniture was shattered to
pieces "which the gentlemen could put
in their pockets and carry away with
them as mementoes of the occasion,"
and, last and not least, an eruption of
coals from the bunkers appeared on deck.
One might suppose that this was quite
enough to show the power of the guns
and the construction of the vessel.
But no. The "scratch crew from the
German Navy," having seen what the
guns could do singly, determined to
know what they would do when fired
all together. Accordingly, after clear-
ing the turrets of everybody except one
man who was to fire the guns, they tried
a volley. The effect was tremendous,
the whole vessel being nearly reduced
to that condition in which gentlemen
could have put it in their pockets and
carried it away as a memento of the
occasion. The Chinese will always have
the satisfaction of knowing that if it is
ever taken by the enemy it will prove
very dangerous to its captors. Is it
built on German or Chinese principles?

Selecting a Horse.

The *Turf, Field and Farm*, than
which there is no better authority on
the subject, says, that "in buying a
horse, first look at his head and eyes
for signs of intelligence, temper, cour-
age, and honesty. Unless a horse has
brains, you cannot teach him to do an
thing well. If bad qualities predomi-
nate in a horse education only serves to
enlarge and intensify them. The head
is the indicator of disposition. A
square muzzle, with large nostrils, evi-
dences an ample breathing apparatus and
power. Next, see that he is well under
the jaw, with jaw-bones broad and
wide apart under the throatle. Breadth
and fullness between the ears and eyes
are always desirable. The eyes should
be full and hazel in color, ears small
and thin and thrown well forward.
The horse that turns his ears back every
now and then is not to be trusted.
He is either a biter, or a kicker, and is
sure to be vicious in other respects,
and, being naturally vicious, can never
be trained to do anything well, and so
a horse with a rounding nose, tapering
forehead, and a broad, full face below
the eyes is always treacherous and not
to be depended on. Avoid the long-
legged, stilted animal—always choosing
one with a short, straight back and rump,
withers high and shoulders sloping,
well set back, and with good depth of
chest, fore legs, hind legs straight with
low down hock, short pastern joints,
and a round, mulish shaped foot."

Mexican Wire Worm.

An inventive Mexican has been
telling a correspondent about the
"wire" worm, a pest of cattle. The
worm is described as being no thicker
than a guitar string, but as tough as
steel, while in three nights it will grow
yards long. Men use them to hang
horse thieves with. Their bodies ter-
minate in two hooks, one at each end.
They lie in the grass and manage to
hook on to the cattle that are grazing.
The moment they fasten on there is no
escape from them. They work their
way up slowly to the waist of the ani-
mal, where one end holds on and the
other end travels around slowly, and
finally connects with itself and pulls a
tight and deadly band around the vic-
tim. At first the loop is not very tight,
but the infernal thing is so constructed
that it can throw out hooks all along
its body, and it begins to tighten upon
them till it cuts the animal in two. A
distressing sight is a healthy steer drawn
in at the middle so that it can't breathe
and looking like a walking pillow with
a six-inch ring in the centre. The
worms can be cut off only with strong
shears.

Beautiful—and Odoriferous —Venice.

A correspondent of the London *Times*
writes unromantically to that journal:
"I never remember the smells so bad
at Venice as this summer, and they are
even worse on the Grand Canal than
elsewhere. This, no doubt, arises from
the constant stirring up of the water
and consequently also the solid deposit,
of sewage matter forming the bottom
by the new steamboats. While all the
sewage of the city is deposited in the
canals, it is clear that at least in the
hot season the water should be disturb-
ed as little as possible."

Knots of pale pink velvet are worn
on the arms in the morning instead of
bracelets.