

SEA FANCIES.

There is no cloud upon the limpid sky,
No blue of vapor on the sea beneath;
The clear pools on the rock unwrinkled lie,
And only stirred, as by an infant's breath,
The salt grass rustles faint and fitfully,
No muffled landward echoes, borne afar,
Thrill through the moon-suffused tranquility.
But where the breakers glimmer on the bar
A long, low murmur, like a Summer rain,
Grows deep and organ-toned, then falls
again.
The low moon's level wake across the waves
Leaps into splendor where they fall and
rise
In silver-breasted hillocks, shadow-worn,
And undulating whirls, that cheat the eyes
To fancies of strange monsters, and fair
shapes
Of nereids and mermaids, crowned with
shells
And soft sea-blossoms from southern coves and
capes
Lifting their dripping bosoms from the
swells
To gaze upon the moonlit world while
And beckon us with many a nod and smile.
And there are voices from the sea-chafed
rocks
In slippery clefts and hollows water-worn,
Where pulpy algae trail their slimy locks,
Strange liquid tones, as of a Triton's horn,
Blown gurgling through green shallows,
clear and low,
Soft laughter and the splash of curved
palms;
Round lonely isles and inlets long ago,
The fisher heard such sounds through
twilight calms.
And, coasting homeward, with hushed
utterance told
Of siren music sung to harps of gold.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Silver Dime.

Little Phoebe Winlove stood at her mother's knee, tangling the skeins of bright colored zephyr in her zealous efforts to help assort them, and listened with wide wandering eyes to the conversation of the mother and Mrs. Vance, a neighbor, who had dropped in to discuss the latest news from Washington, during the stormy days of the civil war.

"Those dreadful battles are killing off all our men. Goodness knows what will be done now," remarked Mrs. Vance, shaking her head mournfully.

"There will be another draft, I suppose," observed Mrs. Winlove.

"Well, when the men are all killed they will have to draft little girls, so be careful, Phoebe, or you will be carried off to the war some day to be a soldier," said Mrs. Vance, noticing how wide Phoebe's blue eyes had opened, and prompted by that strange instinct to lie, which so often leads people to weave gossamers of falsehood and send them floating through childish minds. Happy will it be if in after life those slight, wavering threads do not strike against the clear eyes and dim their vision to the truth!

Phoebe said nothing, but shuddered as her fancy painted the horrors of being "drafted," and the ladies continued their conversation, forgetting the presence of the thoughtful child.

For some time afterwards no inducement could get Phoebe to venture outside her parents' yard. But one sunny morning the gate stood ajar, and she peeped cautiously into the street. It was quite deserted, and looked very shady and inviting, and the little girl pushed the gate open wider and looked anxiously up and down the wooing vista before her.

"I guess they're all dead now, so I can't be drafted, 'cause there's no one do it," she murmured, "I'll just run down to the corner and see if anyone's living," and pushing back the brown tresses which shaded her eyes, she tiptoed down the street. Standing at the corner she shaded her flax-blue eyes with one dimpled arm and peered inquiringly across the square. Just at that moment a blue clad soldier issued from a door beside her, and with a look of admiration at the tiny, serious creature, caught her impulsively in his arms and kissed the pink cheeks.

Phoebe shrieked vociferously and grasped his ears with her chubby hands, while her tiny feet kicked his chest most viciously.

"Let me go," she screamed, "you must let me go! I'm papa's only little daughter, and he couldn't get along 'thout me. I can't fight—I won't fight, so there's no use to draft me."

"Oh, mister soldier, do let me go. How'd you like to have your little girl taken away from you? I'm the only little girl papa and mama have, and they don't want me to fight, 'sides, I'm too little—I can't fight!"

"On my honor, your actions give the lie to that," laughed the soldier, "you are an infantine Mars. But stop screaming, do, and leave, at least, a portion of my ears attached to my head. You are pulling them out, root and all. Hush! Come, here's a nice silver dime, now tell me what is the matter."

"Ain't you going to draft me?" she said, giving a couple of kicks against his chest, and drawing a long breath, preparatory to regaling him with another shriek.

"No, of course not. Why do you think so?" he replied.

"'Cause Mrs. Vance said all little

girls would be drafted as soon as all the men were killed, and they're all killed now, ain't they?"

"Oh, no!" there are plenty of men left yet," he answered, reassuringly, "enough to take care of little girls who are not able to fight."

"Then what do you want me for?" she questioned, clutching the dime tightly and evidently preparing to resume her war-like operations.

"I only want to know who you are, and to have you kiss me," he answered.

"I am going right away to fight and may never come back and I want you to kiss me goodbye."

"Havn't you any little girl of your own?" she inquired, thoughtfully.

"No," he returned, somewhat sadly.

"Then you must be awful lonesome, I'm sorry for you. My papa says he'd be lonesome 'thout me."

"I've no doubt of it," said the soldier, releasing her, and smiling into her grave face.

"Now tell me your name and kiss me."

"My name's Phoebe, and I'll kiss you 'cause you havn't no little girl of your own, you know," she replied, putting up her rosy mouth with childish confidence.

"Well, good-bye, Phoebe—there, you dropped your dime. You must keep it to remember me by—because I have no little girl of my own to think of me," he said, as he bent down and took the proffered kiss, with a laugh ending in a sigh.

"I'll keep it and 'member you," she rejoined, and the soldier strode rapidly away, while Phoebe ran to relate all that had passed to her mother, and assure her that there were lots of soldiers alive, and little girls would not be drafted.

Twelve years after this little incident, a merry party of four young people were passing out of a theatre, when suddenly the sharp metallic ring of silver sounded on the flags of the vestibule.

"Oh, I have broken my bracelet!" cried one of the ladies—a sweet-faced and winsome creature—and instantly a dozen gentlemen stooped and gathered the scattered coins of which the "bangle" bracelet had been composed.

She received them with smiles and graceful acknowledgment, and was about to drop them into the pocket of her fur bordered cloak, when she said with a touch of anxiety in her voice:

"The soldier's dime is lost."

"Never mind it, Phoebe," said the other lady of the little party, "come on."

"Oh, I must find it; I have kept it so long that I cannot bear to think of losing it," returned Phoebe, peering carefully into corners and crevices, but without being rewarded by its pale gleam.

"Oh, let it go," said the other lady, with an air of impatience; "I can't understand the value you seem to attach to such a trifle."

"I promised to keep it—" began Phoebe, but at that moment, a tall, bearded man, with a stately military air, stepped forward, holding the missing coin to her and said:

"Have I the pleasure of presenting this to Miss Phoebe a second time?"

She drew back in a startled manner, and cried:

"You are not—"

"The soldier who had no little girl of his own," he said, as she hesitated a moment. "Yes, I am the one, but I am afraid that my unfortunate lot will no longer move your pity as pleasantly as it did twelve years ago, he added, rather mischievously.

The sweet face grew rosy, but the honest blue eyes looked up with a smile sparkling in them.

"I am glad you came through the war unharmed," said the girl, frankly, "and since I have had this memento so long, I suppose I may as well keep it?—Thank you," and with a gracious smile and bow, she passed on the street, and with her companions, entered a carriage which stood waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"I wonder who he is?" thought Phoebe, as she regretted the haste with which she had parted from him, while the soldier himself stood watching the retreating carriage, vexed and disappointed to think he had not found out the full name of the girl who had for so many years kept his silver dime "to 'member him."

Some weeks after Phoebe, was at a party when her hostess approached her and said:

"Phoebe, Major Gresham desires an introduction to you. May I present him?"

Phoebe gave assent, and in a few minutes Mrs. Winlove stood beside her again, saying:

"Miss Winlove, Major Gresham," and, looking up, Phoebe found herself face to face with the tall soldier, whose face had of late shone oftener in her dreams than she would have acknowledged.

The gallant Major soon became convinced that he was sadly in need of "a little girl of his own," and concluding that the said girl was no other than Phoebe, set himself to work to make her of the same mind.

That he succeeded is evident from the

fact that Mrs. Gresham wears a silver dime, rimmed with gold, as one of the "charms" on her watch chain, and declares but for it she would not have been loved and wooed by the "best husband in the world."—*St. Louis Illustrated Magazine.*

Clips.

The Buffalo, New York, public schools have used the same text books for twenty years.

Some fashionable ladies have maids who can spell to do their letter-writing. Galveston is out of water, and one restaurant bears the sign: Closed till it rains."

Captain Henry Man, of Maine, says he has the jaw-bone of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru.

The new Northwest, Alaska and Washington Territory, promises to be the charcoal-iron region of the near future.

Americans are returning from Europe early this year. Every steamship on one line from Liverpool has been engaged to September 20.

An organized band of barn burners is believed to be operating in Southern Indiana. The farmers are much excited. Barns are burned almost every night.

A naval man named Terry rode on his tricycle from London to Dover, and there, developing his machine into a boat, with the wheels paddling, pursued his journey by water to France.

M. Trouvelor, the French observer of the late eclipse of the sun, agrees with Professor Swift that a strange red star, recently observed by the latter three degrees from the sun, was an intra-Mercurial planet.

Scraps.

The Moscow Gazette publishes the proceeding of the trial of seven Christian Tartars at Kazan, who were recently convicted of reviling and renouncing the orthodox faith, and were sentenced to exile in Siberia. They appear to have been the ringleaders in a movement, which began soon after the Turkish war, for the revision of the whole village to Mahomedanism.

The average longevity in England is increasing. Not many years ago a celebrated author denied the existence of such a thing as a centenarian. The statistics for 1881 record ninety-one persons who did not die until they had completed 100 years and upward. Of these twenty-five were men and sixty-six women. The oldest man was 112 years of age; the others ranged between that and 100. Three of the women were 107, three 106, two 105, six 104, five 103, eight 102, and the rest were 100 and upward.

A religious agitation of a very singular character is manifesting itself in some counties of the grand duchy of Finland. The new heretics call themselves the "Pure by Excellence," and profess the superiority and supremacy of woman, who must control the family. In every house where the new doctrines are practiced a woman, elected by her companions, is invested with a sort of directing power, which gives her the right to inflict penance and even rigorous chastisement. The new creed requires that all its disciples shall confess their sins to certain women at least once a week.

The greatest eel-pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead, Massachusetts. It covers five acres, and is so full of eels that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2000 dozen of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although any one else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell fish, fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels fastened to it.

Simon Ferguson, an illiterate negro coal miner at the Campbell Creek mines, West Virginia, told Mrs. Williams that she was possessed of devils and that he was the only man in the country who could cast them out. As she had been "daunty" for some time she believed him. He then prescribed pokeroak, smartweed and ironweed, to which he added grasshoppers, angle-worms, grub-worms, flies and other insects. This, being mixed, was placed in a quart bottle, set in hot water and steeped for some time. The quantity taken was a wineglassful every four hours. She was to have a teaspoonful of tobacco-snuff blown up her nose with a pipe three times a day, while her diet was to be nothing but raw salt mackerel, fresh from the brine and unwashed. She took several doses of the mixture, which stirred the devils up to such an extent that she had to send for another doctor to settle them.

Taste in Home Economies.

The fashionable material for thin inner window hangings is fine scrom. Generally a bordering on the inner side is worked in outline stitch in colored silks or crewels. Margins of deep-toned rep or velvet accompany the thin draping.

Double portieres are no longer in fashion. A single hanging suspended from rings upon a pole is plainly drawn across the doorway or entry to be concealed, and, when necessary, is looped up at one side.

Push still remains in favor for the borders of heavy draperies. A design is now often painted upon it in oil colors with the heavy bristle brushes, by means of which the paint is so completely rubbed in that it appears almost as if different material had been applied on it.

The preference for tapestry effects in hangings is resulting in a revival of old ideas of decoration, and fabrics are woven in imitation of Gobelin tapestry which succeed rather in reproducing the distorted figures and landscapes of an earlier period than in perpetuating the spirit of beauty which underlays them.

Hangings of one color are popular for boudoirs and bed-rooms. Soft blues and pinks or delicate cream-colored materials are chosen, and are left completely bare of decoration; with the exception of that given by silk cord and tassels used in draping them.

Ecu linen is among the favorite materials used for draperies. Edgings are sewn on of Turkey-red cloth alternately with small squares of thread lace embroidery, and the effect is very pleasing.

Tidies in some houses take the form of draped scarfs. Scarfs of India muslin embroidered in bullion or sebroe thread are drawn up in the middle and fastened to the back of upholstered chairs in such a way that the ends hang as draperies half way to the seat. The advantage about these tidies is that as they are securely fastened they do not annoy visitors by clinging to their mantles.

Portieres are often made of two or three different materials—for example, in panels or with a border, more or less deep, of one material and the remainder of something different. The upper panel may be in satin and the lower in plush with satin bands.

A beautiful hanging of three colors is made by a selection of whitish-yellow satin for the upper panel, salmon pink plush for the centre and deep brown plush as a bordering. The design, which is worked in silks in this portiere, represents an Eastern vase, in which a spreading branch, covered with peach blossoms, is placed. The vase is worked in light blue and the peach blossoms in their natural colors.

A design of sunflower, with a deep plush bordering, upon which conventionalized flowers of the same kind are laid is still popular for hangings. The upper panel is frequently of blue cloth, the flowers being worked in crewels, and the lower panel of deep blue plush, the conventionalized sunflowers upon this having a black centre and the outer circle of the leaves being worked in bright gold flosselle.

Mixed materials are now much liked for window hangings. Generally the colors are neutral, and the only attempt at decorative effect is in the very heavy and handsome fringe which is seen on the inner edges of such fabrics. At times the fringe is of a color to harmonize with the prevailing tone of the room.

The fashion of using wall hangings is growing in favor. Entire rooms are now draped in such a way that walls, windows and doors harmonize not only in color but in the material by which they are concealed. Wall hangings require to be lined, even if they are of heavy fabrics, to insure their hanging perfectly even. If borderings are used they must be stitched on before the hanging is fixed upon the wall.

Velveteen is particularly well suited for hangings, being durable and very accessible to ornament; if worked in flosselle curtains of this material are extremely handsome. Velvet is less manageable, and does not answer as well for applique work, as the frill, when it is rich, interferes with the set of the stitches.

Draperies for halls and vestibules are handsomely made of deep-colored plush. They are usually only sufficiently wide to fall in graceful folds, and never longer than just to touch the floor. It is no longer fashionable to have long or full draperies.

It is very usual to have half-draperies—that is to say, something in the style of very deep valances in doorways. Such an arrangement breaks the monotony of the opening, and yet leaves the view into another apartment unobstructed.

For heavy draperies border designs are generally fashionable; for lighter

ones continuous pattern carried over the whole ground is in favor. Branching designs are found in both materials, and where dados are still used a border of different material is constantly added.

A Student's Duel.

Hearing that there was to be a students' duel, we planned to gratify our curiosity in seeing what has been so much written about. Taking a carriage, we rode across the river, up the side of a mountain and down a narrow gorge to a public house. We went in and ordered some refreshments and chatted for half an hour, when a white-capped student passed. I accosted him and earnestly made known our wants in the language of Goethe and Schiller. He gave me a long and earnest answer, not a word of which could I understand. At last a waiter who spoke English came, and we sought her kind offices. She agreed to take us in ten minutes to a room where we could see the combat through a window. We waited on hour, and, as our patience was about exhausted, she returned. Through the window we could see two men confronting each other, with their hands extended straight over their heads. Their left arms were tied behind their backs and goggles over their eyes. The men were padded everywhere except their heads, which were left uncovered. At the appointed signal they began cutting at each other with lightning-like rapidity. Neither seemed to try to ward off the blows of his opponent. As soon as one was cut the seconds ran between them and knocked up the swords. The doctor examined the wounds, staunched the blood and the fight was resumed, and went on until the doctor decided that further fighting would endanger life. It was the most beastly tomfoolery I ever saw. The hurt inflicted was not enough to satisfy a man seeking redress for a real or fancied insult, but was too severe for play. I could see no display of skill nor any particular manifestation of courage.

Hen and Rat.

A California hen, while engaged with her brood of chickens in plowing up a neighbor's garden, recently, was charged upon by a full-grown rat. The old representative of the "poultry show" immediately established herself as a cordon around her flock and awaited the onslaught. The rodent, somewhat checked by the bold front presented by the "garden destroyer," crouched for a moment, and then made a dart for one of the chicks. In an instant the old hen opened her cackle battery and commenced battle. She flew at her enemy, and striking it with her bill, grabbed it by the back and threw it in the air. The rodent came down with a thump upon the walk, but before it could regain its feet the hen repeated the performance, and kept it up until the rat was only able to crawl away a few feet and die in disgrace. After contemplating the old hen called her brood around her and walked off.

The Trouble with Modern Heroines.

Indeed, it is the serious-minded heroines who behave worst in their love affairs. The calm manner in which they argue the point out with their parents, always getting the best of it in argument as well as in fact, is enough to make the father of past fiction turn in his grave. This trait is, after all, the most alarming to us who are approaching the age when "the heavy father" is more interesting than the young lover. For the heroine of fiction is, let us remember, the ideal woman of the period, the mold of form with which our young women naturally compare themselves. Her example will outweigh with them all the exhortations of their guardians, and for them, therefore, there is the pleasant prospect of seeing the attractive qualities described produced in their daughters and wards.

Coinage at the Mint.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The following is a statement of the coinage executed at the mints of the United States during the month of August, 1883.

Denomination.	Pieces.	Value.
Double Eagles.	125,950	\$2,159,000
Half Eagles.	40,700	308,500
Total gold.	166,650	2,722,500
Standard dollars.	2,340,000	2,340,000
Dimes.	920,670	92,067
Total silver.	3,260,670	\$2,482,067
Five cents.	2,210,488	110,500
One cent.	5,880,000	58,800
Total minor.	7,540,000	\$168,800
Total coinage.	10,967,320	\$5,318,867

Edward Stabler died at Sandy Springs, Montgomery county, Md., in the same house in which he was born, in September, 1794. He was appointed Postmaster at Sandy Springs in 1830, and held the office up to the time of his death. He was said to be the oldest Postmaster in the United States.

Old Manuscript.

A Mr. Shapira, of Jerusalem, a book-seller and dealer in antiquities, has just deposited in the British museum fifteen slips of black sheepek'n leather, on which are written, in characters similar to those of the celebrated Moabi stone, portions of the book of Dueteronomy differing materially from the received version. The date of the slips is the ninth century before Christ, or sixteen centuries older than any authentic manuscript of any part of the old testament. Mr. Shapira bought them from an Arab, and he asks for them \$5,000,000 from the British museum. If genuine, the interest and importance of the discovery cannot be overrated; and, so far as variations in the sacred text are concerned, there is promise of one the greatest controversies the scholars have ever entered upon. The decalogue furnishes a good example for comparison with the received version. The London correspondent of the New York Sun says he quotes from the Shapira record:

I am God, thy God. Which liberated thee from the land of Egypt from the house of bondage. Ye shall have no other gods. Ye shall not make to yourselves any graven image nor any likeness that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth. Ye shall not bow down to them nor serve them.

I am God, your God, sanctify. In six days I have made the heaven and the earth and all that there is therein, and rested on the seventh day. Therefore rest thou also, thou and thy cattle, and all that thou hast.

I am God, thy God. Honor thy father and thy mother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not kill the person of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not commit adultery with the wife of thy neighbor.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not steal the property of thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not swear by my name falsely, for I visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of those who take my name in vain.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy brother.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not covet his wife, or his man servant, or his maid servant, or anything that is his.

I am God, thy God. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart.

I am God, thy God. These ten words God spake.

The Coarse Jester of Lake Michigan.

George W. Peck, of Milwaukee, is carrying his right hand around tied up in a big silk handkerchief. He has been bothered almost to death with anxious inquiries as to the nature of the trouble under the handkerchief, and so he has issued the following, addressed to "The general questioning public":

This is a boil. Not a carbuncle. Just a boil.

I know you have had boils bigger than mine, but this one is big enough for me. I am no hog, I don't want the biggest boil.

Yes, I have tried flaxseed, bread and milk, and slippery elm poultices. Each is better than the other, and all of them are frauds.

No, the "Bad Boy" has not been playing a joke on me. This is no joke.

Yes, I think it is cussedness working out of me.

Yes, it has broke. That is, it has made an assignment.

No, I don't want another.

French Etiquette.

At a ball a lady most beautifully desired sincerely an introduction to a gentleman of appearance most fine, but knows not how to secure it. Ah, thought most happy. Lady—Did you on my train just step? Monsieur—In fact, I did not on your train step. Lady—Ah, then, on my train step and an introduction straightway secure. Lady turns off, and Monsieur one foot on the train places and in much affright looks about. Then comes mutual acquaintance, and Monsieur and Lady receive introduction and away in haste to take the floor for the next raquet.

Where dados are introduced, they are embroidered before being sewed on to the curtain, and a conventional design of upright stemmed flowers is the most popular for their decorations. Where dados are inappropriate, draperies in two shades are often preferred. Two shades of gray material, relieved by crimson bias introduced where they are joined, are extremely effective and harmonize with almost any prevailing tone in a room. The coloring of the window hangings is never repeated in that of the portieres.

Miss Ellen Terry will have \$1500 a week during her tour of the United States.