LOVE'S POWER.

If I were blind, and thou shouldst enter
Ever so softly in the room,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And a glory round the centre
That would lighten up the gloom.
And my heart would surely guide me,
With Love's second-sight provide me,
One amid the crowd to find,
If I were blind!

If I were deaf, and thou hadst spoken
Ere thy presence I had known,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And the seal at once be broken
By Love's liquid undertone.
Deaf to other, stranger voices,
And the world's discordant noises,—
Whisper, wheresoe'er thou art,
It will reach my heart!

If I were dead and thou shouldst venture,
Near the coffin where I lay,
I should know it,
I should feel it,
Something subtle would reveal it,
And no look of mildest censure
Rest upon that face of clay.
Shouldst thou kiss me, conscious flashes
Of Love's fire through Death's cold ashes
Would give back the cheek its red,
If I were dead!

—*Josephine Pollard, in the Century.*

Our First Difficulty.

Robert and I had been married 18 months before we seriously disagreed in anything. Our life during that time had not been a season of perfect bliss as some would have it, but we certainly had been happy—as happy, I think, as any can be before reaching paradise, and when our baby come, it seemed as if our cup was full to overflowing.

We were living in Kansas, far away from both Robert's relations and my own. We had not, therefore, as is generally the case, a host of aunts, uncles and cousins to urge that the child should be named according to their fancy. So it came to pass that our baby was nearly two months old before the subject had been debated. But one day, how well I remember it, Robert said, as he tossed her in his arms for a final good-by before returning to the store, "Esther, don't you think it's about time this maiden of ours had a name of her own? Wilson was asking me this morning what we had decided to call her, and I told him I suppos-d we thought her good enough without a name, for we had never spoken about it."

"Mr. Wilson's child was named before he was a week old, so I don't wonder that he thinks us rather tardy," said I.

"Well, what shall it be, Esther? Rosamond or Rachel? Bridget or Joanna? Kate or Arabella? Or haven't you thought of the matter yet?"

"Our chhild's name was decided to my own mind long ago," I answered and then for some reason I cannot account for, I hesitated, though I certainly had no idea of what was to follow.

"Well, let us hear it. It is something extraordinary, I suppose; nothing less would suit our darling."

"It is Mary," I said.

"Mary! surely you must be joking. You can't mean it, Esther!"

"Why not?" I asked, the blood rushing to my face involuntarily.

"So you have a Byronic passion for the name of Mary. Well, I must acknowledge that I am entirely free from it. But seriously, Esther, you cannot think of calling our daughter by that name?"

"But I do think of it," I responded, "and I cannot imagine what objection you can have, for almost every one agrees that there is no sweeter name."

My husband's face grew dark.

"Any name but that, Esther; you might as well not name the child at all. Hardly a family of any size in the country but has a Mary among its members. But I can't talk any longer now; I shall be late as it is. Look in the dictionary, and find something else that suits you, and tell me at tea."

And he kissed both baby and me, and was gone.

I can hardly tell you what my feelings were during the long hours of that afternoon. It is true that my husband and I had differed before in matters of taste and opinion, but it had been comparatively easy to yield then. My child's name however, was a different matter. I could not remember the time when I had not looked forward to call my oldest daughter by the name of Mary. My doll-babies, one and all, had been called by it. It was dear to me above every other name—and now give it up—"Never, I cannot and, I shall not!" I said firmly to myself.

At the tea-table that evening, we discussed a variety of topics, but both avoided, as if by common consent, the one subject nearest our hearts. When the meal was over, however, and we sat together near our little one's cradle, Robert commenced:

"Well, Esther, have you found any name this afternoon that pleased you? I've been thinking the matter over, and I've come to the conclusion that Laura and Evelyn suit me very well—Laura Evelyn Spencer. How do you like it?"

"I like both names well enough," I answered, coldly, "but there is only one name for our daughter, and that I have told you. It is my mother's name, as you know, Robert, and I have always said that my first daughter should be my mother's namesake, but I never dreamed that you would feel so about it," I continued ready to cry, yet keeping the tears back by a great effort.

"If your mother was not living, Esther, there would be some reason for your feeling so, but as it is—"

"If my mother was dead, I would not care so much about it, for it then could afford her no pleasure." I cried.

"If it were any name but Mary, I would consent, even though it did not please me," said Robert. "Come Esther, be reasonable; there are so many pretty names, and Mary, besides being so common, is to me the very essence of plainness."

But my mind was made up and I would not listen.

"She is your daugh ter, as well mine Robert," I said, "and, of course, you will name her to suit yourself, but to me she can never be any other than what I have said."

How our conversation would have ended I cannot tell, but fortunately for both of us, it was interrupted by callers who spent the evening with us, and for the time being our dispute and its cause were forgotten.

At breakfast the next morning the subject was not once alluded to in even the most remote way, and at noon and in the evening it was the same.

Another day came and went, and still another, and yet not a word was said. Our table-talk was no longer the pleasant pastime it had once been, for we found it difficult to sustain a conversation on topics of minor interest, while the one subject which engrossed our hearts and minds was tabooed.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" As day after day passed away, and the week drew to a close, a heavy weight settled upon my heart. My husband appeared a different person to me. It seemed to me that a great gulf had come between us; even baby, who before had been associated only with the purest, deepest joy, seemed changed. I could not take her in my arms without thinking of what I choose to call my trouble. Friday morning came. It was a lovely, sunshiny day; but it seemed to me the dreariest ever sun rose upon.

"Whowould think Robert could be so obstinate?" I said to myself, as I rocked my little one to sleep.

Just before noon our pastor called. I was so ill at ease that it was with difficulty that I sustained my part in the conversation. I suppose he noticed my agitation, for he inquired if I were well as usual. For an instant I felt half inclined to tell him all. It seemed as if it would be a relief to open my heart to some one; but a feeling of pride restrained me.

Robert seemed unusually silent at dinner, and I fancied he was looking pale and ill. He kissed the baby, but did not toss her in the air and play with her as he generally did; as for myself, every word I spoke cost me an effort. When Robert had gone, I took my little girl in my arms and rocked her to sleep, then I threw myself in my chair again, and silently brooded over my unhappiness. It seemed to me that a good, hearty cry would be a luxury in which I had determined I would not indulge.

The time passed slowly away, and I began to wonder why baby did not wake. I went over to the cradle. Her face was flush, and I thought her breathing very unnatural. "What if our darling should be ill?" I cried, and then with a chill at my heart, "What if God should take away from us the cause of our dispute?"

At that thought a great revulsion of feeling came over me. I knelt down by my baby's cradle and wept unrestrainedly.

"After all," I thought, "is it not natural that Robert should not care to have his child given so common a name as Mary? And what right have I to decide without consulting him what her name should be? Oh, if he would only come!"

I took baby in my arms and went to the window to look for him. Then I remembered his pale face at dinner.

"If anything should happen I should never forgive myself," I said.

At last I heard his footsteps on the stairs; I laid baby down and just rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Robert!" I cried, as I threw my arms around his neck, "name her Laura or anything you please, but do let us love each other again."

He kissed me in silence, and then went into the parlor. In an instant he came out, bringing with him my father's wedding gift—a large family bible.

He opened it, and turning to the family record, pointed to a line under the head of births. It was this: Mary Evelyn Spencer, born May 18, 1855.

"I wrote it this noon," he said.

I cannot tell what happened next, for I really do not know; but I have had seven children since then and they have all been named without the least particle of trouble between their father and mother, and in closing this little account of our first real difficulty I thank God that I am enabled to declare it was not only our first, but our last.

Sanitary.

How to Preserve and Restore Health.

—Caroline Mubelbach, of St. Louis, 12 years of age, died of blood poisoning, caused by wearing tight shoes.

—In Cleveland, a piece of lime which a boy carried in his pocket, was the cause of his death from blood poisoning.

THE TREATMENT OF FLESH-WORMS.—The black points flesh-worms, or comedones, which are found in the face, and especially near the nostrils, are not at all produced by the accumulation of the particles of dirt and dust, as has generally been believed, but by pigmentary matters, which is soluble in acids. The following treatment has been recommended: Kaolin, 4 parts; glycerine, 3 parts; acetic acid two parts, with or without the addition of a small quantity of some etheral oil. With this pomade, cover the parts affected in the evening, and if need be during the day. After several days all the comedones can be easily expressed; most of them even come out by washing the parts with pumice stone soap. The same results can be obtained, by bandaging the parts affected for a long time with vinegar, lemon juice, or diluted hydrochloric acid. The acids act like cosmetics, as they transform the black color into a brown and yellow shade and destroy it gradually altogether.

Cause of Rust in Wheat.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, after stating that the yields of the wheat fields of Western New York will be seriously diminished by rust, and that it is worse on low, mucky soils deficient in minerals, says: "To some extent, I believe that mineral fertilizers are a specific against rust. It is not clear to me just why this should be. I remember well that where stumps have been burned out the straw of any grain following will be bright and the grain plump. The question has suggested itself to me whether the potash getting into the circulating sap may not obstruct its flow, and thus prevent the flushing of all the tender new growth with more sap than the plant can properly make available. There is undoubtedly an excess of sap taken into the circulation during warm, wet weather. The fact that barnyard manures increase run while mineral fertilizers decrease it shows that there is a lack of something in the sap of some kinds of plants that is not found in others. Ashes and salt are both said by practical farmers to have the effect of making the straw of grain bright. Yet both attract moisture, which it might be supposed would increase the evil. Gypsum also attracts moisture, and to this fact is popularly ascribed its reputed tendency to increase rust. The practical question is why moisture attracted to the plant by these fertilizers should produce such different effects. I do not attempt to answer this further than to suggest the theory mentioned above. Rust in grain and blight in the pear are both apparently caused by excess of heat and moisture, making a too sudden flow of sap which cannot be properly elaborated. Mineral manures have been recommended for pear blight. Is it not possible that these mineral fertilizers may be just enough soluble to be taken up by the roots of the tree and may yet prevent its being taken up more rapidly than the leaves can receive it?"

Facts and Fancies.

—There is no greater weakness than that of letting our happiness depend too much on the opinion of others.

—Jay Eye See, a five year old horse, trotted a mile at Narragansett Park without a skip or a break in 2.10¾.

—Grain is sold on the Pacific coast by the cental, a much better way than by the bushel.

—Over 2200 trains leave the various railroad stations of London daily.

—Permanganite of potassium, hypodermically injected, is an antidote to the poison of the cobra.

THE output of copper in Arizona this year will equal about 25,000,000 pounds.

THE Prussian Government has expended about $3,000,000 on the University of Strasbourg, since the conquest of Alsace-Lorain from France, and intends it shall be thoroughly Germanized.

Home Economies.

FOR WASHING BLACK OR NAVY BLUE LINENS, PERCALES, ETC.—Take two potatoes grated into tepid soft water (first having peeled and washed them), into which put a teaspoonfull of ammonia. Wash the goods in this and rinse in cold blue water. Starch will not be needed, and, if at all practicable, they should be dried and ironed on the wrong side.

It is said that an infusion of hay will preserve the colors of buff linens; an infusion of bran will do the same for brown linens and prints.

—TO WASH PRINTED GOODS which have a black ground with a white pattern: Dissolve two ounces of red chromate of potash, three ounces of common salt and two and a half ounces of sal-soda in a wash-boiler of water heated to boiling point. Put the dress into this hot bath for five minutes, and frequently turn and stir it. Then wash it thoroughly in clean water. The black ground will not be dull and "foxy," and the white portion of the goods will appear perfectly bright and clear.

EDIBLE AND POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.—The stem of a genuine mushroom is short, thick and white, marked under the head with a prominent ring. The head is white and regularly convex, the edges are bent inward, the flesh is white and firm, the under leaves are deep pink, and separated as they approach but do not touch the stem. When the mushroom grows old the net-like shape changes; it becomes brown, flat and scaly. The under leaves also turn brown. It is better when eaten young. Spurious mushrooms have their heads covered with warts and other membraneous substances, which adhere to the upper surface; they are heavy and spring from species of bulb; they generally grow in bunches. When the mushrooms are doubtful sprinkle a little salt on the under or spongy part. If it turns yellow they are poisonous, if black they are good.

—TO HAVE NICE HARD BUTTER for the table in summer, without the use of ice, put a trivet, or any open flat thing with legs, in a saucer; put on this trivet the plate of butter, and fill the saucer with water; turn a common flower-pot so that its edges shall be within the saucer and under the water. Plug the hole in the flower-pot with a cork, then drench the flower-pot with water, set in a cool place until morning, or if done at breakfast the butter will be hard at supper time.

—A FEW DROPS OF OIL OF LAVENDER will save a library from mold. One drop will save a pint of ink.

TO REMOVE TAN—An excellent wash to remove tan is made of sliced cucumbers soaked in milk, and applied nightly to the face. It should not be wiped off, but left to dry on the face. In the morning wash in luke-warm water, and let it be rainwater, if possible.

Scientific.

—The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3300 yards, the noise of a train 2800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1800 yards, the roll of a drum 1100 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards.

—It is stated as a fact, and is a matter of study for scientists, that the corn and vegetables planted in the path of the cyclone of May 12 will not grow. Farmers along the line of its travels in Morgan county, declare the statement to be true, and say that corn and potatoes planted on "cyclone ground" will not even sprout.

—It is a curious fact that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which are found to last unimpaired for ages, in consequence of being impregnated with salt; while pillars of brick and stone, used for the same purpose, crumble away in a short time by the decay of their mortar. It is also found that wooden piles driven into the mud of salt flats and marshes last for an unlimited time, and are used for the foundation of brick and stone edifices; and the practice of docking timber after it has been seasoned, by immersing it for some time in sea water, is generally admitted to be promotive of its durability.

—To make a rubber lubricator for belts, five parts of india rubber are cut fine and melted together with five parts of turpentine in an iron, well-covered vessel; then add four parts of resin, stir well, melt, and four parts of yellow wax, stirring constantly while melting. This mixture while warm is added, with constant stirring, to a melted mixture of fifteen parts fish oil and five parts of tallow, and the whole is agitated until it has congealed. The mass is applied to old belts upon both sides in a warm place, and when the belts are in use from time to time upon the other side. By this treatment they become very durable.—*The South.*

—Some interesting relics of antiquity were lately received at Berlin from Mayence. They consist of the remains of piles belonging to the bridge which once led from Castle to Mayence, and which is proved to have been in use fifty-three years before the Christian era. The pieces of wood are trunks of various trees, including oak, elm and white and red beech. Internally they are quite sound. At one end there are pieces of iron. Some of the wood is to be devoted to the manufacture of a piano case. Prince Alexander of Hesse, has had some ornamental pieces of furniture made from oak discovered at the spot referred to, and these articles he has presented to his son, Prince Alexander, of Bulgaria.

—At Gaudenfrel, Germany, the artist and glass-spinner, A. Prengal, of Vienna, has established his glass business, offering carpets, cuffs, collars, veils, etc., made of glass. He not only spins, but also weaves, glass before the eyes of the people. The otherwise brittle glass he changes into pliable threads, and uses them for making good, warm clothing by introducing certain ingredients, which are his secrets, and thereby changing the entire nature of the glass. He makes white curley glass muffs; also, ladies' hats of glass, with glass feathers, which are lighter than real feathers. Wool made of glass, it is said, cannot be distinguished from the genuine article. Glass is a non conductor, and the time may not be distant when it will cause a revolution in dress materials.

—The measurement of temperature is, as we all know, of extreme importance in various chemical and manufacturing operations. The ordinary mercurial thermometer will answer for every purpose within certain limits; but when it becomes necessary to measure the melting point of different metals, or the heat given out by different forms of furnaces or lamps, the thermometer must give place to an instrument of another form altogether. Hitherto no really satisfactory instrument has been produced for the exact measurement of high temperatures; but Professor Talt at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburg, stated that from experiments he had made with those rare metals, iridium and ruthenium, he believed that he would be able to form from them a standard thermo-electric couple which would answer the required conditions. —*Chambers' Journal.*

Indian Tea.

The recent passage of the Tea Adulteration Act by Congress has commenced to show its effect to some purpose upon the importation of poisonous teas from Japan and China, and for the health of the people of this country its introduction has come none too soon. Dio Lewis' magazine for August, quotes an article from the *Sanitary Engineer*, which contains facts almost incredible, were it not for the authority. It states that 7000 packages of tea from China were burned as poisonous by order of the British Government. These showing upon analysis 65 per cent. of poisonous adulterants, some being deadly. That is in every 100 pounds of tea (?) 65 pounds of adulterants were found. Eleven different poisons were detected—some deadly—says this reliable authority which concludes thus:

"A large percentage of the stomach-pain and indigestion among American women may be traced to tea (?). In the years 1881-2 upwards of 80,000 packages of tea from China and Japan were refused permission to be landed in Great Britain as adulterated; every pound of this 80,000 packages was sent on to America and has been, and is being consumed. This explains the meaning of "Gift" Tea Companies, who offer premiums of China-sets, Waltham watches, Pianos, Sewing machines, &c., as inducements. *Leslie's Popular Monthly*, for September, contains statements from a Mr. Oscar Rigg, who is evidently well posted on the subject, and these are worthy of note. The cargo of the "Fruitshire" is mentioned as being inspected at New York. The results being that 3100 chests of China tea were condemned as impure, while 542 chests from Japan were also rejected for the same cause. The value of this tea was stated to be $30,000 and the writer concludes as follows:

"It is expected that at least 10,000,000 pounds will be refused a market in this country. The condemned tea being mainly green, and inferior Japan." Recent quotations for Japan teas show as follows:

"Finest" 25 cents; "Fine" 22 cents; "Good medium," 20 cents; "Medium" 18 cents, and yet no one appears to ask why do our grocers charge us the fabulous prices they do for such doubtful trash? Little is known in this country about Indian Teas, or upon what scale they are grown, and an idea exists that they are something cropped up recently quite new. Tea was commenced to be grown in Indian in 1835, or 48 years ago. During the ten years between 1866 and 1876 the exports had increased from 2 500,000 lbs. to 28,126,000 lbs., or eleven times as much. The total deliveries for year ending last May was 56,600,000 lbs.; or 10 millions of pounds increase upon last year. In British India there are over 2000 plantations with an acreage under tea of more than 188,000 acres, while nearly 500,000 acres are taken up for tea planting. About 1200 Europeans and men of education are retained as managers and assistants, and over 300,000 natives are employed in the factories and maximum estimated yield is 70 millions of pounds. Of the purity and excellence of Indian Teas, little need be said, for their increased consumption in Europe and Great Britain speaks volumes, while as opposed to all the seizures and condemnations one reads of Japan and China Teas, one solitary statement need be alone made. Not a single package of Indian teas, shipped direct from the factory to the consumer, has ever been known to be either faced, colored, painted, or adulterated, and every analysis ever made has proved Indian Teas to be innocent of adulterations of any kind. The reason is simple; no Indian planter can afford to use adulterants, and even if he so wished, and to attempt any such tricks would doubly damn a valuable reputation no planter would risk while he has large crops of pure tea to sell upon its own established merits in an open prejudiced market, flooded without agonists only too ready to seize on the first chance to deny its merits.—*Newfield (N. J.) Item.*

The Balance of Trade.

A Statement That Makes a Favorable Showing for American Commerce.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in his first monthly statement for the current fiscal year of the imports and exports of the United States, reports that the excess of the value of imports over exports and of exports over imports of merchandise was as follows:

Month ended July 31, 1883, excess of imports, $4,466,589; seven months ended July 31, 1883, excess of exports, $41,616,430; twelve months ended July 31, 1882, excess of exports, $107,379,236. The total values of the imports of merchandise during the twelve months ended July 31, 1883, were $714,236,719, and for the previous twelve months $738,021,773, a decrease of $23,785,054. The values of the exports of merchandise for twelve months ended July 31, 1883, were $821,615,955, and for the twelve months ended July 31, 1882, $742,126,183, an increase of $79,489,772.

LONDON, September 7.—The returns issued by the Board of Trade show that during the month of August British imports increased compared with that month in last year, by £3,100,000, and that the exports during the same period decreased £174,000.

The Government and the Telegraph.

Any system that involves the general interests of the people should be under the control of the National Government. The issues that from time to time spring up between the people and certain corporations are too momentous to allow them to be at the caprice of individual temper or distemper.

The telegraph companies have their machinery of action interwoven with each of the varied interests of the whole country, enforcing rates, dictating lines of policy, and creating disturbance, often, in trade circles by the want of power that can be alone exercised by the Government. If the Government can control the postal service with eminent satisfaction to the people, why cannot the same administration and executive force be utilized in the telegraph service, certainly an interest not secondary to the postal bureau? We believe it will come to this; and the sooner the better. One more strike in this branch of the public interest, with all its attendant jostling of the business arrangements of the country, and our people will be more sensitive to real condition of the relations existing between the Government, the people and the telegraph companies.

—A Chicago wholesale house sent out three female drummers by way of experiment. One of them wore all her samples to a picnic and got lemonade, pie, and grass stains all over them; another got mashed on a brakemen and followed him off, and the third reported three new dresses, a lawn-tennis suit, a garden hat, and a Langtry bang in her expense account. The house is so well satisfied with the result of the experiment that it will not repeat it.

—A lady stopping at a hotel in Australia was bitten by a rat, and has sued the proprietor of the hotel for $10,000 damages. The bite was not severe, but her fright was so great that her hair—hanging on the back of a chair—turned gray before morning.