#### A GLOVE.

Faith ! but I loved the little hand That used to wear this time-stained thing! Its slightest gesture of command Would set my glad heart fluttering.

Or if it touched my finger, so, Or smoothed my hair, why should I speak Of those old days? It makes, you know, The tears brim over on my cheek.

Poor, stained, worn-out, long-wristed glove! I think it almost understands That reverently and with love I hold it in my trembling hands.

And that it is so dear to me, With its old fragrance, far and faiut, Because my mother wore it, she-On earth my love, in heaven my saint.

## DISENCHANTED.

Will Carlisle had definitely made up his mind to propose to Augusta Colton cated relations phrased it in their every- voice she had-like a lute?" day talk.

"She is a diamond among the rough pebbles," he declared, with all a lover's enthusiasm.

"Are you guite sure that she is a diamond at all?" dryly asked Dr. Belton.

Mr. Carlisle had been spending the summer at Groton Point, in a dreamy, desultory sort of way. He was one of those fortunate - or unfortunate - Carlisle. young men whose career in life is already made for them.

An old uncle in the West Indies had | til\_\_\_\_' bequeathed him a fortune, a connoisseur cousin who came abruptly to his end in a railway accident had left him a house and a gallery of paintings, and just when he was preparing to enjoy himself thoroughly a husky cough developed itself, the medical men talked grimly of consumption, and he was ordered to the seashore for the summer.

me." said he impatiently.

"But there will be," averred the learned disciple of Esculapius, "if you don't check this thing in its very inor-\_\_\_\_"

"Nonsensel" said Carlisle. "I don't care for any of those fashionable resorts. If I am to be banished anywhere, I'll choose the place of exile myself. What do you say to Groton Point?"

"Groton Point! Groton Point!" repeated the doctor with a puzzled air. "I may be very deficient in modern geography, but I must, say I never the right way for the Point?" heard of Groton Point."

"No, nor anybody else," said Will Carlisle, smiling, "and that is the rea- lic-oush. Ge-wet! Ge-cold! Berrer of other plants, more tenacious of the son I am going there. It is a solitary fishing station on the West coast, There's absolutely noting there but surf and sea gulls." And so Groton Point was selected for Mr. Carlisle's summer residence. There was a little one-story hostelry there. fronting the sea, while the postoffice was at one end of the village and a variety store at the other, where you might buy anything from tallow candles and matches to an almanac and a plow. There it was that Miss Colton threw her net over his unsuspecting heart, one day, when she lost the sovereign wherewith her mother had sent her to the store for a lot of carpet warp, seven vards of red flannel and a box of baking powder.

like a mcdern Flora, dimpled and smiling, in their midst. She said very little, but she smiled a great deal, and Carlisle was more infatuated than ever when he came away, toward 11 o'clock of a dark and brooding August night, with a suspicious

closeness in the air, and vivid sheets of lightning here and there. "Isn't she perfect?" he cried, he

and Belton walked along the edge of the shore.

"She is very beautiful, yes." "And graceful-and womanly?"

cried the lover, greedy for praise. "I concede all of that," slowly spoke Belton; "but I don't call her exactly a lady."

"Pshaw," said Carlisle. "Your deas are formed on the hackneyed model of society. A girl like Augusta is capable of any degree of polish. -"Augusta Ann," as her unsophisti- And did you observe what a sweet, low

"Granted; but it struck me that her grammar was a little shaky now and then."

"Oh, grammar, that's nothing. She will soon pick up the phrases of the people she is with."

"Carlisle," cried his friend quickly 'you are not engaged to her?" "No: but I shall be within the next

twenty-four hours," boldly asserted "I beg of you do nothing rash," en-

treated Belton. "Wait a little un-

"Don't preach," a little impatiently. "I tell you I've been considering the matter all the summer, and I have made up my mind."

"Then there is no use in my arguing the point," said Belton.

"No use at all," cried Carlisle. call myself a not contemptible judge of character, and I pronounce Augusta "There is nothing the matter with Colton to be one of the sweetest and

rarest types of true womanhood." By this time, however, the impending storm had burst. Sheets of rain poured down, vivid lightning cleft the ception. Westward ho now, or Rhyl, sky, casting a lurid glow on the boiling waves, and unpleasant showers of spray

began to deluge them ever and anon. path," said Belton, who was quite new to this coast country.

"Well, I thought I was," answered Carlisle. "But the tempest and darkness seem to have blotted out the old landmarks. Here is some one coming. of the greenhouses of the botanical gar-Let's ask him. My friend, are we in

"Ain't goin' to Point," answered an inebriated voice. "Goin' back to pubgo back to public-oush." "It's old Colton." said Carlisle,

swain again, and as she didn't read the papers she missed perceiving the notice in a daily journal of the marriage of Will Carlisle to Miss Lettice Belton. And poor old Colton leads a harder

The Transpiration of Plants.

life than ever.

Of all the phenomena of plants, that of transpiration is perhaps the most interesting. The rich dew that impearls a summer morning with beauty, resting on leaf and flower and grass blade, dampening the country roads, and that was once thought to be evolved from the atmosphere, is proved by the great Dutch naturalist Muschenbroeck to be the condensed perspiration of plants. The experiment was very simple; he covered with a plate of lead the whole circumference of the root of a white poppy, so as to prevent the vapor of the earth from interfering with his experiment. The plant was then covered with a bell glass cemented to the lead. After that, each morning, when the naturalist came to visit the imprisoned plant, he observed that even during the driest night its leaves were covered with an innumerable quantity of those drops of water to which the name of dew is given, and that the sides of the glass were covered with moisture. Guettard was able to decide the amount which vegetable transpiration produces, and found that a branch of a cornel tree weighing only 51 drachms distllled each day an ounce and three drachms of water, double its weight, in twenty-four hours.

The common garden sunflower is a marked instance of the transpiration of plants. Wales has proved by experiment that a sunflower lost by the transpiration of its leaves, twenty ounces of water in twenty-four hours. Ruysch, the great Dutch anatomist, states : that an arum which he kept in a green house in the botanical garden at Amsterdam distilled water drop by drop from the extremities of its leaves in proportion as it was watered ; and another plant of the same family (Colocasia esculenta) edible arum, threw out little drops of water in the form of a jet, that were "I hope you are certain about the exhaled from the pores seen on the tips of its cordate shaped leaves, and from each of these orifices from ten to one hundred drops of water were thrown some distnace every minute. Pouchet mentions a similiar phenomenon in one den at Rouen, where an arborescent fuchsia rained down so much water upon the plants around it that it was necessary to remove them. The leaves

Jonathan Niles and His Fife.

In his youth, Jonathan Niles was a musician of the Revolutionary Army. In 1778, while the American Army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, Gen. La Fayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water front; and in order that any attempt on the part of the

enemy at surprise might be guarded against, La Fayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind, by the troops, between the hours of tattoo and reveille. Our Jonathan was one of La Fayette musicians, and his instrument the fife.

He was a son of Connecticut and he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who, among other quaint things, had made the fife upon which Jonathan played. It was so constructed that it could be blown to shrill and ear-piercing notes that belong with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer. One evening Jonathan wandered down to the water's edge, and seated upon a

rock gazed off upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood. His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones, and annon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the

Unconsciously, he drew his flute from his bosom and placed it to his lips. In his mind, at that moment, was a sweet song, adapted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite. He knew not what he did. To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet-and the chasm was not broken

fireside.

until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses. "Man! what are you doing? The General may be awake. If he should

kear you-ah!" It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he had thought of his duty to stop it. On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast, and informed him that the General wanted to see him at headquarters.

Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew La Fayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military or ders were punished severely. As he arose to his feet the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered into his ear.

"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not

### The Fearful Results.

"So blonde women are going out of fashion at last?" inquired a representative of one who, among other things, makes a study of scalp diseases a specialty. "To what do you attribute this sudden fall in the stock of yellow hair?"

"Well, to various reasons, almost too numerous to particularize. I dare say the first alarm will leave comparative quiet in the camp of the Saxon-haired ladies. The say-so of fashion has a mighty influence, but blue-eyed, drabhaired ladies will not willingly sink back into neutral obscurity."

"But what amount of truth is there in the statement that chemicals injure those who use them?"

"More, perhaps, than you or they are aware of, when it comes down to being serious."

"What are the symptoms of the poison. "

"They differ, of course, with different temperaments. Some women rapidly lose memory-fail to recall faces or names, or both. They lose appetite, and have to resort to beer or a stimulent; lose sleep, which is worse than all. They fall victims to insomnia in its most aggravated forms, and the last and most dreadful warning is the loss of eyesight; they become perfectly blind. They will attribute all these frightful sufferings to a hundred causes but the right one, and their husbands are being told all the time that the only blondine they use is a little seda, common alkali bar-soap or salts of tartar. But finally, when almost bald, with red, watery eyes and constantly aching heads, they awake to a realizing sense of what they are doing to kill themselves by inches to become a problematical beauty. All men do not admire yellow-haired women by any means. For my part. and I think the majority of men think with me, woman is only worthy of admiration when just as nature left her, without tampering with at all, no matter what her complexion. Besides, it is questionable taste in ladies of correct life and standing, since they follow the mad pranks of those who, lost to all decency, would do anything to attract attention. They started bangs, and straightway all women cut off their front hair."

"Well, you make this out a serious matter, to be sure. Have you enumerated all the dread results?"

"No; there is one I have been loth to speak of-lunacy! Yes, horrible as it may sound to you, the asylums are filling up with incurable maniacs brought to that pass by using hair washes and bleaches. This begins by nervous attacks periodically when in an unhealthy state. Then they begin to have hysterics more often; husbands are puzzled to know how to deal with a wife who bursts into tears at the slightest provocation and falls right on the floor or bed. It is a swift road to downright, gibbering insanity, for which science has not yet thought out a cure-the cause is so new. I see that for a long time in London and Paris women have bleached their babies' heads, and that this pernicious trick is being done here. Such mothers should be depeived of their children as being unfit custodians of them. The effect will be a lot of imbecile young women. We are a brown-haired nation, and handsomer than any flaxen-haired Norse men or women on earth, and our brains should not be sapped up in trying to imitate the peasantry of Bavaria, Austria or Sweden."

# FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

4

Denying a fault doubles it.

A charitable man is the true lover o.

Where the will is ready the feet are light.

A candle lights others and consumes itself.

If we build high, let us begin low and deep.

What is duty ? It is what we exact of others.

Far better that the feet slip than the tongue.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquenee.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

A word and a stone let go cannot be called back.

He that will not economize will have to agonize.

Manner is something with everybody and everything with some.

Things don't "turn up" in this world until somebody turns them up.

Poverty destroys pride it is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity 18 fortitude

Uneasiness is a species of sagacity; a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.

Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, designs to serve you in a similar manner.

Men make themselves ridiculous not so much by the qualities they have as by the affectation of those they have not.

I have often noticed that the man who would have done such wonderful things if he had been there never gest there.

Do you know that a wise and good man does nothing for appearance, but everything for the sake of having acted well?

The most ignorant have sufficient knowledge to detect the faults of others: the most clear sighted are blind to their own.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

There is no happine's like that of being loved by one of your fellow creatures, and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

Unlimited severity of judgment, without investigation, is a violation of the law of right often worse than the fault you are condemning.

A man is known by his friends. But more than this, a man is made or marred by his friends. Companionship is one of the great factors of life.

We must look downward as well as upward in human life. Though many may have passed you in the race there are many you have left behind. Life is a series of surprises,

She was so pretty and plump and distracted, and her blue muslin gown set off her blonde complexion and burnished hair so exquisitely, and Will had not seen any woman but the fat landlady for a week.

And they found the gold piece lying among some rocks by the seashore, where it must have dropped from Augusta's pocket when she pulled out fair Augusta, shrill and sharper than her handkerchief to brush away the flies, which were troublesome at Groton Point when the wind set from a certain direction; but Mr. Carlisle lost something more serious still-his heart.

"A fishermaid of low degree," he had quoted when he confessed all these things to his college chum, young Dr. Belton, whose quiet sister, Lettice, he had once admired in a sort of way, when both the young men were in the gradu- hour of the night, I wouldn't let him in. ating class.

genuine daughter of Nature, who has word, so there! It's too bad of him, so never been out of sight of the ocean!" it is, to spoil my chances with a city "Oh!" said Dr. Belton.

ish," added Carlisle. "She will have stand whining there." everything to learn. But she is so refreshing as compared with the conventional city young lady that one get so per that drives him away more'n anytired of."

"Exactly," said Dr. Belton, seeing hear how it's raining?" that his friend expected him to say something.

"Her father owns a small fishingsmack. He is a real character. And her mother is one of those nice old ladies that one seldom sees. Domestic, pest. you know - neat-handed Phyllis-all that sort of thing. I'll take you there, Jack, if you'll promise not to find thing."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Dr. Belton. Belton was a man of instincts, and in this case his instinct told him that Will Carlisle was altogether astray.

"He is beauty-struck," said he to fore the fire in their own room. himself. "For the time he is bewitched. It's the old story of Ulysses and the Sirens over again,"

But he went to the seaside cot where Augusta Colton had all the old china this," nuchers filled with wild flowers, and sat Augusta Ann never saw her city left on the other side.

somewhat discomfited. "He isn't tremities of their leaves ; these in some always sober. Like other seafaring men, he likes his grog."

"Your father-in-law elect, eh?" said Belton, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But you should see how angelically sweet and forbearing Augusta is with him," said Carlisle. "That is the thing I most admire in her-her perfect temper. And, of course, we shall separate

cottage and get Augusta's little brother what else we can do."

opened.

A tiny window at the left was pushed the least bit ajar, and the voice of the Carlisle ever could have believed possible, out-shrieked the tempest.

"Go away!" she cried, "Clear out ! I won't have you in the house." "Augusta Ann!" remonstrated the

voice of old Mrs. Colton from the inside.

"Hold your tongue, ma!" screamed Augusta, "I've told pa, time and again, the next time he came home at this

Not if he sat on the rocks until day-"A wild rose-bud, don't you see? A break. And I mean to stick to my beau by this sort of goings on, and I

> "But, Augusta Ann," pleaded the old woman, "it's your tongue and tem-

thing else. Let him in. Don't you

"Silencel" retorted the dutiful daughter.

And the window was shut to once more, leaving the two friends standing on the doorstep, in the night and tem-

They got back to their lodgings after a long, wet walk, in the course of which they went considerably out of fault with the primitiveness of the their way-but they were neither of reported that that city was impregnathem sorry for the night's adventure, wet and forlorn though they were.

"It's astonishing how easy it is for a a long silence, as they were sitting be-

Belton leaned over and grasped his hand.

"Be thankful old fellow," said he, "that you have escaped as easily as

perspiration they distil, collect it in little cups, which are seen at the excases have movable lids. The most remarkable plant that exhibits this phenomenon is the famous Nepenthes distillatoria, or pitcher plant, found in Southern Asia. Its leaves display a firm mid-rib, which extends along the

blade and ends in a strong cylindrical cup, provided with a hinged lid, which to carry, if I have my senses. spontaneously opens and closes accorher entirely from these awkward rela- ding to the state of the atmosphere. tionships. In the meantime-as the During the night this lid sinks down old man is going back to the 'public- and hermetically closes the little vase, oush'-I suggest that we go back to the which then fills up with limpid water fro, sad and moody as though his exhaled by its walls. During the day to pilot us in the right direction. Or, the lid is raised and the water mostly perhaps-I know they have a litle spare evaporates. The beneficient nepenthe room somewhere under the eaves-they has often quenched the thirst of the can keep us there all night. I don't Italian lost in the burning deserts. In like to ask it of them, but I do not see the marshy forests of Southern America is found another distilling plant, In less than five minutes they were the purple sarracenia, the structure of once more knocking at the cottage door which is equally eccentric. Its leaves -but to their surprise it was not uniting at their edges are transformed into elegant amphoræ, the narrow opening of which is surmounted by an ample green auricle threaded with scarlet veins, to which this species owes its name. These cups are filled with pure and delicious water for the benefit of the traveler, and for which he is all the more grateful as he is encircled by mor-

asses, the water of which is lukewarn and nauseous. The vegetable marvel in transpiration is the weeping tree of the Canary Is- hour-the man loved to tell that story. lands, whose tufted foliage distils water like rain. But the rain tree with of the Botanic Gardens, at Ca-"Of course she has no external pol- won't stand it. Get out, pa. Don't transparent; during the whole day a which might, to some, have seemed fine spray of rain is to be noticed under the tree even in the driest air, so that the strengly-tinted iron clay soil is distinctly moist. The phenomenon diminishes with the growth of the leaves, and ceases when they are fully grown " He attributes the rain to secretions from glands on the footstalk of the leaf on which drops of the liquid are found which are rapidly renewed on being removed with blotting paper.

## Impregnable.

When Alexander paused before the walls of Tyre, Delessepius, his engineer ble. All attempts to break down the might fail, a goat would probably answer. "Bring up a goat or the butter we had last night; either is a strong butter," he musingly added. The people of Tyre, who were on the walls of their city, immediately got down and

a soul save you and me knows anything about it. I can swear to that. So,do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right." Jonathan looked at the man pityingly.

What! my mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried-heavier than I ever mean

He went to the General's guartersa tent pitched in a commanding site, overlooking the whole line it had to guard. La Favette was pacing to and thoughts were unhappy.

"Comrade, who are you?" "Jonathan Niles, General?"

"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?"

It was I, General, but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home and my mother, and -- "

The General started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and etherial.

"Of your-MOTHER! And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's and was my mother's favorite.

If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument and play for me that delightful strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

In the after years-even to his dying Though he would never urge the truth upon any in consideration of so mean a which botanists are most familiar is thing as the benefit that might result. the Tami-Caspia of the eastern Peru- yet he could not put away the thought vian Andes. Professor Ernst director that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier experience raccas, states: "In the month of April might have been lost to him had he the young leaves are still delicate and grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie, most opportune and profitable.

Women.

and fascinating daughter of everybody's favorite, Captain Marryatt, will shortly start for New York to fulfil a series of engagements for readings, made for her by Mr. Howard Paul, whose wide acquaintance with the States makes him invaluable in this way. The Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the late Emperor of Russia, has left Paris with her children and a large suite for Switzerland. She intends to pass the autumn at the Lake of Lucerne and

A good beginning is half the work. Prudery is the caricature of modesty. The pleasure of love is in loving. An old friend is better than two new Plastering In Early Times.

The use of plaster, or "plaister," as it was formerly called, 15 of early date, even in the British islands, in connection with domestic architecture. Long before lime plaster came into general use, a tenacious clay or sticky and unctuous earth was employed when procurable, and, in its absence, whatever clay or mixture of mud and earth produced the most binding material. The rudest and coarsest forms of daubing or plastering in the British Isles were those structures erected of wattles and daubed over with clay to keep out the cold. This kind of domestic building was common in Ireland in the time of Henry II. From necessity or in conformity to the fashion of that country the English monarch erected, according to Roger Hovenden, a Royal palace with "uncommon elegance" of smoothed wattles in 1172, and in such buildings his Majesty with the Kings and Princes of Ireland solemnized the festival of Christmas. The Devonshire "cob," a class of building not yet extinct, is a fair illustration of the ancient fashion of daubing or plastering practiced in this country for long centuries. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in this country the plasterers proper and the daubers formed two distinct classes of building workmen, and their wages, like the wages of other operatives, were subject to certain regulations summer and winter. The daubers were simply the layers on of a mixture of straw and mud to a framework of timber. The plasterers in London in the twenty-fourth Edward III. (1350) were bound to take no more for their working day between the feasts of Easter and St. Michael than 6d .. without victuals or drink, and for the remainder of the year 5d. Upon feast days, when they did not work, they took nothing.

would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not. God delghts to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future.

Nothing is more expensive than penuriounes; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh dutys at its back.

Give self-control, and you give the essence of all well-doing in mind, body, and estate. Morality, learning, thought, business and success,-the master of himself can master these.

Agitation prevents rebellion, keeps the peace and secures progress. Every step she gains is gained forever. Mus kets are weapons of animals. Agitation is the atmosphere of the brains.

The old, old fashion; the fashion that came in with our first garments, will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmanent is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion-Death.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history, The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not have rather been the penitent thier than Pilato ?

Experience teaches more and more from day to day, that a child will retain in its memory only what is incorporated into its life. It will forget what it has seen or heard, but rarely or never what it has accomplished through its own efforts.

The wheel of fortune is ever turning. As soon as you reach the top if you neglect to keep stepping you are rolled again into the mud; more exertion being required to keep there than to cling to the wheel as it carries you there.

There is enough in the world to complain about and find fault with if men have the disposition. We often travel on hard and uneven roads; but with a cheerful spirit we may walk thereon with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.

The morality of an action depends upon the motive from which we act. If I fling half a crown at a beggar with the intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good, but with respect to me the action is very wrong.

Friendship, love and piety should be treated in private. We should only speak of them in rare and confidential moments; have a silent, undertstanding regard for them. There is much in respect to them that is too tender to be thought of, still more to be talked about.

Some happy talent and some fortunate opportunity may form the two sides of the ladder on which some men mount, but the rounds of that ladder must be made of stuff to stand the wear and tear ; and there is no substitute for thorough going, ardent and sincere earnestnes.

Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool. It seems as if Heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music, and utter at intervals the words they have heard in Heaven ; then the mad fit returns, and they mope ant wallow like dogs.

walls would be but a waste of time, the lakes in Northern Italy. A young and an assault would cause a terrible daughter of the present Lord Lytton, man to be mistaken," said Carlisle, after effusion of blood. Alexander smiling- a miss still in her teens, has begun a ly replied that while a battering ram story in the August Temple Bar enti-

tled "The Red Manor."

