'Twas an eerie day and dreary When that little boat went out, But the sailors all were cheery As they pushed the ropes about.

O, what pleasures and fond treasures Did the little vessel bear! More than one heart often measures Found their stowage safely there.

And no warning came at dawning That the days would not be bright As the rosy-hues of morning, When my ship sailed out of sight.

Walking, sleeping, praying, weeping, Be it sun or be it rain.

Still the hopeful watch 1'm keeping For my ship to come again.

When the drifted fog is lifted, And the stars shine in the sky, My strained eyes may that be gifted With the sight of vessels nigh.

Then my stricken pulse will quicken As I watch the feathery foam; And fond, loving memories thicken, As my ship comes riding home.

### DOLORES.

It was getting dusk, and I could hear the church clock striking across the water, six o'clock. There were still faint streaks of red and bars of light in the western sky, and the new moon hung like a sickle overhead. I was country born, young and strong, and I knew no fear, though the road was lonely and there had been much talk in the village of gypsies and tramps, and the passengers in the coach coming from London had been robbed not so many weeks ago. I had been a long way across the country, and Tiger, and I hurried home, now thinking (at least, I thought, and Tiger was the most sympathetic of dogs) that before the clock struck the half hour we should be sitting comfortably by the fireside.

The path ran for some little distance close to the Black Pond; the hills rose steep on either side of it; here and there was a cluster of bushes, here and there a tree hung over the deep water. In the fast fading twilight I could still see the reflections sharp and clear. I was so close to the water that I could watch the little ripples on its surface. The path was muddy in places; I picked my way cautiously from one dry spot to another. Tiger was a few yards in front of me. Suddenly he growled and dashed forward with a bound. "Tiger, Tiger!" I called, and even at the same moment I felt rather than saw that a dark figure was moving in front of me -moving swiftly, noiselessly, away from me under the shadow of the bushes. "Who is there?"

No answer, only Tiger turned suddenly and slunk back to my side. There were stories enough about the pond and its deep waters. Not so many years since a couple of lovers had lost their lives there; it was said that the body of the girl had never been found. Something I had seen, and Tiger had seen it Could it be the ghost of that luckless maid? A low moaning sound fell on my ears; horror stricken I turned and fled up the hill as fast as my feet could carry me. But I did not run far. "What is this?" asked my better self. "Phæbe Lyncombe, will you, the daughter of a brave soldier who died for his country, the wife of as true a sailor as ever sailed in the King's fleet -will you turn coward and fly in a panic? Return, and see if you can help any fellow-creature in misery. Return and face the danger, and God be with

Some such thoughts ran through my brain. I was always one to act on impulse, and I retraced my steps, walking with a bold front and beating heart straight in the direction of the shadow. I could see it now again, a tall figurea woman's figure—in a long cloak. Once it stopped and hid itself beneath a tree-I must have passed by had not Tiger growled and shown his teeth.

Who are you?" I called in desperation-"tell me. Are you ill? Can I help you?" Then in the silence of the evening it crept out of the darkness and glided

quickly toward the edge, the very edge, of the pond. "Take care!" I shouted, "the water

For all answer it flung off the cloak,

threw up its arms and plunged into the Black Pond with a shriek. Once glance I had of a white face, the face of a beautiful woman, her black hair streaming round her; and then I rushed to the water's edge, beside myself with horror. I was more than a mile from the village. I could get no help-it was vain to scream. By good luck the dog was with me. "Seize her, Tiger! seize her!" and as I raised my hand he sprang after the woman. A tree spread its branches far over the pond at this point, I crawled along a bough as far as it would bear me, and so hanging over the water managed to gain a firm hold of her dress. By Heaven's mercy the pond was not very deep at this spot; I do not think she was ever out of her depth, and she had not lost consciousness. How we did it I cannot exactly tell you, but between us-Tiger and meto the bank-moaning and wringing her hands, but alive, and, as far as I could see, unhurt. There was no time to to the warm fire-side, and take her with tight in mine, "come." She lifted her eyes and looked at me-they were wild with terror; her lips moved, but she spoke in a strange t ngue that I could

not understand. I took up the cloak that lay on the ground and wrapped it round her, takng care that her face was turned away from the pond. I went my way very slowly, half dragging her, up the hill, and ever and anon she stopped to gasp

and made a hot posset, (from my grand- came. My uncle, an old admiral who eyes were flashing with a strange light; mother's receipt,) and little by little the resided at Plymouth, had long promised | she grasped my arm and pointed down

'Senora," she said, trying to sit up, "I will intrude no more; I will depart." I answered her that she was too weak to think of departing, that she was a welcome guest, that she must sleep now, and to morrow we would converse fur-

"As you will, Senora," she replied: "I owe all to you. I kiss your hand." And so her head fell back on the pillow and she could speak no more for very weariness. A few moments later and she was fast asleep, with her dark hair spread around her, her dark eyelashes resting upon her cheek. Her hands were clasped together as if she were praying. I noticed that they were white and beautifully formed. On one of them she wore a broad gold ring. How did she come to be wandering alone by the Black Pond? Who was she? Whence did she come? I was thankful very thankful-ah! very thankful-that I had been there to help her at that awful moment. The tears sprang to my eyes as I stooped and kissed her. Miriam is my own dear nurse, who was with my own dear mother as a girl, and lived with me during my husband's absence. He had sailed many, many months ago (I write of the year 182-) for a long cruise. She persuaded me to change my wet pelisse, she combed and brushed my hair, and reassured me about the strange lady. Not till then did I know

how very tired I was. My visitor passed a restless night; for days she lay in a fevec, shivering and talking fast. Now and then she burst out in broken English, asking for a certain Captain Charles Walters over and over again. He had lodgings at Plymouth, it would seem, and she could not find the house. Miriam is as clever a nurse as she is a good housekeeper, and she nursed the lady with the greatest care. By degrees our patient recovered without the help of the doctor, who lived a good ten-miles ride across the country, and of whose skill Miriam had no high opinion. But she had many simple remedies of her own, and these she used, and she made dainty dishes and cooling draughts, and at last there came a day when the lady sat by the fireside, with a faint touch of color on her cheek, and then she told us her story. I will make it short, but I cannot make it less sad. Her name was Dolores de Riano; she was a Spaniard born, (as I had guessed,) an orphan, and she had been wooed and won by an English officer, whose ship lay at anchor in the port of Barcelonia, hard by the house she lived with an uncle. (I, too, took an interest in Barcelona, as my husband had described the place to me in his letters.) This officer had married Dolores secretly; his ship had sailed, and he had left her with her wedding ring, which she dared not to show, and

his address written on a slip of paper-"Lieutenaut Walters, 18 Melrose- terrace, Plymouth." And there she was to join him as soon as he sent for her. For a whole year she had no tidings from him; then she took her passage to Plymouth in a merchant ship. They d a miserable passage, being delayed on the voyage by adverse winds. had finally landed at Plymouth with a few golden pieces in her purse, friendless and alone. She had asked in vain for Melrose-terrace; no one knew of such a street, or indeed, of the existence of her husband, Lieutenant Charles Walters. After a few weeks her purse was nearly empty. She knew not where to turn for help. At last she thought to find her husband in London, and as she could not pay her coach fare she resolved to walk all those many miles. Then as she passed the Black Pond that evening, faint and suffering, she could no longer endure the misery of suspense, and she had rushed into the water filled with a frantic longing to be

Having told her story with many tears, she called upon the holy saints to bless me for my goodness, (I repeat what she said.) But my heart was full of anger toward the man who had so illtreated her-this Charles Walters as he styled himself-for neither Miriam nor I believed that he had given her his right name. I did not tell her this, of course, but I could not keep back what I felt in talking to Miriam. My face grew hot, and I clenched my hand as I

cried, "He is a heartless traitor!" "There may be a misunderstanding. Madam; the lady trusts him still," 'I do not believe it," I said; "he has deceived her cruelly." You see I was young and spoke out what I felt. Miriam put her fingers to her lips,

but it was too late. Dolores from her couch in the next room, had heard me and called me to her side. "Nevertheless, Senora, he is still my love and my husband. Think, Madam,

if your husband should-" "My husband!" I exclaimed. could not be. But if it were possible that he could deceive me, I would never speak to him again, or desire to be re-

conciled." She sighed, and took my hand in hers, and pressed it. How pretty she was in a gray gown of mine, adorned with a bunch of rose-colored ribbons Day by we got her out, shivering, but alive, on day she grew more lovely, and day by

day I discovered fresh virtues in her. I had not any one to consult at home, so I went to our old clergyman and question her. I must get home-home asked him to write letters on Dolores's behalf making inquiries concerning her me. "Come," I said, holding her hand husband. This he did, and after some weeks the answers came, all with the same result. No one had heard of Lieutenant Walters, and there was no such name on the list of officers in his Majesty's navy. By degrees we left off expecting to get any good news, only I cherished a secret hope that when Ambrose my husband, came home-in a couple of months-he would throw some light on the subject. Dolores staid on with me, and I learned to love her for breath and to sob and moan. Hait dearly. The neighbors were all pleased past six struck, and seven struck before | withher society, and no one knew besides we reached the garden gate, with Tiger | Miriam that I had found her on that sniffing at our neels. Miriam, the house- Autumn evening by the Black Pond. keeper was there watching for me. She After that there came bitter days for is a discreet woman; I knew I could me, Phoebe Lyncombe. It was Easter, trust her, "There has been an accident; and the good ship Thunderboldt was help me take the lady in," I said.

Miriam asked no more; she put her arm around the lady and carried her fainting to her own room. We got her wet clothes off: Miriam lighted the fire were vellow with blorsoms and he never

stranger came to herself and opened her to send me a mounted messenger as the road. had seen before. How thankful I was to be so far from the terrible pond!

Thunderbolt, and day after day I stood to be so far from the terrible pond!

Thunderbolt, and day after day I stood is it?"

Thunderbolt, and day after day I stood tution by Capt. Edward Field of the usual in America. They take a bunch to be so far from the terrible pond! road in vain. In my trouble, Dolores seemed to forget her own; she cheered me, bore with my fits of despair, and was in all ways like a loving sister during that dark season. One afternoon she had gone to the parsonage with a message, and I sat trying to sew by the parlor window. The ivy was beginning to put forth its young shoots, a delicious perfume of vi lets was wafted in from the garden. The room was trim and orderly, a bowl of yellow cowslips stood on a table by the side of my inlaid work box-it was one of Ambrose's many presents. I saw myself reflected in the mirror hanging on the wall opposite, sitting on a high-backed chair over my tambour frame, with my hair gathered high on my head, a handkerchief pinned across my neck, and the puffed sleeve of my white gown

ending above my elbow. Behind me

was the door; even as I looked it opened

you? Phobe, my wife!" No more sighing over the frame, no more gazing in the mirror, no more watching for the messenger; before I could well jump from my seat he was there, his face was close to my lips- Well, it is Dolores's story that I am telling you, not mine. Safe, safe home at last, and there had been no mishap beyond contrary winds; he had outridden the messenger on the road. The time passed quickly. As on his shoulder. Then, as he looked we sat side by side looking out on to the landscape, the hills and dales all green with the sweet freshness of Spring, he took my hand in his and then I noticed that he wore a ring that I had never seen before. "What a magnificent ring, Ambrose!" I said, holding his hand up to the light that I might see it better. It was of foreign workmanship, curiously chased, and in the centre was a flashing stone set in diamonds. To my surprise Ambrose did not answer at

Plymouth; to-morrow you shall hear him. all about it." I knew that Charlford's mad freaks and misbehavior had long been a cause of anxiety to Ambrose, (Charlford was his youngest and best beloved brother,) so I forbore to grieve him with another

once, but looked troubled; at last he said:

"I cannot tell you the whole story of

word on the subject. "Is that our good Miriam at the door?" asked Ambrose presently. There was certainly a step in the passage; but when I went to seek Miriam I found her in her own room at the further end of the house. Afterward I remembered that some one had passed along the hedge and gone out at the garden gate, but at that time I took no notice of the occurrence. When the supper bell rang began to wonder where Dolores could be. It was long past her usual hour for returning. At last I sent a maid to the parsonage bidding her hasten home Alasi she had left an hour ago. We searched all through the house, in the garden and the paddock; it grew dark, and I could no longer conceal my distress. Ambrose, too, looked grave. went with the coachman, and they made inquiries in the village; they even walked as far as the Black Pond, but they found no trace of Dolores.

There was nothing to be done; we could but wait for the morning, when my husband said that he would himself ride to Plymonth and sent out mounted messengers to cour the country; she could not be far off.

Very early the next day a little piece. With of paper was brought to me. difficulty I deciphered the words that were written in pencil: "Dear and honored Senora-Do not seek to find me. I shall never return, I have left with my free will. Ever and ever will I pray or you, your devoted and grateful servant. I kiss your hands and your feet. Dolores de Riano Walters,"

Ambrose was always a man of few words. He made no comment on the letter. Very shortly he bade me a doving farewell, and set forth on his journey. I spent the day alone, hoping for the return of Dolores. Surely, I said to myself, Ambrose, or one of the men, must find her soon-she could not walk far, and there was no coach to be hired in the village even if she had the means to engage one; and I knew how slender were the contents of her purse. Why had she left me? Was her brain unhinged by trouble? Would she aga n seek to put an end to her life? Late in the afternoon I wrapped a mantle round me and went out to breathe the air. Perhaps I should meet one of the party and hear the news that I dreaded and yet longed to hear. The gorse hedge at the end of the garden gleamed golden in the sunlight as I passed; the bed by the sun dial was red and blue with flowering hyacinths, the ferns in every ditch and in every stone wall were puting forth their brown and green fronds; The air was full of the sounds of Spring. Tiger was basking in the sunshine by the gate. "Tiger!" I cried struck with a new idea, "find her, good dog. Seek Dolores!" He seemed to understand at once when I fetched a scarf of hers and held it up to him. Without more ado he set off down the lane and took a short out across a field to a neighboring wood. Every now and then he stoppe and licked my hand as I followed clo behind him. It was warm and shelter ed in the pine wood; the ground was slippery with fir needles. The dog went on steadily toward a pile of faggots that were stacked against a low stone wall, On the other side ran the high road to Plymouth. Here the earth was carpeted with green moss. I stepped noiselessly across the open space, thinking to climb the wall and make my way home by the road. Tiger had pricked up his ears there was a sound of borses' hoofs; perhaps it was Ambrose. For the moment I forgot that I was seeking Dolores, but as I neared the wood stack I saw her. Her head was turned away from me, and she was leaning over the wail with clasped hands, straining her eyes in the direction of the riders. The clatter of the hoofs drew nearer. "Do-

"child, forgive me! So alike, and I saw

I looked. Ambrose had seen me already: he was waving his hand; by his side rode a man whose face I seemed to a transition period. The effect of a fume can come up to the odor of the know—a man who looked weary and dusty. Younger, yes, handsomer than my husband, but careworn and ill. He conditions of battle?" he asked. Up to wore a slouched hat. I could not well the present time, an idea has been his vest, places them next his heart, and distinguish his features, and yet as he prevalent that the line is nearly obsosat there in the sunlight I knew that lete, as also the column, and that the it for the perfume. I guess it is a case they were familiar to me.

eagerly than before. "My husband."

wall,"

"Thank God! thank God!"

"Forgive me, Dolores, forgive me," were round his neck, her head resting emotion-then I saw the likeness again, vounger brother.

We feared a return of fever for Dolores, but she recovered speedily from her fatigue, Charlford, indeed, has always been an invalid since; partly in consequence of an accident that he met with abroad. The illness that followed first led him to remember his deserted wife, and make an effort to-however, he is Ambrose's brother, and through to my brother Charlford, he is ill at all her troubles Dolores still clings to which could prevent disaster? They

### Imitative Coloring in Marine Life.

The adaptation of the innumerable tints to every grade of change in the color of the sea-weed is really marvelous. The younger, lighter green crustaceans are always to be found on the young, verdant fronds of the plant, while the older parts of the weed are inhabited by older brown animals. The older stems are often encrusted with the white shells of bryozoa, and corresponding with these we are sure to find white spots on the brown armor of the crabs. The legs of the animals are frequently of an olive-green ground with text-books could be very readily prepabrownish spots, deceptively like the slender sea-weed leaves that are just beginning to turn brown. If one will, he may be sure there are a quarter of a hundred of them there; and if he gives the mass a lively shake he will find a a curious assemblage of the most varied sorts tumbling off the bush, whose behavior will go far to verify Wagner's view; for, if they are allowed the opportunity, they will all swim back to the sea-weed, and each will seek a part of the plant most like it in color. I tried the experiment forty or fifty times, and never saw a little green crab settle on a dark brown stem. The crustaceans keep to their color, and the brown ones will, with amazing speed, dart through the thick net-work of stems and leaves to the darkest spot they can find, where they quickly escape observation.

# Breaking it Gently.

A young scion of our financial aristocracy, who had been on an extended yachting tour in the South seas for several months, and out of reach of all telegraph and epistolary communication, returned the other day. He was met by an old and faithful employe of the

"Well, Mike, how goes it?" said the voung man "Bad enough, Master John, for your poor jackdaw is dead."

"Is he, indeed. Poor Jack! He has "Well, they don't rightly know, sir, but they think he must have overeat himself, "

"The greedy fellow. What did they give him so much for?" 'Well sir, it seems he must have got

to the place where the dead horses was "Dead horses! What dead horses?" "The carriage horses. It was a very bad day and a heavy road, and they

were kept standing.' 'When? What day? What road?" "The road to the cemetery, sir, and the day of the funeral." "What funeral?" 'Why, the misstress's, sir."

"Not my mother's!" "The same, sir, rest her soul. She took the master's death so much to heart that she did not live three days after him." "The master's! Heavens, Mike; do

you tell me I have lost both my pa-"The poor ould master took to his bed when he received the bad news, and niver left it, sir, till they put him in his

"What bad news? What was the intelligence that afflicted the old gentleman so deeply?" "The run on the bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the

house is gone, and you are not worth a

Glass,-Giass bearings for journal boxes, glass shingles, glass pulleys, etc., have been tried with favorable results. lores!" I cried, running forward, "why did you leave me? I have been so unhappy about you. Come home with me factory results. With glass pulleys, especially for cable roads, friction is Vessels have been sheeted with glass She turned, and I saw that her dark reduced to a minimum.

dollar.

The Future Battiefield.

battles of the future will be fought in of sentiment, however "Who is it? asked Dolores, more open order, and will consist of rapid advances, or rather rushes of successive the romances. Very often a young man

Field, joy. Then I saw my husband speak a reduce them to the level of an Indian few low words to his companion, who skirmish, without the life-long training, quickly. There was a step I knew, the drew rein and dismounted from his the intense watchfulness and the ingesound of a voice I loved: "Where are horse. He was very lame; he could nious resources which are the heritage horse. He was very lame; he could hardly walk, but there was no need for him to take many steps. Dolores had swung herself over the low wall and no nation would be long willing to comwas running to meet him with out-stretched hands. "Carlos, my beloved, desultory, although gigantic skirmishwelcome!" she cried, "querido marido es, where after the pall of smoke had was all he said, and her loving arms probable," he said, "that the deadly nature of the breech-loader may breed

> once there—thanks to Dreedmoor—they would shoot better than most armies; they had been taught to do mechanically, and that was about all. Captain 'he earnestly requested to contribute blushed. information on their experience, which information would be the most practicable of text-books, and from which red? Why should we not have from

such a war a literature?" water for an hour or two, and then look tracts of the Indian were swept away, ought to be given to the young West Point" to study practical guides ant point of his profession.

"Ah!" he said, as the door opened, "but do I address the lady of the house?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, as her face melted a little; "I am the housekeeper." 'Um. She is out then?"

"Yes sir-gone to the skating rink." "And the gentleman?" "He's gone off to a raffle?"

is Fannie, is across the way learning deserving charity, but it is hardly nehow to play euchre, and the other, which is Susie, has rigged up as an actress and gene down to have a statuesqe photograph taken."

"Um. No sons?" "Only one, sir, and this is the hour when he takes his boxing lessons. Did you wish to see any one in particular?" "Well. I am taking orders for the Cottage Family Bible, as I was in hopes to secure a subscriber. Perhaps you

"On, it's no use talking, sir," she interrupted, as the door began to close. "My beau brought me fifteen dime novels last night, and I go to three dances a week, and I'm just catching on to old sledge, and, really, sir, you'd better hit the family next door. I think we have suspended business in your line of

## The Application of Method.

Method is the oil that makes the wheels of the domestic machine run easily. The master and mistress of a house who desire order and the tranquility that comes of order must insist on the application of method to every branch and department of the household work. To be well done a thing must be done at the proper time and in the proper way. There must be a time and a place for everything, and everything must be in its proper time and place. Nothing is more fatal to home comfort than the habit of dawdling, of lingering over a little task in a desultory and indolent spirit, of going from one bit of work to another and finishing neither Example is better than precept; and if the rulers of the household display a vigorously active spirit, all who serve under them will be animated by it.

Counsul E. L. Layard, writing from Noumes, does not consider a circular rainbow seen from a hilltop an unusual phenomence, it depends, of course, on the position of the observer as regards the sun and his "coign of vantage, namely, having a space below him. In such a situation he has seen one several times in his life.

Make the boy's home the happiest spot he can find, and he will be sure to many a boy to love the sanded floor of

Flowers in Perfumery.

"No foctsteps, but some glances backward," was the name of the paper flowers for perfumery? In France it is "Did you know that the ladies use Fourth Artillery. Capt. Field said of violets and place them in the bosom that we were at present in the midst of of the dress. No manufactured per-

"The florist sees plenty of pretty litskirmish groups, taking advantage of has flowers sent to a certain house in "Which is your husband? For the every opportunity to cover and that the this city every morning; then there final result will be determined by the comes the big order,-the marriage, "Ambrose Lyncombe," I answered, fairly bewildered; "the man who is waving his hand—the one nearest to the where the consumption is so rapid.

"Ambrose Lyncombe," I answered, ability to supply a steady stream of men and ammunition, that will be needed down; he comes less and less often, under the consumption is so rapid. "Depend upon it," continued Capt. tale, you know. Last spring I used to "an attempt long persisted in to notice a couple go by here, a fine manly Her beautiful face was radiant with fight battles without lines, would soon young fellow and a girl pretty and dainty with lovely brown hair and dark blue eyes. They didn't know each other, but when the young man went to business the girl was sure to be somewhere around where she could see him. She lived right round the corner, and she used to come in here and pretend to be examining the flowers as he passed. Then she would look up and watch him as he went down the street. One once settled, no directing skill or fore-sight could be of avail. "Is it not im-to me: "O, what a funny hat," and then carelessly, as she began picking among the flowers, 'I wonder who he is?' I a caution which may confine future ar- came very near laughing, for the previdown upon her, his face glowing with mies so close to earth works as to sug ous day the young fellow had been to gest that most degenerate period of the ask who she was, and had sent her some stronger than before, and I knew that Roman Empire, when the legioner as flowers. About a week afterward she Charles Walters was the same man as who had hewed their way to the sov-Charlford Lyncombe, my husband's ereignty of the world, took refuge be- telling the friend how somebody had hind huge shields of wicker work. I been sending her flowers every morning, believe that it will be impossible to keep and she did wonder who it was. Well, men in line on the actual battle-field." the best part of it all came aferward. Capt. Field thought that Americans One morning he came in as usual, and were admirably provided with every- the gardener took him back into the thing that could bring a regiment on a conservatory. While he was there the line of battle in excellent order, and girl entered and stood near the counter looking toward the window. Presently he returned, and as he started for the but had Americans any of those tactics | door briskly, he said: "Well, send those dowers, as usual, up to 24- street." would stand in good stead in everything | Neither knew the other was near, and, hearing the number of the house mentioned, she turned around, and they Field was alluding to the rank and file. met face to face. Well, 1 never saw Something ought to be done to intro- such an embarrassd couple in all my duce systematic studies of the lessons of days. She had a big Jacqueminot near history. Military history was not ne- her face, and it would have been hard glected, but there was history and his- to tell which was redder, the rose or her tory. It was of more importance for cheek. She turned to the flowers and Americans to know exactly how But- he passed out. They didn't come any ler failed, and where Bonaparte suc-ceeded. "Why should not all the sur-together. They both looked in, and viving officers of the war," he asked, when they saw me he laughed and she

## Shop Girls.

Not many years ago a committee of ladies in New York undertook to in-Capt. Field said that it would not quire into the justice of the complaint do to assume that there would be no made by shop girls that they were not upon the deck, leave it in a cask of sea more Indian wars. Until the national provided with seats. The committee through it for crabs without disturbing it was absolutely necessary that men intelligent people, announced as the it, he will find it very hard to discover should know how to deal with them in result of their investigation the opinion three or four of the animals, although case of an outbreak. Opportunities that the shop girls did not need to sit ster from down and ought not to be provided with seats. In the face of this opinion, set on the subject as it was a most import- forth by persons supposed to be acquainted with the needs of their sex, it has been impracticable to accomplish much in behalf of the shop girls, and in by far the greater number of shops they are compelled to stand during the whole

> t is not, therefore, surprising to learn that as a class they are peculiarly liable to illness. Most of them are without money, except the pittance earned by them, without friends, and with no home except the boarding house. An effort is now making by charitable women to provide hospital accommoda-tions for these girls where they can receive care and medical attendance when "Um. Any daughters?" ceive care and medical attendance when "Two of 'em, sir. The eldest, which too ill to work. This is certainly a most cessary to point out that if the girls were relieved from the necesity of keeping on their feet for ten to twelve consecutive hours daily there would be less need of a hospital. By all means let us have the hospital, but let us also insist that shop girls shall be provided with seats, whatever may be the opinion of a committee of ladies who have never personally tried the experiment of spending the greater part of their lives on their feet.

## A Latinist,

The statement made by Rev. Dr. Todd, of New Haven, that he does not "believe there's a Professor in Yale College to-day who can translate at sight, and without recourse to wellthumbed lexicons, a page of Greek or Latin with which he has had no previous acquaintance," reminds the New Haven (Conn.) Register of the consternation of a recent graduate upon looking at his diploma. He at once recognized the fact that the first thing his father would do, upon seeing the certificate of graduation, would be to ask him to prove the benefits of his college training by translating it. As the old gentleman was himself a college graduate, he knew he could not hope to deceive him with a bogus translation. The son, therefore, hastened to a private tutor and had the necessary translation written down, which he committed to memory and subsequently re-peated to his father with the necessary stutterings and mutterings to make the work of translations appear genuine. The father from that day has been a confirmed champion of the system of eaching Greek and Latin in our American colleges.

Brass and Glass .- For cementing brass on glass there is recommended resin soap made by boiling one part of caustic soda, three parts of colophonium (resin) and five parts of water and, finally, kneading the whole in about half the quantity of plaster of Paris. It is well suited for fastening brass tops on brass lamps.

People may make injuries worse by overfer it to all other places of resort.

Care for the home carpet has driven many a boy to love the sanded floor of moment, instead of thinking what wor be the effect in the future.