

ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling; The embers burn low on the hearth; And silled is the stir of the household...

THE OUTWARD SEEMING.

"No, not a single cent will they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips...

"Let 'em look, they'll take it out in lookin'." I told Tom when he married Sarah Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it...

"She don't deserve help," said Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly said. "She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place, I told 'em how it would be, an' it comes out pretty much as I said."

Tom's marriage to Sarah Bayard, an orphan daughter to the man who, to use the expression of his neighbors, had never been "forfeathered," had not pleased his sister, who thought Sarah far too delicate and dainty to prove of such help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

day clock, and the purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she should write in reply; in what words she would remind Sarah of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait a while for an answer, she thought. 'It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the mill-lot. First thing I know them pesky town-boys will be after 'em and I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sunbonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry, went out. She paused on the path that led to the meadow to look back to the house, thinking it was very likely Sarah had calculated on being asked to take her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned home, with roomy chambers, wide fireplaces and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were all shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown.

It occurred to her as she walked homeward that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps towards the village.

"I look such a sight in this sunbonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought, as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived. "Like as not they've got compano to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, and her eyes fell on a very delightful shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umbrella. She concluded that she was sufficiently cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready, and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor, as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail and berries behind.

"Only the outward seeming," she murmured; over and over, inaudibly, as if the sound of the words frightened her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I'm not a Christian."

Contrary to the expectations of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not come to the regular prayer-meeting on Thursday night, and when he called to see her on Friday he was surprised to see three orderly headed children making mud pies in the front yard who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with Aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him very cordially, and although she felt tired and worn after her journey to Milford, she seemed quite happy.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat. "Yes, it'll be a surprise to most folks, but I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be well rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life was very lonely." "Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out o' it; seems sougher o' nice to see 'em round, for they're well mannered children. Sarah's been very particular abt 'em. Did you notice the boy as you come in? He's the very most o' Tom."

Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. Early in the following winter Mrs. Jenkins invited her minister and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position before Mrs. Lawton.

"I'm so fond of blackberry jam," said the lady, as she helped herself to the article in question. "I put up a lot of it last summer, but the nicest I made was from some berries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who left them there, but took it for granted they were left there for us, and so took possession of them, pail and all. Lulu called it my mystery jam. I've often wondered if the mystery would never be explained."

But it never was. An Important Food Reform. Discoveries of much importance on account of the relation they bear toward a more wholesome supply and consequently upon the public health, have been recently made in the process of refining cream of tartar.

The aluminum pyramid which forms the apex of the Washington monument has a perpendicular elevation of 93 inches, and each side of the base measures 5 1/2 inches. Its weight is 360,000 ounces. If it were made of copper its weight would be 326 ounces. The surface appears much whiter than silver, and is so highly polished that it reflects as a plate-glass mirror. The pyramid of pure aluminum was produced from American ore, and it is the largest block of that metal ever cast or made in any country.

To determine the vexed question whether the level of the Baltic was rising or sinking, water-marks or gauges were set up in 1750, renewed about a century later, and finally repaired last year. At short, regular intervals the gauges were inspected, and the readings carefully noted. The records of 134 years now show beyond all doubt that while the Scandinavian coast has been steadily rising, the southern littoral of the Baltic has been steadily sinking.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

"Marian, dear, how is the morning, fair or cloudy?" inquired Ethel Ray, turning on the invalid couch, where she lay day after day.

"Dark and cloudy," she replied, the cold drariness of the new day striking a chill to her sensitive, heavily-burdened heart. A tired, hopeless look swept over her delicate, noble face, leaving a slight droop at the corners of her mouth, a shadow in her eyes.

"Never mind; there will be a rift in the clouds by and by," she said, with renewed hope. "I am glad you have such faith, pet," said Marian, still looking out on the street.

A poor beggar crept feebly along, his rags fluttering in the bitter wind, and in pity for a lot sadder than her own the girl lost some of her discontent. She turned from the window with a brighter expression and put on her hat and cloak to start out on that weary round of music lessons which were their support.

"I am sorry to leave you all day, Ethel, but it will be late before I can get through." "Do not fret about me, Marian. Mrs. O'Malley will come in and give me my lunch and a fresh glass of water, and I have this beautiful lace to mend for Miss Constantine, and that magazine you brought me yesterday to read. Oh, I shall be fully occupied until you return."

"Well, well, it is comforting to have so brave and busy a little sister at home. I think of it often when I am out, and it gives me courage," said Marian, bending over the couch with tender, misty eyes.

The crippled girl clasped the slender hand caressing her hair, and drew it down close to her pale cheek. "Am I a help to you, Marian? Oh, that thought makes me happy! I lie here such a helpless, useless creature; sometimes I have feared that I was only a burden to you."

"Never think that again, dear one—never. If it were not for you—" She broke off, and stooping, kissed the sweet pale face resting on the pillow, but when she would have moved away, Ethel held her a moment longer.

"Marian, darling, do not lose your faith and hope. There will be clear sunshine after awhile, and all the dark clouds will vanish." "I will try to think so," she replied, with a smile—a smile that vanished the moment she left her sister's presence, and memory began to bring up one by one the events of the two years just passed.

The girls had been left orphans at an early age, but with property sufficient to supply all they could ever need, not only necessities, but even luxuries. Their guardian controlled and managed the money, and they lived in his house, under the care of his good-hearted maiden sister. Ethel had always been lame and delicate, but Marian went out into the world, seeing and enjoying its beauties and pleasures.

Walking swiftly along to give her first music lesson, she drew a sharp breath of anguish, as memory too faithfully recalled all the glory and happiness of a three months' tour in Europe, with a party of friends, just before the downfall of fortune. At the very outset they met Mark Keller, handsome, traveled, and to the young girl a very king among men. He joined the party, and singled her out as the object of his attentions. The routes they traveled he had been over before, and he could point out all that was beautiful or interesting. It was a golden season, and the girl's heart surrendered in spite of womanly pride and reluctance.

She returned home to find their guardian dead and their fortune gone, swept away in some ill-advised speculation. The maiden lady sought a home with relatives, and Marian Ray found herself among the world's workers, and with a helpless invalid to take care of. Helpless, did I say? Nay, she was the only hope and comfort of poor Marian's heart, for her handsome, wealthy lover came not, and the letter she wrote to him explaining their reverse of fortune remained unanswered. She tried to think of him with contempt, to hold the love that failed in the hour of her bitterest need as valueless, but she only succeeded in tormenting her own faithful, loving heart, which, in spite of pride and reason, clung to that short, sweet romance with a hold death alone could break.

Types of Beauty.

In Paris more than in New York or in any other great city, there is a decided fashion in beauty as well as in dress, which changes as regularly as do the seasons, and which sometimes takes very queer and curious freaks. For instance, last spring the type of beauty termed the "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style. This type of beauty is assuredly one of the most peculiar known. It was originated by the Princess de Sagan, who is a great leader of fashion in Paris, and who appeared in her box at the opera one evening gotten up in the wonderfully striking "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti style."

The most noticeable of this style of beauty is the hair, which is dyed green, and arranged in a pyramid fashion on the top of the head. Strange to say, the green hair, though of course looking unnatural, is very pretty and old. It is dyed in the most delicate and lovely shade of green that is known, namely, Nile-green. The complexion on that goes with this hair must be like a soft, blushing peach, all cream and white. The eyes are black or brown, the lips their natural color, and the eyebrows dyed to match the hair. Floating down, white in color, and composed of airy, fairy tulle, or false, are a ways worn with this type of beauty. Every woman in Paris had the mania for appearing like a "Daniel Gabriel Rossetti beauty" for a while, but at present in Paris, which by the way Victor Hugo calls the "centre of civilization, green hair reigns no more, and Dame Fashion dictates that her daughters shall now appear in as many different styles of beauty as possible, believing no doubt, that variety is the spice of life."

In New York, for the past two seasons, there has been great rivalry existing between the lovely blonde and the darling brunette beauties. The war still wages furiously, and it is hard to tell at the present moment which is to come out victorious, and whether blonde beauties or their darker sisters will lead this winter, and which will be the more popular. We do not often see in one metropolis as many real blondes and as many true brunettes as we have in New York. A real blonde has light hair with streaks of gold through it, eyes that look like wild violets, complexion rare and white, with a delicate flush on the cheek, and light eyebrows the color of the hair. True blondes never have dark eyebrows.

If a woman has all the above requirements that go to make up a blonde, and dark or black eyebrows, her beauty comes under another type known as the "Van Dyke Blonde," of which Lady Maudville is one of the most striking examples we have ever seen. Her hair is a wonderful yellow, her complexion fair as a lily, and her eyes black as sables, with eyebrows to match. "The Van Dyke blonde" is a type of beauty not often seen. It is considered by far the more distinctive type.

Although almost everybody knows what is requisite to be a true brunette, there are still a few who are not even yet educated up to it, and who call a woman who has a dark clear skin, "cheeks like roses and lips like the cherry," hair purplish black, and dark grey eyes, a brunette. No woman is a true brunette who has not very brown or very black eyes.

What is known as the "Irish type" of beauty is one of the loveliest. No eye is so blue, so large, so expressive, or so heavily fringed as that of the possessor of this type; no hair is so glossy and dark and heavy; no complexion so rosy and healthful; and to people in general this type is the most bewitching and fascinating.

A type of beauty which has seen its day, but of which we see representations occasionally, is what is known as the "strawberry blonde." Brick-red hair, blue eyes and fair, pink complexion are the accompaniments of this type. The "yellow blonde" is another type which is rapidly going out of fashion, and "yellow blondes" are seldom seen now, except on the stage. Fanny Davenport is an example of this type.

The daughters of Spain and Italy are the best examples of the brunette type of beauty; those of England and Germany of the blonde type; those of southern Ireland of the Irish type, and those of Greece of the Van Dyke type.

Here in America we have a mixture of all types, as we have a mixture of all nations. The true American type of beauty, however, is neither of the blonde nor brunette, Van Dyke nor Irish, Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, strawberry or yellow blonde types. The true American beauty has hair soft and brown, eyes of grey or blue, complexion rather white, clear and devoid of rich color, and features not by any means as regular as those of the other types of beauty, but possessing far more expression.

The wax plant of Carolina and Pennsylvania is now grown on an industrial scale in Algeria. The fruit, inclosed in a bag or coarse cloth, is plunged into boiling water, on the surface of which the liquid wax floats after a few seconds and is skimmed off and dried. This wax, of the same chemical composition as beeswax, makes an excellent substitute for it for laundry and similar purposes.

Luminous water-proof paper may be made from a mixture of forty parts pulp, ten parts phosphorescent powder, one part gelatine, one part potassium bicarbonate, and ten parts of water. It can often be used where luminous paint cannot.

Distilled water saturated with oxygen is now prepared in Paris, and is rapidly gaining favor. Aside from its healthfulness for ordinary table use, it is said to be valuable in the treatment of disease of digestive organs. The Dutch Government has had collected the reports of 1300 eye witnesses in order to prepare an accurate history of the Krakatoa volcanic eruption, which many suppose was the cause of the wonderful sky-glow seen over a large part of the world.

Shakespeare's Heroines.

There are poets and artists whose genius brings forth men-children only. The greatest of Shakespeare's fellow dramatists, Ben Johnson, was one of these. Admirable as were his wit, his judgment, his learning, his satiric power, his knowledge of life, his reverence for art, his constructive talent, he could not fashion a noble or beautiful woman. Ben Johnson wrought superbly in bronze, and ran his metal into carefully constructed molds; he could not work in such finer elements of air and light as those from which a Miranda is framed, and some of these subtle elements enter into each of Shakespeare's heroines. On the other hand, a far less robust genius John Webster one of Shakespeare's dramatic disciples, delighted in nothing so much as in full-length studies of tragic female figures. There are indeed wonderful creations in his plays beside these—sister and cynical faces of men apparent in the gloom.

But in his greatest dramas all exists for the sake of the one woman after whom each drama is named—the Duchess of Malin, Webster's lady of sorrow, and his White Devil, Vittoria Corombona, on whom, splendid in her crime, he turns a high light of imagination that dazzles while we gaze. This was not Shakespeare's method. In no play of his do we find a woman as center of the piece, or conceived as a dramatic unit. And hence indeed it is almost an error to study the character of any of Shakespeare's heroines apart from the associations with whom she plays her part.

Beatrice is hardly intelligible apart from Benedick; the echoing voice of love rebounds and rebounds in Romeo and Juliet, inextricably intermingling with lover to lover, until death has stilled all sound; in that circle of traitors through which Shakespeare leads us in his "Inferno," Macbeth and his Queen are miserably united for ever by their crime and its retribution.

The plumber joke is getting a little out of season, but it may be packed in cauphor and will be in style when the freezes come again. The roller skate joke is very popular, and is worn on all occasions, either with or without trimming.

The rich editor joke does not appear to pall upon the taste. It is quite becoming when worn with passementerie edging. Spring poetry jokes are undergoing a revival, and are quite a fait in recherche circles. With a waste basket overshirt, they may be worn either morning or evening in the house.

The young-man-and-girl's pa joke holds its own, and is really one of the most popular and fashionable seen in polite society. The mule joke is relegated to the commoner classes, and may be called "old fashioned." It is still in favor in the rural districts, and seems destined to continue for several years.

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The honest politician joke is too delicate to be popular. If cut high in the neck, it might reign for a brief season. The sleeping policeman joke had many friends and bade fair to become courtly in its style, but it lacked tone and fell into line with ordinary styles. Puns are popular with all classes. They may be worn as bangles and in an infinite variety of ways.

The boarding house pie, hash or gum shoe steak joke enjoys a periodical renaissance and seem to retain its original lustre. When made up properly it is still a favorite. The young-husband paregoric joke may be worn on evening occasions, and it is not altogether out of style.

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