

The pet of the twelve—
Round my heart do I fondly entwine her;
Her dear eyes are so blue, and her
tresses of gloss
That she flings on the air with a co-
quettish toss
Are still wet with the tears of her sister.
The pet of the Earth and of Heaven—
Lo, the arch of the sky stooped and kissed
her;
Then her eyes became blue, and her
tresses of gloss
Quick she snatches from Earth with a
coquettish toss
And then laughs at the tears of her
sister.
No grief for poor April has she,
Nor a sigh nor a pang can enlist her;
Now she wreathes with the blossoms
her tresses of gloss,
But to scatter the dew wide with a co-
quettish toss
O'er the green-covered grave of her
sister.
The pet of the twelve—who but May?
Oh, my heart it can never resist her;
I will love her blue eyes, and her tress-
es of gloss,
Though she fling them about with a
coquettish toss
And doth laugh at the tears of her sister.

CAUGHT IN THE COVERLET.

Ward No. 9 was to any casual inspection precisely like the other nineteen with which it formed the General Hospital of Jeffersonville, Ind. It was clean, and the long rows of cots on each side of the wards were always in order. But whatever was necessary for it, its uniformity was a little trying. The meals were served to the minute, and the food was never known to vary in kind or quality. This even extended to the sourness of the bread and the flies in the soup.
After a stay of six weeks, Fred Raymond, of Company B—the Minnesota, began to find it a little monotonous. Not meaning to be ungrateful for the uniform kindness of his treatment here, he began to long for a little more variety. It came to him as though he had about exhausted the simple pleasures that the hospital had to offer. He had read several of the memoirs of great and good men, which formed the bulk of reading matter, and these, too, he had found singularly alike. Even the interest and pleasure to be had from a perusal of Baxter's "Saint's Rest" failed after a single reading.
Many of his comrades had a never-failing resource in writing letters to friends, which was not open to Fred Raymond, for reasons that will presently appear. After debating the matter in his mind for a few days, he finally ventured on a course which might greatly relieve the tedium of his enforced leisure, which was likely to last a few weeks longer. At some time during his stay there had been received from the North a considerable supply of hospital stores—shirts and drawers of all shapes and sizes, with openings made to fit all sorts of men with all sorts of wounds. Upon a close examination, none of them were found quite adapted to any particular case, but by cutting open here and sewing up there, they did very well, especially as the weather was warm. Among other things received were a number of sheets and coverlets for the beds. These, although generally plain, were not quite uniform, and introduced the only bit of novelty to be seen anywhere in the hospital. It happened that the coverlet which fell to Fred Raymond had been made by the young ladies of one of the churches in Ohio, and many of them had written their names and addresses on the blocks. He had studied these over until he not only knew them all by heart, but had formed a pretty distinct conception of the young ladies themselves. There was more character and individuality in the handwriting than one would have supposed, considering the difficulty of tracing letters on cloth. He was not the least bit of a ladies' man, or one who would think of answering a note with all the correspondence—object, fun and amusement. But then, these names and addresses seemed to say to him that he might write if he chose. One of these names had struck him as being very pretty, and the handwriting was indeed neat. He had amused himself with picturing the writer to himself many times, until he felt partially acquainted. To her, therefore, he would indite a very general letter, and if she chose to reply and a correspondence grew out of it, it would give new interest to the days that must yet be lived in his military health in part, it left him in a curious mental state. The past had at first been entirely blotted out. Little by little he recovered its experiences, but he could not for a long time recall the names. Months of imprisonment followed, filled with suffering, privation and starvation, until there was little left of him mentally or physically. At last he managed to escape, and after incredible hardships reached the Union lines more dead than alive. And now another hospital experience followed, lightened by no correspondence, for he could not remember Lillie's name or address—he had, of course, lost all letters—and the more he tried to remember, the more hopeless seemed the attempt. Finally he gave it up altogether. At last he reached his regiment again, greatly to the astonishment of his comrades, but not to see much more service. The three years for which the men had enlisted were about to expire, and although the Government gave them the inestimable privilege of re-enlisting as veterans, most of the "boys" decided that they would first go to their homes.
Early one morning, therefore, in the Autumn of 1864, the cars brought them to the little town of H—. They had no rations, and were hungry. Arrangements had been made for their breakfast at a large place on the road a little farther along, but for some reason they were delayed several hours. Naturally they began to spread about the little village, and the citizens bestirred themselves to do the best they could under the circumstances. With all preparations or concert, their efforts were not very systematic, but they were hearty. The groceries, restaurants and hotels were taxed to their utmost. Raymond was walking through the little town, looking for the chance of breakfast, but not seeing how he could exactly press himself upon those

citizens who already seemed much overcrowded.
As he was passing a modest cottage on a side street a middle-aged lady, standing in the yard, and holding a child by the hand, addressed him:
"Soldier!"
He turned and brought his hand to the visor of his cap as though it was a superior officer, instead of a superior being, he saluted.
"Did you speak, ma'am?" she said.
"Have you had breakfast?" he asked.
He said that he had not yet had that pleasure.
"Come in, then," she returned.
"Ours is quite ready."
He looked at his hands and his clothes with some anxiety. It was three years since he had eaten a really civilized meal, and his ambition now did not extend beyond a slice of bread and meat. Perceiving the kindness of the intention, however, he accepted the invitation.
Opposite him at the table sat a young lady dressed in black, whom the hostess spoke of, in a half introduction, as her niece. Her own name was not asked. There was something in the air and manner of this young lady, even more than in her dress, suggesting some recent great sorrow. She did not hold herself out as a wretched being whose only refuge is the grave. She was not gloomy or woe-begone. She listened politely to the conversation, taking a little part, except now and then to ask a question, which finally brought the young man to speak something of his experiences. She was attentive, while he went on, but noticed that her interest deepened, and once, as he looked up, he was surprised and a little startled at the intenseness of her look.
When he spoke of Chickamauga her pallor deepened so visibly that he asked suddenly if she were ill. She regained her composure in a moment, and said she was quite well. Still her voice was very low, with a slight tremor in it, as she asked the number of his regiment, and she turned white as he gave it.
The next question came slowly. She struggled hard to control her voice which vibrated painfully and sank almost to a whisper:
"Did you know—Fred Raymond, of Company B?"
It was his turn now to be astonished. Who was this who asked so unimportant a question with such a tragic air, and who waited the answer as though life or death might hinge upon it? The aunt looked from the one to the other in open-mouthed wonder.
"Is this Raymond," he faltered.
But before he had said it she saw the answer in his face, and slipped to the floor.
He held her head while the aunt ran for the smelling salts. It was not the right thing to do in a case of fainting, but few people ever do treat such a case properly. He had never, in all his life, had a young lady's head on his arm, and was awfully excited. He thought rapidly, but could not understand the situation. He remembered his correspondent and, curiously like a flash, but this was not the town where she lived, and this was not the young girl he had pictured.
"Who is this young lady?" he asked.
"My niece, Miss Meline."
"Meline? Lillie?" he gasped.
"In the name of wonder," said the aunt, "what does all this mean? Were you acquainted with her?"
"Yes—no—I believe so," he answered, rather obscurely. "I will explain by and by."
Miss Meline soon recovered, in spite of the unphysiological treatment. She looked at her aunt to see whether any further revelation had taken place. Her embarrassment was extreme, and the pallor in her cheeks gave way to a bright crimson.
"I was sick," she apologized, forgetting that she had once denied it.
He was also much agitated, and exceedingly doubtful as to what he ought to do or say. She was about to speak to the room with her aunt, when he caught "Miss Meline"—and she saw that the secret was out—"I don't know at all what to say. I don't know anything at all about the customs of society. I have never had anything to do with young ladies in my life except my correspondence with you. My accident at Chickamauga affected my brain for a long time, so that I could not remember. Perhaps now I have gone quite crazy. It is too absurd, I know, but I can't go to bed without saying more—if you will hear it."
He was at a moment, but she did not forbid it, and he went on:
"I do not know how to explain it. Either from the effect of that shell or from the weakness and half-starvation that followed, I was never able to remember your name, though you don't know how hard I tried to think and how much I should have liked to hear from you again. All this time I thought you were a little girl. But now if I die for it, I must say it—I love you, dear."
He did not die for it. She took a step nearer, held out her hand, and then leaned her pretty head on his shoulder.
"It is all so sudden," she murmured, "but—" and she nestled closer, and with a sort of sob she added: "And all this time I thought you were dead."
ROUGH.—"Mith Bondclipper, I thaw something remarkable yesterday."
"What was it, Mr. Snobberly?"
"I went into a dime museum on the Bowery, and thaw a freak, a remarkable freak. It wath a calf with three eyes."
"A calf with three eyes! Are you sure, Mr. Snobberly, that you were not looking in a mirror?"
"PAT," said an American to an Irishman who had lately landed, and who was staring at Niagara, "did you ever see such a fall as that in the old country?"
"Faith, and I niver did; but do yer see, why shouldn't it fall? What's to prevent its fallin'? That's what I'd like ter know?"
At this season the wells from which the drinking water is obtained are liable to be polluted with surface water. Grade around the well and force the surface water away.

Famous Women in Men's Clothes.
Woman's World, London.—Rosa Bonheur followed the most liberating of all callings—the artistic—and was born and bred out of society, into which she never cared to enter. In art one must follow inner light and personal genius. A picture is a speculative investment; those speculating don't care whether the painter (if a woman) wears petticoats or trousers. All they look to is the quality of her work. Rosa Bonheur had to go to fairs to make studies for her cattle, and to wander afield unaccompanied. Hence her choice of the French laborer's blue smock, cap and apron with which she fell in, saved her from being dragged, and relieved her of the wearisome task of trundling up skirts when she had to carry painting implements. I never saw her in a male peasant's suit, but have seen her in a plain skirt, falling below the calf, and a Zouave jacket over a loose shirt, and the Garibaldi fashion, in gray cashmere. The fashion of her woman's raiment seldom changes. Her hair is cropped, but not to the skull. This tidy, descent dress accords with the rustic, sunburnt face of Rosa—a face that tells of constant mental tension, keen, searching perception, hardness of head and straightforward simplicity.
Sarah Bernhardt's mannish garments in her studio are a part of her play acting. It may be that she is well aware she never looked so charming as years ago in the part of an Italian boy—a vagrant musician. The simplicity of masculine clothes—made in black velvet, and, on the whole, effeminate—must be a pleasant change after the clinging draperies, with the weighty buttons and box-pleatings, which make her rustle like a snake in fallen autumn leaves when she advances on the stage. I never knew an elderly lady, however "emancipated," who wore masculine attire. In general, those who do it know that it becomes them and are of an age to make conquests. Mme. Dieulafoy has mind, beauty, charm and piquancy. I fancy she looks better in her dapper suit than she could in the raiment of the last century to which she attempts to bring out the rounded hips and full gorge of her sex, her pale-toe being loose and long. One sees the tiny woman in the feet and ankles, the hands and wrists, the pretty throat and the small ears. Her light-brown hair is cut as close as the scissors can go. She has a large square forehead, blue eyes shot with hazel and a fresh complexion. The crow's feet and lines about the mouth are not so noticeable as they claim the thirty-six years to which she owns. What volition and her pretty way of showing volition strong as steel. She is beautifully neat and her cuffs, collars and cravats are impeccable. Nothing could be more Frenchwomanly than the thoroughness with which she carries out the fiction of an incognito which is no disguise.
It is delightful to see the little woman, hat in hand, talking to a lady. I could not say to her, "Convrez-vous, madame, je vous en prie," and it was impossible to treat her as a monsieur. She was presented to the shah at Teheran in the masher's suit. He at first objected, but got over his feeling when it was explained by her husband that she could never have got through her work at Shushan, dressed as a woman. There is no alloy of "brass" in this enterprising resurrectionist of old Asiatic palaces fallen into the earth-mound state. Her spirit is an irrepressible one. General Sir Henry Murdoch Smith, who knew her when she was engaged in her Persian mission and saw her at her work, says that no difficulty, no fever, no discouragement ever weakened her brave heart or daunted her. Madame Dieulafoy was brought up with Puritan severity, and was never at a dancing party until she was married. Her first assumption of the pantaloons was when she was a bride and to follow her husband through the campaign of the war. After having enjoyed wearing clothes that did not hamper movement, she could never bear again the pressure of stays and the clinging of dragged skirts. Her home is full of pleasant riches, commodious and handsome, each room being quite a subject for a picture. But it has lost zest since she was in Persia, and she pines for the unconventional life, intense interests and absorbing work which she led at Shushan.

FASHION NOTES.
Although our fashionable modistes have returned from Paris bringing with them the choicest of Worth's "creations," we do not find that they eclipse or make the work of American Fashion artists, seem less desirable by comparison. At one of our best establishments may be seen seventy models from the best European houses, Worth himself will rarely exhibit more than eight. The event of the season was the centennial ball on April 29th, and among the bewildering display of especially prepared toilets for that occasion was seen a white gown, with brocade train-front of white satin with silver flowers embroidered at the foot in front, slender vines of silver up the front of the pointed corsage, and silver fringe dropping below the waist and under the arms beneath the high full short sleeves.
For one of the ladies of the Cabinet, a gown made by Worth, is of blue and white brocade with trimmings of Opal beads.
For another prominent society lady has been made a grey tulle trimmed with silver thistles holding the drapery of the front.
The fashions of the past century with modifications are being used for these gowns, white silk mantles in straight full breadths for the front of the skirt, with a full across the foot in the old-fashioned way, deep ruffles at the neck turning over, ruffles so wide that they drape the bodice and form the sleeve.
White wool embroidery on mouseline de soie, is prettily used on a Nile green brocade, the silk mouseline forming the lower part of the corsage, which is draped diagonally in front, by a width of the green brocade, beginning on the right shoulder, and tapering to the waist on the left. On the white embroidered front of the skirt are massed clusters of long hanging masses and marguerites. Ghornley is also making a gown for Mrs. Harrison, but no amount of questioning would induce even a hint to be given as to style or material. Not less unique are the gowns for street and home wear. The latest importations show many new features both in material and style. Cashmere, mouseline de laine, China crape, India silk, laces, fish nets and canvas are all displayed in the model suits.
For the early spring days, light cloth, or combinations of striped silk with cloth, camel's hair old brocades, shot bengaline, shaded taffetas.
By combining the styles of the Directoire with those of the First Empire new details are the result which produce a charming effect. The widely bordered wool dress with Jacket is a favorite for spring wear, and will be found desirable at the sea side. Bustles are rapidly losing their place, and the pad bustle is seldom used, a single steel server to give a slight support and should be placed about ten inches below the hand.
Long coats and polonaises are in high favor with our ladies, but there are also many basques and round waists with separate skirts, straight in effect yet are slightly draped over a foundation skirt. A half tailor suit of camel's hair on page 3 of this number illustrates this style. A new basque with square tabs, and the pointed waist bands are very popular. Care should be taken in draping the tops of coat sleeves, the style is not becoming to any but very slender figures.
The new Directoire long coats have continued back widths, perfectly flat on the tournure, yet gored below to form four large fluted pleats that widen to the foot. Colors may be combined in their gowns to suit the taste of the wearer. A great Directoire bow of black lace is at the throat, large crocheted buttons, and square pockets are dues.
A great deal of Jet galloon is used upon the black lace dress of figured chantilly net. Some have wide diagonal rows across the front of the gathered bodice, some have the same down the front of the skirt. Gold cord and Jet bead galloons are also used, as well as a ribbon of gold. Ladies who wore lace dresses last summer trimmed with Moire ribbon will find that they are in as good style this summer. To freshen last year's lace waists, have a great Jabot of soft lace falling down the front, point the dress low at the throat, cord it and put a pleated frill of lace around it to lie down flatly, drape ribbon around the arm size and tie in a small bow on top.
A great deal of ribbon of all widths is used in every unique way upon lace dresses. The taste of the wearer is the only guide to fashion in this, as in many other details of the styles which go to make up the toilet of lovely women.
For afternoon wear foulards are shown in great variety, including beautiful effects. One in blue with a black figure is trimmed with black lace and with pale blue ribbon to match the foulard. The waist is made with full effect which is now usually seen in all material. A dainty afternoon gown is of blue and white striped India silk, combined with white mouseline de soie that is wrought with finest threads of white wool. Black velvet ribbon tie bows on the waist, with collar and wrist bands of black velvet, and velvet on the skirt draped in jabots showing their selvages next panels of the embroidered mouseline.
An exquisite tea gown is an old pink and apple green brocade which form the train behind, the front of maize colored silk is covered with embroidered crepe lisse festooned with maize ribbons.
PARIS has a gallant blind man.
Seated at the corner of a projecting doorway on the boulevard, just out of sight of those who approach, he waits until he hears the light, quick footfall of a lady, and then steps out into view, hat in hand, bowing his head, white with age, and exclaims:
"Ah, madame, pity me! Have pity on a poor blind man who is deprived of the privilege of seeing you!"
No woman; it is said, can resist his plea.
A single shad produces 100,000 eggs, and only about 5,000 are hatched naturally. By the artificial method, 98,000 are successfully hatched.

Home Happiness.
Dear boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who is aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly.
There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all.
And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong.
One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the yard. A polite person will always go to the door whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice.
The home might be made far more pleasant by observance of many of these little matters.—Our Little People.
"My father is a very genial man," she said, "and desires that I shall extend the hospitalities of the house to every caller. Will you take something before you go?"
"Well, yes," replied the youth, "I will, with your permission, take a kiss from you."
The maid was abashed, but the youth was equal to the occasion and the hospitalities were extended.
Cut several oranges in transverse slices and remove the seeds. Lay some of the slices in the bottom of a glass fruit-dish; sprinkle with sugar and some desiccated coconut; then add a layer of sliced banana, and fill up the dish with alternate layers of oranges, coconut, and banana.

HORSE NOTES.
—Jane L., 2.19, has been added to Weeks' stable.
—James E. Cooper is troubled with rheumatism.
—E. R. Bulkeley has sold the pacer White-light, 2.25.
—G. B. Morris has purchased Panama at a high figure.
—James B. Green is kept busy training his big string of trotters.
—Hanover is doing his work in a manner to encourage his friends.
—Seth Griffin is at work on the Belmont track with his track machine.
—Jay-Eye-See, Harry Wilkes and Phallans are not likely to be seen on the turf again.
—Entries for the Danville (Ky.) meeting, to be held on June 5, 6 and 7, will close on May 27.
—R. S. Strader of Elmer Place, one mile from Lexington, Ky., has a fine lot of trotting stock for sale.
—The Czar, full brother to the Emperor of Norfolk, recently, won the Pacific Derby, one-and-one-half miles, in California, in 2.36.
—Budd Doble will remain at the Washington Park track, Chicago, until the date of the running meeting, when he will go to Detroit.
—J. F. Golden is at the Gentleman's Driving Course with the b. g. Budd Doble (pacer), 7 years old, by Clay Abdallah, and the s. g. Billy Ross, 5 years old, by Seafoam.
—The Lehigh County Agricultural Society has fifty men and fifteen horses and carts at work grading the new track at its new Fair grounds, in the suburbs of Allentown, Pa.
—W. H. McCarthy has arrived in Terre Haute, Ind., with his stable of trotters that were wintered at Los Angeles. It contains Geneva S., 2.19; Lena Wilkes, 2.29; Rajah, 2.29; Cora Van Tassel, Lucy R. and the pacers Sir Archie and Cousin Joe.
—In the five furlong spin at Memphis, on Monday April 29th, with ten starters, four of them fell on the turn, Endurer going down first, when Kermesse, Hattie D., and Katie S., running close behind him, fell in a heap. Stevenson, on Hattie D., had his collar-bone dislocated, and has been laid up since.
—The \$10,000 Southern Hotel Guarantee stake for the 2.25 class, opened by the St. Louis Fair Association, closed with the following nominations: McCormick Live Stock Company, Bowling Green, Mo.; W. P. Hams, Terre Haute, Ind.; V. Simpson, Winona, Minn.; Cowles & Clyborne, Dowagiac, Mich.; Hamilton Busby, New York, N. Y.; C. F. Clark, Mexico, Mo.; Wilson and Stanley, Detroit, Mich.; D. W. Hunter, Westport, Mo.; Bob Stewart, Kansas City, Mo.; Augustus Sharpe, Louisville, Ky.; R. P. Peppert, Frankfort, Ky.
—An old-style road race came off recently between two South Jersey trotters. The contestants were Chestnut King and Old Virginy, owned respectively by General Charles Haight, of Freehold, and Mr. Frank Rives. The course was from Freehold to Long Branch and return, a distance of thirty-four miles. Each horse drew two men. The start was made at 10.10 A. M., and the round trip was completed by 12.50, making the distance in two hours and forty minutes, including a stop of twelve minutes at Long Branch to cool out. There is talk of another match for \$1000 a side.
—The two American bred trotters, Spofford and Governor Hill, were safely landed in Buenos Ayres after a voyage of forty-seven days. The severest shaking up occurred off Newport News. The gale was strong and the sea ran high. The horses were protected by padded stalls. In pleasant weather they were walked on deck. They also had a large open box, with plenty of straw to prevent slipping, into which they were turned, one at a time, when the ocean was calm. The shoes were badly worn on the voyage. The friction was as great as if the trotters had been on ice. The two horses walked home as frisky and nimble as colts. They will be driven on the road and compete in races. Three days before Spofford and Governor Hill were landed the bay mare Skylight Pilot, who had preceded them to Buenos Ayres, died. She was by Strathmore, had a record of 2.19, and her loss was keenly regretted.
—There never was a time when a horse could win as much money as now, there never was a time when 2-year-old racing had reached anything like its proportions. The most valuable stakes are for 2-year-olds. At Mountmouth Park there is the Junior Champion, worth something like \$25,000; the Select worth about \$8000; the Sapling, Trial July, Hopeful, August and Critteron, each worth about \$6000; the Amboy and Carteret Handicaps, worth each about \$7000 or \$8000. At Coney Island the Futurity this season will be worth about \$60,000 to the winner; the Great Eastern, worth \$8000; the Autumn, worth \$6000, the Titan, at Jerome, will be worth \$7000 or \$8000, The Great American, at Brooklyn, will be worth about \$20,000, and the new Eclipse stakes, at Westchester, will be worth about \$25,000. The Kenwood and Hyde Park stakes, at Chicago, are each worth about \$5000. There are at least twenty-five stakes in the East which will be worth about \$5000 or over.
OLD MAN—"As your first baby is a boy I suppose you have the privilege of naming it."
Young Father—"Yes, siree. I would not allow any one else to name that cherub."
"Have you thought of a good name for him yet?"
"Dozens of 'em; splendid names; just the thing; but they won't any of them do."
"Why not?"
"My wife won't have 'em."
One cup each of flour and sugar, half a cup each of butter and milk, two eggs, flavor with vanilla; bake on well-greased wafer-irons and roll while hot.