

A Sad Sea Song.

A sailor man sailed over the sea,
When the billows were soft and low,
And the winds a balmy of ocean glee
Sang sweetly in gentle flow.

A sailor wife sat out on the shore
And dreamed of a ship on the deep,
But her sailor man she saw no more,
For he slept in a sound, sound sleep.

The sailor sailed away and away,
Where the serges were fierce and wild,
And was lost at the break of a stormy day
To his wife and his little child.

The winds were sad and the waves were
mild,
And the sea sang a story of life,
A lullaby to the sailor child,
A wail to the sailor wife!

A WIFE'S ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom were new stars of a fine brilliancy but of a small magnitude in the society of Warrensburg. Alexander Blossom and Minnie Blossom had been married for one short year, which time seemed to them just one long summer's day. There are several unmarried people unlike Alexander and Minnie, for these were never happy except when they were together, and when they were together never unhappy for a moment. When Alexander came in from business he always instituted a search for the brown-eyed girl who was waiting for him, and when he began to despair she would start out of a certain passage way with a gay laugh and ask him where his eyes were. Of course under these circumstances, it was necessary for her to take a good, square look at his eyes to determine if they were the same as ever, and then occurred some of those manifestations which foolish people call foolishness, and which only stopped when the genital housemaid came to announce that dinner was served. Of course, the housemaid did not say, "Dinner is served," her proclamation verbatim was, "Come, now," but the meaning was the same. I have omitted to say that Minnie was not very tall; that she was remarkably healthy and and deliciously plump. Her lips were a near bursting with fulness as cherries after a rain: her forehead was low, and her eyebrows, heavier than the ordinary, made her just so much the more magnetic. There was nothing wonderful about Alexander. You will comprehend Alexander at once when I say that he received \$100 a month, which he did not earn. However, he firmly believed that in some mysterious way his labor brought large returns to his employers.

With \$100 a month the Blossoms had to live. Fortunately, they had no rent to pay; the market books, under Minnie's care, figured up reasonably, and the domestic was kind enough to demand but \$15 a month.

One day Alexander came home from his alleged business looking nice and sweet, and also looking for Minnie. The latter rushed out from the unexpected place in which she always hid, caught him around the neck, asked him where his eyes were, put a rapturous kiss just below his camel's hair mustache, and cried, "Who do you think?"

The sagacious husband implanted a rapturous kiss just below where Minnie would have had a splendid brown mustache had she been in that line, and replied that he didn't know. He also demanded advice as to what it was appropriate to think. Minnie then explained that a letter had come addressed to him, that it looked like wedding cards, that she had—had opened it, and that it wasn't wedding cards after all.

Some men, hearing of a mysterious letter opened by a loving wife, would have experienced a feeling of vague unrest. Not so Alexander. He silently weighed the merits of some hasty falsehoods and inquired bravely what the letter was.

"An invitation to join the Warrensburg Social club," said Minnie, "and I have been thinking of it all the afternoon." So she had, in her womanly ways she had been thinking what dresses she could wear. "Isn't it nice?" she cried. "Now, say we can go."

"Of course we can go," said Minnie. The unguardedness of this answer was essentially masculine. Women, on the contrary, always begin by refusing, and afterward allow themselves to be argued into anything whatever.

"Then you must get a dress suit," said Mrs. Blossom.

These were, indeed, strange words. They conveyed the revolting idea that the fashionable Alexander had nothing in dress more formal than cutaways or Prince Alberts. How, then, had he been married? The explanation throws light on a very dark passage in Mr. Blossom's life—his dressed suit had been pawned; and worse, the time of redemption had expired.

"I can't go," he said, resigning himself to Fate with a large F.

"That's it," cried Minnie, delighted; "I've been figuring it all up, and you can go." Here she ran into the next room, and in one second returned with a sheet of legal cap bearing very illegal looking figures. "Now look at this!"

Alexander looked, and I have to record that he was not shocked. The figures and their method were about as nearly like those of an ordained book-keeper as Mr. Blossom's own.

"We've got to be economical for two months, you see," said Minnie. "There it is, all on paper."

The indisputable document ran thus:

Grocer, 50; Jane, \$15; butcher, \$15; coal, \$8; everything else, 10; altogether, \$78—\$78 out of \$100 leaves \$22—say \$20; two months, \$40."

"One of these suits doesn't cost more than that, does it?" she asked, confidently.

"Costs \$75," replied the gloomy Alexander.

"Hump!" cried Minnie. "Can't you manage? If it were a \$75 dress, \$40 would be plenty?"

Alexander shook his head. "But the club meets early in the evening," persisted Minnie. "Couldn't you get one that would do—ready made, or something?"

Alexander was pained. He said he trusted she did not speak in earnest.

"Dear!" cried Minnie, in despair, "what can we do? We can't take boarders, and you can't be a book agent. I wish somebody would leave us some money."

"So do I," murmured Alec, with feeling.

"I know what," cried Minnie, with sudden brightness.

"Don't you ask your father for money," said Mr. Blossom sternly. "I don't intend to."

Alexander seemed to think she might have been a little more willful on this point. But he tried to look much relieved, and issued another command that she was not to go in debt. Her assent to this was immediate. Alexander had no more to say.

The next day Minnie, in pursuance of her idea, went by stealth to the clothing emporium of Warrensburg and demanded the price of dress suits. The answer was \$75. She then asked the price of the cloth. This was a great surprise to the tailor. He affected to solve an intricate problem, and finally coming out with a mathematical flourish of his pencil, said: "Twenty dollars."

"How much for cutting out?"

"Well," said the tailor, "hem! let me see. You wouldn't want it made up here, you think? Well, coat, vest and—about \$13.50."

"I should like to get the cloth and the cutting both for \$30 if you could," said Minnie, faintly.

"Well," answered the tailor, patronizingly, "that's it, we couldn't. You can't get English goods, you know, at American prices. We have cheaper goods, but—"

"I shouldn't want this," said Minnie. "Well, as the best figure on that I'll say \$33. We don't make anything on it anyway."

Mrs. Blossom was not deceived, but she pretended to be and with another exertion of courage asked for a month's credit. Then she directed the cutting to be done by Alexander's measure, already with the tailor, and the next day carried her bundle in triumph to her dressmaker. She of course, one of that infinite number of women, found only by sheer good luck, who are called "jewels" by feminine gossips, and who charge two prices. They are said to be "reasonable" as distinguished from the real modiste. According to immemorial usage among dress-makers, this particular "jewel" of Minnie's did not set a price, but she said it was a "splendid plan" that she would try, and that she would make everything "satisfactory." What can be more satisfactory? Minnie departed in great spirits.

Time rattled on and brought the night of the club's first meeting.

The Blossoms' acceptance had been duly sent, and Alexander had been complacently informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife's implicit belief, not that in two months she would create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do—in other novels—but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his masculine prejudices swept away. The important night having rolled into Warrensburg, Minnie came dancing down stairs in "something" the gifted dressmaker "had patched up out of nothing," and consequently bade her dependent to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tailor's box (such was Minnie's craftiness) and lol on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name of her father and sewed it on with her own fair hands.

Alec, with a full heart, donned the suit and stood before the mirror. He cast two careful glances at the trim reflection, clasped Minnie to the new coat and exclaimed in many raptures, "You darling! It's—it's the regular thing!"

"Are you satisfied?" asked the wife, wishing him to commit himself beyond retrieve before she divulged the low origin of the suit.

"Of course!" cried Alec warmly, wishing he were a woman, so that he could gush a little. "Satisfied? Why it's one of Ackerman's best—that's what it is. See the way it fits. I could tell that was Ackerman's a mile off."

When he had raved for ten minutes, Minnie confessed the history of the suit. "So you see, after all," she said at last, "we women do know something."

Mr. Blossom looked at the coat more

critically, trying to detect a blemish, but he couldn't.

"Are you still satisfied?" asked Minnie. He had to admit that he was.

"Now, how much do you suppose it cost?"

Mr. Blossom couldn't tell. "Now, a tailor," he began.

"Tailor!" cried Minnie. "You mean robber. I counted on just \$40, and out of that I have this suit, which you say you like, and this dress of mine. You would have paid \$75 for the suit alone. To-morrow I shall go up and pay up, and I warn you that every cent I have left out of the \$40 I shall spend on candy, every single cent." For Minnie had the woman's love of extravagance after all.

So this was Mrs. Blossom's triumph. Not a gentleman at the club was better dressed than her husband.

They were both in raptures. Alexander especially, when he had convinced himself that his suit did not proclaim to the world the disgraceful truth that it had been constructed by a dressmaker.

The next evening, when Mr. Blossom came home and instituted the search for Minnie, she did not leap out at him from her old unthought of hiding place. She was in her room and crying.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexander. She did not reply at first, but when she had been brought up to the proper state of sympathy and alarm she cried a little more bitterly than before, and quite unconsciously relaxed her grasp on a piece of crumpled paper. Alexander divined that this dingy scrap was the source of the trouble, and picked it up. It contained atrocious writing executed in red ink, and looked like the work of a dynamiter. But it was not so brief. It began: "Mrs. Blossom to Mrs. Darden, man's Dress Suit," and after eighteen or twenty lines of trimmings, linings, buttons, extra cloth, making, etc., culminated in "total \$39." Under this "total" Minnie had written in trembling figures what she owed the tailor, \$33, and then had made a "total" of her own. The dress suit had cost her \$72.

"You hate me," she sobbed; "I'll think you've married a simpleton."

Alexander was not distinguished for his insight into human nature, but with so beautiful and appealing a creature as Minnie in tears who would not know the proper chord?

"Simpleton!" he cried, and distrustful of the power of words alone he seized her by the waist, "see jump," and gleefully whisked her about the room, "so you want a compliment on your financing? You shall have it. You have got a thing worth \$75 for \$72; made \$3 by simply turning over your somewhat dimpled hand. Simpleton, forsooth; you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, capital! and I will give you the supper afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"

Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, foolishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest spirits. But better than all, when the story was related to Minnie's father, he knowing how to strike the right chord—immediately presented her with a large check as a guarantee that her first charming futile efforts at economy were properly appreciated.

A Historic Match Box.

Recently I saw in the possession of a gentleman here an elegant gold match box that once belonged to Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico more than twenty years ago. Just before he was put to death he gave this box and two watches to the soldiers who were detailed to carry into execution the sentence of death which had been passed upon him. He told them that he gave them these mementos to show that he bore no ill will towards them, as they were only acting in obedience to orders. "Aim at my heart!" he said. They did so, and in a moment he was a corpse. The soldiers who were his executioners appear to have had very little sentiment, and were glad to sell the relics of the prince for a good price.

They were bought by an American traveling in Mexico and were brought to Washington, where some time later they were exposed for sale at Galt's jewelry store. One of the watches, which was beautiful and costly, was bought by the Austrian minister then here. The match box was picked up by a gentleman who is a connoisseur in things with a history. It is of solid Mexican gold, elaborately chased and ornamented with exquisite armatory designs, among which are a Cupid heart, bow and arrow and altar. It is presumed to have been a gift to the prince from some lady admirer. If it had been a present from his wife, the unfortunate Princess Carlotta, it is likely her name would have appeared on it, and he would hardly have given it away. A large diamond glistens upon the spring by which it is opened.

It is cowardice to wish to get rid of everything which we do not like. Sickness and sorrow only exist to further man's education in this world. They will not be needed in the future.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

How Some Persons Have Wonderful Gifts in That Direction.

The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niebuhr, the great statesman, and a certain divine that one can scarcely recognize the same faculty in each. It is said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the reverend doctor that he forgot he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event. John Wesley had a remarkable memory, and at eighty-five even it was still vigorous. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of five hundred lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech and enumerate the names of the shop signs from the Temple to the end of Cheapside, with a description of the principal articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of short-hand reporting "Memory Woodall" used to attend the House of Commons, and, after listening to a debate, would reproduce the whole without taking a single note. The same power was possessed by William Radcliffe, the husband of Mrs. Radcliffe, the novelist. Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with Beronicius of Middleburg who knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes and the two Plinys. If this was an example of "rote" only, we have in Mezzofanti, the celebrated linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction, we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as "a walking polyglot, a master of languages and a Briareus of parts of speech." At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages—perfect in pronunciation, idiom, grammar and colloquialisms, and before his death he added twenty or thirty more to his list. He used to say himself that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read.

As an example of effort to create memory by artificial means, the case of Robert Pasfield, an illiterate Parian, may be recalled. He had the taste of his time for sermons, but could himself neither read nor write. He invented a long leather girdle, which he wound twice around his body and upon which he preserved an accurate Biblical record. The girdle was divided into parts to represent the books of the Bible in their order; for the chapter he affixed small things of leather to the different divisions, and by other points he indicated the verses in each chapter. By means of this "Girdle of Verity," as it came to be called, the man was able to take such notes of the sermon that on returning home he could give all the heads and quote all the various texts mentioned in it—and the preachers of the day were great in quotations.

Bill Nye Arrested.

The humorist writes, in the Pittsburg Dispatch: I had the pleasure of being arrested in French the other evening, and so got into the papers. Let a garbled account of the matter should reach home and alarm my legion of friends in America, I will give a brief account of it myself. It was on the 14th of July, and, of course, a great national holiday. Paris was filled with life. Paris was filled with excitement. Paris was full of surging humanity. I was there, but did not seem to attract any attention at first. Finally I went past the door of an English grog-shop, and, as usual, several tables stood outside the door. One had a glass of wine on it. I heard the glass fall long after I had passed the place. When I reached the Hotel Castiglione a waiter followed me in and requested me to pay for the glass. I said, "seriously." The grog proprietor then came and demanded pay for the glass and contents. I replied with perfect polish and wonderful naivete that I would see him doing time over yonder before I would do so. "All right, we will 'ave a policeman, then," he straightway to me did make reply. I did not think he would do it, but he did. He then told the policeman his story, and the officer told me I would have to accompany him to the commissaire. I said I had agreed to go somewhere else that evening. He did not understand me. Just as we were starting for the station house the proprietor of the Castiglione and the young Count de Passano, both of whom I had met only a moment before, interfered; told the officer he was barking up the wrong tree, I think, though it was all in French, so I am not sure of the exact words. At last he finally hitched up his linen trousers, touched his cap and backed away. De Passano is a young Italian here going to school, and having also yet a good time already. He was very polite and wanted to pay for the glass himself, but I would not permit it, because it was wrong for anybody to go about paying for the general breakage of crockery and glassware in a large place. You cannot keep it up. I was quite ill at ease for a little while, I will admit, for it is so rarely that I am arrested nowadays that I hardly know what to say. Besides, you cannot argue with a French policeman in English and make that favorable impression you would like.

The secret of feeding is to avoid getting your laying hens fat.

HEADACHE AND HAIR.

A Barber Tells How to Cure the Former and Preserve the Latter.

Yes, it is a mistake to change the way or style of combing your hair. A man should decide early in life which way he is going to arrange his hair or beard, and keep it that way for life. It is wrong to cultivate a "pompadour" in summer time and wear the hair plastered on the head the rest of the year.

When the time comes to make the change, the course of the hair has been changed at the roots, and the hair will not lie down. If cut short it will stand out like porcupine quills; and again, when the "pompadour" is being cultivated, the wearer is liable to tire of it before it is mastered. You will always find that the men who plaster their hair on their heads become bald years before men who wear "pompadours" or "half-pompadours" for the reason that the air does not get to the scalp and the roots of the hair die for the want of it.

A scalp plastered with hair never perspires and headaches follows. Any-one subject to headaches can overcome them very easily if he will rub his scalp gently and thoroughly every morning and evening. It causes a circulation of the blood, creates a heat that draws perspiration, accompanied by natural air, which feeds the roots of the hair itself. Get in the habit of doing this and you will surprise yourself. If you continue this, the flow of natural oil will be so plentiful that pomades of every kind will be dispensed with.

Silk Without Worms.

M. de Carbonnet, a French savant, has discovered how to make silk without worms. He began his experiments some time ago, with the guiding idea that the peculiar appearance of silk was the result of the spinning of a liquid. After many months of repeated and unsuccessful trials, he produced several yards of silk in this wise: He poured a colloid solution into a copper receiver which emptied into a system of small glass tubes. These tubes terminated in capillaries, which carried off the solution in fine, thread-like streams. In a second system of glass fillet, he used with water, the fine streams became fine threads, which, before leaving the water, were caught mechanically and wound around tiny rollers. After being heated and cooled in an acid of special gravity and temperature, the threads were made less combustible than cotton by being saturated in a simple chemical preparation. The quality of the silk goods manufactured from these threads is fine. The threads are cylindrical and are from one to forty micromillimetres in diameter. They sustain a weight of 25-35 kilograms per square millimetre. Ordinary silk bears a weight of 30-45 kilograms per square millimetre; cooked silk 15-20. De Carbonnet's silk is much more brilliant than ordinary silk and absorbs and holds coloring matter more satisfactorily. As yet only a few pieces have been produced by the new process. Several others are shown in the Paris Exposition. De Carbonnet is confident, however, that further experiments will enable him to manufacture silk cheaply and in large quantities. In fact, he thinks that a few years hence the silk worms may as well go and die, as machinery will then be doing their work much better than they can do it themselves.

Fir Stronger Than Oak.

It is generally supposed that oak is much stronger than fir, but a series of tests made recently at the car shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Tacoma, Washington Territory, show that the reverse is actually the case. The tests were made by actual breaking strain, on sticks two by four inches and four feet long, the weight being applied in the middle of a span of three feet nine inches. The results of five tests were as follows: First, an old piece of yellow fir, six years exposed to the weather, broke at 3062 pounds; second, a new soft piece of fine-grain yellow fir broke at 3062 pounds; third, old piece of yellow fir, coarse grain and hard, broke short at 4320 pounds; fourth, a new piece of fir from the butt of a tree, coarse grain, broke with a stringy fracture at 3635 pounds; fifth, a new piece of Michigan oak broke nearly short off at a weight of 2428 pounds. The deflections before breaking were as follows: The first and second pieces, half an inch; third, three-eighths of an inch; fourth five-eighths of an inch; fifth, the oak piece, one inch and an eighth.

New Style of Postal Cards.

The new postal cards soon to be issued will vary in size. There will be three sizes when the contracts are finally taken up—one a fine, delicate card for ladies' use, much smaller than that now in circulation and of much finer quality. Fine calendered paper will be substituted for the old bluff blotting-paper. An intermediate card of the same size as the one now in use will be introduced that can be used for business purposes, and will be large enough to allow a bill-head to be printed there on, besides the other matter. It is well known also that Mr. Wanamaker is in favor of cheap postage. He takes a practical view of the matter, however, and proposes that the reduction be made so that a half-ounce parcel could be carried for one cent, still retaining the present rate of two cents for a full ounce.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Examine into your own shortcomings rather than those of others.

"All the world's a stage," and there are lots of bad actors on it.

Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more.

The ups and downs of life are better than being down all the time.

It is paradoxical and yet true that sickness often lurks in well water.

As certainly as your Master's love is in you, His work will be upon you.

After you have learned to think, the fewer books you read the better.

Society is like a pie—the upper crust, the lower crust and the best part.

The faith cure will not cure love. Want of faith is the thing for it.

Curses are like professions; they return to the place from whence they came.

What we believe is right is more often so because it grinds our ax than otherwise.

Never did any soul do good but it came readier to do the same again with more enjoyment.

There is nothing like settling with ourselves, as there is a deal we must do without in this life.

Nothing is so contagious as example; we are never either much good or much evil without imitators.

Seneca said the manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.

The life of a true man cannot be a life of mere pleasure; it must be, above all things, a life of duty.

Coolness, and absence of heat and haste, indicate fine qualities; a gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul!

One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world, is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.

Words are spiritual forces, angels of blessing or of cursing. Unuttered, we control them; uttered, they control us.

Thou may'st as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.

This thought and digestion that makes books serviceable, and gives health and vigor to the mind.

The neglect of the habit of accuracy seriously limits a man's personal influence and also his personal enjoyment.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders are the harbinger of victory.

What the ideals of the past have done for the present, those of the present are now doing and will continue to do for the future.

No joys are always sweet, and flourish long, but such as have self-approbation for their root, and the Divine favor for their shelter.

It is a wrong use of your understanding to make it a rule and measure of another man's; a use which it is neither fit nor capable of.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweeter of toil and the souter of disquietude.

Don't borrow trouble for the future. Half of the unhappiness in the world is caused by worrying over things which never happen. "Never cross a bridge before you come to it."

Avoid all exaggeration. Be honest and modest in all your observations. Some men live in a kind of mental telescope through whose magnifying medium every mouse is turned into an elephant.

An obstinate, willful child should be commanded and forbidden less than one more yielding, while they are very young; it is never wise to arouse obstinacy.

The adversaries of a good cause are like men who strike at the coals of a large fire; they scatter the coals and propagate the fire.

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Character is proof against the scoffings of ridicule, and the consciousness of doing right takes the sting out of the most venomous jest.

Unhappiness is the call of God. We can only become holy through adversity. It was the exaggeration of this truth which led the old saints to inflict tortures on themselves.

Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and following that which conduces the most surely to our lasting happiness and glory.

Let boys be instructed in all the designs of nature and they will be improved in morals, and learn to love animals instead of throwing stones at them.

Prejudices, it is well known, are most difficult to eradicate from the heart whose soil has never been loosened or fertilized by education; they grow there firm as weeds among rocks.

As one man that runneth in haste and leatheth over a fence may fall into a pit which he doth not see, so is a man that plungeth suddenly into an action before he hath considered the consequences thereof.

When we are in the company of sensible men we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things, their good opinion and our own improvement, for what we have to say we know not, but what they have to say we know not.

The great lack of many excellent people is energy, determination, and moral earnestness. They are quiescent. They do not act, though sometimes they may be acted upon. They move only as some one moves them. They are not centres of power and energy.