

MARGUERITE.

A LIFE SKETCH BY ISABEL STROUT.

Marguerite was the eldest daughter of a clergyman whose flock was gently tending by the green meadows and the rippling waters of a sweet suburban hamlet.

From those soft brown eyes there shone that kindly sympathetic light which is its own interpreter. Although her years could scarce be counted by a score she had been initiated into the membership of the great society of sufferers.

How exquisitely thoughtful for the comfort of those about her. The poor mother, weary and faint from a night of anxious watching was made aware of an early visit by the reality of a refreshing repast.

I cannot forbear a smile as I recall her penchant for dispensing gifts upon every conceivable occasion, whenever the merest shadow of an available excuse presented itself.

Would that all our little eccentricities were as delightful as that of Marguerite's. Even her faults, arising, as they did, from the ardour of her nature, quickness of temper, and an abhorrence of any kind of restraint, only endeared her to us all.

But when nature had tenderly buried her dead leaves, and covered them with their fleecy shroud, spun from the treasures of her snow-flakes, when the "foam flowers" of winter were all in blossom; then love, that comes to all, came to Marguerite. And in the fulness of her gentle heart she poured forth the treasure of that love, even the sweet incense which, all unseemly, had silently distilled in the chalice of her soul from the fragrant blossoms of a self-sacrificing life.

But when the tiny leaves burst forth from their hiding-places, like a troop of merry dancing children mad with the new wine of life's pure delight; when nature's robe was fringed with spring beauties—timid violets, chaste blood-root, hepaticas, adder tongue, and all the sweet vows of budding life; then sorrow, that comes to all, came to Marguerite, and the pure lucent flame of joy went out.

How sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong. These about her felt, rather than saw, the change which had so intensified her character. The child-like Marguerite had developed into a loyal, true-hearted woman.

IN THE SICK ROOM.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

There is a peculiar knack, as one might call it, in waiting upon the sick. In some it is a gift, an intuitive aptitude, which others only acquire by experience. No one is so quick to detect the want of appetite as the sufferer, and if the latter has taken a dislike to the nurse it is better for her to retire until the aversion has dissipated itself.

The dislike may be but a whimsical fancy, and yet it is as injurious as if based upon abundant cause. The hand of one watching, trying gently with the hair of the sick one, will woo to slumber with its soothing touch; the hand of another may irritate and induce increased wakefulness.

The mother generally, knows through experience, how to nurse her sick daughter; but very often the daughter does not know how to nurse her sick mother. The yearning sympathy and the earnest desire may be present, but that is not enough, although the strong, healthy girl is apt to think it is. She fails for want of method and a knowledge of what is essential—of what ought to be done and how it ought to be done.

RED CROSS ARMY.

CLARA BARTON'S AID TO THE DESTITUTE FROM Famine, FLOOD AND FAMINE.

The Story of Miss Barton's Career.

In the hour of public calamity and national disaster the noble workers of the Red Cross Association stand out silhouetted in bold relief against the clouds of suffering by war, fire, flood or famine. They have just been before the public eye laboring without rest for the homeless Johnstown sufferers, and the name of Clara Barton, the leading spirit of the colony of nurses encamped in the mists of the Conemaugh Valley, is worshipped by the afflicted community and welcomed like an angel sent from heaven.

Those who have chanced to be at hand while the Red Cross nurses were ministering to the wounded or dying on a battlefield, or who were held in quarantine during the recent yellow-fever epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla., will need no recounting of the work of the society to tell them how the nurses noiselessly perform their errands of mercy. The Johnstown sufferers happily enjoyed the attention of the young women of the Red Cross, Miss Barton, the president, was in charge, and directed the movements of her assistants. In all sections of Europe Miss Barton's ministering hand has been felt.

This woman, of whom Sumner once wrote: "She has the talent of a statesman, the command of a general, and the heart and hand of a woman," recognized that from our geographical position and isolation we are far less liable to the disturbances of war than the nations of Europe; and also that no country is more subject to overpowering National calamities, plagues, famine, fire, floods, drought, and disastrous storms, than are we.

No medicine is so beneficial to the sick as fresh air. It is the most reviving of all cordials if administered with prudence. Doors and windows should not be thrown open suddenly or at random. Fresh air should be let into the room gradually, and, if possible, by opening the windows of an adjoining apartment. If the windows of the patient's room cannot be opened, a good plan is to swing the door quickly backwards and forwards.

Muslin rags soaked in aromatic vinegar, and suspended near the door, so as to be agitated by the draught, will prevent unpleasant smells and purify the air. Rags dipped in chloride of lime, and suspended across the room on a cord are a disinfectant in cases of fever.

There are books of instruction for nurses, but as they may not be within the reach of every young girl, it will be well for her to remember the practical hints herein given.

RECIPES.

SPANISH DISHES.

Red Sauce Piquante for Fish.—Pound into a paste a little garlic and two red capsicums which have been softened by steeping them for half a minute in boiling water.

Fresh Cod with Saffron Sauce.—Put into a saucepan a teaspoonful of oil, some salt, chopped parsley, chopped garlic, a blade of saffron, a pinch of flour and the piece of a lemon; let it all slightly brown, stirring all the time. Then add the fish in pieces and stir it while cooking. When the fish is browned on one side, turn it to the other. Moisten with hot water, give it one boil up and serve.

Ribs of Mutton "a la Mallorquina."—Trim neatly a piece of the ribs of mutton, and part each rib without actually separating them. Put a small piece of butter on a baking tin and on that the ribs, which must then be cooked in a quick oven. When done, place between each rib a small ball of butter mixed with various herbs or pounded anchovies and a little lemon juice.

Couffeur com Tomatos (Cauliflower with Tomato Sauce).—Select small close cauliflowers, and after boiling them in the usual way, drain them thoroughly and place them on a hot dish. Then pour over them, covering them completely, a well-made, well-seasoned tomato sauce. They should be well arranged on the dish, side by side, with the heads upwards. Serve very hot.

Boronia—Farce of Aubergines (Fruit of the Egg Plant).—Heat about a tea-spoonful of good olive oil with some minced garlic; take out the garlic and slightly cook one or two aubergines in the oil. They must be previously peeled and cut in dice; put in the oil with them, some powdered all-spice, and a blade of saffron. Add some pumpkin cut in dice, and the pulp of two or three tomatoes, moisten with a little hot water, and salt it to taste. Have ready sufficient crumbled bread mixed with salt and a few cummin seeds, to make a puree of the whole; put it into the pan with the other ingredients and let the whole simmer for about a quarter of an hour. Serve at once.

Cebollas rellenas (Stuffed Onions). Tomatos rellenos (Stuffed Tomatoes).—Take either tomatoes or large onions (Spanish), cut them into halves, and hollow out the centre; make a forcemeat with whatever cold meat, poultry or game may be at hand, with the addition of ham or tongue, a little onion, fine herbs and crumbs of bread. Use a beaten egg to bind it and make it into balls, with which fill up the centres of the onions or tomatoes and let them stew gently in stock. Before serving, pass a salamander over them.

WHITECHAPEL BY NIGHT.

LORRIBLE SCENES OF MISERY AND KIBALDRY.

A Waste of Wickedness in London.

"There goes Jack the Ripper." It was not a cry of alarm that was heard on the Whitechapel pavement, yet it was a woman's cry, the gin-voiced shout of a young girl who ambled along the sidewalk in dragged skirts, with a tattered shawl over her shoulders, her greasy, scraggy hair uncovered, her face bloated, her eyes blind, a creature horrible to look upon. The cry she uttered was meant in jest. It was her idea of fun, and was taken up by a group of her kind, all shouting after a respectable stranger who had come to Whitechapel for curiosity's sake.

He knew her well. Redding Cape was known far and wide in the mountain country around Hillsborough as a butcher. No killing could properly take place unless Cape was there. He was tall, powerful, red-haired and cross-eyed. His perennial costume was a red flannel shirt and a pair of butternut pants tucked into the tops of enormous rawhide boots. His wife was nearly as tall and heavy as himself.

One spring she experienced religion and with some fifty others of both sexes went down to the branch pond for baptism. The minister was short and undersized, but he got along all right until he came to Sis. Cape. They waded out into the water hand in hand until she was up to her waist, while the parson was up to his neck and almost floating off his feet.

The minister went through the usual formula, wound up with "I baptize you, Sister Cape, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost," and made an effort to duck the convert. She stood like a rock, but the pastor missed his footing and got a mouthful of water.

Again he essayed it. "Sister Cape, when I say the word you must let yourself fall back into the water and not resist." But the good woman glanced over her shoulder, and didn't like the looks of the pond. When the word came she stood like a telegraph pole, while the minister nearly drowned himself in his endeavors to have her properly immersed. The crowd on the bank got considerably worked up.

Redding Cape was a silent witness of the contumely which his wife was bringing upon his good name. At the last failure he strode violently into the pond, plump, plump, plump. Reaching alongside the couple he caught his wife by the neck and wrist and growled out: "Give the word when you are ready pastor; she's hard fur ter throw."

—Washington Post.

Antics of an Educated Alligator in Florida.

A few weeks ago mention was made of an alligator about four feet long that had been captured by Dan Warner on the sidewalk in the most thickly settled portion of our city. Dan felt as soon as he saw the young saurian that it possessed unusual intelligence, and set about to teach him. It is perfectly wonderful the progress "John"—he has been christened John—has made. The bake-shop is to him a revelation. He will, after the bread has been taken from the pans, take the utensils and pile them them in the corner as neatly as a boy could do it. The first trick he learned was to stand on his tail and hind feet. It is pathetic to see him as he assumes the position and crosses his fore feet over his breast, awaiting the loaf which is given him as a reward for his skill. He is very fond of cider. Schmidt & Warner have found it necessary to place the barrel beyond his reach, as he has half a dozen times turned the faucet.—Lake Region.

A Noted Editor.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of the Light of Asia, is also the editor of the London Daily Telegraph. He rarely goes to the office of that journal, however, and does all his editorial writing at home. He is most methodical and practical as regards his work and takes no poetical license with office hours or office requirements, and is so regular in his methods and so punctual, that his paper can depend implicitly upon a certain amount of copy from his pen daily, and could almost be made up in safety with just so much blank space left for Sir Edwin to fill, in time for press. He never signs an article, but stamps it ineffaceably with his individual style, and although he has written over eight thousand editorials, it is avowed by Londoners that he could be recognized by any single one of them. His wife was an American, gifted and charming, and since her death, Sir Edwin has retired from society and accepts no invitations.

Jewelry of Low-Class Chinese.

A traveler says: "The only ornaments worn by the Chinese of the lower or laundrymen class is a wristlet, a polished translucent ring of white or greenish stone, just large enough to slip over the hand. They are quite expensive, ranging from \$3 for an inferior dull white specimen to \$50 for the green rings that are most highly prized. They must be entirely free from imperfections and emit a clear, sonorous ring when struck a light blow.

"Some Chinese never remove them from their wrists, thinking that they give increased strength to the arm, and specimens dug from graves are most valued, as they are believed to be especially efficacious in warding off evil spirits."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Error is near sighted.

Ignorance is stone-blind.

A mean man is never happy.

Nothing is eternal that can be seen.

The wheels of fate turn only one way.

The soul has more diseases than the body.

All must respect those who respect them eyes.

Those who command themselves command others.

A dandy never yet fell in love—only with himself.

Repentance should be the effect of love, not fear.

Faith and curiosity are the gin-cock-tails of success.

No gift can make rich those who are poor in wisdom.

Goodness is just as much of a study as mathematics is.

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft hands.

Caution and curiosity are the privy counsellors of truth.

Paganism strengthens the strong by weakening the feeble.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal line between duty and desire.

Good character's property. It is the noblest of all possessions.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

Revenge sometimes sleeps, but vanity always keeps one eye open.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is a hero in faith.

Christianity strengthens the weak at the expense of the strong.

Those folks who expect to fall in an enterprise meet generally do.

The worst slaves are those that are constantly serving their passions.

Things that we can't do wouldn't be of any use to us if we could do them.

There are some things that can't be counterfeited—a blush is one of them.

Many of the shadows that cross our path in life are caused by standing in our own light.

Advice is a most useless thing—a wise man doesn't need it, and a fool won't have it.

Be gentle. The sea is kept in check, not by a wall of trick, but by a beach of sand.

All that is due to us will be paid, although not always by those to whom we have lent.

Take the humbug out of this world, and you won't have much left to do business with.

We are always looking ahead, and that is the way to look; if the man at the wheel looks back he will soon teach his wheel.

The man who contradicts is very disagreeable company—particularly when you happen to be in the wrong and he is in the right.

Wisdom is magnified common sense.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the motto of all quarrels.

Every bare occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.

The man who believes nothing is nothing.

Love is free, but it takes money to keep house.

The easiest thing to believe is a pleasing lie about ourselves.

Fame is a shining garment, but it soon wears out at the elbows.

People who try to be funny do exactly what they try to do. They try.

Diamonds please the eye, but nobody ever gets fat by looking at them.

No man can oppress the weak without killing something good in himself.

The right kind of success is the kind that blesses every thing it touches.

People who never have anything to overcome never amount to very much.

The spider and the honey bee can not agree as to what the flowers were made for.

You can do more good with a kind word than you can with a silver dollar.

Those who have not suffered for love do not know very much about the meaning of the word.

The father did not fall upon the prodigal son's back, as the boy thought he deserved, but upon his neck.

If we could only get up high enough to look into the hearts of our enemies, compassion would take the place of enmity.

There never was a cheeky man who did not think native modesty his distinguishing characteristic.

No man ever won great battles who did not fight under some kind of a flag that meant something.

Above all things always speak the truth; your word must be your bond through life.

Next to laziness the hardest thing on earth to resist is the impulse to take sides in a fight.

We swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter.

Let your aims-giving be anonymous. It has the double advantage of suppressing at the same time ingratitude and abuse.

Whatever else may be wrong, it must be right to be pure, just and tender, merciful and honest.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.

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Yes, they sported with the assassin's name to-night here in horrible Whitechapel, and I heard women in the gin shops drinking to the murderer's health. They were merry in their cups according to their ideas of merriment, and they flaunted out upon the street, some laughing at the murderer's name, some venting incoherent defiance. To-night was a typical Saturday night in Whitechapel. The East end seemed to have turned its million people into the broad highway and the principal byways.

I went all through Whitechapel tonight, far from the garish high road to the back alleys, and the stuffy, dingy courts. Narrow and crooked and dark were the streets. There may have been a thousand policemen lurking in dark corners, but for ten minutes at a time I did not see one, and I went into places so lonely and wretched and gloomy that the sight of them almost made one's flesh creep. One does not go alone into Whitechapel byways after dark, and we were glad to get away from the horrible slums that seemed to have been designed for murder. It is very easy, altogether too easy, to lose one's way in these East end labyrinths, and the people one meets there are not likely to be friendly. They are burly ruffians, foul-mouthed women, evil-looking beggars, cut-throats, pick-pockets, rascals of all nationalities. At every turning you hear sounds of fighting; you hear oaths and shrieks and blows and ribald songs and drunken brawls; you see humanity of all ages, all in rags, but, saddest of all sights, are the children. There must be more children in proportion to the population in Whitechapel than anywhere else in the world. They swarm everywhere; they seem to get into the streets as soon as they are born, and as soon as they can talk they brawl and swear and lie, and then it is only a step to stealing, and the whole catalogue of crimes. It has been warm to-night in Whitechapel, and everybody who could do so got into the streets for air, or for what passes for air in the over-populated East end.

I am sure Whitechapel was never more horrible than it is tonight. All its wretchedness and villainy and brutality came forth, sickening to look at, deafening to hear, depressing to think of, and then, perhaps, Jack the Ripper was prowling among the crowds, with his knife sharpened and ready.

ARTHUR WARREN.

Penmanship at the Vatican.

Autotype machines have just been served out for the first time to some of the copying clerks at the Vatican; but (according to a Continental correspondent) they are only to be used for the roughest kind of proof-work, which has to be done in a hurry. The Pope dislikes the innovation, for he is anxious—and rightly so—not to break up the admirable school of penmanship which flourishes at the Vatican. There is no such writing in the world as that which is seen on the documents sent out by the Curia. All the copying clerks of the first rank are priests and monks, and many of them real artists in calligraphy. They are allowed to exercise their fancy in the tracing of illuminated capitals and ornamental rubrics or margins; but there must not be a single erasure on a page which has to be issued in the Pope's name. A misplaced comma causes a whole page to be re-written.

A Million at Twenty-Seven.

The career of DeWitt J. Sellman, the editor and proprietor of the New York "Epoch," is one which has a few parallels in the annals of literature. When twenty-seven years old he withdrew from Wall street, after having made a fortune of nearly a million dollars, and is now devoting himself to journalism. It was after his marriage that Mr. Sellman took to study, entered Columbia College, and graduated with honors.

A Remarkable Old Man.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher easily carries off first honors as a Grand Old Man. Where will you find another like him, who, at 86 years of age, can stand the shock of being run over by a railroad train, suffer amputation at the knee joint, and then, in a few weeks, get upon crutches and walk about as if nothing had happened.

Whenever a woman asks one favor she expects to receive two, and is disappointed if she doesn't get them.