LEEBSMALL.

Babcock Harding Davis in N. Y. Independent.

We spent part of last summer among the Pennsylvania hills, in "The Bethlehems"—three ancient German villages, built closely together, which, in spite of the steel works and great polytechnic school established in their midst, have retained, more than almost any other American town, a quaint and foreign flavor.

One clear Sunday morning in June, when the church-bells were ringing and the gayly dressed German girls were trooping down the shady street, old Anny stood waiting for us at the door. Anny was a woman of whose early days ugly stories were told, but she was now a "bekaert," or convert. The poor old creature lived in a hut near the river, and was supported by charity. Her one occupation and pleasure was to go to church, where she always sat humbly in the back pew and dozed; most of the sermons and prayers, I suspect, being quite out of her reach.

There was a peculiar, friendly significance in her wrinkled face to-day.

"Gaiebt du helt in der Leebsmail?" she asked, in the queer dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

"No. We are going to church. What is the Leebsmail?"

She explained that it was a love-feast of the Moravians, and that they had many Leebsmails in June; one for the "great girls," and this one to-day, which was held by all those who wished to send missionaries out the Western frontier.

"But they will not admit us. We are not Moravians," we said.

"Ach! das machts nicts. Die door ist offen to alle kinner des Yasus (children of Jesus). Ya, sell ist alles!" she exclaimed, devoutly.

The feast was held in the afternoon. A wealthy neighbor, the head of a leading Moravian family, repeated Anny's invitation. The meal, she told us, was not held sacred like the Lord's supper, only in so far as it expressed the brotherhood and equality in Christ of all who joined in it.

That afternoon, therefore, we walked down the steep, slate paved streets to the square occupied by the Moravian churches and schools. Here, nearly a century and a half ago, their bishop, Nitschmann, built a hut in the unbroken wilderness, and began the work of teaching the Indians. We passed a queer quadrangle with a mossy sundial in the middle, about which rise the massive stone buildings erected by the United Brethren. They are strengthened by huge buttresses and were apparently intended to last as long as the hills on which they stand. Here are the Schwester and Bruder houses, with their long, bare corridors and exquisitely clean little apartments in which the holy Moravians once lived apart in conventual seclusion, and the Gemein house, which was given up to the few married folk.

From one of these ancient gray buildings, a little bent figure flitted now out into the sunshine. It was an old woman who had given all the strength of her life to mission work in Africa and India. Now, in the helpless ness of her great age, the church had opened this quiet retreat for her in which to await the last from her master.

She crept on slowly, step by step, keeping in the hot sunlight to warm her chilled blood. Death had the poor old woman almost altogether in his clutch; her legs were palsied and shriveled. But out of the wrinkles her eyes still looked with noble meanings They told of nameless hardships, of indomitable patience. They belittled these comfortable, well fed lives of ours.

I noticed that the men and women who passed, looked after the little black figure creeping along by the wall to the church as the stiff necked Jews of old probably did on their prophets, who lived on locusts and wild honey and wore leathern girdles. They did not understand them: they did not mean to be like them. But their own chances for Heaven, somehow, were better because of these few holy people in the world.

[illegible] street from her dirty little self and fare same old Anny, bleary-eyed and ragged, under the [illegible] feast. Her life had no noble meanings; her brain was cloudy; her ideas few. The clearest of them was that even she was one of the "Kinner des Yasus;" that he had called her by name, as he had called that other Magdalene long ago.

The church is a large, square building, with the straight pulpit and choir loft common in the early part of this century. One or two pots of roses stood on a table in the chancel, and beside it sat two or three ministers. The people came in groups, with a pleased look of expectation on their faces. They took their seats indiscriminately, and did not hesitate to smile or whisper, or to exchange a hearty hand-shake. Our well-to-do neighbor drove to the door in her carriage, and came in rustling in a stiff silk; but she sat in the back pew beside Anny, who, for once, was wide-awake.

There were other richly dressed matrons, and many a lean, stooped mother, in her one good gown, who had stopped work for this one restful hour of the week. There were stout, sharp-featured business men. Horst, the millionaire mill-owner, and meek little Jacob, the barber; there were young girls with soft, peachy cheeks, and old missionaries who had starved and preached for sixty years; there were a few carefully gloved and cravatted young men, and many little children with smiling baby faces.

The service was almost wholly choral, the people joining in the hymns and chants with German fervor. Outside the trees rustled in the sunshine, and the fresh wind carried the fragrance of the gardens filled with roses and syringas into the church. There was a prayer, fervent but short, for this was a meeting for the pledging of brotherhood not for worship. Then a missionary (every Moravian aspires to be a missionary, at home or abroad) told of the need of men at the Western frontier to preach Christ alongside of the drinking saloon and gambling hell—the first out-posts of civilization planted by the white man.

When he had finished there was a pleasant little stir of expectation, and then profound silence. Eight or ten gray-haired men entered and as many sweet-faced plump matrons, each wearing a little kerchief of lace on her head and a white lawn apron; these are the last remains of the old Moravian costume. They all carried baskets of light sweet rolls, of which each person from the ministers to the children in the congregation took one. Going out, the servers returned with trays full of mugs of hot coffee which were distributed in the same way. The choir chanted solemnly.

"'I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,
Thus saith the Lord,' to all around;
O may we in grace and in number increasing,
In faith, which works by love, abound:
Upon Thy grace founded immovably,
And rooted and grounded in love to Thee:
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and behavior
To others of life unto life prove a savior.

The simple feast was eaten gravely, in perfect silence, with a certain sweet sincerity of brotherly good feeling, that was profoundly real and touching.

Then the cups and baskets were quietly removed, the organ pealed forth, and every voice joined in a hymn of thanksgiving.

The benediction was given, and we all came out into the shady street again. The sun was low behind the hills, the dew was beginning to fall on the sweet peas and tiger lilies in the little gardens. Old Anny hobbled away alone to her cabin. She might not understand the sermons that she heard, but she did understand that these good respectable people had recognized her poor endeavor to do right, and had eaten and drunken with her as a sister.

The aged saint too crept back to her cell to wait the summons. "Friend, come up higher." The young men and pretty girls strayed away together. The jaded women went back to their weary housework, the children ran again to their play. But even the least child there had been taught that there is no social distinction before God, that the rich and the poor stand on one level together as "children of Jesus."

Shaming Debtors Into Payment

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Installment collector of unpaid bills" This inscription was painted in bold white letters on both sides of a carriage that stopped in front of an up-town house yesterday. It was a novel device, originating with a collector whose idea was to shame delinquents into paying their bills. He rang the bell of the house, and when a woman appeared he asked a question, with an expression of determination on his face. She shook her head, indicating that she was not prepared to settle her bill. "Well," said he, "I'll have to drive around again." Woman-like she located after him as he was departing, and her eyes fell on the carriage with its grim-grave inscription. Her face paled with indignation, and she could hardly suppress her wrath as she beckoned to the collector to come back. He returned, and she evidently [illegible] her account, for he erased something [illegible] with a broad smile on his face, and [illegible] the door of conveyance and drove off. As the sound of the wheels died away the door closed with a bang, and an echo that floated out on the stillness sounded like "The mean thing!"

Women and Men.

From the Baltimore Sun.

In a recent article Dr. Romanes stated that women could read and memorize a page of a book much more rapidly than men, from which he argued that the latter are inferior to women in quickness of perception. The learned doctor mentions one lady who could read exactly four times as fast as her husband, and could then give a better account of what the husband had read than he could himself. Some highly distinguished men, he adds, were his slowest readers. There will perhaps, be general assent to the proposition that a woman notes, reates and dismisses from consideration twice the number of things in half the time a man could. The nicety of her discrimination in doing so, the *Epoch*, however, dares to call in question. "An extraordinary blunder," says the *Epoch*, "is committed by Dr. Romanes in crediting women with a greater refinement and higher evolution of the sense organs." The reverse, our hardly contemporary maintains, "is most emphatically true." The epoch then proceeds to charge womankind with being more tolerant than men of coarse perfumes like musk, "because their sense of smell is less acute and refined than man's." Experiments made by two professors of a Kansas university are quoted to show that "the sense of smell is in general much more delicate in the case of male than female observers." It was found that men could distinguish an odor which had to be doubled or quintupled in strength before women could detect it. The sense of taste is better in men also. Female epicures are rare, and the best cooks are men. Tea-tasters are always men, and so, it may be added, are wool-sorters, piano-tuners and the subtlest and greatest colorists. There are many excellent female singers and violinists, the *Epoch* feels constrained to admit, but it contends that men can distinguish small fractions of semi-tones better than women. Dr. Romanes, while conceding that "in matters of artistic and literary criticism we turn instinctively to the judgment of men," yet holds stoutly to the prevalent view that "feminine taste is good in regard to the smaller matters of everyday life." But the ungallant *Epoch* questions even this. "If we look," it says, "at the average woman's willingness to accept such fashionable monstrosities as Hottentot bustles, hoop-skirts, deforming wasp-waist corsets and ugly high hats, trimmed with stuffed corpses of innocent birds, we feel tempted to doubt the prevalence of æsthetic taste among women." The inartistic finish of the coloring of the faces of those whose deficient taste leads them to "paint" is also sometimes cited as proof of inability to make good use of a bad thing. The *Epoch* is disposed, therefore, to agree with Theophile Gautier that "women have the sense of fashion, but not the sense of beauty." The moral our contemporary has in view in its ungallant observations is that women being still "so far from perfection in what has always been regarded as their proper sphere," their champions are completely astray when they demand for them "the privilege of sharing man's labor in politics, business and the professions." With some qualifications the conclusion may be accepted; there is plenty of occupation for woman in her present sphere if its duties are rightly performed. A broader comprehension of her present task would show it to be fully as important and honorable as any other. The disposition to alter the existing division of labor arises from an imperfect comprehension of its value. Woman, the *Epoch* holds, should endeavor to educate her senses, her æsthetic taste, her emotions and judgment, with the object of improvement within the domestic sphere. It is thus she will best serve others and render her own life happy. In education the mental and emotional qualities that distinguish the feminine from the masculine intellect should be cultivated rather than obscured. They are not defects but charms, and constitute woman's [illegible] irresistible source of influence over man.

BACK AT HOME.

A Humorist's Troubles Upon Returning From a Sojourn in the Mountains.

Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

It is indeed pleasant to settle down to housekeeping again after a few years of life in every sort of a hostlery, from an open face camp in the Adirondacks to a New York hotel. There are so many surprises in store for one, when one takes one's Lares and Penates, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, from the dark solitude of the gloomy storeroom in which they have passed a few years in sentiment and reflection. You think of so many more things than you say, as you unpack the barrels of hammered china and crackle ware. All our china is real hammered, and all our crystal is the genuine crackle. Some of our fragile ware I hammered myself, some the truckman hammered, and some was hammered when the cask fell down the elevator well at the store room. I am a fair to middling light-weight packer, but I am not a genius. Consequently, it never occurred to me when I packed a bale of pressed hay around one tumbler to pack against the contingency of a fall of six stories. But then, I never stored before, and I knew not the ways of the storage warehouse. I do now. If ever I store again—but—excuse these tears. I have now nothing to store. Nothing save only one stove leg. And it doesn't belong to me. It got mixed up with my things in the warehouse. But it is whole; hasn't a crack or flaw in it, and so I will keep it. I have no earthly use for it, but it does my soul good to see something whole about the new house besides the ones I made in the wall hunting for a hidden scantling with a hammer and a picture nail. I found a scantling once. Probed for it with a gimlet until I got hold of it. Then I went into the next room for a hammer and a picture nail. When I came back, if somebody hadn't moved the scantling, I am a heathen from Nowgong. I haven't time to chase a scantling all around the house. So I drove the nail into the lath and hung the picture. I am now one picture short in that room, but I plastered the hole in the wall so neatly, you can't see where it happened.

So many little things turn up as you uncover your long hidden treasures. I hear my sister weeping in the next room over one them now. She brings her piteous face into my lair and says, in a tone of a woman who is aweary of life, "I have found another moth." I say: "Why you found six yesterday; what do you want with another?" She goes away wringing her hands. I suppose she found this one to bring the count up to the perfect number. Why do women—God bless them—go about hunting for things they don't want to find?

Only the other day while I was writing an "Ode to Washington," and was trying to think of a rhyme for hatchet, she called me down stairs. She said: "I believe there is something alive in that barrel." I said in my native language, which always comes back to me in moments of anger. "A-w-w-w." The idiom is untranslatable. Only men who have used it know what it means; to all others it is the unknowable. I stood on my head in that barrel to grasp at the straw and crush her idle fears, and may I never see the penitentiary, if a procession of starving mice didn't stampede up my back and jump off my waving legs. I did not come out of that barrel so hastily as you might suppose. My intention was to come out rather abruptly, but I checked it. A nail a foot long, which ran into my back eighteen inches, helped me to pause. They had to knock the other head of the barrel in, and let me crawl out that way. I am now a teetotaller, but I had a nail that day that, for staying qualities, beat any "neat licker" that ever introduced fallen man to the jaunes jambs.

Interesting Story of a Ring.

Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning a whitefish last week, and in the larger intestines of the fish he found a diamond ring. The ring had engraved upon its inner surface "J. A. S., Chicago, '69." Busby forwarded the ring to the chief of police in that city. Last Wednesday Mrs. Julia A. Lennox, of No. 12 Lennox place, Chicago, identified and recovered the ring. She tells an interesting story of its loss. In 1869 she, as Miss Bennett, became engaged to Mr. Lennox, and he gave her this diamond ring, for which he paid $450.

Upon their bridal trip in 1871 Mrs. Lennox lost this ring; while she was washing her hands in the toilet room of the Pullman car the ring slipped from her finger and dropped through the water pipe. As the train happened to be crossing the bridge over the St. Lawrence river, near Montreal, just at that time, the bereaved bride had no hope of recovering the ring. There are no white fish in the St. Lawrence. The theory is that a small fish seized upon the ring, while cruising about the lakes, fell a prey to the white fish in which the long-lost ring was discovered. Giles Busby, the Toledo fishmonger, received from Mr. Lennox a check for $10 for his honesty.

DRIFT.

Have you ever listened, on a hot, midsummer day, to the strange concert of varied sounds that crowd the air? I don't mean the definite, particular sounds that singly strike the ear; but rather that vague, incessant, commingling of a thousand notes, that falls upon the sense like one vast chord, a deep hum or murmur, a cloud of sound, as it were. Ordinarily it does not enter the consciousness. Our hearing has become hardened to it, as of the ticking of the clock, makes no note of it because of its constancy. It takes an effort of attention to notice it. In the city this cloud of sound is more or less discordant, because mainly made up of human voices, or at least of notes struck by human invention. But out in the country, in the depths of the forest or on some lofty hill, where nature's voice alone is heard, the sound is a perfect and lovely harmony.

This seems to have struck one of the members of the Algonkin club during their camp at York Furnace this week. It is wonderful, by the way, how contact with nature seems to impart the universal rhythm of movement to body, soul and spirit, and to start even the thoughts of man in a kind of rhythmic flow. This impulse evidently was felt by the Algonkin who penned one night these verses, inspired by the sounds and sights heard by him:

AT YORK FURNACE.

Sitting in this mossy dell,
'Midst these ferns where fairies dwell,
Breathing summer's incense rare,
Wondrous sounds fill all the air.

Is't the coming of the dove,
Or the rustling leaves above?
'Tis perchance the insects' wing,
Or the gurgling of this spring!

Brooklet, squirrels, birds and trees
And the merry hum of bees—
All together strike the ear,
Tell us what we love to hear.

Of the days they softly sing,
When no axe was heard to ring,
When no plough as yet was known,
When free Nature reigned alone.

Here upon this soft green bed,
Next the rippling leaves o'erhead,
With the moonlight quivering through,
Painting all in mellowest hue.

Indian youths that tale would tell
Which a Hiawatha love so well;
Here their vows were sent aloft,
Here their sighs would mingle oft.

Spirit echoes still are heard
Of the lovers' burning word,
When the evening zephyrs blow
Through the pine boughs drooping low.

While the leaves of yonder bush
Every tell-tale blush
Glowing on the maiden's cheek,
As the word she heard him speak.

Some e'en hear—perhaps they're rash—
In the splashing wavelet's dash,
Lingering echoes of the kiss
Wherewith hure they sealed their bliss.

Whether this be true or not,
Certain 'tis that every spot
In this wooded, lovely nook refers his,
Memories which too soon must pass.

Every flower blooming bright,
Each gay warbler singing light,
Testifying seems to be
Of the myrth and joy once there.

When in gleeful dance and song
Youth and maiden tripped along,
Celebrating in their lays
Triumphs gained in war or chase.

Hark, the acorns' falling sound,
One by one upon the ground!—
Each the memory of a tear
Dropped by maids and mothers here.

And the pain and grief they bore
For their loved ones slain in war,
Quivered, like the evening breeze,
In the trembling maple trees.

Is't a wonder then we love
Neath these ancient trees to rove,
Listening to their tales of yore,
Tales of sights now seen no more?

Is't a wonder, when we hear
In each sound a ghost-voice near?
When each shadow that we see
Thus becomes reality?

Ah! we love to be alone
With the shades of ages gone,
In the living past to dwell,
Sitting in this mossy dell.

It is very plain that the muses were on a rampage at the Algonkin camp! For not only did the sights and sounds of the noble forest there inspire such effusions as the above; but the full moon also, never so wondrous fair and strangely potent as on the water or in the woods, put in her work. Probably homesickness lent its aid, and the two influences together must therefore be held responsible for the following production, the correct title of which some of my readers will probably ought to be "Moonshine." I am not sure but that I agree with them, so far as that is concerned; but yet I give the rhymster's own rhyme I must also give the title he himself chose, which is this:

LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

Behold yon shining silver canoe,
That floats through the sky's deep ocean of blue,
With a golden star to light all its way,
And guide it safe to the realms of day,
As it silently sails the dark night through!

My soul is embarked in that silver canoe,
And thou art the star so radiant and true,
The light of whose love ever shining and bright,
My own life's darkness turned into light:
The guide whom I'll follow my pilgrimage through!

If you can digest all that, such a big dose of camp poetry, and still endure more, I can't! Neither will I risk trying your endurance any further in this August weather!

UNCAS.

PRICKLY HEAT AND ITS CURE.

How to Treat This Affection Which is Now Rendering Many People Uncomfortable.

From the Journal of Health, Boston.

Prickly heat, or rather rash, is a common skin affection, characterized by minute red points or pimples. These are about the size of a pin head, and present a peculiarly annoying, prickling, tingling sensation, with more or less intense itching. This affection is common during heated terms, and is generally regarded as dependent upon a swollen condition of the sweat glands, from the excess of work put upon them. They being unable to meet the demands, their products are retained and the tissues around them become congested. The affection usually appears on the surface to which hot poultices or heat-producing agents have been applied. The cotton jacket commonly used in pneumonia almost always develops the heat-rash on the parts covered by it. In some cases the eruption is short-lived, and subsides after resting for a few hours. More often it lingers for several days, and then disappears, to be re-developed on the next exposure to excessive heat. If the itching which attends it is very great, generally the patient affected indulges in violent rubbing and scratching, and as a consequence, the disease known as eczema is developed. Says one eminent writer, a vast amount of eczema occurs every summer in this country from this cause, especially in children, whose tender skins are more easily excited by heat and other local irritants. Among the poorer classes, living in crowded tenements during the summer, where, in addition to the heat, bad air, improper food and insufficient care of the skin are to be counted as important elements of the disease, the skins of children often present much more severe forms of disorder, such as boils in great numbers over their whole surface, even large abscesses.

Mild and transient forms of prickly heat need little or no treatment. When the attack is severe and the itching is intolerable, it will be well for the patient to take a saline laxative, such as epsom salts or rochelle powder; a free action of the cathartics is desired. Cold sponge baths are agreeable; friction in the drying should be avoided. Relief is afforded by light clothing and the avoidance of exposure to heat. Hot drinks and excessive drinking and stimulants are forbidden. The diet should be bland and easily digestible. Animal food may properly be excluded, and fruits should be freely indulged in. External applications are of little use. It is advised by some that toilet or starch powder be dusted on the skin frequently during the day to absorb the perspiration.

Indian Servants for The Queen.

From the London Figaro.

The jubilee year has been marked by a curious addition to the Queen's household. Her majesty, acting on an impulse which cannot fail to further endear her to her Oriental subjects, has engaged two Indian servants, who arrived in this country unfortunately too late to take any part in the state ceremonial functions of the past month. To Dr. Tyler was [illegible] the responsible task of choosing the [illegible] and after due inquiry he selected [illegible] arrived in England a [illegible] ier of the pair is a Mo[illegible] homedan rejoicing in the name Mohammed Buksh, and he comes with an excellent character from the mistress he has just left, the queen mother of Dholepore, who only consented to give up a servant she had found especially useful at Dr. Tyler's particular request. Mohammed Buksh brought over with him a magnificent gold *chouri* as a jubilee present from the queen mother of Dholepore to the empress queen he is in future to serve. The other servant who has joined the royal household is a man who waited on the Prince of Wales during a portion of his Indian tour some years ago, and both he and Mohammed Buksh, when arrayed in their full native costume, will help considerably to add color and novelty to the royal pageants in which they will probably have to appear.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

When to Permit a Gentleman to Encircle Your Waste.

Should a young lady allow a gentleman whom she is well acquainted with to place his arm around her waist while walking home from a party, it being quite dark?

DEWDROP.

If he seeks your love honorably, says Emily Boulton, in the Toledo *Blade*, it will be time enough for you when you have accepted it to allow him to put his arm around you. If it is only a pastime such as young men frequently indulge in, then you certainly do not want to grant him a privilege like that. He may mean you no shadow of harm, but personal familiarity, founded upon no relation that makes it sacred, is always unsafe. Many a young girl would have saved herself a life time of agony had she steadfastly repelled these advances, however innocent at first their meaning.

There is nothing, my young friend, that you should guard so scrupulously as your own womanly delicacy. Brush the bloom off from a peach, rudely touch the waxen petals of a lily, and half of their beauty is gone. It is impossible for you, or any other woman to allow yourself to be caressed by your young men acquaintances without losing somewhat of that purity and modesty that you should wear always as a queen her robes of royalty. You will be sure then to preserve not only their respect, but what is of far more importance, that of self.

Nor need this preservation of personal dignity savor one whit of prudery. You can be just as bright, as merry and friendly while saying by your manner, should it be necessary, "hands off," as you can possibly be by permitting these sentimental demonstrations. They are not necessary to the good comradeship which is all that should exist or appear to exist between you and any masculine friend until you are sure that you possess the true and tender love of the one man who has made himself your heart's king, a love which holds you sacred, as every true man holds the woman he would make his wife and the mother of his children. And believe me, even if you are not yet certain that the prince loves you as you desire to be loved by him, he will not be any easier won should you yield to caresses prompted by a passing mood, but rather repelled from you, for it is human nature not to value what is easily or cheaply obtained.

A Surgical Chipmunk.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.

A curious instance of the instinct of some small animals in assisting nature to repair the damage done their anatomy by accident, was recently narrated to a *Bulletin* reporter by a well-known gentleman of this city. For some months a chipmunk has been one of the highly prized pets of the children of James Wainwright, who resides at 808 Taylor street. A few weeks ago the little animal, while at play, became entangled in a strand of thread and injured one of its fore feet. The injury was first noticed by the inflammation of the foot, when an examination disclosed the fact that a piece of thread was wound around the member and that the flesh was suppurating, Mr. Wainwright cut the thread off, but the suppuration continued and a few days afterward the flesh sloughed off and left the bones of the foot exposed. It was now that the little animal developed his wonderful knowledge of the science of surgery. With his sharp teeth he amputated the foot at what corresponds with the wrist joint. Several days passed, when it was discovered by the squirrel that his surgery was defective, and that not having made provision for a flap the flesh would not cover the bone. Again the little squirrel turned his attention to the wound, his first operation having proved a failure, and with his nose he turned back the flesh and made a fresh amputation of the bone, cutting it off above the extremity of the flesh, which was thus permitted to project beyond the bone This time the operation was successful: the overlapping flesh became healthy and soon healed over the bone, making as good a job as could have been performed by a surgeon. The various stages of the wound were carefully noted by the family of Mr. Wainwright, and although the chipmunk has now but three feet, it is as lively and healthy as ever.

The Cost of a Big War Ship.

From the London Times.

A return has been issued in the form of a Parliamentary paper containing tables showing the principal particulars of the original legends of the Imperieuse, Benbow, and Collingwood when the designs were completed, compared with the corresponding particulars of the vessels as finished, for explanations of any changes, with the authority therefor, together with the estimated and actual cost of the Imperieuse. The chief point of interest in this return is found in the statistics dealing with the estimated and actual cost of the Imperieuse. From them it appears that the original estimate was £454,821, and with value of masts, etc., and sea stores not provided for, contained at £13,832, this makes a total of £468,653. On the other hand the expenditure to September, 1886, the date of completion, amounted to £511,466, and the subsequent expenditure for alterations and making good defects after cruise, to £18,859—in all £91,672 more than the original estimate. The above figures do not include establishment and incidental expenses of the dockyards, nor the cost of the ship's armament.

Close Enough for the Purpose.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The colonel has contributed fifty cents at Decatur, a quarter of Birmingham, thirty cents at Verbena and thirty five at Bessemer—all for the "rebuilding of colored churches destroyed by cyclones," and when we got to Sheffield and an ancient darkey struck him again with the same old chestnut, he turned on the man with:

"See here! Where is that church?"

"'Bout ten miles from heah, sir."

"When did the cyclone hit it?"

"Las' September."

"I don't believe it! I believe you are lying to me! Now, then, will you tell the truth for half a dollar?"

"Y-yes, sah."

"Very well. Was that church building blown down by a cyclone or not? I want a straight and truthful answer."

"An' you'll gin me fo' bits!"

"Yes, I will; you only wanted two bits for the church, while here are four for the truth."

"Den, sah, I shall let de church slide an' stick to de troof an' hope fur de Lawd to forgin me! Dat sighclone jist missed de church by two inches, but I fought dat was clus 'nuff to collect a few dollars on!"

THE MAIDEN IN THE FRAME.

BALLADE

Right above the rocking chair
Hangs the portrait of a maid,
Who had sunny, golden hair
And a manner somewhat staid.
In the picture she's arrayed,
Not in print or calico,
But in silk, inclined to fade—
She who lived so long ago.

Dorothy was sweet and fair;
By her name that is conveyed,
To my mind, for I declare,
By a name I'm somewhat swayed.
When the day was done she played
On the spinet, soft and low,
Some old song or serenade—
She who lived so long ago.

You may be inclined to stare,
And to doubt it, I'm afraid,
When I say the maid up there,
With soft eyes and silken braid,
Long beneath the flowers has laid;
My own grandmamma, you know,
Who was quite a belle, they said—
She who lived so long ago.

ENVOI.

Grandpapa, I'm sure, displayed
Great good taste in wooing her, though
And his love she quite repaid—
She who lived so long ago.

—*Henry Tolcott Mills in Boston Globe.*

NARCISSA.

Narcissa's mother called on our telegraph manager one day to apply for a situation for her daughter. She explained that she came from Foxboro, was a widow, and had visited Providence to dispose of some butter and cheese. She said Narcissa had been "practicing in the Isolated Company's office," and added that "Mr. Van Shoot says she doose fus' rate." Something in the old lady's homely though sincere manner enlisted our manager's interest, and knowing that vacancies on the Insulated Line, recently established by Mr. Van Choat were few, owing to the limited number of offices, he told her mother that he thought perhaps Narcissa would do to succeed the retiring operator at Howgate.

"That will be clever," returned the mother. "I ain't never had no chance to go nowhere myself, and I want Narcissay to git some polish onto her by going away from hum a spell." So it was decided that Narcissa should come down next day, and if she passed a satisfactory examination, go up to Howgate at once. She dawned on us bright and early. I say dawned on us advisely, for she was "as pretty as little red shoes," and wherever she went likewise went sunshine. There were five of us in the American company's office, all young and single, and we were madly in love with her on sight. Oh! but she was pretty, and the little rogue seemed to be perfectly oblivious of it, too, which rendered her trebly bewitching. She was what the country people called bright, but she was by no means cultivated. While her speech ran less luxuriantly to negatives than her worthy mother's, it was faulty, and it was disturbing to say the least, to hear her ejaculate, "You don't say so," or "Dew tell," when we explained the *modus operandi* of transacting business in a large office. But whatever faults of culture were hers, she was a vision of delight viewed as a physical creation. Such bonny brown hair with a tinge of sunshine in it; such a chin; such teeth, and such a plump figure! It would have been sheer blindness not to have fallen in love with her. None of us suffered from impaired vision, and we became enamored with one accord. We read of damask cheeks in our maturer years, and instinctively think of the bloom of youth, lily white and pearl powder. We are apt moreover, to revive that overworked joke of Sheridan's, and observe cynically, "Yes, her color comes and goes, comes in the afternoon, and is gone in the morning." But no one who ever saw Narcissa, but would believe in a damask skin.

Her cheek was like a Catharine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

I am afraid as I grow older and more conscientious, that Narcissa was not an expert operator, but we made a report to the manager which secured her the Howgate office. He was not a Morse operator himself, and trusted us implicitly. I suppose that if by any chance she could have been retained at Providence, we should have agreed on a favorable verdict, whatever qualifications might have been requisite. To be sure, she made an "f" for a "w" and the "s" so prodigal with her dots, that if the surplus ones had been counted and checked against her, as I am told is now the practice on certain nameless lines, her salary would not have paid the tolls. But in our eyes those were but trifles in those glad years, and looking down into the pure depths of her violet eyes, I thought she was an angel, and I almost came to thing that "g k u" was an improvement on "t n k u," as she said it to Fred Ford who had just told her from the switch that she sent like a man. He blushed a little as she naively inquired how long he had read by sound. I am not sure but she said by pound; but I abated my admiration not one iota.

Oh! woman, woman, ye impale us on a lance as long as life! Had fate not willed it otherwise, we might detect the incipient shaft lurking beneath the smile that wreaths thy baby lips or see it darting towards us from the dancing eyes of maid or matron fair. As it is, we dangle near thee, always—pierced through the heart, yet all unconscious how and when ye dealt the painless blow which makes man thine forever! That was a long time ago, little Narcissa. I wonder where you are to-day, and I wonder, too, if you are as happy and contented as you were once sweet and winning! "The years are swindlers," says the singer, "they make us old before they make us good," but I hope you are not old, even though the years *have* crumbled beneath us sadly since that radiant day of meeting. Perchance, you are wafting lightnings somewhere in New England, but more likely you are married and have merry, romping children plucking at your gown to share their mother's smile. I trust that peace, prosperity and all good things surround you wherever you may be, and if you are as pretty as of old you must make happy even the placid mirror which reflects your sunny face.

Pardon the digression, my reader; but it is so natural to fall to musing that I could not help it. When you grow older and your brown locks or tresses are streaked with silver, and younger men and women are doing the courting, at which you are now so clever, you will find yourself indulging in retrospect just as I do. Narcissa's *debut* at Howgate was not marked by unusual brilliancy, but the distance from our city was short, and one of us was pretty sure to be with her during the better part of the day. Occasionally, to my regret, two of us were in attendance to do her work, and that was a state of things much to be deplored. Mornings and evenings, however, owing to the peculiarities of the railroad time table she was alone, and as she tumbled out our call and signed, the effect was demoralizing. The signal for Howgate was "Hw," and Narcissa favored extremely long dashes. The "H," generally came staggering in with moderate safety, but her manner of adding the "W," gave her call a weird, sad sound suggestive of a clime where the thermometer would be inadequate. Sometimes, in a fit of generosity with her dots, she rendered it "pell." But our periods of depression were only transient, for on seeing her we straightway forgot her infirmities of skill, and sat and feasted our eyes on surpassing beauty. Through one entire summer we vibrated between adoration of Narcissa and disenchantment, because of her peculiarities, telegraphic and otherwise.

Fred Ford, who was the oldest of us all, ceased his attentions one September day for personal reasons. He plumed himself on his accurate and finished sending. Visiting Narcissa in the afternoon he found a message undelivered, which he had sent in the morning. "This message was addressed to Miss Hasherman, not as you have it—to Miss Hasherman," said Fred. "That was the way you sent it," said Narcissa, demurely. "Oh! I dare say," returned Fred sarcastically. "Have you notified New York yet that you failed to find Miss Hasherman?" he inquired. "That would have disclosed the error." "No indeed," she replied carelessly, "the message is *paid*; I didn't fret myself about it." Fred was not entertaining in the interval to train time, and Narcissa, I fear, pouted a little. Fred regretted his quick temper afterward, I think. Narcissa had probably been told on good authority that money was the objective point in the telegraph business, and the message being prepaid she regarded it a small matter whether or not it was delivered. Fred used to say, sometimes, that he was going to make it up with her, but when the war broke out he went away suddenly, requesting me to tell Narcissa he sent her his love.

Ned Jones retired as an admirer along in October after attempting thirty-seven times, one day, to get the signature "A. H. Okie" to a station on Narcissa's wire. She was anxious to obtain circuit, and to her, in common with a great many of her sex "O. K." was the signal to claim it.

Poor Neddy! I think he loved Narcissa, but he was more fastidious than the rest of us, and he "died of a color in aesthetic pain," figuratively speaking, and relinquished her. Narcissa's orthography was defective, a point on which Billy Jackson was "more nice than wise," as she afterwards expressed it. In a note to him she spoke of "fenses" the "new mown grass" and invited him to "com down on Sunday and go gathering furns." Dear particular Jack! he couldn't stand it, and that Sabbath and many others he glided by without his giving his attention to the ferns at Howgate.

"It is no use, my boy," he said, gloomily: "she is a beauty and a darling, and I can endure her telegraphing, and all that, but when she attempts to foist her phonetic system of spelling on me, I won't have it. I am not a believer in phonetics and Narcissa is not for me. Woo her yourself, and win her. She may call you her 'dier' but *you* are a philosopher and don't strain at gnats, as you are fond of telling us."

Jack was a sad dog, and he went off laughing at me.

Thus out of the five only George Hunter and I remained staunch to the divinity at Howgate. We were sworn friends and had been for years, but we quarrelled about Narcissa, at last. It was on a dull December day that we proceeded into the suburbs to fight it out. We compromised on talking it over, and when we parted we had promised not to visit or write to Narcissa for six months. At the end of that time we were to compare notes and determine upon our [illegible] Before five, I became [illegible] wife, and I was assiduously besieging the heart of a lady operator, and she worked not at Howgate.

All of the old force deserted Providence within a year or two and Narcissa was left behind us. But she long since left Howgate and her successor was unable to tell me as were also her neighbors at Foxboro when I inquired whither she had gone. There are four sober going married men, however, who must always remember Narcissa as a vision of loveliness and in whose foolish old hearts there are sometimes longings to view once more her lovely girlish face. Fred Ford is one of those of whom Mr. Aldrich says:

"The long years come, but they
Come not again."

He was killed at Antietam and sleeps beneath the "unremembering grass," now waving where erstwhile the battle roared. We hoped once that he would return and marry Narcissa but that is past, and we can only invoke her image. We do that often and her bright piquant face illuminates and makes beautiful the rich and splendid past, until we become four very proud partners in a memory as sweet and witching as any evening breeze on which comes wafted the odor of mignonette.—*Walter P. Phillips in Electric Age.*

Save the Babies.

From the New York Herald.

It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. It is the last hot day that kills. Intense heat is cumulative, and the fierce sun of to-day is harder to bear than that of yesterday. This is so with strong men. It is still more so with children, and with babies even an added hour of extra heat is often fatal.

The St. John's guild sends out cargoes of babies three times a week. It costs two hundred and fifty dollars to send a thousand. This means that a life may be saved for a quarter of a dollar.

There are thousands of poor mothers who cannot afford to take their pining little ones on an excursion. To them such a thing is, however, often a matter of priceless moment. A day's draught of sea air may be to them the elixir of life. This is what the St. John's guild supplies, and supplies it, with some wholesome food added, for twenty five cents a head.

PLACE YOUR HAND IN MINE, WIFE.

'Tis five and twenty years to-day,
Since we were man and wife—
And that's a tidy slice, I say,
From anybody's life.
And if we want, in looking back,
To feel how time has flown,
There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
With whiskers of his own.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

It's not been all smooth sailing, wife—
Not always laughing May;
Sometimes it's been a weary strife
To keep the wolf away.
We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
We've often grieved and sighed;
One had the cost us many a tear:
Our little baby died.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

But, wife, your love along the road
Has cheered the roughest spell;
You've borne your half of every load,
And often mine as well.
I've rued full many a foolish thing
Ere well the step was ta'en;
But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring
And wed you o'er again.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand
That's working all along,
In ways we cannot understand,
Still bringing right from wrong
You've kept me brave and kept me true;
You've made me trust and pray;
My gentle evening star were you,
That blessed the close of day.
Place your hand in mine, wife—
We've loved each other true;
And still, in shade or shine, wife,
There's love to help us through.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

A Perilous Postponement.

To postpone, when the duty for immediate action is clear, is always unwise. Especially is it so when increasing ill health calls for a resort to medication. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are often of swift growth—always of fatal tendency if not combated at the outset. We have all several times of us who are not remarkably well instructed—heard something of the danger attending Bright's disease, diabetes and other diseases of the kidneys or bladder. Let no one be foolhardy enough, to procrastinate if he perceive the renal organs to be inactive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are peculiarly adapted to overcome this inaction, to sufficiently stimulate, without exciting the kidneys and bladder. Infinitely is this diuretic to be preferred to the impure and fiery stimulants of commerce, which prove the bane of unwary persons with a tend