From My Arm-Chair.

o presented to me, on my seventy-second rthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made om the wood of the village blacksmith's estnut tree. Am I a king, that I should call my own

This splendid ebon throne; Or by what reason, or what right divine Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; because the spreading chestnut tree Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime When in the summer time, affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street, Its blossoms white and sweet ced the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout. Tossed its great arms about,

shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath. Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not, in all his pride, Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhym Roll back the tide of time.

I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat The iron white with heat !

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me This day a jubilee, And to my more than threescore years

Brought back my youth again. The heart hath its own memory, like the mind And in it are enshriped

The precious keepsakes, into which are wrough The giver's loving thought. Only your love and your remembrance could

Give life to this dead weed. And make these branches, leafless now so long

Blossom again in song. -Henry W. Longfellow

UNDER A CLOUD.

" Did von ever see a sadder face? It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her win-dow. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky-black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated. "Fever,"answered the friend, while

a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face.
'Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?"
"No. The countenance was, to me, that of a stranger."

"I can hardly wonder that it should "I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter from scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has in-

deed done a fearful work there. But is it right thus to sit under a cloud? right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the

waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?"
"It is not right," was the answer.
"The heart that sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun are exhalations from its own stag sun are exhalations from its own stag-mant surface. It makes the all-pervad-ing gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is; but my pity for her is al-ways mingled with a desire to speak sharp rebuking words, in the hope agitate the slumberous atmosphere in which she is enveloped like a shroud." "I wonder," remarked the other,

* that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the in-

"Husbands," was replied, "have often the least salutary influence over their wives when bowed with affliction. Some men have no patience with displays of excessive grief in women, and are, therefore, more ignorant than children in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, unselfish man, with a mind to realize something of his wife's true state, and a heart to sympathize her, will always lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow upward to the cheerful heights apon which the sunshine rests. If she heir wives when bowed with affliction. apon which the sunshine rests. If she shows unwillingness to be led; if she sourts the shadows and hide in the gloom of her own dark replicings. sourts the anadows and the does not become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his cwn counte-mance, the sunshine of even affected mance, the sunshine of even affected cheerfulness that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms her heart with its genial radiance. Thus he wooes her with sunny gleams from the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, if she will but lift herself above the clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring that she is not blessed with such loring that she is not blessed with such

The subject of this conversation bad on that morning yielded to the solicita-tions of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance consented to go but with her in her carriage.

out with her in her carriage.

"I shall be much better at home," he objected to the urgent appeal of her riend. "This quiet suits me. The stillness of my own chamber accords best with my feelings. The glare and battle of the busy streets will only distant me deeper. I know it is kindness myou; but it is a mistaken kindness."

To reason with her would have been useless, and so reason was not attempted.

"I have come prepared to hear no

objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get your-solf read."

self ready."

"Health—life even! What are they to me? I have nothing to live for!" was the gloomy responses. "Come quickly the time when I shall lay me down and

sleep in peace."
"A woman, and nothing to live for?
One of God's intelligent creatures, and
nothing to live for!"

nothing to live for!"
There was so much rebuke in the tone with which this was offered that Mrs. Loring was partly aroused thereby. "Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come!

you must go with me this morning. So decisive was the lady's manner—so impelling the action of the will—that Mrs. Loring found herself unable to resist; and so with reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready, and, descending with her friend, took a and, descending with her friend, took a seat in her carriage and was driven away. Houses, trees, public buildings, swept like a moving panorama before her eye's and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to awaken the slightest interest. The sky was clear, and the bright sunshine lay everywhere; but her heart still sat under a cloud, and folded around itself gloom for a mantle. Her friend talked to her, calling her attention every little while to some new palace home, or to some glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all was vain; the mourner's slender form still shrunk back among the cushions, and her face wore its saddest aspect.

Suddenly the carriage drew up before a neat looking house of moderate size, with a plat of ground in front wherein

with a plat of ground in front, wherein were a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs. Loring had time to ask a question the coachman was at the door.
"Why do you stop here?" she in

quired. I wish to make a brief call. Come

you must go in with me."

Mrs. Loring shook her head in a positive way, and said "no" still more positive land.

tively.

"You will meet no light votary of fashion here, my friend," said the lady, "but one who has suffered like yourself. "Come!"

But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back in the carriage,
"It is now only three months since she followed to their mortal resting place two precious little ones, the last of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago, numbered four. I want you to meet her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn toward each other by cords of sympathy."

of sympathy."

Mrs. Loring shook her head impera

"No-no! I do not wish to see her "No-no! I do not wish to see ner. I have grief enough of my own without sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here?" There was something like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring.

"Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to Himself, and time, that softens grief, has brought to you at least some healing leaves. The friend I wish to visit—a friend in humble life—is sorrowing with as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three ments old. Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least, mingle a tear with her tears? It may do you both good. But I do not wish to have a selfely record. urge a selfish reason. Bear up with womanly fortitude under your own sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a

sister, over whose heart are passing the waters of affliction. Come, my friend!" Airs. Loring, so strongly urged, step-ped out upon the pavement. She did ped out upon the pavement. She did so with a reluctance that was almost un-conquerable. Oh, how earnestly she wished herself back in the shadowy

solitude of her own home.

"Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was inquired of the tidy girl who came to the door. The answer being in the affirma-tive, the ladies entered and were shown into a small but neat sitting-room, on the walls of which were portraits, in crayon, of four as lovely children as ever the eyes looked upon. The sight of these sweet young faces stirred the waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. Loring, and she hardly restrained her tears. While yet her pulses throbbed with a quicker beat, the door opened and a woman entered, on whose rather pale face was a smile of pleasant wel

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was the introduction, "of whom I have spoken to you several times."

The smile did not fade from the coun-

tenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expression changed as she took the hand of

Mrs. Loring and said:
"I thank you for your kindness in

calling. Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the warm pressure with which her hand was taken. Her lips moved slightly-but no word found utterance. Not the feeblest effort at a responsive smile was rigible. visible.

"We have have both been called to pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adrian, in more subdued tones, though the smile still played around her lips. "Happily, One walked with us when the flames were flercest, or we must have been consumed."

It was now that her voice reached the

It was now that her voice reached the heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the selfish woman dropped to the floor, and her thought was turning in upon itself. In the smile that hovered about the lips of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only judifof Mrs. Adrian she had seen only indif-ference, not a sheet resignation. The words just spoken, but more particular-ly the voice that gave them utterance, unvailed to her the sorrow of a kindred sufferer, who would not let the voice of wailing disturb another's ear, nor the shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit al-ready under a cloud. The drooping eyes of Mrs. Loring were raised, with a half wondering expression, to the face of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile about those pale lips; but its meaning was no longer a mystery; the smile was a loving effort to send light and warmth to the heart of a grieving sister. From to the heart of a grieving sister. From the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. Loring wandered to the portraits of her

Loring wandered to the portraits of her children on the wal.

"All gone!" The words fell from Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily. She spoke from a new impulse—pity for a sister in sorrow.

"All," was answered. "They were precious to me—very precious—but God took them."

A slight huskiness vailed her voice.

"Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring still gazed on the portraits. "And all taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking?"

"He who laid upon me so heavy a burden gave me strength to bear it," was the low reply.
"I have found no strength in a like affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly.
"No strength! Have you sought sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke with a winning carnestness.

with a winning earnestness.

"I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly,
"Praying is well; but it avails not, unless there be also doing.
"Doing?"

"Doing?"
"Yes, the faithful doing of our duty. Sorrow has no antidote like this. Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the

Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the face of her monitor.

"When the last heavy stroke fell upon my. heart," continued Mrs. Adrian, shattering it, as it eemed, to pieces, I lay for a little while stunned, weak I lay for a little while stunned, weak and almost helpless. But as soon as thought began to run clear, I said to myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours the only suffering spirit in the world?' Then I thought of my husband's sorrow, which he bore so sliently and manfully which he bore so silently and manfully, which he bore so shelly and mantally, striving to look away from his own grief that he might bring comfort to me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen for him the gloom of our desolate household?' I asked of myse. I felt that it was; and when next he returned home at the day's decline I mat him, not with was; and when next he returned home at the day's decline I met him, not with a face of gloom as before, but with as cheerful a countenance as it was in my power to assume. I had my reward; I saw that I had lightened his burden; and from that moment half the pressure of mine was removed. Since then I have never suffered my heart to brood idly over its grief; but in daily duties sought the strength that never is given to those who fold their hands in fruitless. to those who fold their hands in fruitless inactivity. The removal of my children lightened all home duties, and took away objects of lovelthat I felt must be in a measure restored. I had the mother's heart still. And so I sought out a motherless little one, and gathered her into the fold of my love. Ah, madam! this is the best balsam for the bereaved this is the best balsam for the bereaved and bleeding affections that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort and reconciled me to losses, the bare anticipation of which once made me beside myself with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with the tender babs I now call my own resting on my become a thought of bears. ing on my bosom, a thought of heaven goes pleasantly through my mind, and I picture to myself the mother of this idopted child as the loving guardian of my own babes, now risen into the spiritual kingdom of our Father. I can-not tell you what a thrill of delight such

thoughts at times awaken i"

Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her bosom and sat in silence for some moments. Then she said:

ments. Then she said:

"You have read me a lesson from
which I hope to profit. No wonder my
heart has ached on with undiminished
pain. I have been selfish in my grief.

There is nothing now to live for, I have repeated to myself over and over

have repeated to myself over and over again, until I believed the words."
"Nothing to live for!" Mrs. Adrian spoke in a surprised voice. "In the image and likeness of God we were all made; and if we would have the lost beauty restored, we must imitate God in our lives. He loves every one with a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking. to bless us. If we would be like Him, we must love each other and seek each other's good. His given us the ability to impart blessings, and made ability is impart blessings, and made true happiness to depend on the exer-cise of this ability; and if we fold our hands and sit in idle repinings, happi-ness is not possible. How fully have I proved this!"

"And, God helping me, I will prove the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speak-ing from the warmth of a new impulse, "Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud."

"While the bright sup shone far above in the clear heavens," added the friend, with a smile of encouragement.

"May we see this babe you have called your own?" said Mrs. Loring.
The little one was brought, and, as she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom of her new mother, giving even more of blessedness than she received, Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched, with a lingering pressure, the pure forehead,

Your action has been wiser and better than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure to mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson."

She wore a different face on returning home than when she went forth so re-luctantly. There was a rift in the over-shadowing clouds, and a few rays of sunshine came warmly down. Even the inception of good purposes had moved the long-pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the

A few weeks of unselfish devotion A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life duties swaiting her hand on all sides wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when into that heart, ever yearning with a mother's undying love, a babe left helpless and friendless in the world was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat maders along volonger pleted. She sat under a cloud no lo through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious one returned, as it would return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the szure firmament,

A Whale in a Soup-Plate.

The members of the New York Academy of Sciences met recently to hear Prof. W. P. Trowbridge tecture on "Animal Mechanics." A reference was made to a microscopic fish which the made to a microscopic fish which are lecturer once discovered swimming about in a drop of water. Its method of propulsion was by the motion of the tail, in the manner peculiar to the whale, and, so far as the observer could discern, the little fish was very like an in finitesimal whale. The lecturer had calculated that at the rate it was swimming it could have crossed Long Island sound in twenty years, and its full sized prototype would have made the same voyage in an hour. In one hour if voyage in an hour. In one hour if might have reached the further coast of a soup plate,

FOR THE PAIR SEX

Haby and the Mirror.

My baby-boy sat on the floor,

His big blue eyes were full of wonder, For he had never seen before That baby in the mirror door— What kept the two, so near, asunder?

He leaned toward that golden head The mirror-border framed within, Until twin cheeks, like roses red. Lay side by side, then softly said-

"I can't get out; can you—come in?"
—Blanche M. Channing.

Spring fabrics show a decided ten-dency not only toward increasing bright-ness in color, but a mixture of shades as in the peacock colors. Blue is largely brought forward, and appears in dif-ferent shades under the names of sap-phire. a blue overcest with greenity. phire, a blue overcast with greenish tint; gendarme, a dark shade of mili-tary blue, and other blues of milder type called blue de Sevres and Baltic blue. Yellow is represented in old gold, gilt, almond and ecru, and garnet, wine and dark plum are still employed. All white goods show creamy and grays run from dark to light-gray called "dust of shade" bein

being quite new.

Prints, jaconets and other cotton goods, notably the new momie cloth, are out in pretty floral designs which reproduce styles in pattern and coloring prevalent many years ago. Sprigs of flowers on delicate colored backgrounds and little dots disposed of in clusters at intervals, are among leading styles, as are foulard designs. Ginghams of fine quality show large plaids of quiet tone, and handsome Persian borders appear on solid prints. Stripes pervade all classes of new materials, sometimes alone and again in combination with flowers. New summer silks come in stripes; also in summer silks come in stripes; also in

summer sizes come in stripes; also in small broken plaids.

Finely-beaded passementeries as well as fine cord passementeries, both for bands and for trimming in pieces, are introduced among spring trimmings. Silk fringes have by no means lost their prestige, though woolen fringes are passe; hems and rows of machine-stitching taking their place in all-wool costumes. Striped or other figured goods of satin and silk or velvet and silk are employed as garniture for skirt, collar, revers, ouffs, veet, etc. The variety of buttons is undiminished, and they come in round, flat or medium shanes.

Street costumes, as well as dresse having trains, are moderately boufant in effect, and are made with a trimmed in enect, and are made with a trimmed or princess skirt, i. e., one on which the drapery is fastened. Basques and jackets, with and without waistcoats, form the popular bodies. For outside wraps the walking jacket and sacque assumes various shapes. When made to complete a costume it is trimmed to patch; otherwise, it may be trimmed to otherwise it may be trimmed tailor style or with galloon. Modifi-cations of the dolman, visites, scarfs and flehus will all be much worn. Ul-sters remain popular for traveling pur-

Bonnets, generally speaking, os the cottage shape; others have flowing brims rising over the forchead, with sides pressed flat to the head. Rough-and ready straws, braided straws and chips in black and mode colors are among the materials. In round hats come the English walking hat and tree chips in black and mode colors are among the materials. In round hats come the English walking hat and tur-bans, with a variety of broad-brimmed shade hats for country wear. Two-faced ribbons, striped ribbons, Breton lace and flowers in profusion constitute leading trimmings in millinery, as do striped and checkered silks.

The Empire of Fashion.

shion is not a feeble goddess, and rarely yields to the attacks of satire, by which she is so frequently assailed. Occasionally she seems to do so; but it is only in seeming, for when a fashion is abandoned it is not in deference to its assailants, but because its wearers deassailants, but because its wearers demand a change. But in all ages, either
with the pen or the brush, satirists have
assailed fashion. In a manuscript of
the eleventh century an illuminator introduces the father of all evil dressed in
the prevailing style. He wears the long
sleeves of the period, which had to be
knotted to keep them from touching the
ground, the enormously lengthened train
and the dress laced up in front. Trains,
however, did not grow any shorter because of the "paper bullets of he
brain" fired at them, for in the thirteenth century a satirist thus discourses teenth century a satirist thus discourses of the ladies of the period: "They are like peacocks and mappies; for the pies naturally bear feathers of various colors, so the ladies delight in strange habits and diversity of ornaments. The pies and diversity of ornaments. The pies have not long tails that trail in the dirt, so that the ladies make their trains a thousand times longer than those of

Among other hits at the fashion is found the following announcement, which is called the petition of "one William Gingle, coachmaker and chairmaker of the liberty of Westminster." He states "that for the service of ladies wearing hoop petticoats he has built a round chair in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference with a stool in the center of it; the said vehicle being so contrived as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle and closing mathematically when she is seated." And further, that he she is seated." And further, that he has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be "let in .t the top." And "that the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pullers, to the great satisfac let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady and all who beheld her." It is to be hoped that such extremes of fashion will not be revived in this century. A few years ago many of our ladies were hoop skirts measuring four and a half yards around the lower edge, but when they had received that four and a half yards around the lower edge, but when they had reached that size Dame Fashion kindly declared that should be laid aside altogether.

An old poet tunes his lyre to the fol-

Now dressed in a cap, now tasked in none;
Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan;
Without handkerchief now, and now buried in ruff;
Now plain as a Quaker, now all in a ruff;
Now a shape in neat stays, now a clattern in gumps;
Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monatrous in hoop, now traphsh, and walking
With your petiticosts clung to your heels like a mankin;
Like the cock on the tower, that shows you the
weather,

weather, You are hardly the same for two days together,

Notwithstanding these attacks, Fashion sits securely on her ancient throne, having the whole world for her empire and all the inhabitants thereon for her subjects. - New York Herald.

Fushion Notes Twilled satin foulards are among the new suit materials.

One large bow and strings constitute n Alsacian bonnet.

Grenadines are unusually pretty this

Black velvet is more popular than last

Silk hairpins in bright colors are im-Half-fitting jackets will be worn this

The waistcoat is the important part of a dress. The bonnet cannot be made too large

ummer.

nowadays.

Old-gold gauze and satin is a brilliant stuff for summer toilets. In spring woolens are seen the Chud-dah stripes or herring bones.

Chinese blues and Chinese greens are ound among the new colors.

A new camel's fabric, as thin as buntng, will be worn this summer.

Slippers of satin, embroidered with seed pearls, are worn by brides.

The latest novelty in stockings show monogram worked on the instep.

Some ladies buy plain ivory buttons and paint them to match the dress.

Dark navy blue and brown are the ost fashionable colors for cambrics. The fashionable color for children's iresses and wraps is robin's-egg-blue.

Outside jackets for suits are still nade cutaway, with velvet or silk vests. Half-fitting jackets will be worn with dresses of washing material this sum-

Woolen goods for spring dresses nostly have a "flannel finish" without

Ribbons for strings are wider than formerly, measuring from three to four inches.

Black satin buttons painted with snow scenes are shown for costumes of mixed black and white goods.

A double cape of heavy chenille, with tinsel thread twisted in the same, is the latest novelty for the neck, in place of a scarf.

Lace gloves with fingers, also with long wrists, are worn this spring, as well as lace mitts and half-fingered lace gloves.

There is a great variety in the gold hair-pins which are so fashionable for the ladies to wear across the front of their hair.

Long gloves, extending half-way to the elbow, are of a creamy-white un-dressed kid, either plain or with lace insertions and frills. Gold ornaments for bonnets are made to open like bracelets and then clasp

er the wide lace or ribbon strings, that these seem to be run through News and Notes for Women.

A New Albany (Ind.) woman has been fined \$5 for eavesdropping. A New Orleans woman, whose husband was killed by a pet bear, has sued its owner for \$55,000 damages.

It is said that the wife of President Grevy, of the French republic, can ride a steeplechase, paint a landscape, com-pose a poem and play the piano like an angel.

Classes are about to be formed in St. Petersburg for the instruction of women in medicine; and when their studies are completed, they will be attached to the medical staff of the Russian army.

The late Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, of Davenport, Ia., has left nearly \$100, 000 to a home for the friendless in that city, and \$50,000 to a fund for the sup-port of the poor clergy and the widows of clergymen.

How Russia Treats Strikers. A Paris correspondent of the New

York Star says: As the Russian journals are forbidden to publish intelligence of the cruel repression of a recent strike in St. Petersburg, the news has been communicated to us by travelers who have just arrived from the Russian capital, and who speak of what had one capital, and who speak of what had occapital, and who speak of what had oc-curred under their own observation. A strike took place at the new Russian cot-ton mill, in the principal manufacturing district of the capital. A large number of strikes have occurred there of late years, and the police have sometimes sided with the weavers. On this occa-sion the work-people struck for shorter hours of labor, thirteen and a half hours hours of labor, thirteen and a man hours a day being not unnaturally regarded as excessive. In the morning the weavers and spinners assembled in a crowd out-side the mill, and the district police side the mill, and the district police master hearing of the disturbance, sent some mounted police to reason with them. The gendarmes, however, produced no effect, and the strikers set off in a body from the new canal to lay their case before the czarewitch. Intelligence case before the czarewitch. Intelligence
of this was at once sent to the nearest
barracks, and as the crowd passed the
place they were surrounded by a number
of Cossacks, who drove them into a
square in front of the barracks, using square in front of the barracks, using their sabers and whips freely among them. Many of the strikers were cut about dreadfully. After the crowd was locked up in the barracks a police commission was instituted to try them, the verdict being as follows: All the men above the age of nineteen (seventy in number) are to be exiled to the province of Archangel, after receiving sixtylashes apiece; all under that age are to be sent number) are to be exiled to the province of Archangel, after receiving sixty lashes apiece; all under that age are to be sent back to the village whence they came, and are to be kept there the remainder of their lives. All the women employed in the mill, and men who did not actively join in the demonstration, are to be discharged and fined three roubles a head all round. In a word, the entire working staff of the new cotton mill, about eight hundred hands, is cleared, away at the stroke of a pen and a fresh set of people, to work from five in the morning till eight at night, is to be engaged to take their places.

An admirer of Weston, O'Leary and other "tramps," purchased a copy of Walker's Dictionary, under the impres-sion that it was a work on pedestrian-ism.

Men Who Lace.

In this country a few men wear cor-sets, and seem to like them. Gottschalk, the pianist, and equally celebrated as a beau, always had on a corset. The male beau, always had on a corset. The male corset-wearers are those who take their coats to the up-town tailor, whose advertisement may be found almost any morning in the Ledger (Philadelphia). This ingenious fellow has an arrangement which he puts into coats, by which one's shoulders are made to look as broad as a prize-fighter's. With one of his inventious, and a perfectly-constructed corset, the figure of a man becomes irresistible. It is a secret that the ladies know as well as ourselves, that the shoulders of all our coats are more or less padded, that frequently our vests are ditto, so that with the exception of the hair of our heads, which is usually our own, there is about the full-dressed man, almost as much sham as surrounds the full dressed woman. But our male corset-wearers will not But our male corset-wearers will not talk. They hide their corsets figurative ly as well as actually, and would deny the whole thing, if they were asked about it. A daily newspaper reporter is the authority for saying that the tailor who makes heavy shoulders out of slim ones, keeps quiet on the subject. Many attempts have been made, but all in vain to interview him. One must turn to England to discover how a man feels to be tightly laced. Here is a gentleman who wears ladies' shoes because he thinks them more comfortable, and goes for his corsets to a store where there are

for his corsets to a store where there are lady attendants, as "I find them much more obliging than male assistants use ually are." He is a connoisseur in corsets for gentlemen. Listen to him: "I strongly advise to have the corset male to open up the back only, as I find it is much more comfortable to wear and lighter, than when made to open in front, in the now common mode. I can truly affirm, from my own experience. and lighter, than when made to open in front, in the now common mode. I can truly affirm, from my own experience, that moderately tight lacing (say three to four inches) is not only not prejudicial, but, on the contrary, is very beneficial to the health. My occupation is of a sedentary nature, and I used to suffer much from pains in my side and back, and from indigestion; but about a year and a half ago my sister persuaded me to try and wear a corset, and she altered one of her own to suit me. I fornd it rather irksome for the first few days, but the feeling soon passed, and on my next visit to London I had a corset properly made to my own measurement. Since then I have had another one made, smaller in the waist and wider in the chest, which I am now wearing. The pains have quite left me and my health is generally much better than it used to be. Besides this, the feeling of being tolerably well is laced very comfortable. From my own observation and inquiries I find the practice of corset wearing by young gentlemen is becoming much more usual, but we don't make any display of the fact."

don't make any display of the fact."

In France and Germany many more gentlemen affect corrects than in Eng land or America .- Forney's Progress.

A New Order.

The other day, after a strapping young man had sold a load of corn and potatoes on the market, and had taken his team to a hotel barn to "feed," it became known to the men around the became known to the men around the barn that he was very desirous of joining some secret society in town. When questioned he admitted that such was the case, and the boys at once offered to initiate him into a new order, called "The Cavaliers of Coveo." He was told that it was trained as count as Theo Mass told. that it was twice as secret as Free Mason-ry, much nicer than Odd Fellowship, and the cost was only two dollars. In case he had the toothache he could draw five dollars per week from the relief fund, and he was entitled to receive ten dollars for every headache, and twenty-five dollars for a sore throat. The young man thought he had struck

a big thing, and after eating a hearty dinner, he was taken into a storeroom above the barn to be initiated. The boys pured cold water down his back, put flour on his hair, swore him to kill his mother, if commanded, and rushed him arround for an hore, without a single around for an hour without a single complaint from his lips. When they had finished he inquired:
"Now I'm one of the Cavaliers of

Coveo, am I?"

"You are," they answered. "Nothing more to learn, is there?"

"Nothing."
"Well, then, I'm going to lick the whole crowd!" continued the candidate, and he went at it, and before he got through he had his two dollars initiation back, and three more to boot, and had knocked everybody down two or three times apiece. He didn't seem greatly disturbed in mind as he drove out of the barn. On the contrary, his hat was slanted over, he had a fresh five-cent cigar in his teeth, and he mildly said to one of the barn boys :

"Say, boy, if you hear of any Cavaliers asking for a Coveo about my size, tell 'em I'll be in on the full of the moon to take the royal skyfugle degrees."-De-

An Unprofitable Boarder.

Mine host is not usually, like Ar mado, ill at reckoning, but he does sometimes meet his master. A soft-looking stranger inquired at a Portland sometimes meet his master. A softlooking stranger inquired at a Portland
hotel what they charged for board, and
wat told that he would be lodged and
boarded for \$10 a week. "That's reasonable enough," said he. "But I will
be away a bit; what deduction will you
make for that?" "Fifty cents a meal,
fifty cents a lodging," replied the landlord; and Jonathan concluded to stay.
Sometimes he was at the hotel, sometimes he was not. At the end of three
weeks the landlord presented his bill
for \$30, which was met by another to
this tune! "Meals eaten, three—\$1.50;
lodgings, seven—\$3.50. Meals missed,
sixty—\$30; lodgings missed, fourteen—
\$7. Balance against landlord, \$2."
Jonathan's arithmetic was peculiar; but
the landlord was too astonished to criticise it; and seeing his perplexity, his
boarder considerately remarked that he
need not mind about the \$2, he would
take them out in board; an observation
that so complicated matters that the
puzzled hotel-keeper cut the Gordian
knot by insisting on Jonathan's departure then and there, as he felt it wa
impossible to keep even with such
customer."