

Watering the Hills.  
"He watereth the hills from his chambers,"—Ps.  
civ., 13.

Oh! the rippling and the foaming,  
Falling not down till gloaming,  
Where the rapids are descending, as for ages  
they have done;  
On each downward platform taking  
Just a moment's rest, then breaking  
Into sweet enchanting laughter at the gleeful  
triumph won.  
All the latent echoes waking  
With the fun!  
Sweeping from their rocky portal,  
Robed at once in light immortal,  
Bringing infinite revelations from the silences  
profound;  
How the little eddies whistles,  
And the longer reaches brighten,  
As the showers of brilliant dewdrops on their  
slivery slopes rebound;  
Falling into gems that lighten  
All around.  
When the sunbeams come unbidden  
To behold the marvel hidden,  
All the waters take them captive, to adorn  
their raiment white;  
But the rainbow tells the wonder  
Of the radiance lying under,  
And the sun in regal beauty stoops to claim  
his own by right,  
Till the ripples fall asunder—  
Lost in light!  
On the brink the mosses glisten,  
And the grasses stop to listen  
To the never-ending music of the waters  
flashing by;  
Overhead the elm-trees stately,  
In their hearts rejoicing greatly  
At the springs of welcome coolness that be-  
neath their strongholds lie,  
Spread their myriad leaves sedately  
To the sky.  
When at night the stars assemble  
In the far blue heavens, and tremble  
At their own reflected splendor, on the torrent  
borne away.  
Then the laughing waters discover  
How the moon—earth's timid lover—  
Watches for the perfect mirror they have  
broken in their play;  
Watches—with the stars above her—  
Till the day.  
Through all seasons' varied phrases,  
Still the waters speak their praises  
Of the Power that sweeps them outward, in  
their fullness to the deep;  
All their rush and tumult guiding,  
For each drop a path dividing,  
Till in tar-off breaths of ocean each its des-  
tined place shall keep.  
And at last, in calm subsiding,  
Fall asleep.  
—Mary Rowles, in Sunday Magazine.

### JACK'S GREAT PERIL.

I never saw such a change in a man in my life! When we last met, Jack—well, I must not give his real name, considering what I am going to relate, so I'll call him Jack Pallant—as, as he had ever been since I knew him, one of the lightest-hearted, cheeriest fellows in the world, full of fun and up to everything, and as gentle and tender as a woman, with the courage of a lion. And now, what did I find him? Even though but three months had elapsed, he had become a grave, dejected, saddened man—in a word, hardly recognizable, either mentally or physically. I was shocked, and of course he saw that I was. He came to see me, indeed, the moment he heard I was in town, that I might learn from his own mouth what had happened, instead of at second-hand.

Jack had always been more or less a spoiled boy—only sons are always more or less spoiled—and having lost his mother when quite a child, it was not wonderful that his poor old dad made much of him. But he had taken the spoiling kindly, and beyond making him perhaps a little idle and thoughtless, it had done him no harm. There was no harm in the fellow; he spent more money than he should, but many young soldiers do that without coming to much grief in the long run, and his father, a soldier before him, regarded the falling leniently, paid his bills and looked pleasant. Beyond adding that he was a rather short, dapper little fellow, I need not say much more about him; I have only to try and put into coherent shape the strange and tragical business which had so fearfully altered him.

He was coming to town one autumn evening for a few days' leave from Gunnersholt, where he was quartered. I can see him as plainly as if I had been there, springing into the first carriage that offered room, without regard to who was in it; for he was the least fastidious of men, without the slightest particle of "hawhaw" pride and nonsense, or that stand-offishness of manner, too usual with men in his position; ready to make himself happy wherever he was, or in whatever company.

But it so happened, it appears, on this occasion that he got into an empty carriage; at least he thought so, for it was twilight, and he did not observe for the first moment the figure of a woman, seated in a further corner, dressed in dark clothes and thickly veiled.

The sudden discovery that he was not alone rather startled him for a moment, and it may be, as he said, that the evening before having been a quiet night at mess, his nerves were not quite up to their usual tone. He was not the lad, however, to be long in such a situation without making some remark to his fellow-traveler, though in this case an unusual hesitation to do so came over him, owing to her mysterious appearance and extreme stillness. The between-lights of the carriage lamp and the evening sky prevented him from discerning details; but there she sat, perfectly rigid, and with not a vestige of her face visible, through the thick black veil.

"I hope I have not intruded on you; I thought the carriage was empty. I may be disturbing you, I fear." He would say anything, in a random sort of way, to break the ice, as he called it.

No answer. A long pause. "Very singular," he thought; and he moved to a seat exactly opposite to the figure, making another commonplace observation. No response, or any movement.

"Asleep, I suppose," he said to himself; and he sat quietly watching her, while the train rattled on for a mile or two. A station was reached and a stoppage made, with the usual accompaniments of screeching and hissing, and slamming of doors, but without producing any change in the posture of the occupant of the opposite corner. The train

again moved on. "Can't be asleep," he muttered. "What's the matter with her?"

The window was shut close; he let it down with a tremendous clatter and bang, remarking that "he hoped, as the evening was fine, the weather warm and the carriage close" (for he declared to me there was a peculiar odor hanging about which struck him from the first) "she would not object to a little air."

Still no reply. Then he said "he feared she was not well. Would she like him to pull the bell for the guard and have the train stopped again?" But nothing he could say or do elicited any sign of life from her.

Jack now became seriously uncomfortable and alarmed on her account. He thought she could not be asleep, but had fainted. Suddenly he crossed his mind that she was dead. Night had now closed in, but as the last tinge of twilight faded from the sky the carriage lamp gained its full power and revealed every object more plainly than hitherto. Jack leaned toward the motionless form. A long black veil, falling from a close-fitting hat-like bonnet, enveloped nearly the whole upper part of her figure; indeed, on close inspection, it hardly looked like an ordinary veil, but more like a large thin, black silk handkerchief. Her dress was of common black stuff, much worn and frayed, from amid the folds of which appeared the ends of a piece of rope that must have been fastened round her waist; and one hand, encased in an old, ill-fitting black glove, lay placidly on her lap.

Full of uncomfortable sensations, Jack was about to lift the veil, when, for the first time, the figure moved; its hand stole slowly from underneath the folds of the dress, and the veil was gradually lifted and thrown up over the head.

Involuntarily my friend shrank back into the corner of his seat, for a face was revealed to him which no one could have looked upon without a sense of awe. It was that of a woman somewhat past middle age, thin, haggard and pale to a degree which thin death could parallel. The features, finely chiseled and proportioned, were at one time those of a woman must have been supreme beauty, while, though the iron-gray hair looked a little disheveled and unkempt, the glance of the eye was steady, calm and determined.

In this glance lay, chiefly, the awe-inspiring expression of the face, for, in addition to the penetrating look, there was a persistence in it, and at the same time a fascination, quite terrible. It fixed itself upon Jack from the first moment that eye met eye, and for several minutes not a word was spoken—a cipher she. Presently, however, he tried to pull himself together, and to assume his usual light-hearted manner, which had for a minute been so strangely and unusually disturbed, and he said, briskly:

"I beg your pardon; I was afraid you were ill."

She slightly bent her head, but spoke not a word, nor withdrew her glance.

He felt more and more that it was costing him an effort to be himself. Her slow, stealthy, albeit lady-like demeanor, added greatly to the effect already produced, and a curious sensation was gradually creeping over him, that—impossible as it might seem—that face was not strange to him. Little as he, with his temperament, was given to speculation or introspection, he found himself striving to look back for some event or circumstance in his life which might give him a clue. Had he ever dreamed of such a face, or had he seen it in childhood? He was puzzled, affected, quite put out. And still the deep, penetrating eyes were fixed on his, piercing as they were into his very soul. And the hands! what were they doing? Taking off the gloves as with a set, deliberate purpose; and the long, white, thin, almost claw-like fingers worked strangely and nervously, slowly closing and opening upon the palm, as if preparing to grasp something.

Again he strove to throw off the unpleasant, unusual sensation which had crept over him.

"I can't stand this," he thought; "I was never so uncomfortable in all my life! I must do something, or say something to put a stop to this, to make her take her eyes off me!"

He moved abruptly to the further corner of the carriage, and to the same side on which the woman sat.

"I'll try and dodge her in that way," he said to himself; "she shall not sit and stare at me in this fashion!"

But she too immediately shifted her place, and, rising to her full height, which was very great, went over to the seat exactly opposite to him, never for one single second dropping her eyes from his. He looked out of the window with a vague notion of getting out of the carriage; when suddenly, passing a little station which he recognized, but at which the train did not stop, an idea struck him—an idea after his own heart—a comic idea! He availed himself of it on the instant, and assuming an ease which he had not felt upon him, and which he was far from feeling, he pointed with his thumb back toward the station they had just passed, as he said mysteriously in a hollow voice:

"Do you know that place?"

She seemed to answer in the affirmative by a slight inclination of the head as before.

"Ah! you do. Good! Longmoor," he went on; "then I don't mind telling you a secret." He paused. ("I'll frighten her," he thought.) "Criminal lunatic," he said aloud; "I am one of them. I have just escaped from there!"

He leaned forward, as if to impress her with his words; she also bent forward until her lips almost touched his ear, as she hissed into it:

"So have I!"

With what had already gone before, this put the finishing touch on Jack's uneasiness of mind. It was not, as he said, the mere presence of the woman, or the revelation which his joke had elicited, which scared him, though the circumstance in itself might be unpleasant enough.

"I should have faced it right away from the first, as any man would have done, had it not been for the remarkable influence her face and look had upon me; that unaccountable feeling that she was far beyond his as was her stature. Her face glowered close down upon his now, still with the same fell expression.

"The only thing I could have done," went on Jack, in describing the scene to

me—and just here, he shall speak for himself—"the only means by which I might perhaps have made her relax her hold would have been by aiming one or two tremendous blows with my right fist (which was at liberty) at her face. Had it been a man's, there would have been no hesitation; had it been indeed that of an ordinary woman, at such a time I should not have hesitated to strike her to stun her, if I could, by any means; but that face, that I seemed to know so well, yet so mysteriously, I could not raise my hand against it, and, as my arm swung up with the first impulse to deal her a blow, it fell helpless by my side. Vain were my efforts to get her hand away from my throat; there was a terrible swaying to and fro for a minute or two, I felt the grip of the long fingers tightening, and myself choking. Suddenly he fell, the whole carriage seemed to be falling—there was a fearful jolt, a tremendous rattle and crash—I appeared to be thrown headlong to some great distance, and—all was darkness!"

The termination of that deadly struggle was brought about in a manner as marvelous and unlooked for as could well have been imagined.

Some fifty souls, say, were traveling in that train—all, save one, in apparent security. Jack's life alone was in danger, when, lo! by one of those marvelous coincidences which do happen at times in the supreme moments of existence, the rescue came, but at the cost of many a life, which but just before would have seemed worth treble the price of Jack's.

At the very instant that his might have depended upon another tightening grip or two from the hand of a maniac a frightful catastrophe occurred to the train. The tire of an engine-wheel broke and half a dozen carriages were hurled down a steep embankment. The scene that succeeded is, unhappily, too common an occurrence to need more than a word of reference here. Seven passengers were killed outright and double that number slightly or badly hurt, the remainder escaping, as by a miracle, with nothing else than a severe shaking.

My friend was among the shaken. He had been running clear of the debris on to a soft, grassy spot, half bank, half hedge; emphatically, his life was saved!

But what followed it was that which caused the suffering—that wrought the terrible change in Jack.

In the darkness of that soft autumn night he strove, foremost among those who had been spared, to render such help as was possible to the less fortunate. When the official assistance came, and fires were set blazing to give light, almost his first care was to try and seek out his dangerous fellow-traveler. In the confusion nobody was prepared, of course, to listen to Jack's account of her, even had he been prepared then to give it. She was not, evidently, moving about among the crowd; he assured himself of that; but supposing her, like himself, to have escaped injury (and he concluded that this was likely), might she not, with the stealth and cunning incidental to her malady, be hiding, and be thus further eluding detection, become, with her homicidal mania, as dangerous to the community at large as some fierce wild animal would be. The thought made him shudder; he must lose no time in assuring himself of her fate.

As soon as an approach to order could be evoked out of that awful chaos, he had convinced himself that she was not among the injured. Then he turned to the dead. His eye fell upon several mutilated and motionless forms, which had been laid in an ominous row at the foot of one part of the embankment. Hers was not among them; he could find no trace of her.

In length, as a sickly dawn was beginning to make the search easier, he endeavored to discover the spot where the carriage he had occupied had fallen, and to retrace his steps (quite to the rear of the train, by the way) to the place where he found himself lying after the catastrophe.

By this time he had made known briefly to some officials that a woman was missing who had been in the carriage with him, and one or two of them followed him in his quest. Presently he realized pretty well where he had been thrown; he all but identified the spot. Then he scrambled through the hedge, and there, on the opposite side, on the sloping bank of a ditch, he beheld lying quite still, her dark, unmistakable form.

He ran forward, and, bending over her and looking down upon the marble-up-turned face, saw at a glance that there was nothing dangerous about her now—those terrible eyes were closed forever. Except for a slight wound on one temple, whence a little blood had trickled, and the distorted but now rigidly closed hand, which had been so lately at his throat, she looked as calm and uninjured as if she were merely sleeping, while death had restored for a brief period much of that beauty, the traces of which had struck him when her veil was first lifted.

One of the surgeons here came hurrying up, in answer to summons.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "here she is, then, at last! Why, she must have been in the train. How on earth did she manage it?"

"Who is she?" inquired Jack, earnestly, with a strange return of the old, inexplicable sensation. "Who is she? You appear to know her. Pray tell me."

"Oh, one of our inmates; she got away yesterday morning; no one knows how," was the answer.

"You are from Longmoor, then. How long has she been there? What is her name?"

"Oh, she has been there upward of twenty years, I believe; long before my time."

"And her name?"

"Upon my word, at this moment, I can hardly," went on the doctor, mechanically passing his fingers over one of the pulseless wrists before him, and with a calm hesitation which contrasted strongly with Jack's earnest, impetuous manner, "I can hardly remember. I think she was committed for the murder of her own little girl. It was a sad case, I know. Ah! her name; I have it," went on the doctor suddenly; "her name was Pallant—Rachel Pallant."

Jack sprang from the kneeling posture in which he was as if he had been shot. Why, that was his own dead mother's name! But, phew! what of that? Well, it was rather a startling coincidence; that was all. Ay, but was it all? Indeed no!

The request led to a revelation. That inquiry fully explained what had been the nature of the influence which the weird, pale face and strange presence had had upon my friend.

The strong, but subtle link, which no time or absence can quite sever, existing between mother and son, had made itself felt the instant those two sat face to face, for the unhappy woman was indeed teno other than Jack's own mother.

He had never been told—in fact, it had been carefully kept from him. Why run the risk of clouding for life that aught and happy temperament? He was only four years old when the dreadful business happened. Hence he had scarcely known a mother's care; she was lost to him and to the world as completely as if she had died. Nay, death would have been a mercy by comparison, and it was generally assumed that she was dead; only a very few intimate friends knew the truth.

The poor lady's mind had given way suddenly after the birth of a child, who did not live. Within a week, the homicidal mania possessed her; by the merest chance she had been prevented from committing some frightful outrage upon her little boy, my poor friend Jack; and restraint not having been put upon her in time—for her malady had hardly been suspected, so unlooked for was its appearance—she committed a most deadly propensity upon her eldest child, a girl fifteen years of age—killed her, in a word, as she lay asleep.

And here, after a lapse of twenty years, was the climax and end of the tragedy, as dreadful as anything that had gone before. The order for release, when it came, brought with it as much suffering (to all but one) as had the order for captivity. No wonder that Jack was an altered man. I have never seen a smile on his face since—though I trust that time, with its healing influence, may at least soften the blow.

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

#### Fashioning Expenses.

Yellow stockings are reproduced from the days of Shakespeare, who says in "Twelfth Night": "He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors." These stockings are so radiant in hue that they are called old-gold color, and are made of the finest spun silk, and that they may not become too common, are very costly. Some of these gold-colored stockings are marvelously clocked and embroidered with Marguerites. Fashioning just now gives to the feet extraordinary importance. Equally costly are elegant silk stockings of the fashionable colors, having a pattern in point duchesne, or Valenciennes lace set in with the instep and ankle surrounded with elaborate and delicate clocking. Fine soft Lisle-thread stockings copy rich Roman ribbons in broad stripes of violet, blue yellow and green; another style, light in appearance, such as sea-green, a light tint of blue, rose, lettuce and drab. The clocked chevre stockings show all the changing delicate beauty of mother-of-pearl, and others come in bright plaids to match the bandanna trimmings of dresses. It is a matter of importance that the colors of the plaid in the stockings should precisely match those of the dress. For the display of this dainty hosiery the shoemakers of fashionable establishments make street shoes with from six to nine straps running straight across the foot and ankle, fitted by buttons on the foot. Another caprice arranges the straps in triplets clustered together at the top of the foot, and at the instep under a bow and buckle. These are made of black French kid, silk or satin for common wear. The boot and shoe generally is cut on the Spanish last to present a finely-arched instep.

Notwithstanding the introduction of paniers, panier basques, double over-skirts and other odd conceits, the polonaise is still much worn, and is, in fact, a garment that ranks among the indispensables. The latest polonaise shows what is called familiarly "the curtain drape" style. It comes from the belt in front and is gracefully draped away to the sides, where it has several carelessly laid folds about the hips—a simple reproduction of the obsolete Marguerite polonaise. A charming effect is added by quantities of satin ribbon set on in long-looped bows and ends. Grenadines made up in this style are trimmed with a profusion of lace. Black Breton is preferred, according to the present fancy, but black Spanish and thread lace are also used. A jet heading is sparingly set on as a heading. Many skirts worn with these polonaises are made perfectly plain, of rich satin or velvet; others are trimmed in front with a multitude of flounces or narrow ruffles. Stout persons have the ruffles placed on in a ram-dish shape, but others do not object to being ruffled across from one side to the other. Some exceedingly fine and pretty French bareges for young ladies are shown in polonaises and overskirts, shirred in various places, such as the waist, the back across the shoulders, below the waist and the sleeves. On the delicately-tinted bareges a great deal of Breton lace is placed, and also light-netted fly fringe made of floss silk. Pretty cream-colored, dove-gray, water-green and robbins' green polonaises are now selling for ten cents a yard, and when trimmed abundantly with Breton lace and satin ribbon compare very favorably with the costliest dresses of the season. Fashion having cautiously introduced the rather incongruous effect of strongly contrasting colors in one dress, which meets with favor, now promises the most harlequin disorder. Great latitude is permitted, and it will be the effort of artists to produce a harmonious whole. Autumn bonnets and dresses will be as many hues as the dying leaves, and it is to be hoped, will be as picturesque. There are dismal productions of the poke bonnet, and the demand for feathers and stuffed birds is unprecedented.

A fan is a universal appendage to a lady's dress, and is now considered indispensable for its utility, and as a graceful assistant to expressive action in conversation. In accord with the present passion for all things Oriental, some of the most elegant fans are made of the eyes of the peacock feathers set in medallions, surrounding a center of humming birds' heads gleaming with iridescent feathers. Others are of the gorgeous plumage of parrots and the Indian coron-coron. An excellent fan of cream-colored satin set on sticks of carved ivory, fine as a cobweb, is decorated with brilliant flowers and leaves, made of the breast feathers of humming birds, so arranged as not to interfere with the furling of the fan. Another of alternate cream, white and brown ostrich feathers has a stuffed bird set on above the handle, of tawny brown and opal tints. On gray satin a scene in amber shows a group of cupids swinging from a bending branch, while a graceful little maiden, who is gleaming after the harvest, is cautiously approaching in innocent wonder. Each of these charming fans is a study in itself, being the work of the finest French artists. Some fans have painted in delicate relief on silvery, cream, peach-blossom or water-green satin grounds, rare and beautiful flowers, a graceful passion-countess graceful lines and curves. On some are seen solemn cranes and the broad leaves and pink, white and yellow lilies of Egypt. Simpler fans are made of soft tawny silk, embodying all the rainbow of the average peacock; others are in Watteau colors, radiant blue and delicate rose-color, surmounted by the same colors in tuffy marabout feathers, and mounted in opalescent carved sticks of pearl. Sometimes the fan is of brocade silk, made to order of part of a favorite dress. The sticks are either light olive or deliciously-perfumed violet wood, finely carved by hand. Some of the richest fans, intended only for full dress and evening toilettes, are mounted in satin, and are embroidered in imitation of Byzantine relief work with the needle. Black kid and silk fans are decorated with an initial, a crest or monogram; these are generally set on sticks of tortoise-shell.—New York Tribune.

#### The New York Woman's Exchange.

Evaline C. asks: "What is the name, aim and object of that society in New York that takes women's work for sale on commission? At what kind of work do they take, and where can the managers be found? Please tell us all you know about the same." About a year or eighteen months ago, the "Women's Exchange" was opened in No. 4 East Twentieth street, in this city. The president of the society was, and we believe still is, Mrs. Wm. G. Choate. The vice-presidents are Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge,

Prof. Nordenskjöld wrote in January: "I hope to be free from the ice June. Just think of that! In the climate, where a man hopes to be out of ice in June—New York's maid, Can't see anything blissful in such a climate. We should not feel very happy if we were to get out of ice in June. We have it all summer."—Norristown Herald.

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bedding with a person in bed. Everything that is to be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Move the patient as far as possible to one side of the bed, and remove all but one pillow. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the wrong way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him, the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly, change the pillow cases.

Think of the following, ladies, when you handle your tortoise shell. What is called the tortoise shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number; eight of them fins, and five a little curved. Of the flat ones four are large, being sometimes one foot long and seven inches wide, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated with white, red, yellow and dark brown clouds, which are fully brought out when the shell is prepared and polished. The laminae, as we have said, constitutes the external coating of the solid or bony part of the shell; and a large turtle affords about thirty pounds of them, the plates varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. The fishers do not kill the turtles; did they do so, they would in a few years exterminate them. When a turtle is caught they fasten him, and cover his back with dry leaves or grass, to which they set fire. The heat causes the plates to separate at their joints; a large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them and the laminae lifted from the back—care being taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, nor to force it off until heat has fully prepared it for separation. Many turtles die under this cruel operation; but instances are numerous in which they have been caught a second time, with the outer coating reproduced. But, in these cases, instead of thirteen pieces it is a single piece.

This valuable table, showing what chance a professional man has of catching anything when he goes fishing, has been prepared by the Detroit Free Press:

Doctors	7 in 50
Lawyers	3 in 50
Editors	10 in 50
Artists	2 in 50
Architects	12 in 50
Bookkeepers	10 in 50
Merchants	13 in 50
Professors	1 in 50
Small boy, with old straw hat and broken suspender	49 in 50

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