

Divided.

I know the dream is over,
I know you cannot be
In all the time to come the same
That you have been to me;
The color still is in the cheek,
The luster in the eye—
But, ah! we two have parted hands—
Good-bye!

Not that I love you less,
For, oh! my heart is sore—
Not that the lips that breathe your name
Are less fond than of yore;
But the unresting feet of Time
Have traveled on so fast,
And soul from soul has grown away
At last.

I think I just stood still—
For I had found my all—
But your rich life swept over on
Beyond my weak recall;
And now, although the voice rings sweet,
And clear the dear eyes shine,
I know no part of all their wealth
Is mine.

What bridge can sad Love build
Across this gulf of Change,
Who needs must work with broken hopes
And fancies new and strange?
Alas, it is too late—
The light fades down the sky,
The hands slip slowly each from each—
Good-bye!

A STRANGE STORY.

I have a strange, almost incredible, story to tell of an experience of my own one fearful night in the woods. Imagination had nothing to do with it, for I am a backwoods' daughter, accustomed to the wild sounds of the forest, the loneliness, and all that is terrifying to a novice.

My father was a good man, serving God after his own simple fashion, seeing Him and loving Him in His works. I have heard him hold forth on the provident ways of the beaver: "Why! the little critter'd starve in the cold season if it hadn't used its little fat tail for buildin' its house, and then fillin' it with food in time!" I have heard him tell of the caribou: "Look at that, too," he would say, "and at the moose. Now, the caribou has to travel often a matter of twenty miles for his dinner for he's a dainty 'un, and only eats the long gray moss that hangs from the trees; so God gave him snow-shoes, as good as an Injun could make 'em, to skim over the ice crust—while the big heavy moose there, sinks right in. His dinner is close at hand. He could live for months on an acre lot." He could speak the loon, and its adaptation in every way to its watery home—always ending such talk with: "All God's works are 'pon honor; there's no half-way with Him."

I was the only one left of ten children. My father, when mourning over and missing the others, would never complain but only say: "They're better off. Why, if we can't trust the little children, that don't know the meaning of sin, there ain't any chance for the men!" And so he lived his quiet life—his heart beating close to nature's heart, and his soul unconsciously seeking and finding nature's God.

My mother must have been beautiful in her youth. She was a lorette Canadiane, and her bright French spirits carried her gayly over many hard trials in her life of frequent deprivation. One great overshadowing sorrow of her life was the unaccountable disappearance of her little year-old daughter, her only beautiful child—the one in her own image, whom from the first she loved with a peculiar tenderness.

The child had been left alone in her little birch-bark crib for a short half hour, while mother was busy at the spring, a mile from home, in the midst of the woods. I, a little six-year-old, was off in a canoe with my father, as a treat for having been especially good the day before. Father and I had a splendid time—we always did when we were away together—and, our canoe full of trout, we were coming gayly home, toward evening, when a cold chill fell on our happiness, and my child's heart felt a strange thrill as I read a sudden anxiety in my father's face, whose every change I knew. His quick ear had caught the sound of mother's voice, and, after a while, I, too, could hear a hopeless moan, a dreadful, heart-broken sound. We found mother kneeling on the floor, her hand leaning on the empty crib, and moaning as one that could not be comforted. The baby was gone. How or where, we could not tell—we never knew. Weeks were spent in searching for her, and at length, to save mother's reason, father forced her to leave the pretty log cabin in the woods by the lake, where this last sorrow had come upon her, and we went to Montreal.

There we lived quietly for years during the winter-time. The nuns of the great convent of the Gray Sisters took charge of my education. Mother and I had neat little rooms in the French quarter, while father went off moose hunting for weary months; but the summer-time we always spent with him. He would choose lovely spots for our summer encampments, but never on

the site of the log cabin, deserted after the baby's loss, until the summer of my nineteenth year. Then a great desire took possession of my mother to go once more to the old home. She had been very delicate that winter, and my great, rough father denied her nothing. I shudder when I think of that beautiful, direful place now—it seems as though our evil fate hovered about it. All the anguish I ever knew centers there.

We passed one peaceful month together, disturbed only by distant rumors of the diphtheria, a scourge which seemed to be striding along from village to village, first on the river, then nearer us on the great lake; but we never thought of its touching us, until one miserable night, when father came home, languid and feverish, and one of his numerous expeditions, and we read in his face that the ghastly finger of the scourge had set its mark upon him. After the second day of anxiety about father all strength seemed to fail my delicate little mother. From the first she had despaired about him, and now I saw that if father's life were taken I should have to part with them both.

Her life would die with his, for sorrow forges stronger bonds even than joy, and they had suffered so much together, his love always supporting her, that he had become life of her life. She could not exist alone.

I struggled hand to hand, and sick of heart, against what I felt to be an inexorable fate, and, on the afternoon of the eighth day I found myself alone and almost despairing, save for the happiness of the two I had loved best in the world.

The sunset came, as I sat by the lake side, flooding my desolated world with a heavenly glory, like a sign from them to me of their new-found joy.

The stars had come out before I ventured to return to the worst than deserted house. I could not hope for help from any neighbor until I sought it out myself the next day, and I had to look forward to a night, how horrible. I did not foresee, or I could not have endured it. What followed I could scarcely credit myself, if I did not bear on my hand a tangible proof in a well-defined scar; and, even now, I could not bear to write of that night's experience, had not my children's laughter and my loving husband's care long since banished all unnatural gloom from my life.

While I had been sitting alone on the lake shore, toward the evening, I had heard a distant shot; it scarcely roused me. A sportsman, I thought, had wandered from his encampment on the opposite shore, and seen some game in our wildwoods, killed it, and his canoe had long since carried him away. In the gathering darkness I groped my way back through the familiar little path, and reached my own door. I alone should pass the threshold in the future; their feet were still; the busy feet that had toiled for me, followed me, and had been ever near me! I was to go on my rugged path alone! Heart-sick and overcome, I stopped at the door, and, leaning my head against it, sobbed in uncontrollable despair. Tired out a length, I had grown quiet, and was about to lift the latch, when a faint moan as of an animal in pain, and close to me, startled me; then a death-like silence reigned.

I knew I had been mistaken. I felt that I must forget myself and help the poor creature in distress. It is very good for strength to know that some one needs you to be strong. No longer hesitating I hurried into the little cabin, struck a light, and went in the direction whence the moan had reached my ears. I thought of the shot I had heard. It was quite possible a poor, wounded deer was lying in the bushes. Yes, I could now see its skin—unmistakably a fawn—spotted dun color. It lay quite still—perhaps that moan had been its dying gasp!—and so I came quite close to it, leaned over, and, paralyzed with horror, saw my mother's face, only young and very beautiful as she must have looked when a girl. Deathly pale, passive, she lay—matted hair all about her face, and clothed in doe-skin. Just then she stirred; it was not death. All wonder ceased within me, every feeling fled before the thought that this being, whatever, whoever she was, might be saved to live.

I dragged her the few steps into the house, laid her on my hemlock boughs, untouched by me since the sickness visited us. Then I found a wound in the poor creature's side and bound it up, and, in the quiet, now again I felt startled at seeing my mother's image, young and fair, before me, and, when at length her great eyes opened, I felt it must be that sister lost to me till now, and sent back in this sad hour to take my mother's place. I leaned forward, in an access of tenderness, to welcome her, when a look of fright, an animal-like, wild terror, took possession of her face, and a low sort of snarl broke from her human lips.

The start she gave caused a fresh flow of blood; dimness passed over her eyes. Again I stanching the wound, and prepared nourishment in case she waked. Too busied in these ways for further speculation, only with a strange weight

at my heart and weariness of body, suddenly I felt the gleam of eyes watching me. Such strange eyes! No human expression about them; a stealthy look in them now. Gently as I could I approached her side. She trembled and tried to hide her head when I offered her my carefully-prepared food. I moved away and studiously avoided any appearance of watching her. Yet I was intensely conscious of her every movement. I could see her eyeing with a wretched famished look a raw venison steak that had been forgotten, and lay on the table close beside her. Stealthily, like a beast of prey, her feeble hand stole toward it, and in a moment she had torn it in pieces and devoured it.

Horror filled my heart. Could this creature be human? I sat still in the corner, where, myself unseen, I could watch and restrain her if necessary, and soon—weakness overcoming her—after this last effort she lay tossing in uneasy sleep.

Oh! I was so weary and so very lonely! The dreadful night was almost at an end. I went to her side, threw myself on the bed beside her and put my arms about her neck. Again her beautiful eyes opened full in my face. I fixed them with my own. I caressed her, called her by the endearing names of old. I besought her to be gentle and to love me. I told her she was my own, the only creature left for me to love and care for? One short second it seemed as if a soul looked out of her glorious, dear eyes, then, with a groan as if she gave the struggle over, and, with that low, fearful growl again, she fastened her white teeth in my hand.

Shrieking with pain I fainted. When I came to myself dawn was struggling in at the window; leaf-shadows flickered on the floor. Fearful pain in my hand roused me at length, and a consuming thirst drove me into the woods toward the spring to allay it.

I struggled through the underbrush, and there, close by the water, discerned a confused mass. There lay my poor sister, dead, her head pillowed on a wildcat of the woods, shot by the same hand, probably, that had wounded her fatally.

A Scared Man.

"I think, Vest," said Senator Butler, the other day, "that the story you tell about that fellow in Richmond who went to have his picture taken, is about the best you can get off. Let's have it."

"Well," said the humorous little senator from Missouri, "we had a man by the name of Peter Wilkes, who was elected to the Confederate congress from the Springfield (Mo.) district, and he came down to the seat of government with the air of a Webster about him, and just looked and talked for all the world as if the entire responsibility of the cause rested on his individual shoulders. I knew him at home, and hence was spared the anxiety of being disturbed about his greatness. It was not long before the close of the war, when Garland and I were walking down Grace street and Peter ran into us. He had a benign smile on his face, and I knew he had been engaged in some agreeable sport. Coming up to us, he said: 'Vest, I've been down street here to a photographer's. Got a card from him the other day, asking me to call and sit for a picture. He wants to get up the whole Confederate congress—something historic, eh?'—and Peter's waistband stretched perceptibly at the thought of being thus embalmed for posterity. Tipping a wink to Garland, I said:

"What shop do you mean, Peter?"

"Oh, down here on Main street," giving a certain number. Just then I turned to Garland, with alarm painted on my face, and said:

"Why, Peter, you big ass, where have you been in the last two weeks? Haven't you heard anything about the fellow down there pretending to take historic pictures? He is a spy in the employ of the Federal government. We've just about proved it on him, and he's come to Richmond to photograph all us members for the Federal gallery; and when this thing blows up the other side will have all our pictures to aid them in the search and prosecution! Fact, Garland, ain't it?"

"So I've heard, Vest," he said.

"Well, Peter didn't stop any longer than it took him to say: 'My heavens!' and in two minutes he was just out of sight. That evening he came rushing into my room with: 'Vest, you've done me a great favor, and I'll remember it to my dying day.'

"Find your man, Peter?"

"You bet I did. The rascal had that machine of his in the back room, and was oiling me up. I just went up to him with this trusty six-shooter (it was about a yard long), and put it to his ear, and says I: 'Shell out! Well he shelled kind o' lively-like, and I mashed it into a thousand pieces. No Federal gallery in mine!'

"Well, when the surrender came, Peter was under the conviction that the whole Federal government had combined to capture him, and he set out for California on foot. Yes, he's out there yet, waiting for the animosity against him to cool down."—*Washington Capital.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Iron vessels of large tonnage are displacing small wooden crafts on our great inland fresh waters as well as on the ocean.

Physicians in the mining regions say that the presence of diphtheria is directly traceable to oleomargarine, adulterated molasses, sugar, etc., which are largely used in that section.

By means of a strictly vegetable diet Dr. Hureau de Villeneuve states that he has succeeded in ridding himself of attacks of gouty rheumatism, with which he had been afflicted for years, and of which several of his ancestors had died.

Herr Kohlrausch, in Reiman's *Färber Zeitung*, proposes not to extract tannin by boiling powdered astringents, but by reducing them to fragments of the size of a nut, and treating them in a series of dialyzers, the bottom of which is formed of animal membranes, or of parchment paper, and permits the free passage of air.

A remedy for the objections to the introduction of the electric light indoors is proposed by Mr. Coad in the shape of a battery for the generation of electricity. This battery is worked by a new combination of chemical ingredients not yet published, and the current produced is transmitted directly by wires to the lamps. The resulting flame is stated to be absolutely colorless and of great steadiness and permanence. At a recent trial a twenty-cell battery was charged and at intervals of thirty hours between each exhibition a faultless light of nearly 200 candles was yielded for about a month without replenishing.

Expensive Drugs.

There are two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bald-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bald man tells a doctor that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he didn't know of something that would stop it. The doctor said he would fix him, so he wrote a prescription, which was as follows:

Chloride of sodium, 1 oz.
Aqua pura, 8 oz.
Shake well and rub on the scalp every morning.

The bald man went to a druggist and had the prescription put up, paying a dollar and seventeen cents for it. He asked the druggist if it wasn't a little high, but felt ashamed when the druggist asked him if he knew how much aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he didn't, but supposed it came high. The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru had sent it up kiting. He said if the trouble in Chili kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little new hairs coming out, and he felt good, so when the stuff was gone he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again. The chap who filled it this time was another chap, and when the bald-headed man threw down a dollar the druggist said: "Oh, never mind. We won't charge you anything for that." The bald man asked how that was, when the druggist said: "Why, it's only salt and water, anyway. The salt is only two cents a pound and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp, and said, "Well, by the great bald-headed Elijah, I paid a dollar for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back. It's a bald-headed swindle. I thought that Peruvian story didn't look plausible." The druggist gave the man a box of cigars to keep still about it, but he won't speak to the other druggist who charged him a dollar.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Ears.

Large ears can hear things in general, and denote broad, comprehensive views and modes of thought, while small ears hear things in particular, showing a disposition to individualize, often accompanied by love of the minute. Large ears are usually satisfied with learning the facts of the case, the general principles involved—too strict an attention to the enumeration of details, especially all repetition of the more unimportant, is wearisome to them. People with such ears like generally, and are usually well fitted to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out large sums; in buying or selling would prefer to leave a margin rather than reduce the quantity of any sort to the exact dimensions of the measure specified, and in giving would prefer to give with free hand and without too strict a calculation as to the exact amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story as well as the main facts; take delight often in examining, handling or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship; are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying or selling, to the extent, at least, of knowing the exact number over or under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears would in most cases prefer a retail to a wholesale business.—*Phrenological Journal.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

Four poor Philadelphia housewives joined in the purchase of a whole barrel of flour, and found it considerably cheaper than their previous practice of buying a few pounds at a time. They extended the plan to other supplies, and then to additional members. Next they hired a room and a woman to superintend the purchases and distribution. Fifty families now get all their groceries through this association at the lowest wholesale prices.

"Mrs." and "Miss."

The old custom was to call young women Miss and older women Mrs., the age of thirty being about the dividing line, regardless of whether they were married or not. Elizabeth A. Kingsley writes to the *Women's Journal* that the usage was right and ought to be revived. "It is annoying," she says, "to be introduced to Mrs. Brown, a silly, superficial creature yet in her teens, and the next moment to be presented to Miss Williams, who at a glance we perceive to be an intellectual, noble, broad-souled woman of thirty-five or forty, worth more than a dozen like Mrs. Brown."

Grenadines.

Grenadine dresses are universally popular, and reasonably so, for they are useful as well as pretty. There are many new designs in black grenadines. Plain silk grenadines are trimmed with black net frills, dotted and scalloped with white silk; others have steel trimmings, combined with a quantity of Spanish lace. Two kinds of grenadines are used in one dress—striped grenadine for the skirt and broche grenadine for the bodice and trimmings; sometimes the waistcoat and tablier are satin, embroidered with steel beads and bugles. Bayadere stripes of steel, on black net, are very effective trimmings on black grenadine dresses.

Demorest says the handsomest grenadines this season are striped rather than broaded, and some very elegant patterns have an open-work ground run with gold or silver threads, with raised plaid figures of plush. Darnier or checker-board patterns are also seen in grenadines. So-called painted grenadines are pattern dresses, and in most cases are accompanied with a colored fashion plate illustrating the most effective method of making up the toilet. Many other pretty pattern costumes are imported in boxes with embroideries or lace and platings made up for trimming. Some of the materials in these dress patterns are of colored Bayonnaise wool, summerserges and French satteens. In many cases a pretty fan and parasol to match accompany the pattern.

News and Notes for Women.

The funeral of a New York young lady who died the other day cost her father \$3,000.

Vinnie Beam Hoxie intends to present her bust of General Custer to his widow.

In Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think they have ugly ears place these artistic productions under luxuriant tresses of false hair, fasten them to the natural ears, and wear them for show.

The heroine of a recent novel is quite versatile in the crying business. In one place the author says "her eyes were suffused with salt tears," while in another he tells us that "her tears flowed fresh."

Mrs. Secretary Blaine has added an important amendment to the code of etiquette adopted when John Quincy Adams was secretary of state, and henceforth the wives of cabinet officers will have their regular reception days, but will not return the visits then paid them. The visitation of every one who saw fit to call at the house of a secretary and leave a card has grown to be a heavy burden.

Dr. Harding says: The assertion that American women are feebler than foreign women is known to be false by any who have employed foreigners as domestics. The foreign "helps" are puffed up by watery vegetables and coarse bread and look strong; but they have headaches, bad teeth, sore eyes, deafness and weak digestion, and they are tired out by little tasks which their mistresses can do easily and cheerfully.

Fashion Fancies.

Shirred waists are much worn.

Box-plaited waists are revived.

Almond color is very fashionable.

Fall fraises of lace are much worn.

Marguerite mitts will again be worn.

Jabots of lace grow longer and fuller.

Small figured satinets will be much worn.

The coal scuttle shape is the favorite poke bonnet.

Bridegrooms and their "best men" do not wear gloves.

Glass mosaic is coming in use for wall decoration.

Spanish lace comes in pale rose color for bonnets.

Louise skirts are worn with cashmere overdresses.

Sash ribbons a foot wide are used on black lace dresses.

Suits of summer flannel are trimmed with braid arranged in rows.

Turkish and Albanian embroideries are applied upon net for dress trimmings.

Pink or yellow linings are put in the brown straw bonnets worn with brown suits.

Dress goods with one-half plain and the other striped come for overskirts.

Short sleeves are bordered with bead lace and bead fringe for evening dresses.

Ribbon plaited and dotted with beads is worn about the neck around the lace.

Madras muslin wrought in colors is to be worn over sateen for summer dresses.

A new apron front is four strips of satin pointed at the end and laced together.

Sleeves must be slightly gathered into the armholes in order to be really fashionable.

The dotted Swiss muslin remains the favorite dress of ceremony for young girls.

The favorite shape for fans is the flat screen of Japanese origin and covered with Japanese figures.

Many milliners use full lace trimmings of flowers of large size for poke or Mother Hubbard bonnets.

Borders in cambric of solid colors are sewed upon white cheese cloth curtains intended for seaside houses.

Watered silk striped in colors that do not break the watered figure is a novelty. It is used for overdresses.

White muslins with embroidery hemstitching and dots woven in the pattern are sold for cool summer gowns.

Japanese straw hats with broad brims faced with bright color, and trimmed with bayadere striped with surah, will be a favorite hat for country wear.

Slippers for evening wear are cut exceedingly low, and the stockings to be worn with them are embroidered in proportion to the expected display.

The best makes of black cloth top shoes are at present much worn. French heels are still seen upon evening slippers and fancy shoes, but on all other occasions lower heels are the vogue.

Many of the new bonnets formed entirely of shaded roses are shrouded with a filmy covering of black or white beaded gauze, which gives a delicate, toning effect to the bright flowers, making them doubly becoming to the wearer.

A Curious Experiment.

A correspondent, writing from New York, relates the following curious experiment, which was tried in his presence by a small party of gentlemen casually assembled at the house of a friend: The heaviest man in the room, who happened to be our host, the Rev. Mr. —, was put lying down on three chairs, his head on one and his body and feet on the other two. Then five of us each put two fingers under him, one taking the head, another the feet, and so on, and at a given signal all took a long breath and lifted together. To our amazement we lifted a man weighing 200 pounds, two feet from the chair, with no more effort than if he had been a bag of feathers. Two of the "lifters" were young ladies, and I know all the persons present, and am certain of their honesty. After we had repeated the experiment several times marked weights were brought in, and the "lifters" were asked to estimate about how much strain they had felt when lifting the Rev. Mr. —. One person, after trying different weights, estimated it at two pounds, another three, etc. Two hundred pounds distributed among five persons would give forty pounds to each, not an easy weight for a woman to lift, and no one but an athlete would attempt to lift forty pounds with two fingers. This experiment may be tried at any time when five or six persons are present, and will afford food for reflection.

Words and Ideas.

After listening with perfect amazement for a full hour to a very talkative person, and wondering whether or not such garrulousness is or is not a result of the superabundance of matter, we lighted upon this, by Dean Swift: The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language and has a mind full of ideas will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

"What," said a teacher, "is that invincible power that prevents the wicked man from sleeping and causes him to toss about upon his pillow, and what should he do to enjoy that peace which passeth all understanding?" "Sew up the hole in the mosquito-bar," was the prompt answer from the bad boy at the foot of the class.