

### Lines by the Late Dean of Westminster.

I.  
"Till Death us part,"  
So speaks the heart,  
When each to each repeats the words of doom;  
Thro' blessing and thro' curse,  
For better and for worse,  
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

II.  
Life, with its myriad grasp,  
Our yearning souls shall clasp,  
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;  
In bonds that shall endure,  
Indissolubly sure,  
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

III.  
Till Death us join,  
Oh, voice yet more divine!  
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;  
Thro' lonely hours  
And shattered hours  
We still are one, despite of change and time.

IV.  
Death, with his healing hand,  
Shall once more link the band  
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;  
Till, thro' the Only Good,  
Heard, felt and understood,  
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

### THE POLISH PEASANT.

In the year 1717, at the fork of the roads between St. Petersburg and Schlusberg, stood a humble thatched cottage of small dimensions and untenable appearance. This domicile, together with ten acres of land, belonged to the estate of a Russian nobleman, Count Uwarow, a very rich and powerful baron of the empire, who cherished in common with his titled countrymen a great contempt and dislike for the Poles.

Among the number of these voluntary exiles was Stanislaus Kosmierske, who in the year above mentioned emigrated from Poland with his wife and one child and leased of Count Uwarow the aforesaid cottage. Stanislaus had been dragged from his plow to serve in the ranks of Poland's infantry.

Bugomila—for such was the name of his wife—had but recovered from a severe indisposition at the time to which our tale relates. A second child had blessed this peasant pair. When the children had been put to rest at night, the parents found a pleasure in their children, and when they were at rest, and their daily work accomplished, they would sit and chat and calculate the proceeds of the coming harvest, applying the money to be so received to the purchase of necessaries, in anticipation of the winter. They had already, in their minds, appropriated the whole of their anticipated wealth, and longed for the coming autumn when they might execute their plans.

"Moja kochana" (my dear, when addressed to a woman), would Stanislaus often say, "when the count sees we are honest and pay our rent, he will be less severe with us, and may make some improvements in our dwelling."

"Moj kochany" (my dear, when addressed to a man,) would the loving wife reply, "I look for nothing from those great lords. They never, even in Poland, regarded our sufferings, and in a strange land we have nothing to hope. We will aid ourselves, and trust in God for assistance."

The fall was approaching. Another week and Stanislaus intended to gather his harvest. Alas! how frail are human calculations. A heavy gale, accompanied by a pelting hail, laid low all his hopes. He gazed on his ruined fields, and a tear stole down his cheek when he contemplated the coming winter. Bugomila endeavored to console him, but in vain.

"If the count would forgive me the rent," he said, one evening after this calamity, "we might, perhaps, get through the winter, moja kochana."

"Speak to the count, Stanislaus; tell him the hand of God has robbed you of your expected money, and that you will make good the rent next year."

So that evening it was determined that on the following morning Stanislaus was to visit Count Uwarow; and, relying on his clemency, the poor couple sought their couch, made soft by easy consciences and a pious submission to the will of heaven.

Stanislaus was at his scanty breakfast when the tramp of horses was heard. It drew nearer, and Stanislaus, with Bugomila and her little girl, rushed to the door to see who might be coming to that desolate spot. A hope that travelers were approaching gave a glimmer of joy to the poor man, for every house was used as a tavern in those days, and many a peasant made a penny in supplying the wants of transient visitors. This glimmer lighted the heart of Stanislaus but for a moment, for the recollection that there was nothing in the house for travelers, however humble their calling might be, at once extinguished this ray of anticipated aid.

The sound of many voices was now heard, and very soon a troop of gayly-mounted men and servants, dressed in hunting costumes, emerged from the woods. Leading the merry party came Count Uwarow himself. As he ap-

proached the cottage he saw the little group gathered about its door. Turning to some one of his attendants he inquired who this peasant might be. On learning his name he at once exclaimed: "A Pole!" and rode up to the cottage.

"Look ye, you Polish varlet," commenced the count, "my steward tells me you are domiciled here. See you pay your rent, or I'll have you turned out to seek a shelter elsewhere."

"Most noble count, my crops have been ruined by the late storm," replied Stanislaus in broken Russian, "and—"

"That's not my fault. You Poles come to our country expecting us to supply you with food, shelter and clothing; but I'll have none of this on my estates. So pay your rent or go you shall!" and with a cut of his whip at Stanislaus he led the party onward to the chase.

This interview had robbed poor Stanislaus of all hope. Despair stared him in the face, and he stood gazing after the count, pale with rage, and agonized on account of his wife and little ones.

"Curses on that proud and haughty lord!"

"Hush, moj kochany," exclaimed Bugomila. "Remember, the lip that curses shall want bread!"

Wiping a tear from his cheek he returned to the deserted table, and burying his face in his hands gave vent to his tears. Bugomila strove to console him, but she could point to no hope. She could devise no means whereby to extricate him from his gathering embarrassment.

"What are twenty rubles to him? He spends more money every day in one meal at his castle, and yet he str me, and threatened to cast me, you and our little ones, upon the wide world, penniless, and without a home."

"God is just!" ejaculated Bugomila and crossed herself.

"Niech bedzie pochwalony!" (May God be praised) responded Stanislaus. "If God be just and kind," he continued, "why do we suffer? We are good, and say our prayers night and morning; we bear all without complaint, and yet these wicked lords have no care, no wants. They wallow in wealth and sin, and forget the needy."

"True, true!" responded Bugomila, suddenly rising from her seat. "Perhaps, isolated as we are, God has forgotten us."

"He cannot have heard our prayers, or He would have softened our sorrows and supplied our wants, Bugomila."

"Then, moj kochany, let us make our situation known to Him."

"How can we do that?"

"Write to Him, Stanislaus."

"I can't write, you know, Bugomila."

"Get some one to write for you."

"Who can write? And these Russians would never write to aid us. They like to see us suffer."

"Some pleasant day, Stanislaus, we will walk to Donashof Hill, and raise our voices from its summit at noonday, and God will hear us then."

With this determination Bugomila commenced the daily household duties, and Stanislaus went to the fields to ascertain the full extent of his losses.

The day had become dismal. The sky of the morning was overcast, and threatened another storm. The night was dark and gloomy, and the little family were gathered around their frugal board, with only sufficient food to stay the cravings of their appetites, when some one knocked at the door.

"Moj boze kochany!" (My dear God! A common exclamation among the Russians), ejaculated Bugomila, as she looked with fear at Stanislaus. They dreaded a second visit from the count, and it was not until the knock had been repeated that the door was opened.

"Dobry wiczor" (good-evening), said the stranger, as he entered.

The sound of their native tongue cheered the hearts of the cottagers. They welcomed their guest heartily, and, with apologies for so scanty a repast, offered him all their humble dwelling afforded. The stranger seated himself and ate with a sharp appetite. He was clad in garments that had seen better days, but which had evidently been made for him. He was well booted, and the dust on his garments showed he had traveled far.

During some conversation about their native country, Bugomila whispered to Stanislaus that he could ask the stranger to write the letter for them. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and Stanislaus, in a blunt way, proposed to the stranger to write this epistle in liquidation of any claim for his supper and lodging. Their guest cheerfully consented to this arrangement, and the letter was duly finished, after Stanislaus and Bugomila had inserted a list of their wants, which included nearly everything a household like theirs required. It was then placed hopefully upon the public highway.

The road on the north side of the cottage was frequently traveled, and bordered a dense forest, in which Peter the Great occasionally indulged in the chase. It so happened that two days after the letter had been deposited the royal throng of hunters were led by a stag to the very spot where it lay. One

of the emperor's attendants saw the letter and picked it up.

Not being able to read Polish, and thinking it might contain some clue to a Polish conspiracy, he carried the suspected document to his sovereign, who quietly placed it in his pocket and pursued his sport. On reaching home he gave the letter to one of his secretaries to translate. With a smile upon his countenance the secretary soon returned the original with the Russian version.

Peter the Great read the translation with marked attention, having been struck with the peculiar idea of those poor peasants in writing to God, and immediately commanded one of his ministers to have a wagon filled with every article mentioned in the letter, to go with two hundred rubles, and to send some person to him who should drive the wagon whither he might direct. The next morning all was prepared, and the wagoner presented himself to the emperor.

"Take this wagon on the road to Schlusberg, and when you come near to a small house and farm, at the cross of two roads, dismount, let your horses go on with the wagon, and do you return. Take a horse with you for your journey back. Keep this a secret, and when you have done your errand report yourself. Go!"

All was done as the emperor commanded, and the horses were left near the house in the road. Accustomed to stop by the wayside, they approached the door of Stanislaus. Hearing the neighing of horses at his door, the poor peasant immediately ran out to welcome the traveler. He saw the wagon and horses, but no driver. He called, but no answer came.

He feared the driver might have fallen and been injured, so he took his dog and was about to depart in search of the lost wagoner, when Bugomila suggested the possibility of his being asleep in the wagon. They went out to look, but he was not there.

Attracted by the sight of the very articles she herself desired, she continued her examination, and being very soon convinced that the wagon contained nothing but the things she had enumerated in her letter, she called her husband to return. "Niech bedzie pochwalony!" (God be praised). "Moj kochany, God has received our letter and has granted our prayer. Grawda!"—(it is true)—"see here!" and she exhibited to her astonished Stanislaus one article after the other, until, overwhelmed with surprise, he crossed himself and exclaimed:

"God is merciful and kind!"

Now came the joy of taking out all the little comforts and necessities. They were carried into the house, and while Stanislaus looked to the horses Bugomila unpacked the presents. Everything was there that they had prayed for.

One of the servants of Count Uwarow, on passing the house next morning, observed the wagon, and saw, also, great changes going on in the cottage. He mentioned this to his master, adding a suggestion that the Pole must have murdered some traveler. That very evening the count, returning home, stopped to examine for himself. He saw lights burning, and a plentiful meal spread on the table, and everything denoting an improvement in his tenant's circumstances.

At once convinced that the suspicions of the servant were well founded, he sent to the commissary of police in St. Petersburg, charging Stanislaus with murder, and the next day the officers were at the count's castle to receive further orders. The wish of Count Uwarow was law to these minions of the police, and they proceeded to the humble peasant's cottage to arrest the Pole.

Struck with dismay at sight of the police, Stanislaus could scarcely utter a sound. His affrighted wife demanded the cause of his arrest, but received only brutal treatment in reply. She determined to follow her husband. Closing her house, she took her little children, and some money in her pocket, harnessed the horses and proceeded to the city. Stanislaus was brought before the commissary of police, where, with innocent simplicity, he related the story of his distress, the writing of the letter, and the arrival of the wagon. Such a tale convinced the commissary that it was but the invention of his prisoner, and at once ordered Stanislaus to be confined in prison for one week, and at the end of that time be executed.

Lost in despair, Bugomila clung to the neck of her wronged and injured husband, until the officers tore them asunder.

"Fly to the emperor!" said Stanislaus, as he was forced from his wife and children. The true wife obeyed her husband.

Every ready to examine into the abuses of his government, the emperor listened to her story. A few words served to convince him that her husband had had written the singular letter which had fallen into his hands, and, curious to learn more of this Polish peasant he ordered her follow him to the palace. Here she explained all. The commissary was sent for and care-

fully questioned as to the guilt of the prisoner.

"Your majesty, his guilt was established beyond a doubt during his examination, and Count Uwarow appeared as his accuser."

"Are you willing to swear, Mr. Commissary?"

"I am, my liege."

"Be it so. Swear. No," said the emperor, "I will not let you perjure yourself in addition to your crime of intended murder. Now see, sir, what proof I can adduce of this poor peasant's innocence."

The letter was then brought forward, the secretary who translated it, the minister who obtained the wagon and its contents, and the servant who drove it to the peasant's door. The commissary was confounded.

"Now," commenced the emperor, "I shall make an example of you, in order to show my functionaries that the rights of the peasants are to be respected, that the poor man is still a human being, and that he is not to be crushed by arbitrary power and injustice."

Turning to an attendant in waiting: "Summon Count Uwarow to appear before us to-morrow."

Then seating himself at a table he wrote two orders—the one released Stanislaus and restored him to liberty, life and to his family; the second was sentence upon the commissary to take the place of the Pole.

The next day Count Uwarow appeared. The emperor reprimanded him for his conduct, and forced him to sign a lease of the cottage and the ten acres to Stanislaus and his son for life, free from rent, and to keep the house in good repair during their lives.

"If any ill comes to this Pole, you, Sir Count, must answer for it. Go, and remember the rights of the humble."

### A Pen Picture of Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull is described as follows by a reporter of the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press:

He is below the medium height, stolid and stoical-looking, and the thinness of his lips and a few wrinkles in his face give him the appearance of being older than fifty years, which Scout Allison says is his correct age. He was dressed in the traditional blue blanketing, sewed in the form of half-civilized trousers, with great gaping places where the pockets should be, and when he walked often displayed a brawny leg. Over this he simply wore what was once a finely made and nicely laundered white shirt, but which had become greasy and dirty from long wear. The shoulders of the shirt and the sleeves had three long streaks of red war paint, with which the warrior's neck, entire face and scalp at the parting of the hair, was covered. His hair is jet black, and reaches below his shoulders, hanging in three braids, one at each side, and one pendant from the back and braided from the crown of his broad head. The two braids hanging over the shoulders were thickly wound with a shawl, and the only ornaments worn were two brass rings, one on the little and one on the second finger of the left hand, and a lady's cheap bracelet of black gutta-percha on the left wrist. This lack of ornament, in comparison with his better-looking and more gaudily adorned chief advisors, is for the purpose of impressing the sentimental white man with his poverty. His moccasins were of the most common pattern, dotted with a few beads here and there. While on the boat a greater portion of the time he kept his eyes covered with a pair of huge smoked glass goggles. While being looked at he evinced no agitation, and seemed not to be impressed with the fact that he was being lionized. He chatted freely with Scout Allison, and, at his request, wrote his name in English on a card and presented it to Mr. Batchelor. He writes easily and held the pencil of the Pioneer Press reporter with considerable grace, but in writing his name he simply copied it from the writing of another person.

### Luncheon at Midday.

Physicians assert that a hearty meal at midday is injurious to the health. A 5 or 6 o'clock dinner, eaten slowly with the members of his own family, is far healthier. A heavy midday meal unites professional men for carrying on any business in the afternoon, as it makes them heavy and sleepy, for nature requires some kind of repose to aid digestion. Our popular system of eating is wrong. The majority of persons thrust three heavy meals into about ten hours, and leave the body without a fresh supply of food for the remaining fourteen hours of the day and night. Two good meals, morning and evening, would be the proper plan, with perhaps a light lunch or cracker at about 1 o'clock in the day. This would allow both of the heavy meals an opportunity to digest before the next was taken. As to a heavy midday meal for men who have to tear around as if the next moment were to be their last, it is perfectly ridiculous, as the food, instead of digesting and forming blood, muscle and brain, acts as a block to those forces of nature—choking up a sewer, as it were. It is best to eat lightly in the middle of the day.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### A Wedding in Lapland.

A wedding is announced at the church, whose bells are pealing. We invite ourselves. A score of us enter the building. It is, like most Lutheran churches, plain; but there is an altar, with "seven candlesticks" and candles; a large cross, perfectly white; a pulpit midway, and commodious pews and seats. The hour is 2 in the afternoon, not in the morning, though as to lighting the church it is "all one." Some dozen or so of natives, all females, with handkerchiefs upon their heads, are present. Our party is seated at the front. I remain at the door. My wedding garment is not up to the highest style, but as the procession enters the front door I fall in behind with the small boy of the family. The bride is a tall girl, with inflammatory hair and cool demeanor. The groom is a thick-set man, whose hair is erect, and whose imperturbability is quite equal to that of the woman whom he holds, we hope gently, by the hand. She is dressed plainly in black. A long white veil depends from her back hair, held by a circlet of ivory, a plant in great request and reputation here in Norway. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, including parents, pass up to the platform with them and take seats on either side. A priest comes out from the apse and stands before the altar silently, with his back to us, while the precursor from a side platform raises a sweet song, with whose music there is not so much accord by the audience. Then the bride and bridegroom kneel, a prayer is said, and the two are one, and all are happy. The bride is arrayed at the door, and the scene is concluded.—S. S. Cox.

#### Fashion Notes.

Polka-dot stockings are in favor.

Brooches, not lace pins, are again worn.

Lace dresses continue to be in the ascendant.

The polonaise never goes entirely out of fashion.

Watered silk and ribbons are coming into vogue.

Bead necklaces are becoming very fashionable.

Flower bonnets are still the style for evening wear.

A dash of silver brightens a black costume with exquisite effect.

Dark colored muslins with bright printed borders will be much worn.

Scarfs of Spanish lace are entirely of silk, and large enough to wear as mantles.

Pale sea-green Spanish lace bonnets are trimmed with heliotrope blossoms and leaves.

Moire fabrics, especially silk, combined with nun's veiling, are the rage in Paris just now.

Shirring producing the Mother Hubbard effect appears in ladies' as well as children's dresses.

Black silk chenille netted in large meshes is fashionable for summer wraps of various shapes.

Both low and high coiffures are worn, with a preference for the former, but the style depends entirely on the wearer.

The only lace mantles that find great favor are those of Spanish lace in large fichu shape, or else the regular scarf shape.

A surplice basque with transparent lace sleeves and a bouffant skirt drapery is the latest design for white wool dresses.

Imitation Spanish laces are of mixed silk and worsted or cotton, and are very thick and clumsy when contrasted with those of silk.

With black lace fichus nothing white is added about the throat, and this thin black drapery is found to be very becoming to most ladies.

Pale rose mulle dresses should be made effective with flower accessories of dark, rich, red roses, daisies with dark centers, and other striking flowers.

Fashionable ladies in New York have for the moment discarded the wearing of much jewelry, wearing no earrings excepting very small solitaires, the most fashionable of which fit closely to the ears.

One of the prettiest fabrics which is used for infants' cloaks is Colberth cloth, a canvas-like *elamine* which has been much used for children's collars and cuffs. It is now used for mantles over linings of colored silk.

Shirred and plaited round waists are seen upon ladies of all ages and sizes, from the miss of sweet sixteen to the madam of fifty, and from the ethereal creature weighing ninety pounds to the matronly dame weighing 200.

Moire satin and nun's veiling is an exceedingly popular combination in the latest French evening dresses; and sashes, loops and floating ends of watered ribbon are scattered in greatest profusion and grace all over these elegant toilets.

One of the most popular models for visiting and evening toilets is the polonaise in one piece, made to open in front at the waist, and cut away or draped

back and forming a long narrow train over a plaited or gathered skirt. These polonaises are made of satin, silk, of brocade, of a different color and material from the skirt. For visiting dresses the polonaise is high at the neck, but for dinner and evening costumes it is generally cut square, with a stiff Medici collar flaring from the sides and standing very high at the back. Black grenadine is also cut in this style, the under-dress being of black surah covered up the whole front with plaited ruffles of the same.

#### A Painted Dog.

A man down in East End lavished a small slice of his bank account the other day in the purchase of a coach dog. He heard it was the swell go in Europe to own coach dogs. Every lord of the realm owned one. So he bought the dog for a round price and brought him home. Next day he got out his coach and tied the pup under it to the axle as a preparatory step in the young canine's education.

Now there were two immensely interested spectators to the preparations for the training. Two mongrel curs next door were watching things, and, seizing up the carriage pup, they finally winked at each other and said in dog language: "I guess we're about one pound heavier than that brute; let's chew off his hide."

The coach started, and the coach dog, which, being attached by a chain, as a natural consequence, started too. Just as the coach was gaining impetus the mongrel curs made a dash at the thoroughbred, and the next few seconds were fraught with frightful howls, yells and shrieks. By the time the coacher got down to the rescue of his bloodied pet the damage was done. The dog had plenty of coaching for one day, and he concluded he would not go another step unless the chain and axle dragged him.

"S'mother day, then," said the owner, as he ran his coach into the stable and put his pup on ice to cool off. Next day was but a repetition of the former day's trouble. The mongrels were "laying" for the high fangled quadruped, and they licked him again.

It now became a matter of fighting two dogs with one rather than training a coacher, and the gentleman grew despondent. One day last week he met a friend. A happy thought struck him. Would his friend lend him that bulldog for just one day? He would. Bull was taken to the coacher's house and an artist called in. Brush and paints were brought into use, and in less than a jiffy Bull was a fac-simile of the coach dog. Without waiting for paint to dry on Bull's hide, the experimenter hid him off and rigged up his coach. Then Bull was led out and tied to the axle without a chain, but a wee bit of a string that wouldn't embarrass him in case of an assault from an unknown foe.

The two mongrel dogs, as usual, were watching things with smiles on their benign faces.

Said one of them: "Well, the god darned fool! does he want us to eat that dog?"

"I guess we might as well kill him this time," said the other, licking his chops.

"Might as well chew off a couple of his legs, at least," said the first, "for he'll never tumble till we do. Look out; here he comes!"

Then they jumped on him.

Such yelling as that which followed fast and furious was never heard before. This time the driver did not leave his seat to interfere. The painted thing under the wagon seemed able to take care of himself. In two minutes by the clock he had chewed one leg off the southeast corner of the largest mongrel, and had pulled an ear out by the roots from the head of the other. While Bull was picking his teeth with his claws and spitting out flesh and hair, the wounded combatants dragged their gory carcasses from the field, trying to gather their bewildered senses enough to wonder what in the dickens had come over that coach dog all at once.

And now that coach dog goes out every day, and when he prances on the street every dog on the square goes in and creeps under the horse for fear he will get sunstruck.—Rochester Tribune.

#### Sun-Flowers and Malarial Diseases.

A gentleman of Middletown, says the *Argus*, who is a firm believer in the efficacy of growing sun flowers as a preventive of malarial diseases, suggests that the people of Lake avenue and vicinity who have been so terribly afflicted of late by sickness plant a large number of the flowers in their gardens next season. He states that in the malarious districts in New Jersey that he has visited the people plant these flowers in profusion, and the result is, as they stated, that the air was cleared to a large extent of malaria, and that they escape the sweeping scourges of former years, before the planting of sun-flowers became so universal. Whether there is any virtue in these plants as preventives of malaria we are not prepared to state, but the experiment is a cheap one and should be tested. In addition sun-flower seeds are the best of food for hens, and the crop would, therefore, be a paying one outside of any merits which the plants may have as absorbers of malarial exhalations.