

Echo.
Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as
bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
Oh, memory, hope, love of finished years.
Oh, dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bitter
sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Par-
adise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting, longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, lets in, lets out no more.
Tel come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again, though cold in death;
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath;
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!
—Christina A. Rossetti.

“ADOPTED.”

“It's very strange,” muttered Blanche Penroy, slowly weaving together the wreath of scarlet autumn leaves with which she was decorating her broad-brimmed straw hat.

She made a beautiful picture sitting there all alone in the mellow glow and color of the October woods, a crimson shawl drooping from her shoulders, and the sunshine lighting up her bright auburn curls with glittering threads of gold, while upon the fallen tree trunk that formed her impromptu seat lay a tiny branch of ferns and autumnal flowers. She was transparently fair, with purple veins in each waxen temple and a faint pink bloom on her cheeks, while her eyes, large and brown, seemed to look at you with the grave, tender expression of an infant.

“Yes, it is very strange,” went on Miss Penroy, musing within herself. “I know so little about him; I have only known him about ten days, yet when he spoke about leaving Elm Point last night it seemed as if all the sunshine was leaving the world for me. Oh, Blanche—naughty, naughty, naughty little Blanche!” she added, leaning forward, and apostrophizing the fair face mirrored in the stream at her feet. “Is it possible that you've allowed yourself to fall in love with that tall, black-eyed young man? Ten days ago I had never seen him—and now!”

The roses mounted up in her cheek as she wondered within herself whether Mr. Evering cared for her.

“I wish I knew!” she muttered aloud. “Knew what?” demanded a calm voice, and Mr. Gilbert Evering took up the bunch of flowers and coolly seated himself beside her—a tall, handsome man, with brilliant dark eyes, rather irregular features, and a deep color glowing through his olive skin.

Blanche demurely looked up at him—she was not to be taken by storm thus easily—and asked:

“Do you think it will rain to-morrow. For our picnic I want to wear my white India shawl?”

“Oh, the picnic! I had forgotten that when I spoke of leaving to-morrow. Of course, though, my presence or absence will make no great difference?”

Blanche was silent. Somehow that scarlet and brown spotted leaf required a good deal of adjustment in that ribbon of her hat.

“Blanche, shall I go or stay?”

“As you please, Mr. Evering, of course.”

“No; as somebody else pleases. Yes or no! And I forewarn you that yes means a great deal.”

“How much does it mean?” questioned Blanche, half archly, half timidly.

“Everything!”

“Then you may stay.”

“My Blanche—my little daisy!” he whispered, bending his stately head over the slender hand that lay on the autumn leaves. And Blanche felt that in the golden stillness of that October evening she had turned a new page in the book of her life!

She was very, very happy, and all that day she seemed to be walking through the bright mysteries of a dream. But with the morning came other feelings; alas! that shadow should always follow sunshine in this world of ours.

“I'm not disposed to be unreasonable, Blanche!” said Gilbert, in a whisper, as he arranged her white lace shawl for her, amid the merry tumult of the picnic ground, “but I do think you have waltzed quite often enough with Mr. Birmingham!”

“Jealous already, Gilbert?” taunted the girl, flushed and rosy with the triumphs of her beauty, and the irresistible instincts of coquetry.

“Of course you'll do as you please, Blanche; only I warn you, it's a choice between Walter Birmingham and me. You dance with him again at your own risk!”

At the same instant he came up.

“May I have the pleasure of this polka with you, Miss Penroy?”

And Blanche, defiant, willful and a little piqued, answered, “Yes.”

She glided away with her hand on Walter Birmingham's shoulder. Gilbert

had no business to be so unreasonable.

His grave, stern face rather startled her as she came once more to the rustic seat of twisted boughs, when the band was silent, and Mr. Birmingham had gone to bring her a glass of iced lemonade.

“Gilbert! why do you look so cross?”

“Because I have reason. I am sorry you pay so little attention to my wishes, Miss Penroy.”

She drew herself up haughtily.

“You are beginning to dictate early, sir!”

“Have I not the right?”

“No, Mr. Evering.”

“Be it so, Blanche,” he said, in a voice that betrayed how deep the arrow rankled in his bosom. “I give up the right now and henceforward.”

Blanche was startled. She would have said more, but Walter Birmingham was advancing toward her, and when next she had leisure to look round Gilbert was gone from her side.

“What have I done!” she thought, in dismay. “I'll see him this evening and coax him into good humor once more. He surely can't be vexed with me for an idle word like that.”

Ah, little Blanche, it is not the well-considered sentence that does all the harm in this world—it is the idle word!

“Such a charming day we have had, Mrs. Traine,” said Blanche, as she came in, smiling and radiant, as if the worm, remorse, was not gnawing at her heart.

“Yes,” said the blooming matron, who was reading in an easy-chair under the shadow of the vines. “But what sent Mr. Evering away in such a hurry?”

“Sent him away?”

“Yes—by the evening train. He came home, packed his things and drove away as if there was not a moment to lose. I am very sorry; we shall miss him so much.”

Blanche went slowly upstairs and sat down by her window, looking out at the purple glow of the evening landscape as if it were a featureless blank. So he was really gone away; and by her own folly she had lost the priceless treasure of Gilbert Evering's love.

“And I cannot even write to him, for I do not know his address,” she thought, with clasped hands and tearful eyes.

“Well, it is my own fault, and I must abide the consequences as best I may.”

So Blanche Penroy went home from the gay, fashionable place a sadder and a wiser woman, and the November mists drooping o'er the brick and mortar wilderness of her city home had never seemed half so dreary to her as they did now.

“I suppose I shall be an old maid,” thought Blanche, walking up and down in the fire-lit darkness of her room; her dimpled hands clasped behind her waist. “I never cared for any one as I cared for—Gilbert; and I dare say I shall keep a cat and grow fond of green tea. Ah, well—a-day! life cannot last forever.”

A dreary comfort that for a girl of nineteen summers.

She rang the bell with an impatient jerk.

“Are there any letters, Sanderson?”

“One ma'am; it came by the evening post, about five minutes ago.”

“Light the gas, then, and give it to me.”

Blanche sat down by the fire and opened the letter, suppressing a yawn.

“Black-edged and black-sealed! So poor Mrs. Marchmont is gone at last!”

It was from the executors of Miss Penroy's distant cousin, formally and briefly announcing her death, which had taken place in one of the West India islands some months since; but of which the “melancholy news,” as the letter ran, had only just been received. It was not entirely unexpected, as Mrs. Marchmont had been for some years slowly fading out of the world, a victim to hereditary consumption.

“Leaving one child, a son,” slowly repeated Blanche, leaning her cheek on her hand and looking down into the fiery quiver of the whitening coals. “Poor little fellow! he must feel nearly as desolate as I do! Only I have one advantage—I have at least a sufficiency of this world's goods; and this orphan child must be thrown penniless and alone on his own resources, for, if I remember aright, Mrs. Marchmont forfeited all the wealth of her first marriage by her second alliance with the poverty-stricken lawyer whose death plunged her into such bitter mourning. That was a genuine love match, yet how leaving one child—a son! Why should I not adopt the stray waif, and make it the business of my life to cherish and comfort him? I have no object in existence; here is one that Providence itself seems to point out to me.”

Once more she rang the bell, with fresh color glowing in her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

“Bring in my writing-desk immediately, Sanderson, and get ready to take a letter to the post for me as soon as possible.”

The old servant obeyed, wondering at his mistress' unwonted energy, and yet well pleased to see some of her old animation returning.

“She do look more like herself to-night, do Miss Blanche, than she has for a long time,” he said to the house-

keeper as he came downstairs after obeying the summons. “I only wish Miss Blanche would take a fancy to some nice, properly-behaved young man; it don't seem right that she should live all by herself in this big house, so forlorn-like.”

The housekeeper nodded sagaciously to old Mr. Sanderson's proposition. She fully agreed with him.

“Only Miss Blanche was too willful ever to listen to a word of advice.”

It was a very simple letter that Blanche Penroy wrote to her “far away” cousin's executors, dictated by the fullness of her heart.

“I shall never marry now,” she wrote, “and it seems to become my plainly indicated duty to undertake the care of this orphan child of Mrs. Marchmont. With your approval, therefore, I propose to adopt him, and endeavor, so far as is in my power, to supply the place of his lost mother. You may at first deem me rather too young to undertake so grave and serious a responsibility; but I am nineteen last month, and I am very, very much older in thought and feeling than in years. Of course at my death the child will inherit the property which was left to me by my deceased parents.”

“I hope my cousin's executors are like the nice, white-headed old lawyers one reads about,” said Blanche to herself, as she folded the little sheet of paper, “and not cross old fudges, talking of ‘expediency’ and ‘appropriateness’; for I do so much want somebody to love and care for; and I've a sort of premonition that this little fellow will be nice, rosy and lovable. I think I'll teach him to call me ‘Auntie.’”

Exactly a week subsequently a prim, legal note was received from Messrs. Ailas and Corpus, the deceased lady's executors, stating that “they saw no valid objection to Miss Penroy's very laudable projects, and that in accordance thereto the child of the late Mr. Marchmont would arrive at Miss Penroy's residence on the following Saturday.”

“Saturday, and this is Friday,” ejaculated Blanche, with the new brightness dancing in her hazel eyes. “Oh, how glad I shall be! Sanderson, tell Mrs. Brown to have the blue room fitted up immediately for Master Marchmont, and you had better go yourself to the station with the carriage at five to-morrow afternoon to meet him.”

“Yes, ma'am,” said Sanderson, stolidly.

The apparition of a great unruly boy tramping with muddy boots on the velvet carpets, and disturbing the house with balls, marbles and halos, did not possess the charm in Sanderson's eyes that it seemed to have for his mistress. And even patient Mrs. Brown remarked with a species of exasperation that “she didn't see what put this freak into Miss Blanche's head?”

Saturday was a day of hail and tempest and softly falling snow, and by 5 o'clock the drawing-rooms were lighted, and the crimson silk curtains closely drawn to exclude the stormy darkness without.

Six times within the last fifteen minutes had Blanche Penroy looked at her watch, as she stood by the fire waiting to hear the returning carriage wheels.

She was dressed in a rich China-blue silk dress with pearl pin and ear drops, and a little point lace at her throat and wrists, and the color in her cheek, and the golden tinge in her bright hair made her, unconsciously, very fair to look upon.

“Oh, I hope—I hope he will like me,” thought Blanche, with that distinctive yearning for love that enters every woman's heart, as the door opened.

“Here's the young gentleman, miss,” said Sanderson, with a half-suppressed sound between a laugh and a snort.

But instead of a child of seven or eight years old, a tall apparition walked in, something over six feet high, with a black mustache, and merry hazel eyes brimming over with mirth. For an instant Blanche stared at him as if she could scarcely credit the evidence of her own senses.

“Gilbert!”

“Exactly. You wanted to adopt me, and here I am.”

“No, but, Gilbert—”

“Yes, but, Blanche!”

“You are not Mrs. Marchmont's son?”

“I am—by her first marriage. And although I am by no means the penniless infant you seemed to suppose, as all my father's wealth comes to me, I am quite willing to be adopted—particularly as you are not married to Walter Birmingham.”

Blanche struggled with tears and laughter, uncertain which would best express her feelings, but Gilbert Evering drew her tenderly toward him.

“If you adopt me, dearest, it must be for life. Nay, do not hesitate—our happiness has already been too much at the mercy of trifles. You will not retract your offer?”

“Well—after all,” said Blanche, demurely, “all I wanted was somebody to love and care for, and—”

“And I shall do very well in that capacity, eh?”

And Sanderson, who had been listen-

ing earnestly at the door, crept downstairs to inform Mrs. Brown that “they were going to have a new master!”

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Soda put into sea water makes it fit for washing clothes.

The nearer a rain-cloud is to the earth, the larger the drops.

Under-shot wheels require a much larger body of water than over-shot.

The diamond is rather more than three and one-half times heavier than water.

Leeches may be induced to bite more readily by bathing the surface to which they are applied with milk.

A body which weighs one pound at our equator would weigh five ounces six drachms at that of the planet Mars.

The largest bituminous deposits in the world are in Asphaltic lake, or Dead sea, in Judea, and Tar lake, in Trinidad.

Pencil marks can be rendered indelible by dipping the paper in skim-milk and ironing on the wrong side after drying.

Paper can be made transparent by spreading over it, with a feather, a very thin layer of resin dissolved in alcohol, applied to both sides.

We cannot determine the sound of a string which makes less than thirty vibrations per second, nor of one which makes more than 7,552.

The icebergs of the Southern hemisphere are much larger than those of the Northern, and frequently attain a height of one thousand feet.

The diamond is the purest crystal carbon found in nature. Plumbago, of which lead pencils are made, is the next purest. Coal is crude carbon.

A good microscope may be made by boring a small hole in a piece of tin and filling it with one clear drop of the balsam of the common fir. It will magnify seventy-five diameters.

Nitrate of soda has been found in extensive beds near Brown's Station, Nevada. The bulk of the supply has hitherto come from South America. It is largely used for curing meats.

Killing Cattle.

The abattoirs in the rear of the stock yards in Jersey City, N. J., are interesting to persons who do not mind the sight of blood. Farmers, who are accustomed to think the killing of a bullock a day's work, are always astonished at the celerity of the work in the abattoirs. The cattle are driven into pens of iron railings, extending through the center of the building, while the butchers have a large open space alongside in which to work. A rope is fastened around the hind leg of an animal, and a man at a windlass draws the bullock out of the pen and hoists him into the air. A practiced hand and a keen knife soon do their work, and the creature bleeds copiously into the vessels set to catch the blood. They die with scarcely a struggle. One is struck by the silence with which the work is done. “A sheep before its shearer” is not always dumb, indeed, he is rather apt to observe “Ba;” but the ox led to slaughter resigns himself with a quietness that is pathetic. Occasionally a lot is too wild to be easily managed with the rope, when a blow with an ax from a man standing on a board over the pen suffices. Once in a great while a steer, with “blood in his eye,” goes tearing down the gangways and avenues and sweeps a wide path with his horns, as the men vault over the fences.

The abattoir has a grisly aspect, with a score of carcasses in all stages of dressing, the floor slippery with blood, and hides, horns and hoofs lying about. Two “dressers,” eight “helpers,” two “hide-droppers” and one “hoister” will kill and dress eighty bullocks between 9 and half-past 4 o'clock. The meat, hung on hooks which run on rollers, is shoved back out of the way of the butchers as fast as dressed. The blood is saved for fertilizing or for refining sugar; the fat goes to make oleomargarine, the hoofs are sent to a glue factory, the hides seek the tanner's, the tongues are pickled by a New York firm, and the horns, which have the longest period of usefulness, are made into various articles. Very little is allowed to go to waste.

The Oldest Translation.

“What is regarded as the oldest translation of the Bible?” we have been asked. The oldest translation or version in any language of which there is a record is the Septuagint, written in Greek, and prepared in the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, about B. C. 286-290.

It is said that the oldest known copy of this version is written on thin vellum, and contains the whole Bible, and that it is dated in the fifth century, and is now in the British Museum.

The “whole Bible” in the above extract must mean the whole Old Testament, for the Septuagint version could not contain the New Testament which was written 300 years or more after the Septuagint version was made.—*Bible Banner.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

An Appalling Fact.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell talks plainly to the ladies. She says “the waste of time, the waste of strength and the waste of health which women accept on account of fashion is appalling. The shoes of women have pegs for heels, half way under the foot, on which they walk with a tottering, hobbling gait, like Chinese women. Frills, fringes, cords, straps, buttons, pull-backs and flounces, supposed to be ornamental, but which have no other use, burden and deform even our young girls. If the rising generation is to be healthy, there must be a return to the simpler as well as more becoming styles. We need artists who can devise simple and beautiful dresses, which shall secure to the wearer the free and untrammelled use of the whole body.”

Healthy Pink.

A correspondent in Scotland writes: We were greeted by really cold weather in Scotland, and wore our winter flannels and overcoats with great comfort. The people seemed to retain their winter toggerly all the time, for I saw few stores anywhere for the sale of light fleeces pertaining to the summer months. The belles of the peninsula wore hats of brigandish pattern, composed of black velvet piled high upon the head and hiding the “bang” in front. I find the proverbial beauty of American women verified. If you are a traveler you may here and there find really handsome native women, Scotch, or English, or Irish, may be; but if it were America, it would be in ten times as often. In this I do not speak of any provincial or national type (which might be a matter of controversy), but in the legitimate classic sense, of mere comeliness of outline. In this sense I suppose there are more American beauties than English beauties on the soil of this island at this moment. But in color the English infinitely surpass us. Never before did I behold faces so full of a healthy pink. On the little Loch Lomond steamer, shadowed by the heights of Ben Lomond and the crags of Rhoderick Dhu, in house doors, where we catch fleeting glimpses, on the railway trains, in the fashionable drives of Hyde park, and in the humble skippers called “steambots,” on the Thames—everywhere they carry at least the colors of loveliness.

News and Notes for Women.

A barber shop at Jackson, Mich., has four girl apprentices.

Marian Harland, the novelist, is the wife of a doctor of divinity.

The late czar was the first sovereign under whom women were freely allowed to practice medicine in Europe.

Three Newport (R. I.) belles, now married, were once known in society as “Battle,” “Murder,” and “Sudden Death”—their names indicating their style of conquest.

The Princess Bismarck, who has horses and carriages enough for a regiment, took a fancy to drive in the streets of Berlin in a “growler” the other day, and left her diamond brooch in it.

There is a twelve-year-old girl in Rowan county, N. C., that is four feet eight inches high, and measures four feet four inches around the waist, and four feet two inches across the shoulders.

A New York bachelor makes the pertinent and rather novel suggestion that a number of thrifty women might put themselves in the way of a fortune by opening a shop for mending men's clothing, sewing on buttons, etc.

One of the boats on Chataqua lake is piloted by a handsome woman. It is said that she never fails to excite the admiration of the boys as she skillfully guides the craft through the tortuous Jamestown inlet.—*Geneva Advertiser.*

It is stated that an Albany shoe factory received a diagram of a girl's foot from Sandusky, Ohio. The girl placed her bare foot upon a sheet of paper, and a pencil-mark was drawn close around the outline. This foot, as shown by the diagram, is exactly seventeen inches long, 7 3/8 inches wide at the widest part, and could take a No. 26 boot, though a No. 30 would be just the thing. The ball of the foot is nineteen inches around, instep 18 1/2 inches, and the heel measures twenty-two inches. The ankle measures 16 1/2 inches. This immense pedal adorns the person of Miss Mary Wells, of Sandusky, Ohio, whose weight is 160 pounds, and she is but seventeen years old. The diagram was sent to the manufacturer as a curiosity.

Fashion Notes.

Small velvet mantillas will be worn this fall.

Corded stripes are among the coming novelties in silks.

Shirred gatherings are much used when the fabrics are fine and supple.

Stamped satins in varied designs are among the early autumn importations.

Copper-red and yellow-green with a silver thread or two make up one rather showy combination for the autumn.

Black crocheted trimmings, both flat designs and cords, will be much worn

next winter. The cords are almost as big as cables.

Black velvet bracelets fastened by tiny buckles of old French paste are again fashionably worn with delicate evening dresses.

Plaid velvets in Madras colors appear in the autumn trimmings. They are to be used sparingly, and employed either on black or dark dresses.

The designs of some of the new brocade gauzes, which come in colors of steel-blue, corn and sea-shell pink, are outlined with fine threads of silver or gold.

Spanish jewelry, showing large leaves and flowers tinted in colors of pale pink and emerald green, and studded with fine sparkling gems, is just now in great demand.

Matte-tinted Spanish lace bonnets are trimmed with short white ostrich tips, powdered with gold, and pale pink roses held by large gold buckles set with pearls.

The satin pipings which were introduced into gimps last year are now used to make entire trimmings, being fashioned into numberless designs, and even into fringes tipped with satin balls.

There is little hope for emancipation from beads, either upon bonnets or gowns, next winter. They are coming again in blue, green, yellow and red, in solid masses and in shaded colors and in jet.

Large buckles of Irish diamonds are much used on white and tinted silk evening dresses. They fasten the bows of satin on the shoulders, and hold the scarf drapery in place on the sides of the dress.

Stripes of brocade on a watered ground are seen in the newest stuffs for evening dresses. The pattern of the brocade may be lilies or sunflowers or hollyhocks, or the smaller blossoms of ordinary brocade.

A great deal of gold thread forms part of the texture of the new woolen stuffs. It is introduced in such a way as to form a stripe which is sometimes barely perceptible, and sometimes forms a wide, bright bar.

The agrafe, highly-polished hooks and eyes, in steel, gilt or jet are used to fasten the front of corsages; small hooks and eyes underneath, or concealed buttons, are necessary to hold the waist in perfect shape.

There is nothing new in the new French fashion plates that have come over here for the autumn, except that the ends of the pelerine cape are passed under the vest piece which extends from the throat to the lower edge of the polonaise. This vest is to be of a striped stuff made up crosswise.

Four kinds of striped silks are shown in New York for the autumn, according to the *Bazar*. One has watered and satin stripes two inches wide in the same color, a second in contrasting hues, a third in different shades of the same color. The fourth variety has stripes of black satin and white watered silk.

The Magnitude of the Rag Trade.

The *Paper World* says that few persons have an adequate conception of the magnitude and importance of the rag trade in this country. Rags seem to be so cheap and insignificant a commodity that it is surprising to learn that, with the exception of the staple products of the West, they are more largely transported by the railroads than any other article of merchandise. At Chicago the Michigan Central railroad has erected a special building for this kind of freight, and it is estimated that not less than one hundred car-loads of rags leave and enter Chicago daily. A good idea of the extent of the trade was recently given a *Chicago Tribune* reporter by a wholesale rag dealer. Said the latter: “There are fifty millions of people in the United States, and it is safe to presume that every one of them discards, on an average, of five pounds of clothing every year. That gives us 250,000,000 pounds of rags to start with. Then there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity in the aggregate than the cast-off clothes of the nation at large, while their quality, as rags, is greatly superior. Then there are the carpets, and bedding, and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another two hundred and fifty million pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use, and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale.”

Notions About Robin Redbreast.

In many parts of England the robin redbreast is regarded as a sacred bird, just as the dove is in this country. “Do not steal robins' eggs, or your lags will be broken!” is a saying in Suffolk, England. A small boy, who was taken to task for his bad writing, said to his teacher:

“A robin died in my hand once, and o it will always shake!”

There are no such beliefs in America, but, at the same time, our robin—which is much larger than the English robin—is greatly loved.