

A Spring Madrigal.

The tree-tops are writing all over the sky,
An' a heigh ho!
There's a bird now and then flitting faster by.
An' a heigh ho!
The buds are rounder, and some are red
On the places where last year's leaves were
dead;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

There's a change in every bush in the hedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The down has all gone from the last year's
sedge;
An' a heigh ho!
The nests have blown out of the apple trees;
The birds that are coming can build where
they please;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The aged man goes with a firmer gait,
An' a heigh ho!
The young man is counting his hours to wait;
An' a heigh ho!
Mothers are spinning and daughters are gay,
And the sun hurries up with his lengthened
day;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

The signs may be counted till days are done;
An' a heigh ho!
And watchers can listen while waters run;
An' a heigh ho!
Old men in sunshine may skip or tarry,
Young men and maidens can joy and marry;
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!

But there's something uncounted, unseen, that
comes:
An' a heigh ho!
If you leave it out you can't prove your sums;
An' a heigh ho!
And this is the way to say it, or sing:
"Oh, spring is the loveliest thing in spring!"
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!
—Helen Hunter, in *the Century*.

Her Appeal to the Legislators.

When Judge Roberts entered Katherine Wright's little parlor he found her contemplating three bonnets laid on the table in front of her. They were of velvet and trimmed with feathers, but one was blue, one violet and the third a dark poppy red. The sunlight shone in; it was quite early in the morning and Katherine looked pretty and gentle. The judge liked to stop in for odd moments. He had known Katherine ever since she was a little girl, and he felt she needed some supervision.

"Why, you have gone into a new business," he said. "Did you make all these bonnets?"

"Not one of them. I had them sent from Madame Fontaine's, and I am trying to decide which one I shall take."

"The blue one is pretty," he said.

"Yes." And she took it up and turned it around. "Men always like blue; I suppose I ought to think of that."

At this remark the judge smiled.

"I did not suppose women ever did forget that point."

"You don't suppose women dress for men's eyes? If we did we would care more for beauty and less for fashion. We dress for each other, sir."

Then she took up the red bonnet and looked at it.

"This is lovely," she said; "just look at the shadows in it."

"Take it then. Isn't it becoming?"

"Now," she brightly answered, "you have hit the very point. It is becoming. I have tried them all on and I know I look best in this one."

"Take it," he repeated.

"But my hair?"

"What is the matter with your hair?"

"It is red also."

"But not the same shade."

"No it isn't, and this shade subdues, kills it a little, but you know there isn't a woman in the city who wouldn't say I look horrid in it. Girls who have red hair wear blue or purple you know."

"Well, you are an absurd creature!" said the judge. "Do you know why I came here? It was to give you a point for your speech. I expected to find you buried in notes, in ink, in ideas, and behold you are worrying over bonnets! Is your speech ready?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, pushing up the red feathers with a lead pencil, "or it will be. I know pretty much what I shall say. Don't you want to give me a judicial opinion concerning these colors?" and she jumped up and went to the glass carrying the bonnets. She put on the blue one and turned to him.

"That is very nice," he said. "I think it will do first-rate."

Then she put on the purple one.

"That does make your hair look red I confess," was his comment, "still it is pretty."

She tossed it aside.

"Oh I shall not take that!" she exclaimed, and she smoothed back her hair, pulled out the little curls on her temples, and with care and deliberation tried on the red bonnet.

She was quite right in thinking it was becoming, and her radiant satisfaction did not diminish the effect.

The judge nodded.

"Take it," he said; "prepare to conquer all womankind."

"Oh, but this time I have the legislators to consider! There is not a woman on that committee who has said a word to me about my speech, but each one in turn has told me to dress well. Do I usually dress so badly?"

"You always look very well," he re-

plied. "I do not suppose any one would expect you to look like a woman of fashion."

"Still," she said, glancing mischievously at him, "that is my present ambition. I intend to make an effort. The only trouble is I never thought of it before Tuesday, and so I've had to hurry."

"I hope," he replied, "that you have also thought of your speech? Of course I suppose you want women appointed on a board of street inspectors or you would not have consented to talk to our eminent legislators on the subject?"

"Certainly I do. Oh, when I begin to speak I shall be intensely interested. It will seem the most important thing in the world to me. But as I am to meet them at Mrs. Elliot's house I must look all right."

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "What possible difference can your clothes make if only they are neat and appropriate! Did you know that in 1847 a bill very similar to the one you are interested in was before the legislature."

"I wish it had passed," she said. "Do you know I would dearly love a reform in operation. Was there ever one?"

He smiled very slightly.

"Well," he said, looking a little annoyed, "you know I never approved of any of this. Mrs. Elliot shows little wisdom in inviting those men to her house to be talked to, and I don't think you need have consented to talk to them. I said nothing because it was none of my business, and I also thought you were deeply interested in the question. Now I find you are interested in bonnets."

"Yes," she answered, "I have a fever for bonnets! And it has come late in life. Consider, I am twenty-four years old and I have never had a complete 'costume'! I have been a creature of shreds and tatters, and I have worn last year's coat with next year's hat. Now I am to have a 'toilet'! A velvet dress, sir, and—a train and gloves with ten buttons!"

"And for what? To meet a lot of lubberly men! What will they care for your ten buttons?"

Katherine laughed.

"The men are the excuse. Why, a wedding would do as well. But perhaps my attack of vanity will be as short as it is violent."

"I hope so," he said, standing up and holding out his hand. "I thought you were superior to all this."

"I am not," she replied, gravely. "I am a victim to it."

"You have my best wishes for looking well. May I also hope for the success of your appeal?"

Katherine now looked at him with real gravity. She feared her frivolity had carried her too far, but he turned and walked out of the room.

He looked perplexed as he went to his office. He did not like this. He had considered Miss Wright a very sensible girl and he had not objected to her liking for politics, nor had he cared because she made speeches at ladies' meetings and semi-jubilee affairs. He would not have liked all this in his wife or sister, but Katherine was neither. He was nearly forty; he was a bachelor, distinguished and not poor, but he was not a marrying man.

Suddenly he stood still. "A fever for bonnets!" he repeated. "A fever for bonnets! The next thing she will be getting married! And 'her hair! What a fool I was! Of course that is it."

Then he laughed. And then he wondered who it was. It couldn't be one of the legislators!

That evening he wrote her a letter: "MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT: I saw the very bonnet for you this afternoon. It was gray and it was tied down, and might be described as fuzzy or woolly. I think it very superior in style and color to the ones you were worrying over. A very pretty girl had it on. Of course I couldn't ask her where she bought it. Very truly,
"GEORGE L. ROBERTS."

When Katherine read this note she was confounded. Her "fever" was of such very late date that she had had short time for preparation. Even now she had to go to her dressmaker's, she had to buy lace and natural flowers. The reception was at 3 o'clock; it was now after 9, and from half past 9 to half past 10 she had a music lesson to give, and it was pouring rain.

She had more than a half mind to wear her old cashmere.

A gray beaver! That was what the judge meant and he was right. A gray beaver! How stupid not to have known it was the very thing!

But she had no time to spare. She put on her hat, her waterproof, she took her umbrella and she sped away to give her music lesson. What an hour it was! The selections from the "Prophets" were longer than the opera itself. But even this came to an end and she ran home. It was now after 11, and with the help of her landlady she made a hasty and provisional toilet. The velvet, with its train, was to be put on at the dressmaker's, and

the bonnet changed for a beaver at Madame Fontaine's. It was after 12 before she left the house. She bought the lace, but went from florist to florist before she found just her ideal white rose. It rained in torrents. The streets ran in water and mud was everywhere. She was hungry, she was nervous. She went to a restaurant to get a cup of tea, but the waiter was so long coming to her she jumped up and ran to Madame Fontaine's.

"What, change that hat!" cried the milliner, "that superb hat! It is the most charming one I had in the room. Beavers are commonplace and to you not becoming." She could not trim a hat on so short notice. She talked; she said it was absurd to think of a change. The time flew on. Katherine had no time nor strength to discuss it, and she hastily threw off her old hat and the milliner put the new one on her, and without a glance at the glass she was off again. Ice cream is not stimulating, but it is readily served, and on it Katherine lunched. It gave her a pain in her forehead, and she laughed to herself at the idea of any one so drenched with rain eating such cold, frozen stuff.

But at the dressmaker's all was ready. It took but a moment to sew in the lace, and the skillful fingers of the dressmaker fastened up the dress, pinned up the train and then the clock struck 3.

How far away Mrs. Elliot lived; how slowly the car splashed along! If the horses had only kept time with Katherine's watch, how they would have flown!

But when she entered Mrs. Elliott's door how still, how apart from hurry it was. There was a murmur of voices in the parlor. There was the perfume of flowers, the hushed step on soft carpets, the gentle voice of the lady's maid. And up in Mrs. Elliott's room Katherine at length viewed her costume.

She was pleased. Her figure was tall and slender, her dress fell in heavy, lustrous folds; her gloves, her handkerchief, her flowers—all, well, it was the possible Katherine Wright made real. She did not regret the gray beaver and she had one moment of perfect unalloyed satisfaction in her own appearance. Then she went downstairs. It seemed to her that her train gave her a new movement. If she had been but seventeen she could not have been more content.

She noticed, however, that there were but few legislative hats on the hall table, but she was not sorry. She was not displeased, because she was not the last to arrive.

In the long and brilliant parlor a group of ladies stood talking to some gentlemen, and among them she saw the tall figure of Judge Roberts. When she entered Mrs. Elliott looked up in surprise. She did not recognize this elegant girl, and then she came forward, and as she greeted her whispered, "You are just lovely!"

Katherine looked down the room, and her hostess laughed.

"Oh, they have not come yet. They are not punctual, but we can wait."

But they never did come! Not a single member of the legislature came that afternoon to hear about the legal status of women in regard to the "Board of Street Inspectors." Every one else was there. The committee of ladies, the gentlemen invited to meet them; the graceful and persuasive speaker who was to convince them, but not a legislator.

Some of the ladies said they must be bashful, and some said they feared the weather, and the gentlemen declared the proper refreshments had not been promised, and when half-past 4 came Judge Roberts said in a low tone to Katherine that she was right in her estimate of the relative importance of hats and arguments, and so took his leave.

In the evening the judge went back to his office, and on the way he stopped to see Katherine and to condole with her. He found her sitting in front of the fire. Her bonnet lay on the table. She still wore her velvet dress and she looked tired.

"You have not been in long?" he said, glancing at one gloved hand.

"No. I staid to dinner with Mrs. Elliott."

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" she replied.

"Were you disappointed?"

"Because the legislators did not come? No I was not."

"Your dress is all right?"

"I was over-dressed. There wasn't a rich woman there who was dressed as I was, and they were all rich."

"There was not a woman there who was as beautiful."

"And I ought not to have worn a bonnet."

"You looked well in it. You were right about it."

She gently sighed and began to unbutton her glove.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you were disappointed."

"I was not," she answered, looking up quickly. "You don't suppose I really care so much for dress? It was

a whim. Of course I am sorry it was such a fiasco."

"You are retired," he said, in an anxious tone.

"No—yes I am."

"What is the matter with you, Katherine?"

She looked into the fire. Then she glanced at him with a mixture of shyness and defiance in her eyes.

"To-night," she said, "Mr. Elliott was very cross. He was annoyed because his wife put herself in such a position."

"Mrs. Elliot is a very lovely woman," replied the judge. "I have a great liking for her."

"Yes," said Katherine.

"He did not scold you?" said the judge, after a moment's silence.

"No." And Katherine colored and smiled. "That is the very trouble. I envied her. I was much more to blame. She trusted to the good faith of others; I was silly, vain, ridiculous, and there is no one who cares enough for me to scold me for it."

"Do you want me to scold you?"

"No," she cried. "I want you to forget all my foolishness. To-morrow I will be wiser. I am tired now."

The judge looked at her in great surprise. What a very woman she was! He had thought her superior to the little foibles of her sex. And how very nice she was!

He walked about the room a moment and then he went back to his office.

Katherine cried a little. She was certainly very tired. She had never before been so lonely. She hated her rooms. She hated the legal status of women. She hated inspectors, and she hated music lessons, and she felt that she was very cross and that she was quite right in being so.

The judge was not cross, but he did not like his rooms nor his office, and he began to stop still more frequently to see Katherine, but he gave her no more "points." Neither did he scold her, and yet Katherine seemed satisfied.

He wanted her to be married in the poppy red hat, but she declared it was horrid and all out of taste and she much preferred her gray beaver. But the judge did not. He liked the red bonnet.—*Louise Stockton, in Our Continent.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Zinc has been found in the human liver, in the liver and muscles of the ox, in egg, wheat, barley and corn.

Fiber from the leaves of the pineapple plant resembles jute, and may, it is thought, be utilized in manufactures.

Over sixty steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries now employ the electric light, which adds much to the safety of traffic and travel.

Iron or steel immersed in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda for a few minutes will not rust for years, not even when exposed to a damp atmosphere.

The oldest working scientist in the world is M. Cleveland, of Paris, who, in his ninety-fifth year, has just commenced a course of lectures on electricity.

In plants a deficient diet results in an excess of males. M. Born has recently found that in tadpoles a rich nitrogenous diet favors the development of an excessive number of females. Evidently in both instances the female sex is the result of the most perfect nutrition.

A writer in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain* argues that the art of music in pre-historic times passed through three distinct stages of development, each characterized by the invention of a new form of instrument, and that these stages invariably succeeded each other in the same order all over the world.

A great blast, which has been preparing for nearly a year at the limestone quarry of the Glendon Iron company, near Easton, Pa., was fired recently. Four tunnels, each fifty feet long, were run into the hillside, and at their end two chambers were built at right angles, each eight feet long. Ten tons of powder were used, and upon igniting the charges 40,000 tons of rock were dislodged.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR ASTHMA.—A lady writes that sufferers from asthma should get a muskrat skin and wear it over their lungs, with the fur side next to the body. It will bring certain relief.

Lunar caustic, carefully applied so as not to touch the skin, will destroy warts. Spirits of ammonia, diluted a little, will cleanse the hair thoroughly.

In an article headed "Figs As Food," an exchange says: This valuable fruit is never eaten in its perfection in this latitude. Being very perishable in a fresh state, it is not easily transported without being first prepared by drying—a process by which it is rendered less digestible than when in a perfectly fresh condition. On this account, as well as on account of its excessive sweetness, it is objectionable for some dyspeptics, especially persons suffering with acid dyspepsia. The first objection can be in a great part removed, however, by steaming. The great number of small seeds which it contains are also objectionable to a certain class of dyspeptics, especially those who have what is known as painful dyspepsia—a form of the disease in which there is a considerable degree of tenderness, as shown by pressing upon the pit of the stomach. Persons suffering with inactivity of the bowels may eat figs daily in moderate quantity, with great benefit in most cases, making the fruit a part of each meal.

Opening the Car Window.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered and envied and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window on a railway car, and he jumps up and gets in ahead of the other boys and says, "Allow me?" Oh, so courteously, and she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't let go to any alarming extent, and then he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle a "leetle" closer into place, and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance and he grapples that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains and his hat falls off and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest buckle parts and his face gets red and his feet slip and people laugh, and irate young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts and cry out, "Now then, all together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar button at the forward button and the pretty young lady vexed at having been made so conspicuous says in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind, thank you. It doesn't make any difference," and then calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh doesn't he feel good, just? Maybe he isn't happy, but if you think he isn't, don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—*Hawkeye.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Two million tons of water, representing 56,000 horse power, are hurled over Niagara every minute.

The petrification called agate was named from the river Achates, in Sicily, where it was first found.

A member of the Chinese legation at Washington is twenty-nine years of age and boasts that he is a grandfather.

A resident of Holland, who died in 1872, was said to have smoked over four tons of tobacco in his life of eighty years.

The largest meteoric stone on record is preserved at the Melbourne Museum. It weighs twenty-five tons, and fell in 1860.

Porpoises are often known to form a ring about a shoal of small fish, and by driving them into a mass obtain a hearty meal.

Among English peasants the fore of a hare worn constantly in the pocket is considered to be a charm against rheumatism.

The climate of Greece is so healthful that, during 1,000 years, it was visited by only one epidemic—described by Thucydides.

Iroquois tradition tells us that the sun and moon existed before the creation of the earth, but the stars had all been mortals or favored animals or birds.

Bandboxes are said to have been so called from their having been first used for holding the minister's "bands," or wide collars, such as Milton wears in his portraits.

The red thorn apple is a luxury of the Indians of the Andes, under the influence of which they believed themselves to enter into communion with the spirits of the dead.

It is estimated that England alone consumes 1,200,000 pounds of ivory a year. This entails the death of 30,000 elephants, and it is thought that not fewer than 100,000 die annually.

Hats for men were invented at Paris by a Swiss in 1404. They were first manufactured at London by Spaniards in 1510. Before that time both men and women in England commonly wore close-knit woolen caps.

The Burmese burn their dead in all cases except that of infants under twelve years of age, and persons dying violent or sudden deaths. Among the Burmese it is "grander" to be burned than buried. Deaths from natural causes are termed good deaths. Sudden deaths and deaths from epidemics are styled green deaths. The former entitle the deceased to burning, the latter necessitate burial.

Historical Biscuits.

For some time Texas has been rejoicing in the possession of what was declared to be the oldest biscuit in the country—a biscuit which a soldier carried home from the war in his pocket. Twenty years did seem a tolerable age for an article of food, but it is never safe to boast of an antiquity until Boston has been heard from. True to her fame, Boston steps smilingly forward with two biscuits which were brought to this country in 1630 by Robert Pierce and Ann his wife in the good ship Mary and John, Captain Squeb. In 1640 Robert Pierce built the house which one of his descendants now occupies, and which has never been owned or occupied by any but his male descendants, and is believed to be one of the oldest dwelling houses now in the limits of Boston. The bread spoken of appears to be made from coarse oatmeal, and is as dry and hard as wood, so that there is no reason why it may not last 250 years longer. It has never been out of the house except on two occasions, once when Mr. Everett delivered his oration on the settlement of Dorchester in 1856, and once when it was placed in a loan collection on Beacon street in 1875. It has been carefully guarded with several articles of furniture, a cane, etc., handed down from father to son, but never allowed to be taken from the house, except as above mentioned.—*New York Tribune.*

Roman Fondness for Roses.

The ancient Romans were passionately fond of roses. To enjoy their scent at meals an abundance of roses were shaken on the table, so that the dishes were completely surrounded. By an artificial contrivance, roses, during the meals, descended on the guests from above. Hellogabalus, in his folly, caused roses to be showered upon his guests in such quantities that a number of them were suffocated in flowers. During meal times they reclined on cushions stuffed with rose leaves. Cleopatra, at an enormous expense, procured roses for a feast which she gave to Antony, had them laid two cubits thick on the floor of the banquet-room, and then caused nets to be spread over the flowers in order to render the footing elastic. Hellogabalus caused not only the banquet rooms but also the colonnades that led to them, to be covered with roses interspersed with lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissus, and walked about on the flowery platform.