### At the End of Life.

So many years I've gone this way,
So many years! I must confess
Waste energies, much disarray;
Yet had I own no weariness,
Nor see I evening's shadows fall
Down my much inscriptioned wall:
The warm air still is like mid-day.
And many mournful ghosts are past,
Laid still at last.

The fabled fardel lighter grew
As near the bourne the bearer drew;
Life can, alas! no more surprise
By its continuous compromise.
New faces fill the chairs, and so
Our interest in the game runs low,
Quiet pleasures longest stay,
Experience packs so much away,
I wait and wonder: long ago
This wonder was my constant guest,
Wonder at our environing,
And at myself within the ring.

Still that abides with me, some quest
Before my footsteps seems to lie,
But quest of what I scarcely know.
Life itself makes no reply;
A quest for naught that earth supplies,
This is our life's last compromise.

## COUSIN FALCONER.

"Nothing but hasty pudding and milk!" said Tibby, with a grimace. "What will mamma say?"

And Hannah Ann, the raw-boned, wooden-vissaged servitress, uttered the expressive monosyllable, "Humph!" which is equivalent in Yankeedom to that famous French shrug of the shoulders.

"It's all very well to talk," said Hannah Ann, "but I dunno as I can make quails on toast an' currant jelly outer sticks an' stones. I've done the best I can, and nobody can't do no more."

"Is the leg of pork all gone, Hannah Ann?" said Tibby, plaintively.

"Every identickle particle on't!" Hannah Ann answered, with the majesty of a Druidical priestess.

"And the chickens?" meekly hinted Tibby.

"I killed the last one Wednesday."

"Didn't old Hugh bring along any trout yesterday?" pursued Tibby.

"Yes," said Hannah Ann; "he brought 'em along. But we owed him two dollars and fifty cents a'ready, and Hugh has a family to support. So I didn't fairly like to run up any longer account."

"And you were quite right," said Tibby, with a sigh. "But Hannah Ann, what are we to do?"

"That's what I'd like to know myself," said Hannah Ann, curtly.

Tibby was silent, drumming her pretty pink-tipped fingers on the kitchen table, while her deep hazel eyes looked intently at the old-fashioned, brass warming pan on the opposite wall.

"Hannah Ann," said she, piteously, at length, "couldn't you suggest something? Because, when I ask mamma what is to be done, she only cries, and says, 'Write to your rich Cousin Falconer.' And I have written to him and I only get back checks for ten dollars, with the coldest acknowledgment of my letter. I'd rather starve than live on such grudgingly doled-out charity as that! Don't you know of some way, Hannah Ann, to make money?"

Hannah Ann's hard face softened, as an icicle softens when the winter sun strikes it.

"Miss Elizabeth," said she, "it's a secret. Don't speak of it. But I was clear driv' to the wall, so I've took a boarder."

"A boarder, Hannah Ann?"

"Out in the barn-chamber," said Hannah Ann. "You see, Miss Elizabeth" (Hannah Ann never condescended to the undignified pet name with which her little mistress had been invested since she was ten years old), "this house used to be a sort 'o tavern in the old days afore the bow-window was added on, and the renaissancy porch put out on the south corner. 'Jenks' Glen Half-way House,' it used to be called when I was a gal. And there come a gentleman as used to hunt and fish on these 'ere mountains, twelve good years ago. 'Is this Jenks' Glen house?' says he. 'Well, it's what they used to call it,' says I. 'Can I get accommodations here?' says he. 'I'm afeared not,' says I. And then you should have seen his face fall. 'I always boarded here,' says he, 'and I can't make up my mind to go elsewhere. I'll pay any price you please, my good woman, and I am not at all particular where you put me.' 'Well,' says I, 'if you don't mind the barn-chamber—it's very clean and quiet there, with the apple tree boughs in bloom close to the window.' And says he, 'Put me in the hen-coop, if you like.' So I've been boarding him ever since; and the week is up to-morrow, Miss Elizabeth, and I expect he'll pay his seven dollars."

Tibby's eyes sparkled.

"Hannah Ann," she cried, "you are a female Napoleon. You did right."

"I know of two other boarders I could get," shrewdly added Hannah Ann—"sketch young ladies, as don't like their rooms at Coons' boarding-house—if you could make up your mind to spare the big front room; and after all, you never use it, except as a guest chamber for company as never comes."

"I'll ask mamma," cried eager Tibby; "because, you know, Hannah Ann, we must live."

Mrs. Vayne, a limp, sentimental, elderly lady, who spent her time in reading novels and bemoaning the splendors of her vanquished girlhood, began to cry feebly at the idea.

"Boarders?" cried she. "Me! Captain Frost Frozenham's daughter? And has it indeed come to that? Oh, if I had only died ten years ago and avoided the terrible humiliation!"

"But, mamma," pleaded Tibby, "you need have nothing to do with it. Hannah Ann will attend to everything. And I can gather wild berries for the table, and see to the linen, and get flowers for the dining-room. Hannah Ann says she had as lief cook for ten as for two. And we might raise her wages then, and—"

"Don't torture me with such details," sighed Mrs. Vayne, behind her pocket handkerchief.

"But you don't positively forbid it, mamma?" coaxed Tibby.

"I don't forbid anything," said Mrs. Vayne. "My wishes are of no consequence, one way or the other."

Which Tibby joyfully construed into a permission. And she ran downstairs to count the cups and saucers, look over the table drapery, and consider as to the chairs which were worthy of use. For some one must attend to these things, and Tibby was so anxious to be useful.

And in a month the Jenks Glen Half-way house was full of boarders. Some people came there for the view, some for the air, some for the delicious quiet which brooded over the crests of the hills. Mrs. Vayne contentedly read novels in her own room, and Tibby kept determinedly in the background, while Hannah Ann was constituted managing agent in general, and proved herself fully worthy of the occasion.

"I'm payin' expenses," said Hannah Ann, with pardonable pride, "and laying up a little for interest on the mortgage. Nobody don't foreclose on my folks, not if I know it! And Miss Elizabeth shall have a new dress in September, just as sure as my name is Stokes!"

Tibby was busy enough now—what with the house linen, the concocting of rare and dainty desserts, which were a degree above the solid puddings and thick pies in which the soul of Hannah Ann delighted, and the score of daily duties which seemed, no one could tell how, to fall to her cheerful lot. And one day Hannah Ann mounted to the attic chamber to which Tibby had transferred her household goods.

"Miss Elizabeth," said she, in a low tone, "one of the boarders would like to see you."

"One of the boarders, Hannah Ann? What one?" cried Tibby, dropping the bottle of oxalic acid with which she was taking ink spots out of the literary boarders' towels.

"It's the old gentleman in the barn chamber," answered Hannah Ann. "He's sittin' on the rustic seat under the apple tree, with his white umberil, a-waitin' for you."

"I wonder what he wants, Hannah Ann?"

"Goodness knows!" said Hannah Ann.

And with the most dignified air which she could assume upon such short notice Tibby descended to the apple tree, where the gilliflower apples (called "sheeps noses" by the rustic inhabitants of the neighboring vales) were just beginning to stripe their emerald spheres into crimson.

The old gentleman was not so very old, after all. He might have been forty, but he was certainly not older. He was straight, ruddy-complexioned, handsome, with dark, piercing eyes, and only here and there a silver streak in his dark-brown hair.

He rose and bowed to Tibby. Tibby inclined her head to him, and secretly thought that if she were well acquainted with him she should like him very much.

"I hope, sir, that you have nothing to complain of?" said Tibby, rather royally.

"Not in the least," said the gentleman. "On the contrary, I highly approve of the manner in which things are conducted here."

Tibby drew herself up.

What did it matter to her whether this tall personage approved or otherwise?

"I am a Southerner," said the gentleman.

"Are you?" said Tibby, still with hauteur.

"I came here to enjoy the trout fishing," he went on. "I had other business in these mountains, but I stopped here to enjoy the July sweetness. Not until now had I the least idea that you and your mother kept this place."

"We don't," said Tibby, with a roguish sparkle in her eyes. "Hannah Ann keeps it. We keep Hannah Ann! But we have no income, and it was imperatively necessary that the tradesmen's bills should be met. We are ladies, mamma and I! And—"

"It is no discredit to ladies to study their self-respect by earning an honest livelihood," said the gentleman, quietly.

"My opinion, exactly," said Tibby. "But," remembering her dignity, "I don't know why you should be so interested in our affairs."

Tibby tried to look very frozen, indeed!

"Because," said the gentleman, "I am your Cousin Falconer."

The rosy blood mounted to the very roots of the girl's hair. Involuntary she started.

"Yes," he said, smiling composedly. "I came to the North to find you out, and acquaint myself with the true character of my unknown relatives. To my surprise, I accidentally learned that the name of my landladies was Vayne. I had expected to find you languid, fine ladies, without an idea beyond dress and fashion. On the contrary, I discover that you have spirit, energy, noble independence. I don't know whether to congratulate you or myself the most."

And Tibby, poor child, for her part, did not know whether to smile or to burst into tears.

This, then, was the Cousin Falconer—the Southern planter whose unknown personality had always been the beau-ideal of her mother's words and thoughts—the cold, courteous gentleman whom she had taught herself to hate. But, do what she could, it was not possible to hate him any longer.

"You are my cousin," said Mr. Falconer.

"Yes," acknowledged Tibby, "I am your cousin. Your second cousin, at least."

"Second or third, it matters but little," said Mr. Falconor. "We are all that is left of the old family. I have come North to ask you and your mother to return with me to Cressida Vale, in Alabama, to be my mother and my sister. We will divide the fortune which should at first have been equally distributed—"

Tibby flushed a vivid red.

"No!" she said, involuntarily closing her tiny fist, "I will accept nothing which the law doesn't award me!"

"But you will at least consent to come thither as my guests?" he pleaded, almost with humility.

And Tibby, who had always felt a longing desire to see the "Sunny South" of her dreams, did not quite say "No."

So they left the Half-way house to the generalship of Hannah Ann, whom nothing could induce to go.

At the end of six months Tibby came back to the mountains with Mr. Falconer, as bright as a human sunbeam.

"Humph!" said Hannah Ann, who was seated beside a roaring fire of logs "piecing" calico bed quilts for the next season's boarders. "I ain't surprised to see you. I calculated you'd get tired of the South."

"But I'm not tired of it, Hannah Ann," said Tibby. "I shall live there always now. I'm only here on my wedding trip."

"What!" cried Hannah Ann.

"I am married," said Tibby, showing her wedding-ring with a sweet, happy laugh. "To my Cousin Falconer. Because there was no other way of settling the disputed question of the estates, and—and because I liked him!"

"Well, I declare!" said Hannah Ann. "But if you'll remember, Miss Elizabeth—Mrs. Falconer, I should say—I always told you that the gentleman in the barn chamber was the nicest of all our boarders."

And Mr. Falconer smiled good-humoredly as he thanked Hannah Ann for her good opinion of him.

"After all, Tibby," he said to his young wife, "if Hannah Ann hadn't taken me for a boarder, I never should have read your character in its true light. And if I had missed you out of my life, dearest," bending to kiss her brow, "I should have missed a jewel indeed!"—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

### Fish Yarns.

Judging from the remarkable yarns now afloat there are often curious circumstances connected with the fish caught on the American coast. In July, 1873, John Como, one of the crew of the schooner Magic, caught a small halibut on the banks and cut his initials on its back. He then threw the fish overboard. In 1874 he shipped in the schooner Mary E. Daniels, and while hauling his trawl on the Grand banks he discovered the identical halibut he had marked eight months before. The initials were very plain, although the fish had grown considerably. In February, 1876, a plain gold ring was found in the paunch of a fish dressed at the Gloucester fish company's wharf. In March, 1877, one of the crew of the schooner Rebecca Bartleet hauled up a codfish on Georges, and in the paunch was found a wallet containing an old letter and a horse-car ticket, but no money. The writing on the letter had become so indistinct that it could not be read.

William Priest attempted to act peace-maker between a happy married couple who were fighting in Anderson county, Tenn., and had his arm chopped off with an ax by the husband for the trouble.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### A Wife Market.

In Naples a kind of wife market is held in connection with the foundling hospital every year. All the marriageable girls of the institution assemble in a room, to which young men of good character have access. Offer of marriage on the part of any young man is conveyed by allowing his handkerchief to drop before the object of his choice as he passes by. If the girl takes it up she thereby signifies her acceptance, but her refusal if she allows it to remain.

### A Striking Costume.

A young lady, a handsome brunette, attracted considerable attention recently by driving through Central park, New York, in a little gold colored phaeton. She was dressed in a striking costume of Pharaoh red satin, draped with black Spanish lace, with bright glimpses of the unveiled satin showing here and there on the bodice and upper portion of the overdress. Attached to the phaeton was an immense canopy of red satin, lined with "sunset" brocade and edged with a deep ruffle of yellow ficelle lace. The lady wore an Alsatin peasant's hat of immense helm and high towering crown, covered with red and gold colored feathers, laid one over the other alternately. Long Mousquetaire driving gloves of deep yellow were drawn over the close red satin sleeves, and at her throat was pinned a bunch of yellow cowslips.

### News and Notes for Women.

It is said that there are 2,252 women engaged in farming in the State of Indiana.

A female burglar was killed at Madisonville, Texas, while trying to rob the postoffice.

A young girl in Waukon, Iowa, sixteen years old, dropped dead at the sight of a rat.

Two Texas girls crossed the river into Mexico and fought a duel to the death with bowie knives.

A lady came up on the steamer to Albany the other day, en route for Saratoga, with thirty trunks.

A thirteen-year-old Louisiana girl has growing upon her face a light brown beard, two inches long and very heavy.

A London surgeon says only one fashionably dressed woman in 500 can draw a full breath with her clothes on.

The most beautiful Southern girl in Washington this season is said to be a daughter of ex-Senator Yulee, of Florida.

Miss Phebe Cozzens, of St. Louis, is pronounced the best-looking, best-liked and best-dressed of the woman suffragists.

The English national union for improving the education of women has established twenty-four high schools for girls in and about London.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, president of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage association, publishes every week a column giving the progress of the movement in that State.

Miss Mattie J. Evans, of Richmond, Ind., received over $350 for her work as stenographic reporter in narrow-gauge railroad cases in the Sullivan county courts.

We are told upon unquestioned authority that the report recently circulated of Mr. Oscar Wilde's engagement to a young lady in this country is entirely without foundation.

Mrs. Margaret W. Campbell, of Massachusetts, is in Nebraska lecturing and organizing, having been sent by the American Woman Suffrage association. She is meeting with flattering success.

Mrs. George Furnas, of Brownville, Nebraska, has this summer been testing the possibility of rearing silk worms in that State, and has met with remarkable success, having raised and fed over ten thousand.

### Fashion Notes.

Repped silks, it is said, will supersede satins.

A new trimming is wine colored blonde.

Lace leaves are worn in the hair with evening dresses.

New French dresses are exceedingly short in the skirt.

Muslin embroidery is seen upon new bonnets of Parisian make.

Lawn umbrellas are covered with cretonne in floral designs.

New styles of French hair-dressing are half classic, half Louis XV.

Yellow in all shades from brick-red to canary is much worn this summer.

Silver pins for fastening on corsage bouquets are now provided by jewelers.

Linen goods and pique are among the most favored fabrics for children's suits.

A handsome toilet set can be made of antique squares, lace squares and black satin.

Red and painted sunshades are still carried. Japanese mountings are in marked favor.

The belt or sash no longer defines the waist line, but is placed at the bottom of the long pointed corsage.

Student blue is a lovely shade of pale gray blue, much in demand for light woolen suits for country wear.

Dressy suits for children are made of satines, plain and figured, and trimmed profusely with lace and embroidery.

Hats and bonnets of white dotted muslin are shirred on white splits and trimmed with flowers, feathers and lace.

Dark blue or gray blue guimpes or yokes and sleeves are worn with pale blue and pink gingham dresses by children.

In spite of the effort to introduce bouffant skirts, paniers and bustles, the outlines of all costumes remain about the same.

The kilt plaited flounces placed at the bottom of some pointed bodices are remarkably becoming to both slender and full figures.

Mrs. Mary Jones, who made cartridges for General Jackson's soldiers at the battle of New Orleans, died at Baton Rouge the other day.

At a recent fete and fancy fair the stalls were held in small tents, and the stall-holders wore Watteau or Georgian dresses. There was also a gypsy tent, in which a lady told fortunes.

White or sprigged muslin round hats, shirred into shape over fine milliner's reeds, and trimmed with flots of satin ribbon and cascades of fancy lace, are worn with light summer toilets in town and country.

Faille is very largely employed this season, and is usually combined with other materials in the construction of stylish costumes, pompadour satin, shot silks, silk gauze or grenadine being the other fabrics usually selected.

Pointed shoes of velvet, matching in shape the laced ones of kid now seen upon the promenade, have the toes covered with an embroidery of gold and silver beads. They are laced over the instep with gold or silver cords.

Fichus of the finest white linen, simply hemstitched around the edges, are worn over morning toilets of foulard, muslin, cashmere or vigogne by the few women whose complexions can bear the test of so severe a style of neck-dressing.

The coquille ruche is formed by several plaits turned each way, so as to form a box plait in the center. The upper and lower edges of this ruche are sewn together in the center, causing the other plaits to be set out in a fan or shell shape, as the name coquille denotes.

Very young girls now tie the hair which they draw away from the forehead and temples very high upon the crown of their heads, fastening it there with a bright satin ribbon. These flowing locks are then left to fall with the back hair in a wavy shower over their shoulders.

To be in the fashion it is not necessary to adopt what is exaggerated or unbecoming. Really elegant dark toilets do not attract attention, but need careful examination before they are appreciated. For these toilets to be perfect, the shoes, hat and gloves must be in exact keeping with them.

Very large sunshades are of lace, plain satin, or in rococo style, with large floral designs. For carriage use they always have a bunch of flowers on the top and a large satin bow near the handle. One of these is quite peculiar, being of white plaited lace without any lining. Around the border are large white beads sewed against the plaits to fasten them down.

### A Patent Hay Stack.

Mr. R. Neilson, of Halewood, near Liverpool, has devised and placed at the free use of his brother farmers a method of harvesting in the stack which may be applied to grass, grain and almost all kinds of field produce, and which, if the statements made about it are trustworthy, renders the farmer largely independent of the weather at harvesting time. As applied to hay, the process is simply this: The stack is made in such a way as to leave a hollow space in the middle, running up about a third of its height, and the lower end of this hollow is connected with the outer air by a tube. The end of this tube is connected with an exhaust fan, and as soon as the stack begins to heat the fan is set to work, and the moisture is drawn forth in a cloud of steam. The fan exhausts the tube, the outer air presses through the stack in all directions to supply it, and the hay is cooled and dried. The stack can thus be kept at any temperature by watching the thermometer; and a little careful attention has been found to make the condition of the hay thus treated perfect, even in cases in which it had been stacked quite wet. The method is easy to carry out, and is said to save in labor in the hayfield what it costs in simple machinery.

A boy genius of Charlotte, N. C., has made a small fire engine three feet high and complete in every way. It raises steam in a minute and throws a tiny stream of water nearly twenty feet.

## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

### Hints Concerning Sickness.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through his illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment; and the days when little things worry, and little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, your most unobtrusive watchfulness.

In lifting the sick do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up to the pillows, but get some one to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the man who is lifted.

Don't have needless conversations with the doctor outside of the sick room. And above all, be sure not to whisper in the room or in the patient's hearing. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. I once knew a lady who recovered after a severe fit of sickness, but who always insisted that she came near dying on account of persons ("friends") whispering in the sick room. In her own words, "I thought it would kill me." If you do have such conversations with the doctor, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is tired of staring.

Never deceive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has something he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need.—*Christian at Work.*

### A Legal Anecdote.

The Boston *Herald* relates this pithy story, which will be appreciated by gentlemen both in and out of the bar:

The other day a special justice in a suburban court, after trying a knotty criminal case, retired to his private room to reflect before announcing his decision. Stepping to his office door he saw a man within the rail whom he took to be a certain keen-witted lawyer, who sometimes visited the temple of justice. He beckoned to him, therefore, and the supposed lawyer entered the judicial presence. "What do you think of this case?" asked the justice. "There's nothing in it. I think the defendant ought to be discharged." "I'm inclined to think so myself," coincided the justice. A subsequent chance remark of the lawyer (?) caused the s. j. to prick up his ears, and he inquired: "Who are you, sir? Aren't you lawyer—of—?" "No, your honor, I'm the defendant," replied the other, with a grin. "What? Well, after this, I think I ought to discharge you, anyhow." And he was discharged.

### A Scared Husband.

Marital affection is a beautiful thing, and every fresh exhibition of its tenderness and loyalty affects us to tears. A wife—possibly an old wife—on a certain occasion fell overboard. The husband rushed frantically about the deck, literally tearing his hair out by the handful and crying in the most beseeching tones, "For heaven's sake, save her, she is my wife." The noble sailors thought of their own sweethearts and ran all risks, and at last brought the poor woman into the cabin of the swooning husband. The look of gratitude he gave them fully repaid them for all their efforts. Then, recovering his equilibrium, he thrust his hand into his wife's wet pocket, pulled out a somewhat plethoric purse, and, with infinite relief, said: "There, old woman, the next time you tumble overboard just leave that purse behind, will you? You scared me most to death?"

### Force of Habit Illustrated.

Only the other day a Hartford barber, who was called upon to shave the face of a dead man, after applying the lather and slapping the blade of his razor on the palm of his hand in the most approved fashion began his work; but unable to forget his shop habits, halted, bowed low over the inanimate form and in the dulcet tones which the knights of the strap know so well how to employ, asked: "Does the razor hurt you, sir?" He was called to his senses by the sound of merriment which his attendant could not repress.

A strong and durable article of belting is made at Oakland, California, out of the entrails of sheep.