The Drowned Girl.

Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee—
The western wave was wild and dark wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mists came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?
A tress o' golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea—
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stake on Dee.

They powed her in across the rolling foam.
The cruel scrawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

A PRECIOUS AMULET.

A little farm-house door was wide open, so that Mrs. Thalia Thaxter, sitting at her knitting, could see the alternate sweeps of clouds and sunshine over the distant fields, and the green billows of the apple orchard tossing to and fro.

Along the fence red currants were ripening; neat carnations, tied up to green-painted stakes, lifted their heads toward the purple and pink convolvolus-cups that ran riot over the stone wall, and the gray cat, sunning itself on the doorstep, was half asleep. So was Mrs. Thalia.

"The house seems so still without Dora," the old lady pondered, as she came to the seam-needle and let the half-completed stocking fall into her lap. "She's been married six months now, and I declare to goodness it seems like six years! I never knew how dear the child was to me until she went away. And"—suddenly pausing, with an intent, listening look—"if I wasn't mortal sure that she was in New York, living in a flat, I should say that that was her footstep!"

And in the same breath, Dora Wilton, the dimpled, dainty little bride, who had been brought up in this very farmhouse, ran into old Mrs. Thalia Thaxter's arms.

"Why, Dora!" said the old lady. "This ain't you? Nothing has happened, I hope?"

"No, aunty," sobbed the girl. "But I did want to see you so much; so as soon as Herbert went to the office, I took the express train and came down to spend the day with you."

"And a very good idea, I am sure," said Mrs. Thaxter, bustling cheerfully around to remove her niece's things. "And I'll make you a cup of tea directly, and I'll cut you a piece of the blackberry short-cake I made this morning, and we'll make believe it was old times, and you never married at all—eh?"

And Dora, who sat moodily playing with her bonnet ribbons at the window, burst into tears and exclaimed:

"Oh, aunty, if only it was old times! If only I had never married all!"

Mrs. Thaxter stopped short, with the quaint little Japanese teapot in her hand.

"Why, Dora, dear," said she, "what is the trouble? Aren't you happy?"

"No!" sobbed Dora—"oh, no, no!"

"And why not, in the name of common sense?" demanded the old lady. "You loved him and he loved you. And when you two were married, and went away from here, you were the happiest couple that ever I saw."

"Yes, I know," said Dora, still keeping her face averted from the old maid's questioning gaze; "but Herbert doesn't love me as he used to."

"My dear," said Mrs. Thalia Thaxter, "whose fault is that?"

"Not mine, I am sure!" said the bride, firing up in her own defense. "Nobody can be expected to be always as amiable as the patient Griselda. And if he doesn't want me to speak short, he shouldn't be everlastingly finding fault."

Mrs. Thaxter looked at her niece with a little sigh.

"Yes," said she, "I see. It's the little foxes that spoil the grapes. You could endure a severe test of your love—"

"But not these little, pricking, worrying trials," spoke Dora, with spirit. "Oh aunty! what shall I do?"

"Dora," said Mrs. Thaxter after a brief silence, during which she made the tea and poured it out—a clear and fragrant beverage—into little cups of antique china, with spoons shaped like miniature soup-ladles, and bearing the "hall mark" of a hundred years ago, "all this is no new tale for me to listen to. The world repeats itself in every generation. I, too, when first I was married to your Uncle Thaxter, passed through just such an experience as this."

"Did you, aunty?" with sudden interest.

"For a little while, and then it passed away."

"But how?" said eager, tearful Dora.

"I used—a charm!" said Mrs. Thaxter.

"A charm?"

Dora looked almost incredulously at her aunt.

"A charm," repeated the old lady; "which I inherited from my own mother."

"Was it effectual?" Dora asked, wonderingly.

"Entirely so," answered Mrs. Thaxter.

"Oh, aunty! what was it?"

"Well, dear, I don't mind telling you," said the old lady. "And I'll give you the amulet itself. Here!"

She unclasped a string of dull gold beads from about her neck as she spoke—old-fashioned globes of precious metal, whose patterns of chased arabesques had long since been worn off into glistening smoothness—twenty-one of them, neither more nor less, strung on a piece of silken thread.

"Your gold beads, aunty!" cried Dora.

"My magic spell, child," answered the old lady. "I never wore them round my neck in those days. I carried them hidden away in my pocket. You must do the same. Do not let Herbert suspect they are there. But when he speaks a little crisply, and you feel inclined to retort with sharpness, stop and count off three of these beads with your fingers. Then say what you please."

Dora laughed hysterically.

"You are making game of me, aunty," said she.

"I am speaking the solid truth," said Mrs. Thaxter. "I don't ask you to believe in me or in my amulet. I only ask you to give it a fair trial."

"But," argued Dora, "it seems so ridiculous."

"Very likely," said the old lady; "but I had the beads from my mother, and she taught me their spell, which I, in my time, found so efficacious. But mind, you are not to utter a syllable until you have counted three beads—one, two, three. One for faith, two for hope, three for charity. Then trust me, niece Dora, you will find the fever will burn out of your heart, the harsh, nettle-stinging words will slide unspoken from your tongue."

"Well," said Dora, taking the beads and glancing almost superstitiously at their dull glitter, "I will try them. But I am almost certain that they will not do any good."

"And I am certain that they will," said Mrs. Thaxter, quietly. "Now let us go out into the garden and get some of the early Sweetwater pears, and gather white currants for tea."

So Dora spent the day happily at the old farm, and went back in the sultry summer twilight to her new home.

Herbert Wilton was there before her, impatiently pacing the floor.

"This isn't a particularly pleasant place to come back to and find deserted," said he, sharply. "Why couldn't you have told me you were going away, and then I could have spent the evening at the club."

"Because I am not a five-year-old child to ask leave every time I go out," was the answer that rose hotly to Dora's lips; but she checked herself as she remembered Aunt Thaxter's amulet, and slipping her hand into the pocket of her dress she counted off one, two, three of the glittering beads.

And by that time a little of the dreariness of the unlighted apartment struck into her own heart. It was a cheerless place for Herbert to come home to!

"I'll light the gas directly, dear," she said. "And perhaps I ought to have told you that I thought of spending the day at the old farm. I did want to see dear old aunty so badly."

Herbert's frown faded away; and naturally enough, too, he said:

"Suppose we go down together on Sunday, Dora. It must be rather stupid for you here, with nothing but the canary and your needlework to amuse you. Now sit down, and I'll read the evening papers to you."

An almost superstitious thrill passed through Dora's heart, as she recognized the success, in this first ordeal, of the old lady's amulet.

The next morning, Mr. Wilton, dressing in a great hurry, found a button off his shirt.

"Here's a button gone again!" he exclaimed, flinging the shirt on the floor. "It does seem to me, Dora, that you might be a little more careful about these things."

"That is no reason that you should lose your temper," trembled on Dora's tongue.

But the amulet—the amulet! It flashed across her memory, as if the dead gold of the time-polished balls were yellow lightning.

"I'll look them all over this morning, Herbert," she said, pleasantly. "You shall find every button tight after this."

He laughed.

"I should'nt have spoken so quickly," said he. "But a button off a man's shirt is a proverbial trial to his temper, you know, Dora."

At breakfast the coffee was thick and turbid, the muffins of a sheet-lead consistency.

Mr. Wilton pushed back his chair.

"What sort of stuff do you call this?" said he, angrily.

Dora flushed to the roots of her hair.

"If you don't like it—" but then she paused, without adding "you can let it alone," and told over the magic beads.

Yes, it was true. The hot coffee was very bad, the hot bread was not fit to eat; and she said, quietly:

"I'll try to instruct Bridget a little. She is very ignorant, but she seems willing enough. In the meantime, if you'll have a little patience, I'll run out and make a fresh cup myself."

Herbert, as amiable as he was impetuous, was reconciled at once.

"No, darling," said he—"you shall not do that! Do you suppose I want your pretty face roasted over the hot coals? Give me a tumbler of milk, and let us hope that Biddy will have better luck next time."

And when he was gone to the office, leaving the affectionate good-bye kiss on Dora's cheek, she drew out the amulet and pressed it to her lips.

"You darling, glittering old thing!" she said, aloud. "You have already begun to lift me out of the slough of despond! Herbert does love me; and I am learning to control that pettish, wayward, uncontrollable tongue of mine a little, thanks to you, good amulet!"

At the end of a month she went down to the old farm house again.

"Well, Dora," said Mrs. Thalia Thaxter, "and how does the spell work?"

"Oh, aunty," cried Dora, "I am so happy. And so thankful to you! And oh!—might I keep these precious old beads?"

"Of course, my dear—of course!" said Aunt Thaxter. "Though in respect to their qualifications as an amulet—

"You needn't tell me, aunty," said Dora, laughing and coloring. "I have discovered that already for myself. It isn't the three beads so much as it is the stopping to think. Nor the charm, so much as the controlling one's temper. I was too quick and irritable; and Herbert didn't always think. We are both better children now. We have made up our minds never, never to let a sharp word come between our two hearts! And we are disciplining ourselves—oh, you can't think how splendidly! But all the same, aunty, I should like to keep those old gold beads, which have been in the family for a hundred years!"

"And you shall, my dear," said Mrs. Thaxter, with a pearly mist gathering on her spectacle glasses. "Henceforth they are yours."

"Because," Dora added, "they have really been to me 'A Precious Amulet!'"—*Helen Forest Graves.*

"Under the Rose."

This expression took its origin from the wars between the British houses of York and Lancaster. The parties respectively swore by the red or the white rose, and these opposite emblems were displayed as the signs of the two taverns, one of which was by the side of, and the other opposite the Parliament House in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. Here the retainers and servants of the noblemen attached to the Duke of York and Henry VI. used to meet. Here, also, as disturbances were frequent, measures, either of defense or annoyance, were taken, and every transaction was said to be done "under the rose," by which expression the most profound secrecy was implied. According to others this term originated in the fable of Cupid giving the rose to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guest that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated, from which, what was intended to be kept secret was said to be held "under the rose." Roses were consecrated as presents from the pope. In 1526 they were placed over confessionals as the symbol of secrecy. Hence, according to some, the origin of the phrase.

His First Impulse.

"Boy," said a stranger to a lad who was blacking his boots in front of a hotel yesterday, "if I should give you a dollar would your first impulse be to go to the circus?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "My first impulse would be that it was a counterfeit bill!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Autumn Mantles.

Light colored cloths in the cuir and ficelle shades are used for dressy mantles and jackets for the autumn. The mantles are in visite shape, half long, with square sleeves, and are cut open usually from the waist down in the middle of the back, in order to make room for very bouffant tournures; indeed, all new wraps, though made very clinging to give slender effects, are made with provision for very ample drapery. Gray ficelle lace in two full frills, with passementerie of gray satin cords is the trimming for these graceful visites.—*Bazar.*

Saratoga's Lace Baby.

A nurse at a Saratoga hotel during the past summer had in charge a young lady of three months of age, who was known to the most of the guests as the lace baby. The infant charmer was brought out each day in as many toilets as a full-grown belle. One morning its long Valenciennes lace frock was worn over a pale blue slip, and on another day soft rose-color revealed the exquisite meshes and needlework in which it was swathed. The lace baby was covered with a lace-trimmed cloak and reposed on a lace cushion carried in the arms of a maid, whose cap ribbons and kerchiefs matched the color of the baby's costume each day. The poor little pink face was sunk in the nest of lace ruffles, and its lace-trimmed garments made its wardrobe as costly as any dowager's. Valenciennes, Cluny, Honiton, and even point lace was worn by this squalling bit of humanity in most lavish quantities, and in these first blinking months of its existence there was a fuss and ado made over it that it may never enjoy again.

Old Maids.

The Philadelphia *Record* has a good word to say about "old maids," which does credit to its sense of justice. After alluding to some of the disagreeable types of elderly spinsters, it says:

But there is another side of the picture—the gentle, sweet-faced maiden lady, with a heart as light as that of innocent childhood, and voice as silvery as her hair. Which of us cannot recall among our acquaintances some such sweet-natured, lovable woman, whose days seem to be spent in filling up the joys of our lives; whose only words are those of love and tenderness and whose presence sheds sunshine and happiness upon the circle in which she moves? Many such there are who, it would seem, remained single in order to sow blessings around them and be general comforters. The blight of disappointment; heartache and sorrow she may have endured; but the clouds have not obscured the light that springs from a noble life, and affliction has but deepened the depth of her sympathy. The children love her and look up to her as a sort of fairy godmother—the never-failing source of kindly talk and pleasant surprises; the young people confide in her and counsel with her in their tribulation; you will never hear her disparaging the marriage state or railing against mankind—and woman, too, for that matter—in general; she looks upon wedded life as the highest and holiest sphere for woman, and perhaps through her wise admonition many a love match is aided. What though she has missed woman's purest earthly bliss, the disappointment has not soured her disposition, nor turned the affections of her nature into wormwood. A nobler life may sometimes spring from the grave of earthly hopes. The sympathies of such a one are boundless and ever ready. Where there is poverty and sickness and sorrow she moves as a ministering angel. In the church, in the social circle or about the family hearth she is always welcome; and when her pure, unselfish life is ended she is mourned with a sincerity that tells more truthfully than epitaph how dearly she was beloved and how noble and beautiful her earthly career has been.

Fashion Notes.

Embroidery of chenille and Kensington silks is on the new felt hats.

Old green, with brown or white red, forms a fashionable contrast of colors.

Old green, old Sevres blue, and old rouge are among the new shades for autumn goods.

India cashmere and camel's hair will remain in favor notwithstanding the revival of the repped woolen goods.

Gathered mull sun-bonnets, with bows of ribbon on the crown, are worn in the country by ladies and children alike.

A row of short thick curls is added to the low English coiffure worn by ladies who have spent the summer in Europe.

A white sea-gull is a stylish ornament for trimming the large new felt hats that have brims of the most exaggerated size.

Amazon cloth and Henrietta cloth that is heavily twilled are two woolen stuffs that will be most used for next season's dresses.

Polonaises are revived for early autumn wear, and are made with paniers or without as the wearer's figure may require.

Dark all-wool cheviots in fine heather mixtures, bright, but very fine in combination, are selling in large quantities for fatigue costumes.

Buckles of old silver are being used to trim overdresses and slippers. They are placed in the straps of bows of satin or velvet ribbon.

Sailor hats, trimmed with a wide band of ribbon, with some upright loops at one side, are the latest revival for young ladies' wear.

The large detached flowers used on summer satines are repeated on the dark calicoes and low-priced wool goods for every day winter dresses.

Eggs within eggs and rings within rings will be more fashionable in the new autumn goods than the present dot and moon spots worn at present.

Silk mitts for autumn are "solid," that is, they have no lace figures as borders on the hand and arm. They are most stylish in black and dark red silk.

Stockingnet or wool webbing, for making Jersey jackets, is imported in dark old green, ruby and strawberry reds, and in electric blue and seal brown.

The fathers of barnyard fowls with the heads and backs of pullets that have brown and yellow shades are now used by milliners for trimming English turbans.

Rifle-green of the darkest shade is at present the fashionable Paris color for trimming hats and for the many flowing bows that form the garniture of summer dresses.

Byron collars of fine needlework done on linen cambric, with square turned-over cuffs to match, are among the fine lingerie brought home by ladies who have done their summer shopping in Paris.

The "Encas" is a garment which envelops the whole figure, after the same style of the paletot; we find them made in mohairs, light cloths, and some in sateens, they are and will be a popular outer dress for fall wear, and one which will not tire the eye of the observer.

The simplest associations of black and white are upper dresses of white wool trimmed with black velvet collars, cuffs and loops of velvet ribbon worn over skirts of black velvet, lustrous surah or repped Victoria silk. A richer grade shows satin de Lyons, satin merveilleux and velvet, combined with white Chuddah, summer vigogne, wool crape, etc.

The "Capeline" is a garden bonnet very much used by the Parisienne, it is in shape similar to the poke bonnet, made of light fabric with several rows of shirring on reed, and to the edge a double row of plaited lace, a very full crown finished with lace about the neck. This jaunty little bonnet is admired for its airy and stylish appearance, and appreciated also for the comfort the wearer realizes.

For almost all informal black and white toilets the garniture is black velvet, while for those more dressy there are embroideries of black floss studded with minute jets, and costly appliques of lace or of cut-out velvet. White needlework embroideries on mull are used upon black, and those of black upon pongee and China crape are used upon white. Dresses of black vigogne or of French bunting are trimmed with Florentine cut-out work, or with Irish guipure, or with Jacquod machine work, black velvet ribbon forming bows and loops additionally.

A Warning.

Not content with offering repeated insults to our shipping on the high seas, the Spaniards are bound to get the best of the United States in some way and break this country all up in business. Their latest ruse is sending several ship-loads of Spanish mules over to this country. It is said that those mules that kick in a foreign tongue are terribly fatal and stutter so bad with their hind feet in attempting to master the dialect of this country that they are worse than the explosion of a powder mill to turn loose among people. Uncle Sam should put his foot down on Spain and stop such underhanded work that will undermine the liberties of our people and kick folks all over the western hemisphere. They are treacherous fellows those Spaniards.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

The United States produces 27,237,989 pounds of cheese annually.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Flatter not thyself in thy faith to od, if thou wantest charity.

It is hard to choose between a sacred personal duty and loss of life.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Whoever has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases.

The noble passion, true love, contains all the elements of self-sacrifice.

Though we cannot control the wind we can adjust our sails so as to profit by it.

In prayer it is better to have a heart without words, than words without a heart.

Words are the adulterated skim milk of life, of which example is the pure cream.

"One soweth and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

Pain must enter into its glorified life of memory before it can turn into compassion.

Charity obliges us not to distrust a man; prudence not to trust him before we know him.

Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Power turns a deaf ear to the reproaches of those who are powerless to redress their wrongs.

God hears no more than the heart speaks; and if the heart is dumb, God will certainly be deaf.

An evil mind will be sure to put the worst construction on another's actions; who can stand before envy?

The Sweet Family.

A correspondent at Narragansett Pier, R. I., writes as follows: I have incidentally mentioned Sugar Loaf hill. Almost at its base stands an old house associated with the Sweet family, the "natural bone-setters." Bone-setting has been a specialty with the family for more than a century. They have always been called "natural" bone-setters, but I have heard this tradition touching the manner in which the gift was first acquired and then passed orally from father to son. Dr. William Hunter was one of the most eminent surgeons of his day. He had held a commission as surgeon in the British army in England, and after his arrival in America he joined the expedition against Crown Point as surgeon. One day a countryman passed his office in Newport, and on looking in chanced to see a skeleton hanging in its case. Pausing a moment, he said to the doctor: "There's a defect in your anatomical preparation." The doctor on looking up and seeing an uncouth-looking fellow at the door, smiled as he asked, "Wherein is it wanting?" "Oh, you may laugh," said the countryman, "but one of those bones in that hand is out of place." The doctor looked and said: "You are right; now tell me how it is that you know anything of anatomy." "Some day, doctor, you will be called to Narragansett; when there stop at the door of Job Sweet, and I'll show you." Not long after the doctor was called to Point Judith, and before he returned he called on Sweet, who placed before him a large folio volume of anatomical plates engraved in a superb manner. The doctor looked at the volume with surprise as he said: "Where did you get it?" "Some years ago," said the bone-setter, "a vessel went to pieces on Point Judith. Many persons visited the scene of the wreck, I among the number, and there I picked up this volume, which had floated ashore. I could not read it (it was in French,) but became absorbed in the prints, made them a study, put the information so acquired to practice as opportunity afforded, and if I did not understand the text, I think I know all about the plates." This incident was related to me by a descendant of Dr. Hunter, who had it from his ancestors.

At the time of the bombardment of Alexandria there were published in that city three daily newspapers in the French language, two in Arabic, two in Italian, and one each in Greek and English. The largest circulation was about five thousand. Besides these there were six weekly papers—two in French, two in Arabic, one in Italian and one in English. The paper having the largest circulation in Egypt was probably *Egyptian Events*, the government organ, printed in Cairo, and circulating about ten thousand copies.