

### Birthdays.

I am content  
To let the added years  
That come to me,  
Roll back into the past so far  
That memory  
Can only find along the shore  
Some perfect shells, and nothing more.

I am content  
That seaweed, bits of wreck  
And pebbles gray  
Float out of sight into the sea;  
For them to stay  
Would be to cherish grief and pain  
I would not, must not feel again.

I am content  
That none of life  
Can ever be  
Lived o'er with self-same throb and thrill;  
No more to me  
Will former song, or book, or toy,  
Fill the new measure of my joy.

I am content  
To live all of to-day;  
And when I dream,  
Let fancy reveal in the light  
That hope hath seen,  
Beyond the present and afar—  
A steadfast, sweetly beckoning star.

I am content;  
For age upon the heart  
Can never creep;  
And when at last in stillest night  
I seem to sleep,  
A birthday comes to me in truth:  
The gift it brings, immortal youth.

—*Utica Observer.*

### MABEL RAE.

Under the shadow of a great fig-tree a young girl sat in a deep reverie. Such a tender light was in her eyes, such a sweet smile of full satisfaction on her face, that a stranger would certainly have said: "She is thinking of her lover." But no lover had Mabel Rae. Her pleasure sprang from a far less dangerous source—from the handful of tuberoses in her lap. Their spiritual, dreamy beauty and rare, rich perfume always held her as in a spell of measureless content, and the lovely waxen flowers, pale, pure and white as moonshine, haunted her heart and imagination, and received from her a perpetual love and worship.

There she sat until the heat and stillness of the tropic noon drove her to the house, a grand old home, hid among giant live oaks, gray with the solemn waving Southern moss. She went to the large dim parlor, intending to put her favorites among the damp moss of the hanging baskets, but the dreamy languor of the room overcame every desire but that of sleep, and she lay down on the nearest couch, holding her flowers in her hands.

Half an hour later Mr. Rae opened the door, and ushered in a gentleman who had accompanied him from New Orleans.

"Sit down, Allan," he said, "I will soon arouse the house. You see it is the hour for siesta, and I believe all take it at the same time when I am away."

For a few minutes the young man believed himself alone. A subtle powerful perfume was his first sensation. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the carefully closed shutters, he saw a picture that he never more forgot, a most lovely girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, fast asleep on the silken cushions piled on a low divan. Her white robes made a kind of glory in the darkened corner, one hand had fallen down, and the flowers gemmed the carpet at her side; the other lay across her breast, as if embracing the tuberoses which it had scattered there.

Never in all his native mountains, never in any dream of love or fancy, had Allan Monteith seen a woman half so fair. He stood gazing on Mabel as if he had "seen a vision." There lay his destiny asleep; he knew it, and opened his whole soul to welcome "Love's young dream." But when Mr. Rae, followed by a negro valet, returned, and Mabel languidly opened her great pensive eyes, and stretched out her arms for her father's embrace, Allan almost thought he should faint from excess of emotion, and it was with difficulty he controlled himself to receive the introduction and the apologies necessary.

Allan Monteith was a young Scotchman, the only son of a gentleman with whom in early life Mr. Rae had formed a most ardent friendship. He was rich, and by nature and birth equally notable; nor was he destitute of the traditional business capacity of his house, as some late transactions in cotton and sugar in New Orleans had proved to Mr. Rae. And partly because he liked the young man, and partly as a matter of interest, he had invited him to his home among the woods and lagoons of the ever green bayou. Mabel, in this transaction, had scarcely been properly considered; but to her father she was yet a child. True, he recognized her beauty, and was very proud of it, and she possessed an exquisite voice and great skill in music, and the passing idea of showing his pearl of price to the for-

eigner rather flattered his vanity than alarmed his fears. He did not dream that he was introducing a new claimant for its possession.

Allan lingered as if in an enchanted castle, till he had no life, no will, no hopes, but those which centered in Mabel Rae. And she soon returned his passion with a love even more absorbing and far less selfish than her lover's.

Oh, the sweet, warm, love-laden days in those solemnly shaded woods! Oh, the blissful hours in the cool evenings, when the perfume of tuberoses and jasmine filled the air! when the soft calm moonlight glorified every lovely and every common thing! It was like a dream of those days when the old rustic gods reigned, and to live was to love, and to love was to be happy.

With the fall, however, there came letters from Scotland, and Allan could no longer delay. Mr. Rae would hear of no engagement for two years, by which time he said he hoped to be able to give Mabel such a fortune as would make her acceptable in the eyes of Allan's father. But for the present he absolutely declined to look upon the young people's attachment as binding on either side.

"In less than two years I will be here again, Mabel, darling," were Allan's last whispered words, as he held her in his arms, and kissed again and again the face dearer than all the world to him. And Mabel smiled through her tears, and held the last tuberoses of the summer to his lips for a parting pledge.

But the two years brought many changes. The war cloud gathered, and long before Allan could redeem his promise the little inland plantation was desolate and deserted; Mabel was an orphan, and cruelly embarrassed in money affairs; claimants without number appeared against the Rae estate, and creditors forced the plantation into the market at the most unfavorable time. She was driven from her home in strict accordance with the letter of the law, but she felt and knew, though powerless to prevent it, that she had been wronged.

For the first time in all her life Mabel thought for herself, and dared to look the future in the face. She had promised her father never to write to Allan without his permission, but she considered that death annuls all contracts, and surely now if ever it was Allan's duty to befriend and care for her. So she sent him word, in a few shy, timid sentences, of her sorrow and loneliness. But it was doubtful if ever the letter would reach him; mails in those days were not certainties; and even if it did reach Allan, it was still more uncertain whether he could reach Mabel. And in the meantime she must work; and though Mabel could command no higher position than that of a nursery governess, yet she found in it a higher life than ever the dreamy luxurious selfishness of her father's home had given her.

Her employers were of the ordinary class. I can weave no romance out of them. They felt no special interest in Mabel, neither did they ill-use her. She was useful and unobtrusive, and asked for neither sympathy nor attention. No letter came from Allan, though she waited and hoped with failing heart and paling cheeks for more than a year. She had not the courage to write again, and her anxiety and distress began to tell very perceptibly on a naturally frail constitution. Then a physician advised her to try at once a more invigorating climate, and she not unwillingly agreed to accompany the invalid wife of an officer returning to her home in New York.

This was the dawn of a brighter day for Mabel; by the advice of friends she established herself in a fashionable locality and commenced teaching music. I think few women could have been more successful; so in the second winter of Mabel's residence in New York it became "the thing" to invite Miss Rae to preside over select social and musical entertainments. I have a friend who met her during that season frequently, and who describes her tact and influence as something extraordinary and magnetic. Her rare beauty was undiminished, though more thoughtful; her dress was uniformly the same—a pale pink lusterless silk, with tuberoses in her hair and at her breast, for her passion for these flowers was stronger than ever.

She had many lovers, but she ignored or else decidedly refused all. Her heart was still with the tall fair mountaineer, who had won it amid the warmth and perfume of tropic noons and moonlit nights; and though twice two years had passed she refused to believe him false.

And she was right. Allan deserved her fullest faith. Her letter had never reached him, and yet he had with incredible difficulty made his way to New Orleans, only to find the plantation in the hands of strangers, and Mabel gone.

After a long and dispiriting search he left Mabel's discovery in the hands of well-paid agents, and returned to Scotland almost broken-hearted.

But he still loved her passionately, and often on stormy nights when the winds tossed the tall pines like straws, and mountain snows beat at the barred doors and windows, he thought of the happy peace and solemn silences in which he and his love had walked, listening only to the beating of their own hearts, or the passionate undertones of the mocking birds.

Thus the two walked apart who should have walked hand in hand, and it seemed as if the years only widened that breach over which two souls looked longingly and called vainly.

Did fate knock softly at Mabel's soul then? for she blushed, and instantly, as if by magic, there sprang up in her heart a happy refrain, which she could not control, and which kept on singing. "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

She dressed with more than ordinary care, and was so impatient that her toilet was completed before the others had begun. So she sat down in the sun-lighted parlors, saying to herself: "I will be calm; for how should I bear a disappointment, and what ground of hope have I? Absolutely none, but that he comes from the same country. No, there is no hope."

But still above the doubt and fear she could hear the same chiming undertone, "He comes! he comes! my lover comes!"

But if we wait the harvest of the heart will come; and so one day Mabel got a note from a friend announcing her return from abroad, and begging her to be present at a small informal reunion at her house that evening. She went early in the day, and spent the afternoon in that pleasant gossip which young and happy women enjoy. Her friends rallied her a good deal upon her growing years, and laughingly advised her to secure a young Scotchman with whom they had a pleasant acquaintance in their travels, and who was now in New York, and going to spend the evening with them.

She became nervous and superstitious, and when the silence was broken by a quick ring and a rapid footstep she rose involuntarily from her chair, and stood trembling and flushing with excitement in the middle of the room. Ah, Mabel! Mabel! Your heart has seen further than your eyes. Allan has come at last.

"Ah, my darling! my darling! I have found you at last!" was all that Mabel heard as Allan clasped her to his bosom.

And so Mabel's winter of discontent and sorrow was over, and never more did she have grief or pain unsoothed or unaccompanied—for she was loved.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### The Pioneer of Chicago.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* thus speaks of the first settler of the Queen City of the West:

Chicago—the modern miracle—the wonder of the century—a sober reality, outrunning the wildest dreams of imagination—an Occidental fact surpassing the Oriental fancy of the Arabian Nights, rising, by a single wave of the magician's wand, from a miasmatic marsh to a magnificent metropolis, from a military post, with a few soldiers and about two hundred Indians, French and half-breeds, to a commercial center with six hundred thousand people, of every kindred and tongue and tribe under the whole heavens—all in fifty years!

So the amazing panorama passed before the vision, as Deacon Philo Carpenter, observing the fiftieth anniversary of his life in Chicago, narrated the changes that had come under his observation during those fifty years.

Leaving Troy, N. Y., late in June, 1832, he reached this place on the 18th of July, traveling part of the way by canal boat, part by the lake, part by wagon, part (round the head of Lake Michigan) by canoe in charge of two Indians, and entering Chicago by ox-team! The first thing he saw was the American flag floating over Fort Dearborn.

Mr. Carpenter bought a quarter section of land in what is now about the center of the city, at ten shillings an acre. He soon organized a Sunday-school of thirteen children. This became the germ of the present Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian church, which was organized about a year later.

Rev. Jeremiah Porter, a missionary from Mackinac, preached the first sermon ever preached in Chicago. An army chaplain, honored and beloved by a wide circle of friends, he is still living. There are, so far as is known, only three other men besides Mr. Carpenter now in Chicago who were here fifty years ago. What Chicago is now the whole world knows. What it will be fifty years hence it would seem extravagant to predict.

### Shadows.

A burst of golden sunshine,  
A whispering of the leaves,  
A music-ripple on the brook,  
A joy, a wonder in each nook;  
A sweeping shadow o'er the land,  
A flushing of the tree-tops,  
A crimsoning of the lake,  
A peaceful mildness in the air,  
A thought of hidden mysteries there,  
A glorious fading of the sun—  
A summer's day is done.

A joy in childhood's playthings,  
A casting them aside;  
A flash of golden youth-hood's hour,  
When joy breaks through the passing shower;  
A castle-building in the air;  
A cherished hope defeated;  
A smile, a joy, a doubt,  
A gleam, reflected from the past;  
A sigh upon its bosom cast;  
A mystery of a world unknown;  
And then—a soul has flown.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

To call a laundress a bosom friend is flat irony.

The cultured no longer call it hash. Mosaic nutriment is the correct form.

It is said, "Time alone can heal the desolate heart." This may be because time is money.

The khedive in his harem sits,  
While things go harum scarum;  
The sultan gets in sultan notes,  
And has to grin and bear 'em.

The mosquito is little, but his brave example is contagious. He makes the most cowardly come to the scratch.

"We stand at Life's west windows,  
And think of the days that are gone"—  
While the grocer's boy licks the molasses,  
And a pair of goats butt on the lawn.

A Green Bay (Wis.) mother writes: "Are the children of Arabi Bey called Arabi Beybies? Ours are called Green Baybies."

Playing upon the violin is claimed to cure nervousness, but it gives the man next door a worse case than the one it cures.

"So Mr. Tangletext is a great divine?" said Fogg; "well, that's because nobody can divine his meaning, I suppose."

"There is always room at the top," said the hotel clerk with a sardonic grin, as he sent the weary guest up to the ninth story.

A painter, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it. "In painting," answered he, "all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets on more easily."

The wealthiest city of its size in the United States is Portland, Oregon. A witty writer accounts for it by saying: "It rains for six months there and the women folks cannot get out to spend the money, and wealth necessarily accumulates."

The ingenuity of the human race is marvelous. A man in New York has manufactured a couple of fac-simile bald heads, which he places in the dining-room, and there is not a fly in the apartment that doesn't roost on the counterfeits from rosy morn till dewy eve.

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnestly in the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Cause I've got somesin to say," was the innocent reply.

A little lady of two-and-a-half years had picked up a cane in the corner of the room and was playing with it—a plain stick bent at the end. Papa asked, "What are you doing with the cane?" "It isn't a cane." "What is it, then?" "It's an umbrella without any clothes on it."

"I wish I was a horse!" exclaimed a New York boy who had just been soundly whipped by a country school-master. "Why do you desire to be a brute?" asked the astonished pedagogue. "Because," whined the lad, "whenever you licked me you'd be arrested for cruelty to animals."

"I suppose when women get their rights," said the young man in the flat hat, "you girls will be making love to the fellows. It must be awfully nice to be made love to, you know." "Yes," replied Angelina, "only one wants to chose one's lover." The next moment the young man in the flat hat was standing alone, feeling flatter than his flat hat.

### Surgical Instruments Among the Ancients.

Says *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*: Some of the surgical instruments found in the buried ruins of the ancient city of Pompeii, now in the collection of antiquities in the museum of Naples, show that the surgeons of that time were provided with many of the most important instruments now in use. The *Lancet* remarks that the number of instruments found in one house there will bear comparison with those possessed by the average practitioner of the present day.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### Peasants in Brittany.

In this long whitewashed room there is a display of toilets such as have rarely been seen. The girls are in white dresses, with muslin or China crape embroidered shawls. The picturesque cap is of light lace, made up with something like a horn at the back of the head. The white dresses are relieved by silk aprons, with bibs of the most delicate colors—pale blue, sea green, lilac and gray mingling with charming grace. We especially noticed one young recently married woman for the almost Eastern luxury of her toilet. A dress of white satin, rose-colored stockings, ribbon of the same color round her waist, trimmings embroidered with roses, a muslin shawl and apron, lace headdress and silver ornaments. She was pretty as well, with a delicate complexion and fine brown eyes. The men are much less conspicuous. Their coats are of a very somber hue and they wear broad-brimmed hats. The two violinists who formed the orchestra played the old air of the branle. The dancers took each other by the hand in files of twelve and executed a dance of the country known as the gavotte. Each file, led by a man, gravely described half-circles in form of the letter S. All these garlands of men and women move lightly, crossing, turning, gliding adroitly around each other and never departing from the most ceremonious gravity. In this country manners and customs are deeply rooted; nothing has changed; they dance as they did in the days of Louis XIV.—*Chambers' Journal.*

#### News and Notes for Women.

Andrews, Ind., has a brass band composed of fourteen young ladies.

About two hundred and fifty female clerks are now employed in the central postoffice at London.

A silk journal recommends strained hot coffee for cleaning black silk. The silk should be sponged with the coffee on the right side and pressed on the other.

The gold spoons which President Van Buren purchased are still at the White House and there is some silverware that has done duty for sixty-five years.

At a recent wedding reception in New York the space between the folding-doors in the drawing-rooms was filled in by a curtain composed entirely of smilax dotted with roses.

Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, who died recently, nearly ninety years old, was the author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." It was written forty-six years ago, and first published in Boston in 1840. Mrs. Hale resided in Boston at that time.

In Baltimore a man was convicted of beating his wife, and the convict was terribly surprised when the judge, instead of fining him a few dollars and letting him go, announced that under the new law adopted in Maryland his punishment would be thirty lashes on the bare back.

Miss Lena Kirke, of Batavia, N. Y., has served some eight years in a dentist's office, where she has become qualified, and now has a permit to practice dentistry in any part of the State. Miss Kirke, however, prefers a salary where she is to the responsibility of an office of her own.

#### Fashion Notes.

Jet remains in high favor.

Yellow remains in fashion.

Peppeds woolen will be much worn.

Peacocks' feathers are again in vogue.

Butterfly ornaments are very fashionable.

Ficelle strings appear on many fall bonnets.

Mousquetaire gloves are as popular as ever.

Blue in all shades bids fair to be very popular.

Looped black draperies are no longer in high favor.

Terra cotta and brick red are combined in millinery.

Pinked ruches, called chicorees, are coming in vogue.

Chenille figured goods appear among late fall importations.

Jackets almost covered with soutache embroidery will be worn.

Beads will be used again for embroideries of evening dresses.

The small capote and the large poke will be the leading bonnets.

Tapering crowns are not so fashionable as large square and flat ones.

Striped plush is blocked into shape as a lining for the wide brims of felt hats.

Diagonal rows of narrow bias ruffles are the new trimming for the foot of silk skirts.

Siellienne and Irish poplin are coming into fashion along with other repped goods.

Leather lace with leaves of leather on twine ficelle lace is a novelty for trimming bonnets.

Alternate gold and silk brocade flowers and figures appear on the new brocaded satins and ottomen reps.

Trained dresses that have been little used during the summer have reappeared at Newport and Saratoga receptions.

Brocades will be limited to velvets for the approaching season; plain goods will be preferred in silk and woolen stuffs.

Cashmere and cloth with Saxony embroidery, soutache braiding or plain stitching, will make up the bulk of new autumn costumes.

New house wrappers come in cashmere in all the new colors, and white with embroideries of silk brightened with gold and silver beads.

New woolen plaids and checks come in the aesthetic colors with broken, shaded lines and bars of brick red, terra cotta, gray, blue and yellow.

Short-waisted bodices, gathered at the shoulders and waist, are worn by young ladies and misses in their teens in France as well as in England. They give a youthful air to the wearer.

A novelty in bracelets is composed of several circlets of gold linked together with stones, whose initials form a wish or a name. The same fancy is reproduced in dog-collar necklaces.

A great deal of dull red is seen on the newly-imported costumes, and a touch of red is seen in almost all toilets, though it may be only a coppered silk neckerchief, a flamingo's breast on the turban or terra-cotta gloves.

The new broad embroidery differs from that so familiar to every lady by having the narrow braid set up on one edge in what is called "knife-blade" fashion to make the figures appear in relief on the fabric. Amazon cloth is the most suitable material for braiding; cashmere is not firm enough, and this work upon it has a drawn look that is not admired.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

A police officer in Germany, while in uniform, is not allowed, under any circumstances, to carry a parcel in the streets, or any sort of burden, except a prisoner.

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.

At every station on the Russian railroads is a grievance book, in which the traveler may inscribe his wrongs in any language he likes, and which is periodically read by the authorities.

It is computed that there are 34,000 newspapers printed in the world at present. Of this number one-half are printed in the English language. The German comes next and the French follows.

An unfortunate "puss in boots," trained to walk up and down before her master's shop with a placard on her breast puffing the wares for sale within, is the latest advertising attraction in London.

In Buckingham county, Va., are about forty little concerns, each employing three men, which distill oil from sassafras root. Each mill turns out about a gallon and a half of oil each day, worth \$6.75.

The electric light is reported to have been tried in France as a lure for sea fish. The brilliant glare of a submerged lamp is found to attract great numbers of fishes, which may be readily captured in nets.

Simon Reichard, his wife, two sons and two daughters, of Mauch Chunk, weigh together 1,522 pounds, and claim to be the heaviest family of six in Pennsylvania. Their several separate weights are represented to be 245, 235, 220, 222, 200 and 400 pounds.

A shingle-packing contest for a \$200 prize was lately decided at Saginaw Mich. Jack Lyons gained the victory after ten hours of steady and rapid work, with a score of 59,250. He was closely followed by Robert Scott, who packed 59,100 shingles.

While the foundation or pillars for the railroad bridge across the Flint river, at Montezuma, Ga., was being constructed, one of the workmen placed a toad in the crevice of a rock and fitted another rock over the crevice, and then made the abode of the toad air-tight by means of mortar. After sixteen years, when it became necessary to repair the pillar, the workman who placed the toad in it remembered the circumstance, and, upon examination, found the toad still alive.