Dark Days.

Ah, me! ah, me! the dark, dark days,
When life seemed far too hard to bear;
When dismal were its weary ways,
And doubt was very near despair;
When foolish seemed my best-laid plans,
Impracticable, hopeless, vain:
And I was longing to let slip
The work that since has brought me gain!

The dark, dark days, when weeping skies
And sobbing winds seemed but to be
The echo of that human woe
Whose deeper meaning was in me;
The days when Love had proved untrue,
And Friendship but a broken reed—
A broken reed that pierced my heart,
And made it inly, dumbly bleed!

The dark and dreary days in which
The body would not serve the mind,
And painful languors had the power
My will in impotence to bind;
When Duty called me with strong voice,
And, heedless both of blame and praise,
I answered her with fainting heart—
Oh, the long, aching, weary days!

But then, O soul, thou wert but one,
But one in a great company,
And each had had some days as dark
As any that had come to thee;
For into every life must fall
The solemn rain of human tears,
And over every life is hung
The somber clouds of drifting fears.

But not in laughter and in song
Was I the noblest lesson taught:
'Twas in the struggle of dark hours
My soul to highest aims was wrought.
Then Faith, Endurance, Patience, Hope,
Came near, and made me strong for strife;
And thus the storm of life's dark hours
Brought me the harvest-time of life.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

IN THE GLASS.

The village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There are few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broadcast over the surrounding country.

The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of twenty. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighboring county town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls.

She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old vicarage garden, picking basketfuls of roses for some sick boy or girl and carrying with them sunshine into some darkened home.

And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her "his curate;" and, as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had.

Mattie had been free as yet from "heart disease," though a neighboring squire's son had made several awkward attempts at love-making; and, though Mattie quite recognized the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself perfectly heart-whole. This had happened when she was eighteen, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at twenty she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheels was interrupted at last and the wheels were jolted out of their usual track; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course, he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and, although not a word of love passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what might happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, amongst her roses, a servant came to say that Doctor Robertson had asked for her father, and, as he was from home, for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which were the fairer—the rose in the basket or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones, who is very ill with fever. They are very poor, and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beaf-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself for fear of infection. I am going past the house and will take them myself if you will give them to me."

"No, thank you doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Anyway, let me walk with you if you are going now and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious!" said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently, but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have staid at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much, as your own people do. This is Jones' cottage; so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into uncalled-for danger. I am obliged to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that here was one man who missed her when she was absent and who tried to keep her out of danger.

And little by little this thought grew bigger and took root, until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases."

And from that day there was less cordial friendship and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Doctor Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said:

"What have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied: "Vex me! Why, nothing, of course! Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will," she said.

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it to me to show me that you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do, please."

"If you really want it you shall have it," she said, as she took it out of her bosom and gave it to him.

And, he, as he pinned it in his coat, said: "It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery"—and away she ran toward the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester."

She gave him her hand, saying: "Good-bye, Doctor Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week when, as Mattie was coming down the street, if street it could be called, the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near, the old woman cried out: "Laws a mussy, Miss Mattie, but do'ee just read this paper. My owd eyes binna so good as they oncest was;" and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read: "On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M.D., only son of Peter Robertson, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Polton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And summoning up all her resolution, she said:

"If you write to him, wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her. Oh, shame, shame, to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still, she never told her love—the secret was her own, and she could keep it inviolate and meet him on his return without flinching. And, although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing amongst her roses with a very sad heart, when she saw Dr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her, and she tried to return his salutation as she would any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave him. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning, saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly to greet her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "Glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her in the glass?"

She looked at him quickly, then her eyes dropped before the expression of his, and again the telltale blush overspread face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained. "Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is said that more rain falls on the eastern than on the western sides of continents.

Dr. Hewson asserts that the common sparrow is liable to have smallpox and is capable of communicating that disease.

It is suggested by Herr Dueberg that the moon may be habitable on the side invisible from the earth, the water and the atmosphere being drawn thither by the effects of gravitation.

At the raising of the vessel La Provence, sunk in the Bosphorus, the telephone was added to the ordinary equipment of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet was replaced by a copper plate in which a telephone was inserted, and the diver had only to turn his head slightly in order to report what he had seen or to receive instructions.

Italian papers announce the discovery at Dorgali, in the island of Sardinia, of a great stalactite cave. Fifteen galleries have been already traced. In one of them there is a row of pillars like white marble, and the floor is smooth, resembling the finest basalt. When lit up with torches the combinations and variations of coloring are wonderfully beautiful.

Scientific investigations show among their latest results the existence of many curious lightgiving forms in the lower depths of the ocean. Of these the most wonderful is the luminous shark, a specimen of which being captured and confined in a dark room gave forth from the surface of its body and head a vivid and greenish phosphorescent light.

Professor Simmons, an English aeronaut, made an ascent in which he crossed the English channel. The balloon took a southeasterly direction over Morecambe bay, but came to a standstill, and then slowly drifted back again, over the town toward the Irish sea. Simmons, being anxious to avoid being taken over the sea, threw out the grapnel on Walney island, but it caught a stone wall and jerked the car so much that he was thrown out, but sustained no injury.

A Near-Sighted Horse in Spectacles.

In a paper on near-sightedness read before the New York County Medical society, Dr. W. F. Mittendorf told of a fine horse in Berlin that became intractable, and on examination proved to be suffering from myopia. The owner had a pair of glasses made for it and it became as tractable as ever. American students, Dr. Mittendorf said, are not so subject to near-sightedness as German students. Sedentary occupations and want of exercise develop myopia, and women, therefore, are likelier than men to contract it. It generally sets in in childhood; rarely appears after twenty-one years of age. Blindness often follows neglect of it. Glasses should be worn early in life to prevent its progress. They should be rather weak than strong, and a slight blue tint is desirable.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands.

The queen of the Sandwich Islands is not only a very great favorite with the natives, but is also largely affected by the English colony. She has been twice to England and received much attention and many presents from Queen Victoria. Her one-quarter quota of native blood gives her the appearance of a brunette. She is forty-six years old, and, like all native women whose lives are of content and easy indolence, seems to be much younger. She resembles the pictures of Victoria taken twenty years ago. Queen Emma is what at an American watering-place might be termed a "stunning" dresser, and is possessed of a mania for being photographed in different costumes and attitudes. At Montano's, the swell photographer of Honolulu, she is seen in no less than twenty-five different photographs, and in no two of them in the same dress.

Queer Origin of a Fashion.

The Austrian empress, while on a little country excursion with her usual retinue, stopped at an inn for refreshments. Being heated she took off her bonnet and hung it on the back of a chair, where a playful puppy made such mischief with it before anybody's attention was attracted as to render it unfit for further wear. Of course, every lady in the party offered her own hat in the place of the one that was damaged, but the empress took the whim to finish the excursion without any other head covering than that supplied by nature. Being observed in this fashion by some ladies of the stylish who are eager to imitate anything that royalty does, the practice of appearing in public without hat or bonnet came into general vogue. The morning promenades became marked by the presence of numerous elegantly arranged heads of hair devoid of any covering, and on Sunday the same fashion was followed in church. To such extent was this becoming the rage, says the Vienna *Tageblatt*, that milliners grew alarmed, and clamored at court about it, whereupon an explanation of the cause of the empress' hatless excursion was issued from official sources and published to the social world. This put an end to the new fashion, hatmakers were happy once more, and fashionable circles were again at peace.

The Women of Quebec.

The French Canadian people have had the rare taste or luck to keep their surroundings in harmony with their character. I imagine the city would be dull, or even distasteful, if its drowsy and romantic spirit were replaced by a coarser life. The women of Quebec are attractive by their appearance of good health. Few of them are pretty, but many are good-looking and pleasant. You meet them at almost any hour, returning from mass or confession, dressed always in dark colors, and walking with a slow gait that might be taken for a sign of meditation. Their manners are unobtrusive; their voices are low and pleasantly modulated. The young women, as you brush close by them on the narrow sidewalk, look up frankly, without either boldness or shyness, and pass on with a direct and modest manner. You see on the cathedral steps some ladies of the French type, with high-bred features and a dark complexion rich with color. Their walk, though dignified, is graceful and free from haughtiness; and their manners suggest characters at once strong, sympathetic and dignified. But the most beautiful objects in Quebec are certainly the children—rosy, bright and cherubic.—*Century Magazine.*

Fashion Notes.

New cloaks are very long.

Laces of all kinds are in fashion.

Rifle green is the popular color for ulsters.

Cloth is the correct fabric for pelisses.

Tournures are worn, but not universally.

Egyptian designs are introduced in novelties.

New stockings show all of the high art colors.

Quilted satin lines more cloaks than satine or fur.

Feather thistles appear among new bonnet trimmings.

There is an effort to revive the princesse style of dress.

Rich Ottoman velvets are classed with autumn fabrics.

The latest shade of yellow takes the name of "four o'clock."

Chine woolen goods and cheviot mixtures will be much worn.

There is no definite changes in the outlines of the dress this fall.

Heavy repped ribbons take the name of ottoman, and are much used.

Fur and feather bands are used for dress as well as cloak trimmings.

Chenille fringe in lozenge pendants make beautiful trimmings for wraps.

Long pile plush in a great measure takes the place of furs for cloak linings.

The new English alpacas come in gray shades and black, with soft finish.

Metallic threads, gold, silver and steel, in tinted effects, crop out in new braids.

Richelieu ribbed and plain spun silk stockings are in favor for ordinary use.

Plain or braided cloth jackets and jerseys will be worn with plush and cheviot skirts.

Ruffs and ruches do not encircle the neck, but are brought down low on the bosom in front, but the throat is not left bare.

The skirts of light walking or dancing dresses are kept off the ground or floor by a puff of muslin inside the hem instead of a balayeuse.

Handkerchiefs with very minute colored borders, and the name embroidered in a color to match that of the border, are very popular.

The new silk embroideries on cashmere have large figures and flowers, wheels, daises, roses, circles, balls and conventionalized flower and leaf designs.

The fancy for birds has extended even to mourning dresses, and the disagreeable fashion is seen of a black raven perched on an English black crape bonnet.

A rifle-green velvet costume bordered with gray fur, with a small muff and a smaller bonnet of the same velvet, edged with fur, is a Paris design for the coming winter.

Plaques of braid, made of row after row of soutache wound around to form a solid spot three inches across, are placed all around the skirts of cloth dresses, also on the collar, cuffs and edge of the basque.

Hussar jackets of cloth, trimmed with braid or with narrow soutache, are the wraps to be worn by young girls during the autumn. Shorter cadet basques with high military collar will be worn as parts of house dresses.

Smooth felt hats and bonnets will supplant to a certain extent the beaver headwear. Some of the early importations of hats have a tall, broad, square crown of smooth felt, with a moderately wide brim of beaver. The wide, square crown promises to be a feature of both hats and bonnets.

Sleeves to be pretty should be short and tight. The tailleur-shaped waist worn with plain lingerie is the only style admitting a rather long sleeve. The arm size must be cut with great care, as it should sit well over the shoulder and not fall upon the upper part of the arm.

A Child Worth Her Weight in Gold.

A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of "Fire! fire!" suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The burning mass was headed for shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him:

"Please, sir, can you swim?"

A child's blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul as he looked down upon her.

"Yes, child, I can swim."

"Well, sir, won't you please save me?"

"I cannot do both," he thought. "I must save the child and lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for this whole ship's company; now I am doubting whether I shall exchange human life for paltry gold." Unbuckling the belt he cast it from him and said, "Yes, little girl, I will try to save you." Stooping down he bade her clasp her hands around his neck. "Thus, child; not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make land."

The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for shore. Wave after wave washed over them. Still the brave man held out, and the dear child on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earnest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute but eloquent benedictions.

The man who has the weaker side of an argument always makes the most noise. If you want to hear a pig squeal, get him penned in a corner.

Reserve.

I.

Behind a little silken mesh of lace,
That hides and yet reveals, I see her face.
The filmy web doth not obstruct my view;
With softened grace her beauty shineth through—
Eyes large and luminous, sweet lips aglow,
Fair waving tresses on a brow of snow:
So many charms the little net reveals,
Can there be one, I wonder, it conceals?
So, wondering oft, a longing doth assail
My very soul to tear away the veil.
So foolish! Well I know her radiant face
Is all the lovelier for that bit of lace.

II.

Behind a winning, baffling veil of pride,
Intangible yet real, her heart doth hide.
The subtle veil no single grace doth mar:
Her truth and love shine through, yet doth it bar
My too audacious eyes. Through many a day
I fain would tear the torturing thing away
And see her soul. I will be wise. Who knows?
The bud had beauty that the open rose
Hath lost forevermore: there is no room
For sweet conjecture o'er a rose in bloom.
Perhaps I love her more for that sweet pride
Behind whose strength her loving heart doth hide.

—*Carlotta Perry, in Our Continent.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The musician who accompanies himself does not always have the best of company.

The man who "reached the ground by the shortest route," stubbed his toe at the foot of a hemlock tree.

Women are never so color blind that they can't see the make-up of a new bonnet passing along fifty feet away.

It is stated that they have cucumbers two feet long in Kentucky, but they do not say how long they have the colic.

A young lady attending balls and parties should always secure a female chaperon until she is able to call some male chap her own.

"I wouldn't marry the best man living," she said,
And she kept her vow from the first;
But she did not live to die an old maid,
For she married one of the worst.

A medical matter: An old lady, hearing that John Bright contemplated visiting this country, hoped that he wouldn't bring his "disease" with him.

The name of a new book is "Bachelors and Butterflies." It is not until the bachelors get married and go to housekeeping that they find out how the butter flies.

Lightning struck a Nevada man the other day while he was swearing. It would, however, take a mighty smart stroke of lightning to hit a Nevada man when he is not swearing.

Gail Hamilton says a woman may have been originally one step in advance of man in evil doing, but he very soon caught up with her, never again to labor under a similar disadvantage.

Volatile friend—"Hallo! What's the matter, old man? Toothache? Tut-t-t-t! Have it out! If it was mine I'd have—" Sufferer—"If it was yours! Yes, so would I!" (Exit groaning.)

An old bachelor leaving his boarding-house for a week's journey, after taking leave of his landlady, stepped up to a salt mackerel on the table, shook him by the tail, and said: "Good-bye, old fellow, I will see you when I return."

"Yes," he said, "I'll have the plumber come to the house to-day. Not that there's any trouble with the drainage, but our cook is sort of discontented and we don't want her to leave, and maybe being courted for four hours will make her less restless."

Madame B. is a charming person, but age will arrive, and she was recently obliged to use glasses. One day a visitor surprised her. "You see," said she, "that I have had to come to it and use glasses." "Exactly," replied the gallant gentleman, "a spark defender."

"The illuminated buoy is a wonderful invention," read old Mrs. Pinaphor in her daily paper. "Well," she observed, "I should think he was. And it is an excellent idea, too, for if the boy is illuminated his mother will have less trouble finding him after dark."

A Live Salamander.

A steamer from the Orient brought to San Francisco a remarkable curiosity in the shape of a live salamander, which is now confined in a large wooden trough and daily supplied with fresh water and live fish at the Palace hotel. The salamander comes from Japan, and was captured in a fresh water lake in the mountains. The specimen is three and a half feet in length, has four feet and an extensive tail, the head being broad and flat and shaped like a heart, and the eyes so small as to be hardly discernible. The mouth is not unlike that of the crocodile, and the novel guest at the hotel is known to be at least seven years old. It is dark brown in color, the epidermis being covered with excrescences, which are watery glands, secreting an acrid, viscid fluid.