

The World.

"His world is a sad, sad place, I know—
And what soul living can doubt it?
But it will not lessen the want and woe
To be always sighing about it.
Then away with the songs that are full of
tears—
Away with the dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years
By singing the lays that gladden.
A few sweet portions of bliss I've quaffed,
And many a cup of sorrow;
But, in thinking over the flavored draught,
The oldtime joy I borrow;
And by brooding over the bitter drink,
Pain fills again the measure;
And so I have learned that it's best to think
Of the things that give us pleasure.
The world at its saddest is not all sad—
There are days of sunny weather;
And the people in it are not all bad,
But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours in June
Are better by far to remember
Than those when the world gets out of tune,
In the cold, bleak winds of November.
Because we meet in the walks of life
Many a selfish creature,
It does not prove that this world of strife
Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon the earth—
There are buds and blossoming flowers—
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth—
There are glowing, golden hours.
In thinking over a joy we've known,
We easily make it double;
Which is better by far than to mope and
moan
O'er sorrow, and grief, and trouble.
For, though the world is a sad, sad place,
(And who that is living can doubt it?)
It will not lessen the want and woe
To be always sighing about it.
—Ella Wheeler, in Boston Transcript.

NANNIE'S CHOICE.

High time, declared the gossips of Grayville, that Nannie Williams made a choice of a husband and gave to the other girls, who doubtless would make better wives if they had not as much beauty, some chance. Utterly absurd that the men followed, one after another, like sheep in a drove, where ever her caprices led. They were like a hive of bees contending for one flower and blind to all the gardenful besides. But Nannie only smiled when some whisper of this reached her and let the gossips talk.
Full well she knew her power, this simple, little country girl, who possessed no dowry save her beauty—right loyally she used it. Besides, it was not quite as the gossips declared. There was no such butter in all the country as that which came from Nannie Williams' farm, and Nannie's fingers, white and tapered as they were, molded it; no cream was so thick and yellow, and Nannie had sole charge of the dairy; no house was more neat and tidy and a nameless air of feminine grace about it, and Nannie, since her mother's death, reigned sole mistress. No wonder the young men felt the race well run with such a prize at its goal.
True, she had a saucy word ever ready; but one readily forgave its harmlessness for the sake of the sweet, brilliant smile which lent her pretty face its rarest charm and seemed to mutely plead her pardon.
However, when it was least expected, Nannie made her choice, and it fell upon Sydney Richards. There was nothing to be said against him. He was a good-looking young fellow, with a farm of his own.
He and Nannie would make a handsome couple and doubtless would succeed well in the world; but for all that it was a surprise to many of them, and one or two of the more discerning ones said that she had flirted shamelessly with Dick Armstrong, and that quiet as he had ever been he had grown more so since the betrothal was announced.
Nannie did not hear this, however, nor had she seen Dick since her engagement, until one evening, some three weeks after, she had wandered down to the little gate opening on to the road, and stood leaning listlessly against it, when a quick, firm tread broke the silence, and a flush of crimson rose to her face, then receded, as a tall, stalwart figure came around a sharp turning in the road.
He gave a quick start, too, as he perceived her, and would have passed on, merely raising the straw hat from the close-cropped blonde head, but that her voice, a little tremulous, detained him.
"Dick!" she said.
He halted then, but made no movement to approach her, until she held out toward him a small white hand.
"Dick," she repeated, "of all my friends, you are the only one who has not congratulated me."
"Indeed!" he answered, with a strange, hard smile. "I hope it is not too late."
And touching the little fingers for an instant only he turned away again as if he considered all his duty done.
Hot tears rose to Nannie's eyes, though from whence they sprung none could have divined.
"You are cruel, Dick," she said.
"No," he answered, "I am kind; but

believe me, Nannie, I trust you may be happy. Good-night!"
She spoke no further word to detain him, but stood and watched him walk away. Her eyes still followed the direction he had taken long after his figure was lost to her sight.
"He never loved me!" she murmured to herself. "He would always have been exacting and jealous, and he never asked me to be his wife. What right has he to complain?"
But the girl knew that she silenced only her conscience, and no voice of his, when she thus spoke. He had uttered no reproach. Dared she to her own soul say he could have found no cause for doing so?
Sydney Richards found something amiss with his pretty betrothed that night. She shrank from his somewhat too demonstrative caress and turned upon him almost angrily when he asked her to name the day for their wedding—in fact, to let the bans be read at once.
"You see, it'll soon be harvest-time, Nannie, my lass," he pleaded, by way of argument, "and there's no denying that the farm needs a woman's hand and a woman's care. It's all ready for its mistress and why shouldn't its mistress be ready for it?"
"Simply because she isn't your maid of all work, Sydney Richards, to be hired when the season is most convenient and the demand for her most pressing?" was the girl's hot reply.
But her lover bore it good-naturedly, and just as he was leaving she penitently let her arms steal softly about his neck, while she raised herself on tiptoe to whisper in his ear that he must forgive her.
But—well, the cream had soured and the butter would not come to-day, and so her temper had not borne the test.
Pardon thus sought might readily enough be won for harshest sin, but Sydney Richards imposed his penalty for all that; and so it happened that the next Sabbath morning witnessed the reading of his and Nannie Williams' bans.
Poor little Nannie! She and her pride were waging a hard fight just then. It had been a lucky moment Sydney Richards had chosen to ask her to become his wife.
That very day she and Dick had had their first and only falling out. It had been such a foolish matter, and she had known herself quite wrong, but she had determined Dick should yield, and instead he had quietly walked away, saying:
"Nannie, when you acknowledge I am right, send for me. It is only your pride that now refuses to acknowledge me so; and it is with your heart, not your pride, I wish to deal. Besides, I have something more I wish to say to you then."
Something more! Ah, how well she knew what this something more was! As if it needed to be put into words! As if she had not known all her life that Dick, earnest and tender and true as he was, strong, loved her, and one day would make her his wife, though he little liked and illy brooked her coquettish ways?
Indeed, on this account had been their falling out, but she had determined this time not to yield; and so, when, a few hours after Dick had left her, it chanced that Sydney Richards came to woo her, his tender love phrases sounded very pleasantly in her ear, and she gave him her promise, scarce conscious of all its import, but glad to inflict on Dick some of the pain from which her heart was suffering.
"I'm going to try the new colt, father, this morning," she said, when it wanted but two weeks of her wedding day.
"Better not," said the farmer. "I doubt if he's ever had a woman on his back."
"He would not be the first horse I had broken to that privilege," was her laughing retort.
The farmer said no more. He had implicit faith in Nannie's horsemanship; but when, a little later, she came down the stairs dressed in her habit, she started to find Dick Armstrong holding the colt by the rein.
"I had business with your father, Nannie," he said, quietly, "and the man brought the colt round while we were talking together; so I stayed to tell you you must not ride him. He has a dangerous eye."
The girl smiled proudly.
"Many thanks for your interest in my life, Mr. Armstrong; but since you have acquitted yourself of any responsibility in the matter, I feel doubly tempted to try the experiment."
She stepped down beside the horse to pat him with one little gauntleted hand, a courtesy he acknowledged by impatiently pawing the ground with his fore feet.
Dick Armstrong's cheek paled. Involuntarily he laid his hand on the girl's arm.

"You must not, Nannie. It is absolute madness."
"And if it is," she retorted, hotly, "to forbid it is Sidney Richards' province, not yours."
She could have used no better argument to silence him. He had paled before, but now cheek and lips alike were colorless, save for one drop of blood upon the latter where his teeth had met.
One instant the small foot rested in his palm, in answer to her imperious gesture for assistance, the next girl and horse had vanished from his sight—the colt, with bit fairly between his teeth and running like mad—running as only a vicious horse can run, determined to rid himself of the human being he bears.
Dick Armstrong forgot his anger, just though it was, forgot all save the great, sickening dread at his heart—the dread which was so soon to prove so fatally well-founded, as, hastening down the road, a riderless horse first came dashing past him, and then, a mile further on, he met a party of laborers carrying in their midst a ghastly load.
At first, poor fellow! he thought it that most terrible of all burdens—a dead body; but as he bent over the face, so deathly white but for the crimson stain upon the forehead, a faint murmur of agony escaped her lips.
Gently these rough men bore her home. Almost as soon Dick was there with the physician he had summoned; and the latter, who had left him a full hour without the sick room, could minister but little comfort on his return to where he waited. The girl might live, he said, though only her wonderful health and youth would accomplish that; but she would be a cripple always.
Nannie Williams a cripple! No one could realize it as the news spread; but as the slow weeks passed and life as slowly asserted itself the doubt became certainty.
Ah, well, the gossips declared again, it was sad enough; but better it had happened then than later, when Sydney Richards would have been burdened with a crippled wife his life long.
But Sydney himself, what did he say?
The accident was five weeks old, and the time fixed for her wedding had long gone by when Nannie sent for him.
The lovely face was white as the pillows on which it rested, and the great eyes looked larger than ever as they met his.
"The farm has had to wait for its mistress, after all, Sydney," she said, with a sad smile; "but it won't have the mistress we had planned for it. You said it needed a woman's hand, and mine are very useless hands now," and she held them up, grown so white and thin. "It isn't necessary to give you your release from any pledge, perhaps; for of course you understand I couldn't burden you this way. But I thought you'd feel better, maybe, if you let me tell you so myself."
The man looked down embarrassed. He had meant to say something like this himself, for he wished a helpmeet, not a drawback, in his wife; but, somehow, the words sounded differently from Nannie's lips, and made him feel small and mean.
Yet they were just enough; and when, with a few murmured regrets, he left her, the bond between them was forever severed.
Alone—henceforth alone and helpless! she whispered to herself, while the great tears rolled silently down her cheeks. But she was glad, too, that it was not Sydney Richards' wife that spoke.
That evening Dick came in.
"You can forgive me everything now, Dick," she said. "How good you have been to me all this time! Sydney was here this morning, Dick, and—and all is over between us."
"You mean he gave you up because—because. The coward!"
"Hush, dear!" she interrupted. "It was I who released him. Why, Dick, any man would be mad to take such a burden as I am on his hands."
"Then I am mad. Oh, Nannie, give yourself to me and I will be happier with my cross than any king that wears a crown."
"You are a king, Dick," she answered. "Oh, my love! would that I had proved worthy of you before it was too late; but now—now it can never be!"
And, plead as he might, he could not change her purpose.
"I love you—yes," she said, "too well to accept now what once I threw away."
For weeks he pleaded, but Nannie was firm, until one day he brought her a young surgeon from the city—a man who had gained wonderful repute, and who told her that by submitting to a dangerous operation she might again walk.

"Is it death or recovery?" she asked.
He answered:
"Yes!"
"Then let me be your wife, Dick!" she whispered in her lover's ear. "I shall have that to give me strength to recover, or I shall sleep better with your name on the slab above my head."
But, the operation over, Nannie woke to life, not death, and, strong and beautiful as in the old days, wears only a tiny scar upon her brow to mark how near she missed her life's happiness.
The New York Skell.
A New York letter to the Washington Star says: The society man of the present day in New York inspires a sentiment of sympathy or pity in the heart of the casual observer, so very uncomfortable does he look in trying to be stylish. A man of fashion some years ago, when loose garments were the things to wear, presented an easy and breezy appearance, but now he cannot be stylish without being uncomfortable. The terms are synonymous. This was brought forcibly to my mind to-day by the appearance of the son of a wealthy Wall street banker. I don't suppose he would care if his name was published, as he is used to seeing it in all of the society papers, and is the acknowledged leader of the more exclusive society men of New York, but I won't give it this time. He has just returned from England with an entirely new and absolutely correct wardrobe, and has already begun to exhibit it. He is short, but fairly well formed, and he constantly wears the single glass, while his accent astonishes Americans—and Englishmen, too, I fear. When I saw him he was coming around the corner of Twenty-eighth street into Fifth avenue, and the windows of the swell little Knickerbocker club were alive with weak-looking faces, convulsively holding the single eyeglass, and gazing eagerly at the latest imported clothes. The young man (he is about thirty) did not walk easily. He had on a pair of dead black shoes, with untanned leather tops. They were decorated by fancy stripes along the side of the foot and over the toe, and were so absurdly narrow that they looked like deformed feet, and rendered the movements of the young man far from graceful, though he struggled hard to preserve appearances. His legs were covered by a pair of trousers that were simply amazing, so tight were they cut. It would almost be impossible to sit down without splitting them across the knee, as far as can be judged from appearances. They were as tight as egg skin all the way down, fitting around the ankle as snugly as a stocking. This remarkable expose of a man's development is not advisable when his legs are not up to the standard. The trousers in question were a very light green with dark stripes. Above them was a vest that stretched from the chin to a line just even with the hip bones and was cut straight across. The vest was of light material and looked odd, it was so extremely short. The cutaway coat was bottle green and fitted like a jersey. It was indeed a trial of the tailor's art in one sense, but it is far too tight to be becoming. The sleeves were nearly as tight as the trousers, and the coat tails were very long, hanging as far down behind as the knee. He wore a collar that lapped over in front, and was certainly higher than any other collar I ever saw in America. It forced his chin up in the air, and caused the sunlight to scintillate on his single glass. Around the neck was a green scarf with a hound's head in diamonds for a pin. Above it all was one of the huge English derby hats with a great curling brim and heavy crown. He wore yellow gloves, and carried a stick with a twisted handle by its lower end, so that the handle dropped nearly to its feet. The vacant stare completed the effect, and he limped along while the others envied him! This is no ideal sketch, but a faithful picture of a leading society man in New York in the year of our Lord 1882.
"The press," says *Chambers' Journal*, "is every year becoming a greater power in the land; it is already one of the greatest resources of civilization," and we might as soon try to get along without steam, or railways, or the post-office, as without our newspapers. If we are to have newspapers we must have editors to direct them, and the editors must march with or in advance of the times. There is therefore good reason to hope that better things are in store for the coming generation of journalists than there have been for those that are gone, and that on the newspaper press the best talent, the maturest judgment and the most cultivated taste will yet find congenial and appropriate work."
Strive to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

A Woman's Device for the Sick.
Miss Annie S. Evans, of Kingston, Conn., has patented a device by means of which sick and infirm persons may be comfortably raised and supported in different postures on ordinary beds. The invention consists of a divided and hinged bed bottom, to the under side of which braces are hinged, the lower ends of which are hinged upon the sideboard. The braces at the head of the couch may be made extensible, so as to raise the head of the bed bottom higher than the center, so that the bottom may be used either as a chair or reclining couch. For raising or lowering the bed a windlass is journaled on the sideboards of the bed and receives a strap connected to the cross-bars of the hinged bed. An adjustable rest is provided for the feet.
Thrift of French Women.
A letter from Paris gives an instance of the thrift of French women, as follows: French women, often stigmatized as the most frivolous of their kind, are in reality the most thrifty—a virtue that frequently degenerates into absolute parsimony. I saw a striking instance of making the best of unregarded trifles the other day when dining with one who certainly has a reputation for prudence. A cherry pie had been on the table, and the mistress gave strict injunctions that all the stones were to be scraped from the plates and placed in her storeroom. I ventured to ask the reason, and was told that not only cherry, but plum, peach and all manner of stones, whether cooked or raw, were invariably saved, gently dried in the oven and kept in a great jar. "Then," said madame, "in the winter, when the fire burns clear and bright in the evening, I fetch a handful and throw them among the glowing coals. They crack and splutter for a moment, send up a brilliant flame, and the whole room is filled with a delicious odor."
Women Who Act as Figures.
Some large dry goods establishments in New York employ women to act as figures in the suit department, and pay them about \$8 a week. The great majority are about twenty years of age, and one proprietor thus speaks of the manner in which they are utilized:
When a lady wants to buy a dress one of the figures is called up and she puts the dress on to show how it looks. She walks up and down the floor several times and impresses the buyer with the beauty of the dress, which, I will confidentially say, is due in a great measure to the beauty of the figure. Then the dress is sometimes purchased. Very often, however, the lady is not satisfied with the first dress, and the operation is continued indefinitely. In case the purchaser desires to buy a cloak, the figure has to robe herself in all the furs of the season to please the customer. The figure dresses and undresses perhaps 100 times in the course of the day. When the girls are very attractive they are very good advertisements for the stores in which they are employed. Their beauty draws custom.
The Eyebrows.
The New York *Hairdresser* tells us just how the arches of the eyebrows ought to look to add to the beauty of the feminine face:
Though it is indispensable to beauty to have the eyebrows of a dark color and also a protection to the sight, as they are the natural shade of the eye, yet when they become larger and shaggy it gives a look of vulgarity and is also a mark of old age. We must request you to attend to this, and, if the hair grows too long and thick, to keep it down with the scissors. If this be not sufficient, some of the longest hairs may be removed by the tweezers. The same means may be tried and are much better and safer than any depilatory to diminish the extent of the eyebrows and prevent them from spreading. We have a very different taste in this respect from the ancient Romans, who considered it indispensable in a beauty to have her eyebrows meet, which is in Scotland called "lucken browed," from a notion that the person whose eyebrows are so formed is, or should be, lucky. Instead, therefore, of painting the space between the eyebrows to imitate hair, we consider it more handsome to have all the hair removed and the eyebrows well separated. The Roman fashion, it must be confessed, formed a better outlook to prevent the perspiration of the forehead from falling into the eyes; and this, beside forming a shade for the light, is their chief office, according to Socrates, who instances the form and place of the eyebrows as a strong argument for Providence.
Fashion Notes.
Autumn silks are dark and rich in effect.
Havelock cloaks will be worn during the autumn.

Chenille figured goods appear among late fall importations.
The cretonne patterns in carpets are desirable for bedrooms.
Jackets almost covered with soutache embroidery will be worn.
The small capote and the large poke will be the leading bonnets.
Beads will be used again for embroideries of evening dresses.
Linked bracelets of Roman gold fastened by a clasp are in style.
Tapering crowns are not so fashionable as large, square and flat ones.
Ivory white dresses with gold braid trimmings are a fancy at present.
Scarlet hussar jackets, embroidered with gold soutache, are worn in Paris.
Two shades of small blue are frequently combined in one hat or bonnet.
Deep chiecores or ruches around the bottom of skirts are the fancy of the moment.
Corn flowers are appearing, not only in millinery but they figure in brocade and velvets.
Bronze, gilt, old silver and jet ornaments will all be much worn on hats and bonnets.
Even hats, gloves and shoes are adorned with bead, tinsel and silk embroideries.
Silver bands in lace-like patterns come for felt beaver blue, gray and garnet bonnets.
Dresses of one material bid fair to be more fashionable this fall than composite costumes.
Entire tabliers of netted chenille appear on imported dresses and among trimming goods.
The new ottoman velours silks are as heavily repped as Sicilienne, but have a softer finish.
Leather bands with buckles appear on many new fall hats of felts. They are more old than pretty.
Black and gold embroideries on rough linens are used for fancy costumes at European bathing-places.
Venetian embroidery, almost as light and web-like as lace, is worn over white ball dresses of satin and silk.
The style in Paris is for sunshades of monstrous size and loud colors. The handles are grotesque and of huge size.
Handkerchiefs are made with minute colored borders and the name embroidered in a color to match the border.
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 balayouse.
New woolen plaids and checks come in the aesthetic colors with broken, shaded lines and bars of brick red, terracotta, gray, blue and yellow.
The new silk embroideries on cashmere have large figures and flowers, wheels, daisies, roses, circles, balls and conventionalized flower and leaf designs.
Home-made, hand-made brown linen mitts are embroidered in chain stitch in fancy figures and worn with peasant costumes at French watering-places.
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 circles of gold linked together with stones, whose initials form a wish or a name. The same fancy is reproduced in dog-collar necklaces.
Respect the Body.
A writer in the *Heath and Home* has some sensible ideas on the subject of bodily health. He says: "Respect the body. Give it what it requires, and no more. Don't pierce its ears or pinch its feet; don't roast it by a hot fire all day and another it under heavy bed covering at night; don't put it in a cold draught on slight occasions, and don't nurse or pet it to death; don't dose it with doctors' stuffs, and, above all, don't turn it into a wine cask or a chimney. Let it be 'warranted not to smoke,' from the time your manhood takes possession. Respect the body; don't over work, over rest, or over love it, and never debase it, but be able to lay down when you are done with it a well worn but not a misused thing. Meantime, treat it at least as well as you would your pet horse, or hound, and, my word for it, though it will not jump to China at a bound, you'll find it a most excellent thing to have—especially in the country."
A full font of Japanese type comprises 50,000 characters, of which 3,000 are in constant use. Each Japanese word having a distinct character, the telegraph has been useless to the nation and the telephone is likely to prove a blessing to them.