

By-And-By.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path below was bright—
Whether it wound through dark or light—
Under a grey or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel night—
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with laughing joy I went—
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I—
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain,
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;
"All will be elsewise by-and-by!"

What will it matter?—if bright—if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not the how, the why
If I but reach Aim, by-and-by!

What will I care for the unshaded sigh,
If, in my fear of bliss or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Surely He will smooth it by-and-by.

Ah, it will matter by-and-by,
Nothing but this—That Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain;
Whether through rock, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all—by-and-by.

LOVE AND A DUCKING.

"This is my daughter, Caroline. Carrie, Mr. Sloane."

Harry Sloane bowed, and pretty, winsome Carrie Hervey bowed in return.

Harry had picked out the farm as a residing place during a business trip.

After Carrie's father had introduced the young people he went to the barn, leaving the pair seated upon the porch.

"A pleasant spot this," said Harry, after he had finished admiring the pretty, dimpled hands which the girl had carelessly laid upon the light blue serge dress.

"You like it?" she asked.

"Like does but half express my admiration. It seems as though I should be perfectly satisfied to linger here forever," responded Harry.

"But surely, Mr. Sloane, the attractions of city life must surpass those of such a humdrum locality as this."

"On the contrary, I prefer what you call the humdrum locality."

"And why, may I ask?"

"Because, because—well, I cannot fully explain my reason. I suppose it is because I am heartily sick of city ways."

"And so you come here for a change?"

"Yes, I believe that is the reason."

The pair sat there upon the porch, talking upon one subject and the other, until the evening shadows fast deepened into darkness.

Finally Harry arose, and said,—

"As I am somewhat tired with my journey I will retire."

The girl called her father, and the latter taking a lamp led the way to the front chamber on the upper floor. Harry took up his travelling-bag, and after a "good-night" to Carrie, he followed the old gentleman up the stairs, and shortly afterwards was soundly sleeping.

"He is handsome, and so is Jack. He is gentlemanly, and Jack is not quite so easy. He talks and acts like a real gentleman, and Jack can hardly ever find the right word to say when it is needed. Jack loves me, and I—I wonder do I really and truly love Jack?"

Thus Carrie mused after she had disjumbled herself for the night, and sat by the window.

Strange, she had never questioned the fact as to whether or not she loved Jack. She had always taken it for granted that she did love the handsome, brown-faced farmer-boy, who had accompanied her home from singing in the parish room on practising nights in the winter, and taken her to picnics and on excursions in summer.

Their had been on affection without any question, any doubt or mistrust to mar the serenity of its flow.

Two, three weeks pass rapidly, and Harry Sloane finds himself musing over the possibility of his being able to provide for a wife. Carrie's lovely face, her pretty figure and her grace have been the whole cause of his perplexity. Before he met her he never had a thought of ever marrying.

He had espied a fine young farmer on several occasions talking with Carrie at the gate, but she had told him that it was Jack, a schoolmate, and a lifelong friend.

One evening Harry was seated in the parlor talking with Carrie, when a rap halted at the door, and Jack asked her to take a ride. Again, when Harry requested her to take a row on the lake, she said she was very sorry, but she had an engagement with—Jack.

"Miss Hervey, that Jack seems to take up all of your spare time," exclaimed Harry.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sloane, not quite

all. I believe I am at your service when not otherwise engaged most of the time."

And turning on his heel Harry would leave Carrie. This soon became common, and finally Harry was determined to end all by asking Carrie for her hand.

"Miss Hervey, will you walk with me along the riverside this evening?" asked Harry one evening after tea.

"I—I don't know."

"Of course; it's another engagement. No matter, I return to the city in the morning," interrupted Harry.

"You are wrong, Mr. Sloane; I have no other engagement. To prove it, I will go to the river with you."

She put on her pretty, wide-brimmed Gainsborough and walked by his side to the river.

"It is pretty," she said, gazing out upon the lake which reflected each shining star and fleecy, floating cloud upon its mirror-like surface.

"Pretty! yes, beyond all others I have ever looked upon." Something in his tones caused Carrie to look up quickly, and she blushed as she found his eyes gazing straight into hers. "Carrie—I love you."

There, it was said. The die was cast, and Harry's heart jumped up into his throat.

"Mr. Sloane—"

"There now, Carrie, don't Mr. Sloane me. Can you not call me Harry?"

"I might—that is, if I had known you longer."

"You call that farmer—Jack."

"Oh, Jack and I were children together. That makes a difference, you see."

"I suppose so. But, Carrie, tell me, do you love me?" asked Harry, trying to take her hand in his, a liberty which she did not seem disposed to permit.

"I—I—let us go back now, Mr. Harry," said Carrie.

"I love you, Carrie. Will you not give me just one small ray of hope?"

"I—I don't know," responded she.

Harry seemed very much in earnest. Jack had never, during all the years of their association, spoken of love. She, like other girls in common, had a deal of admiration for a brave man. And Harry Sloane seemed a valiant personage to Carrie, since he had dared to tell her that he loved her.

"Who does know then?" asked Harry.

"I—cannot; I—please let's go back home now," uttered Carrie.

"Shall we row the boat, the little boat down there, up to the stream which flows by the house?" said Harry pointing to a small boat near them.

"If you wish," said Carrie.

They got into the boat, and pushing it from the shore, Harry piloted the oars. A silence fell upon them after the boat had gone a short distance.

They reached the turn of the water, where the small stream poured its crystal waters into a lake. Harry turned the boat around—horror! the frail affair struck against a rock, and in another instant they were both precipitated into the water. Harry, as he went over, managed to grasp hold of the boat, and Carrie, as good luck would have it, found herself seated securely upon the rock.

"Miss Hervey," said Harry, "we are in a nice predicament."

"I'm wet through and through," cried Carrie.

Strangely enough, the thorough wetting seemed to take all the romance out of both. Here in the water, up to their waists, Harry hanging on to the shattered boat for dear life, and Carrie seated upon the rock, some ten or more yards from shore, all—affairs connected with love were utterly vague to them.

"What shall we do?" said Carrie. Harry did not reply. Swim he could not, and he knew if he once lost his hold he would go down, down to a watery grave.

"I—I'm sorry we started. I—I—Miss, Miss Her—Hervey, we shall both be at the bottom by morning," stammered Harry.

"Humph! I shouldn't wonder a bit, poor Mr. Sloane?"

"Wh—what do you—mean?"

"Why don't you do something, Mr. Sloane? Swim to shore for another boat. Do anything to get me off this horrid rock!"

"I—I can't swim!"

"Jack can!"

"I'm glad to—hear it. I—I wish Jack was here."

Carrie then seemed to be possessed of an idea which she suddenly put into effect, for raising her voice to its highest pitch, she cried—"Jack! Jack! Jack!"

"Hallo!" a voice in the distance responded.

"Quick, Jack. Out here in the river where the stream flows in," cried Carrie, as she espied Jack's form upon the shore.

And then Jack dashed into the water and walked as quickly as possible to Carrie, took her in his arms, and walked back to shore.

"Help? How am I to get ashore?" yelled Harry.

"Walk ashore! The water is about waist-deep. You don't want me to carry you, do you?" exclaimed Jack, as he walked off towards the house, Carrie, very limp and dripping walking by his side.

Harry walked to shore. What a fool he had been. If he had only known the depth of the water, perhaps he would not have lost Carrie.

Anyhow, he returned to the city in the morning; and I can assure you he never mentioned the little circumstance.

Carrie and Jack were married shortly afterwards. She said that the sight of Harry in the water had cleared away all doubt, and she straightway knew that she did indeed love Jack!

Pacific Coast Nabobs.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thus gives instances of Pacific coast wealth:

The biggest fortunes on the Pacific coast are those of the Central Pacific railroad magnates, and ex-Governor Stanford is the richest of the group. His wealth is estimated at \$75,000,000; that is, his yearly income is equal to the interest on such a capital, and his property is constantly increasing in value. He owns more than \$5,000,000 alone in San Francisco in real estate, to say nothing of his farms, vineyards, breeding ranches, etc. The ex-Governor has but one child, Leland Jr., a lad of about fifteen.

The richest widow on the Pacific coast, or in the country for that matter, with the possible exception of Mrs. A. T. Stewart, is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of one of the Central Pacific syndicate. Her husband's estate proved up to \$23,000,000, and the only two men in California who could justify on the widow's bond as executrix were Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, two of her husband's business associates. They were compelled to justify in twice the amount of the estate, and each swore that he was worth \$46,000,000. Mrs. Hopkins is an elderly woman. They had no children, but had adopted a son, whom Mrs. Hopkins has just married to a Miss Crittenden, a protegee of hers, providing her with the dot of a princess. Their are other heirs to the estate, but the adopted son, "Tim," will get the bulk of it.

The richest young and unmarried woman on the Pacific coast is Miss Jennie Flood, only daughter of the bonanza king. When her father's income from the big silver bonanza was at its highest he bought \$2,500,000 of United States four per cents, and gave them to his daughter outright, having them registered in her name. He also gave his son \$1,000,000 in the same securities, but the latter does not promise well, and the bonds have gone back to the father's bank vault for safe keeping. Miss Jenny is a charming young woman, rather plain, it is true, and away out of her teens, but she is a good sensible girl, wholly free from display or affectation. She is deeply pious, and there has been some talk of her taking the veil. There was also some talk at one time of her marrying "Buck" Grant, Miss Flood only laughed at the idea, as, indeed, did young Grant himself. The only one anxious to bring about that match was papa Flood, but the young folks couldn't see it.

From Death to Life and then to Death Again.

The funeral of Ethel M., daughter of L. G. and M. L. Levy, who reside on Catonsville avenue, Baltimore county, took place on Thursday, Dec. 23, from the Presbyterian Church at that place. In the latter part of 1875, the child was taken sick, and after a brief illness she was thought to be dead. The body was cold and the muscles rigid. All signs of life fled, and the physician pronounced that life was extinct, giving at the same time the cause of death. The parents mourned over their child, and the undertaker was ordered to arrange for the funeral, and every preparation to that end was made. The coffin was prepared, and friends visited the house in mourning to take a last look upon the child's face. While the body was lying upon the couch a movement of the body was visible, and in a few moments the body again moved. A physician was summoned, and medical appliances used, and in a short time showed evident signs of life. The eyes opened and the child was soon feeling much better. There was naturally great joy in the household, and after the child had become convalescent the joy of the parents was increased, for had it remained in a trance several hours longer, it might have been buried. Not long since the child was again taken ill and died of pneumonia on Sunday last. The parents having had such a peculiar experience at the previous illness, made all provisions to prove that the child was really dead before burying her.

FOR THE LADIES.

Fashion Notes.
Bronze and crimson is a fashionable combination.

Shoulder capes to match costumes are very fashionable.

Terra cotta gloves are worn with pale pink and blue dresses.

Crystal chandeliers and pendants are coming into use again.

Very high standing collars, enclosing a ruche, are much worn.

The favorite color for undressed kids for street wear is dark tan.

The small capote and the large bonnet are equally fashionable.

Crenelated edges to fancy house jackets are a growing fancy.

Shoes that lace over the instep are once more the height of fashion.

French dressmakers make a bonnet and muff to match each costume.

White tulle is used in the place of an invisible hair net to keep the front hair in good shape.

A white China silk, with a plaited gold pattern over it, is in favor for bodies and paniers.

Buckles in rose, blue, green, copper and other colors come for decorating muffs, hat and bonnets.

Plain dark velvet opera cloaks lined with striped plush and trimmed with fur are a fashionable fancy.

The taste for lace of all kinds, real and imitation, increases from season to season and from day to day.

The fashion of wearing the jacket and waist of a different color and material from the skirt grows in favor.

Lace, which is more worn than ever, and flowers are the two accessories which make demi-toilet dresses elegant.

The corsage bouquet, or bow, is worn high on the left side of the bodice, near the shoulder, and not far from the neck.

The tendency to enlarge the sleeve above the elbow until it has to be folded in at the armpit is marked in many imported costumes.

An exquisite jabot collar is made of double lace, with a bow at the throat, while the crossed ends are fastened with a spray of flowers.

A pretty bow for the neck, to be worn with evening toilets, is formed of loops of delicately tinted ribbon above a fall of plaited lace. Tufts of flowers ornament it at both ends.

An exquisite party dress for a little girl of eight is of pale pink nun's veiling, secured at the waist with wide surah and finished with flounce and berthe of open-work silk embroidery.

The tailor-made coats for ladies are so tight-fitting, that the bodice of a dress is generally taken off for outdoor wear, and a thin but warm stockinette one submitted, with long sleeves, fitting as closely as possible.

Black satin dresses, with black gloves and black ostrich feather fans, are seen with cloaks of the most brilliant red velvet. The bonnet worn with such a toilet is red velvet, finished with a border of finely cut jet beads.

The Chinese Minister's Wife.

The wife of the Chinese minister at Washington is twenty-five years of age. She is quite petite, weighing only ninety-four pounds, but is well proportioned, and her feet are not disproportionately small. She has lately adopted the dress usual among fashionable ladies in Washington, and it is very becoming to her. She wears a wine-colored breasted velvet polonaise, over a plain velvet skirt of the same shade. The material is the richest it was possible to procure. With this suit she wears a hat having long plumes on each side, and the brim slightly drooping in front. She has shown great interest in the few places she has visited, and by her own desire has been in two of the city churches, but only at a time when there was no service, as Chinese custom forbids a lady of rank from appearing at a public assemblage.

A Working Empress.

A foreign paper says: The empress of Austria, even putting aside the fact that she is a grandmother, is a most marvelous woman, and has recently been through a more than unusual severe course of training for the hunting season, which, by the way, she will probably spend in Hungary. During the time that her majesty was at her summer residence at Ischl, in Upper Austria, she generally rose at 6 o'clock in the morning and devoted a couple of hours to gymnastics and fencing, after which the morning bath and a plain but hearty breakfast were supplemented by a walk or ride of some hours.

Lately the empress has actually been running for two hours a day, and to encourage her in the exertion a pack of beautiful foot beagles have recently been sent to Godole. The walking costume in wet or cold weather is a long waterproof Newmarket coat, brown straw hat, thick navy boots; in

hot weather the long coat is changed for a hunting slip of thin stuff. At Godole the empress has a circus, in which she trains her own horses, and rides them a la Renz.

Rouge and Powder.
The prevalent and increasing shortsightedness of our times is, perhaps, partly the cause of the excessive use of rouge and powder. The wielder of the powder puff sees herself afar off as it were. She knows that she cannot judge of the effect of her complexion with her face almost touching its reflection in the glass, and standing about a yard off she naturally accentuates her roses and lilies in a way that looks very pleasing to her, but is rather startling to any one with longer sight. Nor can she tone down her rouge with the powdered hair that softened the artificial coloring of her grandmother when she had her day. Powder is only occasionally worn with evening dress, and it is by daylight that these dreadful bluish reds and whites look their worst. On the other hand, there are some women so clever at making-up their faces that one almost feels inclined to condone the practice in admiration of the result. These are the small minority, and are likely to remain so, for their secret is of a kind unlikely to be shared. The closest inspection of these cleverly-managed complexions reveals no trace of art.—*Whitall Review.*

The Harvest Mouse.
The well-known Harvest Mouse (*Microtus minutus*) is the smallest example of the mammalia in England, and nearly in the world. This elegant little creature is so tiny that, when full-grown, it weighs scarcely more than the sixth of an ounce, whereas the ordinary mouse weighs almost an entire ounce. Its color is a very warm brown above, almost amounting to chestnut, and below it is pure white, the line of demarcation being strongly defined. The color is slightly variable in different lights, because each hair is red at the tip and brown at the base, and every movement of the animal naturally causes the two tints to be alternately visible and concealed.

It is called the Harvest mouse, because it is usually found at harvest time, and in some parts of the country it is captured by hundreds in barns and ricks. To the ricks it could never gain admission, provided they are built on proper stables, were it not that it gets into the sheaves as they stand in the field, and is carried within them by the laborers. Other mice, however, are sometimes called by this name, although they have no fair title to it; but the genuine Harvest mouse can always be distinguished by its very small size, and the bright ruddy hue of the back and the white of the abdomen. Moreover, the ears of the Harvest mouse are shorter in proportion than those of the ordinary mouse, the head is larger and more slender, and the eyes are not so projecting, so that a very brief inspection will suffice to tell the observer whether he is looking at an adult Harvest mouse, or a young specimen of any other species.

Mice always make very comfortable nests for their young, gathering together great quantities of wool, rags, paper, hair, moss, feathers, and similar substances.

As the food of the Harvest mouse consists greatly of insects, flies being especial favorites, it is evident that great agility is needed. Its leap is remarkably swift, and its aim is as accurate as that of the swallow. Even in captivity it has been known to take flies from the hand of its owner, and to leap along the wires of its cage as smartly as if it were trying to capture an insect that could escape. In the airy cradle may sometimes be seen as many as eight young mice, all packed together like herrings in a barrel.—*Rev. J. D. Wood.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

To relieve hiccough at once, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach may be quickly stopped by small doses of salt.

Don't use your voice for loud speaking or singing when hoarse, is the advice given by *Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

There are times in the lives of children when colds are taken, no one knows how, and when toothache is almost unbearable, and yet it is not advisable to have the tooth extracted; one means of relief at such a time is to cut a large raisin open, roast it or heat it, and apply it around the tooth while it is as hot as can be borne; it will operate like a little poultice, and will draw out the inflammation. To wet a flannel cloth with strong vinegar, and then put a hot iron under it, and so to steam the face, will aid in reducing the inflammation.

A Boston carpet dealer sold fifty-six prayer rugs last year.

"The Roll-Call."

The following account of Elizabeth Thompson Butler's wonderful painting "The Roll-Call," is taken from the article written by the artist's sister in *St. Nicholas*. In the spring of 1874, "The Roll-call" was duly sent into the Royal Academy, and was received with a cheer by the committee. By degress tidings of its success were carried to the painter and her family; there were unmistakable signs of a sensation in the town; the clubs were full of rumors of a great picture by a woman; scraps of talk about it were overheard in railway trains. And yet this preparation hardly broke the shock of surprise when, on the morning after the Academy banquet, the speeches of both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were found to refer in terms of generous praise to the work of the unknown girl. Such a compliment had seldom or never been paid to a new name, and it was the prelude to a popular furor which can only be described as unexampled. The Private View had but one topic of talk, and the picture was preserved from destruction at the hands of a mob of friendly sight-seers only by the efforts of a policeman; not since the days of Wilkie's first great success had such a guard been necessary. But "The Roll-call" officer had unquestionably a busy time of it; from morning till night the throng never loosened or relaxed from its hard knot in front of the picture, except, indeed, on one occasion, when a gap, as memorable as the crowd, occurred on the day when the queen, who did not visit the Academy at that time had the picture removed to Buckingham Palace for a few hours, that she might see a work of such special interest to a sovereign who has always loved her art. "The Roll-call" was, as has been said, the result of a commission; but, when her majesty expressed a wish to possess it herself, the owner loyally ceded his claim, on condition that the next year's picture should be his. The copyright was purchased for fifteen times the amount of the original commission, and during the ensuing four years was either in the hands of the engraver (Mr. Stackpole, who produced an admirable plate) or on view in the provincial towns, where it became even a greater lion than it had been in London. And if the picture was a lion, the painter was the heroine of the season, and so pursued with her celebrity that the preservation of serenity of mind was no slight achievement. The whisper of her name drew crowds about her in ballrooms, at exhibitions, in the public ways; but she never relaxed work for a day. The next year's picture was her constant preoccupation, and neither the pleasure of celebrity nor the distraction of notoriety ever discomposed her. "Quatre Bras" was exhibited in 1875, and drew a crowd equal to that which thronged round its predecessor; it had also the honor of Mr. Ruskin's praise. "It is," he wrote, "the first fine pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. The sky is most tenderly painted, and with the truest outline of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme left, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse, seen through the smoke below, is wrought through all the truth of its frantic passion with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." "The Return from Balaclava" followed in 1876, and "Inkerman"—a return of infantry in this case—in 1877.

Shopping.

To woman there is a lure, fascination in shopping that no man's imagination can comprehend. Take the concentrated essence of enjoyment a man gets out of smoking, chewing, base-ball, pool, poker and church socials, and you don't begin to size up the unctious of a healthy young wife turned loose with a fifty dollar note in her pocket. She's in for a regular bender—a wild dissipation of ruffles, laces and things—and she flutters around from counter to counter in a thrilling ecstasy of prying cottons and matching colors. The blissful dream is over some time. Then with a sigh, she releases her last nickle, which she has tied up in the corner of her pocket handkerchief to pay for her car fare, and she hurries home, her head aching fit to split, her swollen feet bursting the narrow bounds of her number four Balbrigans, and her heart cold with a racking fear that Jones' young man will change those checked hose for some of inferior quality, or that the sweet thing in fall prints won't wash after all.

It costs \$1,300,000 to light the streets of Paris a year.