

## SONG OF TIME.

How worn a theme is that of time!  
Ther'why do I begin to rhyme  
Upon it now?

Because to-night the air is filled  
With voices that will not be still—  
They will not cease.

And always sing the same refrain  
Of Time that ne'er will come again,  
Of Time that flies.

Of all that Time sweeps in its flight  
The voices sing to me to-night,  
Time cures all care.

That is what I would fain believe,  
My heart therewith I do deceive,  
With faith in Time.

Oh, voices singing, be you mute,  
You touch a chord on my heart's lute  
But seldom played;

Yet filling all the air around  
With a sweet melancholy sound,  
A song of Time!

Of Time that was, of days so fair  
When all was young, and love was there—  
Long days ago!

Be still! be still! that sad refrain!  
I dare not listen once again  
To that same song!

Maybe I hold those days too high,  
And yield them far too oft a sigh,  
Those days long since!

Yet as they were the fairest yet  
Of all my days, then why forget  
That happy time?

Though if it still should be my faith  
To live yet happier days, the date  
Of that sweet time.

I'll bury, then, within the grave  
Which holds all things forgotten, save  
The present time.

Nor heed a voice which whispers low,  
"The sweetest song is that you know  
Of long ago."

So with the voices in the air  
I mingled mine, and, lo, was there  
A song of Time.

## HUMBLED BY ADVERSITY.

"After all," Celandine Bellairs said, as she leaned back in her chair, her slipped feet half-buried in the silky pile of a white Angora rug, her dimpled hands clasped carelessly upon her head, "it was only a joke!"

Miss Bellairs was a beauty—one of those radiant blondes with complexions of snow and rose-bloom, liquid, hazel eyes and hair of shining brown, all interwoven with gold, whom Titian and Peter Paul Rubens would have delighted to paint.

And being, withal, of an artistic temperament, she robed herself in pale-blue tissues, cream-white nun's veiling and folds of Spanish blonde, with here a deep-colored ribbon, there a spray of blood-red roses—a perfect carnival of color, on which the eye rested with unconscious delight.

Mrs. Hatfield sat opposite, the pale, plain married sister who had all her life served as a sort of foil to brilliant Celandine. Mrs. Hatfield was a widow, and therefore she dressed in black; she was poor, and therefore the crapes were rusty and the bombazine shabby to behold. Celandine, the child of her mother's second marriage, was one of those butterflies; she herself, poor soul, passionately content to be a chrysalis and nothing more.

"A joke?" said Mrs. Hatfield, reproachfully. "Celandine, I think you grow wilder and more irresponsible every day! What do you suppose he is doing now?"

"Probably congratulating himself upon his escape," said Celandine, with a laugh; "for it is an escape, if only he knew it."

"But he loved you, Celandine." The beauty shrugged her shoulders. "Men don't die of love in this nineteenth century," said she. "And I'm sure he never could have supposed that I was going marching around the world after a half-starved army regiment, living upon a lieutenant's pay!"

"Then you shouldn't have allowed him to become engaged to you."

"I knew I could always get rid of him when I pleased," said the hazel-eyed coquet. "And he was the handsomest man at the Blue Sulphur Springs; and it was rather amusing to get him away from all the girls here and bring him an humble slave to my chariot-wheels."

"But, Celandine, stop and think," pleaded Mrs. Hatfield, who was, in her humble way, a sort of second conscience to her beautiful half-sister. "If you read this thing in a novel, you would think it a cruel and wicked thing. To deliberately lay yourself out to charm and attract this young officer—to win him to a declaration of love, to accept him and use his ring—"

"And a very pretty ring it is, too!" murmured Celandine, dreamily, glancing down at the flash of the diamond on her tapering finger.

"To plan to go with him to a picnic the very next day, and then deliberately, during his temporary absence, to take the train and go away, leaving neither message nor address! Ah, Celandine, think of it!"

"It was time the thing was brought to an end," said Celandine, composedly; "and I was tired to death

of the Blue Sulphur Springs—and of Lieutenant Erskine!"

"Celandine," cried Mrs. Hatfield, "what on earth do you suppose he thinks of you?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the cream-skinned blonde, in an accent which distinctly implied, "and I don't care, either."

"Don't you think you ought to write?" hesitatingly questioned Mrs. Hatfield.

"Write? What on earth should I write for?" scornfully cried Celandine. "The affair is over with, and it is a good thing that it is. Do let it rest in its grave. I shall write its epitaph in my diary. 'Flirtation No. 1001 came to a natural end July 3, 18—.' And I do not suppose that I shall ever think of it again."

So Miss Bellairs and her sister went to New York, renewed their toilets, took a trip to the wave washed rocks of old Witch Hill, listened to the roar of the surf and the merry clash of the band at Newport, and then came home, sated with summer raptures, to Philadelphia.

Came home to discover, to their infinite chagrin and dismay, that the silver-haired old gentleman who had been Celandine's guardian and adviser since her father's death, had practiced on her the same extremely skillful device which she had so enjoyed at the Blue Sulphur Springs, and had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, except ruined credit, an empty exchequer and a whole ream of penitential confessions, in letter shape.

"What am I to do?" said Celandine, turning with a pale, frightened face to Mrs. Hatfield.

And that lady, never very prompt at an emergency, answered only with a fit of inopportune hysterics.

There are fortunately a number of ways, now that the world is growing wiser and more tolerant, in which a woman can earn her bread, and these, in hapless succession, Celandine Bellairs turned her attention.

Mrs. Moneyland, one of her rich friends, wanted a companion.

"To be like my own daughter," said that lady, all fat, self-satisfied smiles.

And Celandine rashly believed that all toil and trial were at an end now. But at a month's end poor Celandine resigned her position.

"I am sure I don't know how you could easily secure an easier position," said Mrs. Moneyland, bridling up.

"An ample salary and really nothing to do but to solace my loneliness."

"Yes, I know," said Celandine. "But nobody could endure being called up at 3 o'clock in the morning to read aloud to you, to mend lace all the afternoon and superintend servants all the morning; to sit steadfastly in the house, for fear that I might be wanted, and to lose night after night of rest taking care of invalid skye terriers and sick parrots. Washing or scrubbing would probably be harder work, but it would always come to an end!"

"You are an ungrateful young viper!" sobbed Mrs. Moneyland. "When you know, too, how well your voice suited me, and how dear Gypsy, the dog, liked your ways!"

Celandine tried a position as a telegraph operator next and failed. Telegraphing required practice and nerve, and poor Celandine had neither.

She took in bead-work and fine embroidery and broke hopeless down at the end of a week.

Mrs. Hatfield, who had accepted a situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family, viewed her poor little sister's successive failures with dismay.

"I'm sure, Celandine," said she, "I don't know what is to become of you! Couldn't you get in somewhere, as shop-girl or lady attendant in some furnishing emporium, or—"

"I do not think I could endure the fatigue," said Celandine, faintly.

"Poor folks can't afford to be too particular," said Mrs. Hatfield, pursing her lips.

But just about this time Mrs. Bridgely, the fat and comfortable pre-cess in whose "institute" Celandine Bellairs and her sister had been educated, lost her English governess, and graciously consented to allow Miss Bellairs to fill the vacancy at a merely nominal salary.

"Just until something else should turn up, you know, my dear," said Mrs. Bridgely, smilingly.

And here, for two mortal years, Celandine drudged on, wearing out soul and body alike in the wretched servitude of an unloving task.

For Celandine was one of those nervous, sensitive creatures, who are the least adapted to teaching of all conceivable professions.

And yet life, insipid though it was, must be purchased on some terms; and the girl went mechanically through her task-work like some automaton, day after day, week after week, month after month.

Until, one day, a gleam of possible deliverance appeared on the horizon. Mrs. Bridgely waddled into the room and announced that a governess was wanted at Lisle Tower, on the very edge of the Adirondacks.

"And of course, my dear," said Mrs. Bridgely, "I recommend you at once. Five hundred dollars a year, only one little girl to educate and amuse, and delightful country air. My dear, it's a chance in a thousand. An officer's lady— Stay! where is the card? I declare, I thought I had it in my pocket. I must have dropped it somewhere. But the address is Lisle Tower, near Caldwell, Lake George. You're to take the cars to Caldwell, and there you are to be met with a carriage. And here's your car-ticket, all bought and paid for."

So Celandine, much rejoicing, was borne out of the atmosphere of scholastic toil into a newer, brighter world, and alighted on the shore of blue, beautiful Lake George in the gloaming of a soft summer evening.

The carriage was there, waiting—a dark, wine-colored landau, drawn by prancing black horses, all glittering with plated harness, in which sat a lovely little girl and a handsome young brunette of two or three and twenty.

"This is your little pupil, Miss Bellairs," said she—"my daughter, Irene Erskine. I am Mrs. Erskine, and I hope that we shall be the best of friends. My husband is a lieutenant in the army, so that I am necessarily much at home, and your society will be the greatest of all boons to me."

Celandine felt sick and giddy. The blue hills that surrounded the lake seemed to swim around her. The golden sunshine became as blue before her eyes. Had the idiotic folly of her butterfly days then found her out?

Was she going to Charlton Erskine's very home, a dependent and a drudge, to work out the recompense of her sins? Ah, how hard it was to smile and say "yes" and "no" as pretty young Mrs. Erskine chattered on!

Yet it was not altogether the shame and the keen mortification which stung her so keenly. She knew now—she had known, alas!—that Charlton Erskine's image had been tenderly cherished in her heart all these years. She had flung him away like a broken toy in the insolent triumph of her beauty, and now she knew that—she loved him!

A circular, stone tower, rising up against the dark hemlock woods; long low wings, where the welcoming lights twinkled brightly; crimson, baize-lined doors thrown open, and Celandine entered, her eyes blinded by the soft glow of candles.

"It's the new governess, Charlie," said Mrs. Erskine; and then, in an aside—"The prettiest creature you ever saw, and with the prettiest name too—Miss Celandine Bellairs."

And then, to her horror, Celandine found herself face to face with—Lieutenant Erskine himself, the old lover she had known so long ago!

"My engaged wife!" he said, holding out both hands, with a smile not entirely devoid of mischief. "Celandine, why did you run away from me four years ago?"

With a throbbing heart she tried to draw away her hand.

"You are Mrs. Erskine's husband?" said she. "Let me go—for heaven's sake, let me go!"

"I am not Mr. Erskine's husband," said he. "The Mrs. Erskine does not live who has any claims on me."

"Then who is this lady?" said Celandine, scarcely crediting her ears.

"I am Mrs. Lieutenant Erskine," said the pretty brunette. "My husband is in Arizona. This gentleman is my brother-in-law, Colonel Erskine, who has just arrived from Washington. And now, dear Miss Bellairs, come upstairs, and let them bring you some tea, for I am sure you must be fainting from fatigue!"

But the radiant face which Celandine turned toward her disabused her from the idea.

"I don't think I shall ever be tired again!" said Celandine, softly.

"One minute, dearest!" Colonel Erskine whispered, as his sister-in-law delivered little Lillian into the care of the plump French nurse. "You are still my engaged wife? Say that you are!"

"Oh, Charlton," she cried, "I do not deserve, after the cruel way in which I have treated you, that you should ever speak to me again!"

"I love you, Celandine," he said, simply—"I have always loved you!"

"Even when I went away from the Blue Sulphur Springs?"

"Yes, even then."

She put her hand in his, with ineffable tenderness in her eyes.

"And I," said she, "have always loved you, Charlton, although I discovered it too late."

"Not too late, Celandine," said he

"Heaven is more merciful to us than our deserts."

And so, in the pine-scented shadows of the Adirondacks, Celandine Bellairs solved the riddle of her life and discovered the secret of her own heart.

## Coats of Arms and Seals.

New York has a "College of Heraldry," which does a good business in supplying coats of arms to people desirous of creating the impression that they are descended from aristocratic ancestors. A New York correspondent says of this growing practice: I inquired of an outsider who knows the college of heraldry well, and he told me of the modus operandi. The clerks (or professors) of this college can tell any man all about the past glories of his family. They can discover people's forefathers in no time. The Norman line and the Saxon kings, and the Welch nobility and the Scottish lairds—everything is at their finger ends. Their acquirements are wonderful—in tinctures, the dexter and sinister chiefs, fess and nimbri, bends, chevrons saltires, nebuly, raguly and dancette and gules of every color. It is noticeable that the people who talk most about their family and high birth and lofty breeding are those who have inherited their money from industrious fathers, and are ashamed to have it known that their ancestors worked. A coat of arms is supposed to say to the world, "We have never earned a dollar in our life, and our father never earned a dollar; the money on which we live was bequeathed to us by an ancestor, who was one of the most illustrious robbers in Europe."

The correspondent also dropped in to see a well-known engraver on stone to inquire about seals. "Oh, yes," said the proprietor, "I engrave thousands of escutcheons on rings every year, mostly for gentlemen. What they wear them for I don't know, they never stamp letters with them of course. It is what Darwin or Spencer would call 'a survival,' I suppose, survival of a habit that was once reasonable and useful. When people want to know what their coat of arms is, or want it engraved on a stone, they generally apply to a jeweler and the jeweler sends to us."

Seal rings are mostly of sardonyx, amethyst and topaz, and the engraving is done with a lathe, a pedal turning a little shaft of soft iron, whose sharpened end has been blunted to a small disk. The stone is held to the edge of this whirling disk, which has been wet with olive oil containing diamond dust. Much of the engraving is so fine as to be illegible without the aid of a strong glass.

## Home Looks.

Many people have a set of home looks which they regularly put on when about home, the same as they put on their common clothes. With some it is a care-worn look; with others a complaining expression; with many a sickly appearance, as if they were caving in; and with not a few it is an ugly, cross visage. When some neighbor happens to come in or when they put on their good clothes and go out you would not know them if you had become acquainted with them when wearing their home looks. Now, what we have to say as hygienists on this subject is that it is not healthy to wear such expressions. They certainly affect not only the health of the wearers, but of the other members of the family. They are especially depressing to children. If worn by a husband, to a wife they are agonizing; if worn by the wife they make the husband feel as if he did not care to hurry home. Our outside admirers, our good neighbors and others are entitled to no better facial expressions than our home people. If we must in some instances change our clothes for economy's sake, let us not change what does not cost anything—a cheerful countenance. Carry that home; at home preserve it; go to bed with it; get up with it; gather the family around the table with it. It is a good tonic for self and everybody.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

## Indians Never Kill a Defiant Man.

"Indians are like children," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, in recounting his adventures to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times. "If you gain their confidence you can do what you please with them. I never made a promise to an Indian that I did not keep, and so I made plenty of friends among the tribes. They like bravery, and will not hurt a man who shows no fear when overpowered. When the Indians get you in a corner, if you stand up and bare your breast, and tell them to shoot, they will never do it. I have had to do that twice in my life, and so speak from experience; but I never knew them to kill a prisoner who defied them."

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### Persian Patchwork.

Old-fashioned patchwork in which our grandmothers delighted is the subject of a new departure. This novel patchwork is made by cutting foundation squares of muslin, all the same size, and arranging upon them odds and ends of silk or ribbon, plush or velvet, in any way the maker pleases, basting them in position, and then joining them together with feather-stitch in gold-colored filosele. The squares when completed are joined together in the same way, and the result is a harmonious confusion of colors which has quite an Eastern effect.

### Better Late Than Never.

Eighteen years ago Miss Jennie Andrews and Mr. Alexander McGregor, of Macon, Ga., were engaged to be married. But they had a lover's tiff and separated. She married Mr. Charles Ross and went to Texas, and he married, it matters not whom. In five years Ross died and the widow returned to Macon, and after some time married Mr. Lavarre. Seven years later Lavarre was killed. In the meantime McGregor had become a widower. Within the past few months he chanced to meet in the streets of Macon the sweetheart of eighteen years ago, and though they had not met for years the recognition was mutual. The old flame was rekindled, and one Sunday morning recently a minister was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony.

### News and Notes for Women.

America, Miss Emily Faithful says, is far ahead of the old world in extending the field of work and education for women.

There are 20,000 working women in Boston over fifteen years of age; their average earnings are four dollars per week; and their board averages three dollars and a half per week.

Embroidery may have said to have broken out in a fresh place, for covering toilets are now completely covered with a mass of embroidery that, in some instances, represents the labor of a lifetime.

There are four ladies now living in Cincinnati, each of whom have locks of hair cut from the head of the Prince of Wales, while he was visiting that city in 1859. There was a great deal of anxiety at that time to obtain relics of this prince, and the enterprising barber who shaved the royal head netted some \$70 over and above the \$10 he was paid by the prince.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's elegant mansion in New York, which was erected at a cost of \$1,000,000, seems to be more of a burden than a pleasure to its mistress. Living alone in the midst of an army of servants, she is said to be in constant dread of being stolen by ruffians and held for ransom, and the threatening and begging letters which she receives do not make her existence more agreeable.

Philadelphia has a young woman's home on Clinton street which has run successfully for ten years, and now has forty-five inmates. Clerks, telephone operators, copyists and the like live there, pay \$3 a week for board, washing, fire, lights and medical attendance, with use of parlors, library and sewing machines. All this money is spent on the table and a few incidentals, so that considerable gifts are necessary to keep the institution running.

### Fashion Notes.

Robes of sateen appear among the new goods.

Checks and plaids are the features of spring silks.

New shades of red are delf, sultan and Russia-leather red.

The new muslins are soft finished, without any starch or size.

Ashes of roses has made its appearance among the aesthetic colors.

Very wide sashes of aesthetic ribbon are to be revived for the summer.

Robe dresses with embroidered flourishes appear among spring importations.

Birds and fruits form a part of the design of many of the dressiest satens.

Buttercups and blackberries are the latest Parisian combination for bouquets.

Great quantities of natural or artificial flowers are worn on ball toilets.

The feature in new polka-dotted cotton dress goods is the large size and close proximity of the dots.

The draperies are much bunched around the hips, and even below that point by some dressmakers.

Extremely pretty embroidered silk, muslins, crapes and gauzes are employed for evening and ball dresses.

Sprays of flowers, beautifully imitated in precious stones, are taking,

as brooches, the place of the hideous insects so long in favor.

A new brooch represents three owls on a perch, and another is a basket of flowers; the basket being gold and the flowers turquoise forget-me-nots.

Crimped frills of tinted crape set against standing, lightly-gathered ruffles of oriental lace, are worn inside the neck and sleeves of evening dresses.

New French hats are trimmed with narrow braid embroidery. Of course, in this case the hat must match the dress in material and color, the crown is plaited and the smooth brim has a narrow border.

Chain bracelets of India designs, made of yellow gold, are in great favor, and bangle bracelets of gold wire as fine as thread, several being worn at one time, are likewise highly popular.

Cushions for deep cane chairs are made of tufted plush or satin, and as an accompaniment a strip of the same material and color is embroidered as a scarf for the back and finished off with deep fringe, which is generally of rich quality.

Braiding is to become popular again. Rounded soutache will be used, as the designs can be executed in raised work by its use. It is easy to give Eastern effects by carrying out a free design upon muslin, scrim or thin materials of any kind.

At a private party for little folks, in New York, a small boy wore a long coat of ruby velvet and satin trousers to match; vest of white satin with gold buttons; shoes of ruby satin covered stockings of white silk.

Tortoiseshell ornaments for the hair are now very fashionable, especially the clear amber sort in different shapes. The most becoming and the favorites are the hairpins with small balls at the top, two or three being used to ornament the hair on one side.

Articles of dress as well as mantles, hats and muffs made of material to match the costume are now trimmed with handsome bows. Large and small fur collars are fastened with long ribbons, and muffs are often to be seen with bows to match, in the middle or on both sides.

## Mystery of Missing Men.

One of the best men I ever knew here—a man of sixty-five years, who loved his home and family dearly, and who had no reason for eccentricity—slipped away one afternoon, went to Boston and then to Washington, and for two years drove a car there, remaining away because he thought his wife would manage his affairs better without him. He never intended to return but was seen by chance, arrested as a lunatic and given his choice to be confined in an asylum or to do his duty as a man. He came back, and after two happy years at home, died in his wife's arms. In another case that I remember, a gentleman was supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from a steamboat. His wife made no fuss, but kept the matter quiet, because she alone never gave up the idea that his suicide was a sham; and for three years she hunted him down, and finally restored him to his home and business. A third case of which I had personal knowledge was that of a dry goods merchant who was absent twenty years, and who returned wealthy, made himself known to his wife, who had been married in the meantime, sought out his son and gave him \$10,000, and then went his way as he had come. He said he had left home because he wanted to; had not married or cared for another home and liked the life of a wanderer much better than any domestic ties. These instances go to show that the case of alleged mysterious disappearance may sometimes be accounted for without any necessity of presupposing robbery and murder.—*Philadelphia Record.*

## Public Letter-Writers.

One street sight that interests me specially, says a Rome (Italy) letter, is the public letter-writer, who still plies his trade as in the old, old days of which I read so long ago. I had quite forgotten there were such people, but one morning as we were trying to find a short cut to the Pantheon, we came suddenly into a quiet little open square round which were established seven men, each with his table and writing materials, waiting for customers. Of course I insisted on waiting to see whether people did really engage in this vicarious style of correspondence, and I was quickly gratified by the arrival at one table of an aged woman, and at another of a young girl, who gave the scribe their sentiments and their soldi, and sat watching his slow-moving fingers with evident satisfaction.