

A Song of Time.

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

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

And always sing the same refrain
Of time that will never come again,
Of time that flies.

O! all that time sweeps in his flight
The voices sing to me to-night,
Time cures all care.

That's when 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 and 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 of 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 fate
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.

—London Society.

A Successful Plot.

"They are determined not to like me," said Octavia Durell, with the tears of mortified pride sparkling in her eyes as she laid down the frigid letter she had been reading. "And it is cruelly hard for me to be forced to meet them without Sigismund's presence to sustain and uphold me. I know just how it will be. My mother-in-law will look coldly and critically upon everything I do; my stepfather will fancy me a tyrant, and steel herself against me as if I were an inquisitor. Home will be a dungeon and life a burden! Oh, I wish—I almost wish," she added, correcting herself, with the shy smile of happy wifehood—"that I had never married. But, after all, what nonsense that is, when Sigismund is so good, so noble, so worthy of a wife's devotion!"

Mrs. Durell was on her way home from India, and, seated in the cool, marble-paved apartment at Gibraltar, from whence the Peninsular and Oriental steamship was to sail the next day, she watched the palm-leaves swaying in the breeze, the flutter of the gay green-and-white awnings, and the turbaned Eastern servants passing to and fro with trays of black coffee, delicately-flavored ices, molded to imitate apples, oranges and pomegranates, with absent, unseeing eyes. Never before had she been parted from her husband, who was American consul at one of the Oriental ports, but a sudden call had arisen for his presence many hundred miles back in the mountain country—a wilderness to which it was impossible that he could take his delicate young wife.

"There is no telling how long I may be detained among those semi-savages," Octy. he had said to his wife, "and I can neither take you nor leave you. Go home to my mother, and make friends with little Eudora. It is possible that I may follow you in a few months, if all goes well. But, at all events, I shall feel safer if you are secure on American soil. Benson, your maid, is an accustomed traveler, and Leonard, who commands the Pacific, is my old friend, so that you will lack no care."

"But, Sigismund," cried Mrs. Durell, with a countenance of ludicrous dismay, "a mother-in-law! and a stepdaughter! To be compelled to confront them, all by myself!"

"My dear little goose!" said the consul, laughing. "Now you are frightened at mere shadows. My mother is the dearest old lady in the world, and Dora is a darling."

"Couldn't I stay with you?" pleaded the young wife, clinging to his arm. "I rather be murdered by the natives, or die of cholera down on the plains than go back to America all by myself."

"Nonsense! nonsense! nonsense!" cheerily cried out Mr. Durell.

And so the matter had been settled. And Octavia was thus far on her voyage home, when, crossing the chequered pavement without a slight, graceful figure glided by, with floating lace

"It's Janie Weldon!" cried Octavia, springing up and rushing out to intercept the movements of the beautiful stranger.

"Why," cried Miss Weldon, in infinite surprise, "it is Octavia Olcott! And here, on the heights of Gibraltar! Of all places, who would have dreamed of meeting you here?"

"I am going to America," said Octavia.

"So am I," said Miss Weldon. "But my name isn't Olcott any longer," added the young wife, laughing and blushing. "I am Mrs. Sigismund Durell."

"Then," said Miss Weldon, with her eyes growing larger and more brilliant than ever, "you are the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Almond Durell, the very lady I am going to Durell court to visit. Do tell me about her! Is she nice? Is she lively? Is she—"

Octavia burst out laughing. "I never saw her in my life," said she.

"Neither did I," said Miss Weldon. "But she has invited me to visit her because my Aunt Barbara was an old friend of hers. And you really have married the charming young consul-widower? My darling, I congratulate you!"

"I was a governess at Calcutta," said Octavia, blushing and looking exceedingly pretty. "And—"

"I see how it was," nodded Miss Weldon, who had been Octavia's school-mate long ago. "Love at first sight—and I don't blame him, when I see how pretty you have grown. And I suppose dear old Mrs. Durell is delighted to have you?"

"She isn't delighted at all," said Octavia, solemnly. "She has written me a letter as cold as ice, regretting that her son should have married again so precipitately (just as if his first wife hadn't been dead five years)—hoping that we should be congenial, but fearing very much that I should find the quiet and solitude of Durell court too dull for my tastes."

"But that's horrid!" said Miss Weldon. "Not in the least like the letter she wrote me. Wait a minute—I have it here in my pocket."

And, with a heart thrilled by involuntary envy, Mrs. Durell read the affectionate, almost motherly epistle, which invited Miss Weldon, for her aunt's sake, to make Durell court her home for as long a period as she pleased, assuring her of the warmest welcome and love.

Octavia's eyes filled with tears. "Why couldn't she have written such a letter to me?" she exclaimed.

"Because, my dear, you are her daughter-in-law," Miss Weldon philosophically answered. "No woman can welcome the girl who has stolen away her son's heart. It isn't in human nature."

Octavia was silent a minute; then she exclaimed, suddenly:

"Janie, I've an inspiration—a positive inspiration! Let me go! And you keep away for a little while!"

"Go where? Keep away from whom?" said Miss Weldon, in amazement; and then, with brightening eyes, she added, "Oh, I see! Octavia, you are a genius! Come here and sit by me, and we'll arrange it all!"

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The golden autumn-time had come, and the woods around Durell court were wearing their brightest dyes.

Little Eudora had skipped around all day, gathering the sweetest roses, arranging violets in saucers of Dresden china, adding new beauties to the suit of apartments which had been prepared for Miss Weldon, the only child of "grandmamma's dearest friend."

"For we must enjoy her society all we can before my odious stepmother comes," said Eudora, all unconscious that she was in the least degree uncharitable.

Poor child! she only echoed the chime of popular opinion, after all.

And when grandmamma's pony phaeton came back from the train with the tall, lovely lady in black, Eudora flew into her arms, with all a child's innocent enthusiasm.

"Stand off a little, and let me look at you," said the child, joyously, pushing back her jetty curls—ah, so like Sigismund's that Octavia's heart thrilled within her! "Oh, you are exactly like what I pictured you in my mind! And we are going to be so happy together—you and I, and grandmamma—until—until my stepmother comes!"

Octavia looked wistfully at her.

"Dear Eudora!" she said, impulsively "I love you already. Promise me that you love me!"

The warm-hearted little girl covered her cheeks, brow and lips with kisses.

"Dear Miss Weldon," said she, "I promise you a thousand times over!"

And Mrs. Durell led the guest smilingly to her room.

"My darling," said she, "I want you to be very happy here. For you are filling a place in our hearts that has long been vacant—my daughter's place!"

"But Mrs. Sigismund Durell?" suggested the stranger, coloring deeply.

The old lady made a gesture of dissent.

"I can never love her!" she uttered, sadly.

"But me—you will be kind to me?"

"My dear Janie, you are like my own child already?" lovingly spoke the old lady.

And Mrs. Durell never suspected the rain of bitter tears which poor Octavia shed when she was at last left alone.

"But I will make them love me!" she thought; "and when once their affection is thoroughly mine, I will not let them withdraw it from me, merely because I am Octavia Durell instead of Janie Weldon!"

And this beautiful young impostor had not been a week in the house before she had won all hearts. She was grandmamma's darling, Eudora's confidante, the pet and sunshine of the house, and oh, how her heart beat when Mrs. Durell looked at her tenderly one evening, and said, with a kiss:

"Dear little Janie, I was thinking how many thousand dollars I would give if Sigismund's wife were like you."

Octavia turned first red, then white.

"Mrs. Durell," she said, hurriedly, "if I were Sigismund's wife—"

And just then a bevy of guests were shown in. And the words of confession were checked on Octavia's lips.

But the secret betrayed itself at last, as secrets will always do.

It was a rosy December sunset, the snowy fields all dyed with carmine, the huge fire of mossy logs crackling in the tiled fire-place of Durell court. The old lady was serenely dozing in the blaze, and Eudora was helping her guest to arrange roses, fresh gathered from the green-house, in antique majolica vases, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall, well-molded figure strode in.

"Well mother! Well, Eudora—"

The old lady started up with a cry. Eudora looked with dilated, wondering eyes; but first and swiftest of them all Octavia was in her husband's arms.

"Sigismund!" she cried, hysterically, "oh, Sigismund!"

Old Mrs. Durell recovered herself with an effort, and looked on in amazement.

"Sigismund!" said she, "I do not know that this lady—"

"This lady, mother," he answered, brightly, "is the sweetest and dearest little lady in all the world to me—my wife!"

And Octavia hid her face on her mother-in-law's shoulder.

"Dear Mrs. Durell," she whispered, "forgive me for stealing your heart by strategy, for, indeed, I despaired of ever winning it in any other way. Janie Weldon told me that I might borrow her personality. She, too, is coming after New Year's, and—"

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Durell, nervously wiping her spectacle glasses, "I don't know what to say!"

"Say I forgive you," said Octavia; and say also, "I love you, daughter!"

"I love you, dear little daughter," said the old lady, falteringly. "And as for forgiving—why, I am not certain but that I need forgiveness the most of all!"

While little Eudora clung closely to the young wife's side.

"I don't care whether you are my stepmother or not," she said. "I love you, and I shall always call you mamma, now!"

And then the nappy, excited little group gathered around the fire, and explanations followed all around.

Octavia had to recount for her the little plot, so often nearly betrayed by the fullness of her own heart. Sigismund had to relate the combination of circumstances by which he had obtained a year's leave of absence from his Eastern consulate, and managed to take them by surprise; and a more joyful little household was nowhere to be found.

"I was beginning to wonder why Mrs. Durell, junior, did not come," said the old lady, with a smile.

"And I was dreading it, terribly," said Eudora, "and all the time the mischievous darling was in our very midst."

And that very evening Octavia sat down and wrote to Janie Weldon what a successful plot had proved.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Woman's Beauty.

Even ugly women admit that beauty is their sex's most powerful weapon; they like to see it exert a force, and when it is great, and, so to speak, beyond criticism, admire it with genuine heartiness—heartiness as real as that which men show in their admiration for strength manifested in any conspicuous way. It is usual to say women deary beauty, but that is a blunder, caused by stretching instances into a law. Of all sources of success, women grudge beauty the least. They may deny it is beauty, but if they admit it they are so far content. If a man makes a misalliance for the sake of beauty, society forgives him readily. To this very hour the deep feeling of women for Eugenie, the French empress, though founded, of course, on pity, is greatly assisted by the recollection among the middle-aged of a triumph so conspicuous, and so visibly owing to personal charm. This kind of female interest is universal, and extends in a more languid degree to the men, who find in any national appreciation of beauty not only the charm which springs from kinship in taste, but an excuse for a secret inebriety, a powerlessness in presence of the attraction, which they all resent and feel. We wonder if, beside all this, there is any residuum of the old Greek feeling that beauty was a clear good in itself, a harmony, something which indicated that the gods of nature were not essentially and at heart hostile to man. Many artists say so, and to judge by the extent of feeling, almost of pious feeling, excited by the beauty of scenery—the positive esteem felt for Switzerland, for instance, for being so beautiful a place—the feeling should be general.

A Heavly Princess.

The Princess Lilino Kalaua, of the Sandwich Islands, buys her dresses in Paris. This lady, who is admitted by her Parisian admirers to be a trifle brune, is said to resemble her brother, Kalakaua, king of Hawaii. But her taste in dress is, to all accounts, gorgeous and well considered. She has introduced ruches of lace to protect her shoulders from the gaze of a barbaric court. This detail has astonished Parisian modistes more completely than the substitution of false diamonds for real in the tiara wherewith she proposes to encircle her regal brow. A dress of cloth of gold, trimmed with ruches of golden lace has a train six meters in length, which opens over a white satin petticoat worked with gilt birds. According to the redundant fancy of the Hawaiian princess, the beak of each bird is to contain a different ornament—a diamond, a pearl, a feather or a bit of gold. The cost of the dress is not given, but the cloth of gold is not supposed to represent the sum of a thousand dollars or more the meter, as did a toilet worn at the court of Marie Antoinette—or a dress two millions of dollars in value, completely studded with pearls and emeralds, and worn by a lady of fashion in ancient Rome. The economy of this age is unpleasant, and to modistes must be revolting as compared with the lavishness of good old liberal times. A dress of damask satin, sky blue and covered with bouquets of bright colored roses, which, in spite of its intrinsic richness has a tunic of sequins of the shade known as moonlight, forms a part of Lilino Kalaua's wardrobe.

Fashion Notes.

All laces are fashionable. This is to be a lace season. Brocaded silks have not gone out of vogue. Buttons are small for dresses, large for wraps. The palm-leaf pattern crops out in all the new goods. Combinations in costumes are as much in vogue as ever. Postilion backs and points in front are the rule in basques. Overdresses are made eccentric and irregular in the draping. The evanescent fashion of silk underclothing has disappeared. For evening dress the arms are completely covered by the gloves. Slippers with straps, or strapped shoes, are for elegant house wear. Underwear must be white, but stockings are de rigueur colored or black. Embroidered robes of cashmere and veiling are seen among late novelties. Two contrasting colors are introduced in the new small-checked summer silks. The gray tint introduced into the new colors is very becoming to the complexion. After all, there is no color more becoming to a woman no longer young than silver gray.

Cashmere jackets complete costumes of ribbed Ottoman silk and velvet.

All the new blue and terra cotta shades appear in the new checked and plain summer silks.

Shoulder bows of ribbon are very fashionable set against the standing collar on the left side.

Portieres hung on bamboo trees with a portion of the roots showing at one end is the latest novelty.

Heavy colored Spanish gulpure comes for trimming new black Ottoman and gros grain silks.

Rosettes of wool braid and a wide band of white Hercules braid trim English round hats of felt and o braid.

Masks surrounded by gay moss, relieved by brightly colored Japanese figures, are much used in house decoration to place over the doors.

Some still cling to the style of dressing the hair low in the neck in a small knot, but a much admired mode is at top of the head, and is very broad.

Cotton satteens, in all the light shades, and in a variety of patterns, from the old-fashioned "Dolly Varden" to the common place polka-dot, are now ready for selections.

Ottoman silk costumes have the front breadth of the skirt and paniers scattered with detached figures of embossed velvet, each figure edged with handsome cord or French gimp.

The Langry waves are the newest for the front hair. These long curled waves are very effective, and differ from the Saratoga, curls being the distinctive feature. The hair may be parted on the side or in the center with this style of dressing.

The new blue over which Paris has gone wild is a bright clear shade, just one remove from Napoleon, and about the color of the blue long cloaks worn by the kings of England and France in the reign of Henry V of England. It is called royal French blue, and is very beautiful, but not esthetic in the modern sense of the word.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A bit of cotton batting sprinkled with black pepper and wet with sweet oil and inserted in the ear will immediately cure earache.

One table-spoonful of bromo-chloralum to eight of soft water makes an excellent deodorizer, and will purify the sick-room of any offensive smell.

In Lyons, France, the cold bath method of treating typhoid fever has been adopted with marked success. In the civil hospitals the death-rate was reduced from 26 to 9 per cent, and in private practice to 1 to 2 per cent.

People should remember that if they are careless as to allowing themselves to get into a low state of health, they run the risk of picking up any malady going about. As Sir James Paget told his audience lately, these maladies are met with every day, but happily many of those meeting them are not in a condition to catch them.

Treat fresh wounds in the following manner: Close the lips of the wound with the hands, hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied; then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water. Should it be painful, take a pan of burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wounded part in the smoke.

Song Writers.

Foster was a wonder, says a well-known music composer. He was as well-known through his songs to Americans as Dickens was through his stories to the English, but was known to very, very few personally. Of his song, "Old Dog Tray," 125,000 copies were sold in the first eighteen months after its publication. His "Old Folks at Home" was the best thing he ever wrote, and 400,000 were sold by the publishers that first issued the song, and Foster received \$15,000 as his share of this sale. I tell you it's always the publisher that makes all the money. We grind out the songs, may be under a strong pressure for some necessary of life, never knowing and often not caring whether it would "catch on" or not. They give up a little money for it and may be like some of Dank's songs, it proves popular and they make a great deal of money out of it. Foster wrote a great many negro melodies that proved famous, and commencing with "Camptown Races" he went steadily on until he wrote some very fine pathetic songs. I know it to be a fact that Christy paid Foster \$400 for the privilege of having his (Christy's) name printed on one edition of "Old Folks at Home." That caused the error to get afloat that Christy wrote this song.

The Mining Prospector.

The genus prospector, a man of medium height, a rather lightly but firmly-knit frame, age anywhere between twenty-five and thirty-five, a fine face, gentle but firm, bronzed with exposure to many a fierce storm, stamped with the unmistakable expression impressed on the features of those who, day after day, stand face to face with danger and death, a face that a girl in distress will turn to without hesitation; that a rowdy will turn from with fear and hatred. His first movement betrays the frontiersman. A rapid piercing glance around the park, neither human foe nor edible game being in sight, his next glance is to the sky. Apparently satisfied with the inspection, his first care is to tend to his jack or "burro," to use the mountain phrase; then having liberated the burro with a drag on the end of his rope which will effectually prevent his straying from that park, he turns to his fire, blows it into a blaze, puts on his coffee pot to boil, and then to his toilet. Three inches of comb, two square inches of looking glass, a coarse towel, a piece of yellow soap, a tooth brush, and the toilet table is furnished. Now follow him to the dressing-room; a dozen steps down the creek takes him to where a little dam has formed a crystal pool. Down on the moss-covered rocks goes the broad white hat, the collar of the blue flannel shirt is rolled back disclosing the neck and chest of an athlete. Oh how cold, how refreshing, how invigorating the water is, fresh from the snow above. The toilet is finished, breakfast is the next consideration. The coffee having boiled is placed on one side to settle; the bacon fried, the batter for a pile of "slap-jacks" beaten up, he fries one of the abominations throwing it into the air and catching it on the reversed side with the precision of an old timer, and now he plunges into the tent and emerges with the "chuck box," or in English, "mess chest," into the innermost recesses of which he dives, and from the conglomeration of cartridges, buckskin things, steel traps, needles and thread, sailor's palm, mineral specimens, three or four letters, a book very torn and dirty, a pair of Mexican spurs, odds and ends of string, etc., etc., produces a small canvas sack of salt, ditto of sugar, a half gallon can of syrup, and breakfast is ready and the table is set. To dispatch the meal takes but a little while. Short as the time is, however, it is not wasted, for observe the upturned face the eager searching glance, peak after peak is scanned, formation, color noted until apparently satisfied with the inspection. The meal is finished, plate and cup washed and put away; the morning pipe is lit and smoked while he goes through his pockets to see if his outfit is complete, matches, compass knife, magnifying glass, all safe. Catching up the burro and picketing him on fresh grass finishes the morning chores and we are ready for the day's work.

Lying.

There is a story of a candidate for a Yorkshire borough addressing the electors in flattering terms, and telling them that "the hope of being their representative had given up valuable prospects in India, and travelled many hundreds of miles." "What a jolly fool you must be," was the unsympathetic remark of one of the crowd. The speaker had, in fact, returned to England because his prospects in India had proved delusive. Exaggerators of this class have been held up to derision for centuries. Lando (sixteenth century) tells of an Italian ecclesiastic who was so given to drawing the long bow that his friends openly derided his tales. He at last hired a simple country lad, whose whole duty it was to stand behind his master's chair and corroborate his anecdotes. The boy did his work for a time; but at length his employer ventured on a tale so amazing that the honest servant started the company by exclaiming, "Nay, master, take back my livery; I cannot swear to that." Epitaphs offer a very usual field for exaggeration. Few imitate the sensible conciseness of an inscription in a Hampshire church, where the survivor merely adds, after the name of the deceased, "To those who knew him a narration of his virtues would be needless; to those who knew him not it would be tedious"—a fact too often lost sight of by the writers of monumental inscriptions.

Facts themselves may be presented in a light which exaggerates them to the listener. Boswell once praised the profuse hospitality of a gentleman who "never entertained less than a thousand in the course of a year. That is to say, about three persons dined with him daily." Both "ways of putting it" were true, but they conveyed widely different meanings.—London Globe.