A Mother's Song.

The days are dark and dreary, sweet,
And threatening clouds go by;
My eyes have grown aweary, sweet,
Of gazing at the sky;—
Of gazing at the sky, my sweet,
Where never a star doth rise;
Though hope should hide in the outward tide,
Let me find it in thy eyes, O sweet!
Let me find it in thine eyes.

My heart hath grown aweary, sweet,
Of a race that shows no goal;
And the passing hours strike dreary, sweet,
To a desolate human soul.
Did I say desolate, sweet, my sweet,
Nay, never while I have thee,
Though the sinews start in my aching heart,
And reason itself should flee, my sweet!
And reason itself should flee.

Cling closer, ay, closer, O sweet, my sweet!
The pressure doth ease my pain,
And I journey with steadfast feet, my sweet,
Up the pathway of life again,—
Content to find in thy grasping hands,
And the dew of thy dawning kiss,
A beacon to lure me through sunless lands,
If life promised no more than this, O sweet!
It life promised no more than this.

—*William Higgs.*

Mr. Marigold's Mistake.

"I shan't marry him," declared Meg decidedly, while she twisted her back hair up in a tawny knot on the top of her head.

Meg's elder sister and sister-in-law looked decided disapproval at their relative's refractory announcement.

"You know, Meg, dear," began Mrs. Joe, the eldest brother's wife, but Meg cut her short in decided tones.

"Yes, I know all you can tell me, and more too. I know I'm an old maid"—she was twenty-five—"and I know you are all too poor to support me, and too proud to let me support myself. But for all that I shan't marry Simon Marigold if he is as rich as cream and I as poor as Job's turkey, so there, now." And Meg flounced out to weed the carrot bed, while the discomforted relatives shook their heads more disapprovingly still, and made comments on the obstinacy of human nature in general and some folks in particular.

"She's a throwing away her best chance," declared Mrs. Joe mournfully.

"Simon Marigold is a ketch for anybody," asserted Sister Jane, "with that big farm of his. Such a good pervider as he is, too."

"But if she don't love him, you know," ventured Mrs. Archibald, the youngest sister, who was suspected of being romantic.

"Fiddlesticks," declared Mrs. Joe emphatically. "Folks can't live on love, and if Meg throws away sich a chance of being settled comfortable she'll live to rue it. That's all I kin say."

"Now, look a here, gals." Grandma Larkins came down from the attic with a hank of blue dyed yarn, which she proceeded to wind into a ball. "Jest let Meg alone and I'll promise it will all come right in the end. Gals of her age often does hev them quare notions, but she'll git over 'em bime-by. The girl kind o' fancies she likes some one else better 'an Simon, but jest leave her alone 'an she'll get over it and settle down with him on the Marigold farm as comfortable as two peas in a pod."

In the meantime Meg was still at work in the garden, diligently pulling the weeds in the carrot bed. It might have been that she had no other time to weed carots, and it might also have been that Eben Doolittle had no other way of getting home, except by the well-worn cattle path, which led past Grandma Larkins' kitchen garden and around to the pasture bars. At all events, he soon came sauntering by and leaned on the gate post for a chat.

"And to think," said Meg to herself, when he had sauntered on, with a freshly-plucked rose in his button hole "to think of my marrying Simon Marigold."

Alas, poor Simon! He was not pale and intellectual with a developing moustache and violet eyes. He never scented his handkerchief with extract of pond lily, nor wore buff kids, nor carried a cane—far from it.

Simon Marigold was broad shouldered and sunburned. And his eyes, though clear and honest, were undeniably grey.

"Oh, no," thought Meg, blushing up to the roots of her very frizzy bangs, "I could never—never marry him."

As the days sped on Grandma Larkins began to look worried, and to lose a little faith in her own predictions.

"Ef it wasn't fur that there shiftless Doolittle," she sighed, "a comin' here all the time an' a drummin' on his catarrh she might take Simon Marigold yet."

* * * * * * *

"Well, Eben."

Mr. Marigold gave one or two broad sweeps with his scythe among the red clover he was cutting, then hung the glistening blade on a stubby persimmon tree, and turned with a heated face toward his cousin.

Eben Doolittle was not heated. His summer coat looked cool and light, and his white pocket handkerchief was heavily scented with pond lily.

"I 'spose you want that money," said Mr. Marigold, and drawing out his leather pocket-book, he counted out one hundred dollars in crisp bank bills, and handed them to his cousin. "I 'spose it's all settled, Eben," he said anxiously.

Eben's placid features showed no anxiety nor care whatever.

"Well, no."

He coolly put the bank bills in his pocket-book before he condescended to explain further.

"I haven't asked her yet, because I wanted to get the money first. A fellow don't like to get married without a cent in his pocket."

"You are sure she'll be all—all right?"

"Oh, of course." Eben was shouldering the light gun he carried, getting ready to start. "Of course it'll be all right. She'll drop into my arms like a rare, ripe peach when I ask her."

Mr. Marigold's gray eyes shot a gleam of disapproval at his nonchalant cousin.

"Well, Eben, I wouldn't talk that way of the woman I loved," he said gravely. "I would be so proud of her love I would hardly dare to own it, even to myself."

Eben laughed, but made no answer.

"You needn't mind paying that money back," added Simon, as he took his scythe from the tree, "if you'll only try to make Meg happy and comfortable, but don't—don't expect me to come to the wedding, Eben, for I—really I couldn't."

"All right," returned his cousin carelessly.

And Simon Marigold turned to his mowing, while Eben stalked off across the meadow with his gun slightly swung over his shoulder.

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"Simon."

The fluttering grape vine screen that overhung the fence and the low persimmon tree was put aside and Meg Larkins, blushing like a June rose, stepped out.

The astonished mower gazed as if petrified.

"Oh, Simon, I heard all—all you said," she exclaimed, with tears brimming in her soft, brown eyes. "Grandma sent me to pick dewberries," she continued, and I—want to tell you that I'm not going to marry Eben Doolittle, because I don't love him," and she blushed like one of the trumpet vine's scarlet bells, that had dropped on the emerald turf at her feet.

"Meg." Simon came towards her with a new light shining in his honest, brown eyes. "Oh, Meg, do you—could you—love me?"

"And with drooping eyes and tears still in them, Meg said she could and did.

* * * * * *

"How nice it is," said Mrs. Joe, as she whisked the eggs for the wedding cake. "How nice that Meg is really going to marry a man of property after all."

"And a real love match, too," chimed Mrs. Archibald, with that simple philosophy which considers love and romance of more value than all the diamonds of Golconda or the fabled wealth of "Ormus and of Ind."

"Wal, I see how 'twas a gwine to turn out long ago," put in Grandma Larkins complacently, turning the heel of the blue yarn sock she was knitting. "I allus said 'twould come all right in in the end, but think, me a sending Meg over to the Marigold pasture to pick blueberries helped it along some."

And perhaps it did: Fate is not above using blueberries as a means now-a-days at least.—*Helen M. Clark in St. Louis Magazine.*

The Penalty.

"Father," observed Melancthon Marrowfat to the old gentleman one evening after his mother had gone out of the room, "I've been reading a good deal about panics lately, and it seems to me that many of them might be avoided."

"There's millions in it if you can tell how, my boy," said Mr. M., shaking his head as if the problem were utterly incapable of solution.

"All it needs is," continued Melancthon, "for women to be brave."

"But they ain't brave," remarked his father firmly, "and how are you going to make them so?"

"Easy enough," returned the ingenious lad. "Give them mice for pets when they are children.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Sea shells and crawfish are to be found on the top of Lookout mountain, in the northeastern part of Yavapai county, Arizona.

THE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

How Dyke Fortescue Conducted "The Farmer's Friend."—Original Views on Ensilage.

Dyke Fortescue rambled into the office of an agricultural newspaper published in the interest of rural readers, and named the *Farmer's Friend and Cultivator's Champion.* Dyke was fresh from Denver, where he had been doing local work on a daily. He wanted a situation—he wanted it badly, and he soon closed a bargain with the proprietor of the *Farmer's Friend and Cultivators' Champion.* The proprietor intended to be absent for two weeks, and Dyke undertook to hold the journal's head steadily up stream until his return.

"You will receive some visitors, quite likely," said the proprietor "Entertain 'em. Entertain 'em in a manner which will reflect credit on the paper. They will want to talk stock, farming, horticulture, etc., you know. Give it to 'em strong."

Dyke bowed, borrowed a half dollar, got a clean shave, and soon returned to face the music and edit the first agricultural journal with which he had ever been connected.

"I feel that, with my journalistic experience, it will be just fun to run an agricultural paper," said Dyke to himself.

At 2 oclock p. m. the first visitor showed up at the door of the office, and Dyke cordially invited him inside. The farmer entered hesitatingly, and remarked that he had expected to meet the proprietor, with whom he had an appointment to discuss ensilage.

"I am in charge of the journal," said Dyke.

"Oh you are. Well, you seem to have a pretty clean office here."

"Yes," replied Dyke. "But about this ensilage. Ensilage is a pretty good breed, isn't it?"

"Breed!" exclaimed the farmer, "why—"

"I mean it's a sure crop; something that you can rely—"

"Crop! Why its isn't a crop at all."

"Yes, yes, I know it isn't a crop," said Dyke, perspiring until his collar began to melt away down the back of his neck, "but you can do better and cleaner work with a good, sharp ensilage on stubby ground, than—"

"Take it for a sulky plow, do you?"

"No, no,' said Dyke. "You don't seem to understand me. Now, if a farmer builds an ensilage on low ground—"

"Builds an ensilage! You seem to have got the thing mixed up with some kind of a granary."

"Pshaw, no," continued Dyke. "I must make myself plainer. You see this ensilage properly mixed with one part guano, and three parts hypophosphate of antimony, with the addition of a little bran and tan bark, and the whole flavored with chloride of lime, makes a top dressing for strawberry beds which—"

"Why, ensilage isn't no manure."

"No, certainly not," said Dyke. "I know it is often used in that way. You don't catch my drift. When I said top dressing I meant turkey dressing—stuffing, you know—for thanksgiving—"

"Good Heavens, man! Ensilage isn't a human food!"

"No, not a human food exactly," said poor Dyke, grinning like an almshouse idiot. "It isn't a food at all, in the true sense of the word. My plan has always been to lasso the hog with a trace chain and after pinning his ears back with a clothes pin, put the ensilage into his nose with a pair of tweezers.

"My good lands! You don't use ensilage to ring hogs."

"I never believed myself that it should be used for that purpose, but when you want to ring hens, or young calves to keep them from sucking—"

The farmer gravely shook his head.

"Did you ever try ensilage on the hired girl?" said Dyke desperately, and winking like a bat at 11:30 a. m.

The farmer slowly arose, and with some evidence of rheumatic twinges in his legs.

"Young man," he said "you are a long ways from home, ain't you?"

"Yes," replied Dyke, dropping his eyes beneath the stern glances of the farmer. "In my ancestral halls in England, sad-eyed retainers wearily watch and wait for my return."

"Go home, young man, go home to your feudal castle, and while on your way across the rolling deep, muse on the fact that ensilage is simply canned food for live stock—put up expressly for family use in a silo, which is nothing less than an air-tight pit where corn stalks, grass, millet, clover, alfalfa and other green truck is preserved for winter use, as green and verdant as the sub-editor of the *Farmers' Friend and Cultivators' Champion.*"

And Dyke Fortescue sighed as he remarked to himself: "There ain't so blamed much fun in running an agricultural paper as I thought."—*Texas Siftings.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT

New Style of Beauty.

There is to be an entirely new style of beauty. The girls with the ruddy locks of the golden hair and the Saxon skin, that have held their sway so long will have to abdicate their throne to their dark-haired sisters. So fashion has decreed, and when fashion has decreed a thing the result is as unalterable as a general election. To be in the fashion to-day you must have dark hair, dark blue eyes, not a particle of color and lips as red as the cherry. These rather varied requirements are to be met—with art.—*London Court Journal.*

The Wife.

The true wife not only has the confidence of her husband, but the affairs under her personal supervision and exclusive care flourish like a garden, says a level headed writer. All things beautiful spring from her touch, and he enjoys the blessing of her tact without fully realizing how it comes. She loves the praise of her husband, she is desirous to be permitted to share his life-work, and his confidence is the only reward she seeks. She never overtaxes his income, for she knows how much it is, and she keeps within it. She may sometimes long for an increase of worldly goods, but she never reproaches him when he is diligent and does his best.

Chivalrous Wooing.

Not until the middle ages set in did women begin to take that station in life which the modern world has been proud to accord them. The knights o Europe made a special business of protecting women, especially such as had no natural protectors, and as a consequence of this romantic employment devoted a large share of their time to love-making. Doubtless there have been more extravagant fools than these knights of mediaeval times, but unfortunately history has not recorded either the names or the actions of such, and we are, therefore, forced to take the statement on faith. One tells how he never sees his lady love's face without crossing himself; another burns lamps and tapers before the altar of the Virgin that his mistress' heart may be softened; another performs penance, and says a hundred masses a day for the same laudable end. Another has a vision of Cupid on horseback, booted and spurred, with lance in rest; and still another represents the Deity as the god of war, driving his bloody chariots over the hearts of the human race. One turns preacher, and in a country pulpit recites the praises of his lady, the people mistaking his rhapsody for a hymn to the Virgin; one turns pilgrim and walks barefoot and bareheaded through Europe; one goes to sea; one threatened to bury himself alive, and another, or the maddest or most devoted of all, curses himself, wishes that he may fall from his horse and never rise, that his helmet may wear a hole in his head, that his bridle reins may be too long and his stirrups too short, that his horse may trot forever, that he may never win at dice, that he may look like a sneak and run at the next battle like a coward if his lady be not the most beautiful woman in the world and he the most devoted lover.

Fashion Notes.

Red is the rival of yellow this season.

New York women make their own fashions.

Coat sleeves to be en regle must be very tight.

American styles are popular in European cities.

A late style of capote protrudes in a peak over the forehead.

Open net ventilating corsets are the kind for the hottest weather.

The shell hat and the fan capote are the latest novelties in millinery.

English styles are more popular than French with American women.

The sunshades that have appeared are exceedingly gay in appearance.

Shirred flounces and shirred draperies appear on many new costumes.

Black velvet necklets are worn high about the throat and fastened by diamond studs.

Imported parasols are more and more elegant, and some have the handles studded with gems.

"Spider webs" is new and very thin material shot with color, and designed for summer dresses.

Very pretty black lace fichus, large size, are furnished to wear with summer dresses in place of mantles.

Tucks in bunches across the skirt in flounces, and in lengthwise rows on front breadths, are still in favor.

Skull-crowned turban hats, placed far back on the head, are still very fashionable for young ladies and girls.

Black brocaded grenadine, with large velvet flowers, makes a graceful basque and draperies for plain grenadine skirts that have lace flounces.

Pins for securing hats are ornamented with brilliants, horse-shoes and insects, composed of pearls and less expensive precious stones, often artificial.

Useful costumes of pepper-and-salt material are in favor among those who expect to travel considerably. They are tailor-made, have very tight-fitting basques and plain skirts.

Laced kid gloves have had their day, and now women of good taste have gone back to buttoned kids, which are the best, after all. They come in all the shades and colors, and with buttons enough for the longest arm.

The traveling cloak for young ladies' summer journeys is a cheviot New-market closely fitted from neck to foot, with checks of mingled ecru, garnet, brown and olive. There is a pointed hood with garnet silk lining.

One of the handsomest black silk costumes yet shown has, at the bottom of the short walking skirt, three gathered flounces, and each flounce has three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon run on near the lower edge.

White mulle morning dresses are made with a Watteau plait from the shoulders, and are trimmed across the front with alternate frills of lace and embroidery. Salmon or dark-blue changeable satin ribbons are tied in front in many bows.

An English fashion, now prevailing to some extent, consists in wearing an epaulette of two loops and two ends of ribbon on the left shoulder of an evening dress, and a ribbon bracelet above the elbow. A fancy buckle usually fastens both ornaments.

Dressy basques are cut open, in oval shape, below the throat, and finished off with a standing net collar embroidered with gold, silver or steel beads, and made to project by fine, thread-like wires, and fastened by a diamond brooch, that represents buttons. The sleeves are of lace to the elbow, with beaded ruffles, and there are satin creves for epaulettes.

How Needles are Made.

From a lecture in Paris on "Steel in Modern Times," by Mr. S. Perisse, we take the following notes on the curious and interesting needle manufacturing industry: The needle, says Mr. Perisse, passes through the hands of eighty workmen before it is ready to deliver to the trade; and if we take into consideration that these articles cost at the very most only two dollars per thousand, on an average, we find that the eight thousand operations are remunerated by the sum of twenty cents.

Owing to the progress effected in the drawing of steel into wire, cast steel has been principally employed for some time past. Formerly, in France and Germany, manufacturers used iron wire, which was converted into steel during the course of operation. The manner of manufacturing differs but little. At Borcette, the centre of needle production of the continent of Europe, there are five series of operations involved in the manufacture: First, conversion of the wire into needles in the rough; second, tempering and annealing; third, polishing; fourth, softening of the polished needles; fifth, putting up into packages.

First, the conversion into needles in the rough involves twenty operations, the principal ones of these being gauging the wires, cleaning, reeling and cutting into pieces of a length equal to two needles. Sharpening or pointing is done by means of grindstones. By the aid of a leather thumbstall the workman holds fifty wires at a time. The latter becomes red hot by friction on the stone, and a constant stream of particles of steel and stone is thrown off, which formerly brought about phthisis in the workman after a time, but the adoption of powerful ventilation has now remedied all that. After pointing the wire is cut in two, the head is flattened, and it is then annealed. Then the eye is punched in the head by means of a steel punch, the operation being performed by children in less time than it takes to describe it. Other children "hole" the needles—that is, remove the particles of steel detached by the punch. After this the heads are hollowed, sorted, and, when necessary, cemented.

Second, tempering and annealing of the raw product requires nine operations, but they are performed with lots of thirty-pounds weight, each containing more than three hundred thousand needles.

Third, polishing is the longest operation, although one million are polished at once. It requires five operations, each of which is repeated seven or eight times. The needles are put into rolling cylinders along with small hard stones and oil and colza. The stones gradually become crushed, and the friction of the particles during the motion of the rollers effects the polish. The last polish is performed with oil alone and coarse bran.

Fourth, the sorting of the polished needles involves five operations, and, after burnishing, which is a very delicate and important process and that which gives the lustre, the needles undergo the last operation of being put up into packages.

SUNNY SIDE SHOES.

Tricks by Which the Poor are Swindled—Deceptions in Foot Wear.

"You newspaper fellows have had your whack at a great many frauds of the day, but you have thus far overlooked the commonest and in some respects the meanest of all frauds, that in shoes. Why don't you expose it?" The speaker was a middle-aged man of natty dress, evidently a member of the craft known as commercial travelers, and the one addressed a reporter for the *Commercial.* The latter, overlooking the flippancy with which journalists had been classed as "fellows," asked for plans and specifications as to frauds in shoes, and was enlightened in this wise:

"It would take too much of your space to go into minute details as to how frauds are perpetrated on the purchaser of shoes, so numerous and ingenious are they. I will therefore merely tell you about some of the ordinary ways of getting up cheap shoes of deceptive appearance. Good leather of all kinds, as you are aware, costs money, and a great deal of it, in comparison with prices twenty-five years ago, and a great deal of ingenuity has been expended in devising methods for making a little of the tanners' product go a great way. Sole leather is the most costly of all, and naturally there is more fraud in the soles of shoes than in the uppers. In a great many of the cheaper grades of shoes now sold the soles consist of a very thin sheet of leather for the bottom, just enough to hold it together, and the space between it and the so-called insole, which usually consists of a strip of muslin, is filled either with leather shavings pressed together or with common straw board. The wearers of this kind of leather goods should always be careful to avoid the shady side of the street, as dampness is ruinous to this sort of shoe, causing the biggest part of the sole to crumble to pieces.

"The uppers, which the seller always assures the purchaser are genuine calf-skin, are split cow-hide, and wear little if any better than the soles. The heels are in strict keeping with the other parts, consisting of a thin outer rim of leather and a slender bottom of the same material, the remainder being made up of scrap leather. Half the ready-made shoes worn in Pittsburg, I don't hesitate to assert, are shams of one sort or another, in part or in whole.

"The falsification is not confined to men's shoes; oh, no. There is fully as much or more fraud in women's footgear. There is 'pebble goat' made out of blackened muslin, with soles of 'plaited hash,' as pressed scraps are termed.

"Sheepskin is skillfully dressed to imitate kid, and many of the shoes made of it and sold for sewed work are merely pasted together and dissolve, so to speak, the first time they are wet. This sort of fraud sets hardest on the poor, and especially the unreasoning poor, who must economise from force of necessity, and always buy things that are 'cheap' without much reference to their quality or durability. Shoes at half price are always a temptation to the poor, but if they would give the matter a little study they would soon discover that one pair of honest shoes, sold at a fair price, would outlast three or four pairs of the other kind, though when first put on the latter look just as nice or nicer than the better kind."—*Pittsburg (Pa.) Commercial.*

Our Seven Wonders.

The seven wonders of the world in ancient times, were the pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the Temple of Diana, the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, and the Collossus of Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in modern times are the printing-press, the steam engine, the spinning-jenny, the telephone, the phonograph, the telegraph, and electric light.

The so called "seven wonders" of the ancients are mere trifles compared with those of the present time. The Brooklyn bridge, for example, would make the hanging gardens of Babylon a mere toy, while the whole seven wonders put together would sink into insignificance, could their builders have seen a lightning express train at full speed.