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**Woman's Work.**  
Darning little stockings  
For restless little feet;  
Washing little faces  
To keep them clean and sweet;  
Hearing Bible lessons,  
Teaching catechism;  
Praying for salvation  
From heresy and schism—  
Woman's work.  
Sewing on the buttons;  
Oversewing buttons;  
Soothing with a kind word  
Others lamentations;  
Guiding clumsy bridgets  
And coaxing sulky cooks;  
Entertaining company  
And reading recent books—  
Woman's work.  
Burying out of sight  
Her own unbecoming smarts;  
Laying in the smoking  
On other cloaked hearts;  
Blinding up the wounded,  
And healing of the sick;  
Bravely marching onward  
Through dangers dark and thick—  
Woman's work.  
Leading little children,  
And blessing manhood's years;  
Showing to the staid  
God's love and sweet cheer;  
Scattering sweet roses  
Along another's path;  
Smiling by the wayside  
Content with what she hath—  
Woman's work.  
Laying fall her own tears,  
Where only God can see;  
Wiping off another's  
With tender sympathy;  
Learning by experience;  
Teaching by example;  
Tearing for the gateway,  
Golfing, peering, amble—  
Woman's work.  
Lately sweet silence,  
A day of sweet repose—  
Her looks sweetly braided,  
Upon her breast a rose;  
Leaves resting gently  
Upon the marble cheek;  
A look of blessed peace,  
Upon the forehead meek;  
Her hands softly folded,  
The kindy smile still;  
The lips know no smiling,  
Her cheek bears no thrill;  
Her speech needs no smoothing,  
She craves for no caress;  
Love's tenderest entreaty  
Wakes no response there.  
Fish game in the valley—  
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;  
On a note solemn lesson  
That life may not regret;  
Pace forever hidden,  
Her feet never run—  
Dust to dust "a voice saith,  
And woman's work is done.

## GRANDPA WEAVER'S BEAVER.

I shall never forget the rapture I felt the morning I was pronounced "finished" and, with artistic taste, suspended upon a pinnacle above my less pretentious companions in one of the showiest of slow windows upon the popular thoroughfare patronized by the wealthiest people in the great city where I first saw the light.

It is needless to dwell upon the circumstances which preceded my debut, and describe the process from which I emerged "a thing of beauty." Old as I now am, I still recall with satisfaction the admiration I elicited and the ejaculations of surprise and commendation that greeted my first appearance before the world of fashion.

"Every sweet has its bitter," and I regret to say that my self-complacency was ruffled in some degree by the envy of my associates and the spiteful remarks I was forced to hear.

"The very thing to catch the eye of a sporting blackleg, or some brainless swindler, or an insignificant 'Soft' felt," was a smart-looking "Dobby" while a pert little "Nobby" remarked, with a leer, "All's not gold that glitters." Disagreeable words like these I confessed caused some misgivings in reference to my future, but I was not fated to remain long in suspense, for notwithstanding the high price set upon me, only a few days elapsed when an exceedingly aristocratic-looking, venerable gentleman entered the store and requested the obedient silence by which he inspected the elegant beaver, at the same moment indicating my proud self by a motion of his gold-headed cane.

After a minute examination of my proportions he approached a mirror opposite, and, placing me before his head, I saw instantly by the smile of intense satisfaction which illumined his benevolent countenance that my destiny was sealed.

Very soon after I was incased in a handsome box and sent to the almost palatial residence of the retired merchant, Mr. Weaver. I was carried up several flights of stairs and deposited in what I discovered afterward was the dressing-room of my purchaser.

In my short experience I had heard much of the vanity of ladies, and thought this particular weakness was confined solely to the female sex; but judge of my surprise when suddenly I was roused from darkness and silence by the flash of gas-jets and the voice of my new master, as he drew me from my snug resting-place and, balancing me above his brow, surveyed the effect produced in the immense glass that reflected the full length of his tall, commanding form.

"I was not long finding out that my owner had a habit, when alone, of talking aloud to himself."

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I look ten years younger! I had no idea a new beaver could make such a difference."

"Nor did I!" cried a fresh young voice.

The next instant a pair of white arms were reached about my neck.

"It is perfectly exquisite! What a dear darling papa!" Then, with a tender caress, "But why won't he allow his little Dolly to accept attentions from any of the young gentlemen who call on us?" And Mr. Dorsay, too! Such a splendid beast!" The pretty lips pouted,

and the laughing eyes looked inquiringly into the face half shaded by my lustrous brim.

"Dolly! child! Don't you know? Can't you understand that you are the very light of my eyes? It will be time enough five—yes, ten years hence to think of encouraging the attentions of beaux. Recollect, you are barely seven—no, not old enough to know your own mind, be patient, little puss, and when the right one comes and I sanction, why, then—"

Alas! the right one had come, but Papa Weaver was ignorant of the fact, while, unwittingly, he was drawn into this affair of amours, was drawn into this affair of amours.

Dolly sighed softly, and shook her wealth of shining hair a trifle defiantly as her small white hand gently smoothed my polished surface. She had been told me from her father's head, and was still examining the shaven lining that added so much to my beauty. I saw a strange light in her eyes as she continued to run her slender fingers daintily under the pliant crimson silk.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I like this beaver ever so much more than the old one."

Then, as if frightened by her own words, she quickly repented me, and, gliding an arm within that of her indulgent parent, drew him to the door, as she rattled on:

"Come, papa; I will not wait a minute longer. You promised if I would not ride with Mr. Dorsay you would take me to the opera, and it is time."

It did not require much penetration to find out the power this only child wielded over her fond father, and it was no wonder, with her winning, jovial ways, reminding the bereaved merchant as she did of the fair girl-wife who won his heart in the long ago, and who died in the zenith of her promising womanhood, leaving him Dolly, the sole possessor of mutual love. Was it any wonder that he worshipped his lovely daughter?

After my first introduction to the family of my master, I always accompanied him, and soon became familiar with his habits. As I have said, frequently when alone in his own apartments he would express his sentiments aloud. In this way I became acquainted with the fears which beset him on account of his child-sister, and how she polished sharper might win her affections, and ultimately break her heart and wreck her life.

Many were the suitors that attempted to ingratiate themselves, but so vigilant was my master, that for his daughter and escaped the wiles and snares of seducing fortune-hunters.

Among other things connected with the affairs of my owner, I learned that before Mr. Weaver's retirement from trade he had employed a private secretary, or amanuensis, to assist him in the arduous task of winding up his business.

George Errincourt was a young man of distinguished appearance, and possessed more than ordinary ability. By hard struggling and prudence he had finally secured a position in a banking-house, which salary, sufficient to support a wife comfortably; but in such comparatively humble circumstances he dared not express open admiration for the daughter of the retired merchant.

Long before my event, and during the time he acted as secretary to Mr. Weaver, he was thrown often into Dolly's fascinating presence, as such was her devotion to her father it was seldom she remained long away from his side, always expressing the deepest interest in his affairs, and in the conversation of their mutual friends.

Thus the young people frequently met, and step by step a tacit understanding was established, and although no word of love was interchanged, they read in each other's eyes the language of affection. Besides, since it was renovated, it looks as good as new. I must insist upon your wearing it to the church tomorrow."

I not only witnessed the union of the two lovers, but when at last I grew old to be of further use; to my master Dolly insisted upon claiming me as her exclusive property, and though years have passed I watch with pleasure from the elevated position in my lady's dressing-room the gambols of the little ones that gather on a winter's evening to listen to the oft-repeated story of Grandpa Weaver's beaver.

"Don't you call this paper?" holding the note to view.

Mr. Weaver had not been the successful man of business without learning to control sudden emotion. He reacted and took the paper as he said, carefully.

"Ah, I see! That's all right! It slipped there by accident. My Lat is none too large."

He was prudent enough to wait until he was seated, for interruption in his own apartments before he examined the mysterious note. Placing his glasses upon his nose he opened it and read aloud:

"DARLING GEORGE: Do not be downhearted, my father is good and generous, and we must tell him openly of our love. When he finds you love me for myself and not the odious fortune which you see so long from overlooking your true sentiments, and that we intend to make his old days happy, I am sure he will consent to our union. He must know all. I am tired of this clandestine correspondence, and cannot feel happy in carrying on any deception, knowing how fondly he loves me, and how implicitly he trusts me. Besides, I have almost ruined his fine beaver pretending to brush it while I slipped our letters in and out of the lining. Yours, 'The cunning little lady.'"

My master dropped the note, and sat, with clasped hands, absorbed in thought. At last he pursued the misadventure once more, then smiled as he replaced it within my lining.

"The cunning little lady!" he murmured; "who but Dolly would have resorted to such means to carry on a courtship?"

He passed a moment, then resumed, with a sigh, "I've been expecting something of the kind—'but it might be worse!' Again he smiled. 'Well, through it all she is loyal to me, and her conscience hurts her for deceiving her father. I can't help the matter, but I'll wait until I find if Errincourt is not after my money, and that his love for my little madcap is sincere, then—'" Here he laughed. "I've seen papa's beaver! but it is a capital joke! 'I'll see, and if—"

He did not conclude the sentence, for that instant Dolly entered, and, with usual frankness, caressed her father with as much fervor as if she had never been guilty of so trivial an action.

My master never again gave vent to his thoughts "in my presence upon the important subject, although I knew he read the letters on both sides. The last one he presented must have been very dependent, for he immediately sought his daughter and won from her by degrees the whole story.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Weaver was grieved in regard to Errincourt's retirement from trade, and long before the household was a scene of confusion, the confusion that always precedes a brilliant wedding. I will say, however, that the day previous to the one appointed for the marriage, my master, who was seated between his daughter and her betrothed, remarked, as his eye fell upon me:

"I must get a new beaver before tomorrow."

My heart sank; but I was only experiencing what thousands before me have felt, namely, the consciousness of unrewarded kindness, for had I not been the medium through which the now happy lovers had gained the consummation of their most ardent hopes, and I was to be cast aside as a worthless thing in the hour of triumph! I must have given some expression to my wounded feelings, as, at this moment, Dolly sprang from the sofa and taking me in her white hands kissed me and said:

"Indeed, papa, I think it would be the basest ingratitude to throw aside this dear old beaver, when I am indebted to it for the greatest happiness of my life. Besides, since it was renovated, it looks as good as new. I must insist upon your wearing it to the church tomorrow."

I not only witnessed the union of the two lovers, but when at last I grew old to be of further use; to my master Dolly insisted upon claiming me as her exclusive property, and though years have passed I watch with pleasure from the elevated position in my lady's dressing-room the gambols of the little ones that gather on a winter's evening to listen to the oft-repeated story of Grandpa Weaver's beaver.

## Robin Dinners.

Three years ago the editor of a London journal wrote a Christmas carol, the purpose of which was to remind well-to-do, happy young people how many children were starving like the robins, from all the cheer and brightness of the day.

Following the publication of the song, came the proposal that the fortunate young people should give their pennies to supply a dinner and evening's amusement to their poor little brothers and sisters.

These "robin dinners" were not intended to be a permanent relief to the starving, but rather a feast. The little papers were for once in their lives to know the supreme delight of being guests at a party, and to have for one evening in the year a thoroughly merry, jolly time. The idea proved to be a popular one. The children, whose previous enjoyment at Christmas was limited to their own gifts and amusements, sang the carol, and went eagerly about finding poor little hungry robins, and making their hearts glad by bidding them to feast. Kind fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, we may be sure, lent their aid.

At the first dinner, on Christmas, 1877, between 300 and 400 children were entertained and made happy, who otherwise would have gone dinnerless on that gracious holiday.

The next year the number increased to 3,000, and on last Christmas, over 10,000 little ones, in London alone, sat down to the robin dinners. It is proposed that the plan shall be adopted in all the larger towns throughout England next Christmas. The author of the carol still directs the whole matter. He prefers to remain nameless. Surely a man of so gentle, kindly a nature must be made happy by seeing how far his little candle has thrown its beams. Perhaps some of our American readers may find a suggestion in this article, and be led to plan robin dinners for next Christmas.

Newspaper editors, as a class, are obliged to keep cool under all circumstances, and to provide against contingencies, every well-regulated establishment has a composing room where they can retire when under great mental excitement.

## FOR THE FAIR SEX.

**The Origin of Some Fashions.**  
Most of the fashions of past times were due to the anxiety of some reigning beauty either to conceal a blemish or to display a charm. La Belle Ferroniere had the misfortune to burn her forehead. The accident left an awkward scar which the famous beauty cravily covered with a gem, and from that time all the French French court—who were not ugly and venomous—wore precious jewels in their brows. Anne of Austria had lovely arms and shortened her sleeves to show her charms, and all the artists of the day had to paint wrists and elbows as well as hands and faces. Mme. de Pompadour was little, and so she thought it best to wear high heels. But Mme. de Pompadour was also a great villain, and she introduced those beautiful dressing gowns knotted with lace and ribbon which soon were worn at every court in Europe. Poor Maria Antonette, in her anxiety to display her lovely blonde cheeks, piled her flaxen locks upon a cushion and drew the crown of France several inches above her head, while the Empress Josephine, "to exhibit her figure, at once Greek and Cretan," invented each-day to brighten its use into fashion. The Princess of Wales wears on her swanlike neck, as the new fashion, ruffles of lace and velvet collars ornamented with silver carvings.

## Fashion Notes.

Bonnet strings are very wide.  
Push hats are very fashionable.  
Skirts are worn fuller than last season.  
Frogs are made in very elaborate designs.  
Sarah silk is much in use for bonnet-strings.  
The Tam O'Shanter is the leading large hat.  
Blue blues are much used in evening costumes.  
Handkerchief crown hats are coming into favor.  
Poke bonnets will continue to be worn this season.  
Velvet fruits are used as trimmings for push hats.  
Easy simplicity is the characteristic of most coiffures.  
Fashionable coiffures make the head look very small.  
Navy blues appear frequently among new importations.  
Tassels of all kinds, including lace ones, are fashionable.  
Mull and lace fichus of every description remain fashionable.  
For outdoor garments the largest sizes of buttons will be worn.  
Oriental textures and effects will be very fashionable.  
Large hats and bonnets, as well as very small ones, are much worn.  
The demand for diamonds is unprecedentedly great this year.  
Small square-shaped bonnets, fitting close and flat in front, are much worn.  
Embossed velvet on satin is used in many reception and evening costumes.  
Buttons in novel shapes, decorated with genre designs, are frequently seen.  
Rich shades of purple are used in combination with heliotrope and pale lilac.  
Cardinal red has given way to a shade several tones brighter, called caroubier.  
Basques of figured or brocaded fabrics, with skirts of plain goods, are very popular.  
Push hands are seen on the bottom of some plain skirts of satin or velvet brocade.  
Fancy combs headed with balls of silver, gold, jet and tortoise shell remain in vogue.  
Gold effects in dots or figures, appear on the most fashionable ribbons and brocades.  
Prune or plum color, in dark shades, is a favorite with middle-aged and elderly ladies.  
Flannel suitings in handkerchief patterns are seen in quantities on all the New York dry goods counters.  
Many evening bonnets are in white or cream plush, with pearl or crystal ornamentation.  
Ribbons are not so much used for bonnet strings as satin serge and soft crushable damaske silks.  
Polonaises, jackets, basques, overskirts, trimmed skirts and princess dresses are equally in favor.  
Short sashes, very wide, and many of double material, are much used with plain round waists.  
Satin screens, in hand embroidery, are among the most fashionable articles of household decoration.  
Garnet is to be seen in much brighter shades than hitherto. One of the lightest varieties is almost red.  
Millinery trimmings of bronze and olive green, combined with gold or garnet, produce a very rich effect.  
Bonnet strings with tassels, balls, lace and fringe according to fancy.  
To muffle the throat in several yards of black or white tulle, a la Sarah Bernhardt, will be very fashionable.  
Buttons exceeding a trade dollar in diameter are to be seen on many fashionable surtouts, jackets and ulsters.

## How it was Proved he was Innocent.

At one of the seasonal divisions of Dorsetshire, a certain well-known tradesman was last week summoned for "killing and taking a pheasant." He was defended by the George Lewis of the neighborhood, and acquitted, the magistrates remarking that it was disgraceful to subject a respectable man to such a prosecution. So delighted was the defendant at the result, that he insisted on his advocate dining with him. In due course a pheasant was put on the table, and it was pronounced to be a most excellent bird. "Yes," said the host, "it is the bird which it has been clearly proved to-day I did not kill or take."—London Truth.

Three persons have been suffocated at Bassano, in Italy, by the fumes from a vat of wine in fermentation. The first had descended the vat, and the others perished in endeavoring to rescue him.

## LIFE AMONG LIONS.

**A Talk With a Noted Tamer of the King of Beasts.**  
"I began with lions about 1865. I was boxing the animals in John O'Brien's circus in Girard, Pa. Felix McDonald, the lion man, got a bite that put him for two months in the hospital. Somebody had to go into the cage, and I went. I've seen him often, and I knew the animals pretty well. I didn't have much difficulty till the next spring in Potomac. I was tantalizing the lions—when they're two or three years old, and one of them stand ready to jab the iron in their mouths and make 'em let me go. I have been roughly handled sometimes, but never badly hurt. It takes two years to train one perfect, because you have to go slow with 'em. Not one lion in five is good for tricks, and a half or three years old. When I first go into a cage of untamed ones I have a fire near by, with three or four iron rods in it, red hot. If the beasts go for me the men stand ready to jab the iron in their mouths and make 'em let me go. I have been roughly handled sometimes, but never badly hurt. 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