

MOURNERS BY THE SEA.

By the side of the sea three mourners pale
Sately watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head,
By the sweet Spice Islands it lies," she said.

"And often I fancy on days like these
Their breath floats to me o'er southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed,
On a shore of amber and pearls' twain lost."

"Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed,
And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" "O, wan white face,
Does she know not then her lost lover's place?"

"My ship sank not," she said, and ast
A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price
Her dreams to its resting place entice;
Her ship lies frozen in Arctic ice.

—Christian Register.

A MUSICAL ROMANCE.

GENEVRA PIERSON and her violin occupied the sky-parlor of a certain high house on Winslow street. Paul Wenderhoff and his piano dwelt in the house opposite, on the same level.

The one window in each room faced the other, directly over the rather narrow thoroughfare.

Whether the condition of the individual purses belonging to these two had anything to do with the extreme altitude of their habitations, I am not called upon to answer, but would venture to guess that it had.

These two, then, neighbors only in name, chanced to remove their respective lares and penates to this particular quarter of the city at about the same time.

There was not much to remove. The room of Genevra Pierson was sparsely furnished, yet withal it wore a certain delightful air of comfort, almost inconceivable under the circumstances. An indeclinable, artistic tone seemed to pervade the entire apartment, and the articles of furniture, though few in number, each possessed an individuality charming to see.

Everything in the girl's little home meant something. That it was a home could not be doubted.

Over the way it was much the same. Paul Wenderhoff had lived his bachelor life so long that housekeeping came easy to him.

Here the furniture was rather more expensive and beautiful, though modest in the extreme. The chief feature of the room, the piano—an old-fashioned square—he would have nothing to do with uprights—seemed to lend an air of stately, old-time refinement to the lesser pieces of furniture. A leather-covered easy-chair; a hammock strung artistically across one corner; a picture or two; a big, round table, littered with musical journals, current periodicals, and great stacks of sheet music; a low bookcase, filled to overflowing with shabby, inviting-looking volumes; a parrot in its cage in the window. This constituted our hero's domain.

One morning when Paul Wenderhoff had returned from giving a lesson to a tiresome little piece of tyranny, and was exceedingly weary with the effort of forcing music into a child who hated the sight of a piano, for old association's sake, doubtless, he stretched himself lazily in the hammock for a half hour's siesta.

Jezebel, the parrot, which rejoiced in the euphonious Scriptural name, he noticed, seemed much interested in something across the street.

He watched her indolently a few minutes, and laughed outright when she suddenly put her head on one side, and called "Hello!" exactly as the average boy proceeds to make friends with another boy.

Wenderhoff sat up in the hammock and glanced across the street to the opposite house.

The object of Jezebel's admiration proved to be a canary hung in its cage in the open window, trying to pick up its spirits and sing its little song in this strange, unpleasant quarter of a strange, unpleasant city.

Jezebel's sympathies were evidently enlisted, and she carried on energetically her end of a conversation, reminding one of a telephone.

Wenderhoff lay back again and closed his eyes, wondering who his new vis-à-vis might be. A lady, he was sure, for on the window-sill a single plant, a brilliant, blossoming geranium made a bright spot in the front of the high, gloomy building.

At last sleep came to his eyes. It was not long in coming these warm days, and Jezebel kept up her unceasing chatter unheeded.

A music-loving nature responds readily to music. There seems to be a peculiar sensitiveness to sound and harmony, even when the soul for a time is off its guard.

It was so with Wenderhoff.

He opened his eyes suddenly and listened intently.

Violin strains came from over the street. Some one was playing; no amateur, surely.

The touch seemed skillful, masterly, full of character and expression.

The melody, soft, subdued, plaintive, came over to him in little waves of sound.

It was a tender little air, the accompaniment of which he had often played for his own voice when alone. Not difficult and showy, but full of pathos and meaning.

The player played it as though she loved it. How odd if it were so, when it was one of his favorites—among the simpler melodies!

He lay and listened till the player ceased, thought a little, then rolled out of his hammock and sat down at the piano.

How could his fingers help it! They played the self-same air, then a few rich chords, and then, in his clear baritone, he sang the words of the little song.

Paul Wenderhoff's voice was beginning to attract attention among a certain few to whose musicles he was occasionally invited.

In her room across the narrow street the girl sat silent, her violin still in position, her eyes filled with surprise listening.

The same melody, the same key, and the same voice—what vibration, what feeling, what expression!

She slipped the mute on her instrument, and followed softly the melody, keeping time with the voice across the street.

Ah, what a roseate little touch of romance this! Her cheeks flushed pink, and her brown eyes laughed as she listened and played her part of the duet.

At last it stopped. Neither player

dared approach the window for fear of seeing the other, and so Mistress Jezebel and Cherry, the bird, had it all their own way.

Life flowed on in Winslow street as it does everywhere; a little play, a great deal of work. Genevra, with her violin case, went out every morning to take her lesson, and every afternoon to give lessons to the few whom she had managed to secure as pupils.

Her evenings were her own. No one, alas, required her talent evenings—yet. Often in the twilight, alone, with her violin, thoughts of her happy, prosperous past came thronging to her mind, and tears of homesickness for all that was gone filled her eyes.

Then it seemed, as though she played her best. Wenderhoff, sitting at the window in the dusky summer evenings, listened, and knew that the girl was improvising.

He was thrilled with admiration for her power. He knew, as only music lovers know, that lessons in it could not have given her that grace and beauty of every note.

It was nature not art.

He knew how passionately she must love her violin to pour out in music (as she did) her very soul.

He could read, almost, her thoughts by the melody she evoked.

Sometimes pathetic and full of exquisite tenderness—then her eyes must be fearful, and her lips tremulous; sometimes smooth, flowing, steady, like a quiet river—then her heart must be at rest and peace; sometimes daring, brilliant, and quick—then her eager, artistic soul must be ablaze with hopes for the future and dreams of fame.

And Wenderhoff bore his part in the mutual entertainment.

One moonlight night, when a holy hush seemed to fill the usually noisy street below, and a Sabbath calm was in his heart, he played the Moonlight Sonata.

Genevra Pierson sat with hands clasped tightly, her breath constrained, her dark head raised slightly, listening with all her soul, hoping it would never cease.

When it did, she took her violin to thank him. The little message floated over the way and was understood.

Into the girl's dull life of routine had come a sweet mystery, a romance simple, beautiful.

Into Paul Wenderhoff's life had entered that which should never go out any more.

Once in a while they saw each other. Often in the early morning, when she tended the geranium in the window, or hung up the bird's cage, she met his eyes, and bowed a shy good-morning.

Sometimes they smiled at each other; they could not help it, their little acquaintance was so innocent and so unique.

The passion for music in each found response in the other. Each was lonely and alone. Each longed for friends and friendship. And each by degrees found life the sweeter for these silent morning greetings and the twilight exchange of music.

For her he played his best invariably, never anything indifferently executed; and when tedious, tiresome practices were necessary the window was tightly closed, much to the annoyance of the parrot Jezebel.

The girl threw her whole soul into her music. She did not know how her violin talked to the listener opposite.

She could not know that the tender little messages she shyly sent sometimes from her instrument were half understood.

He, on the contrary, sought with his voice to express to her his inmost thoughts.

How eagerly she listened, leaning against the window-frame with closed eyes, for the strong, familiar voice! And how her heart fluttered when the soft, intoxicating measures of some wave-like waltz floated across from his piano. The street was too far below to hear or heed the little by-play up among the clouds. Life was growing sweet, indeed, to both of them.

One evening, at a little soiree given by the mother of one of Genevra's pupils, for the first time they met.

The hostess, to supply a missing number on her program, found it necessary to improvise a duet.

Then they were introduced.

"Here, Mr. Wenderhoff, help me out, will you not? What can you play with Miss Pierson? Decide on something, please. I must leave you for a moment."

Wenderhoff sat down at the piano; Genevra took her violin.

As he gave her the A their eyes met. In that swift look they told their story.

"How delightfully those two play together, do they not? What harmony! Strangers, too; how odd!"

"Strangers? Oh, no."

That night, as they walked home under the stars, their hearts were full of happiness too deep for words.

Even when they had said good-night, and parted, no sound of music issued from the window of either lover. Their happiness was too great for even that.—New York Ledger.

A STORY OF WASHINGTON.

Some time ago a party of gentlemen at Woodland were discussing the characteristics of George Washington, the father of his country, when Sam Rutland, the gorgeousness of whose imagination has made him well known throughout California, broke in upon the conversation.

"You are right, gentlemen," said he, "Washington was a cold, austere man. He was as haughty as could be and a stickler for formalities. There was never but one occasion, so far as I have heard, when he threw aside the usual rigidity of his demeanor. That instance was narrated to me many years ago by my grandfather, who served under Washington in the war of the revolution. It was the next day after a battle in which the British troops had been routed. The colonial troops were drawn up in ranks, and Washington rode down the line, mounted upon the white charger of which you have all heard. When he came up to where my grandfather was standing the latter called out:

"Why, how do you do, general?"

"General Washington reined up his charger, dismounted, threw his arms about my grandfather's neck and exclaimed:

"Rutland, do not call me general—call me George!"—Sacramento Bee.

In making hot lemonade to cure a cold add a teaspoonful of pure glycerine instead of sugar. A tablespoonful of brandy or whiskey may be added.

M. Dubois, a Nantes doctor, says that the pain of burns may be relieved by allowing the contents of a siphon of seltzer water to flow over the affected parts. He believes that this treatment not only gives immediate relief, but hastens the final cure, and ascribes the good effects to the carbonic acid gas, which "aerates" the seltzer, and to the lowering of the temperature of the burned parts.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A BAD BEGINNING.

Old Mother Fox one evening looked from out her den of rocks.

"Come here my pretty Bushy Tail," she called her little fox.

"You're getting larger every day, Fox's growing strong; I feel The time that you should leave your play And should begin to steal."



"YOU'RE GETTING LARGER EVERY DAY."

"The farmer's eye is quick and keen, The chicken-roosts are high; The Rabbit, he is fleet of foot; The Partridge she is shy. If you would live upon your wits, You must be very sly."



"I'VE REALLY LEARNED TO STEAL."

"Yes, mother," said young Bushy Tail, "I know just how you feel. But I've begun to prowl about; I've really learned to steal. The Rabbit runs, the Partridge flies, The chicken-roosts are high, But I shall walk a chance to pounce: I shall be very sly. I mean to live upon my wits; I shall be very sly."

So off they both together went, And left their den of rocks; And which one of the two was worse, The big or little fox.

—Our Little Ones.

MATILDA MARIA.

She was a poor little mite, who played in the gutter by day and slept on a bundle of rags at night, yet she had an intimate and soul-satisfying friend, her doll, Matilda Maria.

Her own name was Maggie Kirke, and though she expected some time to "take in washing," as her mother did, and work half the night over the "starched things," she considered herself, at present, a very lucky and care-free girl; for dirty, ragged and hungry as she might be, she still had Matilda Maria and that beautiful gutter.

One day, a cry of "Fire!" was heard in the tenement house where her mother lived, and the crazy old structure was speedily wrapped in flames. There was no time to save household goods of any sort, and the shrieking women had barely rushed outside with babies in their arms and children clinging to their skirts, when the entire building seemed to be filled with smoke and fire.

"Where's Maggie, Mrs. Kirke?" called a neighbor across the way. And Mrs. Kirke, hotter than ever she had been at the ironing-table, replied: "Praise be to goodness! Miss Mullen, Maggie's safe. I sent her to the store not five minutes ago."

The firemen had come by this time, and were hastily running up a ladder. Mrs. Kirke followed it with a curious glance, and gave one cry, when she saw that it was intended to reach her window, and that Maggie stood there in the opening, frantically waving one little hand.

Then the woman threw her apron over her eyes and saw no more until a little form was pressed into her arms and a voice—Maggie's own—kept repeating, "You sick, marnie? You 'traid? I ain't hurt a bit. Wake up!"

Mrs. Kirke did wake up, and took the little thing to her heart.

"Maggie," she asked, "wherever was you? Didn't you go to the store when I told you?"

"Why, yes," said Maggie, "course I did, but come and see the fire burnin' our house, and I run up-stairs after Tiddy Maria."

How she had managed to run up over the heated stairs through the stifling atmosphere, no one knew, but they did know one thing—that Matilda Maria, made of a stick of kindling wood and dressed in an old red handkerchief, was quite safe.—Youth's Companion.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

"Do you like rusty bread?" inquired little Charlie, coming to my door with a very brown crust in his hand.

"Rusty bread? I never heard of such a thing, Charlie," I answered.

"This is rusty bread," said Charlie, holding up his crust. "It stayed in the stove until it got right hard and rusty. It's so good!"

Floy was one day riding with her father. It was in the spring when the roads were very treacherous and muddy, and the little girl's courage was sorely tried by the violent lurchings and joltings of the carriage. At last matters reached a climax, and the little maids holding tight to the back of the seat, made plaintive moan: "O papa, I don't like these between-times of year!"

"Let's bang Lexie's hair," said Nellie to May, while amusing themselves with a little brother. Lexie submitted patiently to the operation, and when it was finished, sat for several moments in perfect silence. Then looking up inquiringly, he asked, "When is it going to bang?" He expected a fireworks display.

"O mamma!" cried little Lee, on waking: "I've had a dream; I dreamt I was going to a picnic."

"Did you have a good time, my boy?"

"No," with disgust; "I didn't get there."

Little Edith called the gobbler the turkey's grandmother.—Youth's Companion.

God takes men's hearty desires and will instead of the deed, where they have not the power to fulfill it; but He never took the bare deed instead of the will.—Baxter.

Very few people know how to enjoy life. Some say to themselves: "I do this or that, therefore I am amused; I have paid so many pieces of gold, hence I feel so much pleasure;" and wear away their lives on that grindstone.—A. de Musset.

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Many farmers will be interested in learning something about tanning and coloring skins. Here is something about it from the "American Agriculturist":

The first requisites for tanning are a fleshing-beam and knife. For the fleshing-beam, select a fine grained, hard wood slab, about five feet long, and ten to fifteen inches wide, as shown in Fig. 1. Have the round side up; put in two legs 2-2 feet long, and one foot from widest end, the other end resting on the floor. Make the top surface smooth and it is ready for use. A good fleshing-knife may be made from an old drawing knife, or pieces of scythe, by grinding the edge down to a face about a thirty-second of an inch; this will give two edges to work with by reversing, and of sufficient sharpness to remove all fleshy substance from a skin.

Preparatory to tanning a skin, soak it well and break all hard spots on the fleshing-beam. To soak a skin, take four gallons of cold water, half pint of soft-soap, half an ounce of borax, half a pint of salt; mix and immerse the skins. For skins to be tanned with the hair or wool on, add three-fourths of an ounce of sulphuric acid. Soak from two to six hours. After soaking, if it is required to remove the hair or wool, immerse the skins in a liquor composed of five gallons of cold water, four quarts of slaked lime and four quarts of hard wood ashes. Let it soak in this from one to six days, or until the hair or wool slips off easily. Then remove to the fleshing-beam and scrape off all the hair and flesh—that is, remove with the fleshing-knife all fleshy particles that may remain on the inside next to the animal. Now remove and wash thoroughly in cold water, and with the knife scrape off all the surplus water.

Prepare the tan liquor as follows: To eight quarts of cold, soft water, add one-quarter of a pound of pulverized oxalic acid, and one quart of common salt. Dissolve well, and immerse the skins. Enough tan liquor should be made to cover the skins well. Light skins should remain in this liquor from three to four hours, and should be handled occasionally, that every part may be well wet with the liquor. Calf skins, dog skins and wolf skins, should remain in the liquor at least forty-eight hours, or until tanned through, which can be told by cutting on the neck, the thickest part of the skin. On all of the finer furred skins, where extra softness is desirable, the



TAKE THE HINT.

When'er an anxious group is seen
Around some monthly magazine
Or paper that is daily whirled
To every quarter of the world,
And merry peals of laughter rise
As this or that attracts the eyes,
The smiling crowd, you may depend,
Above some illustrations bend
That advertise the strength and scope
And purity of IVORY SOAP.

But while they smile or praise bestow
And wonder whence ideas flow,
The fact should still be kept in mind
That people of the knowing kind
Will heed the hints or lessons laid
In rhymes and pictures thus displayed,
And let no precious moments fly
Until the IVORY SOAP they try,
And prove on garments coarse and fine,
The truth of every sketch and line.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory'"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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