

### Life's Pilgrim.

Like those who travel eastward through the day,  
We journey on along life's devious way;  
Behind us each a shadow hasteneth,  
And suddenly, ere we are quite aware,  
Lo! at our side a presence mute is there  
To lead us on to the door of death!  
Darker the path each moment grows and  
Then  
At last the journey done, Night falls again;  
And with the Shadow we lie down to rest,  
And slumber peacefully upon Earth's breast.  
—E. D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly.

### How Jim's Wife Went South.

BY H. O. LELAND.

It was at the Oglethorpe Club, in Savannah, one evening not long ago. The quartet of men in the big bay window were three of them old acquaintances, although meeting that day in the southern city by accident. Pond was on his way to Palatka to join his coast survey party; Georgeson had been down at Key West on a collecting trip for the National Museum, and was now on his way back to Washington; Middlebrook, a college friend of Pond's, was visiting in Savannah with Judge Borden, who had introduced the trio at the club and was now, after a perfect little dinner, entertaining them with story after story of southern life before and during the war.

The judge was an elderly man, famous as a raconteur, and, young in heart himself, was fond of younger men, and never enjoyed himself so well as on occasions of this kind; but he finally stopped short after a yarn about the occupation of Savannah by Sherman's Army.

"Don't ask me for any more, boys. Those were great days, and you may well regret that you were born so late. I would hardly exchange my experience for all your youth and ambition. Let me see. You're the oldest of the three, Mr. Pond, and yet I'll warrant you remember nothing of the war."

Pond, a tall, dark fellow of thirty odd, well known in scientific circles in Washington, smiled broadly:

"I was thinking, judge," he said, "while you were telling that experience of your wife's at Nashville of an experience of another little woman had at the north about the same time, and while, as you suppose, I remember nothing of the war myself, I have a vivid personal interest in this event."

"Let us hear it," said the judge. "It's only fair that the other side should be given a chance." And calling for cigars the judge settled back in his easy chair in a comfortable way, as good a listener as he was a talker.

"The little woman in my mind," said Pond, "was living in Baltimore in 1862. She was only twenty, but had been married two years, and a girl baby of nearly a year occupied her time day and night. Six months before her husband had been sent to North Carolina and was acting as naval storekeeper at an important station of the North Atlantic squadron, and she had been left in a boarding house with a widowed aunt."

"It was awfully hard on the poor little thing to live away from her husband, but of course it was no place for her down there; so she had to make the best of it on his infrequent letters. She actually used to put the baby up in her high chair and make believe that she was Jim just back from the south and she'd tell her how much she loved him, and how lonesome she'd been while he was gone, and what a good baby she had been and how glad he would be to see her, until she was almost mixed up in her personal pronouns and broke down and cried over her own poor little game."

"In fact, it only took about seven months to make her desperate. In spite of Jim's description of the desolation of the place, and in fact partly because of it, she made up her mind to join him. Three-quarters of Jim's salary had been coming to her every month from the paymaster general's office in Philadelphia, and so she wrote to that official and told him plainly that she must get transportation to Wilmington, N. C., and that she would die, or something of the sort, if she didn't. In a few days a reply came, on official paper, signed 'J. C. Smith, assistant,' stating that it was practically impossible to comply with her request, but that an opportunity might come by some possibility at some future day, and asking further particulars as to her reasons, whether her husband was sick and whether she was strong enough to stand such a rough journey."

"The little woman replied in full, and thinking 'J. C. Smith' to be a person of great importance, made as strong an appeal to him as possible. His reply, which came promptly, strengthened her idea of his importance, for he stated that he had been

touching by her appeal and that it was fortunate that her original letter had come to him, for he would be able to do more for her than any one in Philadelphia. And then more questions were asked and the correspondence was continued, on her part with the single idea that 'the good Mr. Smith' was doing his best to secure her passage to Wilmington, while on his part it was an attempt to obtain money under false pretences, for the scoundrel was only an impetuous clerk in the office and of bad reputation as was afterwards found.

"At last a letter came, written as usual on official paper, stating that the chance had come, that the coal schooner Sarah Jane would sail for the station from pier 8, Richmond, just outside of Philadelphia, on the following Wednesday and that the little woman should come to Philadelphia on the train arriving at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and should go to Kruger's Hotel on Blank street, where 'Mr. J. C. Smith' would meet her and see that she was made comfortable and put on the vessel in the best shape imaginable."

"Then she was happy! She told her aunt that she and the baby were going to join Jim and in spite of the strongest protestations proceeded to pack her trunk."

"She had never traveled, except from the native farm down on the eastern shore to Baltimore, and the old lady insisted that in her inexperience and with a young baby she would meet with all sorts of trouble and would probably not get their alive. Smith had stated in his letter that there was only room in the Sarah Jane for one passenger and so the aunt could not have gone too."

"In spite of everything, however, the trunk was packed and with the baby's crib and the pet rocking chair was put on board the train late Tuesday afternoon and the little woman and the baby had a whole seat to themselves and rattled over to Philadelphia in the bumpety-bump fashion of the sixties. Holding the baby on one arm the little mother pulled out Smith's letter and read it over two or three times and every time she read it her mind misgave her more. The most innocent, unsuspecting person in the world herself, some good angel must have put suspicion into her mind, or, if not suspicion, at least the idea that it would be safest to go straight to the schooner, for might it not sail without her if she went to the hotel?"

"And so, when the train drew into Philadelphia and the passengers were discharged into the mob of howling hucksters her woman's intuition picked out the only honest one in the lot, a young Irishman, and she asked him how much he would charge to take her to pier 8, Richmond."

"Well," he said, "O' cudden do it for a cent under sivin dollars. It ud take four hours."

"Then she told him that she was going to join her husband in the south, and that she hadn't but ten dollars with her, and she would need most of it for other things, and so he dropped to three, for he was 'jist back from the ar-my' himself, and 'wudnt rob a soldier's wife,' and the trunk and crib and rocking chair were piled on the old trap, and the mother and baby climbed into the musty interior, and jolty, gloomy, interminable ride began."

"Richmond and pier 8 were reached at last, and the Irishman and the little woman, both loaded with baggage, went, as directed, out to the end of the pier and across four vessels in all stages of lading, until the Sarah Jane was reached. The captain was on shore and the mate was so taken by surprise that trunk and furniture were deposited on the deck and the huckster was paid and had gone before he recovered enough to ask what under the sun she wanted."

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" asked the little woman. And when he said that he was not and that the captain had gone ashore, but was expected back soon, she calmly said she'd wait and seated herself in the little rocking chair, between trunk and cradle, and rocked to and fro, singing softly to the baby, until after a while big, round-shouldered, down-cast Captain Grimes made his appearance."

"How do do, mom?" he said. "I'm Capten Grimes and the boys sez you want to see me."

"Captain Grimes, weren't you expecting me?" And her heart began to sink.

"Wal, no, mom! I can't say as I exactly was. Then looking at the trunk, 'You don't mean to tell me as you calculate to ship with us?'"

"Why, I was sent for to Baltimore by Mr. Smith of the paymaster-general's office, and he wrote me that he had arranged everything and that

I was to sail for Wilmington on the Sarah Jane first thing in the morning. And nearly ready to cry, the poor little thing stood there in the lantern light with her baby hugged tight to her breast, the picture of distress."

"I never set eyes on your 'Mr. Smith,' and I never hear tell of him, and there ain't no possibility for you to go on any such a craft as this here," said the old fellow, "so you'd jist better come ashore with me, mom, and I'll take you to a respectable tavern."

"The little girl nearly broke down, but with tears in her eyes and great sobs in her voice, she told the captain her story and begged him to take her. And when he said that he had no room, no place in which he could put her and nothing to give her to eat, she declared that she could sleep on deck and if they had hard tack and water that would be enough for her, and seeing denial still in his grim old face she choked down her sobs and sat resolutely down in her chair and said she would stay, they must take her, and that was the end of it. The captain still expostulated, but she said with a lofty air that the letter from the paymaster general of the navy, which she had in her pocket, was authority enough for him, and that he'd be paid for the passage if that was what he wanted, and that (with great emphasis) she was—going—to—stay?"

"Then she rocked back and forth with great spirit, and as the baby began to whimper, 'Yes, mother's darling, it is going to see its father, and no cruel-hearted old sailor is going to make it stay any longer! There, there, there, go-to-sleep, go-to-sleep!'"

"It was a hard fight, but she won! The old fellow gave in grumblingly and went below to see about ways and means. He gave her his own bunk and rigged up screens for her, and she had presence of mind enough to smile and thank him warmly when he showed her the miserable hole, and to praise the greasy bacon and hard tack and wretched coffee they brought her in the morning."

"The voyage was a hard one, but she sat on deck in her chair all day long. The few men on board were very respectful, and the captain and mate made much of the baby. There was nasty weather rounding Cape Hatteras, and at one time they were in great danger, but the little woman could not be made to go below. Advice, entreaties nor commands had any effect. Stationing herself about the mainmast, or somewhere on deck, she stuck out the storm, her eyes turned always to the south-west, where Jim was."

"And when at last they glided behind the breakwater and the harbor-master's boat put out to meet them, with Jim on board, there she stood, near the bow, her baby in her arms, her eyes brimming with tears and her face transfigured with gladness."

"She was a plucky little girl," said the judge, as Pond concluded, "and luckier, too, than many another poor wife was in those days. But did they never learn anything more about that fellow, Smith?"

"Yes! The husband wrote to a friend in the office and the matter was investigated. Smith was discharged with a little extremely plain talk from the general which resulted in his departure for other scenes."

"But where comes in that vivid personal interest which you said you had in the story?" asked Middlebrook.

"Why," said Pond, as he relighted his cigar, "I married the baby."—[Washington Star.]

### Thirty Quail at One Shot.

"I see that a man who killed twenty-four quail with one shot claims the championship record," said Frank Noyinger yesterday. "Now I don't want to boast, but this gentleman who killed twenty-four quail with one shot must take a back seat, for I killed no less than thirty with one shot, and I can prove it with affidavits. It was soon after one of the early falls of snow last year and I caught sight of a covey of probably sixty huddled together under a hedge. I knelt down and from probably thirty yards drew a bead from the centre of the brown mass. I only fired one shot, but the charge scattered well, and I picked up thirty quail."

Frank stopped to see the effect of his story. He evidently read incredulity written on the faces of his hearers, for he added:

"It was south of Princeton, and I can prove it by the man who was with me. Was it sportsmanlike? Oh, well you know, I knew I could break the record and—well, I am a little ashamed of it, but it is done and I have nothing more to say."—[Kansas City Times.]

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

**WOMEN'S CLUB IN REAL ESTATE.**  
A club of young women workers in a shoe factory at one of the New England manufacturing centres are trying a new experiment in co-operation. The members pool their earnings over and above what is needed to support them with strict economy and invest in real estate. Their holdings are said to be quite large and profitable. —[New York Journal.]

**RADICAL CHANGES IN DRESS.**  
From every point in the fashionable world come rumors of a radical change in dress next season. They are as yet vague and conflicting, but it seems to be generally acknowledged that skirts are to be abbreviated. Skirts of traveling dresses have rather short backs, not gored, but well-mounted, and with the effect of a very short trained bell-skirt without its inconveniences. Attempts are also being made among fashionable melistes to shorten the skirts of demi-closets of silk and soft delicate wool. And if the sequence of fashions of other days is repeated, double skirts, paniers, puffs, platings and loopings are all likely to follow in the wake of short skirts. —[Once A Week.]

**FEMALE UNDERTAKERS.**  
There are, it seems, about 300 women undertakers in the United States. It is remarkable that there should be one. Women are peculiarly susceptible to their environment, and that any one of the sex should surpass herself with all the grim paraphernalia of death for a life occupation seems almost incredible. A Milwaukee woman and her daughter are both proficient in the business, are embalmers as well as undertakers, and both are said to enjoy their profession. Three brothers and sisters, however, are quoted as thoroughly disliking the calling of their parent and sister. One woman in the profession, Mrs. F. K. Wilson of Baltimore, is an expert embalmer, and has made some important discoveries in embalming in lung troubles. —[New York Times.]

**SIMPLE FROCKS FOR DEBUTANTES.**  
It has gone forth that debutantes must wear the simplest sort of evening frocks, minus artificial flowers, rich laces and such frivolousness, which are too complex for young girls. The proper cut is a baby waist, modestly low, balloon sleeves and the merest ghost of a skirt border. There was a pretty gown of pink silk that had sleeves, shoulder straps and belt of blue velvet. The bodice was shirred across the neck with a ribbon run through and tied in a bow in front. A white tulle has for its only trimming three ruffles of the same set some inches apart on the skirt. A more elaborate pink silk broched in self color is trimmed with a fringe made of white ribbon, each strand ending in a crystal drop. This bordered the skirt and festooned the bodice from the front round under the arms to the back. Above this the bodice was draped with pink crepe caught with white ribbon rosettes, and the sleeves of the crepe, caught with rosettes, fell down the arm like the belt of a flower. —[Courier-Journal.]

### THE REDINGOTE TO DOMINATE.

The redingote in varied forms, and with many French and English titles, bids fair to be one of the dominant styles of the present season. Cut and fashioned in a variety of artistic ways, it is adapted alike to visiting toilets, tailor-made, traveling, and walking gowns, receptions, and elaborate evening dresses. There is seldom an article of dress that has been found so capable of infinite variety and universal adaptation and utilization. In every case, however, it represents a garment straight and stately in effect, that opens on an underskirt that is different, but not so sharply contrasted as to be out of harmony with it. For street uses the fabrics are of tweed, chevot, checked ladies' cloth, or other figured wool fabric with underskirt of plain cloth, with a braided, gimp-trimmed, or machine-stitched border. For evening toilets the redingote is elegantly decorated, the sleeves extra full, the neck slightly open, the bodice portion finished with lace or velvet revers. Heavy armure silks, failles, bengalines, and other rich unpatterned textiles form the very flaring bell skirt, while the redingote is of flowered silk, Pompadour satin, Venetian brocade, or shot and dotted bengaline. —[New York Post.]

**INSURING WOMEN IN EUROPE.**  
In England the provisions for insuring the lives of women is far in

advance of this country or that of any European nation. A German company will not "take the life" of a woman at all. In this country women have heretofore been at every disadvantage. What they have secured has been mainly through their own efforts. In England the consideration given to women is comparatively recent, but in England the necessity of making provision for the support of daughters not likely to marry, and where laws of primogeniture influence those not bound by them, have aroused men to the propriety of extending the benefits of life insurance to women themselves. Women are now admitted to some companies on exactly the same terms as men. An English woman explains the workings of a society in which she is insured.

By paying \$50 a year, at any age, without any medical examination or questions as to health and family history, a woman can receive \$1500 twenty-one years hence; or by paying \$100 a year, \$3000 at the end of the same time. If she dies before the expiration of that time, her representative receives the entire amount, excepting the first premium, with two per cent. compound interest. Or if she does not care to continue her payments during the entire term, she can withdraw her payment in the same way. Or, if a woman of twenty-five wishes, for example, to secure to herself \$1500 when she is fifty, she can do so by paying \$42 a year during that time. This money she can invest or do with as it pleases her. The English have applied the pleasant phrase "growing rich in growing old," to this manner of life assurance. —[New York Sun.]

### FASHION NOTES.

In thin silks, the newest are satin finished.

In Paris changeable wolloons are in special favor.

The Alsatian bow is one of the features of spring millinery.

Tartan plaids and color-mixtures appear among new fancy grenadines.

Pure white is the prettiest color for evening wear that a young girl can choose.

Velvet remains one of the fashionable materials, and is likely to continue so during the season.

Princesse dresses and reelingotes will be favored models for the heavy silks and handsome reps.

Wool bengaline is a material of richness and refinement that has become very popular this season.

New hats have fairly wide brims, and are pinched up, rolled up, twisted and turned up in every imaginable shape.

Polka-dotted Bedford cords are in colors of Venetian brown, tan, olive green, Napoleon blue, heliotrope, and the dahlia shades.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that silk employed for the purpose of lining must necessarily be new, as partly worn silk dresses may be cut up and used with decided advantage.

The latest thing in fans is an outer edge of bats' wings in neutral colors. The stem is of white and gold. The fan and the lognette are now often carried with the walking costumes.

Very gorgeous table lamps have a base of pale green glass with enameled flowers upon it. The lamp shade carries out the color of the glass, and the whole is a symphony in pale green.

A new bonnet has an enormously high poke front. The sides come down well toward the ears, and there is a pronounced cape, which is evidently the forerunner of the old-fashioned gypsy bonnet.

A decoration which suggests itself for the tray and saucers might be a delicate yellow ground flecked with the reds and browns of the autumn leaf. Another pleasing treatment would be the tender greens of spring foliage.

Very few examples of the new wool dresses have been shown. An attempt to introduce bands of velvet, separated by spaces and extending halfway up the skirt, as they are now worn on ladies' dresses, is not likely to prove a success.

A new dress for a girl is in princesse shape, with full sleeves, shirred cuffs and bands of trimming from shoulder-seams to the hem of the skirt in front. This is a one-piece suit, and appropriate for a girl of six to nine years.

A pretty and stylish evening dress has a trimming of a twelve-inch flounce of lace headed with three puff of soft silk; another has three ruffles set a little distance apart, each one headed with a narrow ribbon tied in knots at intervals of a couple of inches.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**LULLABY.**  
"Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover,  
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low,  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little Rover,  
Down into Wonderland,  
Down to the Wonderland go.  
Rockaby, lullaby, ram on the clover,  
Tears on the eyelids that wave and weep,  
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over,  
Down on the motherworld,  
Down on the other world sleep.  
—[New York Recorder.]

**KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.**  
Some of the amusements of the children in America and Europe are in China the pastimes of grown people, and there old men may often be seen flying kites while children look on.

In the matter of kite-flying, however, there is some excuse for the elders taking an interest in the game, as in this they excel all other nations. Their kites are generally constructed of a thin, tough kind of paper and strips of split bamboo. With these materials they make kites of every conceivable form, dragons and birds being the favorites, but some are in the shape of men and insects, especially dragon flies. The kites are pierced with holes covered with vibrating cords; so, as the kite goes up, the air rushing through them makes a loud humming noise. —[New York Mail and Express.]

### BUYING PAGAN BABIES.

In Egypt, and in many other countries, it is the custom to throw away girl-babies. They are cast into the rivers, or are fed to wild animals. Of course, this is very terrible for us to think about, and, lately, some good people have found a way to prevent the slaughter in a measure. An order has been formed, called the Order of the Holy Childhood. Each member gives one cent a month, or twelve cents a year. With this money, which amounts to a great deal if there are many members, missionaries are sent to Egypt and to all countries where they destroy babies, with instructions to buy all the little children they can find. A baby-girl rarely costs more than two cents, and the missionaries buy hundreds just in time to save them from a watery grave. The children are then sent to Christian institutions and are brought up to be civilized women. —[New York Ledger.]

### HOW NED UNLOADED THE SLEDS.

One day last winter, when the snow was hard, the boys in our part of the town had a fine time coasting down a long hill. For a change they decided to capture Ned and make him draw them through the streets.

Ned was an old donkey owned by no one. He lived by picking up what stray bits he could find on the streets, and sheltered himself in an old shed. After some hunting they found him taking his lunch from an ash barrel. They let him eat what he wanted so that he might be as good-natured as possible. A boy ran home and brought some pieces of old rope. Then they made a rough kind of harness.

Ned was kind enough to stand still while they harnessed him. Then they fastened their sleds together, with Joe Brown's in front, for he was to drive.

Joe took up his cord reins, and gave the word to Ned to "get up." The donkey only turned and looked back at the dozen or more sleds to which he was tied. I think he decided that the load was too much for him. Joe used a switch on him, but he hung his head and stood quite still. After waiting some time, the boys grew tired and began to untie their sleds. Ned looked back and then made a sudden start. He trotted down the road at such a rate that the boys had quite a chase to get on.

Ned found it easier than he expected, or else he wanted to make up lost time, for he drew them up one street and down another for a half hour. Then he began to slacken his pace, but Joe urged him on with his switch. Poor Ned thought there was to be no end to his task. An idea seemed to strike him suddenly, for he rushed down the street at a great rate.

On one side of this street was a deep ditch. When Ned came to it he leaped across it, dragging the sleds at an angle in such a way that they all tipped over, leaving the boys in the ditch.

Ned then started on with the empty sleds, making straight for his old shed. The boys found him there, eating a wisp of straw. They took his harness off and hung it up in the shed. But that was the first and last time they used it, for Ned would never let them put it on again. To this day, if anyone goes near him with a piece of rope, he will take to his heels. —[Our Little Ones.]