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THERE NEVER WAS.

There never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sunrays with the night;
That faded not from that fond heart
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad, bright eye
But it was dimmed with tears,
Caused by such griefs as ever dull
The sunshine of our years.
We look upon the sweetest flowers
'Tis withered soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star, to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart—
A mind of worth and power—
That had not, in this sinful world,
Some sorrow for its dower.
The laurel on the brow hath hid,
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within,
Its font of agony.

There never was a restful soul
Unmoved by grief or pain,
Or sweetest hour of earthly bliss
Free from sad sorrow's stain.
We mark the dewdrop on the grass,
In flush of early day,
Yet soon the seething sunrays come
And drink them all away.

We view the mountains steeped in light
At the first blush of day;
Behold how changed they are at night,
How dull and dense and gray,
So with the birds in tuneful spring;
How sweet their songs in May!
Nor thought they have, nor care they take
For blasts of Winter's sway.

There never was a bubbling fount,
An ever-flowing spring,
Whose waters to the fevered lips
Unfailing we could bring.
All changes on Time's sinful shore,
Or hides from mortal sight;
Oh, for that world where joy and peace
Reign endless as the night!

—*Luther G. Riggs, in Boston Folio.*

UNCLE PHILO.

"From Uncle Philo!" said Jenny Sanford, in a tone of consternation, staring at the signature of the letter she held.

"By Jove!" her brother Tom ejaculated, and emitted a long whistle, expressive of deep astonishment.

"What's up?" said John Barry, from the doorway.

John was not one of the household, but being engaged to Jenny, he was nearly always on hand.

"He's coming!" said Jenny, sinking into a chair despairingly.

"Oh, by Jove!" said Tom again, with a horrified intonation.

"You don't seem fond of him!" John observed.

"Fond of him?" Jenny repeated. "We detest him! Haven't we ever told you about him? He's the bane of our lives. You know when grandfather died, he left most of his property to father—this house among the rest. To Uncle Philo (he lives away off in Dalton; Tom and I have never seen him)—to Uncle Philo, who is worth, nobody knows how much—father says he is the richest man in the county—he left only a thousand dollars, just a memento. Of course he was right; Uncle Philo didn't need the money, and father did. But Uncle Philo wasn't satisfied." Jenny's blue eyes burned with indignation. "He wouldn't touch the thousand dollars; he wouldn't even come to poor grandfather's funeral; he declared he was going to contest the will. Why he didn't was a mystery to us. Father says he is a dreadfully determined man. But this explains it." Jenny turned to the letter with quivering lips. "He's simply been taking his time about it, and settling his affairs so he can leave them safely; and now he's coming out here—he states it boldly—to look at the place, and see whether it will be worth his while to contest the will. He's a wretch!"

Jenny's feelings overpowered her. She pulled a dainty handkerchief from her pocket and sobbed into it—Tom and her fiancee looking on compassionately.

She was not given to such outbursts—she, who had been a dignified little woman ever since she was fourteen, filling her dead mother's place with absolute perfection.

"I'm glad poor father's away," she said at last, raising her blonde head. "He'd be dreadfully worried."

"It's a plagued shame!" said John, energetically—restraining a desire to use a stronger adjective.

"I'll thrash him within an inch of his life if he comes here!" Tom declared. "No; wait," he added, with something of a grin—"I'll introduce him to Mr. Dobbin. That will settle him!"

"Mr. Dobbin?" said Jenny.

"He's a man that's selling lightning-rods in town," Tom explained. "He button-holed me yesterday, and got an order out of me before I knew it. He's got the longest tongue of any man I ever saw. You can't get away from him. I'll present our beloved Uncle Philo, and he'll go back to Dalton on the next train. Dobbin's coming this afternoon to put up the rods, Jenny. Don't get him started to talk, I warn you."

Jenny smiled through her tears.

"You'll stay to dinner, John?" she said, more cheerfully, and vanished into the kitchen.

So absorbing was the preparation of dinner, so entire her success—Jenny was a born cook—and so gratifying were the praises which Tom and her future lord had showered upon it, that Uncle Philo and the danger which threatened them were almost forgotten.

But as she stood in the doorway and watched their departure together—Tom and his prospective brother-in-law were clerks in the same office—she felt her indignation returning.

How contemptible, in the hardness of his mercenary heart, and the meanness of his motives, was this man who proposed to rob them of their home!

He, with his houses and his lands, his stocks and his bonds; while her father's struggle through life had always been a hard one, and her grandfather's bequest had been unspeakably welcome to him. Was not the difference great enough now?

Jenny went back to her dishes, with one small hand unconsciously clenched.

She was putting the last brightly-polished glass in the cupboard, when there came a knock at the kitchen door.

It was a loud, aggressive sort of knock, and Jenny went to answer it timidly.

What she saw reassured her—merely a small man, with thin, grayish hair, and bright little eyes, and a carpet-bag about as big as himself.

He looked up into her pretty, blonde face with a sort of astonished admiration, and came in without being invited.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Jenny, with a suspicious glance at the carpet-bag. "Oh!" as a sudden recollection of Tom's words came into her mind, "you're the lightning rod man, Mr.— Mr. Dobbin? Take a seat."

The little man sat down in silence, with no diminution of the admiration in his sharp eyes.

Jenny sat down, too, wondering a little at Mr. Dobbin's reserve.

It did not agree with Tom's description of him; but Tom was slightly given to exaggeration.

"You'll want a ladder, I suppose?" said Jenny, encouragingly.

Mr. Dobbin was evidently bashful.

"But where are the rods?"

Mr. Dobbin smiled a little, and coughed uneasily.

He was overcome with timidity and embarrassment, evidently.

Jenny's soft heart was melted with pity.

"I was relieved to find it was you," she said, pleasantly, with a desperate desire to put him at his ease. "I am expecting somebody else—whom I am not anxious to see."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Dobbin, finding his voice at last.

His tone betrayed so much interest, and his bright eyes, fixed approvingly on her face, shone with such a friendly curiosity, that Jenny felt a sudden liking for the little man, and an impulsive desire to pour her troubles into his sympathizing ear.

"It is my uncle," she said, with her prettiest pout. "And I abominate him. I'm very unnatural, am I not?" and she laughed.

The lightning-rod man did not respond; but he betrayed a sudden increase of interest.

"I'm unnatural," Jenny repeated. "But I don't believe an angel could feel any other way in this case."

Mr. Dobbin coughed again, and wound one of his short legs around the rungs of his chair.

"Might I inquire," he said, mildly, "what 'this case' is?"

"It is the most dreadful you could imagine!" said Jenny, impressively.

And, with an uneasy consciousness that she ought not to confide it to a stranger, she launched into an indignant recital of Uncle Philo's unpleasant behavior, from her grandfather's will to the present crisis. She even brought Uncle Philo's letter, and read it aloud, with scornful emphasis, pointing out the hardheartedness it indicated, and dwelling on its general wickedness.

"To think," she cried, "that he, with all his money, should begrudge us this! It is not much; it would only make him a little richer; but it is everything to us. And father his only brother! He must be utterly heartless."

Her soft eyes were bright with a pretty wrath,, and her face was charmingly flushed.

The lightning-rod man watched her with fascinated eyes.

"I have thought," Jenny went on, musingly, "that if he knew how things are, he might feel different. If he knew how hard father has always worked, and how unfortunate he has been, and how much he needed the money, and how many things we'd like to do that we can't even now—how much I, for instance—"

She stopped suddenly, with a flush.

Mr. Dobbin drew his chair a tittle closer.

"How much you what, my dear?" he said, gently.

Jenny looked at him timidly.

But there was a fatherly look of kindness and sympathy in his bright eyes which there was no resisting.

"How much I would like to bring John a dowry—a little one!" she said, softly. "I—I expect to marry him, you know. And he is only a clerk: we shall need it dreadfully."

The lightning-rod man was silent.

"I'm afraid I have bored you," said Jenny, compunctiously; "and it is quite absurd to have told you at all."

"I am glad you have," said Mr. Dobbin, with a kind smile."

"But I have hindered you," said Jenny, rising hastily. "Of course you wanted to be at work."

"Not at all," Mr. Dobbin rejoined; "or—that is, I think I will come to-morrow, if it will be quite the same."

He picked up his carpet-bag and offered a cordial hand, and Jenny watched him to the gate with smiling eyes. He was really very nice for a lightning-rod man.

Tom was home early that night, and Jenny met him at the door.

"Mr. Dobbin came," she said, brightly. "And I never shall believe you again. He isn't such a talker at all."

"He isn't?" said Tom, amazedly. "He was asleep then, or temporarily insane."

"I'm afraid, come to think of it, that I didn't give him a chance," said Jenny.

"You must have been hard at it to keep Dobbin quiet!" Tom ejaculated. "What were you talking about?"

"Uncle Philo," Jenny replied. "I don't know how I came to; but he seemed such a nice little man, and so sympathetic—"

"Little?" cried Tom. "Dobbin little?"

"Well, not tall," Jenny protested. "And then he is older than father. His hair is quite gray, and I didn't mind—"

"Gray? Dobbin's hair?" said Tom.

He looked at his sister in alarm, as though he suspected her of having taken leave of her senses.

There was a sudden knock at the door, and Jenny opened it. A very tall and very lanky man, with a shock of bright red hair, looked in affably.

"I'm a little late, you see," he observed, nodding to Tom: "but better late than never, you'll find in this case. You'll never regret, sir, having invested in an article which no honest citizen, valuing his life and the lives of his family, can afford to be without. And for neatness, durability and unfailing efficacy, these rods of mine can't be beaten. Why, sir, only last week, they saved a family of fourteen from total destruction. There isn't a particle of doubt but what, if my rods hadn't been on that house that family would have been—"

Jenny turned to her brother in bewilderment.

"Don't talk, eh?" said Tom, in an amused undertone.

The red-haired man, perceiving that he was not heard, disappeared, smilingly, around the corner of the house, continuing the account of the rescue of the family of fourteen under his breath.

"Is that the lightning-rod man?" said Jenny, anxiously.

Tom nodded.

The same dreadful suspicion came into the mind of both.

"Uncle Philo!" said Jenny, faintly. "Could it have been Uncle Philo? And I told him everything! How dreadful!"

"Dreadful!" said Tom, with unfeeling mirth. "I consider it extremely jolly. He knows our opinion of him, anyhow, and now let him do his worst."

Uncle Philo's worst was a vast surprise to everybody.

Tom came home, a week or so later, holding a thin letter, and handed it to his sister.

"From Dalton," he said, solemnly. "I don't dare to have you open it. Of course it's the formal notice of Uncle Philo's proceedings against you."

Perhaps there was a remembrance of a kind look in a certain pair of sharp little eyes in Jenny's mind. At any rate, she tore open the envelope bravely.

It contained merely two slips of paper—one a check representing a sum which it took four figures to express; the other a half-sheet of note-paper, with five words written upon it:

"Your dowry—from Uncle Philo."

And the will was never contested.—*Emma A. Opper.*

Milk and Eggs as Food.

Average eggs weigh eight to the pound. Thus a dozen eggs weigh one and a half pounds. A pound of eggs contains more nourishment than a pound of meat and bone. Hence eggs at twenty-four cents per dozen are as economical a food as beefsteak at sixteen cents per pound. There is no flesh food that may be served in so many palatable ways as eggs, nor so easily obtained by farmers. They may be boiled, poached, scrambled, fried, made into omelets plain or mixed with herbs or salted meats, and used in a great variety of ways in cakes, Indian bread, and other cookery. Thus there are few seasons when it will be good economy in the farmer's family to stint themselves in this easily assimilable and nutritious food. Every family having an icehouse or other food storage should preserve a good supply to be used when they are scarce. They may be kept fairly well in a cold cellar if put down in the autumn.

One reason why persons suppose eggs lack nutrition is that they are in a semi-fluid state. Yet heat readily converts them into a solid by coagulation. Like milk, eggs are perfect food, containing all the constituents of nourishment, and like rare roast-beef, soft boiled eggs are digested in three hours. Milk, like eggs, is capable of great variety in the cooking, and milk and cream should constitute a considerable portion of the diet in farm life, especially in the preparation of pudding, sauces and the many dishes that form palatable accessories to table enjoyment. It is, therefore, bad economy for the farmer's family to stint themselves in milk, cream, and eggs, on the ground that they are not solid food. Salt pork, bacon and ham are indeed solid food in the sense of indigestibility. It takes five hours to digest either, and only strong stomachs can bear them. They should be used more as relishes than as true food on the farm in summer, as they are everywhere else. It should be remembered that it is simply the juices of any food that serve the purposes of digestion.

It is only that portion of any food that is soluble in the fluids of digestion that is assimilated and taken up by the system. Fresh meat is largely water—about 71 per cent. and that of eggs about the same, or about that of blood, which contains three per cent. more. The marketable meat of the ox contains 10 per cent bone, so that this again would bring eggs fully up to the standard of lean meat. The fact that the farmer is obliged to depend so largely upon salt meat in summer, and the added fact that milk, cream and eggs are especially valuable in the preparation of salted-meat dishes, render careful thought on the subject all the more necessary.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Utilizing the Monkey.

Perhaps the only attempts which have been made to civilize the money is in Malabar, India, says Dr. A. H. Ward. A fine species indigenous in this quarter is the Neligherry langur. The natives here have fanning machines called the punka. In other days the punka, which consists of a moveable frame covered with canvass and suspended from the ceiling, was kept in motion by a slave pulling a cord. An English officer conceived the idea of teaching the langur to do the work. He took one of the species and tied its hands to the cord, while by means of another cord the machine was kept in motion. The movement of the cord is up and down, and of course, the monkey's hands being tied to it, went up and down, and the animal saw the machine move. Its master patted its head and fed it with candy, and the langur soon learned to think it fun to work the machine. When I was in Malabar securing specimens of this species, I saw thousands of them working the punka, the Indians having immediately put the animals in captivity when they saw their utility.

The Trying Moment in War.

"I'll tell you when a man feels real badly," says Captain George N. Stone in the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. "It's when he's forming his men into line for a big battle while a little skirmishing fire is kept up all the time. Every minute or so some one, maybe your best friend, standing right next to you will shriek out, "Oh, my God," and fall back dead, yet you cannot let your men fire, for the army must be drawn up first. There is plenty of time to think. You don't dare to retaliate in any way. The next bullet may find your heart, and your children will be left fatherless. It is a moment that tries the bravest man, because he has to stand quietly and take it all. But when the order comes to fight and the excitement of the battle arises, fear passes away. You have something to do.'

ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

A COUNTRY FORMED BY VOLCANIC UPHEAVAL.

Primitive Existence of the Inhabitants—Farm Life—Fond of Reading, Speaking Many Languages.

Iceland owes its existence entirely to volcanic upheaval and has ever been one of the most active volcanic regions of the globe. It is situated in the North Atlantic Ocean, just south of the arctic circle, which it touches, and geographically belongs to the Western Hemisphere, though the circumstances of its discovery and the political changes that took place during the ensuing centuries cast its lot with the Old World. In area the island is about 40,000 square miles, or somewhat similar to the States of Maine and Ohio, but nine-tenths of this is entirely uninhabited.

The farms and villages of Iceland are all contained in a narrow belt that runs around the island, and are situated in the valleys between the mountain chains that radiate from the high land of the interior and extend far into the sea. Within this inhabitable ring the island is one vast desert, a huge tableland that has for ages been the trysting place of nature's most violent forces. Riven and torn and tossed—the earthquake, glacier, and volcano have united to produce a scene that cannot be equaled. For an extent of 20,000 miles there is utter desolation, inhabited by no human being. From this tableland again rise mountains and volcanoes, singly or in groups, while the snowy domes of the Jokulls (pronounced Yae'kull, and meaning a mountain eternally covered with snow,) tower high above them all. Every century sees changes in this interior. Hills rise where before there were valleys; boiling springs disappear or burst forth where they had not previously been known, and in the mountain sides or on the level plain huge chasms open with reverberating reports and belch forth seas of molten lava. In the southwestern part of the island, about sixty miles from Reykjavik, stands Hecla, a comparatively small, though very active, volcano. Further to the eastward is the terrible Vatna Jokull stretching its glacier arms and riven cliffs over the surrounding country—4,000 miles of ice resting upon a nest of volcanoes that, perhaps, are only waiting the time when they shall, as before, open their huge throats and gashed sides and spread destruction over sea and land, suffocating many birds, animals, and men with their noxious gases, destroying the fishes in the sea, and sending the waters of the rivers hissing and screaming into the air before the approach of the fiery flood. The two most violent eruptions on record have occurred from this group, and several times have they spread ashes and sand over the farms that lay within the course of the wind and over the seas for hundreds of miles.

From the name and situation, one might expect to find Iceland a cold, desolate country, shrouded much of the time in snow and bordered like the east coast of its neighbor, Greenland, with almost impenetrable fields of ice. The Gulf Stream, however, plays an important part in modifying and equalizing the climate, and though the summers are somewhat cooler and shorter, the winters are far milder than in some parts of our own country. Quite a difference exists between the climates of the southern and northern parts of the island; but if we trace the isothermal or line of mean temperature, equal to that of Akurey'ri on the north coast, we will find it leading us far south in other countries that boast of a more salubrious climate.

With the exception of the priests (Lutheran) and a few merchants, the people are all farmers. Those who live near the sea, or one of the many fjords, combine several occupations, and thus gain a good livelihood, or even wealth. The priests hold their position under the government, and are paid from the public treasury, but they generally add farming to their official duties. The merchants have their stores at one of the small villages about the coast, and carry a stock comprising almost everything. Sometimes they employ agents who travel through the country buying ponies, which they ship to Scotland, or perhaps they own a small vessel which coasts around the island buying oil and codfish. The farmer obtains all the necessaries of life from the land and waters around him. The rocks and turf are his building material, the bogs furnish inexhaustible supplies of peat for fuel, the rivers swarm with salmon during the summer, and the sheep yield wool for his clothing. If near the sea, the almost domesticated eider duck contributes its eggs and down, the seals and sharks give oil for his light, and codfish are added to his winter stores. Once a year he journeys to Reykjavik or one of the smaller villages and barters his produce for things that serve to make his isolated life more comfortable. Usually wool and eider down are the things brought. For these he is given credit by the merchant, and permitted to draw his yearly supply of goods, consisting of ryemeal, flour, coffee, sugar, calico and lumber. Upon the farms the houses, with very few exceptions, are clusters of low, turf-covered huts with gable ends, doors and window frames of wood, and, if seen from a distance, are not easily recognized by the stranger. Sheep and even ponies are frequently seen upon the roofs in quest of the grass that grows more luxuriantly there than in the pastures; but the interior of the houses is often made very comfortable by paneling and flooring with wood, painted, and sometimes nicely furnished. Not having much to do at any season, not caring to exert himself beyond his yearly necessities, the Icelander finds much time for reading, his favorite occupation. One who cannot both read and write is not to be found, and indeed, as a whole, they are one of the best educated people on the globe. Well informed in history, geography, and literature, especially of their own country, the traveler is often surprised to find these people conversing very intelligently about persons and events of all countries and ages, though they themselves may never have been out of sight of their own island. A faculty for learning languages is certainly a trait of these people, as every day one meets persons who converse fluently in Danish and English, and perhaps German or French or even Latin. This in the towns and villages where they come in contact with people of other nations. Further inland no chance is afforded for practice, but many of the people read understandingly languages which they do not speak. There are those on the island who have traveled extensively in other countries, and having studied their institutions and learned of the people, are now trying to give their countrymen the benefit of that knowledge and to gain from other people that recognition to which their native land is certainly entitled. Two or three learned societies lead a flourishing existence here; and after years of inactivity the country is again bringing forth authors and scholars who cannot but be recognized among those of other nations. At several places on the island there are well equipped printing offices. From these, every year, are turned out books, the workmanship of which, both in typography and binding, often surprises the visitor. At Reykjayik, four modest, but ably conducted, newspapers appear regularly, two of them weekly and one each bi and tri-monthly. At Akurey'ri we find two more, and at Seydisfjord, on the east coast, another, each appearing thirty times a year.—*New York Times.*

Evolution of the Cake.

In 1754 Christopher Ludwick, a native of Hesse-Darmstadt, a baker by trade, settled in Philadelphia and opened a shop on Fifth street, above Race, which was then quite suburban. Ludwick had been both a soldier and a sailor, having served in the former capacity in the Austrian army during the war against the Turks, and afterward on one of the ships of Frederick the Great. He sailed to both the East and West Indies, and learned to make pastries of all sorts. He soon acquired a reputation in Philadelphia as a baker of gingerbread, which was then considered quite a luxury, and in a few years he became the possessor of a comfortable fortune. When the war for independence begun, Ludwick took an active part in the affairs of the struggling colonies, and in 1776 acted as a volunteer, serving without pay. In 1777 the Continental Congress appointed him "Baker General" to the army. He was required to furnish 100 pounds of bread for every 100 pounds of flour that passed through his hands.

Ludwick protested that he would not make himself rich in that way. He said he could make 135 pounds of bread from 100 pounds of flour.

He was as good as his word, and as long as he could obtain flour the Continental soldiers did not suffer for bread. Washington had great respect for his shrewd common sense and sterling integrity. He often invited Ludwick to dine with him, and spoke of the shrewd old baker as "his honest friend."

The war crippled him financially, but he still managed to live in considerable comfort from the profits of his gingerbread sales. One of his most valued possessions was a letter from General Washington thanking him for his service as "Baker General." He called this his "diploma," and hung it, suitably framed, in a conspicuous place in his little shop. Before he died his fortune mended and he left considerable property in charity, and an excellent receipt for making gingerbread. He died in 1801, and is buried in the Lutheran cemetery at Mount Airy. His tomb is now gray and moss grown.

Christopher Ludwick was the father of the fancy-cake business in Philadelphia. In his time homely molasses gingerbread was a luxury. To-day one Philadelphia bakery puts on the market between two and three hundred styles of pastry and is constantly adding to this stock every day. There are five great bakeries in the city engaged in the manufacture of cakes. They ship their goods all over the country, to China, Australia, the East Indies, and that home of pastries, England. Christopher Ludwick mixed his dough in a wooden trough, and baked his sweet cakes in an old-fashioned brick oven. A dozen labor-saving machines take the place of the old hand labor, and the patent ovens are heated by steam.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Big Storm Wave.

Captain Parselle, of the White Star steamship line, contributes this to a group of storm wave stories:

I was off the coast of Japan, captain of one of the finest steamships afloat. We were in a typhoon. They call them typhoons there, but they are identical in character with our own cyclone and the African tornado. It was an awful storm, the worst I ever saw. The wind howled and shrieked and raved like a million demons loosed from the Styx. The seas struggled with each other for our possession, and roared the most infernal noise as they broke over us in merciless force. The sky was inky, but not a drop of water fell. My chief officer and myself were standing on the bridge directing the helm. Suddenly, directly in front of us, about 100 yards away, I saw a most prodigious mountain of water. Its towering crest was lashed into a white foam, and appeared just between the two yards of the mast. Above the din of the storm I could hear the awful bass roar of that monster wave as it came toward us like a steam engine. I turned to my officer. His face was as white as chalk.

"'Here's the last of our good boat, my boy,' I said, and turned her nose right into the wave.

"Her bow rose until we were almost perpendicular. I almost thought we should be thrown over. The crest struck us and blinded me so that I could not see. And then, so sure as I am an honest man, her bow fell and her keel rose, and we passed over that most terrific wave as gently as a chip over a mill-pond ripple! I never was so dumbfounded in my life, for I fully expected that moment to be the last that ship would ever know. These yarns, mind you, are my own personal experiences, and I give my word of honor for their truth."

Grant's Most Providential Experience.

Dr. Newman, speaking of General Grant's reverential spirit, says:

"Once I asked him, I remember, what he considered his most providential experience. Without hesitation he said: 'My resignation from the army in 1854. I was then a captain. If I had staid in the army I would have been still a captain on frontier duty at the outbreak of the war and would have been deprived of the right to offer my services voluntarily to the country. That opportunity shaped my future.'"

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Pongees have velvet stripes.

Watered silk poplins are in vogue.

In the eye of the California law, staring at a lady is an offense.

Moire antique sashes six or eight inches wide are becoming more popular.

Women dentists, report says, are increasing in the cities of Germany.

Tan-colored gloves, whether of silk or kid, are worn with traveling suits.

The Spanish jacket is rounded in front and is not longer than the waist of the dress.

Colored and black beads must be sewn on with silk, as cotton changes color with wear.

In spite of the predicted carnival of color, dark and subdued shades remain the popular choice.

Wool canvas costumes are very stylish, and are trimmed with wool lace matching the dress in color.

An American girl has married a Mexican editor. What has become of all the counts, barons and lords?

There are 150,000,000 women and girls in China, nearly all of whom are uneducated and ignorant.

Woolen tulle has been introduced; it is as fine as that of cotton, and is made up over colored silk.

Woolen lace for fall comes enriched with the addition of a velvet pattern chour-stitched on the wool ground.

Dresses of printed cotton materials, such as satteen, toile-de-Vichy, percale and others, are made with plain skirts.

The demand for Oriental, Spanish and Escurial lace is still unabated, although these are dividing honors with the various colored wool laces.

It is ascertained that the number of American women exceeds the entire foreign born population (both men and women) in the ratio of three to one.

A nineteen-year-old western girl has just married her fourth husband. She intends living a married life until she dies, if the stock of husbands only holds out.

Long veils are again worn, made of very thin gauze or grenadine. They pass over the face, are crossed behind the head, and are tied in a bow on the left side.

An old woman who has pasted nearly 5,000 medical recipes into a book during the past forty years has never been ill a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged.

Some lady says woman is frail and fragile. She may be; but the divine creature can carry more bundles when out shopping than two strong men would care to tackle.

Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York, gives famous dinners. She has two a week, and they cost from $1,500 to $3,000 each. There are never more than twenty-four people at table.

Mary J. Holmes, the authoress, is a slender women with refined features. She is not as old as her long literary career would lead one to imagine. She has already written twenty novels and is constantly at work.

Miss Tildman, a Staten Island music teacher, makes her professional visits on a tricycle. A patent contrivance attached to the rear of the seat, with a strap fastening the handle to her waist and neck, holds an umbrella over her head to protect her from the sun.

Gold and brown beads look well on brown net; lead color and silver on gray net; two or more shades of blue or gold and silver on blue net; pearls or white beads on white; black jet and dull beads on black net. Various colored beads may also be used on black or white net.

A handsome mantle, suitable for carriage-wear, is a deep circular of thin cloth of the rich dark red tint called Nacarat. It is gathered at the top on to a shoulder-piece, which forms a sort of hood; the fronts are completed by a plain plastron of silk or velvet. Slits for the arms are placed on each side of this plastron.

Belts may almost be considered jewelry, by reason of their clasps of old silver or richly chased or hammered gold. Some are studded with brilliant Rhine stones, and others in newer fashion have garnets, turquoises and pearls set together. The belt may be only one inch and a quarter wide for short-waisted figures, while those for longer waists are from two to three inches broad. They are made of black, brown or ecru leather, and may be had of seal or alligator skin or of the smoother leather.

Hindoo women in general are not particularly anxious to cover their feet. The Bengali lady goes about barefooted. The Mahrat, a beauty, wears the traditional anklets, about five pounds of pure massive silver, putting on occasionally indigenous leathern foot gear of extraordinary weight and dimensions, called shoes by courtesy, and of equal service to both sexes. The Parsi woman incases her feet in satin slippers, and the Punjabee girl of the period draggles behind her a pair of tattered something which raises all the dust and echo of the streets of Lahore.

How Cream of Tartar is Made.

Cream of Tartar is made from argols, the sediment found in wine casks. This argols is either a white or a purple powder, according to the color of the wine it comes from. It is put in air-tight vessels and treated with steam and water, which dissolves it. It is then filtered through many thicknesses of canvass, upon each of which it leaves a thick crust of sediment, becoming more and more pure as it advances. From the filters it runs through a pipe and is crystalized in copper vats shaped like inverted pyramids. After that it is redissolved, treated with bone black, refiltered and crystalized, and it is then ready for the market. The sediment left from the filtrations of the cream of tartar is made into tartaric acid by being crystalized in leaden vessels after being condensed. It is dissolved once more and run through bone black, then crystalized again. Except water the only materials used beside the grape sediment is sulphuric acid, which is odorless. This is used in making the tartaric acid, being mixed with tartrate of lime, which is the chief residue of the cream of tartar filtrations, to form sulphate of lime and tartaric acid, and which are easily separated, as one is a solid and the other a liquid.

YOUTH.

Oh, strange inconsequence of youth,
When days were lived from hand to mouth,
And thought ran round an empty ring
In foolish, sweet imagining.

We handled love in childish fashion—
The name alone and not the passion—
The world and life were things so small,
Our little wit encompassed all!

We took our being as our faith
For granted, drew our easy breath
And rarely stayed to wonder why
We were set here to live and die.

Vague dreams we had, a grander Fate
Our lives would mold and dominate,
Till we should stand some far-off day
More godlike than of mortal clay.

Strong Fate! we meet thee but to find
A soul and all that lies behind,
We lose Youth's Paradise and gain
A world of Duty and of Pain.

—*English Illustrated Magazine*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The cup that inebriates but don't cheer—Hiccup.

A little girl described nervousness as "just being in a hurry all over."

"What causes pain?" asks an exchange. It is the boy's mother, very often.—*Puck.*

A woman may work from sun to sun
But a collector's work is always dun.
—*The Rambler.*

The most striking thing in the way of bronze mantel ornaments—A clock.—*Life.*

There are 240 bones in a man. Man compares poorly with a shad.—*Boston Transcript.*

"All I want is justice," said the tramp. "Three months," said the justice.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A woman and a fiddle are something alike. They always come out strongest when there is a beau about.—*Boston Budget.*

There is a gorge in Yellowstone park where no sound can be heard. Not a bad place to keep house.—*Chicago Ledger.*

He is a mean father who will paint the top of the garden gate every evening and buy fresh bulldogs as fast as they come along.—*Fall River Advance.*

"A penny for your thoughts!" said she,
"I can't their object guess."
"Why, seek, my dear, to buy," said he,
"That which you now possess."
—*Life.*

"Pa," said the little boy, "what is an absolute monarchy?" "I can't explain it, my son, so that you can comprehend it. Wait until you get married and then you'll know."—*Newman Independent.*

"He's a man of big calibre," remarked Jones to Brown, speaking of an acquaintance. "Indeed?" was the reply, "how do you make that out?" "He's a great bore." "Oh," murmured Brown, and fainted away.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

"To clean the teeth use a mixture of emery and mixed oil, following it with plenty of kerosene." This would seem to be queer advice, but as it is taken from a machinists' magazine, and from a chapter relating to circular saws, we have no doubt it is given in good faith.—*Boston Post.*

These are the days when the young man puts on knee-breeches and stockings and mounting a bicycle starts on a long tour, feeling perfectly happy till a sixteen-year-old country girl with blue eyes as big as saucers, shouts: "Hey, mister, come here and I'll lend you money enough to buy legs for them pants."—*Philadelphia News.*

He (afraid she will order the second plate)—"Did you know they make ice cream of glucose, gelatine, corn starch, castor oil, skimmed milk, oleomargarine, cayenne pepper and strychnine?" She (licking out the dish)—"No, I didn't know that, but I've noticed they are so stingy in filling their dishes that one has to eat two plates in order to get enough."—*Chicago Herald.*

How doth the little mosquito
Improve the midnight dark,
To leave on forehead and on limb
His sanguinary mark.

How skillfully he plies his bill,
How neat he makes attacks:
Then stores himself in parts unseen,
And dodges all the whacks.
—*Springfield Union.*

A Fire-Proof Suit of Clothes.

Captain Paul Boyton's chum, Captain Charles Ahlstrom, has invented a fire-proof suit, says a New York letter.

"My suit is much like a diving bell," he explained to a reporter. It consists of a double covering of the body in two parts, one for the upper and one for the lower limbs. The inside or lining is of India rubber; air and water tight; the outside of canvass or moleskin. A brass plate covers the face with two openings for the eyes which may be closed. The air is supplied by bellows through hose attached to the dress. The inner suit being air-tight, the air escapes through the eyeholes, blowing away the fire and smoke so that I can see clearly. The entire dress is kept drenched by water through annother rubber tube from a hydrant or fire engine. The water enters at the top of the head dress and is distributed through channels in the upper part of the jacket. I am thus kept cool and my dress made fire-proof.

After Paul's swim at Oak Point the other evening Ahlstrom gave an exhibition of the workings of his suit, a furnished tent being set on fire for the purpose. His repeated visits to the interior of the burning tent called out plaudits from the crowd.

Didn't Get the Knife.

General Grant's early schooling was not extensive. He was not studious, but he would take a book of biographies of great men and devour it by the hour. He was always punctual, but, though he had rough native courtesy, he seldom spoke to any one. He usually sat on a stump and watched the boys play, but would always join in a snow ball fight. He was extremely obstinate. He had one fight with the schoolmaster and won it. Some of the boys attempted to take Grant's knife from him. The schoolmaster took sides with the boys and ordered Grant to give it up, which he refused to do. The teacher took a long black hickory switch and flogged the boy till his arms ached. Grant neither begged, flinched nor surrendered, but clung to the knife, and the master had to give in at last and let him keep it.

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