

A River Dream.

The blue, blue sky above,
The blue, blue water under,
Two eyes more blue, and a heart that's true,
And a boat to bear me with my love
To lands of light and wonder.

The sunny fields around,
The river rippling by us,
A smile more bright than noonday light,
Our brows with meadow garlands crowned,
And never a care to try us.

A drifting with the tide,
A wind that whispers greeting,
An isle of rest in the faded west,
With only the waves on the shore beside
And two hearts fondly beating.

—E. Boulton, in *Cassell's Magazine*.

The Princess Philippine.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The Princess Philippine dwelt in an ancient, gray, stone castle standing on the banks of a small river that divided a beautiful green valley in northern Germany. Broad, fertile fields and green pastures, dotted by herds of the famous black cattle and by flocks of snowy sheep, with here and there a peasant's or a herdsman's cot, lay each side the stream. On either hand deep forests stretched up the sides of the high mountains that sheltered this fine estate, of which the Princess Philippine was sole heir, from the rough blasts of winter. The Princess Philippine had neither father, mother, brother nor sister, but she had an indulgent guardian and when a mere child had been betrothed by her parents to his son, the brave, young Prince Basil who lived just on the other side the high sheltering mountains.

With such charming surroundings it would seem as if the young princess ought to have been a very happy little maiden, but I am very sorry to relate that she allowed her life to be made miserable by her uncontrollable and unreasoned fear of spiders. Spiders love the dust-filled crannies of a vast old castle like that of Castle Philippi, and why should the spiders that had held possession for more than 700 years be put to rout on account of the whim of a child of a girl?

The Prince Basil asked the princess something of the kind on the occasion of one of the frequent calls he made at the castle, accompanied by his lady mother. The Princess Philippine was exceedingly angry at this question, saying that he had no regard whatever for her fine sensibilities, and she was surprised to see that his mother sat by and smiled at him instead of chiding him for his rudeness. So, sad to say, the young couple had their first quarrel, and the young prince rode home in a high dudgeon, declaring there was no reason in a spirited young fellow being tied to a girl who would not walk in the park, sail on the river or ride in the forest on account of her silly dread of spiders, who even would not walk about the saloons and galleries of her own fine castle unless she was enveloped from head to foot in a sheet-like wrap of glazed white linen.

"I have danced attendance upon a ghost as long as I can endure it," he said, "and now I am going away to see the world." And so he went.

The parents of the young Prince Basil were greatly chagrined at this estrangement, for in Germany betrothal has always been held almost as sacred as a marriage, and they said: "We will leave her entirely to herself for a season and see. Perhaps she will come to her senses enough to realize how foolish it is for her to set herself up as being different from all the rest of the world." So with one accord all her neighbors and friends declared, "We will leave her alone with her morbid fears."

Philippine now shut herself up with her attendants in her own apartments, that were all hung with pale blue satin, and passed her time in making sure no spider of any kind invaded her premises. Naturally enough, now that there was no supervision by her friends and guardians, everything went at loose ends about the castle and the estate, and the news thereof went abroad, no one can tell how, into the world.

One morning there came riding up to the castle drawbridge a knight in armor mounted upon a milk-white charger and followed by an attendant whose steed was as black as coal. The knight demanded to see the Princess Philippine, and when after much delay he was shown to her presence he informed her he was her cousin, six times removed, and proposed paying her a long visit.

"Very well," she said, "I never have heard of you, but that may not be strange. Pray make yourself comfortable and give orders that the rooms you may choose for your own may be thoroughly swept and dusted and made free from spiders, for I suppose there is not in the world such another spider-invaded place as this same old Castle Philippi."

Day by day the knight made himself at home about the premises, giving orders to the servants and managing as if the estate was his own, but when he began to make free with all the secret drawers and papers in the great library, sitting over them until far into the night, the old servants shook their heads and said, one to another, "Ah, his presence here bodes no good."

After some weeks he demanded another audience with the princess, who by this time had almost forgotten his existence, so taken up was she in watching to ascertain if indeed a spider had taken a tenement under the embrasure outside her bedroom window. When shown into her presence the knight informed her in a stately way that he had found papers that established his claim as rightful heir to the estate, that he had already taken possession and would like her to deliver the keys immediately.

The princess's manner was as formal as his own, and her tone as haughty, when, after a little pause, she replied: "Sir Knight, doubtless thou art not aware that in the possession of the crown prince are papers showing that with this estate goes a signet ring. The ring is always in possession of the rightful heir and that ring I have."

The knight was exceedingly angry, but he brought all his arts of fascination to bear upon the princess, thinking to induce her to show him the ring, but all in vain. Quite out of patience, at length he told her if she did not give up the ring immediately he would set every person on the estate to gathering spiders from field, forest, river, and castle and would fill her apartments, her clothing, nay even her couch with them. The princess quaked with fear at even the thought of this, and enveloping herself in her linen wrap preceded the knight to the arsenal that was high up in one of the western towers. Here behind a coat of mail that was hanging upon the wall she touched a spring that opened a secret drawer within which was a small golden key. With this key closely clenched in her hand, and the wily knight close at her side, she proceeded to the great picture gallery. There behind the life-size portrait of her own beautiful mother she found another secret drawer, and taking therefrom an ivory key she unlocked it with the golden key, disclosing the coveted prize.

"Let me examine it, please," entreated the knight.

"Never," cried the princess, now that the ring was in her hand, impressed by the instructions regarding it she had received from her parents, and dismayed at her own weakness in being frightened in her own castle, amid her own people by a stranger.

The knight, quite forgetting all his assumed courtly ways, sprang to take it from her, when, quick as thought, she threw it out of one of the deep narrow windows that the knight had opened on account of the closeness of the air, in the long disused gallery. It flashed like a coal of fire in the sunlight and was gone.

"Mad girl!" shouted the knight, angrily. "It has fallen into the moat!" and leaving the princess he rushed down the stairs.

With her heart beating wildly, and her eyes sparkling with excitement, the young girl leaned out the narrow window and looked far below to where the gray walls of the strong square tower were reflected in the still black waters of the moat.

"Ah! what is that?" she cried, for just below her, even within reach of her hand the signet ring hung securely caught in the meshes of an ancient, closely woven spider's web. Although the spider was close by, curiously regarding this singular prey, the princess did not mind, but reached down and secured the ring without fear. As she did so, standing there in front of the portraits of her parents, she seemed to hear their voices, explaining once more the significance of the ring, and setting forth her duty to all the dependent people living on her estate.

"To whom much is given much shall be required," she said half aloud. "Dear me! how selfish I have been,"—and securing the ring to a chain fastened about her neck, she, too, ran down the winding stairs, quite regardless of her linen wrap that lay forgotten on the dusty oaken floor of the gallery, and astonished her servants by dispatching a courier with a letter to the crown prince.

The knight meanwhile had set all the laborers about the estate to draw the water off from the moat and search the muddy bottom for the ring. While they were thus engaged with the knight in the greatest excitement and followed by his servant, pacing back and forth across the drawbridge, a company of horsemen arrived who had been sent from court. The Princess Philippine met them in the gar-

ments, laces and jewels of her beautiful mother and on one dimpled finger sparkled the signet ring.

The grand old courtier who bowed over her proffered hand, said: "Your face and your bearing establish your identity for I knew your parents and grandparents, but this signet ring substantiates your rightful ownership to the estates beyond a doubt."

The designing knight and his servant were banished from the country. Young Prince Basil was sent for and most gladly returned home. The crown prince and princess and a great retinue from court came to the wedding and the feast surpassed anything that had been in the castle for hundreds of years.

At the wedding dinner the Princess Philippine found an ally with two kernels.

"These stands for you and me," she said to her husband; "you shall have one kernel and I will have the other." "Thanks, my love," said the prince. "Let me have the kernel that represents yourself and I will wear it, that you may never again be lost away from me."

"Here is your Philippine," said the princess, "and with it I give my signet ring, that stands for all my possessions, for since I threw it away and it was saved for me by a spider, against all whose kind I have all my life waged war, it humiliates me every time my eyes fall upon it, and I think I ought to pay some penalty for my foolishness and for my ill-treatment of yourself."

"But did I not cry 'Philippine,' my dearest one! the moment my eye fell upon you on my return," said the prince,—"to show you that I never held anger against you in my heart."

At this all the young people who found double almonds began to eat them with some chosen friend, and since they all had not signet rings to bestow, it came to be a custom that the one who should first cry "Philippine" after an absence should receive a gift, and the custom continues among young people in all countries to this day.—*Springfield Republican*.

South Carolina's Phosphate Deposits.

A member of a New York firm who has received an order for dredges for use in excavating phosphate in South Carolina reports that industry as especially prosperous, and that 500,000 tons of this material is now being dug up as against 350,000 tons in 1883. The phosphate rock bed of South Carolina now supplies the world with the chief part of all the phosphate of lime used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers, and this industry was unknown there until 1868. The greatest length of this phosphate bed is about seventy miles, the city of Charleston being about the center of the most accessible deposits.—It crops out at the surface in many places and is found distributed over large areas at the bottom of many of the rivers. It is mined in three ways—by open quarrying and digging in the land; by dredging and grappling with powerful steam machines in deep water; by hand picking and with tongs in shallow streams. Its average price is about \$6 a ton, and the State levies a tax of one dollar a ton on all that is shipped, making it an important item of revenue. These phosphates are the remains of ancient animal life, and fragments are brought up not only representing the tapir, horse, elephant, and mastodon, but amphibious ones, such as the seal, dugong, walrus, etc.

"Churning" for Clams.

Two-thirds of the clams are got by "churning." The clam gang wades out over the bed and shovels up mud and clams and everything that comes along into big wire baskets, which, when about full, are lifted out of the water, and a rinsing and shaking washes out the mud and leaves the clams. Two men and a boy attend to each basket, one man shoveling in the mud, the second getting out the clams, and the boy "culling" them. Churning can only be done at about half-tide, when the water is two or three feet deep, as, by the time the workman has to put his head under water, when he bends over at shovelling, he soon has to give up the job. The suction on the shovels is tremendous, and they are made exceptionally strong. When there are good tides, on the full and change of the moon, the clams may be raked out after the manner of the non-professional digger; a shovelful of mud is turned up at a time, and the clams it contains are raked out with a clam-hoe. Consideration of either of the above methods is sufficient for a true understanding of the happiness of the clam at high water. The clam ordinarily lies in the mud from two to eighteen inches; a clam that would bury itself much deeper than eighteen inches is not to be looked upon with favor.—*Providence Journal*.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Vivacious Girls.

They are of two kinds. She of mock vivacity laughs at everything, no matter how trivial, and says, "Oh, how funny you are!" at every remark she hears. She can swim, and ride, play lawn tennis—all of which accomplishments, in the face of her tightly-laced waist, fill one with a real admiration for her prowess, in spite of her odious manners. She is always trying to say something witty; is addicted to the punning habit; talks of learning to box; is so glad "girls nowadays have some spirit"—as much so to say, "You see before you a complete specimen of the admirable creature I describe," and is, generally loud, slangy, and egotistical.

The genuinely vivacious girl is as sweet as a rose, and as restful, after the other sort passes, as a rainbow after a tearing rain-storm. There are indications that her sort is going to be fashionable again. Let us hope so.—*Good Cheer*.

A Quartet, or No Wedding.

They are twins, and their possession of witchery is quite sufficient for two. Really and truly nice girls they are, and I wouldn't for the world say one blessed word against them; but I would like to smash their mamma into smithereens—the old ghoul. She wants to husband her daughters, and they are willing to be husbanded, but she imposes such an absurd condition that they may just as well settle down for old maidenhood. They must go together, for on no account will she divide them. They walk, sit, eat and sleep side by side. The latter arrangement is the only one of those I have mentioned that the old women is willing to break up, for she insists that they shall be courted, engaged and married simultaneously. Whenever a single wooer approaches one or the other he is shooed off by the mother. Fellows must come in pairs to get a courting chance at these girls. Once this season they had two simultaneous beaux. The old dame smiled until her false teeth fell into her lap, and her whole skeleton threatened to tumble into view, too. The wooing went along with celerity for a while, but at last one chap withdrew from the lists. The other popped the question, and the chosen maiden was willing to say yes, but a maternal mandate compelled her to dismiss her lover, because the other twin hadn't caught on. So these sweet things are handicapped, and I sympathetically call attention to their case, in the hope that twin brothers—or any two fellows with precisely similar tastes—may take the hint.—*Clara Belle*.

In the Middle Ages.

In those old days it was possible for a woman to purchase a royal license to marry "whom she would," always granted with the proviso that it was not to be one of the king's enemies. Widows very often had recourse to this measure; maidens more rarely. With the former it might denote either an attachment to some particular person or a mere desire not to be forced into remarriage, but a spinster who was not a nun was never heard of in the Middle Ages. There were a very few old bachelors—rare phenomena—but an old maid was never seen outside the cloister. The nearest approach to it was in the case of a few ladies difficult to please, who delayed marriage until middle age was reached. It was rarely that this could be the case, since they were seldom allowed to please themselves. The color which was pretty certain not to be worn at a wedding was white, for white was the deepest possible mourning, and was worn by widows immediately after bereavement. Medieval education was a very different thing to that of the present day. Among the higher classes, both sons and daughters were sent into the service of a gentleman or lady, and educated in the necessary duties of gentle people. Why they were not taught at home is not quite clear; probably a better discipline was secured under stranger guardianship. A girl was thoroughly trained in housewifery, medicine, and some slight surgery, if fortunately placed, needlework, etc., sometimes to read and to write, also. The boys were trained in warlike arts, to ride, to shoot, etc.; most frequently the reading and writing were omitted in their case. Royal personages were obliged to study both reading and writing, and the royal signatures are interesting and often characteristic. Henry VIII's hand is very characteristic; doubtless, as Isaac Disraeli has said of him, "he split many a good pen." Mary wrote a pretty Italian hand, but rather sprawling and irregular. Never could any lady write a more beautiful hand than the early Italian one of Elizabeth; and I hope no lady ever wrote any uglier than the horrid scrawl of her queenly years. The food, cookery, and medi-

cine of the Middle Ages were alike in respect that they were most elaborate and astounding concoctions, often repulsive to the last degree. Only iron constitutions, it would seem, could sustain such fearful admixtures of indigestible and unlikely food; yet our forefathers and mothers thrive and grew hearty upon them.

Fashion Notes.

Pendant or drop buttons fasten many bodices.

Old-fashioned pearl picot edges for ribbons are revived.

Black and white lace have the pattern outlined with tinsel.

Plastron waistcoats of beads are shown among fancy fall novelties.

Fine wool stockinette jerseys are dotted with tiny points of chenille.

Jackets made of silk or woolen lace are again revived, after a ten years' rest.

Lizards, spiders, butterflies, mice and ravens are some of the odd fancies in jewelry.

Turkish and Indian embroideries are very much used for trimming canvas dresses.

White vests are made of Turkish toweling, and buttoned with small pearl buttons.

Many overskirts are slashed only on one side, but the slash extends all the way to the waist.

Roman sashes and those of wide, watered ribbon are worn with jerseys and round waists.

Cream and white lace are worn over foundations of chartreuse, amber, orange, pink and blue.

Curled mohair and astrachan borders appear on wool novelties for fall and early winter wear.

Byzantine designs and colors are novelties, and they will probably be extensively used for trimmings.

Colored plastrons covered with black tulle or lace are used with black costumes, but are not intended for street wear.

Some of the handsomest fancy woollen cloths show very dark green interwoven with two shades of blue, describing a small check on the dark green ground.

Wood, lead, porcelain, glass, and gold beads of large and various sizes are used to make passementeries, motifs, braids, and galloons as decorative as possible.

The detached dog collar of velvet to be worn with any dress is made very high, and trimmed with handsome Irish crochet or old Florentine cut-work falling over it at the top.

New Jersey jackets have seams just like any other jacket or basque, and the waistcoat is the almost invariable feature in the latest importations and productions of these articles.

Rich silk princess dresses have sashes folded and tacked around the waist and arranged in a deep point in front, below which the skirt slants back like the basques of a redingote.

Hurricanes at Honolulu.

"Talk about tornadoes and cyclones," said Reserve Officer Stark. "People living in this section of the country don't know what they are. In the neighborhood of the Sandwich islands, and particularly off Honolulu, which is at the head of the landlocked harbor, is the place for hurricanes. The mountains back of Honolulu are saw-shaped and they have a queer effect on the atmospheric currents. There is no anchorage outside the harbor and vessels that don't care to touch at Honolulu usually 'lay off and on,' as the sailors have it, while they send a boat ashore. I have seen a half a dozen ships lying off Honolulu within hailing distance of each other—one in a shower of rain, another in a dead calm, with a bright sun shining overhead; a third in a smooth breeze, and a fourth in such a gale that everything had to be close-reefed.

"Different air currents are so close together and so sharply defined that I have been standing on the deck of a vessel with the sun shining brightly overhead and not air enough moving to fill the sails, while within ten feet of me on one side it was raining big guns, and not twenty feet the other way blowing a regular hurricane. I never shall forget one incident. It was about noon and I was leaning over the port rail amidships. There wasn't air enough blowing to lift a feather. Suddenly I heard a roar and knew that a tornado was passing by the ship. It was so close that when I stretched out my hand the wind struck it with such a force that I was whirled completely around. Our port anchor, which weighed about a ton and a half, was hanging on the rail forward, and the same gust struck one of the flukes. It tore loose the fastening, whirled that anchor through the air like a bit of thistle down, and left it hanging on the main yard-arm. It put us to a heap of trouble to get it down again."—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE TALK OF A DENTIST.

How All Work on the Teeth Has Been Perfected.

Nearly a Ton of Gold Annually Buried with Dead People.

"A ton of gold goes under the ground nearly every year," said a prominent Philadelphia dentist, "buried in the teeth and plates of people who have at one time or another been in the dental chair. The repair and refurbishment of the teeth has got to be a profession of the highest skill and proficiency. High standing in the profession is repaid with richest rewards. The establishment of the university department of dentistry has given a great impetus to the study. Scores of able and expert young men matriculate annually. They come from all parts of the world—South America, Cuba, Mexico, the continent, and Japan. This city is foremost in dental operations and dental surgery. Some of the work turned out here is wonderfully perfect. Many men and women prefer false teeth to the natural ones, if the latter are the least bit defective, and few people have a perfect set of teeth.

"Instruments?" Why, yes, the instrumentation of a first-class dentist is comprised in several large cases, like that," pointing to a series of handsome rosewood cases, and pulling out drawer after drawer, filled with delicate steel probes, chisels, borers, and forceps. The manufacture of these is a great trade in itself. There is the dental engine, one of the greatest inventions in the profession, indispensable now, with its flexible screw. The electric mallet, another modern invention unknown to the old-fashioned tooth-carpenter, is used by nearly all dentists and requiring a battery to run it. The rubber dam or appliance placed over the tooth and mouth of a patient to prevent moisture and saliva reaching the part operated on is the greatest of the modern discoveries. Any one who has been in the dentist's chair under the old plan, which necessitated packing the mouth of the patient with napkins, and since under the rubber dam, can see what infinite torture this scientific adaptation has relieved him from.

"Twenty thousand dollars a year. Yes, there are dental surgeons in this city who make that much by their profession. A clientage very often includes a whole family and the care of the teeth of each from infancy until adolescence and beyond. American dentists have the highest repute abroad—Dr. Evans, for instance, whose patients in Paris and elsewhere were empresses, kings, queens, and princes of the blood.

"Gold is the best material yet found for filling teeth. Silver and composition of various kinds, being cheaper, are used, but the royal metal is the only one which ought to be used. The manufacture of gold foil or leaf for our business is immense, and hundred of thousands of dollars worth are consumed every year.

"The teeth should be looked to often by a good dentist. Individual care early in life saves much dental work and expense. It used to be the idea that the deciduous teeth, as they were temporary affairs, needed no attention. They should be treated with greater attention than the second set. They are not filled now as much as formerly, but extracted when caries attacks them. The biblical expression, 'skin of the teeth,' is true. There is a delicate enamel, resembling epidermis in its microscopic delicacy, and covers the teeth with a beautiful mosaic, which is susceptible of a perfect polish, which you may see glistening on the teeth of some young people and Africans. Accidents go for this and once broken in upon caries ensues. Good and bad teeth are hereditary, but early care and professional skill will do much with even a bad natural set of teeth. A Philadelphia father I know—client of mine—has in each of his children's rooms over the lavatory the following motto: 'Say your prayers; wash your face; comb your hair; brush your teeth.' It is a good one."—*Philadelphia Times*.

A Poetic Tale.

A thoughtful boy with a shining pall went singing gaily down the dale, to where a sad-eyed cow with a brindle tail on clover sweet did herself regale. A bumble bee did gaily saunter over the soft and shadowed vale, where the boy with the shining pall was milking the cow with the brindle tail. The bee lit down on the cow's right ear, her heels flew up through the atmosphere—and through leaves of a big oak tree the boy sailed into eternity.—*Oregon Reporter*.

The Japanese rake is formed of wood or bamboo, the teeth being made by splitting the end into the requisite number of prongs and bending them in an arc.