The Barley-Field.

By summer airs awoke from sleep The bailey stirs; the ripples creep In shimmering curves across its lea, Expanding like a restless sea Beneath the azure's radiant sleep.

What story trusted to its keep In foolish confidence and deep Is this it bubbles eagerly, O summer airs?

Is it a tale to make eyes weep? The thrilled and quickened pulses leap? Or hands to clap exultingly? It murmurs thus to you and me As o'er its fair expanse you sweep, O summer airs!

-Mary L. Goodrich in the Current.

JESSICA'S WOOER.

It was very foolish of Mr. Peppers to think he could keep Jessica from falling in love, and other people from falling in love with Jessica-she was altogether too pretty for that. Just 17, with a round rosebud face, a wealth of dark brown hair, and the sweetest temper in the world. It was a sight to see her upon her weather-beaten, choleric old father's arm on the way to church.

He looked like a thunder-cloud which had captured a sunbeam; or, as the young men irreverently said, a pompous old turkey-cock escorting

He glared about to the right and left, snorting defiance at admirers, so that the sunbeam glowed and the dove fluttered under very difficult circumstances. But there she was, in spite of the peculiar oppression, the brightest, sweetest creature you can imagine; and with a native bit of coquetry about her, too, that made even the lifting of those curling, dark lashes extremely perilous to the masculine hearts so plentiful about her. Calford was full of young men.

There were a college, and a naval academy, and a pianoforte manufactory there; then Calford was headquarters for artists-the scenery was so beautiful. And it chanced that there were few young ladies in the town.

Peter Peppers was a widower. He had brow-beaten his little wife to death when she was very young. She had left him two daughters-Rebecca, who was made of the same harsh material as her father, and Jessica, who was exceedingly like what the mother had been. There was no danger of any one falling in love with Rebeccaor Becca, as she was called.

Her tart and puckery countenances carried terror to the stoutest masculine heart, and she was left withering on the stem, in her 32d summer. Her father found in her a spirit equal to his own, but they both agreed in keeping a strict watch upon Jessica. Yet, in spite of continual scolding and and hope on her side, and she could daughters remained. hardly fail to go abroad without getting a hint of her power.

Jessica had been allowed the privilege of an intimate friend, a very sweet girl, afflicted with lameness. named Olive Allys; but Olive's two splashed in the surf, with her cheeks brothers came home from the sea, and this intimacy was interdicted by Mr. jewels. Peppers.

Jessica was no more to visit her friend.

To do Mr. Peppers justice, he was very fond of Jessica and proud of her. He knew she was charming and good, and, without much forethought, determined to keep her to himself.

But fate and Mr. D'Albert were too much for Mr. Peppers's intentions.

Mr. D'Albert was the principal of the naval academy. He saw Jessica, and, upon meeting her again at a church party, asked his landlady for an introduction to her.

Mrs. Japonica hesitated, declaring: wouldn't like it."

"But I should," laughed Mr. D'Al-

"Mr. Peppers never allows gentle-

different." "It's not Becca. I wouldn't kiss Becca for fifty pounds."

"Mercy! Well, when you get a chance to kiss Jessica, let me know." "I will."

Mr. D'Albert went away and found some more daring soul to introduce

him to Jessica.

He stood by her side some ten minutes, saying the usual pleasant nothings of society, admiring the smiling through the open window. red mouth and dimpled cheeks, and guessing at the length of the curling dark lashes, when Mr. Peppers, discovering the situation, with a portentious putting up of his under lip, hastened upon the scene, and, frowning heavily into Mr. D'Albert's handsome face, drew Jessica away.

Mr. D'Albert's quiet smile told that he understood the situation, and lookers-on laughed, but no one guessed the and of this beginning.

Mr. D'Albert did not guess it him- here."

self until weeks had flown, and he had accumulated a vast deal of information concerning the Peppers.

Then he became acquainted with Olive Allys, and the latter spoke of her friend with enthusiasm.

"If I were a young man," concluded Olive, excitedly, "I'd fall in love with Jessica, and run away with her. She is so bright and pretty, and she never gets taken out for a concert, or a ride, or a sail, as the other girls do. They keep her as close as a nun, and will until she's dried to parchment, like Becca. I don't see how Jessica bears it-I don't !"

Mr. D'Albert had spells of deep thought after this conversation, especially on learning that the only place where Jessica was allowed to walk of a Sunday evening was in the cemetery. From his window it chanced, too, that he could see the back garden where Jessica sewed and read, and tended her plants and canary, and daily his respect and interest deepened. He had half-a-dozen merry, joyous sisters at home, and dwelt on the contrast.

Now it happened that Jessica thought as much of Mr. D'Albert as Mr. D'Albert thought of Jessica.

She knew his window in Mrs. Japonica's pretentious boarding-house; knew his horse when he galloped past her father's door; knew-at least, knew well enough—where the lovely flowers came from which sometimes reached

Olive Allys had a beautiful garden, and Becca thought Olive sent them; but Jessica knew well enough that the choice and costly selections came from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. D'Albert's glance said as much whenever she chanced to get a bow from him; and if she blushed vividly, who can wonder? She could not think of one objection against Mr. D'Albert as a lover; nor, in reason, could Mr. Peppers. He was every inch a gentleman.

It was very accommodating of Becca to fall ill. She was not painfully ill, only very sallow, and unable to drive all before her in the household; so that she was exceedingly cross, and Jessica had a harder time than usual

The doctor ordered a change of

"I'd send you down to the seaside, and Jessica might go with you to take care of you," said Mr. Peppers. "There's too many young men here I notice that naval fellow lifting his hat to Jessica. But there's always boarders at the seaside in summer, and a great deal of foolishness going on."

"We could go to Mrs. Green's," said Becca. "Nobody ever goes there."

They could, and did-Mr. Peppers first ascertaining that Mrs. Green had fault-finding, Jessica continued to be no lodgers, and making her promise as happy as a bird. She had youth that she would take none while his

It was a forlorn old place—isolated enough, but comfortable and clean within, and plenty of sea air.

Any change was a delight to Jessica, and she climbed the rocks and like roses and her eyes bright as

"Laws!" said Mrs. Green; "see that girl enjoy herself. Ain't she a beauty! It does my heart good to look at her. She'll marry early-you'll see."

"Indeed she won't!" snapped Becca. 'We've other intentions."

"'Man proposes, but God disposes,' "

replied Mrs. Green, as she rattled her knitting-needles. Invalidism compelled Miss Becca to

be a late riser. Jessica usually had a sea bath and a run in the morning air before her sister came down.

One morning, as she was tripping across the dooryard, her attention was attracted by a dog kennel, and a great "Actually I daren't. Mr. Peppers Russian boarhound rose up and looked at her inquiringly.

Jessica stared, her bright eyes widened, then she looked inquiringly around. But there was no one but men to pay attention to Jessica. If it the dog and herself in the yard, and as were Becca, now, the case would be he wagged his tail invitingly and looked kind, in spite of his deep mouth, she drew near and patted his great

> Jessica liked animals, especially large dogs and horses. This dog wore a handsome collar with his name marked upon it-"Pasha"-also his owner's name.

> Jessica trembled a little as she read the letters. Her cheeks burned, too. Then she heard Mrs. Green's voice

"Yes, Miss Peppers, I've taken a dog to board. No harm in that, I hope. Your pa couldn't have no sort of objection to him. I didn't take his master."

"No!" snapped Miss Becca. "I hope you didn't take a man into the house!" "He wanted to, though. He was a stranger, but nice and picasant-lock-

ing, and I'd a taken him but for my promise to your pa. He went to the hotel, I suppose, bout two toiles below

What makes such a swarm of dimples creep over Jessica's satiny cheeks? It seemed to her the brightest morning she had ever known, though Becca came out and scolded her for dampening her feet and running out bare

How the sea glittered!-how the waves raced up the beach! How sweetly the little beach birds, swinging among the tall marsh grasses, whistled and called.

Miss Becca came out.

"See what a nice dog, Becca," said Jessica, timidly.

Becca examined the great fellow with her eye-glasses, while Jessica

"I suppose the great creature might be of service to us, in case we should meet a-man-in our walks," she said. "He's very kind," said Jessica.

It was soon apparent that Pasha would follow her anywhere. He would stalk contentedly at her side, and when she sat down among the rocks, lie down at her feet, with his head upon her little shoe. He evidently grew very fond of Jessica, and Jessica was very fond of Pasha.

One day they were under the cliffs. "Hark !" said Becca. "What's that?" It was somebody who was whistling very clearly:

A fox jumped over the parson's gate. "A man!" said Becca. "If he comes

here I'll set the dog on him," she added fiercely. A handsome man somewhat under 30 came around the rocks, then pause

suddenly, lifting his hat. Becca had no time to set the dog

upon him. Pasha was off like a shot, yelping with delight. He leaped up, planting his great fore-paws upon his master's breast and lapping his fac "Down, down, Pasha, old fellow!

Pardon, ladies. Misses Peppers, I am sure. I am sure I cannot be mistaken; and perhaps you remember my face-D'Albert of Calford. I have been in the naval academy for the past year, and know your respected father well. You are seeking your health down here, Miss Peppers? Ah, and find it. You are looking finely."

Few men have been brave enough to compliment Becca. Perhaps that is why she mentioned the sex so tartly. Be that as it may, she forgot Jessica, and received Mr. D'Albert very civilly. He was at the Oliver Hotel. Pasha

was his property. He was on his way to Mrs. Green's, to pay the dog's bill. The four walked down the sands together. Miss Becca did not see any-

thing suspicious in the situation. Perhaps she was a little bewildered at having a gentleman's arm to lean on, and a gentleman's strong hand t

help her over the rocks and gullies. As for Jessica, who tripped lightly ahead, with Pasha at her side, the sea sparkled brighter and the waves raced more madly than ever. Her cheeks were like roses, and her eyes like dia-

By paying marked attention to Berca, Mr. D'Albert managed to get a word and a glance from Jessica during is visits, which came weekly.

Mrs. Green stared.

"Well," said Becca, apologetically, 'Mr. D'Albert is not like common men."

Certainly he was not, to undertake the prosecution of so difficult a siege. Demure little Jessica could not but smile at the patience and zeal with which her admirer continued his tac-

It was a long time before Becca toon alarm and guessed the truth.

Mr. D'Albert came to Mrs. Green's on Pasha's account. Pasha's bravery and intelligence was a subject upon which they all agreed.

Then, Mr. D'Albert made their stay at the seaside much pleasanter by frequent sails and rows. He bided his time, and by and by could not be shak-

He loved Jessica, and Jessica hau learned to love him.

Why he should not be her husband Becca could not say, especially as Mr. D'Albert coolly signified his intention of waiting any length of time for her pretty sister.

Becca, who had fled from Calford with Jessica, returned with her engaged, with her father's consent, to Mr. D'Albert.

Mr. Peppers, taken back by the situation, had weakened, and finally yielded. Pasha also approved.

And at the wedding Mrs. Japonica had her opportunity to see Mr. D'Albert kiss his bride, Jessica.

Useful in One Way.

"Well, Booby," said young Featherly, "we had quite a pleasant time at the house last evening."

"Yes, indeed," replied Booby; "ma was speaking about it at the breakfast table this morning." "So your ma enjoyed the evening,

too, did she?"

"Yes. She told pa that she can never think of you without laughing." New York Times. .

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

About two weeks ago two ladies residing near Herbert Bass', Montgomery Creek-one of them, about nineteen years of age, and named Miss Belle Hawkins, the other an elderly lady named Mrs. E. A. Hawkins, mother-in-law of the former-while passing a bear-trap near where they reside, discovered a bear with its foot caught under the door of a trap. Proceeding hastily to their residence and arming themselves with a trusty old rifle and an ax, they returned to the trap, where his bearship was growling and making terrible efforts to extricate himself. The elderly lady mounted the trap and the daughter-in-law, at a few paces distant, placed the contents of the rifle into old bruin's brain. At the crack of the gun the old lady applied blow after blow upon the head of the hog-stealer, and after a hard struggle succeeded in sending bruin to other happy hunting-grounds. The ladies skinned and dressed the bear, the weight being nearly six hundred pounds.—Redding (Cal.) Independent.

A Social Call in China.

An English lady, F. D. Bridges, who made the journey around the world a few years ago, and who wrote very pleasantly and kindly of the countries she visited and the people she saw, gives the following account of a social call which she made in China. It presents a bright picture of the peculiar etiquette which rules polite intercourse among the Chinese. The risk of our mistaking this code is in supposing that those who follow it use the language of compliment in its literal sense.

"Then we passed on to see the private house of the 'Ng' family. A very desirable family mansion it was, and Mrs. Ng, who was presenting offerings before the tablets of defunct ancestors in the beautifully decorated private chapel, received us politely. Her little feet were thrust into embroidered slippers just two inches long, and her cheeks were nicely painted and pearl-powdered. Chinese ladies 'get themselves up'

"She and I stared at each other, and bowed politely, and said many pretty things; perhaps the right thing todo would have been to ask her age, but my Chinese is not sufficient for this. Indeed, conversation between two well-bred Celestials is of a somewhat flowery and elaborate character.

"The polite Chinese, when he is ·What is your honorable asked, name?' replies-

"'My ignoble name is So-and-so." "On the further inquiry as to where his fine house is situated, he answers, 'My miserable hovel is on the banks of a river.'

"On being questioned as to the number of his princely sons, he informs you that his 'trifling puppies' are four in number; and when the health of his clever and beautiful wife is made the object of solicitude, though he is really proud of her, he says, with an air of indifference, that his 'stupid thornbush is as well as she deserves to be,' or something to that effect."

She Took Off Her Hat.

Clara Louise Kellogg has given en_ tertainments enough to audiences, one would suppose, writes a New York correspondent, to have earned the right to enjoy herself as an auditor when she chooses. But I sat next to her in a theatre one evening when two fellows directly behind her would not let her have a good time. She was handsomely dressed, and on her head was one of those towering hats that are now in high favor, except with those whose view of a performance is by them obscured, and to this class of objectors belonged the chaps at the rear of Miss Kellogg.

"I say, Jim," one remarked, in a thrilling whisper, "did you ever try to mark the height of a stovepipe hat from the floor up the side of a room by estimate? Yes? Then you made it as high as a flour-barrel, likely. Now. I'll bet you the drinks that this millinery construction is a silk hat and a half tall; and I'll hold mine up by it for a measurement."

The wager was made, the hat was aplifted for comparison, and it was settled without dispute that the heights from brim to crown were exactly the same. A glance around the theatre showed that the same surprising fact was realized on dozens of women's heads. But the bet was not so readily decided, for from Miss Kellogg's hat uprose two feathers six or eight inches further, and the wagerers could not agree whether they were to be considered as part of the structure itself. The prima donna grew fidgety in hearing the dialogue, and her color reddened considerably.

"Do you remember," said one of her tormentors, after an interval of silent endeavor to see past the constantly-shifting obstruction to what was going on in the stage show, "an apparatus that Heller used to exhibit for looking through a brick? There was an arrangement of little mirrors, so that, although the brick was right in the range of vision, solid and opaque, you could clearly see what was directly on the other side."

"Well, what of it?" responded the

"Oh, nothing; only I was thinking that the contrivance would make a good trimming for ladies' hats this

There was such an outburst of laughter from all of us within hearing that the stage performers must have thought that they had made a phenomenal hit in exclusively one spot and then Miss Kellogg, smiling, but crimson, removed her hat, and sat during the rest of the evening bareheaded, after the foreign fashion.

Fashion Notes. Black stockings are the most ap-

Gray is an accepted color in all materials.

The fancy for vests and rever fronts continues. Bison serges have braided velvet

for panels, collars and cuffs. Velvet skirts are worn with over-

dresses of figured silk or wool. Crabs, oysters, grasshoppers, beetles and spiders appear in brooches.

Chain bracelets afford a great variety of pattern and represent a favorite style.

Bodies of black lace or jetted net with low linings are stylish adjuncts to black dressers. The bonnets continue to be small in

size, with trimming arranged high and well to the front, Vests are worn with every sort of

skirt and are short, long, tight-fitting or loosely draped. French corduroy is much used for street costumes. It is soft in texture

and has a velvety look. Translucent enamel is effectively employed on brooches and ornaments for the hair in floral designs.

Roman sashes and narrow ribbon to correspond for trimmings, are shown in the leading establishments.

Colored and black matelasse and plush stripes with plain matelasse to match form very rich costumes.

Quilted satin linings and facings are much used on the new long cloaks, but wadding is not used below the

and metal embro' red gold and silver canvas ribbon are used for panels and bodice trimmings. Striped, tufted plush, with tinsel threads interwoven, on faille Fran-

caise ground, in day and evening shades, is used for fronts and panels. The jet fringes are very elaborate, with several sizes of beads in each pattern and with Gothic arched heading, or sharp points, or lines at the

The fronts of rough cloth jackets are either double or single breasted. but in most cases the right side laps on to the left at the top and buttons

diagonally. Very large flat battons are used Flat plaques or cup-shaped backgrounds of bright metal holding stars, flowers or fans of darker metals, are the popular designs for buttons on wraps and on cloth dresses.

The tailor-made suits for ladies wear, of rich hued frise cloth or bo cle fabrics, seem to require the addition of some striking metal garaiture, which accounts, doubtless, for the increased demand for silver belt clasps and buckles of antique pattern with dog collar to match.

Hosiery is in a greater variety or designs than ever before. Some of the stockings are elaborately em broidered with gold, silver, or steel beads, others have heraldic and mediæ val designs, and still others have realistic serpents winding about them Black and dark colors, however, are generally worn.

Birds for Postal Service. Writing of the Pacific islands, Mr

W. Wyatt Gill, in his "Jottings from the Pacific," speaks of this novel post al service: "The native pastors on most of the islands-lying about sixty miles apart—of the Ellice group correspond with each other by means o the frigate-bird. The note is conceal ed in a bit of reed and tied to one o' the wings. In the olden times pear fishhooks were in this way sent from one island to another. During a cy. clone the frigate bird flies so low that it is easily knocked down by a long stick. When sitting on its solitary white egg the mother bird will allow herself to be seized by the hand. It long black feathers were formerly i great request for head-dresses."

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Some of the crocodiles on the Fiji islands are thirty feet long and weigh 1,000 pounds.

A youth in Bohemia, being imprisoned for five years for theft, spent them in making a straw watch, five centimetres in diameter. It was an example of patience and ingenuity without parallel.

While a Piute youth was asleep under a tall tree in the Eel river region, California, a huge nut fell with such force straight down on his upturned temple as to kill him.

How many persons know that when they speak of a lumber room they are alluding not to odd bits of timber, but. to the Lombards, or original pawnbrokers, whose apartments, filled with miscellaneous pledges, gave sanction to the use of this term?

In the yard of a farmhouse at Augusta, Ga., there is an oak tree in appearance, but instead of growing acorns there are miniature formations of a singular nature. The usual cupof the acorn, and by which it is attached to the limb, is present, but is about the size of a pea, and contains four small seeds. Birds flock to the tree in great numbers and feast upon these seeds.

A watchmaker in Newcastle, England, is said to have completed a set of three gold shirt-studs, in one of which is a watch that keeps excellent time, the dial being about three-eights of an inch in diameter. The three studs are connected by a strip of silver inside the shirt bosom, and the watch contained in the middle one is wound up by turning the stud above, and the hands are set by turning the one be-

It is said that the first restrictive liquor law ever passed in this country was enacted in a little town in Rhode Island, and read as follows: "Every saloon-keeper who sells more than one gallon of liquor to a minor, shall be fined \$1 and costs." The first temperance pledge remembered in circulation in New England, was thus worded: "I solemnly swear to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors on all occasions except on training days, wedding days, banquets and other great occasions."

Making Bags.

Hardly half a century has passed since the first bag was turned out in New York in a sail-maker's loft near the Battery. The man who first made a business of bag-making carries on business yet at the old stand, and his is Plush ribbon with embroidery effect one of the two New York houses that have refused to join the loan pool and continue to do business independently. The exportation of American grain, that grew up suddenly, and the sewing machine gave an enormous impetus to the business. Machines that turn out a hundred bags an hour, sewn and finished, have replaced the slow and laborious work of hand-sewing of the early days. Now over a hundred kinds of sacks are made, from the coarsest gunny-bag for cocoanuts and cotton seed to the nobby shatuckett corn bag that makes serviceable every day wear for Brazilian planters at the end of its journey. Thirteen kinds of sacks are made to hold coffee alone. But all of these are sold. Scarcely any of them come back. It is a curious fact, for instance, that of the two or three millions of coffee sacks of a certain make made and sent out annually from New York never one was known to return. Every bag of coffee that arrives in this port is resacked before it is started on its land journey South or West. Another sack is simply drawn over it, and thus secured against catching cold in our variable climate, the coffee is shipped by rail. These sacks are peculiar and easily identified, did any return by chance; but none ever do. "In forty years," said the oldest bagmaker, "I never saw one come." What become of them no one seems to know. Doubtless in some odd-corner they serve a useful purpose in afterlife of which our readers little

Changed the Subject.

dream .- New York Express.

STERN FATHER : "Look here, young man, your teacher tells me you excused yourself from school by telling her your mother was sick. What do you mean by lying to your mother, sir?"

"I didn't lie."

"Yes, you did. Your mother isn't. sick, and you know it."

" She said she was."

"When?"

"Last night. She said she was sick of having you come home at two o'clock in the morning with your cuffs on your ankles."

"Well, of course, if she was sick it was perfectly right for you to stay out of school, my son. There, here's a nickel. Run off and get some candy, and we won't say any more about it." -Chicago Herald,