

Forever Young.

The wild world hastens on its way;
The gray-haired century nears its close;
Its sorrow depends day by day;
The Summer blush forsakes the rose.
But, darling, while your voice I hear,
And while your dark-brown eyes I see,
Sad months and sunless seasons drear,
Are all the same, all glad, to me.
Despair can never reach me
While your soft hand I hold,
While your eyes love and teach me,
I never shall grow old!

They say that love forsakes the old:
That passion pales and fades away;
That even loves bright locks of gold
Must lose their charm and change to gray.
But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever shine
With Summer light and tenderest blue.
Yes, let old-age deride me!
I scorn his mocking tongue.
Dear love, with you beside me,
I am forever young!

—Belgravia.

ONLY A COMPANION.

"It seems to me I don't look as well as usual to-night," said Mrs. Major Dartburg.

She shook her jet-black curls in a serpentine cataract about her face as she spoke, and critically surveyed herself in the glass.

Mrs. Major Dartburg had been younger, and she had been prettier, but she was surprisingly well gotten-up for all that. By gaslight you could scarcely have told that she was a day over thirty years of age. And, as she invariably took the precaution to be accompanied into "society" by her companion, Miss Ormsby, whose special duty it was to observe and correct mistakes of costume, complexion and curls before other eyes could possibly take note of them, Mrs. Dartburg felt tolerably safe.

Mrs. Dartburg was a widow in search of a rich husband. The deceased major had been inconsiderate enough to die and leave her without an income which was decidedly incompatible with her wants—and the only thing left for her was to marry some one who could supply the awkward deficiency.

So Kate Ormsby was taken every year to some gay watering place or brilliantly-thronged springs.

Kate was very unlike her patroness, as she sat there pale and quiet in her blue dress. Her face was oval, with limpid, hazel eyes; features pure and straight, and masses of raven black hair coiled in heavy braids at the back of her head. "Inspid looking!" Mrs. Major Dartburg declared. Kate cared very little for the verdict, as long as her "salary," as Mrs. Dartburg preferred to phrase it, sufficed for the support of her two little orphan brothers.

"No," said Mrs. Dartburg, querulously, "I don't look as well as usual, and if Mr. Truxton is to be there, I want to look better. Mr. Truxton has estates in the West Indies, owns a yacht and drives a four-in-hand. I tell you what, Kate, you must put on a little more rouge on the left cheek! And, Kate—if you would only leave off wearing those dowdy black dresses! I really am beginning to be ashamed of you when we go into the ball-room. Do get something new and stylish—a black iron-grenadine, or a China crape."

"I have others to provide for besides myself," said Kate, quietly. "I cannot afford the new decorations of which you speak, Mrs. Dartburg."

"But I'm not aware that I am called upon to support all the beggars and orphans in creation!" said the widow, sharply. "Here—put this spray of purple pansies in your hair—they are quite mourning enough, I'm sure."

Mrs. Dartburg's scarlet-lipped smile was unwontedly sweet that night, as she courtesied low to Mr. Truxton, the rich widower.

"He's handsome," thought the husband-hunter. "Dear me, he can't be over forty, and as straight as an arrow!"

And she chatted away in her most fascinating manner as she walked through the rooms, leaning on Mr. Truxton's arm.

"A very agreeable woman," thought the millionaire, "though not as young as she has been! Knows everybody, and seems exceedingly amiable. If I should marry again—and, really, little Tom needs a woman's care when he is at home for the holidays—it certainly is worth thinking about!"

These were the disjointed meditations that passed through Mr. Truxton's mind as he politely listened to the widow's chit-chat, and asked questions about the various occupants of the crowded room.

"Who is that tall girl by the window?" he asked, "with the black eyes and the pretty hair?"

"How strange that you should notice her! Why, she is my companion, Kate Ormsby, a sort of poor relation, whom I keep with me out of pure charity."

"Very kind of you, I am sure," said Mr. Truxton, and he thought again that with such an amiable personage as this his motherless little boy would hardly fail to be happy.

"It's a trial at times," went on Mrs. Dartburg, who was determined to neutralize the admiration which beamed in Mr. Truxton's eyes, as he glanced back over his shoulder toward Kate's queenly form, "for her temper is exceedingly uncertain."

Mr. Truxton felt himself more and

more attracted toward this angelic creature, and he took the first opportunity to ask: "Whether she was fond of children?"

"I adore them," said the widow, clasping her hands.

"I am glad of that," said Mr. Truxton. "I have a little boy of my own!"

How transparent is man! Is it any wonder that Mrs. Dartburg felt, as she took off her curls and teeth, at half past twelve, that she had done a good evening's work!

It happened that the next day Mr. Truxton took it into his head to go to St. Sebastian's Hall, a select boarding-house "for boys under twelve," to see his little son.

"Have you been to Saratoga, pa?" loudly demanded Tommy Truxton. "Jack and Billy Ormsby have got a sister at Saratoga."

And Jack and Billy, two apple-cheeked urchins of nine and ten, chimed artlessly in:

"Did you see our Kate, sir?"

"Who is your Kate?" asked Mr. Truxton, amused at their boy-ways.

"She's Miss Ormsby," said Bill, "and she's the companion to Old Cat Dartburg."

"To—whom, did you say?" asked the widower, somewhat puzzled.

"He means Mrs. Major Dartburg," explained Jack; "but he calls her Old Cat, because she's so cross to Kate. Kate wouldn't stay there, only she needs the money to keep us at school. But when me and Bill get big enough to work, we won't let the Old Cat torment her any more."

"She boxes Kate's ears sometimes," said Bill, resentfully, "and once she pulled her hair. Kate cried awfully. We went there last holiday to spend a day with Kate, and the Old Cat banged us round awful—she said she hated boys!"

"That was 'cause Bill found her false teeth in a glass of water," said Jack, "and I painted myself up out of her dressing box, with rouge and lily-white, to look like an Indian on the war-path! And she took her curls off when she lay down for a nap, and we played they was a scalp! And Bill asked her why her hair didn't grow on her head like Kate's did!"

Mr. Truxton burst out laughing. "You must have rendered yourself generally obnoxious!" he exclaimed.

He went back to Saratoga on the evening train—and the first person he saw, as he ascended the steps of the Clarendon Hotel, was Mrs. Major Dartburg, in a fresh toilette of white muslin and blue ribbons. While Kate Ormsby sat just behind her, with a book in her hand, on which her dark melancholy eyes were fixed.

"She is beautiful!" thought the millionaire, but it was not the widow that he was looking at.

The days sped by—the widow believed that every one was installing her more firmly in Mr. Truxton's heart. While Kate—but Kate had such a quiet way that nobody could really have told how she was passing her time.

One evening Mrs. Major Dartburg came up to her room, rather "put out" because Mr. Truxton had just driven his magnificent four-in-hand away from the door without asking her to occupy the vacant seat beside him.

"Kate!" she said, sharply. "Kate Ormsby, what are you doing? Poring over a book of poetry, again, as I live; and that lace shawl not draped over the white silk dress for the evening?"

"I think there is still time enough," said Kate, quietly.

"Don't contradict me!" said the widow in a passion. "or I'll discharge you on the spot. I've borne with your temper quite long enough."

"In that case," said Kate, calmly, "we shall both be suited, for I was just about to notify you of my intention to leave your service."

"And starve in the gutters?" cried Mrs. Major Dartburg, spitefully.

"I think not," said Kate, with a half-smile hovering about her lips.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I believe I shall be married soon," said Kate, flushing scarlet in the friendly twilight.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Dartburg. "And what poor fool would be crazy enough to marry you?"

"Mr. Truxton!" Kate answered, goaded to frankness by the widow's insulting tone. "We have been engaged for a week."

Mrs. Major Dartburg sank feebly down in an arm-chair, as she afterward expressed it, "all the strength went out of her at the thought of that girl's malicious maneuvering."

But it was all true, nevertheless—and Kate Ormsby looked radiantly beautiful, a month afterward, in orange blossoms and white muslin, as she stood at the altar by Mr. Truxton's side!

And if anyone wants to know "what became of them all," we can only say that Kate and her husband are scarcely less happy at Truxton Place than are Bill, Jack and little tow-headed Tommy—and Mrs. Major Dartburg is still haunting the centers of fashion, with a complexion as brilliant and manners as juvenile as ever!

A missionary reports that the river Euphrates bids fair to disappear altogether in the spreading marshes just below Babylon, which have ruined the steamboat channel and are now obliterating navigation for rowboats.

Concerning Pensions.

An Examiner of Pensions gives the following hints concerning applications for pensions that may be of use to old soldiers:

Now in obtaining pensions all the Government wants are the facts, simple plain facts, and then there is no trouble. If a man can prove that he is suffering from a disability contracted in the army, and while on duty, he will get a pension without any trouble. He may have proof, say of two persons, one perhaps in California, another may be in Maine. No matter where they are we go and see them and get their statements. The government gives a man all the opportunity in the world to establish the fact that he is entitled to a pension. The claimant is not required to go to any expense whatever, but the government stands it all. All that is necessary is simply to prove that it is deserving of a pension. Sometimes a man applies for a pension but that does not give any proof other than his own assertion. Now we may believe every word he says, but cannot grant his claim, simply because there is no legal proof. Perhaps the persons whom he knew he could prove it by, are dead or nobody knows where, consequently his claim is rejected. But this does not necessarily end the matter, as the claimant may accidentally stumble on some proof that he knew nothing about, and send to Washington and revive his claim. On the other hand, a man may assert that he contracted rheumatism on the 13th day of December, 1863. We will go to him and take his full statement, and then ask, "Can you prove this?" "Oh, yes," he will answer, and then we will ask him for the names of his witnesses. He will probably give me two, for instance, living in different parts of the country. I will go to one and ask him if he knows that Mr. Smith contracted rheumatism on such a day. He may say: "Well, I remember that Mr. Smith complained of itching pains in his leg that morning. He had been on picket duty the night before and that morning borrowed a bottle of liniment from one of the boys and rubbed his leg for some time." I'll go to the other witness and he will say, "Yes, I remember Smith was complaining that day. I told him we were going to have serious trouble and that he had better drop back and go to the hospital, but he said, 'I came here to fight, not to go to the hospital.'" Well, he will suffer from rheumatism after that and know that he contracted it that night while on picket duty, and has two witnesses to prove it, so he gets a pension. If a man is entitled to a pension and can prove it by competent witnesses he has no trouble in securing it.

A Tough Regiment.

Jack Stephens, Clerk of the Criminal Court, tells how it came about that his regiment was in the late Senator Miller's brigade but fifteen minutes. Jack's regiment was one of the toughest in the army, and nobody seemed anxious to have it in his command. After it had been transferred from one brigade to another and had found nobody who could control it. Gen. Miller, who was on pretty good terms with himself and had a high opinion of his ability to control any set of men asked to have the tough regiment added to his brigade. There was no opposition to this, of course, and the transfer was made. Gen. Miller immediately ordered the regiment up in line and proceeded to make a speech to it, telling the boys what he was and what he was not going to suffer them to do. As he warmed up to his subject he drew off his long gauntlets and laid them on a drum standing near him. Hardly had he done this when one of the boys in the line sneaked around behind the General and in plain sight of the entire regiment stole the gauntlets and succeeded in getting back to his place in the ranks unobserved by the eloquent General. At the close of the speech, which did not take more than ten minutes, the General dismissed the boys and turned to pick up his gauntlets. "Well, I'll be blessed!" what he said is not fully reported, but the fact is known that in five minutes more he had succeeded in having the regiment turned over to another brigade.—Chicago News.

Sending a Boy by Mail.

In a waiting-room were three or four fond mammas and papas and their numerous direct descendants of both sexes. The children were all restless—that child ever was not in a waiting-room—and there were many narrow escapes from bad falls and bumps, the inevitable casualties of climbing and romping. At last one of the youngsters fell off a seat and struck his poor little head against the stove, removing a square inch or so of epidermis from his face. He was immediately picked up by his pa, his te: wiped away and a piece of court plaster carefully moistened on the paternal tongue and applied to the injured part. Then he was lifted to his ancestor's shoulders and passed bodily through the ticket window into the arms of the ticket agent, who was the papa's brother.

"Oh, ma," exclaimed another youngster, evidently from the country, who had watched all these proceedings with open-mouthed astonishment; "Oh, ma, there's a poor little boy who's going to be sent through the mails. They just put a stamp on him and dropped him into the Postoffice."—Chicago Herald.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

An Industrious Helpmeet.

One of those heroines of whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, Ga. Her name is Sallie Hansford. Her husband has been bedridden with rheumatism for nine years, and she has had a family of four children, two boys and two girls, to support. Last year she bought 107 acres of land, much of it original forest, and with the aid of her two boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs together, split the rails, built the fence and burnt the brush with their help, and made last year nine bales of cotton, also corn and peas enough for her own use, paid 800 pounds for rent last year, paid her store account and paid \$40 on her land. She has bought her meat for this year, and paid for it. In addition to this she has done the cooking and gone to market with eggs and chickens.

Beautiful Dimples.

A correspondent says that the one woman in New York who is favored by fortune in the respect of beautiful dimples above all her sisters is Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, the singer. Her fair, round face, when she laughs or smiles, shows a number of deep dimples about her mouth and in either cheek which add greatly to her beauty and cause much envy among her associates. Why or how dimples in a woman's face can be subject to the caprices of fashion is a question not easily decided, but certain it is that they play their party upon the stage for a generation or two and then disappear almost entirely for a decade. Fifty years ago dimples were one of the requisites of perfect beauty, but they are rarely seen now. Perhaps this is well, for, alack! there lies more peril in one dimple than in twenty swords, and the world is wicked enough as it is. There have been efforts at various times to produce artificial dimples by various processes, but with little success. There is no charm except about the genuine, laughing, changing, come-and-go dimple of ye olden time.

A Word to the Girls.

Courting is a perfectly proper thing, but it should be confined to the parlor, the sitting-room, the ice-cream saloon or the moonlight promenade. If you cannot hold your best young man in the good old way, let him go. There are plenty of good fellows—honest fellows, upright fellows—to be had if you only manage them properly. The low light in the parlor, the single chair, the good-by at the door, are still as effective as they were 100 years ago. Don't try to hold the young men against their will. The more you do that the more they won't be held. If they appear to grow cold you should appear to grow colder. If they appear to grow careless of you, you should appear to grow more careless of them. When they relent you should relent, when they soften you should soften, when they ask forgiveness you should forgive, when they—but why pursue it? There are thousands of young men in Chicago to-day who might be had for the asking but since you cannot ask you can at least hint. But if, after all the devices of your sex have been exhausted, you still fail to achieve the desired end, Don't waste time in vain regretting, Don't sigh your youth away. Go and look up another young man. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will be all the happier for having missed at the first or second or even the third trial.—Chicago Mail.

Women as Inventors.

The assertion that no woman invented anything is declared to be a fiction by the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. The majority of applications filed by women for patents are for articles used in housekeeping or for dress or toilet. Some, however, display genius for mechanism. Several have invented sewing machines, and others sewing machine attachments. A great many applications have been made for patents by females, the principles of which have already been patented. One woman has a patent for an artificial stone composition, probably for building or paving purposes. One has received a patent for a disinfectant; one for preserving eggs. Another, looking to the comfort of her children, perhaps, has invented an ear muff, for which she has been successful in having a patent issued. A lady, who is possibly a dressmaker, has applied for and received a patent for a hook and eye. Among other patents granted to ladies are those for a clothes-basket, a "diswasher," a "powder puff," a "shoe button needle," a "corset protector," a "skirt and hose suspender," a "building clock," an "artificial stove." Helen Macker, Boston, has been granted a patent for an amalgam for coating harness trimming, etc., also an alloy or bell metal, and subsequently the same Yankee girl invented an alloy for hardening iron. Another girl has invented a "mammoth bustle." In round numbers there have been 884,000 patents issued. Of these 23,000 were issued last year, and of the 22,000 only about ninety were to women inventors. It is safe to assume that there are only about sixty patents a year issued to ladies.

Women's Slippers.

A gentleman who had traveled a great deal and spent some years in England

was speaking of English women and expatiated, as usual, on their good health as compared with American women, and the long walks they took, and finished with the remark: "But the English ladies never wear their thick shoes in the house; they always change and put on slippers." This idea seems to prevail to a great extent among American women also, that it is a proper thing to wear slippers in the house. This may be a good plan for those who live in houses kept at a summer heat at all times and never go out except when attired for visiting, shopping, or something of that kind. It is also a relief to the house-keeper who has been on her feet all day to sit down in the evening with her slippers on.

But the practice of wearing slippers in the morning, when one is liable to be called on to step out doors at any moment while the grass is wet with dew, is productive of wet feet, which in its return is one of the most fruitful causes of colds and all the evils that follow in their train. In the fall and winter months, too, the floors are cold in the morning, and a good thick-soled shoe is much more comfortable than a low-cut slipper, even though the latter may appear a little more like house dress. The fact that they can be so much more easily and quickly put on than a shoe may perhaps be one reason for preferring them, but that should not be considered as a reason.

We are not speaking of the wear of slippers during the hot and sultry months of summer, but the common practice among women of wearing them exclusively around the house. Men are fond of donning the dressing gown and slippers in the evening after the chores are done, but they do not wear them around their work. Although they may be a rest and change then, something that will support the ankles is very useful and essential. It is a great inconvenience, too, to be obliged to change one's shoes to go out on an errand or to step out doors. Women would often be more willing to take walks were it not for the trouble of getting ready. Not to dispense with slippers altogether, for, as we have said, they are often useful, we think the general health of women would be improved by wearing high shoes more and slippers less.—Toronto Mail.

Fashion Notes.

Surahs are to continue in favor.

Black hosiery is elected for another season.

Pale bronze is a popular color in spring goods.

Gainsboroughs are coming in all their glory.

Lilac in all shades is popular for dresses.

Norfolk jackets have one wide plait at the back and one in front.

Broad Chantilly and guipure lace are used for trimming mantles.

Shirts of silk and wool brocade have draperies of silk or soft cloth.

Silk or mohair braid is used for finishing the edges of tailor-made suits.

Plush bands three inches in width are used for trimming woolen dresses.

Plain cloth, diagonal and serge for tailor-made dresses are of light weight.

It is said that there are to be more rich fabrics worn this summer than ever before.

Every material has embroidery, even cotton, and almost all these have box robes.

Though large bouquets are fashionable, they are in no particular graceful or pretty.

Chenille fringes for mantles have wooden spindles tipped with beads on the strands.

The newest neckbands or dog collars are so high that they threaten to cut off a lady's ears.

Feather stitching in silk of contrasting color is employed for trimming costumes for early spring.

Mousseline de soie for drapery has pompadour stripes in delicate colors alternating with white.

Bridal slippers have a couple of white ostrich tips well curled where formerly was a spray of orange blossoms.

Patent-leather foxed boots are shown in fashions for spring wear. Those with brown or gray uppers are to be worn with corcoms to match.

A pretty French model for summer gowns is in a somewhat novel fabric. It is an all-over embroidery of fine nainsook in a delicate shade of blue made over a lining of shell-pink silk.

Entire overdresses of wool guipure, made up without lining, will be worn over silk slips for semi-dress occasions, and fine grade of wool guipure net will be conspicuous in dresses prepared for summer resorts.

Cremation.

A lady customer and a clerk in a store were discussing cremation, the clerk thinking it a most repulsive and inhuman way of disposing of the dead, the lady approving of the practice.

"Well," exclaimed the lady, "I expect to be burned when I die."

The clerk replied, thoughtfully: "I presume that all depends on where you go to."—Detroit Free Press.

A Woodland Flower.

How could I know, O tender woodland treasure.

With petals blue and soft as Summer skies,
That from the dust of long forgotten pleasure
So dear a hope, so fair a dream could rise?
Meek, lonely blossom hiding in the shadows,
And waded by mountain breezes cool and free,

No fairer flower from Summer's golden meadows
Could bring the thoughts that thou hast born to me!

From the sweet stillness of the misty mountains,
Where fairies weave a strange mysterious spell,

The cooling winds that blow from hidden fountains
Bore thee 'mid alien bowers and scenes to dwell!

Ah! sweeter on thy petals, fair and broken,
Than winds that blow far across a Summer sea,

Or strain of fairy music, is that token,
Oh wonderful flower, that thou has brought to me.

—Courier-Journal.

HUMOROUS.

Sweet strains—Clear honey.

A deed of trust—Lending a man a dollar.

The prisoner who breaks out is usually a rash fellow.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

The tramp, like the mariner, is often looking for a hospitable cove.

A man seeing the sign "Hands off," innocently asked if they had gone on a picnic.

Shakespeare somewhere uses the term "a mad wag." He probably referred to the tail of a mad dog.

Wife: "Cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all. Husband: "Well, drop them, dear."

He—"What is your favorite flower?" She—"Well—I—I—don't—know—I—I—think I prefer—orange blossoms."

Six young women have recently been graduated from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, and it is remarked that they will probably be able to successfully pull through life.

Engaged Young Man: Yes, indeed, my Alice is certainly a little dear. Married Man: Well, if she's a little dear now, you can rest assured she'll be dearer when she gets a good chance at your pocketbook.

Emma goes to school, but dislikes it very much. A lady friend of the family questioned her on the subject: Emma, what do you do in school? "Do you learn to read?" Emma shakes her head. "Do you learn to write?" Another shake. "Then what do you do?" "I wait for it to be out."

Collecting Waste Food from Hotels.

A movement has been started in London for the collection of waste food from hotels, restaurants and other places of the kind, and its preparation in a palatable form for the use of the poor. It is proposed that the kitchens which are to be established under the plan now maturing shall sell a cup of tea or coffee and a slice of bread and butter or jam for 1 penny, dinner for 3 pence or 4 pence, and other meals in proportion. Kitchens of this sort have been founded in nearly every European capital, and their success and value have been abundantly proved by experience.

The first kitchen in Germany was started at Leipzig in 1849; Berlin followed suit in 1866, and now has fifteen kitchens. In one year they sold 2,500,000 portions, the price of each portion, consisting of about three ounces of meat and a quart of vegetables and potatoes, being only 3 pence. From the start the undertaking has been self-sustaining. The London scheme proposes also the establishment of restaurants for workmen, and clubs where cheap dinners may be obtained. Why may not New York have some such system of cheap food supply—say a central depot, with branches in all parts of the city—from which good, wholesome food may be distributed at rates within the reach of all? Such a system would tend to the prevention of waste, and this would be not the least of its advantages.—Frank Leslie's.

Embalmed by the Soil.

Human bodies buried in limestone countries are often turned to solid stone by the lime-water which penetrates the graves. In other soils there are elements which sometimes so embalm the buried dead as to preserve form and features unchanged. Many such cases are on record.

Robert Burns's body was disinterred in 1815, to be removed to a new tomb. To the surprise of all his friends, the features were found to be as perfect as at burial.

The case of John Hampden, the famous English patriot and leader, was more surprising. His body was disinterred by Lord Nugent, two hundred years after burial, but form and features were as unchanged as if the corpse had been recently laid in the grave.

When general Washington's body was taken up at Mt. Vernon, to be laid in a sarcophagus and removed to the permanent tomb, his face was found to be in a state of perfect preservation.

In all these cases, however, the process of decay had gone on internally, though arrested at the surface. After a brief exposure to the air, the body crumbled, and all resemblance to life passed away.

—Youth's Companion.