

WHO KNOWS.

Why must we, then, be sad, When Nature is so glad? Not half an utterance all her joy unfold, Though she runs o'er and o'er The strings tied long before. The body forth the life that's never old.

THE FASHIONS.

As a rule a Frenchman in the army never thinks of spending a day in the country without drawing on a pair of light gaiters. Why he does this has never been explained. It is a habit, and so general that cavalry officers and gaiters were until very recently synonymous.

The newest over-tuniques are less flat on the hips. A grave prophecy assures us that panniers will be worn down the sides. I rather think verdagadins are meant, those hard bolsters worn by Flemish ladies, which grew to such proportions that Velasquez has painted ladies with their elbows rounded out to leave room for the objects. It is certain that something in this line is being elaborated.

MISCELLANEOUS FASHIONS.

In neckwear the "fashion scarf" is the newest, as it crosses very high in order to show the handsome scarf pins with the high cut coats and vests. These are introduced in the plain and figured satins in the new shades of garnet. Garnet background with white dots are effective. A very "nobly" style is to have the necktie and handkerchief match the color of the socks also. For instance, a cardinal necktie, handkerchief and socks, with a handsome "Columbia" suit, is considered "high toned."

The prejudice against American underwear is now overcome and the domestic goods are sought after, and are far handsomer than those of English manufacture. The Hindurandam sets are the newest style in underwear, the yarn being shaded in the dye, and in weaving the colors fall at random. These are exceedingly pretty. Socks are made to match. Handsome suits of a grayish mixture, with scarlet trimmings, are known as Scotch wool underwear, but are domestic. These also have hosiery to match.

A TREE AGENT TREED.

The July Scribner contains the concluding instalments of Mr. F. R. Stockton's droll "Rudder Grange" sketches, which are to be published in book form in the fall. One of the incidents of this last sketch is quoted below. The proprietor of Rudder Grange, returning from a drive with Euphemia, his wife, finds a tramp in one of his trees and a tree-agent in another near by, with his savage dog, Lord Edward, lying between. The following scene ensues:

only too fond of abusing those not strong enough to defend themselves.—Youth's Companion.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell, days and months and years; Farewell, thoughts and hopes and fears; Farewell, old delight and woe; Farewell, self of long ago!

Farewell, house—no more our home! Others in the years to come, Hither homeward will return— On the hearth their fires will burn; Children that we do not know Gather round the blitheless glow; Other feet will tread the stair, Other guests be welcomed there. We, whose home it was before, Shall be strangers evermore!

Farewell, days and months and years, Farewell, buried hopes and fears! Whoso'er our footsteps stray, Whether long or brief our stay, Whoso'er good we find, Many graves we leave behind. So farewell, old joy and pain, We shall never know again! Farewell, all that's dear and true, Surely life and warmth must leave To the house when we are gone. Can it empty seem, and lone, When the echoes of the years, Hopes and joys, and cares and fears, Scarce have died from roof and wall? Surely ghostly steps will fall On the bare dismantled floors, Gilding in an open door, Flitting up and down the stair, Will not shadows wander there— Shades more vague than shadows are, Or than ghosts that break death's bar? Sure our wreaths, when we are gone, Will not haunt the chambers lone— Come to seek (ah, ne'er to find) All the years we leave behind. Farewell, house, forevermore! Farewell, old familiar door! Farewell, home—yet not, not so— Home goes with us where we go!

AT WEST POINT.

'Twas Commencement eve, and the ball-room belle In her dazzling beauty was mine that night As the music dreamily rose and fell, And the waltzers whirled in a blizz of light I can see them now in the moonbeam's glance Across the street on a billowy floor That rises and falls with the merry dance To a music that floats in my heart once more.

only imaginary names, that I used by way of illustration. Brown's first name was Alcibades. No wonder she was mad.

Mr. Mills groaned and went home in dismay. And now Mrs. Brown has left his church and gone over to the Episcopals. She is to be married soon, they say.

My dog, as you see, is very much excited, and I cannot answer for the consequences if he takes it into his head to jump over.

Mrs. Brown's Husbands.

Max Adeler in New York Weekly. Mr. Mills, the minister, was a stranger in the town, and when he was called upon to visit Mrs. Brown, who had just lost her husband, and to console her, he went around to see Deacon Wilt, so that he could post himself about the situation.

chickens to range themselves in this dangerous companionship around this uncanine monster? Was it sympathy? Was it imitation? Was the magnetism extended to a distance in its action? Why should the snake so long continue his insidious movement? It was evidently not hunger that actuated him, or he would have seized his prey and made his exit. Did he enjoy his awe-struck auditor, and was he fond of the display of his power?—Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

A Boy's Struggle With a Deer.

John Kenniff, the fourteen-year-old son of a keeper in Prospect park, Brooklyn, scated the fence around an inclosure in which deer were kept. The grove of deer was grouped near the keeper's house, and as the lad approached they picked up their ears, and the largest of the herd, a fat buck, stepped out and stared for Kenniff, watching the boy intently. The boy picked up the thick end of a piece of rope and threw it at the deer, starting him a little. Then the boy turned, thinking no more of the animal, and went along picking up some chestnuts. While he was thus engaged, the deer came softly up behind him and goaded him with his antlers in the right leg, knocking him down. Then the animal backed off and started at him again, but young Kenniff caught him by the antlers with both hands and held him back. The deer struggled to get free, but the boy maintained his grasp, although he was kept off his feet, being pushed along by the animal. When he came near a sapling he quickly threw out his hand and steadied himself, so as to get on his feet. Then he set a tail on a run backward toward the keeper's lodge, still keeping the deer's antlers in his hands. He ran along crying for help. The animal pushed him fast.

What is Animal Magnetism?

I had at one time a fine flock of white turkeys, which were always shy, though much petted by the family because of their great beauty. There was a covered gallery between the dining-room and the kitchen, with broad folding-doors at each end, which we were in the habit of sitting to read, as women will, and where was a cradle for the baby. Our turkeys would sometimes stalk rapidly through this gallery as a sort of short cut on their way to the poultry yard.

Men and woman standing in their place, doing their work, trusting in God's love and help, grow deeper, soar higher spread more widely as the years pass. They do not, perhaps pass for saints, for they do no extraordinary things. They do not retire into convents to pass days in prayer. But everyone comes to honor and love them more and more; men come to lean on their strength, take counsel of their experience; they spread light and peace around them, day by day, and so cause the Kingdom of God to come more and more, simply by doing what they can. Whenever we do what we can we immediately can do more. Like those who are ascending a mountain, each step, so insignificant in itself, carries them on and up, till new scenes opens before them. They have only to keep walking on, taking one step at a time, and presently they find themselves rising above the region of forests, begin to get glimpses of blue lakes lying below them, of the great snow-covered fields which soar upward, pure and cold, into the glittering air; they see the distant ocean, spotted with white sails, the forest rolling its sea of verdure far away up to the pale horizon. So, as we keep doing what we can, steadily, constantly, life opens before us, Heaven opens above us, the world comes around us, rich, varied, beautiful, and we find ourselves on great eminences of thought and love, hardly knowing how we came there, for we have been only doing what we could all the time—no more, no less.—James Freeman Clarke.

Some Men's Wives.

"I tell you what it is," said one of the coterie of wealthy men who had met in the office of one of their number, "they may say what they please about the usefulness of modern women, but my wife has done her share in securing our success in life. Every body knows that her family was aristocratic and exclusive and all that, and when I married her she had never done a day's work in her life; but when W. & Co., failed, and I had to commence at the foot of the hill again, she discharged the servants, and chose out a neat little cottage, and did her own housekeeping until I was better off again."

THE BEAU OF THE BALL.

The demi-mondaines had barricaded themselves behind the music desks. In front of their forces stood a young man wearing a "huissier's" silver chain round his throat; he was to act as speaker and began to parley with the enemy. A round of applause greeted his first period, and so humorous, so absurd was his oration that the noblesse put down its screens and looked out between its fingers. Irrepressible laughter was the second mark of approbation; meanwhile, the officials were getting red in the face, laugh they dared not, burst they might, explode they did, and no horn blowing was ever like it. They made their exit, and a gentleman with a little fading, that an honorable retreat was all that could be effected, responded to the humorous speaker for the sake of responding, stipulating that none of the property should be injured, after which the noblesse retired. The general impression among the aristocracy is, however, that this was the only ball they enjoyed, for if the noblesse retired it looked on from side passages and saw all the crockery smashed after supper.

Wise College Boys.

Young men, when entering college, often think themselves wise. They know what studies are needless, and what will be helpful. A large part of the prescribed course they would gladly omit as dull and unprofitable. Twenty years later they look back with remorse on their youthful folly. Dr. James W. Alexander, one of the most accomplished scholars of our country, thus refers in a letter to his fancied wisdom: "Like most brainless and self-conceited boys, I undertook to determine that such studies were of no importance, and made this an excuse for neglecting them, although the wise in every age have united in declaring their utility. I was foolish enough to suffer almost all my precious knowledge of classical literature to leak out, and consequently I found myself a much greater dolt when I was invested with the titles and immunities of an A. B. than when I entered as a humble freshman."

A True Story of a Horse.

A few years ago an officer of our army was stationed in Boston. He soon found that his fine horse Charlie, of which he was very fond, would be of no use to him in the city. So he sent him into the country. In the pasture there were several horses; and among them, one poor, forlorn old horse, called Paddy, who was constantly teased and worried by the other more frisky horses. When Charlie, who was a superb animal, arrived, what do you suppose he did? Did he join the others in tormenting poor, harmless old Paddy? No, very far from that. As soon as he saw how the old horse was treated, Charlie lost no time in making himself his protector. He guarded the trough, and would not let the other horses have a drop to drink until Paddy had had his full share. They all looked up to Charlie, and when they found that old Paddy had such a powerful friend, they gave up their ugly, teasing ways. So you see it is with animals as it is with men and boys; the truly brave ones always protect the weak. Cowards are

I Worked and Earned It.

A few weeks ago a judge in an Eastern town was called out of his bed one morning by several vigorous raps upon his door. Hastily dressing himself, he found upon the steps an uncouth, roughly-clad boy with an ax over his shoulder, who, thrusting his hand into his pantaloons pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H., said: "There's seventy-five dollars, which I want you to put in the savings bank," and turned and started away. The judge, slightly disconcerted at the curious proceedings, scarcely knew what to say; at length, recovering his wits, he cried after the boy, "Stop! come back here. How did you come by this money?" "I worked and earned it, sir. My time was out last night and I got my money. I've got a job chopping wood, which I begin this morning, and I thought I'd leave the money here as I went to work, and then it wouldn't take up my time this evening, when I want to study."

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