

THE LAND OF THE LEFT.

The big thoughts that we thought, but we could not express; The laws we proposed, but never enacted; The love that we felt, but never confessed; The business we planned, but never transacted; The wars that we waged and neglected the wife; Are piled mountain high in the Land of the Left;

They are piled up so high That they graze the blue sky, And burden the earth in the Land of the Left. There is piled bottled thunder that never has burst; There is stored lightning that never has struck; And there stands the Last who had hoped to be first;

And our gay dreams are there, Looking wondrously far, On the moonshiny strand of the Land of the Left. And the office we run for that evermore skips From our grasp, like a shadow, we'll catch in that clasp— For there cabinet portfolios and postmaster-ships Are in check as mosquitoes in camp-meeting time;

For salt river cargoes of wonderful left Are dumped on the wharves of the Land of the Left; There the office we prize Will materialize— We will find it at last in the Land of the Left. Men left out in the cold will be pulled in to warm; Who all their lives long have chattered and shivered, And their cargoes from Spain will sail in from the storm, And the "letter they longed for" be duly delivered; It will come safe and sound with its seal still uncut; From the postmaster's hands of the Land of the Left;

With a certified check That is worth a good check On the National Bank of the Land of the Left, —S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

AT DRESS REHEARSAL.

A Colonial Love Story with Modern Addenda.

The play was to be given that evening. The play was perhaps dubious—"A Colonial Love Story," written for the occasion by Will Lane, who had never written any thing before and did not expect to again.

And acting was a novelty to the actors—all but John Liddell, who had once taken a minor part in a farce, and was hence chosen by acclamation to enact the hero in "A Colonial Love Story."

But they had a professional "coach," and the best hall in town, and the loveliest costumes procurable; and a large and fashionable audience was absolutely certain. The free reading-room, for the benefit of which "A Colonial Love Story" was to be given, was sure of a handsome donation. So that all was blithe and buoyant.

His bald head considerably away, rang a little bell, and the next minute Hetty's lover, as Christopher Peabody, was sitting in a tall-backed chair, and making his first shy speech to Dorothy Jefferson in the colonial kitchen.

Hetty shrank back into the wing and pressed her hot cheek against the boards. Her pretty dark eyes were half shut. She heard and saw nothing.

"It has come—it has come!" she kept saying to herself, blissfully. Yes, now that it had come she realized how much she had wanted it, and admitted it to herself bravely.

She had not known him long, but—Well, there was no use in trying to explain it; she was happy, that was all—happier than anybody else alive, she was certain, unless it was John.

"Ain't she a daisy, though?" somebody was saying just behind her, in a sepulchral whisper, necessary now that the play had begun.

It was Chauncey Dean and Belle Bennett, as Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, respectively. Hetty looked around at them, still dazedly.

"Nix to be the father of such a girl," Mr. Jefferson added, jocularly. Mrs. Jefferson giggled.

"Look!" she murmured, pinching Margery. "Isn't she a pretty little thing? You know Mag Carpenter had to give up her part at the last minute, didn't you? She's sick; and that girl—Mack is her name—she's staying at the Liddells. John asked her only a day or two ago to take Mag's part and see how well she's got it already!

Isn't she clever? She does it better than Mag, don't you think, really? She's been in amateur theatricals before, John said, and he knew she could do it."

"Oh!" said Hetty, faintly. She looked at Miss Mack, where she sat listening to John's mimic love-making. John's mimic love-making had never been an agreeable thing for Hetty to hear. It had been done enough with Mag Carpenter as Dorothy Jefferson—Mag, who was rather plain, and engaged to Will Lane. And with this person for Dorothy—this person who had sprung up as though by fairy means, without a warning—this extremely pretty and gentle-looking person from nobody knew where—this person, with blonde locks and blue eyes, and a dimple—with her for the colonial heroine, John's love-making was agonizing.

"Who is she?" Hetty demanded, her hands clasped tightly. "Why, I told you, Miss Mack," Belle responded, staring a little. "She's visiting at the Liddells. That's all I know. Some friend, of course. Still, come to think of it, she must be rather more than a friend—visiting there, you know, shouldn't wonder if John's engaged to her. He's back from the East somewhere lately, you know. She's engaged to him if John's asked her—I know that I don't know who'd say no to John Liddell; I couldn't!" Belle declared, with cheerful candor.

"Yes, I suppose that must be it." "How you girls gossip!" said Chauncey Dean, with a tail of his brass-buttoned blue coat on either arm. "All I've got to say is if John gets her he's got a mighty pretty girl. Yep! Stunning," said Mr. Jefferson, with a startling lack of dignity, considering his gray wig and careful wax wrinkles.

Her anger surged not in her dumpling heart, and helped to keep back her tears. She reflected, with bitter shame, that probably he had not thought seriously of it—a mere squeezing of her hand and a whispered word or two. But she had thought—she had thought—

She shivered in her blank misery. A tragically flippant little skit came into her head: "Oh, would I were dead now, Or up in my bed now, To cover my head now, And have a good cry!"

"Miss Burton," said Mr. Ryer, in a loud whisper. And looking up Hetty perceived that he must have been saying it for some time.

He looked stern, and the occupants of the stage were waiting stock-still for Margery. Hetty went on. She did not know how she got through her part—how she dusted the mantel and answered Mrs. Jefferson's inquiries and flirted with the man-servant in the background, and even spoke to Dorothy; but somehow she did.

"You must try to come on at the proper time to-night, Miss Burton," said Mr. Ryer, as she passed him in the wings. Even at that wretched moment she dimly admired his meek patience. Mrs. Jefferson had ruined her best speech with a giggle, and Mr. Jefferson had knocked over two chairs. "And put a little more expression into your lines, please, Miss Burton."

"Yes," said Hetty, dearly. Dorothy Jefferson made her exit at the same minute, and Hetty was bending her lagging energies to the task of escaping her.

Miss Mack was not, however, to be escaped. The murmur of applause had risen to a clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Miss Mack's blue orbs were bright and her red lips smiling with excusable triumph. Evidently she wanted sympathy and congratulations.

She put her round arm, in its balcony sleeve, through Hetty's, and pushed her into a chair in the green-room, and drew another close to her. Hetty sat rigidly straight, with an icy smile.

She was young, this fiancée of John Liddell's. She was not more than seventeen at the most. She made Hetty, who was twenty, feel suddenly old and faded. And she was the prettiest little creature imaginable, from the top of her high shell comb to her dizzily-heeled slippers.

She was an artless little thing without. She seemed to have taken a fancy to Hetty. Hetty nodded grimly. She burst into a confidential prattle; Hetty had never heard anybody talk so fast.

"How did I do it?" said she, with pretty anxiety. "I was almost sure I'd break down. Why, I've only had a few days to study it. But John just made me take it; he said he knew I could. I've practiced with John a little at home, of course; but that's all, every bit. How did I do?" "You did very well," said Hetty, in a voice which sounded like somebody else's.

FASHION LETTER.

A Wide Range for Choice in Styles—The Empire and Directoire Still in the Ascendant—Other Fashion Notes.

There is great style and fancy in the picturesque and elegant gowning of the present season. There is a choice for all in the fashionable array, for included in it is a wonderful miscellany of the historic, the quaint, the simple, the severe, the poetic and the practical. In dress to-day there is still a strong leaning toward the empire and directoire styles, still, however, they are closely rivaled by princess dresses and those showing classic directoire effects and features.

Although in high fashion, the straight full undraped skirts do not please universally, and slight graceful draperies appear upon many of the most elegant imported gowns. Kitting and accordion plating appear upon tennis and yachting suits, and negligé costumes for the beach and country. There is a rage for semi-transparent cool white woolen goods, and fashionable modistes are making great use of these in combination with soft silks that are either figured with buds and sprays of flowers, or are striped or barred with quaint old-fashioned colors in buff, rose pink, lilac, etc. These are made in empire fashion with wide soft silk ruffles fringed at the edges, open bodices with blouse yokes, or those crossed in surplice style; and picturesque—shaped sleeves suited to this particular mode of dress.

China and India silks are brought out in beautiful tints and patterns, and are sold at amazingly low prices. These, with the pretty Bengaline and fancy wools, are made into dressy gowns suitable for any ordinary occasion. The new lace trimmings and lace gowns are beautiful beyond description.

Lace coats, fichus, redingotes, piazza wraps, tea gowns, empire dresses and trained evening robes all appear in delicious array, and there is no gown or garment more exquisite or becoming. The black lace dress—this season are made upon foundations of black silk or satin, far more generally than over color. When a contrast is desired, opal-tinted sarahs, shot silks or watered silk in delicate shades of old rose, reseau, strawberry and the like, are chosen. There is a sudden caprice among fashionable women, both here and abroad, for the wearing in afternoon drives, at lawn parties, summer teas and garden parties, of the lovely cotton fabrics that have appeared this year.

These comprise flowered India muslins, Chambers fabrics in novel and delicious shades of color, and sheer and dainty lawns and crepines in pompadour pattern, or barred and striped. The Chambers gowns are lovely both in tint and device. The silky saphyr gingham in old rose, pale blue, strawberry, cream and lilac, are cool and fresh-looking, and in Paris the large plaited French gingham are used for beach and traveling dresses, with close neat bodice of plain gingham, trimmed with the tone and parsel are as stylishly adjusted as a summer silk and very often the toque and parasol are *à la mode*. English serge is a very favorite fabric also for traveling costumes, as the dust and sea air have but little effect upon it.

To save laundry bills at the summer resorts, skirts to wear next the gown, in place of those of muslin, are made of cotton-back moiré—a fabric that keeps its dressing the entire season—and strong American sarahs. These are simply edged with narrow pinked ruffles. Ribbon is used with a lavish hand on gowns of every sort, and a simple and pretty finish to a bodice is to carry a strand of ribbon up over the shoulders from belt to belt, with falling ends and loops at the terminus of the V thus made. Lace is jabbed down the outside of these braces on very dressy costumes.

There is no abatement in the demand for large picturesque round hats, and equally popular are the lovely dower bonnets made wholly of blossoms and foliage. There is a large importation this summer of fancy blouses, silk shirt waists and negligé jackets with fancy waistcoats. These vary the toilet most charmingly, and are not as expensive as might be imagined. Some of the lately opened silk hose, silk gowns and thread lace mitts are delicately perfumed, following the Parisian fashion of perfuming flowers and choice bonnets and hats. The hair is arranged in various graceful ways both high and low. Both styles are equally in vogue. With the former style very elegant and effective gem set pins are thrust through the coils of hair, in evening dress alone, however.

Waite of the purest lily tints, and cream of the deepest "Alderney" shade, are complemented on some of the most recherche French toilets and tailor costumes. Buckles, clasps and fancy pins are used freely, both in military and in the formation of empire dresses, tea gowns and directoire costumes. There are twenty-five distinct shades of green in fashion, but all these are strongly rivaled by yellow in nearly as many tones. Evening toilets for debutantes consist of soft Sicilienne silk in violet rose, golden green, magnolia silk in violet rose, golden green, and pale opal blue combined with pearl dotted silk crepe lisse. Very many of the bodices for evening wear are cut off round at the waist, or very slightly pointed, the edges covered by a softly-faded sash or ribbon garment laid on flat. G. D. E.

PASSING PLEASANTRY.

TALKING about shoe-er things, how about a woman's apron in her time? Some one has said that the explorer Stanley is "like a lady's pocket, for nobody can find him."

"She had tapering hands," wrote the novelist, and the critic observed that she must have been light-fingered. A WESTERN journal communicates the interesting fact that pie parties, much in vogue in that section, are usually followed by pop-sicle picnics. It is just as honorable to saw wood as play base-ball. And yet it is claimed that base-ball is absolutely necessary to give the boys athletic exercise.

POVERTY IN INDIA.

A Country Where Able-Bodied Men Work for Six Cents a Day. I had always looked upon India as a rice-eating country. I find that a great number of the people here eat wheat and grain. In Northwestern India only about ten per cent of the people eat rice, and in the prison at Agra I found that the prisoners were fed upon grain. Everywhere the mass of the people seem to be underfed and the leanest, scraggiest specimens of humanity I have ever seen I find in this rich valley of the Ganges. Where nature has done every thing the people are starving, and you can have no idea of the skin and bone men and boys whom I see daily by the thousands. The costume of the people is such that the arms and legs and often the breasts and waists are bare. There seems to be nothing but skin, bones and sinew, and the average thigh is not bigger than a muscular American biceps. There are no calves whatever, and the joints at the knees and ankles are extraordinarily large. Nearly every man you meet, if he be poor, has wrinkles in his belly, and at every railroad station you find gaunt, dark-faced, piteous, lean men, who slap their bare stomachs to show that they are hollow and ask for backshish. Wages are miserably low. Farm laborers get from six to eight cents a day and masons get about ten cents a day. Even travelers who have to pay the highest wages, can get good English-speaking servants who will travel with them and feed themselves for thirty-three cents a day, and less than that if taken by the month.

This valley of the Ganges has more people than it can support, and it is probably the most densely populated part of the world. The people live in villages and the average country town consists of one-story mud huts, too poor and ill-ventilated for American pig-pens. You would not think of having such outhouses as the residences of the majority of this vast population would make, and in a large part of India, and especially in the best part of this Ganges country, the holdings average from two to three acres apiece. At four to the family this represents a half acre per person, or over 1,200 persons per square mile. When it is remembered that these people live by agriculture it will be seen that this condition is far worse than that of China or any part of Europe. And still the people are bright. They are brainy, too, and you will find few sharper business men, better cut faces and more polite people than these people of India. Their faces in this part of India have much the same characteristics as those of the Anglo-Saxon. Those of the higher castes are more like those of the Greeks, and I see faces every day which, if the skin were white, any American might be proud to own. They belong to the same race germ that we do, and under the same training and Christian influences they would be strong competitors with us. But what can a man do on six cents a day, or how can a man learn when he has to struggle to exist. The population of India is continually increasing. England eats the lion's share of the products of the country, and though the people are perhaps better off under her government than they have been in the past, it is the same old story of her wealth going to the rulers and the people working their flesh off their bones to support them. The Governor-General of India, who, by the way, is the rich Marquis of Lansdowne, gets \$100,000 a year. Quite a contrast with the wages of the masses at six cents a day, isn't it?—Frank G. Carpenter, in Boston Globe.

Even in the court gossip of the newspapers published in different European countries, we find the pathetic hints of human love and suffering which prove all men to be of but one blood. Queen Christina of Spain, we are told, at the time of her marriage was an angular, hard-faced, repellent woman, whose manners offended those who approached her. But her passionate desire that her baby son shall inherit his father's throne has altered her whole character. She is gracious and friendly; has acquired fine tact, and her manners are now as charming as they were once unpleasing. She has subjugated the haughty grandees of Spain, and made them loyal to their little King by her direct personal influence alone. Every day is a new battle for her boy; and so far she has won every battle.

The Czarina of Russia, several months ago, with her husband and children, was in a railway train which was wrecked by conspirators. For some time she thought her oldest son was killed. The result was that for a time her mind was affected; the dead boy was constantly before her.

The Empress of Austria, it is rumored, owing to the suicide of her son, has lost her reason. The Queen of Sweden has long been an invalid from some obscure disease. She is extremely fond of music, and her happiest hours are those when her sons sing to her.

The most touching story which comes out of the court surroundings is that of the Duchess of Cambridge, aunt of Queen Victoria, who has just died at an extreme old age. Her son, who is over seventy years old, invariably came twice a day to sit by her bedside and entertain her with family gossip. He never left her without bending his white head that she might lay her hand upon it in blessing.

Young people are apt to think of royalty as removed into a state of splendid triumph, insensible to pain or anxiety. Yet these brief glimpses show that Kings and Queens are but fathers and mothers like the poorest slave, and draw their misery and happiness from their children just as keenly as though no "golden rigo" bound their brows.—Youth's Companion.

WOMEN WITH PAINTED FACES.

I was the other afternoon in the park, and was looking at the ladies driving in their carriages. I take the liberty to give them a little advice. A considerable number of them had endeavored to "improve" their complexions, and what is more curious, the young ones seem to have done so even more than the elderly ones. Now, admitting that to paint the face be desirable, it ought at least to be well done, particularly when the painting has to stand the test of sunlight. I never saw faces worse painted. An American girl paints from her childhood upward, and by the time that she comes over to London to be presented at Court and to take part at other such functions so dear to the young republican, she has acquired a mastery of her art. So, again, with the French women. They know how to paint. But English girls know as little about it as savages. The white that they daub on their faces looks blue in daylight; their rouge becomes a pale magenta; the black line that they draw round their eyes gives their orbs a bead-like, expressionless air; the red that they put on their lips assumes a brownish tint and darkens their teeth, and their attempts to better their eye-brows generally end in making one differ from the other.—London Truth.

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IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

The Growing Popularity of the Land of the Midnight Sun. Every summer hundreds make the excursion into the Norwegian coast to the North Cape, where the midnight sun is witnessed and the night is as light as day. The inhabitants of the Arctic regions seem to enjoy life as much as those in lower latitudes. They would not exchange their country for any other. The Icelanders do not want a better country than that found in the island which is surrounded by ice half the year. A few emigrate because otherwise the population would overstock the island. But the natives of high latitudes never seek warm countries. The Norwegian immigrants take kindly to Wisconsin and Minnesota. They want frost, snow and ice. If the lakes and rivers are not sealed up half the year it is not a good country for Norwegians. A few years ago some of these people made explorations in Alaska with a view to settlement. The winter climate is milder than that of Norway. Of course these explorers did not find a country more attractive than the northern parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota. They found a country where the waters abounded in fish and there were vast forests. But these advantages are found in the Northwestern States and Territories in addition to cheap and fertile lands.

Dr. Nansen, who made the journey across Greenland, was compelled to spend the winter at Godthaab, on the western coast. He found winter life enjoyable. The permanent white settlers did not need any sympathy on account of the rigors of the climate. Upernivik in Greenland is the most northern hamlet in the world. A Danish doctor who had spent most of his life there proposed to go back to Denmark and end his days. But having been gone twelve months he returned to live in the town within the Arctic circle, declaring that it was a

good enough place for him after having seen something of the rest of the world. Arctic explorers who are not broken by the hardships of the first voyage are ready to make another. Life in these high latitudes has a fascination for them. Whalesmen go far up into the Arctic Ocean year after year. Captains of whaling vessels rarely retire from business so long as they have sufficient physical stamina. These high latitudes deal kindly with them. In Sweden, the terminus of the most northern railroad in that country is on the line of the Arctic circle. How far will civilization yet push into Arctic regions? Railroads may finally reach the Arctic circle by way of Alaska. Life has been found tolerable in winter even at Point Barrow, the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

The summer tourists are now on their way in greater numbers than usual to the high latitudes of Alaska. Those who have made the excursion to the North Cape and have since made one to Alaska, declare that scenery along the coast of the latter surpasses in grandeur and beauty that along the coast of Norway. The passage through narrow waterways, the placid waters, wooded islands, land-locked bays, fjords, majestic mountains, and forests coming down to meet the sea, and further north the glaciers, are some of the attractions of this summer excursion in high latitudes. At no distant day, probably, these summer excursions will be extended to points where the midnight sun will be as visible as at the North Cape. Where the present excursions terminate there is only a brief twilight during the twenty-four hours. An old whaling captain, being interrogated about the appearance of the midnight sun in the Arctic Ocean, declared that the sight was not at all equal to the spouting of a good-sized whale.—San Francisco Bulletin.

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