

Ladies' Department.

HE WHO DIED AT AZIN.

He who died at Azin sends This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say "Abdullah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head. I can see your faltering ears, I can hear your sobs and prayers; Yet I see the light in your eyes, I am not the thing you grieve for; Cease your tears and let it lie; It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women leave For the ast sleep in the grave Is a hut which I am quit of; Is a garment no more fitting; Is a cage from which, at last Like a bird my soul hath fled; Like the inmate, not the room—The wearer, not the garb—the plume Of the eagle, not the bars. That kept him from those splendid stars. Loving friends! Be wise and dry Straightaway every weeping eye.

What ye left upon the pier Is not worth a single tear; 'Tis an empty sea—she is gone; Out of which the pearl is gone; The shell is broken, it lies there; The pearl, the soul, the soul is here, 'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid Allah sealed, the while it hid That treasure of the treasury. A mind that loveth him that lies; Let the shell be earth's store more, Since the gold is in his store; Allah glorify! Allah good! Now the world is understood; Now the long road ye under ends; Ye weep my foolish friends, While the man that ye call dead In unspoken bliss instead. Live and loves you best 'tis true, For the light that shines for you; But in the light ye cannot see Of undisturbed felicity— In a perfect peace, And a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! but not farewell; Where I am ye too shall dwell; I am gone before your faces, A moments worth, a little space, When ye come where I have stepped Ye will wonder why ye weep;

He who died at Azin gave This to those who made his grave. —From the Arabic

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

While teaching in a rural district at one time my attention was frequently called to allusions to a former teacher of the same school, who was spoken of as having been a very singular person. My interest was so intensified that I made inquiries as to her history, of which I learned that the girl had lived with her widowed mother, and helped to support a younger sister by teaching in the neighboring districts, and while thus employed became acquainted with a Dr. May. Her life had been a lonely one, with unceasing labor, and with but little to look forward to, but with him came a hope of something better. Her girlish fancy cherished him as her idol, and in due time they were betrothed. He was in comfortable circumstances, and life for her seemed to shed its sombre mantle, and wear only the rainbow tints with which youthful dreams are wont to clothe it. Afterward he came to her mother's residence to see her, and six months later married her younger and more beautiful sister.

The mother died, and Ethel had no home except the one her brother-in-law and sister urged her to share, and then came strange rumors of one sister's jealousy and another's wretchedness.

I was interested in what I had heard of her, and a page which she had written accidentally coming to my observation, convinced me that whatever might have befallen her, she possessed a refined and sensitive mind. I could not banish her from my thoughts. She seemed to haunt my dreams like one sinking into treacherous quicksands, and calling to me for help. Some mysterious influence seemed constantly impelling me to seek her. This feeling grew so strong that at length I resolved to see her, and I started alone on horseback early one Saturday morning, to the place where she was boarding about six miles distant. It was a lonely ride, over wooded hills and through deep dark ravines, and at length I stopped at a large log house, and dismounting, went in and asked for a glass of water. After talking with the hostess a few minutes I asked if the school mistress boarded with her.

"Yes, would you like to see her?" she asked. I replied that I was a teacher and always liked to make the acquaintance of teachers.

She went into an adjoining room and soon returned, followed by a fair, frail girl, apparently about twenty-two years of age. Her face was refined and intellectual in its expression, but there was such a look of helpless dependency settled upon it that my sympathies were enlisted at once.

The moment that her eyes rested upon my face, she became deadly pale, and sank in a chair that stood near her.

"You're sick," said the landlady as she hastened to bring some water, and then she added, "Them young ones are wearin' the life out of her."

I unbanded the heavy coils of hair, and taking the water from the

woman's clumsy hands, bathed the shapely head until she felt better. But all the time during my stay she gazed at me like one amazed and bewildered, and although she conversed in an intelligent and lady-like manner, her thoughts seemed pre-occupied.

Soon after my arrival Dr. May came.

"Are you ready to go home, Ethel? Are you ill?" he asked with a shade of concern in his tones. "You must go immediately. Winnie will be very much alarmed about you," he added in the tone of one who expects to be obeyed.

She left the room, and while she was making her preparations I had time to study the physiognomy of the man. He possessed a strong, well knit frame, graceful in form and movement, with intelligent and handsome countenance. His hair clustered in glossy curls around his forehead, and a pair of dark penetrating eyes, full of magnetic fire, calmly surveyed the room. The lower part of his face was concealed by a heavy growth of beard, which became him well, and his general appearance was that of gentlemanly ease and self-possession.

"A handsome, unprincipled, and dangerous man," was my mental comment, during the few moments that I remained in his presence.

"Shall I see you again," she asked, lingering in the doorway a moment after the Dr. went out, as if loth to depart.

"I will come again," I replied, and she went away.

Early the next Saturday morning I was on my way to see her again. As I reached the school house I saw her standing at the window and she came to meet me. "You have come," she said with a sad sweet smile. "Come in, there is no school to-day. I came to sweep the room and to be alone."

I dismounted and tied my horse, saying, "I want to ask an explanation as to the singular effect of my former visit. I am no apparition, that you should turn pale and faint upon beholding me."

She looked at me in silence for a moment and then said, "I will tell you. I am in trouble, such deep, dark, wretched trouble. It haunts me always. I am too miserable to even pray, and one night I dreamed that father came to me and said, "Come, Ethel, I will show you one who will help you." I thought I stood in a deep, dark chasm, with light over head, but with walls too steep and rough to climb. "Look," he said, and upon the height above me I saw a woman. She reached down and took my hand, and showed me where to place my feet, and helped me up into that brighter world above; my sorrow and despair fled from me and I wandered free and happy amid sunny fields and blooming flowers. In you I recognized that woman. Your face, your dress, even the collar about your neck are just the same."

I stood looking at her in mute surprise; and she continued, "You have come to help me, but alas, you are too late. The walls are closed above me. I am shut out from hope and light forever. Too late, too late," she wailed in tones so full of agony and despair that it made me tremble as I listened to her piteous moans.

"Be calm, my friend," I said, "You torture yourself with needless fears. Light and hope are nearer than you think."

"If you only knew," she sobbed, "but how can I tell you?"

"You need not tell me. I know or have surmised enough. Our Heavenly Father never crosses his portals against the truly repentant. Look up and be comforted."

"Even though my soul is stained with crime?" she asked doubtfully.

"Even though a stronger will has led you in dark forbidden paths. Tell me only as much of your history as you would have me know, no more."

She was silent for a few moments until her agitation had somewhat subsided, and then she said, "I thought it would take my life when Dr. May deserted me and married Winnie. Only those who have long been denied the boon of love and sympathy can ever know how madly I worshipped him. And he was mine, I thought. I never dreamed that any earthly power could take him from me. They went away, and I stayed with mother and taught our district school, as I had done before, but all my joy and hope were gone. I used to wonder why I could not die, since there was naught to live for; mother could live with Winnie, and I would not be needed. But mother sickened and died, and Dr. May and Winnie came and took me with them. I did not want to go, but I was so weak and worn and helpless that there was nothing else that I could do. I re-

remember how the days wore by and how I sat, idle and listless, wondering why God did not take me instead of mother. If He is supremely good, and wise, and merciful, I wonder yet," she said with a world of regret trembling in her tones, and a sad despairing look in her eyes.

"Doctor May was very kind bringing me books and fruits and flowers, and sometimes I used to wonder in that vague and listless way, if the unpleasant past were not a dream, and the Doctor still all my own. I grew stronger and helped Winnie about the house, and copied papers for the Doctor, and began to think of returning to my old occupation of teaching. One morning when Winnie had been indulging in one of her fretful childish moods, Doctor May came to the room where I was sewing. He was angry and out of patience, and told me how deeply he had regretted his folly in choosing her, yielding to a transient infatuation, when it was only I that he had ever really cared for. He cursed his fate, deplored his wretched lot, assured me of his deep contrition for the wrongs he had done me, and declared that nothing but my presence made home endurable. I was shocked beyond measure. I felt that I ought to go away at once; but when I proposed it Winnie accused me of ingratitude, and said that I was willing to stay when I needed her care, but now that she needed my help I would go. I left her presence wretched and miserable, not knowing what to do, and with no one to advise me.

Dr. May had overheard our conversation and soon joined me. "Never mind Ethel," he said. "She is incapable of comprehending any nature but a selfish one, but you must not go. It is my duty and privilege as a brother-in-law to give you a home and to care for you, and I will do so."

"O, if father had been living to guide me with his wise and loving counsel, but he was gone and I was all alone. I yielded weakly, because I could not resist them both. Not until her jealousy prompted did Winnie let me go, not till all my life was hopelessly blighted, and every memory laden with bitter regret. When I reflect I seem to reel upon the dark abyss of hell. It drives me wild. I would terminate my own existence, but I dare not, lest some fierce accusing demon meet me saying, "Wretched and guilty soul how dare you come unbidden to the presence of your wrathful God? And yet when I am with him, I follow where he leads."

"Ethel," I cried, "this will not do, you insult your Heavenly Father when you talk of wrathful God. Even I a weak and sinful mortal would not cast you off, and shall God, who is infinite in mercy, have less than one of his own erring creatures? Even the world does not judge you as harshly as you judge yourself, or you would not be here."

"They do not know," she said. "But every sweet and childish face seems to reproach me by its innocence; and have you no fears that you may sometime be harshly judged for seeking me?"

"I am responsible to God alone," I answered. "He knows my motives, and he alone shall judge me. I came to help you, and perhaps he sent me. I believe that when one truly repents, his forgiveness is sure. But one who does in truth repent will not transgress again. By this is true repentance known. You are not one depraved by nature, and God's hand shall lead you back to truth and peace again; now let us seek the way. In the first place you must be free from that man's influence. Are you willing to go where you will never see his face again?"

"O, I would be glad to go; but where? And yet what matters it?" she asked despondently. "I shall be the same sin stained wretch wherever I am."

"Not so, when you abandon evil, God will give you new life and hope. Even the world is wiser than it used to be and more disposed to place the blame where it belongs. The good and pure will help you, the bad cannot afford to, but when they see an erring one they must cry out to distract attention from themselves, and when you meet one who would crush you down when you attempt to rise, you may reflect that she has no right to place herself above you, and knowing this, seeks to maintain her false position by trampling others down. And now you must forget the past, and live as though it had not been. Look not back; there lies the dark and yawning grief with misery unquenchable. Before you lie the pleasant paths of peace and happiness. The time has come when you may choose between them, now let us find the way. When will your engagement here expire?"

"Next Friday."

"Write to Dr. May that you can not go home for another week, but have everything in readiness to depart, get your money and come to me. I will find a refuge."

I left her wearing a look of hopefulness that was truly cheering. I knew a woman a kind and motherly soul, who kept a millinery store at a little town about a hundred miles distant by rail, and fifty miles farther into the country by stage, and I wrote to her and asking if she would give this girl employment. I soon received for answer that if the girl was handy with the needle, she would be glad to have her.

Punctually at the appointed time, Ethel came, I had a friend about to depart for Colorado, and I directed Ethel to put on the lady's traveling suit, and go to the office and buy her ticket, while my friend bought one for the station to which Ethel was going.

Before another hour had gone she was speeding away to the spot where she was to begin life anew. She left a note for her sister which was to be handed to Dr. May when he called for her a week afterwards, in which she told her not to be alarmed at her absence, she was safe and well, and only going away that both of them might be happier. Dr. May traced her to the ticket office and learned that she had purchased a ticket for Colorado, and taken a westward bound train. He waited and watched for a letter but none came.

Soon after I received a letter telling me how well she liked the lady-like girl, who was so skillful with her needle, that she could have steady and remunerative employment with her as long as she chose to remain. One enclosed from Ethel, told me of the peace and rest that fell upon her weary soul in her new home, with pleasant, honorable occupation and a bright life before her.

I wrote long encouraging letters and enclosed them in my missives to Mrs. Mead, and was rewarded by the increasing cheerfulness of her's. Occasionally a letter dated at Colorado found its way to Mrs. May, informing her that her sister was alive and well, and engaged in earning an honest living, but all of Dr. May's inquiries failed to discover her retreat.

Two years years had passed, and one morning I was surprised at receiving a visit from Ethel. She came with a face radiant with health and happiness and was accompanied by a gentlemanly appearing man, apparently about ten years older than herself.

"My husband," she said proudly. "He knows all and trusts me too," she whispered. "We are on our way to California, and I could not go without seeing you once more, and I would like to see Winnie a little while before I go."

"A life redeemed," thought I. How many might be saved by kind judicious charity, did not conceited pharisees forever bar the way.

She departed from her sister affectionately, safe in the presence of her husband, she no longer had any motive for when last I heard from her she was a useful and respected woman. I.

General Reading.

Russian Characteristics.

While the dress and manner of travelers who occupy the first cabin on a Wolga steamer betray very few of the national peculiarities which are calculated to attract the notice of a foreigner, those of the second cabin afford him all the interesting material for study and observation. As a rule the former appear to differ only slightly from the same class of society found under similar conditions elsewhere. But the latter, a motley crowd, with strongly pronounced Slav characteristics, introduce him to a new world. It is a scene of deafening uproar and confusion, of impenetrable tobacco smoke, and of an atmosphere charged with all the smells which are inseparable from the Russian's mode of living. It is positively an act of heroism to enter this part of the boat. Here a dealer in fish, just returned from the North, proves the progress he has made in civilization, by the preference he gives to beer over brandy, not because the malt beverage is a nobler fluid than the native vodka, but because he can consume larger quantities of it. There a jolly young engineer, whom the gold of a railway speculator has tempted to leave the boulevards of his beloved Paris for the Steppe, leans his head on the bare, shoulders of a *decollete* Polish girl, picked up at a Nischni-Polgovod hotel. He had just uncorked another bottle of champagne to toast her sparkling eyes, her wonderful blonde hair, and the symmetry of her plump, firm-moulded form. She arrived only a few days ago from her native Podolia in quest of

her fortune, and—such as it is—she seems already to have found it. Before the bar—the second cabin on a Russian steamer is never without a bar—stands a group of traders in hides and grain. They have been drinking hard and are in that maudlin state in which the Russian becomes excessively affectionate. "Little father," little brother," "little soul," are terms of endearment frequently exchanged between them. At the same time their gesticulations are so violent, their talk so loud and menacing, that a looker-on might well imagine that these men were about to murder each other. Having, however, taken one more drink, they tenderly embrace and kiss; then the party breaks up, two of them to be put on shore on some seemingly uninhabited spot, and the rest to join another set of little fathers and little brothers in their libations and endearments. In the vicinity of the bar, propped up by a table, the wall and a chair, sits a man who has a large tumbler of raw spirits before him. The long, ample robe, once of a violet brown, but now almost black with grease, dirt and age, the ponderous pinchback chain and copper cross on his breast denote the Russian priest. That his bloated face, on which the coarsest passions have set their seal, may bear a remote resemblance to the Savior, seen on the colored prints which are hawked about in Russian villages, he wears his beard peaked and his hair falling in ringlets on his shoulders. He acknowledges every genuflection—for if any orthodox peasants are on board they will always be found near the place where the liquor is sold—with a drunken gravity ludicrous to behold, after which he regales himself with another sip from the glass. At last he drops asleep in the safe position in which he has wisely entrenched himself.—The States.

Woman.

A woman, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is not her business to vote, but I do say that the woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. She may not have youth, or beauty, or even manner, but she must have something in her voice or expression, or both, which it makes you feel better disposed toward your race to look at or listen to. She knows that as well as we do; and her first question after you have been taking your soul into her consciousness is, did I please? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel any day. Womanly women are very kindly critics, except to themselves and now and then to their own sex. The less there is of sex about a woman the more she is to be dreaded. But take a real woman at her best moment—well dressed enough to be pleased with herself, not so resentful as to be a show and a sensation, with the varied outside influence that set vibrating the harmonic notes of her nature stirring in the air about her—and what has social life to compare with one of those vital interchanges of thought and feeling with her that make an hour memorable? What can equal her tact, her delicacy, her subtlety of apprehension, her quickness to feel the changes of temperature as the warm and cool currents of thought blow by turns? At one moment she is microscopically intellectual, critical, scrupulous in judgment as an analyst's balance, and the next as sympathetic as the rose that sweetens the wind from whatever quarter it finds its way to her bosom. It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerized by all those divine differences that make her a mystery and bewilderment.—Atlantic Monthly.

TALK AT HOME.—If the father chiefly talks "money, money," at home he generally rears a family in the worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly of horses, races and game, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon that altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children around it. My neighbor, Q., makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that his boys are never found in bad places. But if a father hears a clock strike eleven in a club house, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gambling room or drinking saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not be surprised if a drunken son staggers in by and by at his front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have, becomes their foe, their home becomes the starting point for moral ruin.—Cuyler.

The Housewife.

All About Apples.

APPLE FLOAT.—Stew partially quart of apples, and mash them, add the whites of three eggs well beaten, and pour in a heaping tablespoonful of loaf sugar, beat all together ten minutes, and eat with rich cream, or with nutmeg.

APPLE SNOW.—Put twelve good apples in cold water and set them on the fire; when soft drain the water, strip the skins off the apples, wash and lay them in a deep dish, beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs, beat the whole in a stiff snow, then stir the whole into a dessert dish.

NURSERY APPLE PUDDING.—In some stale bread into a buttered stew upon it a layer of sliced, peeled apples sprinkled with sugar, alternate crumbs, apples and sugar, the dish is full, then cover with small pieces of butter, and pour over with a little milk, put in the oven and bake a light brown.

SPICED APPLES.—Eight pounds of apples pared and quartered, four pounds sugar, one quart vinegar, one stick cinnamon, one ounce cloves. Boil the sugar, vinegar and spices together; put in the apples and boil for about twenty minutes, but not the syrup until thick, and pour over the fruit.

ONE CRUST APPLE PIE.—Large pie dish with pastry, then fill your apples, fill your pie dish with them, sweeten with sugar, and bake until tender; take out of the oven, the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten with one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, spread it over the place again in the oven, and bake lightly.

A CHEAP APPLE PUDDING.—Set two deep earthen dishes, fill one with tart apples cut fine, and half a pound water, or less. Cover the apples with tender crust, then turn the apples over it, and cook fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven. Do not take the cover until the moment of serving is to be eaten, and have ready the right time. Serve with warm sugar or other sauce.

APPLE BREAD.—A very light and tasty and pleasant bread is made by the mixture of apples and flour in the proportion of one cup of apple pulp to two-thirds flour, and a small quantity of yeast is beaten in the flour and the warm pulp of apples, salt and a little sugar may be added before putting in the flour, it requires longer time to rise than ordinary bread, and should be baked fresh.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Peel six large tart apples for sauce, while hot put a piece of butter the size of an egg, when cold, add a cup of fine crumbs, the yolks of three eggs, beaten, a cup of sweet milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg and sugar to taste. Bake in a large plate with an iron crust and rim. When done, take the whites of three eggs, half a large cup of white sugar, and a few drops of extract of lemon, beat to a stiff froth, pour over, put quickly into the oven and brown slightly.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.—To one cup of sifted flour, add two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one of soda, a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pound of butter, sweet milk enough to make it. Have the dough rather stiff and bake in a sheet. As soon as done split open the whole cake, spread piece quickly with butter, cover with well sweetened apple sauce, put on some thick sweet cream, grate nutmeg, place the other half of the crust side down, spread with the cover with apple sauce, cream and nutmeg.

APPLES PRESERVED LIKE ORANGES.—Peel and cut in quarters six pounds apples, six pounds sugar, one pound rice ginger; pack the apples in a jar, a layer of apples, then sugar and ginger, until all are put in, next bruise an ounce of ginger, and put it in half a pint of boiling water, and cover; next day put the apples, sugar and ginger with the water in the bruised ginger in a preserve jar, and boil it for an hour, or until the apples look clear and the syrup is adding some lemon peel, cut very just before done.

APPLE MARANGE.—Nine large peels and prepared the same as above, three table-spoons sugar, one ounce tight in a saucepan; when done strain through a colander, beat the yolk of four eggs, mix with the rind of two lemons, put it in the pudding-dish and cover it with the beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoon of sugar and juice of one lemon. Bake the whole in the oven until the mango is slightly browned.

Household Hints.

Toothache of the most excruciating sort may be relieved by alum, well pulverized, mixed in equal amount and applied to the hollow tooth with a plug of cotton.

Mascaroni in the Italian Style.—Take three pounds of beef suet, and put one pound of mascaroni, and boil fifteen minutes, with salt; then take up the mascaroni, which should have absorbed much of the liquid—and put it on a platter, and sprinkle grated cheese over it, and pour over all, plenty of a sauce made of tomatoes, well strained, and seasoned with salt and pepper.

A Cheap Fumigator.—The following will be found to be a cheap and efficient fumigator for sick rooms, and being a healthful, agreeable and penetrating disinfectant odor, it is useful in apartments, or wherever the air is impure. Pour common white powdered chalk until overflowing into a shallow leaf the whole to a fine powder, leave the whole to settle, pour off the liquid. Dry the solid and place it in a hollow earthen glass dish, and pour upon it stilling acid until white fumes commence rising. The vapor quickly spreads very agreeably pungent, and acts as a powerful purifier of vitiated air.