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MRS. GARFIELD AT HOME.

A Fen-Portrait of the Encoming Lady

(Letter to the Detroit Evening Nows,) "Is if Garfield's house you want to find? said a good-natured official at the depot, "Just go up this road till you strike the main road, turn to your right and you'll pass a yellow building; that's the post office. Then you come to a house painted green, and the next one's a kind of pink, and that's Garfield's!"

With a confused idea of the principles of high art governing house-painting in Men-tor, the inquirer formed himself into a pro-cession of one and started up the barren country road, enlivened only by thoughts of those valiant frands of pilgrims who had formerly traversed that via sucra. Again, by the aid f a pictorial imagination, he saw the air ilminated by the reseate neses of the first and of stalwarts, and again heard the rustle of the petticents in the last mad assault of the Amazons upon the Garfield citadel.

He reached the place and gazed, as might a tourist upon Waterloo, over the historic or-chard and pumpkin fields, lying peacefully now under their snowy covering, and giving no signs of the recent scenes of devastation. Crossing the wide veranda, the solitary pilgrim rang the bell, and was ushered by a wonderfully patient-looking coloued man-servant into the reception room, although that is quite too formal a name to give a room nbining such an air of comfort with its elegance : it is the emanation of an artist and a fireside genius in one, and you are not surprised to learn later that the mistress of the mansion is an artist of considerable skill. A royal grate fire burns brightly at one end of the room, over which is a Queed Anne man-tel, with cabinet photographs of Garfield and Arthur, painted candles and numerous articles of bric-a-brac. At the opposite end of the apartment stands a fine upright piano, adorn-ed with photographs of Hancock, Marshall Jeweil and Ole Bull. Over this is a French ture in bright water colors, on one side of thich hangs a copy of Meissonier's Napoleon, on the other a little landscape painted and given her, Mrs. Garfield relates, by her old drawing teacher, of whom she tells some in-

resting reminiscences. She was an English lady and went South," Mrs. Garfield said, "before the war and became a strong secessionist, but when I saw her last she had reconsidered the question and concluded the North was in the

The quiet tinted walls of the reception room are further adorned with large portraits of the General and his mother, one of Alex-ander Campbell, the founder of the faith which Garfield indorses, and a number of other pieces, among them a copy of Miss Ransom's "Hagar and her Son," me see if I can remember the name," Mrs. Garfield said, turning the picture and spellback. "Miss Ransom put the card there so that I shouldn't forget the name, because he was not one of the best-known painters."

and owners of horses, planters, me-"And this," pointing to a little gilt frame chanics, merchants and professional men everywhere, unite in saying, that In this interest in her pictures and their ments, Oils, Extracts and Embroca-

histories Mrs. Garfield showed constantly the artistic element in her nature, as well as in a A small-figured dark carpet covered the floor, a Smyrna rug lay before the fire, in the glow of which sat the famous grandmother, a

air and cap and her knitting work, a fitting anybody's pencil. There were easy-chairs ad lounges, speaking of solid comfort, and a gay-colored copy of Chie, a life of the President-elect, and "Bits of Talk," by H. H., being among them. And there were also upon that table-yes, actually, dear prim housekeepers—the well-known slouch hat of the General, and a roll of red flannel, with a himble beside it.

Everywhere-in every nook and cornerthere are books. A case in the parlor contains editions of Waverly and Dickens, French history in the original, old English poets and dramatists richly bound in black and gold, and a choice collection of miscellaneous works; in the little hallway leading to the dining-room are books, and in the diningroom itself more books. The last is a cheery room with its handsome tiled mantel, open fire, pictores and shining silver. There is everywhere evidence of the dainty house-

The pilgrim wandered out through the back egions of the house where the tin wash-basin and milk cans, which were really seen, would no doubt be deemed objects of sacred interest to the enthusiastic adorer, and crossed over to the detached office, whose walls are lined with ponderous volumes, and where ousy clerks and a peculiar hum of the wires ives one some idea of the work done there. A peculiarity of the telegraph wires running nto Gen. Garfield's office is that the sound of Cleveland's oburch bells is conveyed distincty over them, thirty miles.

deture. The two youngest scions of the couse and the great Newfoundland dog, all ree in a state of frantic delight, were chasng a coon which had been sent the General by train that morning, a sample of the odd ad incongruous quality of the presents which are showered upon the family. Returning to the parior the visitor found Mrs. Garfield ated before the fire, and received her pleasant and cordial consent to the sketching of her home for the benefit of the public, who have a natural and loyal interest in it. To those who would wish to see a brilliant sofield will perhaps be a disappointment; but those who have been led to think of her as a stiring, mere domestic woman, inadequate to the position, will also be disappointed. She is a lady of admirable self-pose, dignity and thorough culture, reserved, yet affable, and with the distinguishing trait of genuineness. There is not a trace of affectation about her. A Mentor gentleman remarked, "There isu't a family in town apparently so

When asked if she dreaded the coming r ponsibilities (so much has been said of her retiring nature), she said slowly, with her rown eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire: "Yes, in many ways; but it has always been my experience, so far, that one grows fitted for responsibility as it comes. My greatest fear is that the time will slip by, and when it gret for the many things that ought to have

With such a spirit it will be safe to trust the woman influence in the next Administra-tion. That it is going to be an influence that will be felt, no one who is acquainted with Mrs. Garfield can doubt. Neither is it doubt-ed that her career in the White House will compare favorably with that of any of

immediate predecessors. Her dignity is such as will prevent her from falling into the errors which made Mrs. Lincoln's reign so dis-

igured with felly. Her good sense, good taste and patriotism will keep her from Mrs. Grant's mistake of using her position to foist all her pauper relatives upon the Government. And it is safe to predict alse will have breadth of mind enough o avoid the errors which, with the best of intentions on her part, have arisen from Mrs. Hayes's somewhat limited ideas. When Mrs. Hayes stated, as has been alleged, that she was not aware of doing anything peculiar—that she merely kept her own opinions and style of housekeeping and transferred them to the White House—she stated what was literally true; but in so saying she admitted her incapacity to meet, in the wider sphere,

the enlarged requirements of the situation. Mrs. Garfield, though a woman of equally strong opinions, will not carry her personal prejudices over the boundary line of courtesy, nor will she oppose the appointment of a man, fitted by statesmanship and patriotism to con-serve in official position the best interests of the country, because he doesn't belong to her church. Replying to a remark about her reluctance to newspaper publicity, Mrs. Gar-field said: "I have seen so much that was trashy, untrue and unjust published of Washington people in prominent positions that I have become rather disgusted. Besides, my life has been utterly uneventful. There is really nothing to write of it."

Her youth was spent quietly at Hiram, and there were struggles connected with it, in obtaining her education, which have doubtless aided in developing her self-reliant spirit Since marriage her life has been devoted to her family, but she has always given up a great deal of time to the rites of hospitality. "Bless you," said a local gossip, "they

have always been overrun with visitors. Why, Mr. Garfield basn't had a chance to get sequainted, hardly, with people here." The same cracle said: "Mrs. Garfield is wonderfully firm; if she once makes up her mind to a thing nothing can turn her. Now, the General can be coaxed, but they both have splendid family government."
"There isn't a better behaved family of

children anywhere. They are chips of the old block, too-wide awake, independent and full of fun. 'That little Abram,' he continued, 'is a clipper.' The night of the Grant demonstration he was going around shouting 'Hurrah for Weaver,' and when some one tried to stop him he said he'd 'holler for who be wanted to. Mollie is a nice girl. She's got her father's way of making herself popular. Everybody likes her. Oh, there's no nonsense about any of them. The General drives his own horse to church and takes care of it himself, and they are the most modest looking folks that come into the meeting

The gossip continued his anecdotes (wher the average Mentorian gets wound up on the Garfield subject—he talks) until the whistle of the loc otives cut him short, and the pilgrim boarded the train, with a good-bye for Mentor, and an uncommonly pleasant picture tucked away in his memory of decorated with pansies, "was sent to the Gen-eral by a little Vermont girl, her own work, the White House. The latter picture is in personnel a slender, graceful lady, with a transparently clear complexion, delicate fea-tures and clear, penetrating brown eyes; braid at the back, and frizzed quite in conventional style in front. A dark blue dress, simple lace tie and little or no jewelry completed the lady's home appearance.

A gentleman well acquainted with the fam maint little figure, making, with her snowy ily remarked, "Mrs. Galfield looks a little worn now, and no wonder. She has changed adjunct to an "interior" charming enough for a good deal within the last year. When she got the telegram announcing the nomination the tears came into her eyes, and when she ittle centre-table piled up carelessly with all | was asked if she was not glad and proud to kinds of books, school books, story books, a hear it, she said, 'Oh, yes; but it is a terrible responsibility to come to him and to me; but I tell you she has put her shoulder to the wheel bravely so far, and she will continue

### Luminous Paint.

According to the London Building News, imminous paint is getting into quite extensive use in England. Mention is made of offices coated with the paint which gives great satiscoated with the paint which gives great satis-faction to the occupants. The effect is that of a subdued light, every object in the room being clearly visible, so that in a room so treated one could enter without a light, and find any desired article. The lominous paint is excited by the ordinary daylight, and its effect is said to continue for about thirteen hours, so that it is well adapted for painting bedroom cellings, passages that are dark at night, and other places where lamps are ob-jectionable or considered necessary. For paint will serve as a guide, and costs but a trifle. For outdoor purposes the oil paint is used, but for ceilings and walls the luminous paint, mixed with water and special size, can be used the same as ordinary whitewash, and presents a similar appearance in the daylight. By the recent discovery that it can be applied as ordinary whitewash considerably expands By the recent discovery that it can be applied as ordinary whitewash considerably expands the field of its usefulness. Sheets of glass coated with the paint are in use in some of the vessels of the navy, at the Waltham Powder Factory, at Young's parsiline works, and in the siprit vaults of several London docks; and now that, by increased production and the use of water as the medium, its cost is reduced by one half, it will probably be extensively used for painting walls and ceilings. The ordinary form of oil paint has already been applied in many ways, to statues and busts, to toys, to clock faces, to name plates and numbers on house doors and to notice mosphere. Several experimental carriages are now running on different railways, the paint being used instead of lamps which are necessary all day on account of the line passing through occasional tunnels.

of the saddest scenes of New York life is that which comes to the man who, in this cold which comes to the man who, in this cold weather, takes an early morning walk before the bright sun touches the spires. Then it is that the hungry, barehanded, thin clad, worthy poor, who go out to work or to seek work, may be seen hurrying forth from cheerless homes and frugal breakfasts; the travsling tinker, with cold red hands, carrying his irons and shaffling along the slippery street in old shoes without steckings; the poor laundress, pale from the night's ironing, and showing by her pinehad face that if she does not get immediate pay for the great basketful of clothes she may go without breakfast, and the poor newsboy, with shortened sleeves and pantaloous, calling his papers and occasionally breathing on his bent fingers as he jumps up and down to induce a little warmth. No beggars appear at this time. It is the No beggars appear at this time. It is the hour of the worthy poor.—New York Herald.

Somebody says that a fashionable Boston banquet consists of two beans stuck on a hair-pin, readings by Emerson and talks by Alcott.

A little girl whose father was a merchant tailor said to her mother: "Mother, I can always tell when pa makes a misfit, because he always gives you and me fits when he gets A little girl of twelve years, the daughter of a clergyman, was saked, "Sadle, does your pape ever preach the same sermon twice?" After thinking a moment Sadie replied, "Yes, I think he does, but I think he hollers in dif-ferent places."

## Till in death's roll-call stern he hears his name, Till in death's roll-call etern be hear his name, In turn he inklows, and te lost to stglit; Though conforted by love and crowned by fame, He hears the summous dread to man may slight. Hweetly and clear above his quiet grave. The birds shall sing, numindful of his dust; Softly, in turn, the long green grass shall wave. Over his fallen head. In turn he must Rubmit to be forgotten like the rest, Though high the heart that heat within his brus

The cose falls, and the music's sound is gone;

Dear voices ceare, and clasp of toving hands;

Alone we stand when the brief day is done,

sanding with saideted eyes earth's darker

lands.

Worthless as is the lightest fallen leaf

We seem; ret constant as the night's first star

Kindles our deathless hope, and from our grief

Is born the trust no minery can mae,

That love shall lift us all despair above,

Shall camper death—yes, love, and city lived!

—Urin Thurster, in N. Y. Independent

ONE VALENTINE, AND ANOTHER. "If I could go:" sighed Mrs. Eccleston, her pretty pink cheek resting on her dimpled hand, and the long dark lashes of her lustrous eyes resting on the velvet check. "It's such a shame," she murmured, meconscious that she was taking aloud, "to be pretty and bright, and know how to do things, and talk French, and sing like a prima donna, and to be Aere, and never to have a chance!" She turned in sudden alarm to see her has band standing in the middle of the room. "Oh, well," she said, recovering herself with

In Death's Despite.

a laugh, "then you know what a fool I am. But I never meant you should."
"And I never dreamed of it before. I thought you had a soul above buttons," he

thought you had a soul above buttons, he said, gayly. "Why, if you want to go to these things, Helen, go you shall."
"Well, no, Will, I don't exactly want to go. Only seeing them all off last night in their splendor put me in mind of it, and I must say I should like to see the scenes, and I should like to say I'd been, when we go back to Lofton. Mrs. M'Blair is always so overrowring and such an authority with overpowering, and such an authority, with the relics of her life in Washington, and the receptions and the officials and all that."
"Relics, indeed! But you haven't any 'splendor,' you know, except your eyes and your color and—"

"Oh, nonsense, now, Will! That's just because you heard me saying I was pretty. Well," said Mrs. Eccleston, standing before the glass and beginning to braid her hair, "I om pretty and I can't help seeing it, can I? And it's no vanity—I associate with the neighbors just the same." And then she laughed her delightful laugh that showed all the pearly teeth aglitter, and her husband rowed in his soul that she should go wherever she wished, if it cost a farm! "A ball at the Embassy!" said Mrs. Eccleston. "Mrs. M'Biair never compassed that with all her

relics."
"And you shall," said her husband.
"Oh, there now, indeed, I'm not serious.
I haven't the faintest desire for it. One can build castles without overt sin; but to go into those castles, in our condition, would be a seal sin."

real sin."

If any thing annoyed Mr. Eccleston it was when spoken to with such phrase as "in our condition," although his wife was quite ignorant of the fact. He was somewhat ambitious, and one form of his ambition was to make a good appearance in the world, and it vexed him, when the thought was brought home, to think that others could do more for their wives than he could do for his, while he knew the years were passing and her beauty would soon be dim. He was the chief clerk of a manufacturing house, to which he took a railway ride of twenty miles every morning; and hitherto the aim of his life had been to secure to his wife, in case of accident to himself, the little place where he lived, with its pretty lawns and gardens, piarzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under to himself, the little place where he lived, with its pretty lawns and gardens, piarzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under to himself, the little place where he lived with its pretty lawns and gardens, piarzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under to himself, the little place where he lived with its pretty lawns and gardens, piarzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under to himself, the little place where he lived with its pretty lawns and gardens, piarzas and bay-windows, and which was yet under to himself. The baband in a raptore. "All you want how is diamonds."

"I wouldn't give a straw for diamonds. Tell me truly, Will, don't you feel that this to be may diamonds."

"Extravagance! I'd give ten times the gow of seving you in it." And in his old dress-coat, that was yet in very good style, although thad never been worn since his wedding day. Mr. Eccleston escort ed his wife to Mrs. De Berrian's carriage: and excited to yet more brilliant light and in his old dress-coat, that was yet in very good style, although thad never been worn since his wedding day. Mr. Eccleston escort ed his wife to Mrs. De Berrian's carriage: and excited to yet more brilliant light and in his old dress-coat, that was yet in very good style, although the and bay-windows, and which was yet under mortgage liable to foreclosure at the holder's will. He had come to Washiogton lately with a large claim of his firm on the Treasury—a claim concerning which he knew more than they did themselves, and of which, if he won it, he was to have a handsome percentage that would just about pay off his heart-eating mortgage, and of course he entered into the business with all his powers. The firm, feel-ing his long faithfulness deserved some re-ward, had told him to take his wife and to stay at the best hotel at their expense, and ward, had told him to take his wife and to stay at the best hotel at their expense, and he had done so; and the upshot of it all was that day after day was dragging by, and it was impossible to get a decision from the treasury, and his wife's head was getting so

treasury, and his wife's head was getting so turned by the fineries and gayeties about her that she was fairly giddy.

Sometimes Mrs. Eccleston really wished she had not come to Washington, the affairs of the toilette gave her such worriment. Her navy blue cashiners that at home would have answered for best all winter, here, she found, was equal only to the simplest sort of morning gown, and she had been obliged to wear at dinner her one black slik that had already been "made over," and that was as fine an ovening dress as any body needed at Lofton, till her heart sank within her to see that it began to show symptoms of "shinyness." and as for any thing more elaborate, that was quite out of the question, she felt, for her heart was set upon paying off that mortgage and getting a Brussels carpet in the parlor as much as her hushand's was.

Yet she would have been made of sterner stuff than most charming young women are if, when she saw Mrs. Van Troil in the waiting room, while her carriage was coming turned by the fineries and gayeties about her

ing-room, while her carriage was coming round to take her to the Becretary's, adjusting her cloak and letting out just one glimpse of the vert deau sits covered with point-lace and glistening with diamonds, like some lovely sun-smitten cobweb strung with dew; or the last tride sweeping up her billows of tulle and half drowning the young groom un-der the feam of them as the carriage door ammed; or the old Spanish countess, who ad apartments by herself in the hotel, drop-ing her ermine mantle as she hurried across se vestibule, till any one might see the marvel of "make-up" that she was in her white satin and her smeralds the size of hazel-nuts, and her rouge that counterfeited the very bloom of youth—she would have been more than human, we say, if the repeating vision of all these damsels and downgers had not stirred a little envy in her soul, and made her wish, like Cinderella, for a share of all these pleasures and a sight of all these scenes in that gay world to which such tollettes were the every-day affair. hat gay world to which some conserved the every-day affair.

At first it had been a novelty to Mrs. Eclesion to observe the ladies in the drawing-oun of the hotel after dinner, and to admire heir dresses, to which her own was mere

room of the hotel after dinner, and to admire their dresses, to which her own was mere shadow, and at a later hour it was like sharing in the dissipation to see the superb apparitions in the one moment ere they gathered up their bright trains and fied into night and darkness; then at last it seemed a cruel injustice on the part of fate that kept herlike the peri at the gate, outside this paradise. And when a good old dowager in the hotel, who had taken a fancy to the sparking little body, and had been quite carried away with her singing, had taken her out calling with her one day in her curriage, had asked her to receive some calls with herself, and had finally offered to procure cards for her and her husband to the ball at this Embasy about which every one was raving, the pretty ovacture had had a struggle with herself, not to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wear—but to feel willing to resign it.

"I don't know about 'our condition,'" said her husband, in rather nettled reply to her last remark. "We are certainly gutting along very well, and one man has as many rights as another in this country; and I dara say if you were in the thick of this society, and meeting these blanked Treasury tyrants, it might materially hasten matters. I've no

#### they'd harry up a bit if they met us some-Miscellany. "And had an idea we were somebody."

"Well, what do you think?"
"I hardly——I'm sure it would be delight—
But—" Whither departs the perfuse of the rose?
Into what life dies made's golden sound?
For after year earth's long procession goes
To hide itself, beneath the senseless ground,
groun the grave's thereoable brink,
Amazed with loss, the human creature stands;
Yainly be strives to reason or to think,
Laft with his acting beart and empty hands,
Re seeks his lost in vain. There comes no sound
Darkness and ellence all his sense confound. "No 'buts' about it. I'll settle this thing. You can have a dress made in a couple of days? Who's the crack dress-maker?"
"Madame Des Chenes," she said, hesitat-

her husband was already gone.

A couple of hours afterward a young wo-

kindness about the cards, it was with no elation; she felt a little as the day wore on as
though it were only a nightmare, and half
wished it were. True to the promise, however, at the appointed hour the young woman
and the robe appeared, and at sight of it
doubts vanished. It was indeed faultless—
the most delicate shade of rose, with puffings
of liase above finger-deep ruffles of Valencienness, and with long garlands of tiny white
Scotch roses. Mrs. Eccleston was not slow
to confess to herself that she had never seen
any thing lovelier than she looked when she
stood before the glass, the last fold laid in
place, the last rose leaf picked out, like a
blushing and just opening rose herself, the to confess to herself that she had never seen any thing lovelier than she looked when she stood before the glass, the last fold laid in place, the last rose leaf picked out, like a blushing and just opening rose herself, the fair hair waving off the white forehead and massed low behind, the jewel-like eyes with their darkly penelled brows, the transparent sweetness of the smile, the whole radiant grace and color set off by the radiant dress. "Helen of Troy looked just like you!" said her husband in a rapture. "All you want now is diamonds."

"I wouldn't give a straw for diamonds. "I wouldn't give a straw for diamonds."

"Extravagance!" "Starrayagance!" "Cattravagance! I'd give ten times the price for the sake of seeing you in it." And in his old dress-coal, that was yet in very good style, although it had never been worm since his wedding day, Mr. Eccleston escorted his wife to Mrs. De Berrian's carriage; and excited to yet more brilliant light and left before the glass. The last thin the stood before the glass, the last rose leaf picked out, like a blis wife a the lace was real."

"Forgive you? You dear little fool, you know hetter. I ought to have known that clerks are not millionaires, and when the frog tries to swell to have known that did it with my own carsed folly. I that did it with my own carsed folly. I that did it with my own carsed folly. I that did it with my own carsed folly. I that did it with my own carsed folly. I don't blame you, myself. I don't blame you, my darling, one particle."

"Ob, but I do my very best to make it up, you dear, kind, patient boy."

"Nonsense! Till find some other way than that. But, Helen, do you know, in spite of the dismay, there was a little relief about this?"

and the idea of going out at an hour when she had always gone to bed, she made a triumphal entry at the Embassy.

Triumphant is no more than a fit word for it. Eyes no sooner saw pretty Mrs. Eedstoon than hearts flew out to her. Aimost before she knew it she was led from Mrs. DeBerrian's side by a statesman who had always boomed up in her imagination like a demi-god; then she was waltring with a famous general; was taking ices with a titled foreigner, and taking to him in his native tongue; was promenading with another; was going down to supper with a third; and Mr. Eccleston had no opportuity to exchange another word with his wife till he took her back to the carriage. He was content, however, that night with watching her and watching the brilliant scene, the rooms em—

"Yes. Don't be vexed. For one moment, just one moment, I thought your valentines were from the young attache."

"It isn't possible. Oh, Will, I wish I'd never come. How could you?—bh, how could you?—bh, how could you?—bh, how could you?—bh pad wor lithink your letter was all wrong—was another valentine?"

"Mine? By George! I had forgotten I had a letter;" and he tore open the long official envelope with trembling fingers, to learn that the claim had been allowed, and the money avaited his disposition. "And my percentage is just twelve hundred dollars," had a letter; and he tore open the long official envelope with trembling fingers, to learn that the claim had been allowed, and the money avaited his disposition. "And now—"" "And now—" "And now—" ""And now—" ""Well, well, that's better than it might watching the brilliant scene, the rooms em-bowered in excites, the superb paintings in one, the china and bronzes in another, the magnificence of the throngs surging up and

magnificence of the throngs surging up and down the palatial stairways—all in a vague consciousness that this was at last the life to which they naturally belonged. He enjoyed it, on the whole, as much as she did, and with her the night had gone like a dream. "Well, my dear," said Mrs. De Berrian, "you are the fashion."

It was quite true; Mrs. Eccleston was the fashion. Cards, countless as the flakes of a snow-storm, were showered upon her; this and that member's wife was eager to have her company in calling; she received with a cabinet lady; she sang at musicales; she danced every where—for ten days. By that time the black silk was no longer fit for calling, nor, with all the constantly renewed garniture of fresh tea-roses and violets sent by her various admirers, weald it do for any more oratiness dansentes, and it was sent to the dressmaker's to be furbished and made the dressmaker's to be furbished and made passable once more. Meanwhile the business of the Treasury was not yet concluded, although the decision might come on any day. Launched on the full flood of society, she could hardly withdraw and still remain in town; and unless she wanted the pink to beome a uniform, it was necessary to have ancome a uniform, it was necessary to have another dress. Indeed, it was necessary anyway, as Mr. Eccleston had found it hard work to keep his hands off a gay young attache who had spilled claret punch in a broad purple splash and streak all down the front of it. And then Lent coming presently, she explained, in the fashionable parlance that she had learned, there would be but little more of the season at furthest—it was Ash. Wednesday, one week from St. Valen. Ash-Wednesday, one week from St. Valen-tine's-day—Will's birthday. She had provi-dently tucked her old wedding gown into the bottom of the trunk, on leaving, with a dim idea of possibly turning it to account. She took it to Madame Des Chenes. Once it had been white satin; the modiste thought it might pass for an ivory tint in the evening, and with train and shoulders of brocade in white and gold—
'Oh dear, no, indeed!" said Mrs. Eccle-ston, not quite so much afraid of the deity as at first. ''It must be just as cheap as it can

Black velvet, then, would-" "Damasso," said Mrs. Eccleston, emphat-cally, "is good enough. Damasso and black ace and blood-red roses." And then, at

Madame Des Chenée's permasion, she took a ready-made princess slip of black tulic and velvet stripes to wear over an ancient silk under-petiteost that she had forgotten she had till spurred to invention, congratulating herself meanwhile on the real economy that got so elegant and severe a tollette from so little.

awing with her one day in her carriage, had asked her to receive some calls with herself, and had faully offered to procure cards for her and her husband to the ball at this Embassy about which every one was raving, the pretty creature had had a struggle with herself, not to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wearsh be to recign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wearsh be to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wearsh be to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wearsh be to resign the pleasure—that was inevitable because she had nothing to wearsh be to resign the pleasure—that was into feel willing to resign it.

"I dov't know about 'our condition,' said her beauthy she was not our condition,' said her busband, in rather nettled reply to her last remark. "We are certainly getting along a very well, and one man has as many rights as another in this country; and I dare say in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing very well, and one man has as many rights as another in this country; and I dare say in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing very well, and one man has as many rights as another in this country; and I dare say in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing or title country in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing or title country in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing or title country. The plains are the plains and rubbing up his dancing or title country in the plains, and rubbing up his dancing or title country in the country is not to free with the beauty-sheep, and there a timp true poly was a merry Christman in the country is not to free with the beauty-sheep, and the rubbing or title country is not to free with the society of the Arctic regions the most process it that high that the rubbing of the very provided with the meterior of the high rubbing up his dancing. They were at the very provided with the meterior of solutions and rubbing up his dancing. They were at the very provided

know at all, when, in the midst of the little feast, the colored lad brought up the mail. "I declare, it's St. Valentine's Day!" said she. "I wonder if I've any letters?" she. "I wonder if I've my letters?"

Mr. Ecclesion glanced up a moment with
the mail in his hand as the door closed. Ther

he handed his wife some letters with local

stamps on them.
"Valentines!" she said gayly, breaking the

ingly.

"Very well. I'll have her send up some all at once he remembered to have heard that silks for you to look at."

"I-don't know," said his wife, again pausing, brosh in hand, over the long and luxuriant hair that he admired so much. But her husband was already gone.

Mr. Eccleston was not a jesious man; our all at once he remembered to have heard that gay life was demoralizing, and a vivid sort of nating remembrance darted over him of hating remembrance darted over him of that gay young attache who spilled the punch. In the next instant his unspoken fear started out into doubt, and doubt became black certainty as with a wild, half-smoothered cry. tainty, as, with a wild, half-smothered cry, the letters whirled from his wife's hand, and she fainted. He had sprung round and caught his wife on one arm before she fell, but with the other hand he had caught those

inxeriant hair that be admired so much. But her husband was afready gone.

A couple of hours afterward a young woman from Madame Des Chende's entered with a box of silks. The gas was lit, the shutters were closed, and piece after piece was gathered into dextecous folds by the cuming and accustomed fingers and held up to the glare of the chandelier for her to admire. She was not a very courageous little body, Mrs. Eccleston, and did not know how to send the girl away and take none of hear of the depths of a guilty soul that also that he had on the had caught those felt in the depths of a guilty soul that also the had not have a fresh combination a sense of impending disaster filled her with depression. She found horself unable to choose; the young woman held up a fresh combination a sense of impending disaster filled her with depression. She found horself unable to choose; the young woman held up a fresh combination a sense of impending disaster filled her with depression. She found horself unable to choose; the young woman hound her difficult to please.

"What if madame allowed me to make choice for her?" said the danusel at last, in despair of suiting her otherwise.

"Mad you will send it home to-morrow evening?" said Mrs. Eccleston, with relief, as if shifting the responsibility at last.

"Madams shall have the robe, gloves, sippers, laces, flowers, at nine o'clock to morrow evening."

"Yer, well, then," said Mrs. Eccleston, desperately; and the measures being taken, box and danued disappeared.

"And you will send it home to-morrow evening."

"Yer, well, then," said Mrs. Eccleston, desperately; and the measures being taken, box and danued disappeared.

"And you will send in the promise, however, at the appointed hour the young woman and the robe appeared, and at sight of it doubts variable. It has a not have it. Perhaps it's the only chance I'll have in all my life, and I don't suppose one gown will either make or break us."

Yet, for all that, she was very ill at ease; and shout he early ill have in all my l

"And you'd make it so much easier by leaving me all alone to bear it!" he cried. And with the words she tumbled over on the floor again.

"Oh, Will," she cried, with her arms about

in spite of the dismay, there was a little re-

"Relief!"
"Yes. Don't be vexed. For one moment

he said.

"It would have paid off our mortgage,"
came the answer, through a flood of tears.
"And now—"

"Well, well, that's better than it might

have been, by a good deal. We've got such other at any rate. And we haven't lost the other as any rate. And we haven't lost the house, as we might have done. We're as well off now as we were before, and have twelve hundred dollars' worth of experience to boot," said the tender husband.

One hour from that time, trunk packed and bills paid, they shook the dust of Washington off their feet and sought the snows of Lotton. And that is how the beautiful Mrs. Eccleston a year or two since disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously from society.—

Harper's Basur.

Arctic Explorations for 1882. Preparations are being made by nearly all the countries of Europe and by America for a regular Arctic siege, to begin in 1852; the a regular Arctic siege, to begin in 1882; the days of Arctic campaigns are past. We have reached the precincts of the citadel itself, and now the sappers and miners must begin their slow but sure work, to be capped at the proper time by a grand assault. Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, the United States, and we believe Canada are all to take part in this great work by establishing observing stations at suitable points all round the Polar area; while Italy is to send out next year a scientifically equipped expedition to the Antarctic region, our knowledge of which is meagre and uncertain. This last will really be an observing as well as an exploring expedition, preparatory to the estabploring expedition, preparatory to the estab-lishment of an Antarctic station. Should on lishment of an Antarctic station. Should our Geographical Society take any steps in the direction of Arctic work, we trust it will not be to encourage the foolish venture for which the country has been canvassed for subscriptions for years. We hope that society will see that as a scientific body its duty is to encourage I scientific method of work; and if it appeals to Government at all let it be to urge it, for the honor of our country, to join in the concert of both hemispheres for the siege of the Polar citadel. We have already pointed out on several occasions the vast gains pointed out onseveral occasions the vast gains to science that might be expected from the work of a series of Polar observatories estab-lished on the plans so ably sketched by Lieut. Weyprecht. As Dr. Neumayer said in the address alluded to, men of science do not de-mand practical or so-called utilitarian reasons mand practical or so-called utilitarian reasons before giving their aithesion to any new work; it is enough if it can be shown that such work will conduce to the advancement of knowledge. And that Weyprecht's scheme of Polar observatories, of which so many Governments approve, will lead to vast addi-tions being made to scientific knowledge no man of science needs to be told. In meteo-rology, terrestrial magnetism, biology, gool-ogy, and glacial physics, the gains would be immense: and the history of science has taught us over and over again that the surest path to practical and beneficent results is

ploration in whatever direction and by whatever means the results of continued observation may indicate—as far as the pole itself, if need be. Unless we are blind to the teachings of science and the lessons of our last expensive expedition, it is clear that this is the only sure method of reaching the Pole, if it be thought absolutely necessary for the credit of England that she should be the first to get at a point which it will take considerable trouble to spot. If our Government be well advised, we are sure they will never give the public funds either for any great national expedition modeled on the lines of the past, nor to any private chimera, got up for the glory of one man and the gratification of balloonists. We do not see how, without national discredit, England can keep aloof from an international scheme the scientific and practical results of which will be of world-wide importance; and it is the duty of the Geographical Society to lend all the weight of its influence to induce the English Government to take up its share in the new and only effectual method of Polar exploration.—Nature.

#### An Evil to Let Alone,

An Evil to Let Alone.

A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. Most of them had, according to report, begun the injections in order to relieve themselves from pain caused by neuralgia, rheumatism, or some other distressing disorder. The effect was so pleasant—so delicious, indeed—that they were gradually seduced into such use of morphine when they had no need of it, and, soon yielding completely to the habit, were destroyed by it. Physicians say that this has grown to be far from uncommon among persons of wealth and position, particularly among women, who, after having tried it awhile, have not had the strength to relinquish the delightful anodyne. Nor is it by any means confined to New York. The evil has spread all over the land, though it is naturally most prevalent in the large cities. It is said to have grown alarmingly during the last five or six years, and many persons who would never be suspected of the habit are its irredeemable victims. It has largely usurped the place, with certain classes, of the old custom of taking morphine, laudanum, and other preparations of opium, into the stomach. The popular notion is that it is not so harmful, but there is very little difference, and the injections are thought to be more dangerous because they are more insidious. They can be self-administered without the least trouble, and are so administered in nearly all cases where serious mischief is done. The effect of the morphine under the akin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious lauguor steals over the frame, the as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped as in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have found it hard to resist its allurements, and have not been able to surrencerits beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstances, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the fines type have been wrecked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and so it is, properly regulated; but, like so many blessings, it may readily be converted into a curse.—N. Y. Times.

### The World as I Find It.

They say the world's a weary place, Where tears are never dried, Where pleasures pass like breath on glass, And only wose shide. It may be so—I cannot know— Yet this I dare to say: My jot has been more glid than sad, And so it has to-day.

They say that love's a cruel jest;
They fell of women's wiles—
That pelson dips in pouting lips
And death in displed smiles.
It may be so—I cannot know—
Yet sure of this I am;
One heart is found above the ground
Whose love is not a sham.

They say that life's a bitter curse— That hearts are made to ache, That jest and song are gravely wrong And health a vast mistake. It may be so—I cannot know.— But let them talk their fill: I like my life and love my wife, And mean to do so still.—Gi

"John V. Beck: Fix my quartz peg welds," ontains every letter in the alphabet.

Land belonging to the Arabs is not neces Firemen, as well as other people, like to talk of their old fiames.

No lady of refinement will use her husband's neerchaum pipe to drive nails in the wall. A young girl who is in love is not necessa-rily a mathematician, but is nearly always a sigh for her. The man who gave away all his money had too much action of the heart," as the doc-

The plumber is the one friend who stick-the closer than a brother, and he sticketh you a good deal more than a real good brother would.

ould.

"A busy retail grocer
Whom we all sure know, sir,
Was asked one day in a friendly way
By a country chap who had come to stay
Till the mails shut down at the close of day,
"What are your gross receipts, sir?"

'He, le! ha, ha! ho, ho! sir,'
Laughed the busy retail grocer,
As he pointed out with langh and shout,
The barrels and bezee ranged about,
'You can plainly see, beyond a doubt,
What are my grocery seats, sir!'

An aged negro the other day, was showing the scars of the wounds inflicted by the lash when he was a slave. "What a picture!" exclaimed a sympathizing looker-on. "Yes," responded the colored brother, "dat's de work ob de old masters."

I saw a cow-hide in the gress A rush-light on the floor; I saw a candle-stick in mud, And a bell-pull on the door I saw a horse-fly in the air, A cow-slip in the lane; I saw a Bull-run in the Bouth, A rope-walk on the plain.

Doctor to nervous patient: "What! You are afraid of being buried before life is extinct? Nonsense! You take what I prescribe, and drive such foolish notions out of your head. Such a thing never happens with my patients."

The Burlington Hawkeye says "the Utilities have content to the patients."

The Burlington Hawkeye says "the Ute Indians buy garters to wear round their necks." We suppose, then, that they buy necklaces to wear—we pause, because we dare not pursue that course of reasoning further.—

"Why, Jennie, you foolish girl, come into the house. What are you out in the snow for without wraps?" Oh, nothing much, ma. You see, Augustus has just called, and here are his footprints in the snow. I'm measuring to get the right size for those slippers, and do you know I don't believe I've got half enough cloth in them."

Two absent-minded savants, seated beside each other at a scientific meeting, wrote down

each other at a scientific meeting, wrote down each other at a scientific meeting, wrote down their ideas at the same moment. One of them stopped to scratch his head with the end of the pen-holder, but in absence of mind scratched the head of his neighbor. That neighbor feeling his head scratched and belleving that he was doing it himself, stop-ned writing.

# J. A. CHURCH, MOULDINGS. Inside Finish & Stair Rails.