

### The Two Lovers.

The love that will soothe decay.  
The love that is sweet to die.  
The love that will soon fly away.  
In the love  
That is told by a sigh.  
The love that is sweet to last,  
The love that a woman's heart needs,  
The love that will be kept last,  
In the love  
That is spoken in deeds.

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Bridget, hand me my handkerchief."  
"Yes, ma'am, the one with the lace border."  
"That's all, Bridget; you needn't wait."  
"Bridget obeyed his order, too, going down the three pairs of stairs to the basement kitchen, and back to her task of polishing the silver."  
"Oh, dear, how forgetful I am! Giving myself the trouble of ringing twice. I think I'll pull it, if they are old-fashioned, are a great deal more convenient than knobs, Cousin Augusta."  
The good-natured face looked in at the bedroom door again, flushed with hurrying up the stairs the fifth time within an hour.  
"O Bridget, my work box; it's in the end room on the sofa. Can you find it? Well, look in Cousin Augusta's room; I had it there yesterday morning."  
There are two long halls and a flight of stairs between the rooms; but Bridget, a young Irish girl, with a slender figure, showing rapid growth, and not much strength to sustain it, hurries away for it is high time the dining-room was in order. The mantel clock warns her the luncheon-table must be ready in three-quarters of an hour.  
"How long Bridget is! I must have left the work-box there, in plain sight; but the Irish are so stupid!" exclaimed the young lady, with increasing impatience.  
"I do not remember seeing it this morning," Mrs. West said, quietly.  
"Bridget!"  
"Yes, ma'am; I'm looking, but I don't find it."  
"Stupid creature!" It's almost one, I declare. I can't have ten minutes to see; but the hour might as well be found. Bridget! And a stamp of the slippered foot emphasized the last call over the banisters.  
"Isn't there, ma'am," said the girl, appearing from below; "I've looked everywhere."  
She could not help thinking Miss Danforth unreasonable; and there was the silver lying on the kitchen-table, and the merchantman, and grocery boy, and dustman, coming and going perhaps. But to have vented her impatience and unreasonableness, as Miss Danforth did, by even an altered tone of voice, would have been considered as impertinence, and perhaps led to dismissal. Yet Irish waiters girls are only human, and have not high breeding to help them control their temper.  
"I declare, Bridget, you don't earn your salt! Look in the blue chamber somewhere, can't you? Don't answer me back again; no impertinence, miss! What if you have looked? Look again; keep looking till you find it."  
No wonder Bridget mutters a threat of giving a warning, as the clock strikes the half hour.  
"Isn't this it on the dressing-table, Bridget?" suggested Mrs. West, looking searchingly around the room herself.  
"Thank you, ma'am; it is, indeed." And a grateful expression came into her large gray eyes. "Miss Ginta towed me the end room."  
"Never mind what I told you. 'Twas your place to hunt for it until it was found somewhere. And don't let me hear any more of your impertinence when I tell you to do anything."  
The scowl came back to the girl's face as she hurried away to her work again.  
"Bridget!—Miss Danforth's head was over the banister now, the call arresting the girl in the lower hall.—"Get Mrs. West's lunch as soon as possible, and bring mine up here. I haven't more than time to dress before Miss Powell comes," she said, looking back, apologetically, to her cousin. "You won't mind juggling alone, will you? I've been so hurried all the morning. Callers seem to put everything back."  
"Oh, no, ma'am, I won't. I was only thinking, Virginia, if you had not almost as much time to go down for your lunch as Bridget has to bring it up."  
"Her time's no consequence," returned the young lady, carelessly. "Did you see how impertinent the creature was? Servants all are nowdays."  
Mrs. West said no more in the defense. While the toilet proceeded, the luncheon was dispatched, and then came a message from Miss Powell, instead of herself and carriage, saying she would not be able to keep her engagement before Friday. Miss Virginia was highly indignant, and vented her annoyance in no measured terms.  
"If there was anything she did hate, it was people who did not keep their engagements! Why couldn't Caroline Powell have discovered she should not get away, and sent her word in time to save her the trouble of dressing and waiting half an hour? Some people did not seem to have the least consideration! And what on earth was she to do with herself in full dress the whole of the afternoon? The sun was too hot to walk; there were three hours to dinner time; she couldn't take a nap, and have the trouble of dressing her hair over twice!"  
Mrs. West, as before, considered silence the wisest opposition. She read away very quietly till her young hostess had laid aside her flounced skirt and rich lace, and settled into something like composure, with the work-box and a strip of calico she was elaborating into a heavy insertion of *broderie Anglaise*. Her own sewing—a set of handkerchiefs for her husband—was then resumed, and the two ladies chatted on indifferent topics very amiably, until Miss Virginia came round to the favorite subject of bad servants.  
"If I had only known what I was undertaking when I persuaded papa to go to house-keeping, I would have bounded to the end of time. New York servants are the laziest, stupidest, most impertinent set you can imagine. You Philadelphia folks have no idea of it. I envied you, I declare; I told papa when I came home that everything in your house went

### on like clockwork. You had a specimen this morning of my troubles."

"I don't see why your servants should be any worse than ours; they are of the same country, and have the same amount of education generally."  
"Why, you keep your servants so long, they get into your way of doing things. Here I've changed our cook three times in five months, and Bridget's the second waiter girl since the first of May. Maria broke everything, and the more I scolded the more careless she was. I did not know then that it was customary to stop all breakage out of their wages; and when Mrs. Hamilton told me so, I found that it could not be done without the agreement was made when the girl was hired. The girl before Maria was only nice about herself. She had superb hair, and it was always dressed as much as mine is for an evening party. She copied me in everything, and I could not stand that. I admire the English fashion of servants wearing calico dresses and caps, don't you?"  
"My servant, generally do dress plainly. No, I can't say I do like caps on young girls; so that their dress is suitable for their work, I don't know that we have any right to interfere with it."  
"Not if your Marianne should undertake to copy you!"  
"I dare say she does in some measure; I have never noticed particularly. All of us naturally copy those we are associated with constantly, if we think their taste and judgment superior to ours."  
"You take things very coolly, Cousin Augusta," Miss Hyde said, passing to pass her needle through an emery cushion, sighing, as she did so, that peculiar sigh that seems to give out the impression of much enduring, long-suffering patience under unavoidable ills.  
"I wish I could. There's Jane; just see what sewing she puts into papa's shirts, and it's as much as I dare do to tell her of it, she flies out so; and the cook, you must have noticed yesterday that there was no bread sauce with the game. Papa would just as lief not have it at all as without. She knows perfectly well. We had her sister last summer, and she was the most wasteful creature you ever did see. I never should have known it; but Aunt Lane paid me a visit, and undertook to set things to rights. She found her lighting her fire with butter one morning to save trouble."  
"Butter!"  
"Yes, she rolled up a cone of paper, and filled it full of good pastry butter to make the wood kindle in a hurry. Oh, that's very common, I've heard since, with lady. Ann carried things a little farther than usual. She had very good ideas. We left her in care of the house when I went to Newport, and Mrs. Cushing, who lived opposite, you know, said she used the paper just as if I'd been at home, and lighted the gas for her company. She must have entertained them well, too, for there wasn't a thing in the store-room when we came home. But that's nothing to the trouble Mrs. Cushing had herself. Why, do you know, her waiter man, and cook, and French nurse, all gave warning in one day. Mademoiselle had her dinner in the nursery when this cook came; and the children were sick. So the cook had the head of the second table, and refused to give it up. John took Marie's part, and wouldn't carve unless she sat opposite to him. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous!"  
"High life below stairs," certainly," said Mrs. West. "Isn't Mrs. Cushing that very fashionable lady who called Thursday, and talked so much about Paris bonnets and gaiters? I think she said she sent out for all her gloves."  
"Yes, that's Mrs. Cushing. She does talk a little too much about 'what I was told.' Paris fashions are her best foreign airs. Maria was most valuable servant; and that's a great deal nowadays. She knew Mrs. Cushing could not replace her. That's another thing; if you get a really good servant, they presume so. There's Bridget, I would not keep her a day, she has such a habit of answering back; but she's tidy, and I hate to see a sloven waiting at table, and moves lightly and quickly; two very good things in a waiter. The Irish are generally so stout and heavy."  
"Bridget is very delicate looking. I don't think she can be very strong," Mrs. West said. "What wages do you give her?"  
"There's another thing about her; she asks such low wages. Why, Maria had six dollars; but Bridget asked only four when she came, and that's all I've given her. I'm afraid every day she'll ask to have her wages raised. Papa allows six yet, and I should have to give it to her. As it is, I can afford two pair of gloves a month out of what I save."  
"How is that?" asked Mrs. West. She could not believe her young relative guilty of so small a saving. Small to her, but how much to a servant, who had nothing but her wages to depend upon!  
"Why, papa allows six dollars, in the house allowance, for a waiter, and as Bridget only asked four."  
"You make two dollars a month out of Bridget!"  
"Yes," said the young lady, piercing an eyelid hole with a gold-headed bodkin; and she did not see Mrs. West's expression, concluding her economy was considered laudable.  
"Is she Protestant or Catholic?" inquired the other, after a moment's silence.  
"Oh, I fancy her religion doesn't trouble her much any way. They have Sunday afternoon once a month; but I fancy there's not much church-going. It's all the time they have for visiting, you know. I was quite astonished at your girls having half of every Sunday, and one week-day afternoon every month. I did not know it until that day you could not go to Germantown, because you were taking care of the children to let Marianne go out."  
"Virginia," said Mrs. West, "did it ever occur to you that your servants have a soul as well as yourself?"  
"It's not my business to look after it, if they have." And the bodkin was again inserted, with a half smile at what the embroiderer considered a clever answer to her question.  
"I beg your pardon," Mrs. West, returned, more seriously. "It seems to me you have a great deal to do in the matter. I thought you were very strict about Sunday."  
"So I am. I never receive calls or walk, and I go to church twice a day."  
"What for?"

### "What for? Because it's right, of course. How odd you are, Augusta!"

"And you are four—let me see—eight times as wicked as Bridget."  
"Why, what do you mean, Augusta?"  
"If Bridget only needs one sermon a month to teach her, and you need eight. Do you see?"  
"But she can't be spared. Don't you see how it is! The work must be done Sundays as well as other days."  
"So you dress, and go to church, and hear, 'thou, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, must work on the seventh day, and consider the whole commandment observed because you neither receive visits nor walk with your gentlemen friends."  
"Miss Hyde looked up, not knowing whether to smile or show her real vexation; but her cousin was perfectly serious.  
"Do you ever ask the girls if they have been to church?"  
"I don't think they'd stay very long, if they were criticized as to how they spent their afternoon out. It's a pity if they can't see their friends sometimes." Miss Hyde, like all only daughters, did not know how to be found fault with gracefully.  
"I quite agree with you, and that's the reason I give them one afternoon besides, even with a little personal inconvenience sometimes; and I don't see why your cook and chambermaid cannot make the arrangement to relieve each other, just as mine do. It would be easier in your family, for you have a seamstress."  
"Miss Hyde was too much annoyed at having been snared in her own argument to vouchsafe any answer. She turned to do some of her work, and her cousin, as a rational human being, we have no right to complain if they neglect their duties toward us. How are they going to know that 'Servants, obey your masters, not with eye-service, is a command of our Master and theirs, if they never have time to listen to any instruction?'  
"It's all eye-service," Miss Hyde said, shortly.  
"What else can it be, when you do not take any interest in them or their affairs, but to get as much done for as little wages as possible?"  
"Why, you are always so economical, Augusta; I thought you would approve of that, I'm sure."  
"I'm never economical about paying for work—work of my kind, Virginia. Think what very small wages they make, at any rate, and so few of them have any homes to go to, in case of sickness or accident. There's another kind of wages they like just as well—kind words—when you see they've tried their best to please you. Kind words and a little consideration will get twice as much accomplished. Now, your calling Bridget up stairs seven times this morning, when she might have done all you wanted in coming twice, for instance."  
"Why, my dear soul, she's paid for it; it's her work."  
"So it's her work to sweep and dust the parlors and halls, and the sidewalk; to clean all that silver; to set the table three times a day, and wait on it; to answer the door-bell every half hour; and you—won't say how often; to be in three places at once; and never to get fussed, if her work is put back an hour by unnecessary demands upon her time. I believe one never can understand it unless they have tried it themselves."  
"You seem to." And a slightly scornful expression passed over the young girl's face at the lecture she was receiving.  
"I learned by experience."  
"But you never were a servant, Cousin Augusta?"  
"You are mistaken." And a half smile came to Mrs. West's face. "I know you're a servant's troubles most lamentable experience. No, I won't say that either; it was my own choice, and I had excellent wages in the end."  
"But how? I don't understand you."  
"Perhaps I will tell you all about it some day. In the mean time, here's Bridget waiting for orders, and Master Ally looking after mamma."  
Mrs. West came to the conclusion that her venture in Bridget's behalf was not all lost, when she saw the pains Miss Hyde took to remember all the dinner-table instructions at once, and heard her say, in conclusion, "I never mind going to Miss Lee's after dinner; you look tired, and to-morrow will do just as well."  
The girl looked not less astonished than grateful, the weary, listless expression vanished, and Miss Hyde did not find occasion for fault during the whole meal. It had never occurred to her before that servants were to be managed rationally, or that consideration was as much her duty as theirs. Mr. Hyde thought she was very absent minded, and rallied her about a certain Mr. Abbott when she helped him twice to fish; but she was thinking of what her cousin had said, and determined to remember her advice, and profit by it. So well did she succeed that Miss Hyde's servants had, henceforth, comparatively little cause for complaint for her treatment.

### The Spread of Scarlatina.

At the present time, says the *London Lancet*, there is a considerable amount of zymotic disease prevalent, and we have been visited with a severe epidemic of scarlatina. There is no more infectious malarial than this, and very few, if any, more dangerous or more likely to cripple a young life by its immediate and remote effects on the health. The poison is, as every one knows, of a very subtle and infectious character, and there is no reason—at least no valid reason—for supposing that scarlatina arises spontaneously, although its occasional development and recurrence as an epidemic are vastly influenced by certain conditions over which we can exercise no control, and about which our knowledge is relatively inexact. Of one thing, however, we are well assured, namely, that our efforts must be directed to limiting the spread of the infection by a rigid system of inspection, isolation, and disinfection. Once scarlatina is introduced, unless it be speedily detected and the proper measures at once adopted, the results are very disastrous. The authorities at most of our large schools are so well aware of the fact that great care is taken to guard against these occurrences, or to detect them and meet them as soon as possible. It is to be feared, however, that much unexpected evil arises from this source in the large schools of our towns and cities. In large day schools it would probably be impracticable to secure a thoroughly efficient system of medical inspection, in consequence of the frequency of inspection and the number of inspectors that would be required. But we could wish that all classes of the community were better acquainted than they are with the power they possess of stamping out the disease like scarlatina by a uniform and systematic method of procedure. The sufferer should be isolated at once, his clothes disinfected by dry heat in an oven, or by being boiled, or disinfected by chemicals, and afterward washed and freely exposed to the air. The measures advocated by Dr. William Budd have the merit of being founded on a definite knowledge of the object in view, and of a practical way of attaining it. The oiling of the patient's whole body, the provision of receptacles containing disinfectants in the sick room for everything which comes from the patient or which he has used, the employment of disinfectants by the attendants for washing their hands; the use, in short, of the most scrupulous cleanliness—the confinement of the patient to bed until the process of desquamation has been completed, and the frequent use of warm baths during and subsequent to that process, are all such judicious and common sense measures that no one should fail to pursue them.

### Still, he was not happy.

An uncle of Michael Hogan, of West Troy, N. Y., died recently in Pennsylvania, leaving coal lands valued at \$5,000,000, to a portion of which Michael is heir. Forty years ago Michael Hogan, then twenty-one years of age, and an uncle, the only survivors of a once numerous family, came to this country and adopted it as their own. Michael, a hard-working, industrious young man, finally took up his residence in West Troy, Pennsylvania, or that vicinity, and laboring a number of years, purchased with his earnings a large tract of land. Michael also saved money, and in the course of time laid by enough to start himself in the grocery business, in which it can be truthfully said he has prospered. The venture of his uncle turned out to be a most profitable one. The lands purchased by him were found to contain abundance of coal; and by judicious management he gradually increased his earthly store until at the time of his death, which occurred a short time ago, he was worth about \$5,000,000. Michael received information from an attorney that his uncle, with whom he had not communicated for sixteen years, had died, and that he was his only surviving heir. Michael was not at all elated at this announcement, and appeared rather sorry in fact that such good fortune had come to him; says the *Troy Times*. He was getting old, he said, and would not want so much money; besides he had enough for himself, wife and daughter, and the possession of the immense amount mentioned above would only bring trouble and disagree upon his family eventually, as young people nowadays did not know how to spend money. As we have stated, Michael is a sober, industrious man, and is every way worthy of his fortune, which he intends to claim immediately. If he is sorry about the matter, he says, he is glad to give to us, and we'll cheerfully bear the burden for him.

### A Terrible Encounter.

In Camptonville, California, two men had a terrible personal encounter. It appears that they had had some trouble, and it was agreed that they again met there should "meet fighting." The desperado, armed with an ax, shortly after came into a saloon, where he saw Major Ferrell sitting in his shirt sleeves. As he advanced the major arose and drew a large knife. The man with the ax moved cautiously forward, holding aloof his terrible weapon. The major stood perfectly motionless, warily watching the eyes of his approaching foe. The only movement he made was to constantly turn the wrist of the hand that held the knife, so that the weapon was ceaselessly moving and flashing back and forth. The man advancing with the ax at last could no longer refrain from casting a glance at the weapon thus flashed before his eyes, and the moment he did so the major sprang forward with the leap of a tiger and drove his knife, not only through the heart of his foe, but through his whole body, the point projecting at his back. But quick as was his movement, his opponent was already turning the wrist of the hand that held the handle of the ax struck the major on the shoulder, while the whole blade of it was buried in the small of his back, penetrating and cutting one of his kidneys. Both men fell to the floor together, and for a time it was thought that both were dead; but contrary to the expectations of all the major recovered from his fearful wound in due time.

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### A SAD SIGHT.

### BUTTER AND CHEESE.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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