

AN OLD SONG WITH A NEW TUNE.

There's a saying old and rusty,
But good as any now—
"Never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you."

Trouble's like a thistle,
T'is hangs along the way;
It cannot fail to wund you
Some other bitter day.

But why not walk around it?
That's just what you can do;
Why should you trouble trouble
Before it troubles you?

Trouble is a bumble bee,
It keeps you always vexed;
It surely means to sting you
The next time—or the next.

But bless you, bees think only
Of breakfast dipped in dew;
Keep right ahea', this trouble
Will never trouble you.

O merry little travelers,
Along life's sunny ways,
When bumble bees and thistles
Affright you at your plays,

Remember the old promise
That your sorrows shall be few,
If you never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.

THE TOMB-BLOSSOMS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

A pleasant, fair-sized country village, a village embossed in trees, with old churches, one tavern, kept by a respectable widow, long, single-storyed farm houses, their roofs mossy, and their chimneys smoke-black, a village with grass and shrubbery, and no mortar, nor brick, nor pavements, nor gas—no newness; that is the place for him who wishes life in its flavor and its bloom. Until of late, my residence has been in such a place.

Man of cities! What is there in all your boasted pleasure—your fashions, parties, balls and theatres, compared with the simplest of the delights we country folks enjoy.

Our pure air, making the blood swell and leap with buoyant health; our labor and our exercise; our freedom from the sickly vices that taunt the town; our not being racked with notes due, or the fluctuations of prices, or the breaking of banks; our manners of sociability expanding the heart and reacting with a wholesome effect upon the body—can anything which citizens possess balance these?

One Saturday, after paying a few days' visit at New York, I returned to my quarters in the country inn. The day was hot and my journey a disagreeable one. I had been forced to stir myself beyond comfort and dispatch my affairs quickly, for fear of being left by the cars. As it was I arrived panting and covered with sweat just as they were about to start. Then for many miles I had to bear the annoyance of the steam engine smoke, and it seemed to me that the vehicles kept swaying to and fro on the track with more than usual motion, on purpose to distress the jaded limbs. Out of humor with myself and everything around me, when I came to my travel's end, I refused to partake of the comfortable supper which my landlady had prepared for me and rejoicing to the good woman's look of wonder at such an unwonted event, and her kind inquiries about my health, with a sullen silence. I took my lamp and went my way to my room. Tired and head throbbing, in less than half a score of minutes after I threw myself on my bed, I was steeped in the soundest slumber.

When I awoke every vein and nerve felt fresh and free. Soreness and irritation had been swept away, as it were, with the curtains of the night and the accustomed tone had returned again. I rose and threw open my window. Delightful! It was a calm, bright Sabbath morning in May. The dewdrops glistened on the grass; the fragrance of the apple blossoms which covered the trees floated up to me, and the notes of a hundred birds discoursed music to my ear. By: he rays just shooting up in the eastern verge I knew that the sun would be risen in a moment. I hastily dressed myself, performed my ablutions and saluted forth to take a morning walk.

Sweet, yet sleepy scene! No one seemed stirring. The placid influence of the day was even now spreading around, quieting and hallowing everything. I sauntered slowly onward, with my hands folded behind me. I passed around the edge of a hill, on the rising elevation, and top of which was a burial ground. On my left, through an opening in the trees, I could see at some distance the rippled of our beautiful bay; on my right was the large and ancient field for the dead. I stopped and leaned my back against the fence, with my face turned toward the white marble stones a few rods before me. All I saw was far from new to me; and yet I pondered upon it. The entrance to that place of tombs was a kind of arch—a rough-hewn, but no doubt a hardly piece of architecture; that had stood winter and summer over the gate there, for many, many years. Oh, fearful arch! if there were in thee a voice to utter what has passed beneath and near thee, if the secrets of the earthly dwelling that to the world known could be by thee disclosed, whose might listen to the appalling story, and its possessor not go mad with terror!

Thus thought I; and, strangely enough, such imagining maddened not in the least the sunny brightness which spread alike over my mind and over the landscape. Involuntarily, as I mused, my look was cast to the top of the hill. I saw a figure moving. Could some one beside myself be out so early, and among the tombs? What creature odd enough in fancy to find pleasure there, and at such a time? Continuing my gaze I saw that the figure was a woman. She seemed to move with a slow and feeble step, passing and repassing constantly between two and the same graves which were within half a rod of each other. She would bend down and appear to busy herself a few moments with the one, and then she would rise and go to the second, and bend there and employ herself as at the first. Then to the former one, and then to the second. Occasionally the figure would pause a moment, and stand back a little, and look steadfastly down upon the graves, as if to see whether her work was done well. Thrice I saw her walk with a tottering gait and stand midway between the two and look alternately at each. Then she would go to one and arrange something and come back to the midway place, and gaze first on the right and then to the left, as before. The figure evidently had some trouble in suiting things to her mind. Where I stood I could hear no noise of her footfalls, nor could I see accurately enough to tell what she was doing. Had a superstitious man beheld the spec-

tacle he would possibly have thought that some spirit of the dead, allowed the night before to burst its cements and wander forth in the darkness, had been belated in returning, and was now perplexed to find its coffin-house again.

Curious to know what was the woman's employment, I undid the simple fastenings of the gate, and walked over the rank, wet grass toward her. As I came near I recognized her as an old, a very old inmate of the poorhouse at Delaer. Stopping a moment, while I was yet several yards from her, and before she saw me, I tried to call to recollection certain particulars of her history, which I had heard a great while past. She was a native of one of the West India Islands, and, before I, who gazed at her, was born had her husband come hither to settle and gain a livelihood. They were poor; most miserably poor. Country people, I have noticed, seldom like foreigners. So this man and his wife, in all probability, met much to discourage them. They kept up their spirits, however, until at last their fortunes became desperate. Famine and want laid iron fingers upon them. They had no acquaintances, and to beg they were ashamed. Both were taken ill; then the charity that had been so slack came to their destitute abode, but came too late. Delaer died, the victim of poverty. The woman recovered after awhile, but for many months was quite an invalid, and was sent to the almshouse, where she had ever since remained.

This was the story of the aged creature before me; aged with the weight of seventy winters. I walked up to her. By her feet stood a large, rude basket, in which I beheld leaves and buds. The two graves which I had seen her passing between so often were covered with flowers—the earliest, but sweetest flowers of the season. They were fresh and wet and very fragrant—those delicate soul offerings. And this, then, was her employment. Strange! Flowers, frail and passing, grasped by the hand of age, and scattered upon the tomb! White hairs, and pale blossoms, and stone tablets of death!

"Good morning, madam," said I, quietly.

The withered female turned her eyes to mine and acknowledged my greeting in the same spirit wherewith it was given.

"May I ask whose graves they are that you remember so kindly?"

She looked up again, probably catching from my manner that I spoke in no spirit of rude inquisitiveness, and answered: "My husband's."

A manifestation of a fanciful taste, thought I, this tomb-ornamenting which she probably brought with her from abroad. Of course, but one of the graves could be her husband's, and one, likely, was that of a child who had died and been laid away by its father.

"Whose else?" I asked.

"My husband's," replied the aged widow.

Her creature! her faculties were becoming dim. No doubt her sorrows and her length in life had worn both mind and body nearly to the parting.

"Yes, I know," continued I, mildly, "but there are two graves. One is your husband's, and the other is—"

I paused for her to fill the blank.

She looked at me a minute, as if in wonder at my perverseness, and then answered as before: "My husband's. None but my Gilbert's."

"And is Gilbert buried in both?" said I.

She appeared as if going to answer, but stopped again and did not. Though my curiosity was now somewhat excited, I forebore to question her further, fearing that it might be to her a painful subject. I was wrong, however. She had been rather agitated at my intrusion, and her powers flickered for a moment. They were soon steady again, and perhaps gratified with my interest in her affairs, she gave me in a few brief sentences the solution of the mystery. When her husband's death occurred she was herself confined to a sick bed which she did not leave for a long while after he was buried. Still longer days passed before she had permission, or even strength, to go into the open air. When she did, her first efforts were employed to reach Gilbert's grave. What a pang sunk to her heart when she found it could not be pointed out to her! With the careless indifference which is shown to the graves of outcasts, poor Delaer had been thrown into a hastily dug hole, without anyone noting, or noticing it, or remembering which it was.

Subsequently, several other paupers were buried in the same spot, and the sexton could only show two graves to the disconsolate woman and tell her that her husband was positively one of the twain. During the latter stage of her recovery she had looked forward to the consolation of coming to his tomb as to a shrine, and wiping her tears there; and it was bitter that such could not be. The miserable widow even attempted to obtain the consent of the proper functionaries that the graves might be opened, and her anxieties put at rest. When told that this could not be done, she determined in her soul that at least the remnant of her hopes and intentions should not be given up.

Every Sunday morning, in the mild fresh flowers and dressed with the graves. She knew that the right one was care for, even if another shared that care. And lest she should possibly be stow the most of their testimony of love on him she knew not, but whose spirit might be looking down invisible in the air and smiling upon her, she was very careful to have each tomb adorned in an exactly similar manner. In a strange land and among a strange race, it was like communion with her own people to visit that burial mound.

"If I could only know which to bend over when my heart feels heavy," thus finished the sorrowing being as she rose to depart; "then it would be a happiness. But, perhaps, I am blind to my dearest mercies. God in His greatest wisdom may have meant that I should not know what grave was his, lest grief over it should become too common a luxury for me, and melt me away."

I offered to accompany her and support her feeble steps; but she preferred that it should not be so. With languid feet she moved on. I watched her pass through the gate, and under the arch; I saw her turn, and in a little while she was hidden from my view. Then I carefully parted the flowers upon one of the graves, and sat down there, and leaned my face in my open hands, and thought.

What wondrous thing is woman's love! Oh, Thou, whose most mighty tribute is the Incarnation of Love. I bless Thee that Thou didst make this fair disposition in the human heart, and didst root it there so deeply that it is stronger than all else, and can never be torn out! Here is this aged wayfarer, a woman of trials and griefs, decrepit, sore and steeped in poverty, the most forlorn of her kind, and yet, through all the storm of misfortune and the dark cloud of years settling upon her, the memory of her love lingers like a beautiful spirit amid the gloom; it never deserts her, but abides with her while life abides. Yes, this creature loved; that wrinkled, skinny,

gray-haired crone had heart to swell with passion, and her pulses to throb and her eyes to sparkle. Now nothing remains but a lovely remembrance, coming as of old, and stepping in its accustomed road, not to perform its former object, or former duty—but from long habit. Nothing but that! Oh! that is not a great deal!

And the buried man—he was happy to have passed away as he did. The woman—she was the one to be pitied. Without doubt she wished many times that she were laid beside him. And not only she, thought I, as I cast my eyes on the solemn memorials around me; but at the same time there were thousands of others on earth who waited for the long repose, as a tired child for the night. The grave—the grave—what foolish man calls it a dreadful place? It is a kind friend whose arms shall compass us round about, and while we lay our heads upon his bosom no care, temptation, nor corroding passion shall have power to disturb us.

Then the weary spirit shall no more be weary; the aching head and the aching soul shall be strangers to pain; and the soul that was fretted and sorrowed away its little life on earth will sorrow no more. When the mind has been roaming abroad in the crowd, and returns sick and tired of hollow hearts and of human deceit, let us think of the grave and of death, and they will seem like soft and pleasant music. Such thoughts then soothe and calm our pulses; they open a peaceful prospect before us. I do not dread the grave. There is many a time when I could lay down and pass my immortal part through the valley of the shadow, as composedly as I quaff water after a tiresome walk. For what is there of terror in taking our rest? What is there here below to draw us with such fondness? Life is the running of a race—a weary race, perhaps. Shall we fear the goal merely because it is shrouded in a cloud?

I rose and carefully replaced the parted flowers and bent my steps carefully homeward.

If there be any sufficiently interested in the fate of the aged woman, that they wish to know further about her, for those I will add that are long her affection was transferred to a region where it might receive the reward of its constancy and purity. Her last desire—and it was complied with—was that she should be placed midway between the two graves.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

There is nothing which proves such an economizer of strength and time in the cleaning of windows as the use of alcohol instead of water. It cleanses with magic rapidity, and is not an extravagant substitute as a prudent person is able to wash a great many windows with a small bottle of alcohol.

Ammonia is one of the most useful drugs in the household. It is most effective as an agent in dissolving dirt and grease. In cleaning of any kind it should be used in about the proportion of a tablespoonful to a quart of water. It makes the water softer than rain water, and it is especially refreshing in the bath.

Nothing will clean lamps, lamp chimneys, looking glasses and window panes like ammonia. In using it on colored cloth, first test it on a sample to see that it does not spot. When a stain is produced by lemon juice or any other acid, nothing is so effectual as ammonia in neutralizing and thus removing it. A few drops to a pint of water sprinkled on the roots of house plants will produce abundant growth. Stains on marble can be removed by rubbing them well with a tooth brush dipped in powdered chalk and ammonia.

The steam radiator pipes are now a feature of many winter houses, and with their garish gilding are a blot of ugliness in the domestic parlor. One of the best ways of concealing these pipes, without reducing their usefulness, is to place a pretty ornamental screen around them, leaving plenty of room on all sides, to allow the heat to radiate through the room. Some clever women arrange a series of shelves or a single shelf to project just over the radiator, from the bottom of which they hang curtains of soft Oriental silks. There is a suggestion in this drapery, however, quite similar to the piano legs in petticoats, and the ornamental screen seems to be a far more sensible and artistic way of dealing with this problem in decoration. Beautiful Japanese screens may now be had at a very low price in the city shops for fashionable people have lately turned their attention to rocco French screens, gilded and hung with brocade, and to the massive ones which come from Vienna, for dining-rooms and libraries, and are covered with gilded and painted leather in renaissance designs.

CURIOS FREAK OF NATURE.

The Imprint of a Human Face Upon a Baby's Hand.

The little hamlet of Roseburgh, S. C., is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a 3-week-old baby, whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about three years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted.

The baby whose palm contains this singular portrait is the child of Clarke Osborne, a thriving merchant of Roseburg, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends also profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the dead child.

When the baby was first put in its mother's arms, she looked at the hands, and with a loud cry fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that this strange portrait was sent to the mother for nothing, that she take up a lot of room, and that they never match anything else you have. Those dreadful bureau covers, for instance, made of flimsy gauze, painted with crisp ruffles all around them, if course they are pretty to look at, but you can't spend the remainder of your life sitting up and admiring them. What else can you do with them? You can't think of putting such things on the bureau, unless you are going to have another bureau to use. These things are not pretty a minute after they are sold, and they are sold the first minute that you look at them. Over these things half the women you know, yourself included, are fretting now. Do

less to make them herself, but she would do better to go to the stores and buy them. But that makes no difference to her. She thinks people like things made by hand better than they do "bought things," but they don't. She doesn't, but she thinks she is different from other people. When her cousins and aunts and folks give her a lot of odds and ends made of floss and eccentric bows, she pretends she likes them. The trouble with the average Christmasses women are now evolving that they are good for nothing, that they take up a lot of room, and that they never match anything else you have. Those dreadful bureau covers, for instance, made of flimsy gauze, painted with crisp ruffles all around them, if course they are pretty to look at, but you can't spend the remainder of your life sitting up and admiring them. What else can you do with them? You can't think of putting such things on the bureau, unless you are going to have another bureau to use. These things are not pretty a minute after they are sold, and they are sold the first minute that you look at them. Over these things half the women you know, yourself included, are fretting now. Do

CABBAGE SALAD.—Select a solid head, and one that is white after the outside leaves are taken off; lay on a board, and with a sharp knife cut fine; set in ice box until ready to use.

you want a bigger list of impossibilities? You can make a lovely little pink satin business to hold telephone blanks in.

NEW IDEAS IN GOWNS.

CHOICE COMBINATIONS FOR THE SEASON.

A Popular Princess Suit—Two Juvenile Toilets That Are Very Tasty—An Extremely Graceful Princess Gown with Long, Loose Empire Front.

Dresses for December.

New York correspondence:

VERY new fashion brings it's accompanying usage, and now, with the rage for empress, director and princess dresses, many a belle is parading her face too freely, besides sticking bits of court plaster. Jane turned up her nose, said: "I never use powder, and I never have." Then Mary looked sweetly at her, and said: "No, I am sure you don't, and I am sure no one would ever think you did." Somehow, Jane did not feel nearly so comfortable as she ought to.

Now let us drop anecdote and go into utilitarian particulars concerning the princess gown, shown in my initial sketch. It is flowered China crepe, cut princess style in the ordinary manner, and fastened behind with hooks and eyes. The upper dress is only attached at the sides to the under frock, and is made of striped or dotted crepe de chine. In order to prevent the joining from being visible, this upper dress can be attached to the under dress under the arms at the seams, as shown in the engraving, below the bust. The material is sewn on without lining, in thick pleats. The border and the back breadths of the overdress are shirred at the throat and fastened to the under dress. In order that the folds may not take up too much room, the crepe beneath the skirt is fastened on the under dress. The breadths at the back are held by safety hooks that are attached to silk gauze, which falls from under the short jacket. This latter, like the trimming of the dress, is of yellow satin, with neutral tinted embroidery, and it can be surrounded by a hand-embroidered border. It opens both back and front, and is cut round. It is cut to the under dress on the upper part, and is lined with silk. The broad

border running round the skirt is only attached to the upper dress and is edged on both sides with tiny flounces or ruffles of silk or gauze. Both the under and upper garment must be of equal width, if the dress is meant to clear the ground, but if it has a short train, it must be wider. The sleeves are lined with silk. The lower parts are made of bands of satin, with puffs of gauze. The upper part of the sleeves are gathered and puffed. Now, if you are at all clever, my dear woman, you can make sure a dress yourself, or have it done at home, under your own direction, by an ordinary seamstress.

The two pictures in which juvenile toilets are shown, along with those for women, were drawn from the actual garments as worn by live persons. The dress of the young girl was made of silver-gray bengaline. The yoke had additional rows of white lace insertion and silver-gray ribbon. The older girl in the same group wore a dress of cream cashmere, the edge of the skirt being of cream embroidered tulle. The deep corset, which was laced behind, was cream silk broaded with gold scales to form the appearance of a curvaceous. The little child in the third picture wore a wrap of pale-blue flannel, with wide ribbon bows to match. The notable feature of the mother's home toilet was an apron of figured Indian muslin, trimmed with fancy lace.

Lydia is now sitting up nights, ruining her eyes, and is now seeking her children, her husband, her engagements and a lot of things, to make a collection of impossibilities for Christmas gifts. She thinks it costs so much

border running round the skirt is only attached to the upper dress and is edged on both sides with tiny flounces or ruffles of silk or gauze. Both the under and upper garment must be of equal width, if the dress is meant to clear the ground, but if it has a short train, it