

Keep my riband! take and keep it,—
I have loosed it from my hair;
Feeling, while you overweep it,
Not alone in your despair,
Since, with saintly watch, unfaintly,
Out of heaven shall o'er you lean
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But—but *now*—yet unremoved
Up to heaven, they glisten fast,
You may cast away, Beloved,
In your future, all my past;
Such old phrases may be praise—
For some fairer bosom-queen
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing?
Faithless, faithless, praised amiss;
If a tear be of your showing,
Drop for any hope of bliss,
Death hath boldness beside coldness
If unworthy tears demean,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

I will look out to his future
I will bless it till it shine,
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto sweeter eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them, Angels shield them,
Whatsoever eyes terrene,
Be the sweetest his have seen.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS TO COUSIN CARYL.

DEAR COUSIN CARYL:

A clever woman said the other day she believed in "more 'tally' before death, and less epitaphy afterwards"—a more forceful than graceful way of putting it, of course; but inasmuch as the speaker is considered to be an ornament to the most refined *salons*, we must credit her choice of words to eccentricity, or poetic license which is but another name for the same thing. The point is that there is a valuable suggestion in the remark. Not only are we prone to undervalue people while they are living, but even when we appreciate them we are so chary of letting them into the secret of our favor that oftener than not they live quite unconscious of it. Hoarding up one's love and friendship unrevealed, or, if once confessed, never again alluded to, is like scrumping and "saving" all one's days against a rainy day. By the time one's bank account has swelled to Vanderbilt dimensions, he is so old and care-bowed that there is no vitality left wherewith to enjoy any of the sweets of life. True economy has no more devout disciple than your loyal cousin Dinah, I assure you; but I believe that there is an economy of health and strength and happiness more valuable than economy of dollars and cents, not incompatible with the latter, but wholly antagonistic to undue pinching in matters of finance. Saving dollars at the expense of one's mental, moral and physical vitality, is a pretty dangerous experiment. You see I am in rather a sermonizing mood. But in all seriousness, we are altogether too apt to practise an unwise and not a wise economy. It is a great mistake to deny children, for example, the means of a broad education in order to give them a few more sovereigns when they are legally of age. And it is a great mistake for women to work themselves into physical wrecks for the sake of adding an acre or two a year to the farm. Starvation for want of food is less to be dreaded than starvation of brain, or soul, or the condition of the body that is nearer to death than to life. Life means infinitely more of the sunshine of love and friendship, and rational pleasure is scattered all the way through it, instead of being condensed into the last year or two of one's existence, or reserved for one's tombstone. Is it not so?

Did you ever know Molly Princeton, who graduated from College with honors, and afterward married Joe Burleigh, a farmer's son, and a farmer himself? Everybody said, "thrown herself away," as people always say when a woman does not turn out a poet or a preacher, in the world's sense of the word, after she has gone to school long enough to learn something beside the three R's. But Molly kept on the even tenor of her way, and, instead of putting her poems and sermons into books, she has said and sung them to her husband and children, and to the people with whom her village and home life have brought her into contact, until she is a veritable light that cannot be hid. She was always a most ingenious girl at school, and her home now is a monument to what two not over-big hands, guided by an intelligent brain, can do. Here is one instance. They live in an old fashioned house minus modern improvements. Molly was a city-bred girl, you know, if you remember her, and used to city houses. She said the other day when I went out to see her, in talking about it, that she found she could get along without gas, a hot-water boiler, and so on, but not without a bath tub. So she got a zinc bath tub, such as is set in the ordinary bath room, had some boards plaved and fitted to enclose it, and a cover added with hinges. This makes a portable bath tub that can be kept in any convenient place. It is on rollers and can easily be moved. Molly used soft wood for economy's sake, afterwards staining and varnishing it. She has covered a narrow cot mattress and some big pillows with a pretty and not easily soiled cretonne, and makes the bath tub, when not in use for its legitimate purpose, serve as a most comfortable lounge. With the advent of the first baby in the house Molly said she found it convenient to set apart one room for the nursery. And now that there are a number of little people she says she finds they have a better time, and the house is more easily kept in order by keeping blocks and puzzles, hobby-horses and carts, all in one roomy apartment, sunny, and but little furnished, where romping in any reasonable fashion is never interfered with. The walls of the nursery are dadoed five feet high from the floor all around with pictures of all kinds

and descriptions cut from old papers, magazines, books, taken from everywhere. These are pasted on with strong paste, and covered with a coating of varnish. There is an Arabian corner, a menagerie corner, a portrait gallery, and so on, altogether a collection to interest older people than Toddy and Alice and Kitty. Molly said, "Oh, yes, of course it all took time, but I believe it was one of the best investments of odd minutes that I ever made. It teaches the children so much, and they never tire of it."

Was it for a berry or a dried fruit pudding you wanted a recipe? We use this for either one and like it very much; moreover, it is simple to prepare. Sift a pint of flour, and stir in two teaspoonsful of good baking powder, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Cream a half cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat two eggs, whites and yolks separately, stir into one cup of sweet milk, stir other ingredients in, and lastly, add one pint fresh berries lightly floured, or one cup stoned and chopped raisins or currants, or both. Steam in a buttered steamer or in a closely covered pail for two hours. Do not lift the pot containing the water, which should boil steadily all the time, if it can be avoided, and in no event suddenly, as the jar makes the pudding fall. Serve with hot or cold sauce.

The fashionable and at the same time a pretty arrangement for a big wedding is to have six bride-maids, six ushers, and a maid of honor in the bridal cortege. At a recent grand wedding the bride-maids were dressed in silk mull in the palest shades of pink, yellow, mauve, green, blue, with one in cream. They carried bouquets of white Niphotos roses tied with long loops of white ribbon. The maids came in to Church up the left aisle two by two, grouped to bring harmonizing tints together. They separated at the altar so that three stood on one side and three on the other, making a broken half circle. Behind these came the ushers in evening dress, (a seven o'clock wedding,) two by two, and they took up their places just behind the maids. Then came the maid of honor in white silk mull, a lovely stately maiden, and behind her the bride upon the arm of the groom (since she has no father or near male relative). After the ceremony, the maid of honor parted the bride's veil, put it back, kissed her, and afterward followed them from the altar, passing down the right aisle. Each bride maid passed out on the arm of the usher who stood behind her. Guests remain seated until the bridal party is put into their carriages, then the ushers return to escort distinguished guests and near relatives from the pews, after which the guests pass out gradually, unescorted. This delay gives the bride and groom, and those receiving with them, an opportunity to get in their places at home before guests begin to arrive at the reception that follows, unless the wedding is a very small and informal one, the family in deep mourning, and so on. The simplest way of managing a large number of carriages is to employ two men. Policemen are usually had for this purpose here, tell Harry, being detailed from the Police Station for the purpose, and of course generously fed. They are provided with small, plainly stamped, duplicate checks. As each carriage draws up at the canopied passage from street to church or house, one policeman opens the carriage door, gives a check to the person alighting, and his associate hands the duplicate of this check to the driver. After the ceremony or reception, the numbers as they are called for by guests are shouted in stentorian tones by the policeman. William or James or John drives up, and all unnecessary confusion is avoided.

And you are really going to have representatives of the different charitable and philanthropic societies meet together and organize for general associated work. It's a splendid idea, and you are sure to accomplish a deal more, and along more scientific lines than you ever can working separately.

Yours devotedly,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The development of machinery from the cruder forms which first rendered its use practicable for the production of articles, and the performance of processes that were previously produced and manipulated by hand labor, to the more perfect and refined mechanisms which produce those articles and perform those processes in so wonderfully a perfect and efficient manner, has superseded in a large measure the handicraft and skill of the artisan in the work which it undertook to perform. But it has opened a field for and encouraged the special education of a class of mechanicians and artisans of a more intelligent and refined character than were then formerly employed, and whose handicrafts were by it superseded.

The steam engine of to-day that will develop a horse power from five and a half pounds of coal instead of the ten pounds or more which were first consumed, requires a more intelligent and better educated man to properly construct and take charge of it, and furnish the brain with which it itself is not endowed, than did its humble predecessors. The printing press that will print on both sides at once and completely fold ready for delivery its thousands of newspapers per hour requires a more mechanical and educated controller and operator than the old press with which the art of printing was first ushered into existence. The beautiful and delicately adjusted instruments used by engineers and surveyors of to-day, while rendering possible more accurate work than was formerly done, require greater skill in their production and manipulation, and require to be made and kept in order by better educated and finer workmen than were formerly necessary.

The same may be said of numerous other mechanic's tools and implements, such as type-writers, sewing-machines, surgical-instruments, boot and shoe machinery, wood-working machinery, dental apparatus, and special machine tools of many descriptions, and while it may be said that much of the machinery now employed in various kinds of work is, or may be, operated by persons who are not thoroughly acquainted with the various operations and processes which they directly superintend, yet the production