

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

She stood beside the garden gate
Where roses clustered white and red
And maiden's blush most delicate
Their waxen petals o'er her shed.
"To wait and wait
It is a woman's lot," she said.

The fragrant Summer passed away,
Across the sea the swallows fled,
And still she lingered day by day,
Though many a treasured hope lay dead.
"To wait and wait
It is a woman's lot," she said.

And, when the dreary Winter came,
When youth and health and hope were sped,
The wearied soul and feeble frame
Scarce cared to ask its daily bread:
But still the same—
"To wait is woman's lot," she said,

O timid souls, believe it not—
God never willed so sad a doom!
By this false creed a woman's lot
Is empty, idle, lifeless gloom,
A desert spot,
Unblest by verdure or perfume.

It is not so. The heart that strives
Can make itself a nobler thing,
Can shed around on other lives
The purest joy that earth may bring:
For love survives
Though all things else are perishing.

SUSANNA J.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."

Recently there arrived in the City of the Straits a well known Ohio editor whose face flushed eagerly as he enquired for the up-river boat—any boat that would take him to the far-famed fishing grounds. He registered at the Brunswick, only for dinner, as he explained that he was "off for St. Clair Flats." At four o'clock when the *Illucild* started from her dock, the same editor was seen on deck, with face as eager, air as contented, purpose as firmly fixed, viz., to "take in" some of the fine fish everybody has been telling about in the Buckeye State. On board he met a personal friend—Judge L— of T., and the two, as the boat disappeared, were seen eagerly conversing over the prospect. But it seems that the Judge, suffering from a rheumatic attack, soon left his friend alone to drink—in the beauties of an evening ride up the most beautiful river in America, and went to take a nap, supposing that when he went ashore at St. Clair Flats he would find his friend the Editor also there. Now the Editor appears to be better posted on homilies and general literature than on the geography of the St. Clair region, and it seems that somehow he got it fixed in his mind that St. Clair Flats and St. Clair, the town, were one and the same. At any rate he bought his ticket for St. Clair, thirty miles beyond the Flats, and as is supposed took a nap against the time of arrival there, whereas he should have got off at the Flats soon after dark. At any rate, when Judge L— stepped upon the dock, with the many other hunters and fishermen alighting there, he was surprised not to find his editorial friend. The latter had an equal surprise on reaching St. Clair at not finding the Judge but considering that St. Clair hasn't a bit of fishing or hunting, and not a soul there in pursuit of pleasure, there is no question but that the Editor's experience and surprise combined, greatly excelled those of the Judge. The result was that it was necessary for the editorial mind and body to get itself transported to Port Huron, twelve miles, in order, as he expressed it subsequently, "to get anywhere."

The Editor reached Detroit on the City of Cleveland Monday morning, having spent a wretched day in Port Huron, pacing the docks, waiting for a down boat, the City of Cleveland not coming along until after midnight. To a confidential friend he detailed his experience at St. Clair, emphasizing the slow process by which it was unfolded to him that he had been carried to the wrong place,—a place where there was not the slightest allurements either of fishing or hunting, to spend the Sabbath. The Editor's story is far too good to keep, though we give it at the risk of violating confidence. This is the way the Editor told it:

"St. Clair," called the boat's porter, in a loud voice. I started up only half awake, and began to snatch my things together,—bag, overcoat, newspaper, and the magazine over which I had fallen asleep.

I crowded down the staircase, looking on this side and that for my acquaintance. "I'll wait at the side of the gang-plank," I thought, "until he comes along." When nearly all were off the boat I concluded my friend had got off before I began to watch, and I stepped ashore. Everybody suddenly disappeared. There were no hunters in sight and no very inviting sight as to the town itself. A dozen lamp-lighted houses stretched along the street, one or two of them very large, like they might be large stores. "What is the best hotel here?" I asked a man with a lantern. "The St. James," he replied, and he pointed it out, saying "the lamp you see far down the street is it." Another man with a lantern overtook me, "will you have a hotel?" he asked. "Yes," said I, "that's what I want, but I expect to go where some friends are stopping."

"What are their names?" I mentioned the Judge. "He is not at my house; must be at the St. James," the honest man said.

I couldn't help thinking that any other runners I had over seen, would have claimed the guest anyhow, and taken the chances.

I pushed on for the distant lamp, whistling a lively tune.

The landlord a chirrupy little fellow, with a slight limp, to one leg, met me at the door and as cordially as if comers were a rarity, "Jerusalem this don't look like much of a fishing or hunting resort," I thought, and then I said: "Is there a gentleman by the name of L— here at your house—Judge L—, of T—?"

The little landlord looked at me regretfully as he replied, "No,—not—now."

"He's here somewhere, and I want to find him," said I.

"He must be at the Oakland House" (the only other house—what an honest set of landlords)—he answered "there ain't no other place to stop at 'cept a dollar a day house down the street."

"He wouldn't be there," said I. "He won money on the Ohio election."

"The Oakland is at the mineral springs," began the little landlord,—I interrupted:—"That's where the Judge is most likely, as he is troubled with the rheumatism. I'll go and see." The little landlord came out on the steps to point the way.

"Keep my bag," said I, "and if I don't find him I'll want to stay with you, and if I do, I'll come back and get it."

He took the bag.

"Any show for supper?" I asked him.

"Hardly, the folks have all gone to bed." It was fifteen minutes after nine by the St. James clock, which was one of the grandfather style and stood on a shelf.

I went a little way and met a young man, "Can you tell where the Oakland House is?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I b'long there."

"Is there a man stopping there by the name of L—, Judge L—, of T—?"

"Ain't no one stopping there now."

"The Judge has been here a week—ever since the Ohio elections."

"Not to the Oakland."

"See here," says I desperately, "is there a restaurant in this town where I can get some nice fish cooked?"

"I don't b'lieve there is."

"Where can I get supper?"

"Dunno; it's so late. Folks go to bed rather early."

"Does anybody keep oysters?"

"Them fellers does, in there next to the butcher shop."

I looked where he pointed, and saying thank you, went into a dingy lighted shop, with a few cakes spread out at the front end, for a sign. Two lank, lean and hungry fellows humped over a miserable fire in an old cook stove at the rear.

"What have you for a hungry man to eat?" I demanded, dropping upon a stool chair, at a bit of a round table, behind a calico curtain hung on a wire.

"Bread and butter, cakes and"—one began, "and oysters," put in the other.

"Got any fish?"

"No."

"Any ducks; wild ducks?"

"No ducks."

"Why, don't you catch fish here?"

"Oh, some; in the summer time."

"Is it not good duck shooting now?"

"Don't see 'em 'round much yet."

"Can I have some oysters right away?"

"Yes."

"What else could you get me?"

"Beefsteak, mebbe," said one, "and tea or coffee," said the other.

I told them to go ahead, and get everything they could.

They began to fly around.

"How long, first," I asked.

"Just a little while."

"Ten minutes?"

"Yes."

I went out on the street and whistled. After fully ten minutes I turned that way, and saw one of them in the butcher shop buying a steak. It was my steak.

I went in and sat by the little stove witnessing all the operations introductory to the process of cooking the meat, beginning with washing out the "skillet," into which the diminutive piece of flesh was deposited over a miserable fire. After I had sat awhile, I said, "Why don't you fix my oysters, and let me begin at them, and thus lessen the chances of having a dead man in your house?" adding suddenly: "Men do you know that I am actually starving?"

Both started wildly, and one said, "Oh, the oysters is ready; they is in the oven there."

"Bring 'em out, for heaven's sake," said I, hitching up to the round table.

A dish was set before me. When at length a spoon was brought I stirred up the depths of the dish, which was cold. One, then another, then another of bivalves that had apparently died of measles at a very tender age, floated a moment then sank out of sight forever—or would to heaven it was forever—but I see them now, even now, after a day, a wretched day has passed, and am likely to see them forever and forever. I bent low down over the dish as one of the two lean men swung around opposite me, saying in a weak way, "Are you so very hungry?" Desperately, I answered, "It is astonishing what there is in even the sight of a dish to assuage hunger. I am not half so hungry as I was. When will the steak be ready?"

"The lard is jest beginning to melt," a voice said from the region of the little stove.

"Could you give these oysters some more fire?" I asked, with great effort to be calm.

"Oh, yes; indeed, indeed," said the one near me, grabbing up the dish.

I went outside and whistled "Those Messengers" from the "Mascott," twice through, and then came in and sat down again in the same place. The meat was beginning to "fry." I judged by the sound which came from the stove region; but why didn't the re-warmed oysters appear? I ventured to mention the subject, asking:

"Ain't the oysters ready?" The voice in reply was full of pathos. It said:

"Mister, they ain't but one skillet. The steak is into that, and we'll hest to finish it up first, you know."

What happened after that I can't tell in detail. That I chewed awhile on something until late in the evening there is little doubt. There were several vacant and staring dishes before me when I arose, and I remember that I was asked whether I took cream and sugar in my tea, and I know I thought the reference to the word cream was for effect, to divert my mind. I also remember paying them some small coins. When next I was perfectly clear I was on the steps of my chirrupy little landlord. When we got inside and I had registered along with the five or six other names recorded within the past month or so, my mind very naturally went back to the original subject, i.e., fishing and hunting.

"Where is the best fishing and duck shooting here, anyhow? Where do they go?" I propounded.

"Well, we don't get no ducking here, no how," he began slowly, "nor fish neither, only in the summer time, 'cepting now an' then a few along the dock. Mostly we go down to St. Clair Flats for reg'lar sporting business."

"To St. Clair Flats! Ain't this St. Clair?" I fairly yelled the words.

"St. Clair, but not the Flats," he answered very calmly—so calmly that I suspected at that instant that he was thinking awfully funny things about me,—the Flats is where the sportsmen goes mostly; it is about thirty miles below; yes, thereabouts. Jest this side o' Lake St. Clair."

"Mebbee my friend, the Judge, is down there," I said, mildly.

"Shouldn't wonder," said the fiendish little landlord.

"Can't I get to Port Huron to-morrow?" I asked suddenly.

"For two dollars."

"Boat there for Detroit?"

"Mebbe, to-morrow night."

"Guess I'll retire, if you please."

"All right, this way."

As the slippery little devil set down the lamp on the faded bureau, he said:

"Think you'll stop at the Flats on the way down?"

"Mebbee."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

—Chaff.

LULU'S LETTER.

DEAR BROWNIE:—Another week has rolled by on airy pinions, one more cog in the great wheel of time has been passed and the next is following swiftly, silently, surely. To me there is no more solemn subject than this flight of time, the steady flow of the seconds, the minutes, the hours. And yet, how few stop in the mad rush for that all powerful talisman, gold, or in the ceaseless whirl of society to think that life, more precious than all else, is rapidly passing away. The little child as it toddles along by its mother or busies itself with its playthings, the giddy school-girl scarcely stopping for breath to talk, the "sweet girl graduate" lisping airy nonsense, all the while thinking of how she looks in her new dress, the fair debutante, talking of naught but dress and fashion and society, the blushing bride, fresh from the scent of the orange blossoms, the scheming mamma, anxious to provide for the future welfare of her daughters—all are in mad, reckless pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp—pleasure. Philosophers from time immemorial have wasted their lives and their wisdom on the vain attempt at the solution of the great question—what is happiness, where shall we enjoy it? And at the end of forty centuries of striving we are no nearer the solution of the question than before. It seems to be fated that happiness shall ever be a phantom after which all men shall forever strive and which none shall ever fully attain. The ideas that we have of the best methods of even approximating this ideal happiness are as diverse as our ideas of what its essence is. Yes, Brownie, I've a sort of a solemn fit on me to-night and you must pardon me if my letter is not as giddy and frivolous as one would naturally expect of fashion's butterfly. Though it makes one feel gloomy to think of these things, yet I think they are not unproductive of good. Mine is such an imaginative nature that I love to fly as far and high as fancy's wings will carry me. When in the depths of mathematics the unique idea of infinity always had a strange fascination for me. I would sit long hours—how long I knew not—brooding over the, to me, new idea of the boundless and the infinite. And, somehow, after such a meditation I had a greater respect for mathematics, horrid as it commonly was. Our good old teacher would expatiate at great length on the beauties of the science, of how it was the most exact in the world, and of how all nature grew and could be figured out by the science of mathematics. But I was skeptical and in the unending delights of infinity, alone, did I revel.

Queer girl, did you say? Yes, I am queer sometimes. You know one must be queer to be famous and I am dying to be famous. Another way of gaining happiness, you see. Do you know, I think eccentricity is considered by the world as synonymous with genius. Have not all "great men" been eccentric? But your idiosyncrasies and peculiarities must be new and something never seen before, or the world will stigmatize you as an impostor. So I am looking about and thinking of how I can be eccentric as no one else has been and then you will see me budding forth in the incipient stages of genius. My "castle in Spain," you will say, will remain in Spain for some time yet. Well, I am content, provided you do not curb my imagination. Now, I must give you a few fashion notes after so overwhelming a deluge of philosophic or rather imaginative nonsense. New dresses are less clinging to the figure than they have been for years. Skirts are cut to give a fuller appearance and the puffed drapery is very large as it is mounted on a cushion of hair sewn to the skirt lining. Gay house dresses for young ladies have the waist, sleeves and skirt of blue and red striped cashmere, with a corset bodice, deep cuffs, and bunched up overskirt of red cashmere, scalloped on the edges and bound with blue braid. Antique heads of bronze or dull silver, cocks of copper-tinted silver, and diamond-shaped designs of Rhine brilliants are the clasps for winter wraps. Poppy red is in fashion for cloth and cashmere dresses, and imported blue cashmere dresses are trimmed with bands of poppy-colored velvet. For dark cashmere dresses, India camel's hair borders, like those used on India shawls, are very much in fashion for trimming.—Detroit Chaff.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE intellectual power to discover the best path or the right course is far more commonly possessed than the practical power to follow it; and no man or woman ever rose to full moral stature without both.

So long as cooking and sewing are considered the paramount duties of a wife and mother, so long will the highest welfare of a nation be impossible. If the main business of the poor woman be drudgery and that of the rich woman frivolity, the life-work of both will remain for ever unfulfilled.

MAN is not made by circumstances, but they are an element in his formation, the same as soil to vegetation. We grow in them, but are not determined by them, for, according to choice, each selects what he wants. In identical circumstances are found characters as opposite as the poles, as in the same field spring up the oak and the weed.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's looks, with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's act of forbearance, with birds'-nests admired but not touched, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence and deeds of virtue.

THE best and noblest and strongest people will, as a general rule, be the calmest and the gentlest. They feel a reserve of power within them, upon which they can draw at pleasure, and thus they have no need of using all their ammunition at once. It is true that there is such a thing as a dead calm, a lethargic state, where excitement is absent, emotions are dull, and life itself is torpid. But no one will mistake this for the dignified composure of controlled excitement and subdued emotion.

NATURAL IMPULSE.—The most eminent men of past ages, those whom generations delight to honour, were men who worked not for the sake of eminence, but to satisfy a natural craving for the work itself, and who triumphed over every obstacle, more as a necessity of their nature than as a stern and self-denying task. No external stimulus, however great, no combination of circumstances, however fortunate, could furnish for them an equal impulse to that which they carried with them in their own natures. And, with this impulse, no difficulties were too great for them to conquer, no discouragements too depressing for them to surmount.

SUPERLATIVE PEOPLE.—There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming. We talk sometimes with people whose conversation would lead one to suppose that they had lived in a museum where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phoenixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar—"most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are "enchanted," they are "desolate," because one has or has not a shoe-string or a wafer they happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken, that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker loses a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion, and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.