

The Poet's Corner.

After Death. FROM THE ARABIC. He who died at Azan sends This to comfort all his friends. Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head, I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and prayers, Yet I smile and whisper this— I am not the thing you kiser; Cease your tears and let it lie, It was mine, it is not I.

would not ask for an Electoral Commission to decide it over again! My! I'd like to see anybody—But, by the way, Mr. Butterby, what was it you was going to say you would do if you was the President of the United States? "Resign as soon as the Lord would let me," said Mr. Putterby, calmly but determinedly.

HOW TO PACK.

Practical Suggestions on Shipping Clothes. The art of packing is by no means a common accomplishment, and the comic pictures which represent the girl of the period despairingly sitting on her trunk while the maid-of-all-work vainly endeavours to lock it and the expressman clamours at the door, are scarcely as much exaggerated as one might suppose. It is always disagreeable and difficult to pack in a hurry; therefore, it is wise to begin in season, say, at least, a day before it seems at all necessary to do so.

After the trunks are ready, get everything together which is to be packed, and then go quietly and systematically to work. Very large trunks are an abomination over which expressmen groan and swear, not altogether without reason. Still, short ones are inconvenient, except for short journeys, and multiply expense as the expressage is for each piece, be it for Saratoga trunk or small valise, without regard to size. But, whatever the size of the trunk, it should be filled, or at least packed full enough to prevent the contents from tossing about.

Lines Thrown Out to Anglers.

[Ancient.] Peter said, "I go a-fishing," John and Thomas and James said, "We will go with you," and they went. "For daily blessings most men forget to pay their prayer; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing."—[Isaac Walton.] [Virtue.] "Angling is a rest to the mind, a cheerer to the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentment. It is like the virtue of humility, which has a world of blessings attending upon it."—[Sir Henry Wotton.] [Beauteous.] "How in youth I used to gallop to the glens, over a hundred heathery hills; how leaped my heart to hear the thunder of the waterfall and, at last, the dim, shallow line of music, teeming with swift-shooting, silver shining, scaly life, most beauteous to behold, at every soft alighting of the deceptive line."—[Christopher North.] [Clerical.] "I give up fly-fishing; it is a light, volatile, dissipated pursuit. But ground-bait, with a good steady float, that never bobs without a bite, is an occupation for a Bishop, and in no way interferes with sermon-making."—[Sidney Smith.] [Priceless.] "It is affecting to see a distant mountaintop, where you camped for a night in your youth, still as blue and ethereal to your eyes, as is your memory of it. It lies like an isle in the far heavens, a part of earth unprofaned, which does not bear a price in the market; is not advertised by the real estate broker."—[Henry D. Thoreau.] [Jolly.] "That's the worst, to throw the fly, and in half a minute take it quickly out. Though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run along the hills."—[Charles Kingsley.] [Healthful.] "Hauling fish through the surf is better than wasting time in the Senate."—[Daniel Webster.] [Resistless.] "If the angler be not impelled by the command of a visible queen of May, he always feels the unconquerable necessity of going a-fishing when the spring comes. It can't be resisted. He might as well try to shake off the impulse of waking in the morning and resolve to sleep on forever."—[W. C. Paine.] [Happiness.] "Tramping all day through brush and briars, fighting flies and mosquitoes and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a wiggly twig—this is pure happiness, the like of which a boy will never have again."—[C. Dudley Warner.] [Sentiment.] "The fisherman has a harmless, pre-occupied look; he is a kind of vagrant that nothing fears. All his approaches are gentle and indirect. He times himself to the meandering, eddying stream; he addresses himself to it as a lover to his mistress; he woos it and stays with it till he knows its hidden secrets. Where it deepens his purpose deepens; where it shallows he is indifferent. He knows how to interpret its every glance and dimple; its beauty haunts him for days."—[John Burroughs.] [Hopeful.] "The enthusiastic angler is never content with minor achievements. His constant expectation is that every new cast will afford him some new conquest, and that the grand sport of to-day will be excelled by the grander sport of tomorrow."—[George Dawson.] [Who hunts, doth off in danger ride; Who has a line, doth in the water glide; Who uses game, shall often prove A user, and who falls in love My angle breeds me no such care."—[William Basse.]

[Simple Dress.] A number of gentlemen at a party the other evening were wondering why all young ladies did not dress in the plain simple style of a young belle present, whose toilet they greatly admired. The dress was certainly very beautiful, as was the young lady, which has a great deal to do with the dress that deserves description. The underskirt was of plain white Surah, covered with the ruffles of the same goods. The overdress was of nun's veiling of an exquisitely fine texture, adorned with frills and cascades of cream-white lace, and caught up with clusters of white snow drops covered with crystals. Upon the head of golden hair was a delicate wreath of snow drops glittering with white jets. She wore not a jewel, but carried in her hand a large antique fan of white feathers spangled with crystals. After the party was over the wearer of the dress, who had heard of and enjoyed the compliment, laughingly informed one of her admirers—a doting uncle—that this "simple" dress, at an exceedingly moderate computation, not including "Madame's" bill for making, had cost \$160.

All the uncle did was quietly to hand the young lady of the "simple" dress his new hat, with a bow of acknowledgment and a wave of the hand, which expressed more than words could have done his unqualified admission to the utter incapacity of the masculine mind to comprehend the magnitude or to guess the price of a woman's dress, even though the dress stimulates "simplicity" to perfection. Moore R. Noyes, a merchant of Mattawan, and Frank Connor, of Paw Paw, Mich., were struck by lightning yesterday. Both were killed instantly. During the thunder storm at Lachute, Que., the lightning killed six cows which a farmer was driving home. The farmer escaped. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Star-berry cures summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sour stomach, colic, nausea, vomiting, canker, piles and all manner of fluxes.

Miscellaneous.

It has no doubt been a mystery to many how the iron ball inside of the sleigh bell got there, and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and the mold. The hot metal burns the core so that it can be all shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, awl joints and many other articles are cast in the same manner.

They—Then the summer mornings were full of singing-birds, always waiting outside our windows to help us begin the day with happiness. Then flowers were born as if to accompany the birds in their benevolent mission. Then all our dreams were pleasant imaginings, Arabian Nights' entertainments, from Arabian untroubled joy. Then June was the longest and loveliest month in the calendar. Then we were never depressed by bad weather. Then headache had no lodgement nearer than our neighbor's brain. Then personal rheumatism was unknown to us. Then insomnia had not been invented, and we were not obliged to draw upon the clock walk twenty miles a day without fatigue. Then all was gold that glistened. Then we were young!

A Chinaman working at Nevada City, Neb., brought to his employer a Chinese lily, in bud, which he said would bloom at just twelve o'clock of the Chinese New Year. He brought it in about 10 o'clock, and dosed it with a white powder dissolved in warm water, and perhaps were observed to swell visibly, but at 11:40 o'clock not one had opened. The hands were fast moving up to the midnight hour. When it lacked but about three minutes of twelve, John drew a piece of bamboo about an inch in diameter from some secret recess about his raiment. Placing this to his lips he gently blew his warm breath on one of the buds, and almost instantly it was seen to expand and stand forth a full-blown flower. In rapid succession, flower after flower was thus brought out, and at midnight the whole plant was a mass of blossoms.

Wife.—What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from. It is the word in which the English and Latin language conquered the French and the Greek. I hope this French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word femme. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewife or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes, or shed their lives, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiling, shedding its quiet light for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be a woman's true place and power.

The Silence of Friendship.—Only real friends understand silence. With a passing guest or ceremonial acquaintance you feel under an obligation to talk; you may make an effort to entertain him as a matter of courtesy; you may be tired or weak, but no matter, you feel you must exert yourself. But, with a very dear and intimate friend sitting by you, there is no feeling of the kind. To be sure, you may talk if you feel able, pouring out all sorts of confidence, relieved and refreshed by the interchange of thoughts and sympathies. But, if you are very tired, you know you do not need to say a word. You are perfectly understood, and you know it. You can enjoy the mere fact of your friend's presence, and find that does you more good than conversation. The sense of that present and sympathetic affection rests you more than any words. And your friend takes it as the highest proof of your friendship and confidence, and probably never loves you so vividly as in these still moments. No matter that twilight is falling, and that you cannot see each other's faces—the presence and the silence are full of brightness and eloquence, and you feel they are enough.

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The Detroit, Mackinac, and Marquette Railroad Company

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"If I Was President."

"Now, if I was President," began Mr. Butterby the other morning, as he passed his cup over for a second cup of coffee—"If I was President of the United States—" "Which you aren't, you know," broke in Mrs. B., in an argumental and confidential tone. "And not likely to be," added Mrs. B.'s mother, with a contemptuous toss of her head. "No," assented Mr. B., pleasantly; "but I was just supposing the case—" "Then suppose something in reason," retorted Mrs. B., snappishly. "You might as well suppose you was the man in the moon, or the Man in the Iron Mask, or—" "S'f might, my dear, so I might," assented Mr. B., still pleasantly smiling. "but that has nothing to do with it. I was merely going to say that if I was President of the United States, I'd—" "My!" burst in Miss Gertrude, aged 18, "wouldn't it be splendid if you was, pa? Just to think how those Wheellety gents would change their tune when I meet them, instead of throwing out their insinuations about people who consider it Christian-like to turn their last season's silk dress, so that they may have more to give to charity! But they might turn green with envy before I would ever—" "Yes, and wouldn't I warn it to Sammy Dugan, just," chirped in Master Thomas, aged 12. "I'd go up to him and smack him on the nose with a brick 'fore he knowed where he was, an' he'd dassent hit me back then, cos it 'ud be treason, an' they'd hang him; and I'd slide on the sidewalk and shy snow-balls at the blokeem, an' sass Miss Snowball, an' play hockey every day it didn't rain, an' I'd—" "Yes," chimed in Mrs. B., catching the infection from her enthusiastic progeny, "and then I'd be the first lady in the land, let the next go who she would; and Governors' wives would beg to be introduced to me, and I'd have balls twice a week, and banquets every day, and—" "And I'd have the management of the White House, and run things," remarked Mrs. B.'s mother, her eyes sparkling with the prospect. "Not much you wouldn't," (from Miss Gertrude) "not much, if I keep my health and know myself, you wouldn't—not as long as I was the President's daughter, an'—" "Yah!" ejaculated Master Tom, "I guess the President's son would be the biggest plum in that dish! Wouldn't I be the Prince of Wales then—say! What 'ud you know 'bout—" "Shut up, all of you!" commanded Mrs. B. "I reckon the President's wife is the highest authority in the land! Anyhow, there'd be a dusty old time if anybody questioned it; and I bet when the exercises were finished the survivors

"If I Was President."

There are expressmen and expressmen, and it once happened to the writer to fall in with an accommodating one in a moment of extremity. At the last minute it was discovered that the key of a trunk was missing, having mysteriously disappeared from the lock, nor to this hour has it ever been found. "Got a stout rope, marm?" One was produced, and he proceeded to tie up the trunk across each way, knotting the cord scientifically. "There, now, that'll hold. You see it's better to have the rope both ways, so as the top can't come off. A trunk strap's pretty good, but a rope's better, 'cause it goes both ways." In England baggage is always corded for long journeys. Nothing heavy, like books, etc., should ever be put in the top of a trunk, since the more heavily it is weighted the more likely the hinges are to break. Dresses should be carefully folded, with the flounces laid smooth and drawing strings let out, the waist folded but once the wrong side out, with the sleeves laid over the back and the fronts over all. If absolutely necessary, the basque may be folded again down the middle seam of the back, but never across. Packing trunks for ball dresses come with several trays, one above the other, each capable of holding one dress and its accessories. At the Parisian rodistes', where professional packers are employed; the art of dress-packing is carried to perfection. The dress is taken, and, if it is separate, from the corsage, it can be laid in the tray with only a slight fold at the top of the skirt. The train is spread out first; then every puff or fold is kept up by soft wads of yellow tissue-paper, white having been found to darken white and delicately-tinted satins. This is to prevent the creasing or crushing to which velvet and satin are particularly liable. Large sheets of the paper are then placed over the whole. The waist is next taken and laid out flat, like a bat, upon the paper-covered skirt. The sleeves are filled with paper so as to retain the shape made by the arms; every button is covered with paper, and under bead fringes, etc., are laid pieces of paper to prevent discoloration or cutting. Over the whole is then placed a final layer. When the top tray is reached, and, perhaps, the next one is also, beside the paper, a sheet of the finest cotton batting, such as flourists use, is placed over it, and, in turn, over this a layer of oil-silk. This is a precaution against the penetration of dampness or dust. A clever American notion is that of adjusting trays which may be fitted to any trunk. These are merely tray bottoms formed of frames, with tape-lattice-work, and are fitted in, when desired, by means of adjustable end-pieces, which hold them in place firmly.—[Philadelphia Press.]

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