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Appeal.
Fly, little swallow,
Fill, and fly over
The fields of brown clover,
And bid my love
Come quickly to me.
I'm weary with waiting,
Some wind is belating
That blows on the sea.
Fly quickly, O swallow,
I would I could follow,
And tell my late comer
He knows not the summer
Was never so fair,
He knows not my rover,
How all the days over
I only am lonely,
I only despair.
Why lingerest, swallow,
When suns are so mellow?
Till sweet days are sweeter,
And feet winds are fester?
Than those on the sea?
O, wait not, I need him;
Bid swift winds to speed him,
Delay not, I pray not,
But bring him to me,
O, tardy brown-winger,
O, slothful news-bringer,
Ere you can discover
And call my love over,
He smiles at the door.
No more the dreamer waiting,
Though winds are belating,
It's safe on the shore.
—Mary Christine Kipp in Boston Transcript.

LILIA'S TO-MORROW.

Mrs. Rubens sat by the open window of her little sitting room, with an unfinished piece of work in her hands; but her hands had dropped idly in her lap, the white, weary fingers refused to take up the shining little needle. Tell-tale tears stood in her soft blue eyes; but she wiped them quickly away, as she heard Lilia open the door and come up the stairs with light, quick steps.
Lilia—with the summer sunshine in her hair like waves of gold—with her soft eyes shining like the tender blossoms half hidden under the green leaves of the violets—with the pink blushes kissing her cheeks into loveliness, and laughter waiting on her red lip. "What wonder that the mother's tired eyes grew bright again as she watched her darling's bright young face!
"What has happened to you, my love? Your face is as glad as a rose!"
"It ought to be glad, since such good fortune has come!" she said, smiling.
"Poor mamma, you've grown tired waiting for it, I know."
"Tell me all about it, or I shall fear you have dreamed it," Mrs. Rubens replied, softly.
Lilia quickly divested herself of bonnet and shawl, and drawing a low stool to her mother's side, sat down and leaned her head against her knee.
"I shouldn't wonder if you had forgotten that it is the first day of May to-day," she began, looking up in her mother's face; "but I never forget it when it comes, for I think it is the sweetest day in the year! So, when lessons were over, I took my box of colors and those bits of pine board that I painted white last week, and went up to the hill to Fairy's Hollow."
And Lilia stopped to take one long breath of delight, while her mother stooped to kiss her glowing cheek.
"Everything was beginning to brighten, mamma. The softest of South winds crept through the grass with murmuring caresses; the flowers were coming up in beautiful clusters all over the hollow; and overhead—in the elm-trees—I do believe a hundred happy birds were singing. I shall paint it some day, mamma!"
"And I shall look at it and enjoy it," said Mrs. Rubens; "only you must put yourself into the picture, Lilia."
"Yes, I suppose so," said Lilia, doubtfully; "but I think it would be nicer without me. But I am coming to the best part of all—so listen, mamma. I had finished a heavy, blue sky, had sketched a distant hill lying softly against it, and a little lake in the foreground, half bordered with willows, when a shadow fell upon my picture, and looking up, I saw a funny little old man leaning on a stick and looking at my work. He laughed, and then sighed, and said, just as if he'd been talking to himself:
"I need to do it, too, when I was young and foolish like you."
"Now you know, mamma, dear, nobody likes to be called foolish, and I suppose I did look a little cross, for he sighed again, and said, so mournfully:
"I wouldn't hurt your tender heart for the world, child! But don't you see you have left out the shadows?"
"I don't see any shadows to put in," I said. "It's May-day, and shadows don't fall in my world on May-day."
"That's just it," he said, sighing again, as if he saw nothing but shadows. "That's just it, my child. You are young and gay-hearted, and all the world looks

bright to you; but the brightness faded for me before you were born."
"When I came to look at him, he didn't look so very old, either, not more than forty years old; but he did look as if he had had some great sorrow to bear."
"But who is he, Lilia? I hope you don't often have such adventures, or I shall be afraid to let you ramble about alone. He may have been crazy."
Lilia laughed joyously.
"No, no, mamma! He is as sane as I am. He is the gentleman who has bought the beautiful house on the hill, and he is an artist; and when I am not giving lessons to those tiresome little Dollis, and Miriams, and Christabels, he is to give me lessons; and he says he can sell my pictures for me—all that I will paint."
"But, Lilia, lessons from a great artist will cost something; and how can you pay him?"
"Oh, that is the best of it. He doesn't want any pay until he has sold my pictures, and he says I shall soon be rich."
Mrs. Rubens hesitated a little while, but could not long resist the pretty, pleading face lifted to her own; and so the next week found Lilia taking lessons of the stranger-artist, and making rapid progress. Even her mother, who best knew her enthusiastic temperament, was surprised to see what she accomplished.
The weeks went by more rapidly than weeks had ever gone by before; and Lilia had finished four pictures—charming little landscapes in summer and autumn colors. She had been at home a week helping her mother, who had not been so well as usual, and had not touched her pencils, though she did look longingly up the bright hill-path almost every day—when one day a servant from the house on the hill came to the cottage with a letter for Miss Lilia Rubens.
Letters were not with Lilia every-day occurrences; and she pulled open the envelope with sparkling eye and glowing cheek. The color did not fade in her beautiful cheeks when four rustling bank notes dropped out from the folds of that, satiny paper.
Her mother picked them up in silent astonishment, while Lilia read the letter.
When she had finished the last line, she tossed it into her mother's lap with a little cry of delight.
"One hundred dollars, mamma, for my pictures! What happy to-morrows we will have some day! We will have a home of our own, where you shall preside in all your own sweet dignity, and never be tired or careworn any more. And we will make little summer excursions out into the world and see the beautiful places that I have dreamed of. To-morrow won't be a dream then, mother, but a happy reality."
She did not tire yet of talking of her to-morrow, which already glimmered in the horizon with a rosy light, until her mother kissed her, and told her she must not sit up to see it.
"It will come all the same, darling, whether you wake or sleep; and you must be up early so as to go up and thank your artist friend. See, he does not sign his name," she continued, smoothing out the cream-lined paper; "and it is strange that no one seems to know it."
"I'll ask to-morrow," said Lilia, laughing, "and your curiosity shall be satisfied."
But when Lilia, after thanking him, in her own sweet, impulsive fashion, for taking so much trouble to find a purchaser for her pictures, did ask him, he was mute, and a vexed frown crossed his features. Her own face was covered with crimson blushes, in a moment, and at that sight she smiled again.
"I have been your friend, more for your mother's sake than your own, child; and you may tell her that I will call to-morrow and see if she remembers Hugh Murray."
Lilia could scarcely wait until she reached home to find out the mystery, but she did not discover it then.
Perhaps Mrs. Ruben's dreams had been haunted by a pair of brown eyes that used to look lovingly into her own; perhaps she remembered a musical voice that used to ring in her ears in the care-free days of her own girlhood. Be that as it may, when his name dropped from Lilia's lips, she turned away without a word, and shut herself into her own room, where Lilia dared not follow.
She was away, giving a lesson in drawing to Christabel Golding, when Hugh Murray called at their little cottage, and so did not see the pink blush on her mother's face as the old lover took her hand; she missed seeing the height of the superior understanding unites with.
I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—Longfellow.

THE WANGA PLANT.
How it is Employed by the Voudoux Priests in Hayti.
At the request of one of the professors in the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Langston, United States Minister to Hayti, has by direction of the Secretary of State at Washington, made some investigation into the nature of a narcotic growing on the island, called the "Wanga plant." This plant appears to be used in the incantations of a society called the "Voudoux," and is not known outside the circle of its high functionaries.
Marvelous stories are told of the wonderful effects produced by this narcotic. Whenever miracles are to be wrought, the sick healed, the dead brought to life, or any other display of supernatural power is to be made, the herb is used. It is often told with most profound sincerity by those not belonging to the order of the Voudoux, that the "Papa-lois," or "priest," moved by what is called the "Lois," can and does resurrect dead, the Wanga plant always playing its part in the performance. The "Lois" is a spiritual influence inherited in certain families, resembling the powers attributed to "mediums" in spiritualism.
The followers of this faith in Hayti are numerous and of all grades of social life. The Emperor Souleouque was a member, but Geoffrad sought to prevent its increase.
The "Voudoux" are cannibals, and kill small children as a sacrifice to their strange god. In connection with these rites and practices, the sacred herb is used consciously. The plant is used by Haytiens not members of the Voudoux as a narcotic medicine and for base purposes. A native used it to put his master asleep while he robbed him. The juice will produce temporary blindness, and thus unfit for military purposes the victim. After its influence passes away the sight is perfectly restored, and no bad effect on the optic nerve remains.
The herb is used to procure sound and pleasant sleep by persons suffering from disease of body or mind. It has been successful where chloroform has failed. Five leaves placed under the pillow are generally sufficient to bring relief. Its properties, however, are yet to be determined and defined. The botany of the island presents a large field of study. Of two thousand varieties of plants only six hundred have been examined and classified. The conclusion of the whole matter, says Mr. Langston, is, whatever the plant "Wanga" may be, whether its properties already concern medical science or not, there is in this country, as connected with this subject, treasures which await scientific exploration.

Fashion Notes.
Ribbons must be narrow.
Waiteau plaits grow in favor.
Children wear wide collars and cuffs now.
Some dresses have corded arm-holes again.
Sun-shades to match the dress are carried.
Linen ulsters are finished with the triple collar.
Silver jewelry now takes on the solid, massive form.
Leather belts are in demand for the plated waists.
White fans are always the most elegant for full dress.
High back combs, with engraved white metal tops, are in great demand.
Changeable silks in delicate shades are becoming fashionable for house dresses.
Corals are entirely out of fashion, with no prospect of coming into favor soon. It is a strange freak, when red in all its shades is so much worn in dresses and shawls.
For fanciful short costumes for out-of-door fetes and for short walking dresses Worth has revived the cascade. This cascade is a long close-fitting coat in Louis Quinze style, with large pockets, large pearl buttons, and a lace jabot. The cascade falls so low on the skirt that an over-skirt is not required.
Ladies wearing low shoes now provide themselves with gaiters made of fine check; or of dark blue waterproof cloth; these gaiters button quite high around the ankle and protect the dressy stockings from the dew, or prevent the accumulation of sand inside the shoe, and will be appreciated by all ladies who are fond of walking.
"Neither storm coming unless we are —" y, x, p, d, y — j. 0 ; ; . — ! ! ! x x x — Confound the flies! How can a man write and keep both ears and a well-developed bald head comfortable at the same time! — Rochester Democrat.

Items of Interest.
Heat will make a candle stick.
Paper mill: A journalistic war.
A fast-walking stick—A hurri-canoe.
Raw eggs, with pepper and salt, are called prairie oysters.
We may joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.
If a race horse could only make good times as well as good time, how happy we all would be.
Mr. Bryant made less than five dollars on the first edition of his poems. This information should be widely scattered.
Linnaeus states the cow to eat 276 plants, and to refuse 218; the goat eats 449, and declines 125; the sheep takes 387, and rejects 141; the horse likes 262, and avoids 212, but the hog, more nice in its provisions than any of the former, eats but 72 plants and rejects 171.
The Cincinnati Breakfast Table significantly remarks: It takes a keener perception of wise expedients and a more adroit tact to collect five dollars in present times without wearing out seven dollars' worth of shoe leather, than it formerly required to run the government.
Edward, the Confessor, was the first king of England who fancied he could cure the king's evil by touching. This vulgar credulity had, in the age of Charles II., arisen to such a height, that in fourteen years 92,107 were touched, and, according to Wiseman, the king's physician, mostly cured.
True manhood shrinks at nothing, but rolls up its sleeves and goes boldly forward to conquer the most difficult achievement. And it might further be added, man is naturally brave, self-confident, and proud of his strength. It is all needed, though, every bit, when a bachelor undertakes to kiss a baby.
A new married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a large baobab on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other, "Well it's just like him."
"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Wall, now, 'squire, she allers used me fast-rate, I'll be blowed if she didn't. As for voracity, 'squire, why, bless you, that was her big bolt. Why, I've seen that air gal eat a whole 'ere. Here the judge asked the witness if he understood the question.
The origin of newspapers is a subject on which there has been a large amount of controversy. All writers who have given attention to the matter are agreed that Nathaniel Butler's *Weekly News*, which first appeared in 1622, fills all the conditions of a newspaper, and that publication has generally been accepted as the first English newspaper.
A LIVELY DIALOGUE.
MABEL.
Be serious Ned. Sit here, and listen to me.
EDWARD.
Yes, my dear.
MABEL.
Don't call me dear, I'll not allow it.
EDWARD.
But then you are, you must avow it.
MABEL.
Don't speak so; I don't think it nice.
EDWARD.
But I mean—dear at any price.
MABEL.
That's different Ned, I've no objection to anything but your affection.
EDWARD.
You have it, Mabel.
MABEL.
Have it? What?
EDWARD.
Why, anything, of course, but that.
—"Moonshine," in Atlantic.

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