EYES.

Eyes of black—what is'n you here?
Eyes you can not describe or mark,
That leave some dust in each.
Oh, eyes of black!

Eyes of gray—what is'n you say,
Eyes still, calm and broken not?
You are another's for to-day.
Oh, eyes of gray!

Eyes of blue—well, here are your
Sometimes you're blue, sometimes you're true.
But oft you win when you do woo.
Oh, eyes of blue!

Eyes of hazel—why look you down?
Where did I ever see you frown?
And you not with me your true love's crown.
Oh, eyes of hazel!

—Sidney Perkins in Yankee Blade.

AN IDYL UPON CRUTCHES.

It is to be now often enough in Central park.

He, pale, emaciated, one of those men who carry a ticket for Charon's ferry-boat in his pocket, and is only loitering a little by the way. She, as full of life as the lilacs near which they sit, grateful to the eye in her beauty as they to the sense in their fragrance. He the weakness, she the strength, of the partnership. She as upright as a tall lily rose, with health to pay Time full rent through along life, is stooping painfully over the two sticks that prop up his nervous body. Those are the crutches. Now for the idyl.

There was a feverishness of life in New York city. North and south had grappled for the death. War was whipping the tops of commerce until they jumped upon. The government cried, "Hired girls!" and merchant, manufacturer and artisan toiled and muffed. Men were as most had a value in the market, their souls were in their hands.

A youth and a girl met at a church door, and strolled away together. In the course of the service—for it was the Sabbath day—the minister had invoked the divine blessing upon the Federal army, and had passionately appealed to the congregation to all with purse and person to help infuse the grand old flag, that not a single star should be rent from the union, nor one stripe from its field. And hearts had throbbed and eyes had welled over with tears that morning. There were dollars for the wounded and volunteers for the war in that sermon.

"I do trust that you have bought a substitute, Edgar!"

It was the girl who spoke as the pair turned up Lexington avenue.

"Use!" and Edgar rubbed his head affectedly. "A German, who thought my body was worth $1,500."

She looked straight before her, biting the point of her parasol with her best tips as she walked.

"The last steamer brought 500 contrabands, Georgia. The price of substitutes will go down for a lick. It is a pity I did not wait a little."

"Yes, it is."

She said this quite seriously, and stopped before the door of the house she lived in.

"Well, don't look so serious about it," he added cheerfully. "I have put $1,500 to a worse use before now, Georgia."

"Never in your life, Edgar."

"Why?"

"Never in your life, I say, Edgar." She jumped up two steps, and then turned to confront him. "All the substitutes will be gone after awhile, and then they'll have to call upon us girls to go to the war. If I were drafted I'd not buy a substitute; I'd go."

"I understand you," said he slowly, and leaned against the pillaster. "You love your country more than all besides—do, Georgia?"

She looked down at him with a half perplexed expression in her hazel colored eyes and just then some leaves from the creeper that clambered the front of the house came fluttering to the ground between them. Stooping, she picked a red one up and held it up to him by way of diversion. "Is not that a beautiful color?"

"It is red—a very suggestive one just now, and quite apropos of our conversation, Georgia. Give it to me. That will be a brave badge, won't it?"

There was a tone of bitterness in his voice; it was not hard to see that he was angry.

"You understand me in part, Edgar. It is the worst part that you understand; the better escapes you."

"No, I think not, Georgia." He pushed his hat back from his face and gazed steadily at her. "You believe honestly that it is no my account, but my good name, that you are solicitous. Come, now, some of your girl friends have been twitting you with my inglorious vendibility for a white skin, contrasting the patriotic sublimes of their sweethearts with the selfish pusillanimity of yours. The thought has grown up in your brain that by and by it will be said to you, 'Your husband bought a substitute when he was drafted; you married a man, when all said they were going to the war, shelter himself behind his dollars.' Well, now, Georgia, listen to me."

"Stop a moment, Edgar. Tell me, have you taken fold any of this for pleasure? No one has ever twitted me as you say, but I have thought, not in my brain but in my heart, where all my thoughts of you grow, Edgar"—her cheek flushed, but she spoke resolutely—"that herein lie some way two you, and you in turn may twit me, because when our country cried out loudly, and fathers and brothers, aye, even to the very school lads, took their lives in their hands and moved to the cry, I pertested love to oldiness, and so stopped your ears that I left you to be one that man could point at and say, 'He stopped at home.'"

"Edgar B——." The hospital aid read the name from a pass presented to him by a lady who applied to see a patient. "Edgar B——. No. 8 ward, madam; sixth bed on the right."

The hospital was clean enough and tidy, considering its crowded state, but the smell of chloride of lime and carbolic acid could not altogether quell the sickly odors that drive to waves through a military hospital.

"Not dead. Oh, no, madam; he's alive. He was rather more furiously wounded of this morning. Both legs amputated at the knee."

"He is not dead, but sleepeth." Unconsciously she quoted holy words in her heart—her crushed heart, that seemed too white to stand still, and that to Godk would her breath failed. "That will be a heartbreaking, won't it?" The old lady that had listened her woman from one to her memory, and the words and the look that accompanied them.

He opened his eyes and another pair are looking into them. A pair of eyes! Ah, no a soul is looking through them, a soul that measures every variation of intelligence in fine marks when the strongeness of surprise dissolves into the new shape of recognition, when the kaleidoscope of pain clears up into the distinctness of comfort.

Not a word is spoken. Only the two have lie there touching on the pillow, and only the eyes move, searching every line of each face, saying, in unspoken language, "We are together."

Together! Yes. There should be no more heartaching till the final one. So Georgia resolved and while death stalked on every side around Edgar B——'s bed he lived. The surgeons said that Georgia saved him. His discharge came. The war went on, but his country could ought like $—.

And so he lived—lived at bed to New York—all that his enthusiastic country could spare of him so he supposed it, and then a low fever attacked him and the medical men assigned all that remained of him by anticipation to another earth. There was no pain; life would have ant gently, but there was no hope, and Georgia would not believe them. She pitched her tent against the sickness for, and drew out the spear and buckler to fight for her love. She conquered, too, and when she had saved him the doctors declared he had a constitution of cast steel, and she descended to take the credit of its resource. It was not much of a recovery after all. Only a tottering from the couch to the window, a tilting from the carriage to a bench in the park, but that was a very great deal to live.

With a faint touch of irony all everything by a smile of good humor, he had such a fancy.

"Never mind, Georgia; you will have to get a substitute now."

And she knew with a true woman's courage, she was with a true woman's soul, made reply:

"My working days is ready, Edgar. When shall we be married?"

She blushed, and he pursed himself upright upon his crutches before the altar. He will never kneel again in the position of a worshiper. Other hearts have their knees are—and then they were wed. The bride and her cripple! Not a lot of B—the wife and her bow.

He blew that out by the Blues on the north side of the lake. The sunlight glimmer on the water fringe that trickles from under the foot of the aspen on the mountain, and he says it is a figure of his own life, which is running away over the bank, wasted away by an end.

The sun shines on the lilacs bending out across the path and touch the green pine, as she lifts the softly parted crutches and smiles her meaning, "Time to go home, Edgar." Sweet, serious smile. Verily the martyrs has his reward.

That is the idyl.—Percy Robinson in Harper's Bazar.

The Russian Good Linguists.

Charles Emory Smith, United States minister to Russia, speaking of his duties of his embassy alone, said:

"I should say that the Russians were a contented people, and I may add, from what I saw, the circles of the nobility seemed more greatly contented. Of course, it must be remembered that I am judging only from cities like St. Petersburg, whose population is 1,000,000, and Moscow, whose population is 800,000, while the total population of the empire is somewhere near 100,000,000."

"Did you find any difficulty with the languages?" he was asked.

"I did not have to try," said Mr. Smith with a smile. "Russian children generally have a German nurse, an English governess, and French tutor, so that by the time that they appear in society they are masters of these languages. The ease himself speaks English remarkably well."—Philadelphia Times.

Cost of Garters for New York Women.

A class of women with whom expensive and beautiful garters are a fad are the wives and daughters of some rich and showy folk, and each of these not very showy. Counting these thousands, a large garter dealer tells me that $50,000 is a low estimate to put to their account. In other words, to sum the total cost of garters for this city for one year the amount would not be far short of $150,000. Tie them all together, the cotton and the flannel ones, the plain elastic with the gorgeous bands, and we have a string about 400 miles long, worth a quarter of a million dollars! Why, it would support 800 families of 3,500 each in the most expensive case, and it will be found that very few have the patent regulator, the full jewel mark, while the search may be long and vain to find one marked "adjusted."—New York Truth.

Cycles in a Fire Department.

The Houston fire department has organized a cycle corps. The members carry on their wheels axe, rope, hooks, ladders and other fire apparatus. At a recent trial of this novel fire company the results were shown to be most satisfactory.—Outing.

Irish Moss.

Among the many useful things which absolute poverty has been the cause of is Irish moss. The virtues of this seaweed, now so largely used as a basis for nourishment drinks and cough mixtures, were for many years known only to the very poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish seacoast, who were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger.

Finding that when boiled it produced a thick, nourishing and not unpalatable jelly, they for a long time used it as food before becoming gradually aware of its medicinal effects in diseases of the throat and lungs. After a time this discovery led to its medicinal use in minor and colder cases.

Boiled with milk, or even with water, and carefully strained, it forms a most nutritious and soothing diet for invalids, especially for persons recovering from chronic diseases or other complaints which are accompanied with great prostration of the nervous constitution, being cleansing and nutritious. The jelly may be sweetened or flavored in various ways, fruit juices, cinnamon or in a natural state, and jellies or chocolate, prepared as for the table, being preferable to any of the foreign preparations for tonic and nourishment. For invalids it is always best to use the most simple of sugar which will make it palatable.—Horse's Health.

We Need Cuba.

Blazing with manifest destiny thoughts put to the paper furnished by General Thomas Jordan to The Forum on this subject. The writer reminds us that since the foundation of our government there never has been an acquisition of territory to the United States that was not fraught with immediate commercial advantage. Among the last public utterances of that farsighted statesman to whom we owe the acquisition of Louisiana, Thomas Jefferson, was this, "The addition of the island of Cuba to our confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of its highest interest."

The United States already enjoyed much the largest part of all that Cuba produces for exportation, nearly eager. Moreover, excepting only Great Britain and France, this island, with a similar area than the state of New York, furnishes more of our foreign imports than any other country. That, too, although scarcely 10 per cent, of the resources of Cuba has as yet been brought under cultivation. The grinding colonial policy of Spain has been to squeeze this rich island for revenue till there is little encouragement for the development of her magnificent resources. But even this glorious island was our own, with all the money it produces flowing to us instead of going to Europe, and with its taxes as much added to it, the United States would be in very truth the richest nation of modern times.

General Jordan speaks of the great and varied money wealth awaiting the touch of industry here. He is satisfied that Cuba has a good deal. She has also copper, lead, iron, silver and petroleum. Of the geographical and political necessity that exists for making Cuba ours, General Jordan writes:

Cuba is nearly twice as large as Ireland, or as the Greater Britain of our own Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida, and yet it is a mere peninsula, with a coastline of 1,200 miles, and a mountain range of 300 miles, which forms the backbone of its surface. It is a mere step from Florida, the nearest point of the mainland, to Cape San Antonio, the nearest point of the island of Cuba, by Indian Key, the outer one of the chain of the Florida Keys, and from Key West, the last island of the Florida Keys, to Cuba, the distance is 90 miles, and the intervening channel is dotted with islands, which Elisee Reclus, the great geographer, has named the Cuban Islands. In central Cuba, the island is 60 miles wide, and from Key West, the last island, south, from the mouth of the Mississippi River, and the city of New Orleans, to the city of Havana, the distance is 700 miles, and the city of Washington.

Cuba never attracted so much the attention of the Spanish-American people as at the present time. Our business men are anxious to see Cuba in our possession, and our manufacturers have discovered that the island of Cuba will be our best market for our goods