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LOVE, DEATH AND SORROW.

Upon a day of frost and blighting rain,
Our Help called Love was wed with one called Death.
Her body on the raw, dry bosom lay towards
Its cold and sleepless mate, fully fifty years long.
A child was born called Sorrow, and—the pale Love gave them, whose bed lay crushed with tears—gave to Death, "Old man, this child is thine!"
"And if he die, for what was I to live?"

Then Wisdom came and said, "Oh, foolish one,
Wait thou thine hour for Death to receive thy sorrow!
And then, Oh, Love, art yet some alms to give?
For all but Sorrow, Wisdom then took to her alone
How to try Sorrow, he shall live as long
As Death need wish you, long life with Sorrow."

—J. W. Chadwick in New England Magazine.

KEEPING UP WITH THE CHILDREN.

An Earnest Mother Who Neither Scolds Nor Thus Her Boys.

She was a woman of middle age, thin and plain, with no claim to beauty except the super-fine eyes shining starlike from a wrinkled, care-lined face. Twenty years ago she had shared her married mind and then of another, and standing the world well but for the sake of her love and faith, had entered upon a life of such real, patient and heroic endurance as only women in frontier settlements, and penniless ones at that, know.

"I have tried my best," she said simply, "to keep up with the children. Father and I concluded, when our first boy was a baby, that our and scraps and contrive as we might we would educate all that narrow area in. And we have done what we could. I wasn't willing that my children should get ahead of me. I've tried to study their lessons with them, and to enter into their feelings. I don't want them to outstrip me in the race."

This mother had been one of those to whom early rising and late retiring had been always essential, in order that the routine of the housework should run smooth. In that part of the country where one hired girl help for every dozen men was almost unheard of, women did their own work, a relative's daughter sometimes holding a helping hand in an exigency, and the rest of the family doing their share as need. In her determined effort to keep step with her children in their intellectual development, she had in another direction holded better than she knew; for the children, boys and girls alike, had early been pressed into her service, and had, as she expressed, "taken hold" of whatever was to be done.

The boys could unshelled and set tables as well as draw water and split wood. The girls were fairly bookkeepers, with a practical knowledge of washing and laundry work—in America society so essential in the outset for life to the richest as to the poorest. Though the living in the homestead was plain, it was abundant, and the meal set before the family was something sizzler than a mere verb for wealth. Everything was open and above board. Books were read and prized in common, and so much was going on in interest everybody that there was no temptation to devour pieces of fiction in secret. So it came to pass that the keeping up with the children brought great good to the mother.

At last a day dawned when the mother felt as if her first-born had been set in a wall of reputation. Two of her hired had found their wings. A daughter was going to college. A son was entering upon a business career. The little wistful woman yearned to keep pace with these both, yearned perhaps to retain the pathway of back, as she always had done. But it was inevitable that there should be some parting of the ways. Hence an old man, who lost down a barrelsie under her cheery show of courage.

"Here comes, dear," said an older friend, who had been through a similar experience. "The children will never outgrow your you had a twenty years' start of them. And you have so developed your mind and trained your heart and elevated your aim through—does the dizzy mist, the fog and the sun, that you dwell in the highest atmosphere, forwards to expression of every faculty. They may acquire the—, but they will fly the higher before been back to the nest. The mother who has kept pace with her children from babyhood to adolescence will never lose them."—Harper's Bazar.

Woman Artists of Brooklyn.

Brooklyn's old artists form a considerable portion of the art community, and have become known in that especial branch for its admission of the women, both of the city and of the city. They have almost all begun their art studies in Brooklyn, some alone, studied and established in the sign galleries, only to return home to those similar dwelling places in their native city. They have made little books of artistic taste and brightness in their office buildings as well as in their homes, and they are all personally analyzed charm. Big young women, intelligent, broad minded, cultured and womanly in the highest degree. In the study of art they seem to have forgotten the frivolities and hollow affectations nothing that is real. They are so many women, and the work they turn down pieces than an artist or a great which has not the respect of their brother artists as well as in some instances the veneration of the famous critics of the day.

The aspiration of every artist, whether man or woman, is to see a studio—an apartment where individual taste and study and where unbridled sketches or studies may be left for from the disturbing dust brush of the housemaid. The Brooklyn artists of Brooklyn have all attained this wishes in this respect, and scattered throughout the city, although more particularly confined to the down town district, there are a number of studios of artists to be artist temperament, and place it in reading that they are not to be hard work rooms and not as bedrooms where a place or a bunch painted now in needle digging for the apartments, for the life of "studio."—New York Herald.

People Overcome by Perfumes.

There are some individuals that cannot stand perfumes. The patchouli is very generally recognized in India as the little shawls, is by some persons almost real poison. Ladies have been known to faint after wearing lace shawls or a bonnet with lace trimmed, and a sachet which had patchouli in the dressing course is to many a poisonous extract. Personally, Whether the perfume comes from a rose, violet or a dahlia matters nothing to the sensitive. Some people are so sensitive that the odors of the rose, violet, or