

"It Could Not Happen Now,"
Ere country ways have turned to dust,
And long ere we were born,
Some merry April morn,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And both would look and she would look,
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.

Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would rearrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass,
Which bow she ought to wear,
And often she'd neglect her task,
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask:
Why do you thus like that?

And now she'd lean with footstep slow
That maid with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago,
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly clean his eye,
And look so woo-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!"
My boy, so blithely and so brave,
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!

And to next morn' he'd make her shock
With laugh and song and cheer,
And there—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now,
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

It seemeth such a little way to me,
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I have fondly
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries
Near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear,
I think I see the brightly gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for my veiled eyes,
We should find Heaven round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones I have long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet still I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seat of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I look, one more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this and that one over there—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with an abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting in the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

The Touching Tale of the Pampered Pug.
The Lady Geraldine Montagu sat by the shimmering sea,
And Lord Plantagenet Fortescue was reading
Aloud from "Sue."
At her feet in repose on a Persian rug,
With his snub of a nose, lay her precious pug.
In glimmer of gold and satin shone the little
darling was dressed:
A point-lace ruff encircled his neck; he'd a dia-
mond on his breast;
And seraphic sweet as the moonlight pale,
Was the bangle's gleam round the pug's tail.

The Lord Plantagenet closed his book; down on
his knees he dropped;
With a languishing look he hearkened, and took,
and the faithful pug purred.
Alas for the Lord, and alas for his snub,
"He'd knelt him down on that sleeping brute."

SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Many of our readers have often asked
"What is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,
about which we hear so much?" To
answer their question we have secured the
following explanatory article, written by a
competent authority:

The symptoms of Bright's Disease (which
is but an advanced form of Kidney Disease)
differ in different individuals, but generally
the patient presents a flabby, bloodless
look, is drowsy and easily fatigued, has
pain in the back, vomiting and febrile
disturbance. The urine is reduced in
quantity, is often of dark, smoky or bloody
color, and exhibits to chemical reaction
presence of a large amount of albumen,
while under the microscope blood corpus-
cles and casts are found.

There are several forms of the malady,
but their common prominent character-
istic is the presence of albumen in the
urine, and frequently also the co-existence
of dropsy. These associated symptoms, in
connection with Kidney Disease, were first
described in 1827 by Dr. Richard Bright,
an English physician, who first investigated
them. Sometimes there is a degeneration
of the tissues of the kidney into fat, thus
impairing the excreting powers of
the organ so that the urea is not
sufficiently separated from the blood.
The flow of the blood, when charged
with this urea, is retarded through the
minute vessels, congestion ensues, and ex-
udation of albumen and fibrin is the result.
The disease is often accompanied by erup-
tions on the skin, as boils, etc., and is fre-
quently associated with enlargement of the
heart.

The causes of this terrible malady are,
indulgence in too much ice water as a
beverage, strong drink, high living, in-
digestion, exposure to wet and cold, various
kinds of fevers, malaria, pregnancy, and
other bodily derangements, such as a
complication of certain acute diseases,
like erysipelas, diphtheria, and especially
scarlet fever (of which it is one of the
most frequent and serious after effects),
diseases of bones and other scrofulous
affections.

Common-sense treatment of Kidney Dis-
ease of the character referred to neces-
sarily involves removal of the causes, rec-
tification of other secretions and increase in
the number of blood-red corpuscles, by the
administration of Warner's Safe Cure. It
is a specific even in the advanced stages,
when the blood has poisoned the nerve
centres, restoring the secretion of healthy
fluids and relieving the congestion of the
brain. It speedily arrests the inflammatory
action, which is marked by an increased
amount of urine. The albumen gradually
disappears, the dropsy subsides and the
patient recovers. There is no standstill in
advanced Kidney Disease; those who are
affected with it are either constantly grow-
ing better or worse. How important, there-
fore, that this terrible disease be taken in
hand in time and treated with a known
specific.

Latest Scottish News.
Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, starts this
month for the United States to visit his son
in California.

A movement is on foot to raise funds for
a flag for the flagstaff which marks the
spot where Bruce's standard waved at the
battle of Bannockburn.

Right Hon. Charles Thompson Ritchie,
President of the Local Government Board
in the present British Government, was
born at Dundee 51 years ago.

Mrs. Jessie Macaulay, of Mackenzie, has
died in Stornoway at the remarkable age of
105 years. She lived during the reigns of
four sovereigns of Great Britain.

The Edinburgh Town Council has re-
solved by a majority of 22 to 14 not to
elect representative elders to the General
Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

A memorial tablet has been placed next
to the Montrose monument in St. Giles',
Edinburgh, recording the execution and
burial along with the Marquis of his friend
and follower Sir William Hay, of Delgaty.

Rev. John Robertson, of Stonehaven,
believes he will see the poet Burns in
heaven not far distant from the apostle
Paul. He says "Robbie Burns was ten
thousand times better than many of his
white-tied contemporaries."

At the instance of the Marquis of Bute,
who is now proprietor of the Falkland
castle, excavations are at present being
carried out at and near the site of the Old
Falkland Palace, with the view of discover-
ing any objects of historical interest
which may be lying among the ruins.

Captain Edward Scott, who took part in
the Garibaldi insurrection against King
Bomba of Naples, died at Greenock on the
18th ult. Captain Scott entered Naples
Bay after the insurrection, and landed
troops without losing a man. He was for
some time in command of the steamers of
the Trans-Atlantic trade.

WORSHIPPING A WOMAN.

Singular Delusion of the "Congregation of
the Lord."

A singular religious delusion is revealed
by the evidence taken in the equity pro-
ceedings of the "Congregation of the
Lord" to recover from the heirs of Anna
Meister the property 1,128 South Eleventh
street. Seven members of the congrega-
tion purchased the building in 1864 and had
the deed recorded in the name of "J.
Elmer Mira Mitta," which means "the
daughter of Jehovah," whom the congrega-
tion worshipped. This person was Anna
Meister, a Swiss woman, and the fascina-
tion she exercised upon the credulity of her
followers was remarkable. They paid
\$5,000 for the house of worship, but found
upon the death of "the daughter of Jeho-
vah" that her heirs would inherit the
property unless legal measures were taken.

The case has been before a master for
two years. Lawyer William H. Steele
looking after the interests of the Meister
heirs, and the matter is now in shape to
be presented to court. From the evidence
submitted it appears that the worship
began in 1856. The woman was looked
upon as the third person in the Trinity
and in her home a temple of worship was
set up. The front part of the second story
of her home was fitted up with an altar,
pulpit and all the paraphernalia necessary
for an imposing service. Ceremonies were
held every Sunday. Myra Mitta, sur-
mounted with a crown studded with
brilliant symbols of her high es-
tate, encircled with a girle sparkling
with gems, in a loose silken robe,
preached to her abject followers, who
bowed before her. A costly cloth covered
the chair on which she sat, in order to
protect her from contact from all that was
sacred.

Lisette Munzert, who was in Myra
Mitta's household, testified before the
master: "I think the Lord formed the
congregation. She was brought to us and
it was shown from the Lord that we had
to take care of her. I believe she was the
Third Person of the Holy Trinity."

Miss Munzert also said that she believed
Myra Mitta could do more than any other
person on earth; and that by merely plac-
ing her hands on sickly persons she brought
them back to health.

Mrs. Caroline Lang, another witness,
said that an angel appeared at the meeting
of the congregation on Ridge avenue in
1856. The angel bore a scroll on which was
written in golden letters that Myra Mitta
is the daughter of Jehovah and the sister
of the Saviour.

The "daughter of the great Jehovah"
was possessed of good, substantial com-
mon sense on some points at least, as one in-
cidentally illustrates. On one occasion as she
was about raising a glass of hydrant water
to her lips, an unseen power dashed it
from her hands and writing appeared upon
a table to the effect that henceforth Myra
Mitta should not drink hydrant water un-
less it was first boiled. This astonishing
revelation was communicated to the mem-
bers of the church, and they thereupon
unanimously resolved never to drink
Schuylkill water again without boiling it.

Never Tired.
When this country was first settled there
was an impression among the colonists that
the Indians had no intelligence or craft in
their relations with the white men. The
latter soon found, however, that this was
not the case. Some of the farmers at-
tempted to make farm servants of the
Indians, but discovered that they had a
propensity to "get tired" so soon after
they began work that their services were of
little value. One day a farmer was visited
by a stalwart Indian, who said: "Me want
work."

"No," said the farmer, "you will get
tired."

"No, no," said the Indian, "me never
get tired!"

The farmer, taking his word for it, set
the Indian at work and went away about
some other business. Toward noon he re-
turned to the place and found the Indian
sound asleep under a tree.

"Look here, look here," shouted the
farmer, shaking the Indian violently, "you
told me that you never got tired, and yet
here you are stretched out on the ground!"

"Ugh," said the Indian, rubbing his
eyes and slowly clambering to his feet, "if
me not lie down, me get tired like the rest!"

A Salvation Army Baby.
Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of Com-
mander Booth of the Salvation Army, has
a very pretty, plump little baby, which on
pleasant days last month was trundled
along the avenue on the West Side up-
town. Baby Booth is pretty much like
other babies, and would have attracted
little attention had it not been for its small
breast and shoulders.

"Dedicated to Jesus," "One of Christ's
Little Ones," "Holy to the Lord," "A
Growing Soldier," "The Little Corporal,"
"Enlisted for the War," are a few of the
emblems which at one time or another
emblazoned the babe.

Usually they are worked on gold floss on
purple or scarlet ribbons, and serve for
ashes or are pinned from the neck to the
waist of the child's gown. They are Mrs.
Booth's one-dress mania.—New York cor-
respondent.

A Queer World to Him.
The minister called one afternoon to see
Mrs. Brown, and at a moment when she
was out of the room, being in a sermoniz-
ing mood, he said to little Johnnie:
"This is an unreasonable world, my
young friend." "You bet it is," assented
little Johnnie, in a way that left no doubt
as to his sincerity. "Teacher licks me
when I don't know enough, and dad takes
it out of me when I know too much."

Yankee Boy's Trick on His Father.
A naturalized citizen of English birth
being asked how he liked the birthday of
the father of his adopted country, told this
story: "The day before the Fourth of
July last year, the teacher to whom my boy
goes to school explained to his class why
the day was celebrated, giving full particu-
lars. The next morning the boy, who was
born in this country, said to me: 'Dad,
this is the day we licked you.'—True Flag.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Tricks in the Dressmakers' Trade that
Produce Oddities.

NOVELTIES IN REASONABLE OUTFITS.

Women as College Presidents and
Railway Owners.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

The Latest Evening Fashions.

Dressing for the evening, writes a Lon-
don society correspondent, is just beginning
in earnest; until now the dresses worn at
night have been rather quiet. The richest
silks are worn, and quantities of jewellery,
but no flowers. Miss Fortescue looked
charming on Saturday night in a cream
colored demi-toilette, with a high masco-
telle collar made of transparent cream colored
lace, and wearing a very beautiful necklace
and crescent brooch of diamonds—not the
white diamonds, but those which hold all
the colors of the rainbow. Lady Dorothy
Neville made a marvellous toilette of very
rich flowered silk covered with enormous
roses, and made in the quietest way, so
that she looked just like a lady in an old
picture. Now that jewellery is worn to
such an extent any one who possesses old-
fashioned trinkets can show them to
admiration, as it seems impossible to put
on too many. Lady Dorothy Neville wore
a magnificent necklace, and a ribbon round
her throat, on which hung three quaint
and brilliant pendants. Mrs. Labouchere
wears very fine white diamonds, and
makes her dress subordinate to them, as
many persons do just now. It is a subject
of discussion among Mrs. Chamberlain's
peers as to whether her diamonds or her
pearls are the finer; but I believe the
pearls really carry off the palm. Some
ladies wear both diamond and pearl
necklaces at the same time, in order to be
in the front of the fashion.

Lady Dufferin's Commemorative Cloak.

The papers have been talking about who
brought the first Commemorative cloak into
fashion, and it is like the tailless evening
coat, credited to every social personage of
any importance. The tailless coat, by the
bye, is credited to the dnde, while the
cloak is credited to the bud. The truth
about it is that it had its birth in the
smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her
ladyship had been in Ireland and was
there presented with a very fine piece of
Irish frieze. She took it to London with
her and asked her tailor if he couldn't
make her a long wrap out of it—something
of the common and which would be
stamped as decidedly individual. With
great wit he suggested just such a cloak as
the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its
birth. Lady Dufferin had a number made
and soon all London was wearing them
because they were so useful and could be
so easily assumed. However, I do not
think her ladyship expected them to be
worn as street wraps, nor did she foresee
that, caught in the March wind, they
made the slender woman look like a
balloon and the stout woman like the
whole earth, not with a fence, but with a
cloak about it.

London Fancies.

"Cousin Midge" writes in London
Truth: "We went to the Salon on Tues-
day and found a well-dressed crowd assem-
bled there, a few of whom were listening
to the music of the Red Hungarian Band.
There was an exhibition of pictures done
by members, just enough to go round the
walls alone. A well-known singer wore a
lovely gown of olive-green silk, opening
over white satin, and exquisite Turkish
embroideries in pink, gold, olive-green and
palest blue. An artist with a Circassian face
wore white brocade. There was one fancy-
dancer was going on to some gathering of a
more fantastic kind. A Greek dress at-
tracted some attention, because there was
so little that was Greek about it. It was a
very annoying dress. I longed to give it a
good pull at the back. Greek draperies
never 'hung up' in the middle as it did, I
am sure. Or, if they did, Greek would
meet Greek in the shape of dressmaker and
dress-wearer, and then would come a tug of
war. Two aesthetic sisters, dressed alike,
hovered about in sad sage-green, appar-
ently unaware that the day for that sort
of thing is past and gone. A very pretty
woman was so very pretty that I do not
remember what she wore.

A Romantic Reconciliation.

Warren B. Westcott and Miss Jane F.
Trueman were married recently at Sara-
toga. Forty years ago they were lovers
and engaged, but Mr. Westcott jilted Miss
Trueman and married a wealthy widow.
To vindicate herself Miss Trueman suc-
cessfully prosecuted a breach of promise
suit against Mr. Westcott, but refused to
accept the damages which were awarded to
her. About three years ago Mr. Westcott
became a widower. The old love revived
in the hearts of both, and they decided to
wed, he at the age of 70, and she nearly 60.

A New Trick of the Dressmaker's Trade.

One of the new tricks of the dressmaker's
trade is to baste a sheet of wadding and a
thin muslin interlining under the back
breadths of Emp re frocks, plait all three
together and secure the lower edge of the
lining and wadding to tapes sewed nine or
ten inches below the waist. This makes
the plaits look full and soft, and is not so
obtrusive as the bustle, which even in this
stage of high civilization is capable of ex-
ecuting such fantastic tricks before high
heaven as—but it is not necessary to con-
tinue the quotation. Angels are free from
earthly troubles.

Princess Beatrice's Sister-in-Law.

Mrs. Crawford goes on: Mille Loisinger
is a great beauty. She is like a goddess of
Reubens before the divine being fell into
desh. I never saw a finer tone of color or
texture than her face, neck and arms. She
came here some winters ago, hoping,
through General Turr and other
Hungarians, to obtain an engagement at
the opera. I was asked to write her up,
and was taken to see her. The voice was
not first-rate, and, as she wanted vibrat-
ing capacity, the style was mechanical. But
she had splendid plastic points, and her
head of hair was a golden fleece. Her laugh
was open and good-natured and the teeth
milk white. In short, the dream of the
bard of Kilkeny, of the bunch of ripe straw-
berries smothered in cream, was realized.

Pertaining to Women.

Russian tea at \$4 a pound is the kind

used at afternoon receptions in New York.

The women in England exceed the men
by 3,000,000.

White is pretty for house dresses all the
year around.

The cottolene is only just becoming fash-
ionable in English society.

Pale green is a color worn much by Lady
Randolph Churchill this season.

The golden wedding of the Gladstones
will give occasion for a Liberal "jubilee"
at Hawarden shortly.

Nearly one-half of the stockholders of
the Consolidated Railroad, whose head-
quarters are at Hartford, Ct., are said to
be women.

Mrs. Burnett's son, Vivian, has grown
tired of being called "Little Lord Fauntleroy."
"I'm just Vivian Burnett, that's
who I am," he says.

The late J. E. Pfeiffer, Londoner, left
half a million to his wife, Emily Pfeiffer,
the writer of verses—to be used "for the
advancement of women."

It is whispered among the knowing ones
that Mrs. Gladstone's best gown is still the
royal blue velvet with which she celebrated
her husband's accession to power.

William S. Jackson, the husband of the
late Helen Hunt Jackson, better known in
the literary world as "H. H.," was married
to his third wife in Colorado Springs a day
or two ago.

Miss Miriam Samuel, Bachelor of Arts
of Bombay University, and daughter of a
Persian merchant, has gone to London to
study medicine, with the intention of prac-
tising in India.

Two of the most successful college presi-
dents in Kentucky are women—Miss Lottie
A. Campbell, President of Caldwell College
at Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, Presi-
dent of Clinton College.

The Queen of Madagascar is described as
a small, slender, light brown woman, with
a very sad face, a sweet smile, and no end
of Parisian graces. She is 23 years old, has
been four years a queen and is really wor-
shipped by her people.

Novelties in the Fashions.

Sprays of maiden-hair fern in green
enamel, incrustated with tiny diamonds, is a
charming pin.

Low bodices for evening dresses are cut
in every possible shape. Some are con-
cealed very low at back and front and filled
with tulle gathered to a band at the
throat. Some are cut oval, to display the
shoulders, and finished by an old-fashioned
lace bertha.

The Hading veil, such an institution for
many reasons, can be worn with any broad-
brimmed hat. To let it hang with a full
about the neck is well enough, but when
drawn loosely under the chin and gathered
high at the back one comes nearer the
latest fashion.

Great clusters of pond lilies, fiery pop-
pies, hyacinths, field daisies, etc., are
lavishly used on ball toilets. The long,
transparent green graces with which these
flowers are combined are an excellent back-
ground for so much vivid color. Some of the
flowers are touched with faint odors almost
natural.

Trim little turbans, toques and capotes
are often worn with these gray suits. A bit
of the dress material can be writhed over
a stiff frame and finished at the edges by a
band of white silk or gray velvet, and a
white or gray bird—as the wearers fancy
may dictate—springs his wings and arches
his neck in front.

A court train worn recently by the
young German Empress was six yards
long, and of the finest white Lyons silk,
magnificently embroidered in gold and
silver. The price of the material was
about \$1,500, and the embroidery was done
by twelve young girls, who were working
at it for two months.

The plaids give way before the reign of
stripes that seem to dominate in every
variety of stuffs. Two shades of gray or
gray and white have the preference, these
suits being often worn with short coats of
solid gray, severely simple in make, some-
times with a bit of braiding and often
trimmed with gray astrachan or some other
fur.

Drap de Paris is a new fabric which will
command itself to all lovers of fine goods.
It is not knitted, but woven like cloth, and
has all the elasticity of jersey cloth. It is
woven in ribs of different sizes, coarse and
fine, the heavy coarse black being espe-
cially suitable for mourning. It comes in
all colors and is used for any garment that
can be made of Jersey cloth.

The full-waisted jerseys are very popular
for those who cannot stand the severe style
of the tailor-made article. These have
yokes of plaits, tucks and of a pleasing
fulness belted in at the waist with a wide
belt and ornamental buckle. They are
made of plain and striped goods, and in
many cases embroidered with braid her-
ring-bone stitch or have a plastron of Per-
sian trimming.

The Directorate jersey is cut away over a
vest and fastened with two high buttons.
Mataless of silk, satin and new weaves are
a perfect delight to an ease-loving woman.
There is comfort in them and good looks,
the yokes are shirred, tucked or smoked,
and they are confined to the waist with a
loose belt or girle. They are mostly
trimmed with lace and are made in all the
new desirable shades.

A Cordial Welcome.

Visiting mother-in-law—How glad I am
to see you, my dear daughter.

Daughter-in-law I am so glad to see
you. It is so kind in you to travel that
long distance just to see me. Take off your
things. Now that you are here you must
not think of leaving us before the train
in the morning.

Power of Association.

Mrs. De Temper (looking up from the
paper)—Well, I declare! Another woman,
single-handed, has captured a burglar. I
should think she would have been killed by
the brute; but the paper says the moment
she grabbed a poker and made a dash for
him his knees trembled and his teeth shook,
and he sank to the floor in affright.

Mr. De Temper—He is probably a married
man.

"I have an account of a big land slide,"
said the newspaper. "Was head-hall
I put it under?" "Partly," wrote the Real
Estate Transfers," replied the snake
editor.