Seeking For Success.

Oh, who is this man whose glaring eyes
Bulge out with a stare of mad surprise,
As down the street a doctor's gig
Is a murderer wild and grim,
Who fears that fierce fiends will follow him
With howls and taunts and hooting?

Or is he sleuthing from his wife,
Who has threatened now to take his life
By means of a loaded broomstick?
Or is he a bigot, out of breath
Who gasps for breath in the hiding out,
And thinks he hears his doom's tick?

Nay, none of these is this wild-eyed man,
Who runs as swiftly as a deer or ram
Through the forest in the summer.
But he's a modified Moses here but fire
Burns fierce with a deepening desire
To speak with his prophet plumber.

The pipes in his house have bulged and
burst,
And he moans as though his life were cursed,
"Oh, where's the wretch I'm seeking?"
For he knows well that a cycle's span
May elapse before the sodd man
Will deign up the leaking.

But what of the plumber so debonair,
Whose diamonds vie with the brilliant glare,
Of the suns in his furnace glowing?
Ah, he is a king, who sits and chinks
His piles of gold, as he calmly thinks
Of the crop the cold is sowing.

Oh, what cares he for the winter's cold?
'Tis the touch of Midas that turns to gold
Each burst, while men are at work
And his slumbers, too, with a peace sublime,
While bitter blasts and rigorous time,
Make the harvest ripe for reaping.
—New York Herald.

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER IV.

"Sir Philip Darrell!" exclaimed Miss Durnford, quickly descending the stepped the terrace at the back of the house for Jennie had fled precipitately to her chamber of the distinguished visitor who was approaching with tenant Miss Dunford this is a most unexpected, most welcome pleasure!"

She held out her hand, her face and action amply according her cordial words, and he, in courtly fashion, bent out ahead, bent and kissed that hand.

"How kind of you," he said, "to be so glad to see me." Five years have not changed you, Miss Durnford; I wish I could believe that tonight as little change had wrought in me. Your uncle, when I had the pleasure of meeting on the river-bank, incited me to invite myself to breakfast with you this morning; but if I presume—"

"Oh, Sir Philip," cried the old lady, "you know what a lot of friends you have, wonder that you don't forget how to speak English. You cannot utter a sentence of good old Cumberland. I know. Dear, run round and tell Robert to take Sir Philip's horse to the stable. You have a superb horse, Sir Philip."

"He's a jewel in every way, Miss Durnford," replied Darrell, and Lima begged to be allowed to lead Hassan to the stable herself.

"Old darling," she said, as Sir Philip resigned the bridle to her, "and so should have envied Robert the charge of lord of the society of the birds if the soil had not been a stronger attraction.

she ran back to the breakfast room, and went up to her seat with a half-petulant, half-mischievous look.

"Please forgive me for being late, auntie. I did not know how the time was going, and I should not have been here at all, only be but for Sir Philip."

"My dear child, what do you mean?" Darrell explained, and Miss Durnford looked as horrified as if Lima had actually tumbled into the river.

"You are so wild, Lima," she said—"How you fear lest the house this morning. There was not a foot withdrawn."

"I got out of my window, auntie, and crawled down the creeper."

Darrell burst out laughing. Miss Durnford was obliged to be laugh too, though she tried to look grave.

"You'll look a little sorry, dear, child," she said. "Now sit down to breakfast."

"I won't do it again till next time," said Lima, in an undertone, as she took her seat.

Sir Philip sat opposite to her, and from time to time she scanned him covertly, watching him while he talked to her aunt and making every change of feature, and every inflection of a singularly sweet voice.

Sir Philip was as dark as a southern Italian, a beauty only looks were of the blue-black hue not often seen in Italy, and the delicate and statuesque chiselling of his features was Italian rather than English. Every line of his striking countenance indicated strong passions and intense pride; pride seemed not inappropriate to a man who bore so strongly the marks of gentle blood. But deep in the dark eyes lay the shadow of the sagge mental that overcast a life which nature and fortune ought to have combined to make bright and glorious.

Lima thought that this man looked as if he had stepped out of some frame at the Pitti Palace; He seemed to belong to it properly to an age in which swords rightly wrongs. It was no wonder that the people considered him almost an alien; no one, could be more unlike the usual representatives of great country families. Sir Philip Darrell was pale, steadily, supple, with the lines of an Italian, clean-shaved save for the soft mustache that shaded the resolute lips, a man of courts and cities, all but a stranger in his native country, his very speech giving, neither in tone nor accent, the faintest indication of his birth-place. He neither hunted nor shot, or took any part in county doings, being indeed an absentee. It was no wonder that some of the most superstitious shook their heads and said that some strange influence had presided at the hour of his birth.

"And do you intend," asked Miss Durnford, after a short pause in the conversation, "to give us your company for a little longer time, this time, than you did last, Sir Philip?"

He shrugged his shoulders and answered—

"I can hardly tell, Miss Durnford. I have no settled plans. I am a rolling stone, you know, and shall be as long as I live."

"I hope not."

"Do you? Do you cherish the idea that I shall settle down and be the good lady's gentleman at agricultural shows? Miss Cicelia, you are laughing at the bare notion."

"I cannot help it," said Lima. "Why, Sir Philip, I look as much a country gentleman as you do."

Miss Durnford glanced hastily at her niece; her Transatlantic freedom of manner sometimes disturbed the good lady's equanimity; but it was so free from Transatlantic forwardness, so childlike and charming, that no one could long resent it; and Sir Philip Darrell was the last man to be anything but pleased by it. He laughed and said—

"No, no, Miss Durnford, rather for me

"Fifty years of Europe, then a cycle of Cathay!"

"So Cumberland is Cathay, and your splendid ancestral home a pagoda?"

"Ah," said Darrell, carelessly, though again with the tone of bitterness Lima had noticed before—"a sport life and a merry one."

"I should say a long life and a good one," replied Miss Durnford.

"Long life? Defend me from it!" As he said this his glance was caught for a time from Lima's brown eyes, a look as full of pain and unconscious pleading that a quick flush crossed his cheek, and he bit his lip; but, recovering himself, and with a total change of manner, as if to dismiss an unpardonable subject, asked Lima if she would like to go over the Court.

"Oh, so much!" she said eagerly. "My cousins say it has lots of lovely pictures, and all sorts of beautiful things."

"You must honor me then, and your aunt and cousin will, I hope, honor my poor house also. You will hear some dismal stories of the cavaliers and ladies you will see in the picture-gallery. We have always been a turbulent set, and——" He stopped abruptly, and added, turning to Miss Durnford, "Perhaps you will kindly let me know in a day or two, what day would suit you—all days are alike to me."

"But indeed, Sir Philip, you must not make me fix a day," was the reply.

"You will, I am sure; it would be so kind of you"—and he spoke in his most winning manner. "Thanks. One of the gardeners has been raising over some rare exotics. I forgot what he called them—You must please choose as many of them as you like. I remember your dislike of weakness for out-of-the-way flowers."

"You left orders with your head-gardener for my fancy to be gratified," said the old lady. "No, no, Sir Philip; I cannot encroach any more on your kindness. Why I have a whole range of flowers that are admired by all which came from your hot-houses!"

"Have you? I am so glad. I wish you had a hot-house full. I must see to it—the more the merrier. Why should the flowers waste their sweetness on the desert air?"

There were tears in Miss Durnford's eyes as she thanked her guest, but more than one cause made the tears rise. It was not that in any case Sir Philip would not have been equally lavish; but there always seemed a lack of that interest in things home to Lima which, she thought, a man would feel in what he looked to enjoy for a life-time; he always spoke as a mere wanderer through this land of exilence. There was always that underurrent of feeling which, put into words, would have been, "What are these things to me? I have no hold on them. I do not care for them; let me give them while they are mine to give."

"Would any day this week suit you, Sir Philip?" asked Miss Durnford, rising from the table.

"Certainly, and the earlier the better for my pleasure. I mean, not my convenience."

"Friday?" Darrell bowed.

"Then," he said, "I will call at the Larches and pay my devoirs; they will not mind the forenoon—but will they have breakfasted?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I will walk up, if you will allow me to leave Hassan with you a little longer."

"Of course, of course! and I hope you will give us some more of your company when you return for lime."

"Is it the wish of your fair niece to ask a sojourner as I am?" replied Darrell—"I shall be most happy."

Lima had contrived to run over to the Larches that morning, having been requested to do so by her cousins, but now she was glad to have a good excuse for intrude on Sir Philip; not was she, though she was sincere in her wish, Miss Durnford, she added—"Miss Dunford is a man of great common sense, cross to the your cheeks, though they would not last. I suppose."

Lima smiled; but she did not choose to say that she could not enjoy that pastime, as her aunt did not keep plenty of roses, and her cousins had only those which they themselves rode. Sir Philip however divined the position at once, and added—"But perhaps your cousins have no spare horse?"

"They have not, I know," answered Lima; "but I dare say my uncle would let me have one if I asked him."

"Then I would ask you, if all the good weather will be gone before you can hear from Canada. You must let me give you a mount. Don't look so pie, it would be such a pleasure; and there are beautiful horses in my stables exciting their heads off, as the grooms say, and shall make your choice on Friday."

"You would let me ride. Then how shall I thank you?" she said, frankly. "I shall go just wild to be on horseback again."

"Just wild," you American!" laughed Sir Philip, hiding deep feeling under a light tone. "Well, you have thanked me for what, if, after all, accidents are."

"You mean because you like to give enjoyment? But that isn't selfish," returned Lima, for selfish people do cause pleasure in other people's happiness."

"Ah, you are metaphysical! We must dissolve the subject, Miss Lima, and quickly, and, with some enthusiasment, which Lima was delighted to perceive, Sir Philip, with the grace of a courtier, slily dissolved from the vicinity of his possession.

Dark Darrell, with all his courtliness, was the reverse of a ceremonious personage, and so he followed Lima's lead up the terrace, and, with a bow, passed through the open window of the morning-room before the astonished Sarlines.

They were all there, Robert and Roland, in search of whom Lima instantly sped away, and they greeted Sir Philip warmly. He speedily explained how Lima came to be with him, and in what manner he had been introduced to her.

Meanwhile Lima had found Roland busily engaged in the repair of some fishing-tackle in his study, if an apartment only devoted to specimens of every kind of implements deserved the name; he looked up, and his whole face brightened as his beautiful brother, glowing with the high English. Every line of his striking countenance indicated strong passions and intense pride; pride seemed not inappropriate to a man who bore so strongly the marks of gentle blood. But deep in the dark eyes lay the shadow of the sagge mental that overcast a life which nature and fortune ought to have combined to make bright and glorious.

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"Well catamount," said Roland, taking her hand and kissing her, "where you sent for now, of old and yet young as you are according?"

"Of my own accord, though I have come to fetch you. Do you think I do any thing else?"

"Hi-hi-ho," said Roland in a tone that did not advise much praise.

"Yes, and he came with me. He took tea with us this morning, and Roland," added Lima, blushing and laughing, "if ever ing it, she is just the nicest fellow I ever met."

"Oh, of course!" said Roland, laughing; but the laugh, Lima thought, sounded forced. "We are bound to worship a man who looks like a Cavalier, though he doesn't do much more in the world than he were a picture. He might be the foreigner he looks for all he cares is among his own tenants or cares about them."

"That's not very nice," said Lima, flushed a little—the girl was quick-tempered, and ever ready to resent injustice. "I don't think Cumberland peasants are very nice people."

"You don't know anything about them, my dear," said Roland, "though I dare say you know as much about them as Darrell does. Rough speech and manners don't always mean rough nature; you more than suavity and smooth words sometimes good one."

Lima said no more, but descended with her cousin to the morning-room. The girl went over to her aunt, and watched from beneath her sweeping lashes the meeting between Roland Sarlines and Sir Philip Darrell. What a difference there was between the two! Roland seemed to bring to another and lower order of beings than the man of whom he had spoken with hardly-veiled contempt.

"You are a good deal altered from what I saw you last, Sabine," said Sir Philip, as he shook hands with Roland; "not much more than a boy then, and, though I should have known you at once, that forehead of yours, shaded by face never an immense change in you!"

"There is little difference in you," replied Roland, "though I dare say I look older, but not much; and when you are forty, you won't look older than you do now."

"Forty years of Europe, then a cycle of Cathay!"

"So Cumberland is Cathay, and your splendid ancestral home a pagoda?"

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OUR CRAZY QUILT.

Good Things and Bright Gathered from Various Sources By The Ladies.

Unique Furnishings for Parlor and Dining-Room in Decorative Designs.

Fashion and Taste in Hairdressing.—The Latest Novelties in Needlework.

MAIDENHOOD

I have no name. For those who know me
Know how to name me not. Too nightingale
Sings not to the dawn, nor skylark in the
And the stars trouble, intending to be late
Sky melancholy's a sweeter call am I
Sweeter than joy. I hover between sons
And sisters. There is nothing in my life
And sighing I my smile. A thought among
Thy thoughts. Or rather, like a wind among
flowers,
I sigh by thy trembling—not thy tears.
My secret influence on thy silent hours
Yet dost thou know me child, and know me
—Earl of Lytton, in Youth's Companion.

DECORATIVE NOVELTIES.

Among the decorative novelties for mantle or table, nothing of the most effective is the black satin groundwork, with flowers or figures in brighter colors, the borders ending in a fringe with fringe. The former is very pretty, if made a large square, with the fringe edge pointed and finished off with a brass circlet, through which is drawn a twist of silk ribbon. The alternate panel should be long and narrow, with straight edges, finished off with ribbon to harmonize with the room. A very good way to use up old silk or satin, and the decorations can be supplied very easily by a good ... Wrought black silk is to be used, sponge it with ale; this will give it a fine gloss and make the surface bright and easy handling.

A very pretty shade for a drawing-globe is Prussian blue, with a crimson ribbon two inches wide, gathered slightly at the upper edge to form a ruffle, and tied in a bow at the top. The lower edge is finished with a lace about three inches wide, finished with a fringe of unfinished silk of the color of the ribbon, and is worked in a pointed or scalloped edge. A chandelier of three globes has a repeating fringe and lace, the latter one with ribbon and fringe of cream, another of yellow, and a third blue.

The novelty in decorative work which does not appear in the shape of a present, is a piece of work which is applied to the wall, and seems to be the rage just at present. About forty years ago the process was in vogue, and many pretty pieces were made, and very cheap, and easy. First with a perfectly clean, and, when finished, gilded wall, a piece of paper, or a yard wide, cover this with brown paper, when the design is cut with paste, then, put down some bleached cotton, and when this is thoroughly dried before the paste put on. The paper looks like a pattern in relief, and when it is finished with a heavy coat of varnish, which is applied frequently to keep it in a lasting gloss, it looks very well, called by chintz is equally pretty, more comfortable to put down, and more forgiving for excellence. The Turkish rug, of which illustration in Square. This sides of the room need paint hard finish, or the parquet floorings. This plan is also acceptable on account of its cost and beauty.

This is the season when applique work is in vogue, and a very pretty applique work, take the velvet, silk, or satin, and with a piece of ... below it, and with a camel's hair paint it lightly over with mucilage, leave it until thoroughly, dry, the tacks, and cut out what you ... Dry the mucilage, and ... to prevent it from raveling as it always does. When the leaves are cut, place a piece of the material you wish to adorn, and pin drop of mucilage here and there, keep them in place. Pin down ... but not at intervals, and ... buttonhole with silk the ... when done, place ... and ... finished with a ... leaves by having two ... at one time, as there would drop off and spoil from overhandling. In making fancy work the ... frequently washed ... lustre of silk and velvet ... cloth applique work ... cloth is not gummed, but a piece ... placed underneath ... pattern and ... Some people run the leaves round on the material with ... the material ... fringe or frizzing of hair coming down to the eyebrows, and back looks arranged with flowers on top of the ... in such large puffs that the young lady to our eyes looks positively ugly. Yet, that this is the fashion, fair readers, we know full well, and ... Yet, that this is the fashion, fair readers, we know full well, and ... fore we are not surprised at such exclamations on all sides as "Isn't her hair lovely, heavenly, quite beautiful, you know," etc. We are silenced, of course, but not convinced, and imagine how delightful the said sylph would look with a chute a la Chinoise, and ... most a few tiny curls over her front and pretty curls at the back of her head, if flowers are added they should merely be small sprigs pinned in here and there.

Ladies with very high broad foreheads would do well to adopt a fringe to relieve the height, thus giving a more feminine appearance; a classical head may wear more hair on brows and the coil or braid, low behind, seen on old statues, which should be our models of grace and beauty, especially in this respect.

False hair must be added by those who have very scanty or deficient tresses, for nothing more ugly on a woman than with so little hair that it gives one a feeling of compassion; less do there can be no objection to a small bunch of curls or frizzes over the front parting if this be very thin. These artificial helps are fastened on so skillfully and invisibly nowadays, thanks to clever hairdressers, that they have a most natural appearance.

The Medicis and high military collars still fashionable have made it necessary to dress the back hair higher and higher, which is not unbecoming to rather flat faces, but must not be exaggerated, and with a puff rising from the neck. Young ladies also look well with one or two curls in front, through which are put gold chains or cords, finished at the side with an aigrette of precious stones, or pearls or a pretty large bow. The short hair at the neck is generally waved or curled with curling-irons.

Many flower coiffures are arranged with curls as well as puffs and rolls to give a more varied airy effect, as pretty as flowers, and, as a contrast, are tastefully relieved by such a background. Ribbon and lace head dresses are coming in more and more for married and even unmarried women of a certain age. This fashion is so particularly becoming that our neighbors over the water seized the idea long ago, and foreign milliners vied with each other in inventing delicious ... Lace and ribbons which were at first exclusively Parisian novelties, but have spread further, and are now seen and worn in every country, and ... where fashion reigns predominant. Our readers are no doubt aware that lace caps with corresponding plastrons and sleeves are worn by ladies of a ... years of maturity. Here's a ... for quiet evening parties, family dinners, and so on. When more dressy ... is required, the lace may be ... elbow sleeves, or puffs, and a short bird drapery are added to the skirt.

Children and young girls wear these hair bows, or ... Lace is used ... years, for mamma's ... little ones with short ... of fashion ... fringe in front ... coiffure, beyond this age ... waved and caught up ... braided with ribbon or velvet. Lace ... applied to ... ribbon ... childhood ... ornaments.

In ... Lace ... remember that fashion ... Lace ... Lace ... Lace