## COMMUNISM.

When my blood flows calm as a purling river,
  When my heart is asleep, and my brain has sway,
It is then that I vow we must part for ever,
  That I will forget you and put you away—
Out of my life, as a dream is banished
  Out of the mind when the dreamer awakes—
That I know it will be, when the spell has vanished,
  Better for both of our sakes.

When the Court of the Mind is ruled by Reason,
  I know it is better for us to part.
But Love is a spy who is plotting treason
  In league with that warm red rebel, the heart.
They whisper to me that the king is cruel—
  That his reign is wicked—his law, a sin;
And every word that they utter is fuel
  To the flame that smolders within.

And on nights like this, when my blood runs riot
  With the fever of youth and its mad desires,
When my brain in vain bids my heart be quiet,
  When my breast seems the center of lava fires—
Oh! then is the time when most I miss you,
  And I swear by the stars and my soul, and say
That I will have you, and hold you, and kiss you,
  If the whole world stands in the way.

And, like Communists, as mad as disloyal,
  My fierce emotions roam out of their lair.
They hate King Reason because he is royal—
  They would fire his castle and burn him there.
O love, my love! does my passion thrill you?—
  Across the miles do you hear my heart?
O love! I could clasp you, and crush you, and kill you—
  It is well that we are apart!

## UPON THE BALCONY.

Professor Paul Microbe sat intently gazing at the house across the way, and for once in his life lounged in a perfectly natural position, with a relaxed and human look on his face. It would have been plain to the dullest that for once in his life, at any rate, the professor had forgotten all about himself, his stomach, his dyspepsia and malarial tendencies, his theories on bacteria, and, more than all, the important fact that precisely at 6:15 it was his custom to partake of a pint of new milk scalded and two slices of stale Graham bread toasted. The professor was tall, lantern jawed, slabsided and sedate. He lived by theory; in fact, life itself was a theory to him; he had a theory by which he fed his stomach, a theory by which he pruned his mind and made it sprout only on the north or scientific side, a theory by which he raised his children, and innumerable theories regarding diseases on which he wrote books, taught in a college, lectured in Boston and killed people in an experimental way. He only ate certain foods, and then only at certain times, and in the capacity of a guest would have been, I fear, thoroughly impossible. A person who sniffs at a salad and asks suspiciously "is that oil in it?" who holds your hospitably offered cup of tea off at arm's length while he rudely queries "green or black?" who can't or won't ride backward, nor sit in a room without an accurately measured amount of ventilation, is, I contend, a thoroughly impossible person and not to be thought of as a chum, a guest or in any of the more intimate relations of life.

Professor Microbe lived in a city far removed from this gay, seductive southern town, and his duty was far from here, but what with his theories, his dyspepsia and his skim milk system of starving his stomach, he had pretty nearly experimented himself off into the land from which no experimenter has as yet returned, and had been ordered off south for a complete change of scene, food, air and mode of life.

Said his doctor to him: "For heaven's sake, man, quit fooling with yourself; shake yourself together and live as God Almighty intended you should. You are a monster now—a deformity. Eat plenty, drink plenty, laugh, go to the opera, to the theatre, dance, and, if Mrs. Microbe here will let you, fall in love." "If that is your theory, of course, doctor," said that sandy lady. Mrs. Microbe really was a lady who seemed to grit in the teeth. The professor had married her in pursuance of a theory, and the result of that marriage had been two or three surly, unruly, ill mannered cubs, who bid fair to grow to man's estate heartily hating theories and theorists.

And so, to cut a long story short, the professor came south, leaving behind him everything and everybody which comprised life from his point of view. The savants welcomed him, and made much of him, therefore he liked the south. A man would think it fair summer at the south pole if only there was some one there to keep his vanity warm. But the hotel did not suit him, as he was constantly uncertain about the newness of his milk and the age of his Graham bread, and so, by a stroke from Fortune—a merry dame who marked him for a victim, and intended to have some fun with him—he found lodgings in a charming old Spanish house in the very heart of the French quarter. It was a room quite too lovely for desecration by a dusty old professor, however distinguished, who lived on theories and oat meal mush and was full of bacteria. It was a front room in an entresol over a furniture shop, with arched Spanish windows blinking out on a balcony of wrought iron of most exquisite beauty. In a corner of the balcony stood one of those grand old water jars with peeling sides of yellow, brown and salmon and which might have held two or three of the "forty thieves," but instead was full of earth, for a splendid rose vine that clambered all over the railing and sent its tender, sweet perfume stealing shyly into the room so desecrated by microscopes and bottles of liver pills and bundles of medicated red flannel, and the Lord knows what in the way of instruments for the detection and location of bacteria.

There was a faded Axminster carpet on the floor, a carved bed in which had slept a king of France and a prince of Spain, an armoir large enough for a tomb for some Italian benevolent association, a dressing stand inlaid with mother of pearl, cabinets, arm chairs, tete-a-tetes covered in frayed brocatelles that had cost a fortune a yard, a pier glass that one could not break with a sledge hammer, faded tapestries at the arched doors, old marble vases in the niches where once some demoiselle had prayed to her shrined Virgin, and in the midst of all this the professor, or, to speak correctly, his belongings, for at the moment the learned member of a dozen scientific societies, the eminent Fellow and Ph. D., was hanging over the balcony watching the house across the way.

Wax tapers burned on the marble table and the steam had ceased rising from the pint of new milk in its fragile bowl, but still he sat watching the house opposite. He saw lights, colors and many persons moving about, chairs scattered any how in a fashion that would have scandalized Mrs. Microbe, or the professor either, in his own house; books, music, flowers, magazines, an open piano, a guitar, a dog all ruffled up in old gold ribbon, a cat jingling a silver bell at her blue neck, a tray with glasses on it and a bottle that was neither lime water nor apollinaris, nor yet ginger beer, and moving about here and there a glorious woman with night black hair piled on the top of her beautiful head, with bare neck and arms, daintily slippered feet and a laugh that seemed to stir the few remaining bristles on the professor's head as he listened, so sweet and seductive it was. She wore a black and white gown, and once she reached out her long fair arm after red roses crammed in a blue bowl. She gathered up a handful of the flowers and fastened them on her breast, turning her head as she did, so that the unregarded looker on had a most delicious profile of throat, chin and oval cheek. As the roses fluttered on their new, sweet shrine, the professor reached out his hand, letting fall, unknowingly, a new work on bacteria, that he ought to have been reading, but was not. His fingers touched the rich blossom of a rose upon the balcony railing; the petals felt soft and cool to his nervous, acute touch; the perfume came up to his nostrils like the sweet breath of a child or a woman, and then his hand closed over the flower, tearing it from the stem and bruising it beyond repair.

Down in the street all was gay and cheerful. Women stood in their shop doors chattering; open carriages rolled by; somebody in the piano shop was playing the quartet from "Rigoletto," and between the jalousies of a near house the professor could see a party of men and women playing cards at a round table. A man who believes in bacteria will go to any length, and there is no doubt the professor, eyeing them pitifully, thought their frivolity the sign of unmistakable bacteria which he hoped to locate and discover some day. But to-night the professor was less disposed than usual to be critical or severe, and he leaned over the railing looking at life from a new point of view with such an unmistakably healthy and human curiosity as would have delighted his doctor. A crowd of opera singers came out of the restaurant at the corner, and as the latticed doors swung like pendulums, he had winks of views of a sanded floor, round tables, waiters in white linen jackets, little hillocks of golden bread piled on the counter, little green forests of chicory, tumblers of red wine. The opera singers were talking away and singing airily scraps of Rossini and Gounod and Verdi as if there was nothing in the world so common as grand opera. The women were fat and reminded him of the rue de la Paix and the boulevard des Italiens, and the men had beautiful throats rising above their low cut collars. And then he looked over the way again. She was at the piano singing, with her beautiful head on one side like a bird's.

"Monsieur Microbee, Monsieur! Your new milk will be h'old if you do not soon drink it up,' called laughing Nanette from the balcony above the entresol and pelted him with a rose.

Professor Microbe smiled. Not the way he smiled when he evolved a new theory or when he read his scientific papers, or even as he smiled in the stiffly starched bosom of his own family, but a genuine smile that said, "I don't care, Nanette," and he caught the rose and fastened it in his buttonhole.

The beautiful woman was going to the opera. A carriage was at the door, and she stood before the mirror pulling out the rich puffs of her night black hair and fastening a a red rose behind her ear. Her lovely arms were uplifted, and a song and a laugh came from her red mouth. Some one wrapped a cloak about her, gave her her fan, glasses, gloves and flowers, and then she was gone.

Is it necessary to explain that Professor Microbe followed her to the opera, nearly paralyzing Nanette when she met him in the corridor dressed in faultless evening attire and looking so distinguished and every inch a professor?

He looked about the grand old building, crowded with women and here and there the black oasis of a man, and he recognized with amazement and relief the familiar faces and bald heads and peculiar bumps of quite a number of learned professors and distinguished M. D's. These sat listening to the music of "William Tell," grunting contentedly over the sweetest passages and at the difficult bars, saying broadly and loudly, "Bravo! bravo!" as if grand opera and not bacteria, music and not metaphysics, was the very best thing in life.

Under the mummy cloths in which the professor had persistently wrapped his soul, he was a good deal like other men. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do, nothing he wouldn't enjoy, if only he was kept in public countenance by those of his own kind, and the sight of those familiar bumps—for no man in the world who knew of such things could fail to recognize the bumps of our learned men, once he had seen 'em—did more to revolutionize the professor than gallons of pepsine or whatever might be the stuff dyspeptics are made of. He at once and forever flung his theory about midnight suppers to the deuce, as his doctor had ordered, when he heard her say to some favored mortals: "Come home to supper with us after the opera."

And that night after the opera he followed her home, and went again to his balcony to gaze into that free, jolly, joyous dining room, where no blinds were pulled down and where people sat about eating chicken salad with oil in it and boned turkey and cold breasts of pheasants with dry champagne.

He went into his room finally, and, heating up a little tin of water over the gas, took his nightcap—a cup of boiling water. What would Mrs. Microbe say to yon scene of revelry and cold turkey, to the piano trolling out in the midnight air, to the gay voices, to him listening and watching outside? His thoughts went back to the pure if stiffly starched bosom of his family in their far off home; he remembered the sedate order of everything, the rules governing his always tidy home, the regular hours, the days for doing this and the days for doing that, the absolute correctness of everything and everybody. Life went on in a groove, and was narrow, but pure and sweet and clean. He had the best of it, he knew; over there was much tinsel and flippancy, and too much laughing and singing. He liked that, too, or he thought he would if he might try it once. It was a little hard that oatmeal mush should be so tasteless and chicken salad so full of flavor. What would Mrs. Microbe say to a midnight supper in her leather hung dining room? By no flight of fancy could he think of her as sweeping her hand around in a genial, general way, and saying to all who might be present: "Come home to supper, all of you. We will find something to eat, I know."

Professor Microbe wrapped his dressing gown around him and crept out upon the balcony. How jolly they were across the way, singing "William Tell." After all, did his theories and his oatmeal mush diet and his laws of abstinence do him any more good than "William Tell" and boned turkey? "Live as God Almighty intended you should. Eat and drink and enjoy this beautiful world. It is a good world, be good and happy in it. God hates a sordid heart."

The professor reached out to Nanette's lovely rose vine, he plucked off every royal sweet blossom and, like a boy throwing snowballs, he flung them across the way upon the balcony. And the next day, in writing up items for the paper, I made the following: "Professor Ebenezer Microbe, the distinguished scientist, who has been spending some time in the city, returned home this morning, finding that the climate of the south did not agree with him."—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

### A Belle's Popularity.

Reigning Belle (to female friends)—Isn't Miss Debutante distressingly plain!

Same Reigning Belle (to male friends)—Isn't Miss Debutante lovely!

Result—Reigning Belle popular all round.—The Epoch.

## THE PERFUMER'S ART.

### BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF A GREAT FRENCH INDUSTRY.

**The Flower Growers and Perfume Distillers of Southern France—How Floral Beauty Is Sacrificed—Pomades and Perfumed Oils—Distillation.**

The flower growers and perfume distillers of southern France have no fear of any competition. They think that because they inherited this industry from their ancestors and because no other country has ever taken it up successfully no other country or people ever can or will. But there is nothing mysterious about the business, and nothing impossible to any man or community who will choose a suitable soil, location and exposure in, well, say California, and go about the business intelligently and with energy.

Only the simple, most natural varieties of flowers are used. The roses that are grown by tons for this purpose are the plain, pink June rose that every country schoolboy in America has picked from the bushes in the garden or door yard and presented blushingly to his schoolma'am. The single white jonquil, the wild violet, the single tuberose are the only ones known to the perfumers. For orange blossoms a small, bitter, non-edible variety is used, which makes up for its poor fruit by producing a wealth of blooms that are large, white and heavy with perfume. There is nothing in the growing of flowers that any peasant farmer of ordinary intelligence cannot readily master. It is in the manufacture of the perfumes from the gathered blossoms that the greatest skill and experience are required. It requires capital, too, but the profits of the business are liberal, and those who have been long enough engaged in it have no want of money.

#### POMADES AND OILS.

The perfumes of commerce are in one of four generic forms, viz., pomades and perfumed oils, which are made by the process of absorption, or essences and essential oils, which are made by distillation. Every large establishment is provided with apparatus for all these processes. The first two classes—pomades and oils—are used simply as vehicles to absorb the perfume and retain it for transportation. Pomades are made from roses, jonquils, tuberoses, jasmines and some other alien species of flowers. Before the season begins each manufacturer provides himself with a large number of wooden frames set with plate glass. These frames are about two feet square and their wooden sides are perhaps five inches wide, so that when piled up edge to edge they form a series of close chambers five inches deep and two feet square. Over the plate glass, on both sides, is spread a thin coating of refined grease—a mixture of purified lard and tallow—which, when the boxes are piled one above another, forms the floor and ceiling of each separate chamber thus created. All is now ready for the flowers.

As these arrive each morning they are assorted and the petals carefully picked from the stamens and pistils, which are thrown away as worthless. Over the bottom of each frame or chamber above described is spread a layer of petals and the frames piled one upon another, so that in each chamber the layer of white grease, which absorbs the perfume until the petals become limp and withered. They are then removed and replaced with fresh ones, and this is repeated each morning until the pomade attains the required degree of perfumed strength. It is then carefully removed, packed in earthen jars, sealed, labeled and made ready for export.

#### OTHER METHODS.

Olive oils are used in a similar way, except that instead of being poured on the bottom of the frame they are used to saturate pieces of coarse cotton cloth, which are then spread upon wire netting in tight frames three or four feet square. Thus prepared these frames are filled with petals as in the preceding process, the refined and odorless olive oil absorbs the aroma of the flowers and becomes, like the pomade, a vehicle for the retention and transportation of the perfume. This latter process is especially applied to roses and acacias. To extract the odor from pomades or perfumed oils, they have simply to be saturated with alcohol, which, with its stronger affinity, absorbs the perfume, leaving the grease or oil to be used for ordinary purposes.

The process of distillation, which yields essences and essential oils, is altogether different. In this the flowers are thrown into large copper retorts with water, in which they are boiled, the perfume going over in vapor into condensing coils, as the ordinary distillation of high wines from grain. But the heat often changes the character of a perfume and it is only the more robust and vigorous odors that will stand the test of fire without deterioration. The "flower waters" of the perfumers' shops are made by placing alcohol in the condensing tank, which condenses and absorbs the odorous vapor until it becomes fragrant and sweet. Most of the popular handkerchief extracts are made by skillfully combining the odors of several different flowers, which form a harmony of perfumes, and often by becoming the pet fragrance of society for a season make the fortune of the lucky inventor. Thus "Jockey Club" and "Patchouly" in their day had an extraordinary vogue and filled the pockets of their inventors.—Philadelphia Times.

### A Merchant's Methodical Life.

A Boston merchant, who lived and died on Summer street, was a curious instance of one who was an invalid from childhood, always extremely hypochondriacal, who never imagined himself ill when he was not, nor exaggerated his actual illness, nor feared, unduly, sickness or pain, or death itself. But it was the business of his life to take care of his health, and he devoted himself to this work with a wonderful assiduity. He rode just so far each day, when the weather was fair, and at such an hour. He had a great variety of clothing, which he regulated with precision by the thermometer, sometimes changing his dress many times in a day, and selected for his overclothes when he rode out the very garments which the mercury indicated. He had a weathercock put upon his stable within fair view from the bedroom and sitting room; and that and his thermometer, and all possible or impossible signs of the weather, he was watching constantly, and found in these occupations a very agreeable way of employing all his day and all his days. How far his long life is to be attributed to this excessive care it is impossible to tell, but he outlived every brother and sister, every brother's wife, every sister's husband, and his own wife, and died in 1887 at the age of 81.—Boston Advertiser.

### Annual Rings of Trees.

From studies upon the relation which the annual rings bear to the age of trees, it has been concluded that they are only an approximately and not certainly correct index of age. Any agency operating to produce alternate periods of rest and activity in the growth of the tree serves to determine their formation. In cold climates the number of rings more nearly serves to indicate the age of the tree than in warm climates.—Globe-Democrat.

## A SAD SEA SONG.

A sailor man sailed over the sea,
  When the billows were soft and low,
And the winds a ballad of ocean glee
  Sang sweetly in gentle flow.

A sailor wife sat out on the shore
  And dreamed of a ship on the deep,
But her sailor man she saw no more,
  For he slept in a sound, sound sleep.

The sailor sailed away and away,
  Where the surges were fierce and wild,
And was lost at the break of a stormy day
  To his wife and his little child.

The winds were sad and the waves were mild,
  And the sea sang a story of life,
A lullaby to the sailor child,
  A wail to the sailor wife!
—David Graham Adee.

### Farm Life in Northern Italy.

An Italian woman gives a sad account of the state of farming in the northern portions of her country. Almost all the farmers are tenants. They furnish the team and implements, while the landlords make repairs and pay the taxes. The crops are equally divided. As a rule both classes have a hard time. In regard to the food and drink of the laborers she writes: The, light, pure wine, which before the vine disease cost next to nothing, and acted as a corrective to all the defects of diet, has been succeeded by wine which is more heady and less wholesome, and of which the price places it out of the reach of the peasant as a daily beverage. On a feast day he may drink a glass or two at the osteria; but, being unaccustomed to it, it does him more harm than good, and violent quarrels are the consequence. The Italian navvy is still a prodigious worker; nearly all the greatest engineering feats of modern times are the work of his hand. But then, it must be remembered that he eats and drinks better than the peasant. The rural poor can not afford coffee, which is heavily taxed; their drink is water, and not always pure water, and their staple food is maize flour, either prepared as polenta or made into a very indigestible kind of bread. The former is the usual and less objectionable way of eating it.

"Maize matures so late that in wet seasons it does not harden naturally; most of the rich proprietors have introduced stoves for drying the grain; but the peasants are careless and leave it out in the rain till it becomes moldy. Polenta forms the unfailing morning meal; for dinner there is sometimes a minestra or soup made of rice or of the coarser Italian pastes, with cabbage or turnips and a little lard. On fast days linseed oil is a substitute for the lard. Sausages, generally of a home made kind, and raw vegetables with or without oil and vinegar, are added when they can be got, and eggs, cheese and dried fish are luxuries. On dairy farms the peasants get a little milk or buttermilk, and mezzajuoli who keep a cow reserve a small portion of the milk for the children. Those who keep chickens eat one now and then, but butcher's meat is hardly ever bought, except for a marriage or for a sick person. If a horse has to be shot the peasants are very glad to eat the flesh, and some are said to also eat that of animals who die of disease. Hedgehogs, frogs and snails are esteemed as great delicacies."—Chicago Times.

### Queer Dwelling Houses.

The Gilbert Islander does not generally care to have any sides to his dwelling. He sets in four corner posts, about four feet high, made from the trunks of screw palms, cut off and inverted so as to stand alone on the stumps of the branches. Lashed from one to the other of these are long, slender trunks of cocoanut palms, and from these again spring pairs of rafters, which, in their turn, support the neatly thatched roof. The gable ends are then closed, and the house is complete. Not a nail or a pin of any kind is used. All the beams, rafters and the thatch are secured by ingenious lashings, made generally from the palm leaf fiber, though sometimes braided from the owner's own hair. The floor space is smoothed off, and then covered with a thick bed of small, smooth pebbles or coral. On this are spread plenty of soft, thick mats, made, of course, from palm leaves, and then, with a supply of young cocoanuts at hand, with a string of shells filled with a good supply of "toddy" hanging outside the house, and the huge fragment of shark, baked in a wide oven in the sand, the islander is content to eat and sleep until hungry again.

In the middle of every village is a "council house." This is a large hut, one that we measured being 120 feet long, 60 feet wide and 60 feet high at the ridgepole, built on the same plan as the dwellings, but intended as a place of meeting, especially for the "old men," who rule each community. These "potent, grave and reverend seignors" meet daily, and hear and decide all complaints, and issue all ordinances for the government of the people. If their decisions and ordinances happen to meet with the approval of a majority of those interested they are adopted. If they don't, another lot are promulgated the next day, and so on until the matter is settled or dropped.—San Francisco Examiner.

### An 800-Year Old Family.

A family of mummies recently unearthed in Mexico have just been brought to San Francisco and placed in the state mining bureau. They were found in a stratum of lime several feet below the surface of the earth, not far from the Arizona border. The group, consisting of a man, woman and two children, were close together. The two adult figures have on a scanty clothing of coarse netting composed of grass and bark of trees, while one of the children appears to have been clad in fur.

They all have the knees drawn up to the chins, while the hands clasp the heads, as if they had died in great agony. The general appearance, in this respect, is much like that of the casts of the Pompeiian victims. The woman has long black hair, and in the lobes of her ears are small tubes for ornament. The man has but little hair. His features are distorted—another evidence of pain—but are seen very distinctly, and his open mouth shows his tongue. Near the bodies were also found curiously formed beads, and the perfect form of a cat, which seems to have shared their burial place. From the appearance of the bodies and their surroundings it is thought they must have been dead at least 800 years.—New York Sun.

### Annual Cost of Shaving.

An eastern statician has estimated that 3,000,000 men in this country get shaved at a barber shop three times a week. He says that this means an expenditure of thirty cents a week, or $15.60 a year for each man, or for the 3,000,000 $15,600,000 annually. To this he should add a considerable sum to account for the numerous fifteen cent shaves—the ruling price in the west.—Chicago Herald.

### Wood Displaced by Iron.

In the manufacture of casks, carriages, carts, packing cases, furniture, sheds, telegraph poles, and many other things, manufacturers of France and England are displacing wood by steel and iron, and with satisfactory results. Light doors and hollow window frames are in use, and, of course, last far longer than wooden ones would.—Public Opinion.


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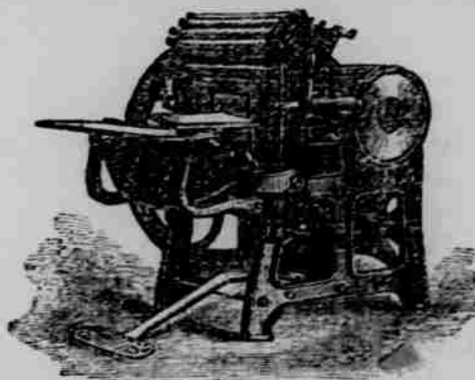

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