

THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

THE ISLES OF LONG AGO.

O lovely isles so far away
In life's vast ocean, sea!
Around their shores the sunbeams play
Their silent melody
Above their heights the changing skies
Their lights and shadows throw,
As they rise in the face of the sea—
The Isles of Long Ago.

O lovely isles, forever fair,
And clothed with green they stand
No change or death encounter there,
In that fair summer land,
Who e'er happy birds, in shady bowers,
Sing with the brooklet a flow,
And myrtle deck and fadless flowers,
The Isles of Long Ago.

I've sailed out on the sea of life,
Far from that happy strand,
Yet often through a tear-dim'd strife
I see that summer land.
The ocean surging round it there
With ceaseless ebb and flow;
So glad and sure and fearless fair—
The Isles of Long Ago.

Time, when life's mighty tide moves on,
Stands ever at the helm,
To guide o'er quick sands and through storm
Safe to a gher realm.
There, standing on the hills of light,
To view the scene below,
I'll see the world with a clearer sight—
The Isles of Long Ago.

Far from the ceaseless rush and roar
Of life's vast, surging sea,
They stand in light forever more
In God's eternity.
There, in that blessed land of truth,
No death or change to know,
I'll walk again the ways of youth,
The Isles of Long Ago.

Boston Transcript.

MISS DARCY'S EASTER BONNET.

It was a raw, misty evening in early April. Hugh Merrick buttoned his overcoat a little closer, as he came out of his office and started on his walk up town. The keen wind and sharp sleet smote him in the face; but he pulled his soft hat lower over his eyes and walked on resolutely, deciding not to take a car, though he had forgotten his umbrella. A long day of hard work in his business, with perplexing cares in addition, not of a business nature, made the sharp air a relief to him, and the thought of a stuffy car was repellant. Turning into Fifth avenue, at length, a furious blast of wind and sleet nearly blinded him for a moment, and he stumbled against a child, coming from the opposite direction. He was hurrying past, when the sound of suppressed sobs fell on his ear, and he half stopped, with an impatient exclamation.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, scarcely giving her a glance.

"Oh! no. Not you," said the child.

"Well, what is it? Cold, are you? Why don't you run home? This is no time for begging." And this time he looked at her, to see if he had guessed correctly. But the honest blue eyes that looked up to him frankly asked nothing.

Hugh Merrick had a weakness for blue eyes, and he felt rebuked when she answered:

"I'm not begging, sir; but just see this." She held up to view a paste-board box, crushed and broken and stained with mud.

"How did it happen?" asked the gentleman, compassionately.

"I was crossing the street, and the box got knocked out of my hand; and while I was trying to pick it up a man grabbed me right up out of the way of an omnibus and the wheels went right over this. And it's all spoiled, I know, and it cost fifteen dollars. And I had the bill in my hand, and I don't know what's become of it."

At the end of this tale of woe the tears burst forth again. She was a small, thin child, about ten years old, with fair hair falling out of an old blue hood. Fair hair and blue eyes. The most beautiful combination in the world Hugh Merrick was wont to think, and the thought made him wonderfully soft-hearted just now.

"Don't cry," he said, compassionately. "Where were you going to take the box?"

"That's just what I don't know," said the child. "The address was on the bill; but I didn't want to get it wet, so I held it under my shawl and hadn't looked at it yet. 'Twas for some lady on Fifth Avenue."

"Highly definite. A bonnet, I presume. Well, come with me. I am almost home, and we'll investigate this smash-up and see what the damage is."

And then, somehow, though he had never meant it in the least, her little wet hand was clasped in his warmly gloved one, and she was trotting up by his side, looking up into his face with grateful confidence. A few more steps brought them to his comfortable bachelor residence. He opened the door with his latch-key, and took the little way-farer into the library, where she was soon tossing her feet before the grate. "And now let me see," handling gingerly the crushed paste-board. "I mustn't add to the damage. So suppose you open it." She laughed shyly, took it from him, and managed to extricate the bonnet, giving utterance to a cry of dismay as she saw it was woefully crushed out of shape.

"I knew it was spoiled!" she wailed. "And I'll get turned out of my place, and maybe they'll make me pay for it. Oh! what shall I do?"

Hugh Merrick's eyes were fixed on the bonnet. Blue was his favorite color in bonnets, as well as in eyes; but there was something in this dainty bit of millinery that sent a pang through his heart. It reminded him of some one. He could imagine just how it would rest above those waves of gleaming gold; just how those strings would nestle around a white throat and under a soft rounded chin. That feather was intended to fall on the massive braid at the back. Ruined, was it? To him it

was beautiful and perfect. He roused himself with a start.

"I don't know much about such things," he said, cheerfully; "but there doesn't appear to be much the matter with it."

"Oh, don't you see?" she said, starting up. "This side is all punched in and the lace is torn; the feather is broken, too. No lady would ever think of wearing it. And it cost fifteen dollars."

The big tears welled up into the blue eyes. It is a pitiful thing to see a look of despair in a child's face. So thought Hugh Merrick, and again said, hastily: "Don't cry. Perhaps I can fix it. If we only knew the lady's name, couldn't you go back to the store and ask?"

"They'd know then what I had done; and then I'd lose my place. Besides, the lady wouldn't pay for it. I know she'd be awful mad. You see it's an Easter bonnet."

"Oh, an Easter bonnet!" said Mr. Merrick, slowly. "And it's worth fifteen dollars? Well, as long as it is bought, it doesn't matter who the purchaser is, I suppose. I'll take the bonnet."

"You!" and the child's face was radiant with joyful relief. Then she added, doubtfully: "But you can't wear it, sir."

"No, I suppose not, even at Easter. But my sister may be able to fix it up and make it quite respectable."

O hypocrite! You know you never mean to let your sister know what a fool you have made of yourself. Throwing away fifteen dollars to gratify a whim! To own a bonnet that might have adorned the head of a woman you do not intend to marry! The child's eager eyes seemed to confront him with his folly. He hastily put the money into an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the little errand girl. "There, tell your mistress the truth, and don't try to conceal anything; because, just think of the agony of the unknown lady, if her bonnet doesn't arrive in time for Easter. Good-bye."

He did not ask her name, nor give her his in answer to her grateful petition. He felt as if she must be laughing at him inwardly, and he wished to get rid of her and never to see her again—the one witness of his lunacy. The little girl, Mollie Burke, hastened back to the milliner; but her heart failed her as she came in sight of the forewoman's sharp countenance, a very Miss Kwag's for acidity. She handed up the envelope, without a word.

"Where's the bill, child?"

"She didn't send any," faltered Mollie.

The forewoman uttered an impatient exclamation. "Some people are the carelessst!" Then, turning to the book-keeper: "Miss Green, you'll have to make out a new bill and send it, receipted, to Miss Darcy."

Mollie heard the name, and wished she could have told her benefactor, who, perhaps, might know the lady. Meanwhile, Mr. Merrick had looked his library door, placed the bonnet upon his table, and established himself in his easy-chair directly in front of it. His eyes were fixed on his purchase, but his thoughts were a mile away. Yes, it was just about a mile from his house to the home of Agnes; and it was two weeks since he had ascended that long flight of steps or seen Agnes' face at the window. Two weeks! Two years, rather, it seemed to him. Why, three months ago he had thought himself the happiest man that ever walked the streets of New York. The most beautiful woman in the world, the only perfect one, belonged to him. And now a few hasty, angry words had parted them forever. What had they quarreled about? He could scarcely remember.

But he had been jealous, and she had resented it. She had said she would never see him again, and he must abide by her word. With his steady gray eyes fixed sternly on the coquettish bonnet, he remained for nearly an hour lost in reverie, until his sister called him to supper. Then he came out of the library, locking the door behind him.

"What have you got locked up in there?" demanded the gay little lady who presided over his bachelor establishment.

"Oh! my papers are lying all about, and I don't want things disturbed," replied Mr. Merrick.

The next day Mr. Merrick looked up his purchase before going to business; but the following morning he was called away suddenly, and went out leaving the bonnet in full view on the table. He had been in his office two hours before he remembered that the key of the library was in the door, and not in his pocket. About an hour after his departure, his sister Ethel, entering the room, with a gay song on her lips, stopped short in astonishment, and the tune died abruptly.

"A lady's bonnet! Hugh Merrick! Agnes Darcy was quite right to break off the engagement. Where did the wretch get it?"

Approaching the table, she lifted the damaged article and scrutinized it carefully.

"Well, I never! Can it be her bonnet? That is certainly her turquoise buckle that she wore all last winter. The mystery grows! How did Hugh get possession of this?"

At the very time that Ethel Merrick was puzzling her brain over Miss Darcy's Easter bonnet, in a daintily-furnished boudoir, a little further up the avenue, a sweet-faced girl was knitting her brows over another phase of the same mystery. Robed in a morning wrapper of palest blue, vastly becoming to her roseate complexion and soft gold locks, she sat before her Davenport, looking with the most puzzled expression at a slip of paper in her hand.

"Aunt Helen! Come here a minute,

please." Then, as a portly lady in walking dress appeared in the doorway, she held out the sheet to her. "See that receipt from Mrs. Darcy for my Easter bonnet!"

"I did not know that your bonnet had come, my dear," said Mrs. Darcy, as she glanced at the receipt.

"That is the funniest part of it. The bonnet has not come, and I have certainly never paid for it; and yet here is the receipt. What can it mean?"

"Shall I stop at Darcy's and see about it?" asked Mrs. Darcy, unable to solve the mystery.

"If you have time; but don't do it unless it is perfectly convenient. My old bonnet will do perfectly well for next Sunday." And a cloud came over the lovely face.

"You don't seem to care about anything, Agnes, since you quarreled with Hugh Merrick. I thought you had more pride. Perhaps you will make it all up again before Sunday, and then you will wish you had your bonnet."

"Don't speak of that, please, Aunt Helen." And Miss Darcy's voice was decided, though sweet. "I do not expect to renew my engagement with Mr. Merrick. He has doubted me." And tears rose to the blue eyes and Miss Darcy had to swallow a lump in her throat, as she turned away.

"Miss Merrick to see you, Miss Agnes," said a maid at the door.

Agnes received her visitor with some secret trepidation, though outwardly composed.

"I will forgive you, you naughty girl, for breaking my poor brother's heart, on one condition," said Ethel, vivaciously.

"Of course, you know, Ethel," began Miss Darcy, with dignity.

"Never mind. Only let me see your spring bonnet, and we'll be friends."

"I wish I could," said Agnes, somewhat hurt by her friend's levity; "but Madame Clare has just sent me a receipt for a bonnet I have never seen nor paid for."

"How funny!" cried the volatile Ethel. "There's witchcraft in it! Then come home with me and see mine. Oh! you needn't be afraid. Hugh never comes home in the morning. I'm not plotting against you."

Somewhat against her judgment, Miss Darcy consented, and was soon walking along the avenue with her friend; but when they had entered the house, and Ethel led the way to the library, Agnes drew back.

"No, Ethel, I have no wish to enter your brother's room."

"But you must, my dear, or you can't see my bonnet." And Ethel whirled her faintly-resisting companion into the library, and exclaimed, triumphantly: "There! Isn't it a beauty? Somewhat crushed, you perceive; but easily set to rights. Never saw me in a blue bonnet before," rattled on the merry little brunette. But Miss Darcy stood motionless.

"Ethel Merrick, that is my bonnet! How came it here?"

"You know as much as I do, my dear. I discovered it this morning. Has Hugh stolen it out of malice, to prevent you from shining on Easter morning?"

Agnes laughed, in spite of herself; and, taking up the bonnet, was soon trying it on before the mirror in the hall.

"Is it becoming?" she asked, turning, with a mirthful face, to her friend.

A sudden sound of a key turning in the front door caused Ethel, who had a keen relish for "situations," to beat a hasty retreat; and Miss Darcy turned, with a startled face, to meet Mr. Merrick, who was the image of consternation.

"Agnes!"

"I came for my bonnet, Mr. Merrick," she replied, enjoying his discomfiture.

"The bonnet belongs to me. I paid for it," he retorted.

"But the receipt is made out in my name, she said, drawing it from her pocket. "You cannot prove that you paid for it. I am at a loss to know how you came by it."

"Never mind how I found it, Agnes. I must implore your forgiveness for my unjust suspicions. I have tormented myself ever since we parted for—"

"Let us settle about the bonnet, first," interrupted Miss Darcy, the sea-shell tints of her cheek taking a deeper pink.

"Don't trifle with me, Agnes," but, seeing the willful *maudine* look on her face, he changed his tone. "You know that you did not pay for it. By the right of purchase it belongs to me."

"But I ordered it, and I want it."

"So do I!" decidedly.

"One of us must yield," said Agnes, pouting. "I need the bonnet."

"But you cannot wear it."

"Oh! yes. There is not much harm done. I can repair the damage easily."

"Well, I thank you for giving me the privilege of paying for your bonnet," he said, with an amused light in his eyes; she flashed out: "I will pay you for it, Mr. Merrick."

"You forget that you have the receipt, proving that you have already paid for it. I will give you the bonnet, to go with the receipt."

"What magnanimity!" she said, with a faint laugh and not resisting as he took her two hands in his and looked at her with lighted eyes.

"What will you give me in return, Agnes?"

She looked at him then, her eyes brimming with sudden tears, and said, softly:

"Perhaps I will give you the receipt."

"I declare, Agnes," said Aunt Helen, coming in from her shopping expedition late in the afternoon, "I forgot all about your bonnet; and to-morrow is Saturday! But you said you didn't care."

"Never mind, Aunt Helen, the bonnet has come. And I suppose—Mr. Merrick will be here to dinner on Sunday. Perhaps I shall wear it, after all."

—N. Y. Independent.

One Vaccination Too Many.

Bright and early yesterday morning a middle-aged man, of anxious look and much corposity, called at the City Hall and went for the Chief of Police with:

"Haf we some shmall-box in Detroit?"

"I believe we have a sporadic case or two," was the reply.

"Und doze somebody haf to get vaccinated to keep him away!"

"Every citizen should protect himself."

"How many dimes was I get vaccinated to keep dot shmall-box out of mein house and saloon?"

"Oh, I guess one will do."

"Vonce! Great shminy! no more ash dot! Shust wait a m nit!"

He jerked off his coat and pushed up his shirt sleeves and pointed to four spots on his left arm and five on his right, and said:

"Four and five makes nine dimes dot I vhas vaccinated in four days!"

"How is that?"

"How ish dot? Dot's vhat I likes myself to know. I vhas shust reading about dat shmall-box de odder day in der Sherman bapers when two men valks in mine saloon und says, 'Sharley, dot shmall-box is all ofer down und you must be vaccinated or der Gommon Council vhill close you oop?' So I was vaccinated for two shillings und zwei class beer."

"Yes?"

"It vhas shust two hours more as a man comes in und say he vhas sent to vaccinate me on der odder arm, und I pays him two shillings und class of beer."

"Yes?"

"Before night a man mit spectacles comes in und says he vas sent by der Healthy Board to see oof I vhas vaccinated. I show him two blaces, but he shakes his head und says: 'Dot vaccination am too high oop, und you vhill git der shmall-box in der hands.' Den he makes dot blace here, und I git him twenty-five cents und class beer."

"Yes?"

"Vhell, in der course of four days six more men come around to vaccinate me by order of der Mayor, der Gufernor, der President, der Board of Public Vorks, and I doan' know vhat else, und efery time I vhas two shillings und class beer. Vhen I vhas vaccinated nine times I pegins to believe I vas a greenhorn, und vhen der tenth man comes around I hit him on der head mit a pottle und vhaaks oaf to see you about it. Vhas it all right?"

"I guess the boys were guying you."

"Vhat is dot?"

"Why, you have'nt really been vaccinated at all."

"No-o!"

"No, and you'd better be vaccinated again."

"Vaccinated again! Vaccinated den dimes! Nefer! Pefor I vhas vaccinated den dimes I catches der shmall-box und goes to ped mit him all zummer! Dot's some close-clops like I am!"

—Detroit Free Press.

Washing Flannels.

Before us are more than a dozen letters requesting directions for washing flannels and blankets. We have several times answered similar questions, but almost all the duties of housekeeping are kept clearly before the mind of young people more readily by the "line upon line and precept upon precept" mode of teaching. Therefore, at the risk of repeating what we have said before, we proceed to give some simple rules for this part of the washing.

In the first place, blankets do not need washing often. They are used between the upper sheet and the bedspread, and if properly handled need not be soiled for a long time. Occasionally blankets should be pinned evenly on the clothes-line to be well aired and freshened. Always chose a bright, fair day for this work in a clean, grassy yard, so that no dust will lodge on them. A tolerably windy day is desirable, for it will whip out the dust and lint that may have settled in them through constant use.

When blankets really need washing, the first step is to see that there is plenty of boiling water on hand. Select two of the largest tubs, and fill one half full of boiling water, leaving plenty more boiling, for rinsing. Dissolve and pour into the first tub two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and sufficient soap to make a good lather, but on no account rub soap on to the blankets, or leave the smallest bit floating on the water to settle on them. Put into the tub but one blanket at a time. Shake it up and down, turn it over in the suds with the cloth-stick, press it under the water, and then leave it to soak until the water is cool enough to put the hands in. Then examine every part, gently squeezing the suds through. Never use a wash-board or wringer in washing blankets or flannels. Rubbing makes them hard, "fills" them up, by matting together the fleecy surface.

When the water has cooled to a degree that the hands may be used with comfort, get ready the rinsing tub; fill it half full of boiling water; stir in as much bluing as will give the water a clear blue color. The first suds should be so strong that the blankets, after being wrung out, will retain sufficient soap for the rinsing water, which, with woolens, always requires a little soap. Having the rinsing water prepared, wring out the blanket from the first suds. Bed-blankets require two persons to wring them. When wrung out as dry as two can do it, each person should take firm hold of opposite ends and snap the blanket well and quickly. Then pat them into the rinsing water, and both take hold and shake it up and down till the water has freely flowed

through every part. Wring it out as dry as possible. Snap again vigorously, to shake up the fleecy fabric and prevent any water settling in the blanket. Carry to the clothes-line and hang it smoothly and evenly, so that the four corners can be pulled out so perfectly true that they match each other; pin on strong. A tolerably windy day is the best for washing woolens, and they must never be washed on a dull, foggy or stormy day.

About every half hour, or when the next blanket is taken to the line, unpin the first, and now spread it on width-wise, pull the selvages together in a straight line, perfectly even, and pull downward from the line, to prevent its shrinking or cockling. A good wind snaps out the water, makes the blanket soft and fleecy, and gives it little chance to shrink. When the blanket is perfectly dry fold very evenly; lay it across a long table when folding, and pull evenly, but never press or iron a blanket.

Flannels of all kinds should be washed just like blankets, only they must be brought from the line when quite damp, pulled out and folded evenly. By folding flannels somewhat damp, if there is any spot a little full or cockled, when damp it can be pulled out. Roll each article up tightly for a little while, until the whole is dampened alike; then press evenly till perfectly dry. Don't iron as you do cotton or linen, but press, pulling the garment taut from the iron as you press. Washed in this way, woolens will remain soft and fleecy as long as they last.

There are many theories on the subject of washing woolens. Some advise washing in cold water; some soaking all night in cold water. For the purpose of experimenting, we have tried many ways on old flannel, but have the best results from the rules here given.

Professor Youmans says: "Woolen fabrics, by compression and friction, will mat and lock together; but cotton and linen fibers, having no such asperities of surface, are incapable of close mechanical adherence. The setting, fulling and shrinking of woolen are caused by the binding together of the ultimate filaments. This shows the impolicy of excessive rubbing in washing woolen fabrics, or of changing them from hot to cold water, as the contraction it causes is essentially a fulling process. The best experience seems to indicate that woolens should never be put into cold water, but always into warm, and if changed from water to water, they should always go from hot to hotter. In cleansing delaines for printing, they are placed first in water at one hundred degrees or one hundred and twenty degrees, and then they are treated eight or ten times with water ten degrees hotter in each change." By that process they never shrink.—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in *Christian Union*.

The Cultivation of Roses.

To raise roses in perfection, it is needful to feed them well and place them in the full sunlight, and not where they will be shaded by trees and shrubs. After they have bloomed, prune them closely, and also when they commence to leaf in the early spring. The beds in which they are planted must be made very rich with well-decomposed compost, dug to the depth of at least two feet. In making a rose bed, it is a good plan to take off the soil for two or three feet in depth and fill the cavity with good ordure well rotted. Then add six inches or a foot of very rich soil with a mixture of sand. After the plants are set, mulch them with long litter from the stable. This will keep the roots moist and cool during the heated term, and make a healthy growth of branches and flowers.

After the June flowering has passed, all monthly roses should be severely pruned and the new growth cut back two or three inches; also the old branches should be cut away. The handsomest flowers always spring from fresh growth from the roots; and to make these start vigorously the knife must be freely used. For a few weeks your pets may seem shorn of their glory, but soon they will renew their beauty and give you plenty of flowers; while, if you permit the seed buds to form, it will stop the blossoming in a great degree. Therefore, as each rose fades, cut it off; or better yet, cut it while in its bloom.

From the branches which are pruned new plants can be raised. As a rule, all cuttings should be taken off just below a bud or joint; and they should be selected from young growth rather than from the old where the bark has become hardened. Try to snap the branch. If it bends without breaking it is too old to grow easily; but if it snaps off at once it is in the right condition to strike root quickly. Leave one or two buds above the bottom one, and trim off two or more of the lower leaves, as they will wilt easily, and thus injure the cutting.

Clear sand kept very moist is the best soil in which to strike cuttings, and they can be placed in a pot only an inch apart, and put up in the shade for a few days. Warmth, an even temperature and moisture are essential for root-growth. It will take from three to four weeks to develop the roots, and then the plants can be placed in rich soil, with a little sand to lighten it, and soon they will be good, stocky plants.

—Floral Cabinet.

"Now, then, madam, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he had put her in a position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked: "I don't see anything there."