

The supply of water received in Rome by the aqueduct from the Alban hills...

HERBERT BESMAREK, for whom the diplomatic cloak of his father is intended, has been induced by the remonstrances of his family to abandon the throne...

LAD LORAINBURY'S family numbered some of Bedlam's earliest founders. Lord Rowton, the late Earl's Secretary, he met first under rather ludicrous circumstances...

IDA KELLY of Itasca, Minn., sent a note to her lover, Sol Greisner, with whom she had quarrelled, asking him to come on a certain night and close with her...

At the Zan's recent residence of Gatchino a subterranean passage leads from his bedroom to the stables, where a number of horses are kept saddled day and night...

The habit of opium smoking is common all over China, but it is in the comparatively unknown half of China, west of the 110th meridian, that it is most prevalent...

Queer Marriage Customs.

Anything and everything about marriage—its history, its customs, or its ceremonies—always has an interest, especially to women...

A Glimpse of Lisbon.

We floated this morning down the Tagus, the glittering panorama of the city unfolding before us. Its houses, built of creamy marble-like stone, terraced the hillsides...

The Dark Day in Canada.

In some interesting and graphic reminiscences of Montreal sixty years ago, Mr. J. H. Durwin writes to the Montreal Star as follows:

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

to show me they treated me without ceremony as an estimable neighbor. Nexttime, I walked about the study, looking at the books and pictures. I am not much of a connoisseur...

"My dear," I said, "can you not see that we are joking? What a tremor you are in! Go, go, drink a glass of water, and return."

A Boy's Love's.

"When I am big I will marry Kitty." But Kitty slapped me and ran away. And while I wept for my loss, in pity, I made up my mind I would marry May.

"Well, yes—so-so." I answered, delighted at the chance of speaking on a subject I was not wholly ignorant of. "At thirty paces I warrant myself never to miss a cart, always provided I know the pistol."

THE CRACK SHOT.

Adapted from the Russian of Pouchkin.

II.—CONTINUED.

"What is to be gained," said I to myself, "by taking this man's life, seeing that he sets such small store by it?"

"An atrocious idea shot across my brain. How do you mean?" I asked. "I mean," said I, "that you're hardly in a mood to die at present. You prefer to breakfast. Take it easy; I have no wish to disturb you."

"How were affairs in Lima when you there?" I asked. "I was in the middle of the earthquake," he answered. "I saw the great tower of the cathedral and the tower of the church of St. Francis..."

At these words he rose, threw his cap on the floor, and began striving to get rid of me. He advanced, but I stood as firm as a rock. He uttered a hoarse cry, and with a roar bounded forward, but I was not to be moved.

"No," he never mentioned it. Pardon, Count," I cried, suspecting that I was not aware. "Am I right in thinking it was you?"

III.

THE PERSON IN QUESTION.

Several years passed, when family affairs obliged me to exile myself in a wretched city in the interior of the Empire...

"I am the person in question," answered the Count, confused in his turn; "and the hole in that picture is a souvenir of our last interview." "For the love of God, dear, don't speak of it," cried the Countess. "It makes me shudder still."

IV.

THE COUNT'S STORY.

"Five years ago I got married. I spent the honeymoon here, in this chateau. It was the happiest of my life, and like-wise of one of the most fearful and afflictive."

Confagration starts a man, tormented make him nervous, and earthquakes take under the roof of his house for eight or ten minutes; but if you want to frighten a big-sister right out of his boots just yell "small-pox" at him.

This a wonderful age—wonderful! Take the telephone, for instance. How could we get along without it? Now, half an hour ago, just to go to our telephone, ring the bell twenty or thirty times, shout "hello! hello!" half an hour, hire a small boy with a goodly train of half an hour longer, and get over to Higgins with the information as to what the news is...

"You do not recognize me, Count?" he said, in a tremulous voice. "Yes, I confess I could not believe I felt my hair standing erect on my head."

"I should have perpetually declined to serve; but, as I am in the hands of my friends, I see no other course but to submit." And he submitted.

"I am very much annoyed," he said, "that my pistol is not charged with—cherry stones." "A bullet is hard," I said. "But I have another idea. This business is more like a murder than a duel. I am not accustomed to pull trigger on an unarmed man. Let us begin it all over again, and draw lots for the first fire."

The Countess had resided in her chateau but once—the first year of her wedded life; and then she would not remain there beyond a month. One day, during the second spring of her husband's existence, she was overtaken by a sudden illness, and she lay in bed for many months...

"The man made no further remarks, but after he had pocketed his prescription and got out doors he turned around and shook his hat at the office, and growled out: 'I'm going to have small-pox, and I know it, and the minute I begin to break out I'll come here and give it to everybody around the house, clear down to your old bob-tailed Scotch terrier and cross-eyed cat!'"

ART AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

Twenty cents per millimeter was the rate at which a Meisnerian was lately sold—millimeter being about the size of the head of a pin.

"Parisian gourmets are much exercised over a phenomenal feat in dining which in their eyes surpasses the expensive feasts of Apicius. The great feat consisted in ordering a dinner for one so expensive that it actually should cost \$20. To an American this would not seem much, with its \$20 wine on every hotel bill of fare; but in Paris large bills were made that no one could order and eat a \$20 dinner. One expert succeeded, and he is both interested in seeing how he did it. The bill of fare was: A few large oysters, 50 cents; bird's-nest soup \$3; half a caviar, etc., 60 cents; carpes en sauce, \$1.60; truffled partridge, \$2.40; asparagus, \$2; Camembert cheese, 85 cents; grapes, 60 cents; a bottle of Chateau Lafite, 150 cents; \$68. This is considered the most expensive single dinner that has of recent years been eaten in Paris. This contrast between the Parisian and our prices is very striking."

"I am a time-honored custom in Quincy. It is to salute a newly-married couple by firing a cannon. This is to remind those present that the battle of life has fairly begun."

Millaux has caught the sallow fack, the refined aquiline nose, thin black locks, the prominence of the under lip, the large forehead, and wonderful eyes of Lord Beaconsfield, and with a George IV. necktie and waist-coat. Before his pretty daughter grew up and the good sized hand he used to be called 'The Bill of Fare.' He is not at all puffed up with office, which is strange, as he is an English Chancellor of the Exchequer in a very small individual compared to a French Minister. Finance, who can pilot the Bourse at will into still water or rapid currents."

TEMPER.—A sound temper or temperament is a well-balanced condition of mind and body, where a healthy degree of tension, as it were, is maintained by the equipment and counteraction of the inherent qualities of which the nature is composed.

It is irritable temper or excitable temperament is one which is too highly or unevenly strung, and will therefore jar on the smallest provocation. From the exercise of truthfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, are never absolved, whatever discouragements or temptations beset us.

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