

## THE McCLEVERTY.

"He is a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Highland head of the clan," Saxby remarked, after the tall, gray-haired, military-looking man had left the smoking room. "Impoverished, like so many of his class; and obliged to let his family place and his shootings, he tells me; but a thorough gentleman, every inch of him. By the way, Moxon, don't call him Mister McCleverty again. Of course he said nothing, but I could see that he didn't like it. He is The McCleverty, you know."

Saxby has a habit of kindly setting me right upon minor points of etiquette which I confess that I don't relish. However, I took the rebuke good-humoredly, feeling that I had, perhaps, deserved it, and promised to address his friend as "McCleverty" for the future. We were staying the night at Saxby's house, after having shot his coverts during the day—such being the recognized custom in our rather remote county, where distances are considerable and the roads none too good. Our Scottish fellow-guest, who had shot better than any of us, and with whom I had had some little conversation in the course of the afternoon, had pleased me by his courteous manners—which, if a trifle condescending, were nevertheless friendly and unaffected. He was, I presumed, one of Saxby's London acquaintances. Saxby, upon the strength of having married the daughter of an Irish earl, is rather apt to give himself the airs of a man of fashion, and goes up to London for a few weeks every season—a luxury which some of us can't afford in these hard times, and which, I dare say, makes the wives of some of us slightly jealous of Lady Emily.

When I went up to bed, I found my own wife toasting her toes before the fire, and the first thing she said to me was: "John, I have asked The McCleverty to come to us on the 16th, and he thinks he will be able to manage it. It will be such a triumph if we can secure him! Mind you don't forget to renew the invitation to-morrow morning."

"I shall be very glad to welcome him, my dear Jane," I replied, "although I don't see quite why I should be expected to triumph if I obtain that privilege."

"You know very well that we have all those people coming to dinner on the 16th, and that we are a man short," she returned impatiently. "Oh, don't say that you can get one of the young officers over from York. That wouldn't be at all the same thing. The Saxbys, as I told you, have refused. Lady Emily pretends that she is afraid of the long drive—such rubbish!—and she is trying to persuade The McCleverty to stay on here. Now do you understand?"

I partly understood; and I understood still better when Jane went on to mention that the aristocratic Scot had been talking to her about her family, which he had spoken of as one of the most ancient in England, and had even heard of the family emeralds and diamonds which had passed into her possession. As a matter of fact, Jane's family, though of respectable antiquity, is no whit superior to that into which she has married; while as for the jewels which she is pleased to describe as heirlooms, they are nothing of the sort, or they could not have been left to her by her grandmother. However, it is foolish, besides being a great waste of time, to argue against a woman's fixed ideas, and I had no personal objection to entertain the gentleman who seemed to have been acute enough to discover my wife's weak points.

The upshot of it all was that our appreciative friend joined us before luncheon on the 16th, bringing his valet and a good deal of smart luggage with him. I gathered from this and from some incidental remarks of his that he was only comparatively impoverished. He seemed to be upon intimate terms with many distinguished, personages, and was, I must say, extremely good company. We went out shooting for an hour or two while the light lasted, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him.

But it was at dinner time that he proved himself a genuine social success. With his highbred air, his courtly address, and that precise, foreign-sounding Highland accent of his he made facile conquest of our assembled friends and neighbors, and he had something to say to each and all of them. Jane, I need hardly mention, wore the family gems, with the beauty of which he was, or said he was, duly impressed.

"Only I do think, my dear Mrs. Moxon," said he laughingly, while he was wishing my wife good-night, "that it is rather unwise of you to keep such valuable stones in the house. You ought to let your bankers take charge of them for you. Burglaries are not unknown even in the quiet regions of Yorkshire, I suppose."

It must have been this speech of his that caused me to have a horrid nightmare some hours later. I dreamt that the house was being broken into, and I was as thankful as I always am, under such circumstances, to be awake by Jane until I made the disagreeable discovery that she had other reasons for shaking me violently than the usual one that I had been shouting in my sleep. She was sitting up in bed, with a terrified countenance, and—

"John! John!" she exclaimed, do get up and see what is the matter. I am sure I can hear somebody moving about downstairs!"

The worst of it was that after listening for a minute, I was equally sure of the same thing, and without being more of a coward than other men, I frankly own that the idea of having to sally forth unarmed and face a party of burglars, who were in all probability provided with revolvers, did not fascinate me. Still it was obvious I could not remain where I was and allow my plate to be carried away; so I slipped on my dressing gown, clutched the poker, in default of a better weapon, and made for the back stairs.

I will not deny that my descent was a somewhat unnecessarily noisy one, nor will I pretend that I was not greatly relieved to hear the sound of precipitately flying footsteps beneath me. I have always been

told that burglars, when disturbed, prefer running away to showing fight, and I was grateful to these nocturnal marauders for having observed the rule of their profession in that respect. Of course I was after them like a shot; but my agility is no longer what it was thirty years ago, and I was only in time to ascertain that they had escaped through the back door, which stood wide open. An already distant rattle of hoots and wheels convinced me that immediate pursuit was out of the question. What would have been the use in tearing, in a dressing gown and slippers, after the trap, which was evidently doing a good twelve miles an hour? It was much more to the purpose to ascertain what my losses were, and after I had, with much difficulty aroused the butler and the footman (who were apt to sleep heavily on dinner-party nights), I had the satisfaction of discovering that the miscreants had been too much scared to bear away their booty. Some spoons and forks were scattered about the pantry; but we counted them all, and found that not a single one was missing.

I then went upstairs to reassure Jane, who listened to my narrative with much interest, and, at the conclusion of it, begged me to go at once and thank The McCleverty for the great courage and presence of mind that he had displayed.

"He came in immediately after you had gone downstairs," she said, "and apologized so nicely for intruding upon me. But his first thought was of the jewels. He took possession of the case, assuring me that he would defend my property with his life. He had a pistol in his hand, and looked as if he quite meant what he said."

"Contend the fellow!" I returned rather crossly; "he might have thought of defending my life and property, since he had a pistol handy."

At the same time I was bound to admit that it was rather thoughtful of him to remember my wife's valuables; so I hastened to tell him that it was all right and to relieve him of further responsibility. But, alas! it was not all right; it was all most distressingly wrong. My reiterated knocks at his bedroom door meeting with no response, I made so bold as to turn the handle—when, to my horror and dismay, I found the room empty, and the window wide open. Hurrying to the latter, and craning my head out, I saw, extended upon the grass, the ladder by means of which that arrant impostor had effected his retreat. He had taken his luggage with him too. It was plain as could be that he had carried out his well laid-plan without any need for precipitation.

The police were kind enough to explain to me, later on, what that plan had been; though I scarcely required the aid of their perspicacity to divine it. Of course his so-called valet had created the necessary diversion by making a disturbance downstairs; of course the butler and the footman had been drugged; of course every detail of the scheme had been carefully arranged beforehand, and equally of course I was just half an hour too late in arriving at the conclusion that I had been shamefully swindled. I did what could be done at the time. I dressed myself with all possible dispatch, had the old horse put into the dogcart, and galloped off to York ventre a terre; but need I say that no individuals answering to my description of the thieves had been noticed at the railway station? The police profess to be upon their track, and have professed to be upon their track for rather more than a twelve-month now; but I don't believe they will ever catch them, and I am quite sure that Jane will never see her emeralds again.

What does strike me as a little bit hard is that, after all the expense and annoyance to which I have been put—not to speak of the heroism of my conduct on that fatal night—I should be covertly sniggered at by my friends and openly accused by my wife of being no better than an old noodle. Experience has taught me that it is idle to reason with Jane; so I merely shrug my shoulders when she calmly asserts that it was I who invited The McCleverty to spend a night beneath our roof. As for Saxby, he takes no sort of blame to himself in the matter. He says he never made himself in any way answerable for a person as to whose respectability he had grave doubts, and that he had only asked the fellow to stay because he had ascertained that he was a good shot. I have reminded him of the remark already quoted about "a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Highland head of a clan"; but he declares that he has no recollection of having used such language, and he has the effrontery to add that a little common sense on my part would have saved me from being victimized as I have been.

"Why, my good man," says he, "the name isn't even a Scotch one, and any ordinary book of reference would have told you that there is no such person as The McCleverty in existence!"

All the same, I suspect that he has had a badish time of it with Lady Emily; and, in default of any other consolation, that must serve.

## JUST BEFORE RETIRING.

How to Insure Peaceful and Refreshing Slumber and a Sweet Mouth.

A warm bath, a light lunch, and a clean mouth before retiring are good things to take. They promote sleep and a "clean" tongue in the morning. What this lunch should be the consumer must decide, says the New York World. The juice of a couple of oranges, half a grape fruit, a cup of tea with dry toast, a sandwich and glass of ale, cup of hot bouillon, biscuit and a glass of sherry, crackers with milk and vichy, or a bowl of bread and milk are the choice of as many different people, all healthy and handsome.

The best thing in the morning after a cold plunge or sponge bath is a cup of hot tea or coffee with a little lemon juice. The earlier this draught is taken the better; it should precede the breakfast by at least half an hour. This is prime for the alimentary canal; it is a comfort to the stomach, and puts the digestive organs in order. A cup of hot milk is also prescribed, and even hot water the first thing in the morning is not bad. For anything but the abusive cup of cold water the poor stomach will be grateful. If an appetite for breakfast is wanted, and the time permits, take a walk to the corner, alone, inhaling and forcibly exhaling the air through the nostrils. No ten dollar cure in therapeutics can compare with this.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### The Way to Manage.

It is very hard to convince housekeepers who are young, strong and ambitious, that strength as well as dollars should be saved for the "rainy day," that is sure to come sooner or later. "I managed very well, and had time for recreation, until baby came," said a young woman in a discouraged tone, "but now, no matter how hard I work, many things are left undone."

There are many young housekeepers who get along nicely after the morning cleaning is done, but who are rushed and worried the first hours of the day, until they are nervous and tired. The baby must be washed and dressed, the breakfast table cleared, dishes washed, beds made, sitting room put in order, and the young wife is at a loss what to do first.

Considerable may be done to forward the morning's work the evening before. Immediately after the supper is cleared away and dishes washed, set the table for breakfast—even to the chairs. Grind the coffee and put in the boiler, prepare the potatoes for boiling, baking or frying, and get everything intended for breakfast ready to cook. You can get the meal in half the time it takes when no previous preparations are made. Then, just before retiring put everything in the proper place in the sitting room, so that it will be ready to be swept in the morning without delay. You can comb your hair and arrange your dress before you leave your bed-room, so that you may look neat and tidy.

After breakfast, sweep and dust the sitting-room, remove the things from the breakfast table, and you can then wash and dress the baby without feeling nervous and hurried.

Unexpected tasks may rise, or interruptions occur, so that a set programme cannot be carried out, but in that case you will certainly be glad of the preparations made the night before.

Now, with yourself and baby in a presentable condition, you can proceed with the rest of your work without the annoyance and worry you would otherwise feel, and should a friend drop in, the moments spent in resting and chatting will refresh you instead of causing additional worry about the appearance of your house and yourself.

### How to Make a Skirt.

Not all the home-made dresses are satisfactory, and the skirt of the past few seasons, together with the present one, has been a very serious matter to the home dressmaker. I have been told the exact modus operandi of the professional dressmaker, and will share my knowledge with you. The circular skirt with its various modifications, while about the prettiest skirt, is not becoming to all figures or suitable for all materials. Slender figures and firm material are adapted to the circular skirt, so in making a dress have the right kind of a pattern. (Never before could patterns be bought so cheaply.) It is best to use new lining and facings even for made-over gowns. Cut the lining to the skirt, then before sewing up baste on the stiffening, which should extend some eighteen inches on the breadths, and baste firmly. Now lay on the dress goods and baste this firmly and if the goods is worsted hold it a little tight or it will seem to sag. After this is done, baste the seams with care. It is an easy matter to stretch the under side a little or hold the upper one a trifle full; this must be carefully avoided. Sew the seams. Try the skirt on the person who will wear it and pin it to the right length. It should turn up about an inch at the bottom. Baste this down and press with a hot iron if the goods is woolen, cross-stitch this down and then baste on a four inch facing cut on the bias. This is important and the basting should be carefully done. Fell the upper part of facing down without catching the stitches through to the outside. Baste the braid on flat and fell it down on both edges. I have made a skirt following these directions exactly and am well pleased to know just how the work should be done. Even the item about putting on the dress braid is worth a good deal. The flatiron is invaluable in making dresses and should be used freely on woolen goods but not touch the material; a damp cloth should be placed between. This pressing gives a neatness of finish that nothing else will.

### Flannel Garments.

At this season of the year it is a good rule to regulate the clothing, that, when exposed to out-door air, the difference of temperature experienced shall not be such as to produce any dangerous impressions. It is well to put on flannel garments before the first frost, as it is of very great service in preserving the health of the inhabitants of all cold and temperate climates. Flannel worn next to the skin is the very best dress for those who have begun to decline in years, and is also well adapted for infants and young children, especially in autumn, winter and spring. Older children do not require it, excepting during the seasons of greatest cold, and all persons under forty, in good health, should reserve it as a resource for their declining years, during which period it becomes every year more and more useful and necessary.

Flannel ought not to be worn at night. The best plan is to discard it in bed, unless, from great debility or age, sufficient warmth cannot be insured by a moderate quantity of bed clothes. Flannel must be frequently changed, in order to preserve it strictly clean.

### Our Favorite Recipes.

Spanish Cream.—Dissolve one-third of a box of gelatine in one quart of milk, let it stand one hour, then place on the stove. When boiling hot, stir in the yolks of three

eggs and half a cup of sugar; remove from the fire and stir in the whites of the eggs well beaten. Flavor to taste and pour in moulds.

Apple Snow.—Pare, slice or quarter two good-sized, tart apples, steam until tender, and then run them through the colander and set them where they will get ice cold, then add the grated rind and the juice of two lemons, one cup of sugar and the whites of six eggs. Beat all to a froth and serve at once.

Sweet Pickle.—One peck tomatoes, twelve onions, five peppers, one cup salt, slice and let stand over night. In the morning drain off the juice, then add two tablespoonfuls horseradish, two of cinnamon, two of cloves, two of mustard, one cup of sugar, one gallon of vinegar; boil tomatoes and vinegar one hour, then add spices which should be tied in small bags. Keep the pickle in stone jars.

### In One Man's Life.

What wonderful things have happened within the memory of one man is illustrated in the case of George Augustus Sala, the English special correspondent and raconteur. "It is something to be able to tell the present generation," he says "that I have seen Louis Philippe while he was still King of the French; that I have seen Soult, Thiers, Gaziot and Lamartine; that I have witnessed three revolutions in the French Capital; that I followed Garibaldi in his campaign in the Tyrol; that I have heard Daniel O'Connell deliver a speech at the London Tavern; that I knew Lord Palmerston; that I was in Franco Mexican War and at the storming of Puebla; that I spent thirteen months in America when she was in the midst of war; that I was personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, with Seward, with Stanton, with Charles Sumner, with George Bancroft, with Longfellow and with Bayard Taylor with Grant and with McClellan, with Horace Greeley, Raphael Semmes and Jefferson Davis.

"I have conversed at Algiers with the Emperor Napoleon III.; I have been petted on the head by the great Duke of Wellington; I have lived in Cuba when there were negro slaves there, and in Russia when there were millions of white serfs in the dominions of the Czar. I can remember to have seen the Czar Nicholas himself at Ascot races; I attended the funeral of the assassinated Alexander III.; I was at Constantinople when the first Turkish Constitution was proclaimed from the steps of the old seraglio, and I can hear now the unanimous shouts of 'Amin' from the Moslem troops present."

### FIERCE FIRE AT NANAIMO.

Two Lives Lost and Much Property Burned—Losses Elsewhere.

A despatch from Nanaimo, B.C., says:—Fire broke out on the east side of Commercial street at 5 o'clock on Friday morning, and before it was got under control a number of buildings—hotels and stores—were completely destroyed. Two lives were lost and three persons badly injured. The fire started in the Royal hotel, at the corner of Wharf and Commercial streets. Thence it burned in a northerly direction along Wharf street, destroying the frame fire hall and a carpenter's shop. Running south, the fire licked up the barber shop adjoining the hotel, spread to a cigar store and thence caught the Nanaimo hotel and restaurant, Morgan's tailor shop and C. E. Stephens' dry goods store. Across the street, on the west side, Williams' frame block caught fire, but the flames were extinguished before much damage was done. The Central hotel, Masonic building and Hirst Bros.' store were also ignited, but were saved. The amount of damage done has not been ascertained as yet. Pat Maybee, a boot-black, and Fritz, the German bartender, occupants of the Royal hotel, perished. Two men and a little girl, also occupants of the Royal, were badly injured in making their escape. A rough estimate of the amount of insurance held is about \$100,000. Every man, woman and child in the city turned out to help in the work of salvage. That the newer part of the town is not completely wiped out is due to the strenuous efforts of the volunteer brigade, and the fact that there was no wind.

### The Mosquito at Business.

The little insect drops gently and daintily down on the spot it has selected for its attack, and the descent of so light and airy a being is likely to leave the victim unconscious of its presence, unless he has actually seen it settle. Then the proboscis is pointed downward, and the tiny lips that form its tip pressed against the flesh. The bristles within the gutterlike sheath being then pressed together into one solid boring implement, their common tip is forced down on the flesh, and as they enter the wound, the trough in which they were lying separates from them in the middle, and becomes bent toward the insect's breast, the two little lips all the while holding on tight.

The greater part of the length of the stiletto is then plunged into the victim's flesh, and the blood is drawn up the fine interstices of the composite borer. The wound, though six instruments are concerned in making it, is extremely minute.

### Effect of Meat on the Temper.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who recently made a trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France, urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice-eating Japan, harsh words are unknown.

## CHINESE PANIC-STRIKE

### THE JAPS ARE ADVANCING BY LAND AND SEA.

Wiju Occupied by the Mikado's Troops Without Opposition—Chinese Camps Filled With Raw Levies Without Arms or Clothing.

A despatch from Shanghai says the Japanese have occupied Wiju without meeting with any opposition on the part of the Chinese troops.

Friction between Prince Kung, the Emperor's appointee to the presidency of the Foreign Board, and Li Hung Chang, the despatch says, is inevitable. The Viceroy is certain to be hampered in his conduct of operations against the Japanese. The Imperial Council is completely disorganized and the corruption which has prevailed in the Commissary Department for years has left the troops with no suitable clothing and a scanty supply of food. Cannons, rifles and other munitions of war, which from time to time were alleged to have been bought and paid for, cannot now be found and presumably the money represented to have been expended for them was appropriated by the officials into whose hands it was intrusted.

The immense camp between Fien-Tsin and Taku is filled with raw levies of troops, who are without arms and in many cases without sufficient clothing to cover them. Disorder in the camp is rampant, there being not the slightest degree of discipline. Executions take place daily, the merest infraction of rule or law being punishable by the loss of the offender's head.

European residents of China are taking refuge in the treaty ports under the protection of the warships of their respective countries. A large number of Chinese merchants are also seeking safety in flight. Their goods are being seized, and in many cases men of large means have been plundered of every vestige of property they possessed and beaten and otherwise maltreated if they protested. Most of these have also made their way to the treaty ports.

The troops stationed at Canton have been ordered to Formosa. The Pall Mall Gazette publishes a despatch from Shanghai, stating that the Japanese troops are reported to be rapidly nearing Moukden.

### Chinese Luncheon Ceremonies.

A Swede has sent home to his own country an account of a luncheon he received in China. He and the members of the Russian Consulate were invited to this repast by the Governor of Kashgar. They had forty-six different dishes served. But the interest is less in the food than in the etiquette. This is very rigid, and not likely to be mastered without study.

An invitation for lunch is sent two days before the occasion, and, if not answered, is understood to be accepted. It is always for 12 o'clock noon, but the guest is not to arrive before 2. With the invitation comes a card with the host's name, and sending of this means that the guest is at liberty to adopt whatever costume he thinks fit. On his arrival, the host examines the glass of his guest, and tests the chair which is intended for his use, to give him assurance that he may sit upon it with safety. He even affects to wipe the dust off the seat. Then follow the forty-six courses.

On this subject the Swede was not sympathetic. They consisted chiefly of shell fish, of stripes of the fat of mutton, followed by a dessert of a preserve of pore, much appreciated by the Chinese, but which leads the Swede to remark that the rule that the moment it is finished the guest leaves the table was a merciful one. He adds that the banquet greatly distressed the personnel of the Russian Embassy, but that the Russian missionary, M. Ignatief, seemed to enjoy it.

### The Lord on Our Side.

"The Lord is on my side!" Is not this a truth which has measureless comfort and sustaining power in it? You are trying to extricate yourself from the entanglements and darkness of error and to come into the light and freedom of genuine truth. There are many difficulties in the way, but the Lord is on your side. He is working to remove the veil from your sight; He is sending light; He is quickening your understanding and giving you power to see. You are trying to overcome your evils—evils which have become rooted in your nature and consolidated into habits, and you find it a slow, difficult and painful work. But the Lord is your helper; He encourages every effort; He breathes new life into the heart; He softens its obduracy, and He puts all the strain upon evil that you can bear to loosen its roots and to displace it from your heart.—Rev. Chauncy Giles.

### The General's Cow.

Some years ago, the commanding officer of a military station, desiring the grass around the quarters to be protected while it was growing, gave strict orders to the sentries that no one except the cow should be allowed to step over it.

The next day the General's wife called upon some ladies, and wishing to make a short cut walked across the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here madam," said the sentry.

The lady drew herself up.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded of the sentry.

"No, madam," replied the impassive soldier, "I do not know who you are; but I know that you are not the General's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."

### A Moveable Feast.

Boarder—"Why in creation did you ring the breakfast bell at four o'clock this morning?"

Cook—"The missus heard it thundering, and told me to hurry up and serve breakfast before the milk soured."