

## An Inconsequent Episode.

There was a big crush at Mrs. Sinclair's "at home," and people were making slow progress through the rooms, looking cynical or bored, or interested, as the case might be.

For vivid, frank enjoyment, there were few faces to compare with one girlish one—a little flushed, with shining blue eyes, and soft curly brown hair clustering about it.

She was a little country mouse, having a peep at the enchanted fairyland of London, and at her pleasure the grave face of her companion relaxed, and he forgot for the moment, to find it all a weariness to the flesh and vanity and vexation to the spirit.

The girl wanted to know who every one was and all about them; she thought them charming, and regretted that she did not live in London.

"Father hates it so," she said. "Your father had a long spell of it," the man said, "But"—and he smiled very pleasantly—"we shall very soon have you among us, I hope, for more than a flying visit."

The girl blushed, and grew shy, and then uttered an exclamation.

"Who is that?" she asked eagerly. "Look at her, there! That woman with the beautiful face and dark hair."

"That is Miss St. Quentin. She writes, you know. Writes, well, too; her new book is an immense success, being neither cheap nor nasty."

"Oh I've read it," Hilda Carson said, the pink flush deepening in her cheeks. "And I liked it ever so much. I read it out of doors, too, and it interested me all the time."

"Do you consider that a severe test?"

"Very! And I am glad to have seen her. She is wonderful, with that clear, colorless skin, and those great eyes. I think—I think—" She hesitated a little.

"Well?"

"I think she is a woman nobody could help loving, if they knew her."

He laughed. Her fresh enthusiasm was amusing, and he rather enjoyed it for a change, but before he could speak again, two or three people joined them, and he lost sight of Hilda for a little.

A good many people admired Miss St. Quentin, but very few even dimly guessed that, while writing the stories of others, her own life hid one away in an inner and very sacred chamber.

They said she was "not a bit impressionable," and, for all her beauty, very unlikely to break her own heart or any one else's.

There were just two or three people—of whom Mr. Sinclair was one—who doubted this dictum, and wondered if the delicate coldness of her manner did not hide at least as much of her nature as it revealed.

But even those who had so much discernment did not know—nobody knew—of that summer, eight years ago, when she and Jack Tremain had met in the old Suffolk mansion. Nobody knew of the long, long mornings in the orchard, talking over everything and anything, or sometimes sitting in the silence that is only possible between friends.

And nobody knew of the afternoons on the river, or the evenings in the moonlit garden, or the sudden, sharp ending to it all.

He was wrong, and she was right, and they were both very proud, so she let him go, forgetting how hard a thing it is to be forgiven.

And there had been times when success had seemed a small thing to her, and life a very desert of loneliness, because she missed one voice in the chorus of praise that greeted her, and one face in the many friendly ones that smiled upon her. For Mary St. Quentin had the virtue of her defects, and she was terribly faithful.

Six months ago Major Tremain had come home, but society had seen very little of him so far, though it was eager to lionize him and raved over the deed that gained him that coveted V. C.

Miss St. Quentin had not seen him at all, though she knew he was, for the moment, in town, and scanned the faces in park and street, and party, in the hope she was half ashamed of—that of seeing his.

She was always a centre of attraction, and had not been many minutes in Mrs. Sinclair's rooms before she was surrounded with a little crowd. She resigned herself to the inevitable, and was trying to forget her one insistent desire when her hostess came up with a bronzed, dignified man at her side.

"Miss St. Quentin, may I introduce Major Tremain to you?" she said, and then there was a little exclamation of mutual recognition, and ten minutes' ordinary chat, and—that was all.

Ah, yet not all. Who could say where it might end—the story began in the Suffolk garden, and, interrupted there, resumed in a London drawing-room, and to go on—perhaps?

No; certainly, certainly, her heart cried. Fate could not be so cruel as to mock her with a mere will-o'-the-wisp of a hope after all these years—these lonely, lonely years!

A man's voice broke in upon her thoughts. He was the same who had been talking to Hilda Carson in the evening, and Miss St. Quentin entertained a very kindly feeling for him. She made room for him beside her, and they began to talk.

Presently Hilda passed by, looking so

sunny and animated that Miss St. Quentin paused in her talk to look at her.

"What a dear little girl!" she said. "Who is she, Mr. Cresswell? I saw you talking to her just now." "Little Miss Carson," he said, following the little white figure with his eyes. "She is General Carson's only daughter, and a very nice girl. A great admirer of yours, by the way, Miss St. Quentin."

"You must introduce us, by and by," Miss St. Quentin said, smiling. "She looks so fresh and nice. I don't think I ever saw her before."

"No; but I suppose she will be more in town after her marriage."

"Oh, is she engaged?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know? She is engaged to Tremain—Major Tremain. It seems he went to stay with the Carsons, and that it was a case of love at first sight. All the other fellows in his regiment thought him a regular, hardened old bachelor, so it has been a good bit talked about."

Miss St. Quentin leaned back and fanned herself slowly.

"You know Tremain, I suppose?" Mr. Cresswell continued, not looking at his companion as he spoke, but watching Hilda Carson as she stood talking to some one, with her sunny smile.

"Slightly," she said. "I used to know him years ago. He is—or was—very pleasant."

"Oh, yes; he's generally popular. Why," turning suddenly round, "I'm afraid you're not very well. Can I get you anything?"

"Nothing thank you. It is only neuralgia," she said, quietly. "I am afraid I must go. I am subject to it, and it is very bad to-night."

"I'm awfully sorry!"

He was full of sympathy and eager proffers of assistance, and when he put her into her carriage shook hands with reiterated regrets.

"I hope the pain will be gone in the morning," she said.

She smiled at him with white lips and then drove away.

But the pain did not pass in the morning.

## HOW LONG SHALL A MAN SLEEP?

That Some Give Few Hours to It Does Not Prove that all Should.

Much has been written lately concerning the phenomena of sleep. Many persons have aired their views on the subject. Some assert that people as a rule sleep too long, while others are of the opposite opinion. Dr. Andrew Wilson has recently made some apropos remarks on the matter. He first cites instances of celebrated men who needed a small amount of sleep and says:—"Humboldt, who lived to be eighty-nine is said to have declared that when he was young, two hours sleep was enough for him, and that the regulation seven or eight hours of repose represented an unnecessary prolongation of the time of somnolence. It is also said that Sir George Elliott, who commanded at the siege of Gibraltar, never indulged in more than four hours' sleep while the siege lasted, and that little affair occupied at least four years. Sir George died at the age of eighty-four. Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese at Oxford, who died the other day at the age of eighty-two was declared to be satisfied with five hours of sleep only, and rose regularly at 3 a.m. What do such cases prove?"

"Assuming the correctness of the details, they prove only that certain men, and very few men, I should say, are able to recuperate their brain cells more quickly than the bulk of their fellows. They are the exceptions, which, by their very opposition to the common run, prove the rule that a good sound sleep of seven or eight hours' duration represents the amount of repose necessary for the average man or woman. It would be a highly dangerous experiment for the ordinary individual to attempt to curtail his hours of repose, and it must not be forgotten that in this matter of sleep we have to take into account the question of the daily labour and the nature of the work in which the individual engages."

In the case of Dr. Legge we have a picture of the student whose labour is solely of the intellectual kind, involving little drain on the muscular system. In the case of Sir G. Elliott we have an active commander, who, in addition to the mental anxieties involved in the conduct of a long siege had no doubt a fair amount of physical exertion to undergo. But, while the case of the professor may be explicable on the ground that his five hours' sleep compensated him for any wear and tear his quiet life presented, we may fall back in the instance of the General on the theory of a special organization set, as it were, so as to satisfy itself with a limited amount of sleep.

"The personal equation in short, plus the kind or character of a man's work, determines the duration of his repose; and that the average period required by the ordinary individual in health is from seven to eight hours is the one opinion confirmed by the collective experience of the civilized race."

## OH, THOSE GIRLS!

Miss Westlake—I really believe George Benwood is weak minded.

Miss Cutting—Why, dear, has he been making love to you.

## READY INFORMATION.

Tommy, looking up from his book—Pa, what do they mean by Darwin's missing link?

Pa—Why—er—Mr. Darwin lost one of his cuff buttons, I suppose.

## AGRICULTURAL

### DISEASES OF POULTRY.

The most common diseases at this season of the year are colds and roup. It is very important to be able to distinguish between the two. The only way I know of, says a writer in American Poultry Journal is by the smell. Roup has a smell so distinctly its own that once a person becomes familiar with it he will be certain to always recognize it again. When the attack is light the color although very pronounced has none of the vileness that it acquires after the tissues of the head and the throat begin to decay. This fact leads many to suppose that roup in the first stages is merely a cold, but it is more than a cold. Fowls do catch a simple cold, of course, and while there is a certain undefinable odor about such a cold it is so entirely different from roup that an experienced person will never make a mistake between the two. The best possible plan to prevent either colds or roup is to keep the fowls free from draughts and reasonably warm; a fowl is much safer roosting on a tree than in any kind of a house where a current of air can strike them through a crack or knothole in a board. Do not let them crowd on the perches; countless thousands of fowls catch cold from this one cause alone, especially young stock, and brooder raised chicks are much more apt to crowd on the perches than those raised in small flocks, because they have been raised that way. Make perches in such manner that no two fowls can touch each other, or at least crowd up close. (This can be done in several ways; one very good plan is to cut sticks one inch square and six inches long; nail these along the roosting poles so that only one fowl can get between two sticks; the spaces will need to be from six to eight inches, owing to size of fowls, or boards six inches high can be used and let the fowls roost on them, and between them. In either case each fowl will have to sit by itself. Where the climate is very cold the spaces or boards can be made to take two fowls, and that will prevent crowding up tight. It is astonishing how tight a row of fowls will jam up on a pole in a cold night. Some of them get too hot, and are sure to sweat and catch cold. The best cure for colds is warm, dry air; this will soon cure without anything else. A little sulphur, alum and magnesite, all in fine powder, blown upon the nostrils and in the throat is a great assistance in drying up and curing a cold. The air for a small sized poultry house can be made quite dry with a lamp alone for a heater. To do this a heater and a condenser is required; the heater can be made out of a common store box and a piece of sheet iron; this iron should be put far enough up from the bottom of the box to allow a lamp to be set under it; then just above the iron bore some holes to admit air. This forms the heater; a window can be made to serve the purpose of a condenser. A tight box must be placed over the window inside the poultry house, leaving the glass exposed to the cold air outside. Now then make a connection between the heater and the condenser so that the warm air from the heater can enter the condenser near the bottom of the window; the warm air will strike the glass and become cold and part with nearly all its moisture. The dry air must be allowed to escape near the bottom of the condenser, but as high above the lamp as possible—anywhere from a foot to three feet above the lamp will do. The condenser box must be very tight at the top, else it will not work good. Such a crude affair as this will take a most astonishing amount of water out of the air in a cold night, and will be found very useful in a damp house, and the whole thing need not usually cost anything more than the time it takes to put it up. If the apparatus is desired to be used as a ventilator as well as a dryer, take the air from the outside into the heater, but it merely as a dryer then take the air from inside the house to the heater box. In either case this plan will extract the greater part of the surplus moisture. Perfectly dry air, if it could be had, would cure roup without any other attention, that is as far as it can be cured.

### FAMOUS OLD PEOPLE.

Good Old Age of Some of Europe's Great Men.

Among the world's oldest men known to fame three have pre-eminence in Europe. These are Mr. Gladstone, Pope Leo XIII, and Prince Bismarck.

Mr. Gladstone has lived to a greater age than any other English statesman who has been prime minister during the last two hundred years; and at eighty-eight his mental powers are unimpaired, although his sight has nearly failed him, and he is deaf. The pope at eighty-seven has remarkable health and vigor and shows few of the infirmities of age. Prince Bismarck at eighty-two suffers as much from lack of occupation as from bodily weakness.

The oldest European artist is Thomas Sidney Cooper, who is now in his ninety-fifth year. He has been at work with pencil and brush over seventy years, and his paintings are still exhibited in London.

The oldest man of letters in Europe is James Martineau, who was born in 1805, and was preaching and writing religious essays more than seventy years ago. John Ruskin is generally regarded as the veteran of English literature, but infirm as he is and unable to answer letters or to read books, he is fourteen years younger than Doctor Martineau.

Verdi is the oldest composer at eighty-four. The Italian cardinals ordinarily live to greater age than English bishops, but there is one prelate in the Anglican communion, the Bishop of Liverpool, who is eighty-two. The English peerage is long-lived, the Earl of Mansfield being near the top of the list at ninety-one, and having a large group of octogenarians around him.

Among European sovereigns the Queen of England, who is in her seventy-ninth year, is senior. Her memory is remarkably good. Her sight has fallen off so that she recognizes her friends with difficulty, but she hears the faintest word in ordinary conversation, and retains her old-time animation of manner.

Among all these worthies, who have attained to a green old age, Mr. Gladstone is perhaps the only one who has been incessant and immoderate in his mental occupations and who has seemed willing at times to be imprudent and to neglect opportunities for relaxation and exercise. He is an exception to the rule that the secret of long life is moderation in all things.

## ONTO HIM.

Alice—I've just been reading Poe. Doesn't he tell some weird tales?  
Mrs. Deadnext—Yes, but they don't hold a candle to some of those my husband tells me when he comes home late.

## NOT FOR A REST.

Depositor—Is the cashier in?  
President—No; he's gone away.  
Depositor—Ah! Gone for a rest, I presume.  
President, sadly—No; to avoid arrest.

## FIRST DUTY.

Now, that we have decided to organize the company, said the first promoter, who was somewhat new to the business, what is the first thing to be done?  
? Vote ourselves salaries, replied the second promoter, who had been in the promoting business for some time.

## TWO GENTS.

First Hotel Waiter—That ere young squirt at table C is a gent all through. He giv me half a dollar.  
Second Hotel Waiter—He ain't half the gent as that ere ole bald-headed fat porker at table B. He giv me a dollar.

## THOUGHT HIM AN OFFICIAL.

Western Conductor, pointing to captured train-robber, accompanied by sheriff—Do you see that man? He has robbed thousands on this road.  
Passenger, with interest—That's so? What is he—president or superintendent?

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found Worth Reading.

The parchment on the best bajjos is made of wolf-skin.

The pouch of a pelican is large enough to hold seven quarts of water.

Laplanders are swift and graceful skaters. They often skate 150 miles a day.

In the United States and Canada there are 960,094 Oddfellows and 837,395 Freemasons.

A bill to tax bachelors one dollar a year has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature.

All the flowers of Arctic regions are either white or yellow, and there are 782 varieties.

Female apothecaries are legalized in Russia; but only one can be employed in one drug store.

The "elephant beetle" of Venezuela is the largest insect in the world. A full-grown one weighs about half a pound.

Coins bearing the names of emperors who existed over two thousand years ago are still in daily circulation in China.

Only seventy eggs of the great auk, a now extinct bird, are known to be in existence, and fifty of them are in England.

It is a noteworthy fact that sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles. This is because of the better drainage of the land.

Cute little shoes, intended for dogs, are made and sold in London. They are of chamois, with light leather soles. They are only worn indoors, and are to protect polished floors from scratches.

The largest railroad passenger station in the United States is the Union Station in St. Louis. It is 600 feet in width and 630 feet in length, with 39 tracks.

To acquire the right to vote in North Dakota, a man must have been a resident of the State for at least one year; to sue for a divorce, he needs only to have been there ninety days.

Twenty-one recent murders in Paris, committed for purposes of plunder, yielded an average profit of only \$16.57 to each assassin. In most cases the murderers were caught and forfeited their lives.

The peasantry of Spain have learned to make roosters hatch eggs and look after the chickens, while the hens, being at liberty, can and do lay more eggs than they would if hampered by maternal duties.

A French law gives any person who is offensively mentioned in a periodical publication the right to reply in the next issue of the publication, provided that he does not use more than twice the space of the original article.

A strange Parisian fad, in the way of female ornamentation, is a tiny living turtle, in gold and silver harness. It is attached to the bosom of a lady's dress by a slender golden chain, and is permitted to wander over her neck and shoulders.

A hustling kid dwells in Iola, Kansas. At the age of four years, Room Coffee, the son of parents in comfortable circumstances, began to sell popcorn, and now, at the age of thirteen, he owns forty acres of good land, and is about to start a grocery.

Thirty-six years ago, Samuel Lord, of Northfield, N.H., deposited \$2,000 in the Sumersworth Bank. The bank recently advertised for his heirs, and Mrs. Lucy S. Towle, his granddaughter will receive the money, which now amounts to \$8,667.87.

A messenger boy in Wall street, New York, received a valuable package to convey to a broker's office. He dropped it on the street, and another boy picked it up and carried it to the address on the package. The honest boy received ten dollars for this service, and the other boy was reprimanded. When both boys met they divided the reward. They were well acquainted, and had planned the trick.

## IT DIDN'T PAY.

Guest at big hotel—Where is the waiter I had this morning?  
Guest, who had given the morning Head Waiter—He's busy sah!  
waiter a big fee, and doesn't want to repeat the operation—Can't you send him here?  
Head Waiter—No sah. Fact is, sah some misable fool gub him such a big fee this mawnin' that he's gone off on a drunk sah.

## THE HORRIBLE SCHOOL.

Now, would you call Dauber, an impressionist?  
No, replied the other. From my knowledge of his work I should call him a depressionist.

## EASILY SATISFIED.

Willie had done an errand for Uncle Frank and received simply a kind Thank you.  
Oh, I don't care for any thanks, said Willie; I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife.

## NEEDS A CLEVER MAN TO PLAY IT.

Algeron—What makes you so enthusiastic about golf?  
Henrietta—Well, it is played out doors and gives one such a fine chance get away from stupid people.

## DEADLY ODD NUMBER.

Are you superstitious about the number thirteen?  
That's what; I used to earn \$13 a week and now I get only \$10.