She has not found her King as yet; The golden days glide by. They bring no sorrows to lorget,

Nor any cause to sigh. No heart for her devotion made The passionate summers bring : Unharmed she walks, and unaffrayed-She has not found her King.

Men bring their titles and their gold; the turns in scorn away. The man must be of different mould the swears she will obey. Though poor in honors and in lands, Rich in a rarer thing, Titledby God alone, he stands,

Whom she will own her King!

But when he comes, as come he will, strong to support, and grand, With supplication that shall fill Her soul, like a command, She'll place her band in his, and tak Whate'er this world may bring, Proud and contented for his sake, Whom she hath crowned her King!

TRESPASSES. FORGIVEN

John Ashurst was " out of sorts." That was his mild way of speaking of his

own ill humor. "As cross as two sticks!" muttered old Dinah-a servant who spoke her mind to her empty kitchen by right of a lifetime service. "Dar don't nothin' suit. An' he's altogedder onreasonable. Folks has jess as good right to move nex' door as he's got to lib nex' door to 'em. Young Mars Fred," she said, as a young man stepped on the piszza, " hab you larnt anything 'bout de new neighbors ?"

" It's a widow, Dinab," answered the young grievances to her." man, in the tone he might have said, "It's a

ioke." "De lawful sakes!' exclaimed Dinah. "An' Mars John hates widders like pizen. Is dat all ?"

man, as if the joke was increasing in magni-

"De laudy massy !" ejaculated Dinah. "An' he dislikes chillen special." "Three boys," volunteered Fred Ashurst,

who deals out his fun by piecemeal. am his special deversion. An' boys, too, wid

dar fader in hebben-leastways it's to be hoped he am dar." " And there is a baby."

a joker caps the climax with the best hit of it will keep; gunpowder is apt to," he said,

Dinah lifted both hands. "Mars John 'll | move away. He can't abide babies. Jess to Ashurst, sternly. "This thing must be tink ob de racket! Dar's come chickens to scratch up our garden, an' a guinea-fowl dat's de noisest bird ebber libbed, an' a peacock dat screeches like a lunytick, an' a parrot dat chatters like anudder lunytick, an' a dog, an' a cat, an' dar's a widder an' three boys an' a baby yet fur to come. An' to tink ob de peace an' quietfulness we hab had fur twenty year an' more. Mars John 'll move away tree, where a boy was scrambling down shore !"

"Don't know," answered Fred Ashurst, Ashurst; "I've caught you meditatively. "Uncle John isn't migratory and I'm going to take you straight in to in his nabits. Can't sell nor rent in these days either. I think he will have to face the music. It isn't in the course of nature," philosophized the young man, "for good quiet neighbors like Deacon Smith and his wife to live forever, and I must confess, for my own part, I am rather glad of a change, even if it involves widows, boys, babies, guineas, peacocks, parrots, dogs, cats, drums, Jews'-harps, tin horns, and a hundred possibilities for creating a Babel. It's pretty rough on Uncle John, I must admit. The old gentleman don't take to it kindly. I think there will be some fun."

" Now, Dinah," said John Ashurst, a little later, as he entered the tidy kitchen, "I don't want anything to do with these new neighbors. If they attempt to borrow, don't encourage it. Drive out any of the animals that trespass on our grounds, and the children as well. I will have my nephew paint a notice: 'No trespassing allowed on these premises.' They might as well know my Dinah ?"

"Yes, mars," replied Dinah, meekly. Then she dropped into a meditative soliloguy as her master left the kitchen. "'Twill be mighty queer for Dinah to say 'no' ef a neighbor comes fur to borrer a little rice or salt. or starch; an' as fur drivin' off chillen, 'twill be mighty hard to tramp 'em off. I don't mind sayin' ' scat!' to a cat; but a chile Lud! was a chile his own self, an' as nice a chile as de good Lor' ebber made. It's my opinion de Lor' don't make bachelors; dey makes demselves, an' dey jess spiles demselves. Now of Mars John hed a wife an' little chillen, dar wouldn't be a better man on de face ob de airth. Sech a pity 'bout Miss Russell !"

"Come, Dinah," said Fred Ashurst that night, as he stood before a large board on which he had painted, in large letters, "No trespassing allowed on these premises "-"Come, Dinah, tell me about Uncle John's lady-love. It's a family tradition he had

one. Was she a beauty ?" "Not sech a beauty as her cousin Miss Edif," answered Dinah. "Miss Amy was tall and slender, an' ebbery inch a lady; but it war her sweet way, more'n her face, dat made folks worship de groun' she walked on. She war a Quaker, you know. Mars John an' she come an' went, an' come an' went, jess like two weddiners; an' Miss Edif an' a Bouthern man-Carroll war his name-dey come an' went jees like two odder weddiners; an' den dey got to changin', an' Miss Edif went wid Mars John, an' Mars Carroll went wid Miss Amy, an' it war plain as de nose on your face dat he war extreme fond ob her: an' den Mars John backed right down, fur he war mighty spunky, an' Miss Amy's picter war took out ob his room, an' all de little fancy fixin's she hed made him was took away, an' he nebber went wid gals any more at all-more's de pity."

"What became of this Quaker girl?" asked

Fred Ashurst. "Oh, she went away, somebody tole me, to Englan', an' dey nebber got to be weddiners, any ob 'em, so fur as I knows on. Such a pity for Mars John! He nebber cared much far nothin' till your mother died, an' he brought you up. He war extreme good to you, Mars Fred, an' dat shows de heart dar loss." is in de man. But he's sot as a meetin'house in his way. I jess do what he says, an' for gen'ral he says right. S'pose he's done forgot Miss Amy? Ef he hed, he wouldn't act in dis onchristian manner. Don't de Bible say, 'Lub your neighbors?' An' here he sets hisself again 'em 'fore dey come, an' says, 'Don't lend him a scrap, an drive off de chillen,' an' den puts up dat big board warnin' em cil, jess as ef dar war a ingine in our yard would smash 'em to pieces. An' de sweet little chillen wid deir

fader in hebben will jess b'lieve Jack de Giant killer libs here. Sarves him right, too, fur harborin' sech onehristian feelin's !"

The next morning three little children two boys and a girl-stood before the wooden | change your nursery on my account. I was board that lifted its warning above the hedge | mistaken about the boy "-turning to see that that divided the Ashurst lawn from its neighout the words.

"What does it mean?" asked the little some other person's dog." girl, curiously. " Trespassing ! treepass ! that's what the prayer is about. Don't you puzzled way. "I do not understand."

know-' Forgive us our trespasses' ?" "Don't mean that at all," replied the eldest boy, sagely. "Mamma says that means for God to be good to us 'cause we are good to folks who have been naughty to us. We haven't done anything to the folks next door, 'cause we've just come."

"Maybe he's afraid we will," replied the little girl, shrewdly. "I'll ask mamma."

Fred Ashurst, sitting on the piazza, heard this conversation, and reported to his uncle. "Humph!" ejaculated that individual, moodily. "I hope the woman will have

sense enough to take a hint." A week elapsed, and John Ashurst was, to use his own expression, " more out of sorts than ever."

"Crosser dan two sticks," was Dinah's version of his mood, as she addressed her pots and kettles."

"I won't stand this any longer," he exclaimed, testily. "The baby cries all night, and the older ones raise Bedlam all the day. When the guinea stops, the peacock begins. When a drum is at rest, a blast comes from a tin horn. The hens have scratched up my seeds, the dog has - I might as well tell my

Forthwith he sat down and wrote: "MADAM, -Patience ceases to be a virtue. I cannot think by day nor alsep by night. Would it be possible for you to change your nursery to the other side of your house? "Four children," continued the young Could your children exist with a smaller allowance of drums, trumpets, Jew's-harps and tin horns? Your chickens have pulled up my seeds. Your dog tore my door-mat into bits yesterday. Your boys stone my fruit trees and your girl bothers my cook. Your guines, in the unmistakable tone of a natural joker peacock and parrot I protest against as nuisances. If you can effect an abatement "Wuss an' wass !" muttered Dinah. "Boys of all these nuisances, you will greatly oblige

JOHN ASHURST." " Your neighbor, He rang the bell-" Fred, take this next door."

"Yes, sir; but I am late for the baseball Fred Ashurst gave the last item of news as match; I'll stop on my way home. I guess with a meaning smile.

"I don't want any delay," replied John

stopped." Tost afternoon John Ashurst sat in his office writing, when he heard a stealthy step pass his window, followed by the rustling of leaves. "It's that plagued neighbor's children," he said, excitedly. "They're at

my cherries again." A few hasty strides brought him to the "You young scoundrel!" exclaimed John your mother. Don't belong there? None of your tricks. Come, march along, and we shall see where you belong."

Dragging the culprit along, John Ashurst rang his neighbor's door bell.

"No trespassing allowed!" gereamed the parrot in its unearthly tones. John Ashurst was very angry. To have his warning east into his teeth by this ugly

green bird was not pleasant. " I want to see the lady," he said curtly, to the servant who opened the door. Will you walk into the "Yes, sir. parlor?"

"Will you walk into my parlor? Said the spider to the fly; It is the prettiest little parlor That ever you aid spy."

room, such a room as he had not seen for | added, as he walked away. many years. There was no disorder, neither was there in his own stiff parlor next unwashed dishes. "What's de meanin' ob sentiments first as last. You understand, elegance was something unattainable by all widder indeed, as de good Book says. S'posin' years ago. Suppose she had not forgotthe rules of arrangement he knew. John he should-" Ashurat was a critical man. When he was | Dinah did not finish the sentence, but al They were flowers he had avoided for years, got, to be shore !" on table, bracket and wall, and their subtle | asked, kindly. fragrance recalled the perfume of flowers worn in a woman's hair above the sweetest face he ever knew.

The door opened and a lady entered, followed by two boys and a little girl.

"I am glad to see thee," was the gracious

seated ?" John Ashurst was almost powerless to speak. Years ago this quaint Quaker speech | ment. had thrilled him as no other speech had

such music in his ears. "I beg your pardon," he said, in a con-

boy home."

The mother gave the boy a look of smiling | danger." reproof, as she said, "Thou hast made a Fred Ashurst's eyes twinkled. "Fol's put on his hat, and walked straight to his mistake. I have only these three children talk about us, do they? If I were a man and their baby brother, who is asleep."

sullenly.

"I beg your pardon," said John Ashurst, his nephew. "It would not hurt you in the with deep humility; I am afraid I have least if I loved and wedded Mrs. Gurney?" wronged your boys-and you," he added, he asked. still more humbly, thinking of the note he had indited that morning.

"Do not mention it," said the lady, earnestly. politely. "I am fearful we have disturbed ! thee. Thou art aware we have had a great a satisfied smile. "You don't love the entered the room, held out her hand to John grief. I have allowed my children to have woman if you are willing to see another win Ashurst as an old acquaintance. Her face whatever pets they choose and amuse them. | her." selves in every innocent way, that their "You needn't fear a rival in me," replied John Ashurst took it in both his, as he ex- powdered aloes as a dressing for wounds minds might be diverted from their great Fred, laughing.

he said to himself. Had Fred forgotten to memory, he thought.

The sweet-faced, sweet-voiced Quakeress | "Mrs. Gurney might make you forget the as she said, " I forgave thee long ago. It continued : "My baby has been very ill. I past," suggested Fred Ashurst. have been obliged to keep on this side of the house, as it is cooler. When he is better I ber," replied John Ashurst, half to himself. shall change my nursery."

read his note. "I beg your pardon," he said, comer, whom they called Cousin Lily. In a with real trouble in his tone. "I did not pause in the conversation she said, addressknow your baby was ill. I beg you will not | ing Mrs. Guiney : the urchin had made his escape. "I may With difficulty the eldest boy spelled have made other mistakes. Perhaps they were not your chickens. It may have been

"Chickens? Dog?" asked the lady, in a John Ashurst's face brightened. She had

not received his note. "It does not signify," he revised, carelessly. "I thought you might have heard complaints about your chickens or dog-from-my cook-or my nephew-or somebody," he said, desperately. "Thy cook has been extremely kind,"

answered the lady. "We were obliged to little incoherent, too, and I could not quite borrow some brandy one day when the baby make out what he meant. A school-boy was very ill, and we could not get at ours in | would not have been more embarrassed; and the confusion incident to moving. Thy like ourselves, Lily, he is no chicken. Then nephew has won the heart of my boys by a note came in he had sent me, and there had teaching them how to shoot arrows, and Lucy | been delay in giving it to me. He took it -this little girl-and thy nephew are great | quite eagerly and said he would do the errand friends. My children were puzzled about the himself, and offered us all the cherries we sign board in thy hedge, but thy nephew told | wanted. That was the beginning of our them it was to warn off tramps."

"He is a good boy. Fred is an uncommorly good young man," exclaimed John Ashurst, fervently. His failure to deliver that note was a mark of superior judgment, smiling. I judge he has had some great

he thought. The servant entered. "I hope you will

excuse me,"she said, addressing her mistress were getting the baby to sleep, I did not "By-the-way," she said, with affected indisturb you. John Ashurst stepped forward eagerly. "I am the writer of that note," he said,

extending his hand. "As I have come mycelf, it will be quite unnecessary for you to read it. I can do my errand without taxing your patience to read my illegible writing."

"Certainly," answered the unsuspecting Quakeress. "Thou art very kind to trouble thyself about us."

John Ashurst thought of himself "Hypocrite," and yet he was glad, glad as if he had seen an enemy in the act of applying a match to gunpowder, and auddenly he found himself in possession of match and gunpowder. What should he say, for the Quakeress was looking in an expectant way, as he had not told his errand.

"We have a great many cherries. Send Ashurst, for them whenever you like," he said, as awkwardly as a school-boy.

"We are grateful for thy kindness," replied

the Quakeress, pleasantly. "Do not change your nursery on my ac count," pleaded John Ashurst, his mind reverting to that dreadful note. "Let the children come over when they please. Fred will amuse the boys, and the cook will be

pleased to spoil the girl." John Ashurst went home with a light heart. He clutched the note as if it had been a prize. "To think," he said to himself, "how near l came to wounding that grief-stricken, sensitive

woman !" He drew the note from his pocket to read the cruel words before destroying them, and found, instead of his note to his neighbor, his

last month's gas bill. " Fred is a young man of superior judgment as I told our neighbor, Mrs. Gurney," he said with a smile. "This would have been quite harmless had she opened it."

"It was dreadfully careless of me to leave the wrong letter," spologized Fred Ashurst, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as he drew the offensive letter from his pocket that night. "Baseball makes one lose his wits," he added, in self-justification. "Set it down, uncle, to profit and loss."

"Dinah," said John Ashurst to the colored servant that night, " be very kind to our nextdoor neighbor. She is an estimable woman In spite of his anger, John Ashurst said this | who has seen much trouble. You need not to himself as he glanced about the dainty drive the children away, or anything," he

"Sho!" explaimed Dinah, addressing her

younger he had been called artistic. Insensi. | the evening as she worked about her kitchen bly his mood melted. On a little table stood she exclaimed ever and anon, "S'posin' he s vase of lities of the valley. On the wall should! An' all dem chillen come to han' !" hung in water-colors lilies-of the valley. On Then she shook her head. "'Tain't de way a bracket in wax-work were lilies-of-the-valley. fur him. Lor'! What a power widders has

for they stirred a memory of his lost youth. Weeks passed, and John Ashurst paced his Now there flashed upon him a memory of his room, with trouble on his face. His nephew own room years ago, with lilies of the valley came in. "Anything wrong, uncle?" he

> "I believe I am a little out of sorts," answered John Ashurst. "In fact, Fred, I was thinking of you."

"Of me? Don't worry about me; I am happy as a lark," answered Fred, carelessly. "The fact is, Fred," said John Ashurst, reception given this ungracious man. "Thou | stopping in his nervous walk, and looking art our neighbor, I am told. Wilt thou be attentively at his nephew, "I am a little worried about you and—our neighbors."

"The Gurneys?" asked Fred, in amaze-

"Yes," answered John Ashurst, gravely. done, and he had dreamed of a lifetime with | "It has just come to my ears that people are talking about our going there. I have been very kind to Mrs. Gurney because I was fused, hesitating way; I have brought your unjust to her at first and wished to make atonement. She is a charming woman-" Not much!" exclaimed one of the boys | more than that, a good woman. To me there in the rear of the beautiful woman, for John is no woman so attractive as these sweet. | the child. Ashurst said to himself that she was beauti- | voiced Quaker women, with their quaint speech and gentle ways; so I realize your

with your age and your means, I'd make them "Told him I didn't b'long here, but he talk to some purpose. It I were in your wouldn't b'lieve me," explained the boy, place, Uncle John, I would marry the widow."

John Ashurst bent a searching glance on "Not in the least. I would congratulate

you with all my heart," answered Fred,

"A heartless thing, under the circumstances," memory of the past that would always come ness." between me and a new love. I tell you thus deliver it? That were a lucky slip of the much that you need not speculate or plan and prayer for forgiveness. about my future."

"On the contrary, she makes me remem-That night, in the widow Gurney's home, | ment ?" pleaded John Ashurst, eagerly.

John Ashurst's face fell. After all, she had the children were crowded about a new

" Pray tell me who these new found relatives are. They talk of Fred and Uncle John

as if they were kin." "They are our neighbors," answered Mrs. Gurney. "I want thee to meet them. When we had lived here about a week, our neighbor called. He had made a funny mistake, and brought a boy who was stealing his cherries, thinking he belonged here. Think of it, Lily-one of my boys stealing fruit ! "I would have been very angry," said the

"Oh, no," answered Mrs. Gurney. "

visitor.

was sorry for him. He was so gentlemanly and so humble, really contrite, as if he had offended me and was sorry for it. He was a friendship. Since then Fred Ashurst and his girl. "She used to be Cousin Lily, and now uncle have been frequent visitors. This uncle has the most wonderful smile; it lights up his whole face. But he is not a man given to trouble. What ails thee, Lily? The blood has all gone from thy face."

" My journey has been a little exhausting "but a note was left this morning, and as you | that is all," replied the visitor, carelessly. difference, " is the uncle's name Ashurst? "Yes," answered Mrs. Gurney. "Is the

> family known to thee?" "We knew Ashursts years ago," replied the visitor. "Depend upon it, this man made a change of base when he called. It is like the Ashursts to be hasty and unjust. I know nothing of their penitence."

> Mrs. Gurney looked at her visitor curiously. To herself she said, "I never knew my husband's cousin so near being bitter in al my life."

Fred Ashurst the next morning at the breakfast table was in exuberant spirits. " think I am in love, uncle," he said gaily. know you won't approve, for my charmer is not a day younger than Mrs. Gurney and one of these dangerous Quaker women.' "Where did you meet her?" asked John

"At our neighbor's," answered the nephew. "Birds of a feather, you know. But this

is a finer bird, with finer feathers, than our neighbor even. I don't know what men have been thinking of to let such a specimen go uncaged." John Ashurst laid down his knife and forl

and listened.

Thus encouraged, his nephew continued "She is tall and slender, as graceful as wand. Her face is like a Madonna's, but its beauty is in expression rather than feature. She wears lovely white dresses, with a few worldly tucks and ruffles, and her thees and thous are beautiful to hear."

John Ashurst's face was very grave. "Be careful, Fred," was his warning reply. " Such women are not false, surely," said Fred, watching his uncle closely.

"They may be fickle and unjust," replied John Ashurst, sternly. "I would swear Miss Bussell is neither,

exclaimed Fred Ashurst, passionately. John Ashurst's lip twitched, and he beat his foot nervously on the floor. "Miss Lily Russell," explained Fred

Ashurst, emphasizing the first name. John Ashurst resumed his usual manner at that. " Be careful, Fred, my boy," he said, kindly. "I don't want your ships to go

down as mine did." That day John Ashurst was restless and nervous, "almost out of sorts," he said of himself. He could not forget his nephew's description of the woman next door. "Nonsense !" he would exclaim, half aloud, in an impatient way. "This is a woman with door, but the air of comfort and simple dis somerset ob opinion? Guess she's a another name. The other one forgot me

> John Ashurst's face was lighted with the wonderful smile of which Mrs Gurney spoke; then it faded out, and the man's restless mood came on.

There came a child's tap at the door, and a moment later Lucy Gurney entered. "See I have a lot of books," she said with great glee. "I have come over to study with you, where the boys won't bother. I took them out of Cousin Lily's trunk when she went with mamma. This is verses," and she laid down a volume of Tennyson; "and this-" As age. she lifted the book there dropped some with ered flowers, lilies of the valley and a cluster of forget me nots.

John Ashurst tock the book eagerly. It was a Bible. On the fly-leaf was the name "Amy Russell." As he turned the leaves he came to more withered flowers, and on a slip of paper the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." "I must always pick up trash, mamma

to gather the withered flowers. Trash! John Ashurst touched them reverently, and put them back in the book. His face was radiant with that wonderful

smile. She had not forgotten. "Is your cousin Amy home?" he asked of "Tisn't Cousin Amy; it's Cousin Lily,"

answered the child. John Ashurst looked puzzled; t neighbor's.

"Is Miss Amy Russell in?" he asked of the servant as he gave her his card. "Miss Russell is in; I think it is Miss Lily," answered the servant. "I would like to see her," said John

Ashurst. To himself he was saying, "She must be a relative. If Amy is dead, I will have the Bible and the faded flowers."

But she was not dead. The sweet-faced Quaker woman, with just a touch of worldli-"That is enough," said John Ashurst, with | ness about the tucked and ruffled dress, who "Oh, Fred, that is all nonsense!" exclaim- to you, and cruel to us both. You have not John Ashurst's face was sympathetic, and ed John Ashurst, impatiently. "I shall forgotten me. By this token I know it; and troubled too, for he was thinking of his note. never marry. Unfortunately there is a this prayer makes me bold to ask forgive-

He opened the Bible to the faded flowers

Tears filled the eyes of the Quaker woman

was a miserable mistake," she added, sadly. "But there is no reason why I may not spend the rest of my life in making atone-

"I have never ceased to love thee, John,"

was the simple, earnest answer. Such a commotion in the houses of the two neighbors! Old Dinah's equanimity was quite upset. "I declar I don't know wedder I'm standin' on my head or my feet. Dey look jess like weddiners, fur shore an' sartain. An' jess to tink it all come fru de new neighbors. ' Don't hev anything to do wid de new folks ; don't lend 'em a scrap, Dinah; drive off de chillen,' an' all sich !' "

Dinah's hearty guffaw at the remembrance

might have been heard next door. "Was allus s'pectin' suthin was comin' from de day Mars John drug de boy dar," continued Dinah. "Miss Gurney's a nice woman, but dis is heaps better. Couldn't be better. It's de genooine old lub. Talk about young lubbers! Land! Dey can't hold a candle to de lub ob haff a lifetime."

Mrs. Gurney went about with tears in her eyes and a smile at her mouth. The tears were for her past romance, the smile for her cousin's present and future romance.

The children were discussing it. cousin's name will be Ashurst," said the little boy "'cause women change their last names when they're married."

"There first names too," said the little we call her Cousin Amy."

"You little goose !" laughed the eldest

but they called her Lily in England, because she was fair and wore lilies so much. Lily was a pet name. Don't you know the song,

boy. "Her right name was always Amy;

"' Call me pet names, dearest; call me a-"

"Goose!" added the little girl. "That's what you called me."

Fred Ashurst came in on tiptoe. "I have a secret, youngsters. They are to be married next month. Come along and see me make kindling wood of this 'onchristian warnin', as Dinah calls it. Uncle John is like the blustering month of March—he went in like a lion, but comes out like a lamb."

A Touching Story.—This touching story was told by Eastman Johnson to our correspondent in Nantucket: On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the orier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of surplus meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B---. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old-fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the ateamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me, 'Let us go down to the corner and see him play." Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and I suppose I shall regret not hearing that hand-organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking. -Harper's Magazine.

The London World speaks thus of a familiar nuisance at fancy fairs —" Buyers at the Brighton Bazaar were very scarce, and required a lot of pressing. I saw an American millionaire being literally dragged across the room by a lady to her stall. The manner in which ladies unsex themselves at these bazaars is simply disgusting, and defeats its own object, for it has come to this, men will not now go 'near the place.' If I had to organize a bazaar it would be on the distinct understanding that no person should be importuned, articles should all have their prices ticketed upon them in large characters, and lady stall keepers should only be allowed to invite

buyers with their eyes." Kossuth has completed and is about to publish a history of his life, on which he has been engaged for several years. It will also embrace all his writings of importance and fugitive essays in periodical literature since 1859. The chief interest in Kossuth's career, however, will be in what he did before 1859—say from 1829, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he first took his seat in the National Diet of Presburg, his confinement for treason in 1839, his course as Finance Minister, his expulsion from the country, and his unique career in the United States. He is now seventy-eight years of

Mr. Fawcett, the blind member of Parliament, is not more remarkable for scholarship and ability as a debater than for his fondness for out-door sports. Recently he has been salmon fishing in Wales, and among other fish caught one salmon weighing twenty-two pounds. Mr. Faweett also skates, rides on horseback, climbs mountains, recognizes any voice to which he has been in the slightest degree accustomed, and when speaking in Parliament makes says," remarked the little girl, as she stooped elaborate use of statistics and figures without the slightest hesitancy or error. He is, besides, a capital story-teller, and the most

genial of companions. EXTRAORDINARY RUMORS .- According to rumors, Gen. Grant has been tendered the Presidency of the Erie Line at \$50,000 salary annually; the Pennsylvania Railroad at \$50,000; the Great Western and Grand Trunk Lines of Canada at \$100,000; the Atlantic & Great Western at \$50,000; and lastly the Texas & Pacific at \$50,000. There is no truth in the rumors so far as the Canadian lines are concerned.

Lord Salisbury's famous seat at Hatfield is nowadays a head centre of politics and diplomacy. Lords Beaconsfield, Lyons (Ambassador at Paris), and Dufferin have been among recent visitors. Probably the very same walls and pictures looked down upon the first Lord Salisbury discussing home and foreign problems with the Ambassadors of France and Spain 259 years ago. Hatfield was built in 1611.

ALORS AS A DRESSING FOR WOUNDS .- DE was very calm, but her hand was trembling. Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends claimed, "Forgive me, Amy; I was unjust | both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the se vere pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals -Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

The wives of men of sentiment are no always the most appreciative of sentiment Walter Scott read one of his beautiful imagin ings to his wife, who listened with eyelid east down and bated breath. As he closed the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow dear ; I must mend the hole in it !"