Summer Is Going.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are falling
And all the whisper-haunted forest through,
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling,
From rustling hazel copse and tangled dell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!"

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom can send,
And, knowing that their harvest time is near,
Sing half a lullaby and half a knell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and shady shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying,
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding lane,
With gold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sign of pain,
But in the lulls it sinks in gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell,
"Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!"

So bird and bee and brook and breeze make moan,
With melancholy song their loss complaining;
I, too, must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning;
I, too, have loved the season passing well—
So, "farewell summer,
Fair but faded summer,
Sweet farewell!"

The Long Ago or the River of Time.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time
Where the soft airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the times with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago;
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so;
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are vows and pieces of rings—
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for age be the blessed isle,
All the day of our life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight!

—*By Benj. F. Taylor, formerly editor Chicago Journal.*

Cloud Land.

Somewhere, the legends says, there lies a land
Older than silent Egypt, whose dim coast
No human foot had trod, no eye has scanned;
Where never mariner was tempest-tossed,
Nor pilgrim fared along the lonely strand.

And where in brimming cisterns hyaline,
Flashes the fountain of eternal youth,
Whereof who drinks shall know not any sign
Of fading cheeks or palsy-parched mouth,
Or age's long slow languor and decline.

Some say beyond the sunset's latest ray,
Far down the ocean's azure brink it lies;
And oft-times I have seen at close of day
Strange semblances reflected in the skies,
In cloudy pageant soon dissolved away.

Domes, temples, palaces and misty gleams
Of shapes were far behind thin, purple veils,
Vistas of hills and plains and winding streams,
Dusk forest solitudes and pastoral dales;
Sweet haunts of quietness and pleasant dreams

Surely the old belief was not in vain!
There must be ultimate, divine repose,
And love that dieth not and end of pain;
But none have found beyond the twilight's close,
The hidden highway to that dim domain.

Yet the relentless turmoil and unrest,
The inborn feverous craving and the strife,
The winged spirit, prisoned and oppressed,
Urge us still forward toward the ideal life,
Onward forever in untiring quest.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"A Kiss First,"

"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Mother wonders, but cannot tell.
Out by the well-curb Bessie stands;
The pitcher grasped by her chubby hand
Is empty still, while many a trace
Of anger vexes the childish face.
"If *I* were a boy, I wouldn't tease.
Leave me alone now, Bobby, please."

Up on the well-curb Bobby sits,
A roguish smile o'er his brown face flits.
"I ain't *your* kind of a boy, you see;
Give me the kiss and I'll let you be.
You're welcome to drain the old well dry,
But a kiss first, Bessie, so say I."
And Bobby is master of well and rope,
So how can Bessie for victory hope?

Slowly homeward little Bess goes,
Her soft cheek blushing like any rose;
And Rob (the little vexed heart beats fast)—
But the pitcher is full to its brim at last.
There's a moss-grown well near by, and to-day
I heared a gray-haired woman say,
"What keeps Bessie so long at the well?"
Ah! *I* know, but I wouldn't tell.

For what if two by the well-curb stand,
Bobby and Bessie hand in hand!
What if a pitcher forgotten lies
At the feet of both! and if two blue eyes
See only the glance of another pair,
And if there are saucy lips that dare
To ask for a kiss! What harm, pray tell,
If Bessie should linger at the well?

M. D. BRINE.

The assault made by Lord Marcus Beresford on Thomas Gibson Bowles, of *Vanity Fair*, arose from articles in that paper attacking Lord Beresford's trusteeship of the property of a Mrs. Trevelyan, recently sent to prison for theft. Lord Marcus Beresford waited near the door of the office of the paper, and when Bowles appeared attacked him, striking him on the nose and eyes with his fists. Mr. Bowles made no defence and was knocked down. Members of the staff rushed to the editor's assistance, and Beresford made off.

One of the latest names given to articles with the apparent object of attracting attention to them is "Liquid bread," a food supposed to base its sustaining properties upon a malt extract.

Lapps, according to M. Nordenskjold, are able to attain an average speed of over six miles an hour with their snow shoes. Races to determine this point were instituted at Quickiock, in Lapland.

PAULINE.

Yet, I suspect none would have taken us for a newly married couple. At any rate there were no nudgings and sly glances among our fellow-passengers. The ceremony had been so hurried on that no attempt had been made to invest Pauline with the usual bridal accessories. Her dress, although becoming and fashionable, was the one in which I had seen her several times. Neither of us had any brand new belongings to stamp us as being bound for a honeymoon; so the only notice we attracted was the notice which was due to my wife's great and uncommon beauty.

The carriage was nearly full when we started from London, and as the strangeness of our new relations prevented our conversing in an ordinary way, by mutual consent we were all but silent; a few soft words in Italian were all I could trust myself to speak until we were alone.

At the first important station, the first place at which the train stopped for any time worth mentioning, I exercised a little diplomatic bribery, and, changing our carriage, we were installed in a compartment the windows of which bore the magic word "engaged." Pauline and I were alone. I took her hand in mine.

"My wife!" I said passionately, "mine, only mine forever!"

Her hand lay listless and unresisting in my own. I pressed my lips to her cheek. She shrank not from my kiss, neither did she return it—she simply suffered it.

"Pauline!" I whispered, "say once, 'Gilbert, my husband.'"

She repeated the words like a child learning a new lesson. My heart sank as her emotionless accents fell on my ears. I had a hard task before me!

I could not blame her. Why should she love me yet? Me, whose Christian name, I think, she heard yesterday for the first time. Better, far better, indifference than simulated love. She had become my wife simply because her uncle wished it. I could at least comfort myself by thinking the marriage had not been forced upon her; also that, so far as I could see, she entertained no dislike to me. I did not for one moment despair. I must now woo her humbly and reverently, as every man should woo his love. Certainly, as her husband, I did not stand in a worse position than when I was her fellow-lodger and old Teresa was following my every movement with her black, suspicious eyes.

I would win her, but until I could claim the rights which love would give, I resolved to take none of those with which the law had invested me. None save this, and this only once.

"Pauline," I said, "will you kiss me? Only once I ask it. It will make me happier; but if you would rather wait until we are better acquainted, I shall not complain."

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. Her young lips were red and warm, but they chilled me—in that kiss there was not a suspicion of the passion which was thrilling me.

I drew my hand from hers, and, still sitting beside her, began to do my best to make myself agreeable to the woman I loved. If I felt distressed and somewhat disappointed, I concealed it and strove to talk pleasantly and naturally—tried to ascertain what manner of woman I had married—to get at her likes and dislikes—to study her disposition—to determine her tastes—learn her wishes—read her thoughts, and eventually to make her regard me as one who would spend his life in rendering her happy.

When was it the idea first struck me—the horrible idea that even the peculiarity and novelty of situation could not altogether account for Pauline's apathy and lack of animation—that shyness alone could not be entirely responsible for the difficulty I experienced in making her talk to me, even in inducing her to answer my questions? I made every excuse for her. She was tired; she was upset; she could think of nothing else save the rash and sudden step taken to-day—more rash for her than for me—as I, at least, knew that I loved her. At last I, too, sank into silence, and miles and hours went by, whilst the bride and bridegroom sat side by side without exchanging a word, much less a caress. It was a strange situation—a strange journey!

And on and on the train rushed northward—on and on until the dusk began to creep over the flying country; and I sat and looked at the listless but beautiful girl at my side, and wondered what our future life would be; but I did not despair, although the rattle of the train as it whirred along seemed to resolve itself into a dreamy rhythm, and reiterated without ceasing old Teresa's sullen words, "She is not for love or marriage—not for love or marriage."

Darker and darker it grew outside, and as the carriage light fell on the pure white face of the girl beside me; as I watched its never changing expression; its beautiful but never varying pallor, a strange fear came over me—a fear lest she was wrapped in an armour of ice which no love would ever thaw. Then tired, weary and almost dispirited I sank into a kind of sleep. The last thing I could remember before my eyes closed was that, in spite of my resolution, I took that white, well-shaped, unresisting hand in my own, and slept still holding it.

Sleep! Yes, it was sleep, if sleep means anything but rest and peace. Never, since the night I heard it, had that woman's stifled moaning come back to me so clearly; never had my dreams so nearly approached the reality of the terror which the blind man had felt years ago. Right thankful I was when the haunting cry rose shriller and shriller, and, at last, culminated by resolving itself into the shrieking whistle, which told me we were near to Edinburgh. I loosed my wife's hand and recalled my senses. That dream must have been a vivid one, for it left me with the beads of perspiration clammy on my brow.

Never having been to Edinburgh, and wishing to see something of the city, I had proposed staying there for two or three days. During the journey I had suggested this to my wife. She had agreed to it as though place or time was a matter of little moment to her. Nothing, it seemed to me, awoke her interest!

We drove to the hotel and supped together. From our manner we might, at the most, have been friends. Our intercourse, for the time, being confined to the usual civilities shown by a gentleman toward a lady in whose society he is thrown. Pauline thanked me for any little attention to her comfort, and that was all. The journey had been a long and trying one—she looked wearied out.

"You are tired, Pauline," I said, "would you like to go to your room?"

"I am very tired." She spoke almost plaintively.

"Good-night, then," I said; "to-morrow you will feel better, and we will look at the lions of the place."

She rose, we shook hands and said good-night. Pauline retired to her apartment whilst I went out for a ramble through the gas-lighted streets, and with a sad heart recalled the events of the day.

Husband and wife! The bitter mockery of the words! For in everything except the legal bond Pauline and I were as far apart as we were on that day when first I saw her at Turin. Yet this morning we had vowed to love and cherish each other until death did us part. Why had I been rash enough to take Ceneri at his word? Why not have waited until I had ascertained that the girl could love me, or at least ascertained that she had the power of loving at all? The apathy and utter indifference she displayed fell like a chill upon my heart. I had done a foolish thing—a thing that could never be undone. I must bear the consequences. Still I would hope—hope, particularly, for what to-morrow might bring forth.

I walked about for a long time, thinking over my strange position. Then I returned to the hotel and sought my own apartment. It was one of the suite of rooms I had engaged, and next to my wife's. I dismissed, as well as I could, all hopes and fears until the morning came, and, tired with the day's events, at last slept.

My bride and I did not visit the lakes as I had planned. In two days' time I had learned the whole truth—learned all I could know—all that I might ever know about Pauline. The meaning of the old woman's repeated phrase, "She is not for love or marriage," was manifested to me. The reason why Dr. Ceneri had stipulated that Pauline's husband should be content to take her without inquiring into her early life was clear. Pauline—my wife—my love, had no past!

Or no knowledge of the past. Slowly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for that puzzled, strange look in those beautiful eyes—knew the reason for the indifference, the apathy, she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was fair as the morn; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue; her voice low and sweet; but the one thing which animates every charm—the mind—was missing!

How shall I describe her? Madness means something quite different from her state. Imbecility would still less convey my meaning. There is no word I can find which is fitting to use. There was simply something missing from her intellect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events, she seemed to have none. The power of reasoning, weighing and drawing deductions seemed beyond her grasp. She appeared unable to recognize the importance or bearing of occurrences taking place around her. Sorrow and delight were emotions she was incapable of feeling. Nothing seemed to move her. Unless her attention was called to them she noticed neither persons nor places. She lived as by instinct—rose, ate, drank and lay down to rest as one not knowing why she did so. Such questions or remarks as came within the limited range of her capacity she replied to—those outside it passed unheeded, or else the shy, troubled eyes sought for a moment the questioner's face, and left them as mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious inquiring look.

Yet she was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away no worse impression than that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were as those of a perfectly sane woman; but as a rule her voice was only heard when the ordinary necessities of life demanded, or in reply to some simple question. Perhaps, I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child—but, alas! it was a child's mind in a woman's body—and that woman was my wife!

Life to her, so far as I could see, held neither mental pleasure nor pain. Considered physically, I found that she was more influenced by heat and cold than by any other agents. The sun would tempt her out of doors, or the cold wind would drive her in. She was by no means unhappy. She seemed quite content to sit by my side, or to walk or drive with me for hours without speaking. Her whole existence was a negative one.

And she was sweet and docile. She followed every suggestion of mine, fell in with every plan, was ready to go here, there, or everywhere, as I wished; but her compliance and obedience were as those of a slave to a new master. It seemed to me that all her life she must have been accustomed to obey some one. It was this habit which had so misled me—had almost made me think that Pauline loved me, or she would not have consented to that hasty marriage. Now, I knew that her ready obedience to her uncle's command was really due to the inability of her mind to offer resistance, and its powerlessness to comprehend the true meaning of the step she was taking.

Such was Pauline, my wife! A woman in her beauty and grace of person; a child in her clouded and unformed or stunted mind! And I, her husband, a strong man craving for love, might win from her, perchance, at last, what might be compared to the affection of a child to its parent, or a dog to his master.

As the truth, the whole truth, came home to me, I am not ashamed to say that I lay down and wept in bitter grief.

I loved her even now I knew all! I would not even have undone the marriage. She was my wife—the only woman I had ever cared for. I would fulfil my vow—would love her and cherish her. Her life, at least, should be as happy as my care could make it. But all the same I vowed I would have a fitting reckoning with that glib Italian doctor.

Him, I felt, it was necessary I should see at once. From him I would wring all particulars. I would learn if Pauline had always been the same—if there was any hope that time and patient treatment would work an improvement. I would learn, moreover, the object of his concealment. I would, I swore, drag the truth from him, or it should cost him dear. Until I stood face to face with Ceneri I should find no peace.

I told Pauline it was necessary we should return to London immediately. She betrayed no surprise, raised no objection. She made her preparations at once, and was ready to accompany me when I willed it. This was another thing about her which puzzled me. So far as things mechanical went, she was as other people. In her toilet, even in her preparations for a journey, she needed no assistance. All her actions were those of a perfectly sane person; it was only when the mind was called upon to show itself that the deficiency became at all apparent.

It was a gray morning when we reached Euston Station. We had travelled all night. I smiled bitterly as I stepped on to the platform; smiled at the contrast between my thoughts of to-day and those of a few mornings ago when I handed the wife I had so strangely won into the train, and told myself, as I followed her, that a life of perfect happiness was now about to begin.

And yet how fair the girl looked as she stood by my side on that wide platform! How strangely that air of repose, that sweet refined calm face, that general appearance of indifference, contrasted with the busy scene around us as the train disgorged its contents. Oh, that I could sweep the clouds from her mind and make her what I wished!

I had found some difficulty in settling what course to pursue. I decided, after ventilating various schemes, that I would take Pauline to my own rooms in Walpole street. I knew the people of the house well, and felt certain she would be taken care of during my absence; for after a few hours' repose, it was my intention to start in search of Ceneri. I had written from Edinburgh to Walpole street, telling the good people there to be ready for me, and whom to expect; moreover, I had again appealed to my faithful old servant, Priscilla, and begged her to be at the house awaiting my arrival. For my sake, I knew she would show every kindness to my poor girl. So to Walpole street we went.

All was in readiness for us. Priscilla received us with eyes full of curious wonder. I saw that her sympathies were at once enlisted by Pauline's appearance. After a cup of tea and something to eat, I begged Priscilla to lead my wife to her room, that she might take the rest she needed. Pauline, in her childlike, docile way, rose and followed the old woman.

"When you have seen to Mrs. Vaughan's comforts come back to me," I said, "I want to speak to you."

Priscilla, no doubt, was only too eager to return to me. I felt she was brimming over with questions about my unexpected marriage; but I checked her volubility. My face must have told her that I had nothing pleasant to communicate. She sat down, and, as I desired her to do, listened without comment to my tale.

I was compelled to confide in some one. The old woman, I knew, was trustworthy and would keep my affairs secret. So I told her all, or nearly all. I explained as well as I could Pauline's peculiar mental state. I suggested all that my short experience brought to my mind, and I prayed Priscilla, by the love she bore me, to guard and be kind in my absence to the wife I loved. The promise being given I threw myself upon the sofa and slept for several hours.

In the afternoon I saw Pauline again. I asked her if she knew where I could write to Ceneri. She shook her head.

"Try and think, my dear," I said.

She pressed her delicate finger tips against her brow. I had always noticed that trying to think always troubled her greatly.

"Teresa knew," I said to assist her.

"Yes, ask her."

"But she has left us, Pauline. Can you tell us where she is?"

Once more she shook her head hopelessly.

"He told me he lived in Geneva," I said. "Do you know the street?"

She turned her puzzled eyes to mine. I sighed, as I knew my questions were useless.

Still, find him I must. I would go to Geneva. If the man was a doctor, as he represented himself, he must be known there. If I could not find any trace of him at Geneva I would try Turin. I took my wife's hand.

"I am going away for a few days, Pauline. You will stay here until I return. Every one will be kind to you. Priscilla will get you all you want."

"Yes, Gilbert," she said softly. I had taught her to call me Gilbert.

Then, after some last instructions to Priscilla, I started on my journey. As my cab drove from the door I glanced up at the window of the room in which I had left Pauline. She was standing there looking at me, and a great wave of joy came over my heart, for I fancied that her eyes were looking sad, like the eyes of one taking leave of a dear friend. It may have been only fancy, but as I never before even fancied the expression there, that look in Pauline's eyes was some comfort to carry away with me.

And now for Geneva and il dottore Ceneri!

(To be continued.)

Away From Home.

"Conductor," said a Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train, in a loud tone of voice, "are you sure we haven't passed St. Louis?"

"Yes, we are twenty miles this side, yet."

"This train stops there, does it?"

"Yes,"

"Well, don't fail to let me know when we get there."

Then he settled himself back in his seat, and smiled when a St. Louis citizen bent across the aisle and asked him if any new buildings had been put up in Chicago since he fire.

The Emperor of Germany is indisposed.

It is expected the difficulty with the Boers will be settled without recourse to force.

Anti-Ministerial papers in France denounce the practice of the French troops of killing the wounded Chinese.

It is alleged that the officials of the Irish National League are alarmed at the spread of the laborers' agitation in the county of Waterford.

The six officers of the Russian army who were sentenced to death for political offences were executed yesterday at the St. Petersburg citadel. Madame Wolkenstein and Mary Figner, the daughter of a priest, were also executed.

A BOY'S AMBITION.

The Metamorphosis from the Things that Were to Later Days.

Nearly everybody who is now a man, says the *Through Mail*, was once a boy. All these grown-up boys remember how they felt the first time they ever saw a brass band. They felt that the President of the United States was not to be compared to the editor of the bass drum, and that the drum-major was at least six inches above George Washington in the temple of fame. Oh! how they did yearn to belong to a brass band, until a circus came along, and then, how they longed to be the fearless equestrian or the man in the lion's cage. Congress had no charms for most of its present members when they were boys. To be a bareback rider or drum-major was infinitely greater than to be a member of Congress in their youthful eyes. Then came a time when their hearts were set on becoming a brakeman on a railway train, and when the vision of promotion to the conductorship of a train floated across their dreamy optics they were in the fifth heaven of delight. Time wore on, only to rub the glitter of the railway service off, and supply its place with grand aspirations for the position of umpire of a baseball game, which was rapidly succeeded by an inordinate ambition to be the victor of a prize-ring. After being knocked out in one round by nearly every boy in the community, ambition again underwent a metamorphosis, and the one thing of all things desired was to be the reigning monarch of a barber-shop, or the untrammelled commander of a volunteer fire-brigade.

In due time all the tinsel of these high callings was but dross to them, and to die on the battle-field, breathing some patriotic sentiment as the sands of life ran away, was the one high aim of existence. After one encampment with the home militia, with beans and hard-tack for menu, and hard-tack and beans for dessert, and a finger accidentally shot off for fun, no further anxiety to spill blood by the gallon for their country was manifested, and they longed for more agreeable pursuits incident to the tranquil surroundings of peace.

At about this point their desires took a different turn. Their hearts glowed with a nobler impulse, and there was a trifle more of a determination to do in their composition. One determined to teach school, and did so. To be sure, he was surprised that life was not one continual round of uninterrupted joy in his new calling, but he worries along, and the next spring enters a law office and becomes a disciple of Blackstone. The next autumn he reverts to school-teaching, and school-teaching is sandwiched into his life in various ways and at numerous periods afterward, until he becomes an editor, and the prize-ring experiences of his youth are repeated again. Some years later he is elected to Congress, and then all the old ambitions are forgotten and give place to designs upon the Senate. Only a few of them ever get there, and they at once feel the humming of the Presidential bee in their bonnets, and eventually become candidates before the national conventions of the great parties, and all but two get—left; and when the election is over one of these two is also left.

Personal Paragraphs.

Agassiz is still in very poor health.

Charles Stewart Parnell has received at one time and another the sum of $200,000 as acknowledgment of his services in behalf of Ireland.

Archbishop Lightfoot, of Wellingborough, Eng., will not allow an organist to officiate in his church because he has previously played for a Congregational body.

Princess Wilhelmina, whose right to the throne of Holland has just been amicably settled, is a little toddler of 4 years of age in the royal nursery at The Hague.

The youngest daughter of President Tyler is to be married in Richmond this month to Mr. Ellis, a member of the Virginia Legislature.

Lord-Mayor-elect Nottgate, of London, is 55, President of a photographic company, has been an Alderman and Sheriff, is good-looking and Liberal in politics.

The magnificent bequest of $50,000 for a gymnasium at Phillips Exeter Academy by the late Dr. Francis P. Hurd, of Boston, makes the benefiting boys believe that it is better to be heard than seen, sometimes.

Marietta Stowe, Belva Lockwood's companion in political tribulation, has been in politics before. She was one nominated for Governor of California, and also for School Director in San Francisco.

After Dr. Newsholme on tea, Dr. Alfred Taylor now declares that every wife should give her husband good coffee, and he alleges that "bad coffee makes bad men." Bad coffee certainly furnishes grounds for a great deal of bad language.

MR. GLADSTONE generally dresses plainly but, like the aloe, blooms once in the hundred years or so. When that event occurs the splendor of his blossoming calls for detailed record. On his first drive into Edinburgh from Dalmeny—the morning was bright and sunny—he flashed upon the town like a ray of light, and sat among his sombre companions like a bird of paradise in an aviary of jackdaws, clothed, like Tennyson's party in the pool, "in white samite," or what might have been a coat of that material; his waistcoat was also white, his trousers a lovely lavender, his tie the hue of the pale primrose, while in his buttonhole he sported a rose larger than a cauliflower, but less in size than a drum-head cabbage. Add to this a hat of veritable white, not the dubious drab which is the common wear, but as white as white-wash, and you have the figure which showed in the Scotch capital as the sun in Turner's sea pieces shows from surrounding clouds.

A prominent citizen of Whitfield county, Georgia, has had his grave dug and cemented and inclosed with an iron railing. Although in the evening of life the gentle is still hale and hearty, and likely to prolong his existence for years to come.

The removal of the tax on matches has not, as predicted, started many new factories, but has brought into the American market the manufactures of England, Sweden, France and Italy. These are sold so cheap that further competition seems impossible.

An agitation in favor of the Scott Act is about to begin in Montreal.