### The Sabbath Chimes.

'Tis the Sabbath morn, and the balmy air
Is fraught with music that breathes of prayer;
Through the open casements the burden's borne,
Sweet solace bringing to hearts forlorn;
It murmurs of love—of a love divine
Which through all the ages will ever shine;
Its melody calls from the earth away;
It speaks of another and brighter day;
'Tis laden with words from other climes:
Oh! our hearts go out with those Sabbath chimes!

Hark! how it swells on the gentle breeze;
It's music is heard by the grassy leas;
For on verdant turf, as in city street,
It ever the Christian soul doth greet.
My heart a loud song of praise doth sing,
While the Sabbath chimes exulting ring;
Their voices calling, seem to speak—
To urge the strong—to help the weak;
And oft 'mid cares which press at times,
We comfort seek in these Sabbath chimes!

Loved voices whom my childhood knew,
Ye bring me back fond friends and true;
Ye paint again on memory's wall
Long-vanished scenes, forgotten all.
Oh! blessed chimes, your welcome notes
But echoes are from heaven that floats!
Mid angel choirs, where beauty shines,
We'll hear once more those Sabbath chimes!

# THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"I regret to have awakened unpleasant emotions in your mind," said Laurel, gently, as she offered her card to Mrs. Wentworth.

"You are little Trixy's mother," she went on, smiling. "I am very glad to know you for her sake. She and my little son are great friends."

"You have a son?" said Mrs. Wentworth, as she exchanged cards with Laurel. She sighed heavily, and then Laurel noticed that she wore a black dress. "Ah, I had a son, too, Mrs. Lynn, a beautiful boy that would be as old now as yours had he lived, but he lies buried in an English graveyard."

"You are English?' asked Laurel, gently, her heart melting in sympathy with the tear that sparkled down Beatrix's cheek.

"No, I am American, but I have lived in England ever since my marriage, nine years ago. Little Trixy was born in London, as also my little Cyril, dead three years ago. We have come home now to live."

"We?" said Mrs. Lynn, with a slight, interrogative accent on the pronoun.

"I should have said Mr. Wentworth and myself, and Trixy. There are only three of us," explained Beatrix, pensively, and smothering a sigh.

Laurel wondered to herself whether the Gordons had ever forgiven their daughter; she wondered what had become of smart, pretty Clarice Wells. But she could not ask any of the questions that filled her thoughts, because she had decided that she, in her own proper identity, would remain as dead to Mrs. Wentworth as she was to the rest of the world. They stood there side by side, the two fair women who had so greatly influenced each other's lives, and gazed pensively at the sun-gilded waves, trying to put away the thoughts of the past that each recalled to the other, and to recall themselves to the present.

"I have read your books, Mrs. Lynn," said Beatrix. "I think they are among the most beautiful of the language. I am proud of you as an American author."

"You praise my poor efforts too highly," Laurel said, with her slow, half-sad smile.

"I do not think so. The critics agree with me at least," said Beatrix. "Do you not find it very pleasant to be laurel crowned, Mrs. Lynn—to win the applause of the world and own a name that will live beyond the grave?"

"To be
Conscious that a world's regret
Would seek us where we lie!"

quoted Mrs. Lynn, with a slight, sad smile. "Ah, Mrs. Wentworth, will you believe that I have scarcely ever regarded the subject from that point of view? When I first took up literary work it was to win bread for my little child. Since success has crowned my efforts, since hard necessity drives me no longer, I labor on because I have need to fill an empty void in my life. From first to last I have had no thought of fame."

The soft sigh of the waves blending with her voice made it sound very sad. Mrs. Wentworth looked at the beautiful, proud face curiously. Some kind of a history was written on it. There was a lingering shadow in the somber dark eyes, a sorrowful gravity about the lovely crimson lips. She wondered what that empty void might be. And then she remembered that she had heard that Mrs. Lynn was widow.

"It is grief for her husband," said Beatrix to herself.

"I suppose we all have something in our lives that we are glad to forget in the oblivion of hard work, or even in the pursuit of pleasure," she said. "My little Cyril's death left an aching void in my own heart, and I have another sorrow too. I have been a disobedient child to my parents. I never fully appreciated the enormity of my unpardonable fault until I had a little daughter of my own."

Beatrix spoke in a tone of dreamy sadness. She did not seem to be speaking to a stranger, but rather to a friend. The subtle likeness between Mrs. Lynn and Laurel Vane affected her strangely.

Laurel caught at her words quickly.

"Your unpardoned fault," she echoed. "Do you mean to say that your parents never forgave your disobedience, Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Never," Beatrix answered, with a sigh that showed how deep her pain lay.

They were silent for a time. The idle loiterers on the beach, the casual passers by turned twice to look at the two fair women, so beautiful, so unlike in their beauty—Beatrix so lily-fair with her large blue eyes and pale-gold tresses; Laurel with her rare, unusual type of beauty, her dark eyes, her blond skin, her burnished hair; the one in her dress of deep, lustreless black silk, the other in something white and soft and clinging, marvellously becoming to her graceful style.

"Shall you be long at the seaside?" Laurel inquired, presently.

"A few weeks—that is all," Beatrix replied. "Mr. Wentworth is in New York—business, you know, Mrs. Lynn—Trixy and I cannot stay long away from him."

"You are fond of him?" said Laurel, turning her large, wistful eyes on the other's tender face.

The tenderness deepened in Mrs. Wentworth's sweet blue eyes, and around her gentle lips.

"You would think so if you knew the story of our marriage," she said. "Ours was a real love-match, Mrs. Lynn. It was most romantic. Some day, when I know you better I will tell it to you. It would furnish you a plot for a novel."

Laurel turned her head aside and set her lips in a tense, hard line. She remembered how the story had been told her a few weeks ago in that green city of the dead beside the grave where the unknown waif lay under the name of Laurel Le Roy.

"God forbid that I should have to hear the story told again," she murmured to herself.

She looked back at Mrs. Wentworth and said, calmly, and even smilingly:

"It is very pleasant to hear a real love-match in real life. I suppose you are very happy, Mrs. Wentworth?'

"Yes, I am very happy with my noble husband," Beatrix said, thoughtfully. "But my happiness was purchased at bitter cost to another. I know what it is to feel the sharp sting of remorse, Mrs. Lynn."

Little Trixy came up with a beautiful shell and claimed her mother's attention. They went away together presently, and left Laurel to her own reflections. They were very sweet and noble ones. She was thinking of the Gordons—longing to reconcile them to their daughter and her husband.

"I am glad that she is happy with her husband," mused Laurel. "Oh, how differently our girlish conspiracy resulted for her and for me. And yet—would I change places with her? No, hers be the pleasure, mine the pain."

She walked slowly back to the hotel, leaving Laurie at play with his nurse on the shell-strewn beach. In the hotel corridor she encountered some new arrivals, ladies and gentlemen, going to their rooms. Quite oblivious of their interested, admiring stare, she passed on, and took no note of the pretty, painted blonde face that whitened beneath all her rouge as she stared aghast, and murmured, huskily:

"Is it Laurel Vane or her ghost? I never saw such a terrible likeness!"

## CHAPTER LIX.

Was it chance or fate that brought Mr. Gordon down a few weeks later, to consult with Mrs. Lynn about the publication of her new book?

She was down on the shore with her little Laurence and his playmate, Trixy Wentworth. The little girl's mother had promised to join her presently. She and Mrs. Lynn had become quite intmate friends by this time. They were fond of each other, as two young, pretty, noble women like Beatrix and Laurel are apt to be when thrown together. Beatrix had told all her romantic story to Mrs. Lynn, and Laurel had heard it silently, and made no sign. She said to herself that that unhappy girl, over whose fate Beatrix drowned her blue eyes in regretful tears, must remain as one dead to all the world. She would not confess her secret. She would remain Mrs. Lynn to the end of the chapter.

She sat still on her low camp-chair, with her large parasol held open over her head, and waited for Beatrix to come. She had a book open in her lap, but she was not reading. Her large, dark, thoughtful eyes wandered from the pretty children at play with their attentive nurses, to the billowy foam capped waves rolling in to her feet with a hollow, mystical murmur full of woe and mystery. a

Mr. Gordon came out to her there, and he was puzzled, as he always was, when he saw Mrs. Lynn, by her subtle likeness to some one he had seen or known, and whom he could not now recall.

"Have I ever told you how strangely you affect me, Mrs. Lynn?" he said. "You are like some one I have known whom I cannot now recall. If I could bring myself to believe in theories I have heard advanced, I should say I had known you in some other previous world."

She knew where he had seen her. It was at Eden that fatal night that had struck her down from happiness to the keenest despair. Her face grew pale, her limbs trembled beneath her.

"Some day the truth will break upon him with the suddenness of the lightning's flash. He will recognize me as Laurel Vane, the girl he refused to forgive and pity that fatal night. He will know that the scorn of proud, rich people did not quite crush me, that I survived it all," she said to herself with the pride that had become a part of her nature.

But she did not mean that he should recognize her if she cold help it. Certainly she would never own the truth even if he taxed her with it; so she answered with a careless smile:

"The world is full of chance resemblances that puzzle and amaze us, Mr. Gordon. You see that little girl playing with my son there? Well, when I first saw her I had the oddest fancy that she was like some one I had seen or known. The likeness was haunting and troublesome at first, but I have grown used to it now. It does not trouble me any longer Do look at her, Mr. Gordon. Is she not a lovely child?"

He looked and a sudden cry of wonder came from his lips. The years rolled backward, and in the face of little Trixy he seemed to see his own Beatrix in her tender childhood—his beautiful, beloved daughter, who had been so wilful and disobedient, and to whose sin he had refused his forgiveness.

"She is like some one I have known, too. Ah, so like, so like!" he said, in a strange voice. "Who is she, Mrs. Lynn?"

"Her name is Trixy Wentworth, Mr. Gordon. She is an American child, but she was born in England. Her parents lived there nearly nine years. They have come back to New York to live now. Mr. Cyril Wentworth is in business there. Trixy is here with her mother for her health."

He stifled something like a groan upon his lips. Laurel saw how pale he had suddenly grown, and followed up her advantage by calling the little one to her and setting her on Mr. Gordon's knee.

"Give the gentleman a kiss, Trixy," she said to the lovely little golden-haired creature. "He is very lonely; he has no little girl of his own.'

Trixy's ready sympathies were instantly enlisted by that, to her mind, pathetic statement. She gave Mr. Gordon a fastidious look-you-over stare, and, seeing that he was pleasant to look upon, put her round, dimpled arms about his neck and gave him a bear-like hug and a resounding kiss.

"Is it true that you really have no little girl?" she asked him, bending back her pretty head to look into his face with eyes that pierced his heart with their likeness to Beatrix—Beatrix, his little girl whom he had put away from his heart, hated and unforgiven, because she had disobeyed him.

He could not speak for a moment, and Mrs. Lynn said, gently, looking away at the restless sea the while:

"This little girl has a grandpapa in New York, Mr. Gordon, who has never seen her. Her mother made a marriage that displeased him, and he has never forgiven her. He has missed a world of love by his hardness and sternness—do you not think so?"

The dark-eyed little Laurence came running up before he could frame a reply.

"Oh, but, Trixy, you shouldn't be sitting on that gentleman's lap, you know," he exclaimed, "for you promised to be my little wife!"

The childish jealousy provoked such a laugh from the elders that it quite drowned the sound of a light, quick step that came up behind them. In a moment more Beatrix Wentworth came round in front of the group.

The smile died on her lips as she saw her little daughter sitting on the lap of the stern father she had not beheld for more than nine years. Poor Beatrix looked frightened and dismayed. The pretty rose-tint faded from her face, her lips trembled, and the words she strove to utter died silently upon them.

Laurel rose with an encouraging smile and drew her friend forward.

"Mr. Gordon," she said, "this is my friend, Mrs. Wentworth. She is little Trixy's mother."

Beatrix looked up into the face of her father through blinding tears and put out her hand.

"Papa, forgive me," she murmured, sadly.

There was a moment's dead silence. Mr. Gordon had put the child from his knee and risen, but he did not answer his daughter. She went on, in gentle, pleading tones.

"Papa, I have written to you so often and begged you to forgive me, and every time my letters came back to me unopened. Papa, I cannot say I am sorry for my fault, because Cyril is so good and kind, and he makes me very happy. But I have grieved sorely for you and mamma, I have longed to be reconciled to you. Oh, surely you will not refuse to forgive me now that we are face to face"

"Forgive her, Mr. Gordon," cried Laurel, impulsively.

The two fair faces, their pleading voices, the wondering eyes of the little children, were too much for Mr. Gordon's calmness. His pride and sternness melted into love and remorse. Laurel gave one glance at his quivering face and turned gently away. She knew that the end was won—that love had conquered pride. He would forgive Beatrix.

But she did not know that at this moment when the ice melted around his hard, cold heart and he forgave his disobedient daughter, new light had broken upon his mind. The sight of Beatrix had supplied the missing link that connected Mrs. Lynn so subtly with the past. Like a flash of lightning it dawned upon him that this was Laurel Vane.

That night at Eden rushed over his mind, freshly as though it were but yesterday. He saw again the beautiful impostor who had personated his own daughter and married the master of Eden.

While he gave Beatrix the tender embrace of forgiveness, he seemed to see in fancy the kneeling, suppliant girl to whom he had refused his forgiveness, whom no one had pitied, whom all had forsaken and ignored. Even in his anger that night he had been struck by the wondrous beauty of the girl. This was the same lovely face, with its charm only intensified by time: this was the same sweet voice asking him to pardon Beatrix that had begged forgiveness vainly for herself. He was full of wonder over his sudden discovery.

"They said that Le Roy's wife drowned herself but it cannot be true. There is some terrible mistake, some unexplained mystery. This is Louis Vane's daughter, and she has inherited all the genius of her erratic father," he said to himself.

He did not know what to do. He was frightened at his own discovery. He wondered if Beatrix knew the truth. He inclined to believe that she did, but when he found an opportunity and questioned her he was rather staggered to find that Mrs. Lynn had resolutely denied her identity with Laurel Vane.

"I do not believe her. She is St. Leon Le Roy's wife, and the child is his. It bears its paternity on its face. What is your opinion, Beatrix?" asked the great publisher, thoughtfully.

"I believe that you are right," she replied; "I have believed that she was Mr. Le Roy's wife ever since I first met her several weeks ago. Her assertions to the contrary had no weight with me, although I held my peace and respected her reserve. I have been silent, but I have not been convinced."

"What is her object in this strange denial of herself?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"Pride and wounded feeling," Beatrix answered, with the unerring instinct of a woman.

When he remembered that night long years ago he did not blame her much. They had scorned and flouted her cruelly among them—they had no pity on the erring girl—they had driven her to desperation, forgetting how young and friendless she had been. He wondered much what had been the history of the intervening years, and how she had come by her name Mrs. Lynn.

"Only her *nom de plume*, perhaps," he thought; and then he said, aloud: "Beatrix, do you think I ought to write to St. Leon Le Roy to come down here?"

"I think it would be perfectly proper," she replied.

## CHAPTER LX.

Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Gordon were not the only persons at the seaside who suspected that Mrs. Lynn was other than she seemed.

The curiosity of the pretty, faded widow, Mrs. Merivale, had been aroused by the first sight of Mrs. Lynn. She spared no pains until she obtained an introduction to the noted writer, over whose charms of mind and person all the best people at the seaside were enthusiastic in admiration. When she had done so, she was almost frightened by the astonishing likeness of Mrs. Lynn to Laurel Vane.

"It is the dead alive!' she said to herself. "I can no longer believe that St. Leon's wife drowned herself. There has been some great mistake. She went away and hid herself from all who knew her, and she has reappeared as Mrs. Lynn. I I wish I knew the history of those intervening years, and what she intends to do. Will she return to St. Leon? Will he forgive her and take her back?"

She was bitterly chagrined and angry at the thought that Laurel lived in the person of the beautiful, and gifted, wealthy Mrs. Lynn. She had been glad when she heard that Laurel was dead. She began to feel now that fate had played her an unkind trick in resurrecting her hated rival from the grave, where she had deemed her resting all these long years; not that the wily widow had any hope of winning St. Leon. She had understood that long ago. She knew that he was proof against her faded charms, her rouged and powdered beauty, that he thoroughly despised her. She had known it ever since that night at Eden, when he had flung back her offered heart on her hands in supremest scorn and sarcasm. The knowledge had aroused all the littleness and spite of her malicious nature. She had hated St. Leon from that moment—hated the beautiful girl who had won him even more. She would gladly have done both an ill turn if she could, but Laurel, dead in her grave, was secure from her vengeance, and St. Leon, in his proud position and calm reserve, beyond her reach. For several years she had not seen him; but she knew that he had returned from his wanderings and was at home again. The thought that Laurel still lived, the bare possibility that she might yet be reunited to her husband, filled her with jealous anger and dread. On the spur of the moment she penned a letter to one who hated St. Leon and Laurel with as deadly a rancour as her own—one whose love for Laurel had changed to hate, even as had Mrs. Merivale's for St. Leon—no less a person than the villain, Ross Powell

Mr. Powell's animosity against the rich man who had won Laurel had not been lessened by the fact that Mr. Le Roy had secured the dismissal of the villain from Mr. Gordon's employ in the week immediately following the *expose* at Eden. Mr. Le Roy's resentment had followed him steadily from one place to another in New York, until he found that it was useless to expect to retain employment in that city, and was forced to seek a livelihood in a more distant one, beyond the reach of his enemy's anger.

The villain was well punished for his unmanly persecution of an innocent, helpless girl, but it did not add to the sweetness of his temper to receive this merited retribution for his wickedness. He swore revenge upon St. Leon Le Roy, and patiently bided his time, pledging himself the faithful ally of Mrs. Merivale in her hatred of her whilom friend and lover.

The time for his revenge seemed come at last, when he received Mrs. Merivale's letter, urging him to come to the seaside, and help her to identify Laurel Vane in the beautiful, courted woman queening it so royally in circles where Maud Merivale could barely find a footing. He lost no time in obeying her mandate, feeling as anxious as the wicked widow herself to prevent a reunion of the long separated husband and wife.

He reached the hotel on a lovely evening in the last of August, and was shown at once to Mrs. Merivale's private parlor. They had never met but once before, but there was no embarrassment in the meeting. Both were alike at heart—crafty, evil, unscrupulous—ready to do their best to dash down the possible cup of happiness from the lips of the man and woman they hated with all the venom of their little souls.

"And you are sure that she is Laurel Vane?" he said, in wonder.

"I am sure—quite sure in my own mind," she replied. "But you will see her very probably this evening at the usual hop if she deigns to honor it with her presence. It is not often she appears, being very exclusive and reserved, but if you miss her to-night you will be very sure to see her on the shore in the morning."

"What are we to do if it be really Laurel Vane?" asked Powell, musingly.

Her pale eyes flashed with subtle meaning.

"We must do anything to prevent her from meeting Mr. Le Roy again—I could not endure their happiness," she replied, bitterly.

## CHAPTER LXI.

Contrary to her usual habit, and to humor a caprice of Mrs. Wentworth's, Laurel decided to make her appearance in the hotel parlors that evening. Beatrix and her child were going back to New York with Mr. Gordon the next day. He had promised his daughter to take her home to her mother—promised her Mrs. Gordon's free and full forgiveness both to herself and her beloved Cyril. Beatrix was very happy in the reconciliation with her father—so happy that Laurel could not bear to cloud the brightness of her sky with a single shadow, so she did not refuse when Beatrix asked her to go into the parlors that evening.

"Papa wishes it," said Mrs. Wentworth, "and Cyril is coming, too. He has read your books, and he is very anxious to see you. He can scracely credit my written statement that you are so young still, in spite of your brilliant literary fame. He imagines you an old lady in cap and spectacles."

Laurel laughed and promised to be introduced to Mr. Wentworth. She had a vivid remembrance of the fair handsome young fellow who had been so kind and pitiful to her that day in London, when Beatrix and Clarice had so scolded and frightened her. She felt grateful to him still, and was not averse to seeing him again, herself unknown.

She chose an evening dress of pale-pink brocade, with cream-white Spanish lace. The rainbow fire of opals shone on her arms and neck, and her beautiful burnished golden hair was arranged on the top of her head in a queenly fashion. Though she had scarcely given a thought to her personal appearance, she had never looked more lovely. There was not a single woman at the seaside that night who could at all compare with Mrs. Lynn for grace and beauty.

Some one else beside Ross Powell had arrived that evening—no less a person than St. Leon Le Roy.

He was rather puzzled to know why Mr. Gordon had sent him that mysterious summons: but when they met, and he frankly inquired the reason, he received an evasive reply. Mr. Gordon promised to tell him after a while, but just now he had promised to escort his daughter, Mrs. Wentworth, into the ball-room, where the lively strains of the band were already in progress.

Would Mr. Le Roy see Beatrix and forgive her for her share in his past trouble? She was so sorry, so ashamed. She had never dreamed how it would all turn out.

The publisher was a little nervous as he thus pleaded for his daughter. She had told her father the story of her unanswered letter to Mr. Le Roy. He could not tell whether time had softened his resentment at the girl's conspiracy that had ended so disastrously.

Mr. Le Roy grew very pale for a moment as he was thus brought face to face with the past. Then he remembered Mrs. Wentworth's letter with something like shame. It had been so kind, and sweet, and womanly—so truly repentant.

"I was rude and churlish to slight it so," he said to himself, remorsefully.

"I shall be very glad to see her, and I hope she will forgive me for my churlishness," he said,

Mr. Gordon conducted him to his daughter's private parlor. Beatrix was there, looking very lovely in a simple evening-dress of black and white. Tears crowded thickly to her azure eyes as she confessed her fault and begged him to pardon her.

"If I had known that you were at Eden, Mr. Le Roy, I should never have sent poor little Laurel there," said Beatrix. "I was a young and silly girl enough, I own, but I should have been too wise to have sent that lovely, ignorant child into the way of temptation."

"That lovely ignorant child!"—somehow those words seemed like a tacit reproach to him. Yes, that was what she had been—a beautiful simple child, all unversed in the world's ways, ignorant of the enormity of her fault, or believing that her great love condoned it. How hardly, how cruelly he had judged her, the girl-wife he had taken before God, "for better for worse."

"I have not kept my vow," he said to himself, and Beatrix, who thought him hard and stern, wondered at the softness of his voice as he replied:

"I forgive you freely, Mrs. Wentworth, and, indeed, I sometimes wonder if there is anything to forgive. My wife made me very happy. I erred when in my hardness I refused to forgive her. But for my hard, suspicious nature that made me impute mercenary motives to her, I should have pardoned the child's fault. But I was cruelly hard. It is no wonder she refuses to forgive me."

"Refuses!" Beatrix echoed, with a start of wonder, as she gazed into his pale, agitated face.

"I spoke in the present tense, as if Laurel really existed. A mere slip of the tongue, Mrs. Wentworth," he said, with assumed carelessness.

"Ah! if only he knew the real truth! But I can see that he is deeply repentant, and I foresee a joyful reconciliation between him and his beautiful gifted wife," said Beatrix to herself, hopefully.

In a little while Cyril Wentworth came in. It was but a distant greeting the two gentlemen gave each other. Cyril thought that Mr. Le Roy had treated his erring bride hardly and unjustly, and he could not be cordial to him, for pretty Laurel's sake—and on the other hand St. Leon remembered how jealous he had been of this handsome young man in the days before he learned the truth about his wife. The old dislike and resentment lingered with him unconsciously still. He took leave very soon after Cyril's entrance, promising to meet them later in the ball-room or the parlors.

"Now, I am going to introduce you to Mrs. Lynn," said Beatrix to her husband. "You will escort her to the ball-room, and papa will take me."

She led him to Laurel's apartment, and watched him closely as he bowed before the gifted authoress whose writings he admired so much. Cyril was almost dumb with surprise and admiration. It was some time before he recovered himself sufficiently to offer her his arm to conduct her to the ball-room.

"Well, Cyril, what do you think of her?" Beatrix asked him eagerly, as soon as she found a chance to hang upon his arm apart from the rest.

He looked fondly down into the fair face.

"You must not be jealous of my opinion, my darling," he said. "Of course you are the sweetest, fairest woman on earth to me. But Mrs. Lynn is the most beautiful as well as the most gifted one I ever met."

It was eloquent praise, but somehow Beatrix looked disappointed. He read it plainly on the fair mobile face.

"Is there anything more that I ought to say about your favorite?" he inquired, laughingly.

(To be continued.)

### The White House History.

The White House at Washington covers about one-third of an acre, and its cost up to the present time is about $2,000,000. It is modeled after a castle in Dublin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got $500 for drawing the plans. When it was first built, away back in the nineties, it cost $300,000, but the British burned out its insides, and its cost has since added to that sum about $1,700,000. In it all the Presidents since Washington have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its expenses. I think it was John Quincy Adams who bought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adams' time it was only half furnished, and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, the furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of museum of art and beauty.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The new paper bottles are said to withstand the action of water, wine and alcohol. It is thought that druggists will be able to furnish them free of charge, just as they provide wrapping paper for dry drugs. The cementing material of the bottles is a mixture of blood, albumen, alum and lime.

One of the longest courtships on record was happily terminated with a marriage at Harrisonville, N. J., a few days ago, the parties being Hiram J. Cheeseman, of that place, and Miss Eve M. Thomas, of Clayton. The couple had been "keeping company" continuously for twenty-eight years.