To-Morrow, Oh! To-Morrow.

"To-morrow, oh! to-morrow
(It seems so far away),
You say that I may see the fields,
May I not go to-day?"

The little one then fretted,
As birds small griefs will borrow,
"So late, so late, why must I wait,
Mamma, until to morrow?"

"To-morrow, oh, to-morrow!
Why should my love delay?
To-morrow she will answer me,
Why not, why not to-day?"

The swain is young and earnest,
And time may bring some sorrow,
"I fain would wed," the lover said,
"And long seems that to-morrow."

"To-morrow, oh! to-morrow,
It cometh all too soon!"
Saith he whose hair is turning gray,
For time is such a boon.

The minutes, they are golden,
Odd seconds who can borrow?
My duty done, at set of sun,
Six hours, and 'tis to-morrow.

"To-morrow, oh! to-morrow!"
The aged couple say,
"Our lives are sweet and peaceful,
We only know to-day.

The flowers of youth have vanished,
For them we never sorrow;
While angels wait at our poor gate
To show us Heaven's to-morrow."

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

"And—we wait your commands, Herr Berkow."

There was a momentary pause, but the visible struggle in Arthur's face gradually gave way to an expression of grave determination.

"I will write to M.! The letter shall be sent to-day; it must be!"

"*At last!*" said the chief engineer half aloud, and almost half reproachfully. "It is high time."

Arthur turned to his writing table. "Go now, and take care that the director and the other gentlemen remain at the posts which I assigned them when I was upon the works. They must not move until I come myself. This morning it would have been useless to interfere in all that tumult; perhaps it is now impossible. In half an hour I will be with you; if, meantime, anything special happens, send me word immediately."

The officer, just about to withdraw, stepped once again to his chief's side. "I know what this decision costs you, Herr Berkow," he said gravely, "and we none of us take the matter lightly; but one need not always fear the worst. Perhaps it will pass over without bloodshed."

As with a hasty parting salutation the chief engineer left the room, he was much too hurried, and had his head too full of other things, to remark the woman, who at his approach, withdrew still further to the protection of the *portiere*. Without even a side glance, he strode through the adjoining room, and closed the door behind him. The husband and wife were alone.

Arthur had only a bitter smile for the last words of the officer. "It is too late," said he now to himself in a hollow voice. "They will not yield without bloodshed. I must reap what my father sowed."

He threw himself down upon the lounge, and rested his head in his hand. Now, when he no longer had to endure the glances of inquisitive eyes, when he no longer had to play the chief, upon whose decisions all the others hung—now the energy vanished from his features, to give place to that expression of deathly weariness which overpowers even the strongest man, if for weeks long all his strength of mind and body has been strained and exercised to the utmost limit of possibility.

It was a moment of deep, utter despondency, such as might well approach a man who must ever, and ever in vain, contend against the curse of a past in which he is guilty of nothing save an indifferent alienation from its interests, and whose momentous heirship, with all its oppressive burdens, has fallen upon him alone. The bitter accusations against his father, which often came involuntarily from his lips, were stricken dumb at the moment he heard those dreadful hints as to his father's death.

And still it was the father's fault alone that, after this desperate struggle, the son was now confronted by this dire necessity, that with ruin before his eyes, forsaken by his wife, deserted by all the world, he grasped at the last means of saving himself, and what he still called his, from a hatred, which, for long years sown and fostered by another hand, had left him to reap its whole terrible harvest.

Arthur, as if in deathly weariness, closed his eyes, and leaned his head upon the arm of the lounge; he could endure no more.

Eugenie quietly left her corner, and stood upon the threshold. The dangers she had just passed were forgotten—forgotten the accusation of the officer which had just thrilled her with such shuddering horror; forgotton, also, him whose daughter she was, and that dignity due to her ancient and noble race.

Now, as she approached her husband, she thought of him alone. The thick veil which had so long lain between them should be rent at last. All must and should be explained. At the very idea of divorce she trembled, as if with that decree her death sentence would be spoken.

If she deceived herself, if she was not received as she wished and ought to be received after this sacrifice which she had extorted from her pride—with stormy violence the blood rushed to the heart of this young wife, and this heart beat in nameless anguish. Upon the next minute hung all for her.

"Arthur!" said she softly.

Arthur started up as if a spirit voice had touched his ear, and glanced around him. There, upon the threshold where she had bidden him adieu forever, stood his wife; and, at the moment he recognized her, sense and reflection vanished. He made a gesture to rush toward her; and the outcry of happiness which burst from his lips, the uplighting of his eyes, betrayed all which by a self mastery of long months he had until this hour concealed.

"Eugenie!"

The young woman breathed lightly, as if a mountain's weight had fallen from her breast. The glance, the tone with which he called her name, gave her at last the certainty so long despaired of; and if, in the midst of his violent excitement, he too, restrained himself—as if for protection against his own self, he strove again to put on the old mask, and to veil the treacherous glances—it was too late; she had seen too much.

"Whence come you here?" he asked at last, with difficulty controlling his emotion, "so sudden, so unexpected. And how did you reach the house? The works are all in an uproar; you could not possibly have passed them."

Eugenie slowly approached him. "I came only a few minutes ago," she said. "I certainly had to win my way by force; do not ask me how, it is enough that I won it. I wanted to come to you before danger reached you."

Arthur made an effort to turn away. "What does she mean, Eugenie? What would you have with this tone? Carl must have alarmed you with his reports, in spite of my request, in spite of my express forbiddance. I wish for no sacrifice from duty and magnanimity. You know it."

"Yes, I know it," returned the young wife decidedly. "With these words you have once already thrust me from you. You could not forgive me for having once done you wrong; and, in revenge for that, you had almost sacrificed yourself and me. Arthur, who was the more revengeful the harder—of us two?

"It was not revenge," said he gently. "I gave you freedom; you had yourself wished it."

Eugenie new stood close before him. The word which once for no price would have found its way through her lips now became easy, since she knew herself beloved. She lifted her dark, tear moist eyes imploringly up to him.

"And if I now tell my husband that I will not have this freedom without him, that I have came back to share all with him, whatever may happen, that I—have learned to love him—will he then, for the second time, bid me go?

She received no answer, at least none in words; but she was already clasped in his arms; and in these arms, which so passionately and firmly enclosed her, as if they would never let the treasure won at last go from them, under these passionate caresses, Eugenie felt how deeply her loss must have wounded him, and what her return in such a moment must be to him.

She saw the uplighting of those great brown eyes in a lustre, such as in spite of all those other lightning like gleams, she had never yet seen in them. The banished, sunken world had mounted up from its abyss to the clearest sunlight; and the young wife must indeed have had a suspicion of all the treasures which it had in store for her; for, with an expression of the most entire confidence, she laid her head upon her husband's breast, as bending down to her, he said softly—

"My wife! My all!"

Through the open window as a blessing and a greeting swayed the voices of the green wooded hills. The voices must have blent their whispers with this newly found happiness, for they had helped bring it about. They had long known they had helped to bring it about. For those solitary fir crowned hill tops had long known these two as they did not know themselves; when both stood arrayed in bitter scorn and hostility, and spoke that word of separation—spoke it just there when each heart had found the other its destiny.

But they are of no avail, this scorn and contention of the children of men, if with their loves and longings they are betrayed within the spell the spirit of the mountain throws around his kingdom in the swaying mists of the first spring hours. And what there unites is united for all eternity!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The day which for the Berkow colony had begun so tempestuously ended far more calmly than could have been expected from the scenes of the morning. One unacquainted with the circumstances would perhaps have taken the tranquility which toward evening lay over the works for the deepest repose; and still it was only the lull of the storm which retains itself for a moment, only to break loose again with renewed fury.

In the overseer's dwelling also reigned that dull, oppressive stillness which concealed so much calamity in its bosom. The overseer sat silent in his arm chair by the stove; Martha, busied in her household affairs, went to and fro, and every now and then threw a glance upon Ulrich, who with folded arms paced silently up and down the little room. No one spoke to him; he spoke to none. The former confidences, which from the ungovernable character of the young master miner had often enough led to violent scenes and explosions, but just as often had ended in reconciliation, had long since ceased. Ulrich now ruled within the house absolutely as outside of it among his comrades; even his father no longer ventured to oppose his plans and undertakings; but here, as there, fear was the impelling force; love and confidence were at an end.

The silence had already lasted for some time, and might have endured still longer, if Lorenz had not entered. Martha, who saw him from the window, met him at the door. The relations between this betrothed couple were singularly cold. This had been a serious, eventful day; and the young girl's greeting might have been warmer, ought perhaps to have been warmer, on that very account. The young miner seemed to feel this; for his face assumed an almost offended expression, and he paused in the midst of his salutation; but Martha did not remark either; and, with a hasty movement, he turned to Ulrich.

"*Well?*" asked Ulrich, pausing in his walk.

Lorenz shrugged his shoulders. "It is as I have before told you. To-morrow four hundred will declare themselves ready to go to work, and there are just as many wavering and hesitating ones. You can scarce count upon half."

Ulrich did not fly into a rage, as usual upon such occasions; the wild passion which he had this morning shown when he learned of a much smaller defection among his comrades strangely contrasted with the almost unnatural repose of his manner, as he replied—

"Upon scarce half? and how long will they hold out?"

Lorenz evaded a direct answer. "It is entirely the younger miners. They have stood by you from the first, and will still remain with you, even if there should be another conflict at the mines to-morrow. Ulrich, will you really push matters so far?"

"He will push them to such a length," said the overseer, rising, "that the men will all fall away from him, one after the other, until at last he remains quite alone. I have told you, Ulrich, you could not succeed with your senseless demands and your senseless hatred, which might have been in place with the father, but which the son certainly has not deserved. What he offered you was enough, that I tell you—I, who have worked so long in the mines, and know how to sympathize with my comrades. Most miners would gladly have taken what has been offered to ours; but they have been so much threatened, and have become so intimidated, that no one longer ventures to lift a hand, because Ulrich has put it into their heads to demand impossibilities. Now for weeks long, this has been going on; and yet all this misery, anxiety, and need has been in vain. There must at last come a day when wife and children, with their hunger, will rise above all else. And that day has now come. You have brought all this upon us, Ulrich—you alone; now make an end of it."

The old man had risen, and now gazed almost threateningly at his son; but Ulrich, with sullen composure, endured this silent reproach, which at another time might have called forth all this rage.

"I must not quarrel with you, father," he returned coldly; "that I have long known. You are content if you can eat your bread in peace; and all which lies beyond that you call folly and wickedness. I have ventured all. I thought I could carry this through; and I should have done it, if young Berkow had not all at once risen up, and showed us a brow of iron. If it now fails—well, I am still sure of half my comrades, as Carl says; and with these I will show him what conquering us means. He shall pay dearly enough for the victory."

The overseer looked up to Lorenz, who stood there with bowed head, without taking part in the coversation; then he turned to his son.

"First see if the half will remain true to you, when the chief again steps between you as he did to-day noon. This has cost you the other half, Ulrich. Do you think it has not had its effect—the manner in which he has borne himself from the very day you began to threaten him? Do you think they do not all feel that he is a match for you and them, and that he alone must of necessity control them when you once cease to be their master? This morning some of them for the first time went back to their work; they would have done so three weeks ago if they had dared. Now that the beginning is made, there will be no more pause."

"You may be right father," said Ulrich sullenly; "there will be no more pause. I have built upon the rock; and they have proved wretched sand, which melts away beneath my hand. Berkow has learned how to cajole these cowards with his eloquence, with his accursed manner, to step among them, as if there was never a stone which might be hurled against his forehead, never a mallet which in extremities might hit the high born chief; and therefore no one ventures to attack him. I know why to-day he all at once carried his head so high, why he rushed into the midst of the tumult with an air as if victory and happiness could no longer fail him; and I also know that both have now come back to him—I myself this morning conducted them to his arms."

The last words were lost by the violent closing of the door which he had meantime opened; no one understood them. Ulrich stepped out into the open air, and threw himself down upon the bench; it was a weird, unnatural repose which had fallen over him to-day. It seemed almost painful in a man so accustomed to give loose rein to his wild passion. Whether the desertion of his comrades had so affected him, or whether it was something far different which since this morning had overcome him, we cannot say; the proud certainty of victory which he had as yet shown at every hour appeared now weakened, almost destroyed.

Over past the little garden flowed the wide stream, which farther on drove the wheels of the works now standing still. It was a wild, treacherous stream, this brook; it had nothing of the gentle murmurs, the silver clear glances, of its comrades up in the mountains; and still it came forth from the depths of those mountains, just there where the mines lay. How often had it sought to draw innocent playing children into its torrent, and at least to frighten and torment, where it could not wound and kill; to revenge itself because man had made it a servant to execute his will. With a threatening murmur, the mad, restless waters had dashed on in the last evening twilight, and still more ominous now rang out their voice. They hissed mockingly and maliciously, as if down in their depths they had learned of the earth demons those perfidious wiles with which they lure to death the men who would fain wrest from them their secrets; as if they, too, would demand as their sacrifice, young, glowing, hopeful lives, and bury them in the eternal night of their rayless caves. It was nothing good which rang out of it—this rushing and roaring of the waters, and it was in no good hour that this weird murmur fell upon the young miner's ear. Immoveable he stared down into those depths as if a mysterious voice was calling to him.

He must have sat there for a long time, when he heard a step approaching; and immediately after Martha stood before him.

"What do you wish?" asked Ulrich, without turning his glance from the stream.

"I wished to see where you were, Ulrich." There seemed to be a restrained anguish in the girl's voice.

"Where I was! Your betrothed husband is in the house; for him you should care. Leave me where I am."

"Carl has gone already," said Martha quickly; "and he best knows that what I say to you need not concern him."

Ulrich turned and looked at her. It seemed as if he would break loose from the thoughts the rushing of the waters awoke in him.

"Listen, Martha," he said; "no one else would bear from you what Carl bears. I cannot allow you to meet me in this manner. You should not have said yes, if you did not love him."

With a gesture almost of scorn, the young girl turned away. He knows that I do not love him; I told him so when I gave him my promise. He understands all this. I cannot change, at least not now. Perhaps after marriage I shall learn to love him."

"*Perhaps!*" said Ulrich, in a tone too deep and cutting to refer merely to these words. "So many others learn this after marriage, and why not you?"

Again he gazed down into the dark, raging waters as if he could not break loose from its spell. That on rushing tide, in its wild, unearthly murmurs, seemed to whisper very evil thoughts to him.

Martha stood some few steps from him; for she was not quite free from the fear which since that accident in the mines Ulrich had inspired in all. For weeks she had avoided every association, every solitary interview, with Ulrich; but to-day the old love had awakened mightily within her soul, and had driven her almost forcibly to him. This strange calm did not deceive her; she suspected what lay behind it.

"You cannot get over the desertion of your comrades?" asked she gently. "Half of them yet remain true to you, and Carl will stand by you to the last minute."

Ulrich smiled disdainfully. "To-day it is half; to-morrow it will be a quarter, and day after to-morrow—let it rest, Martha. As for Lorenz, he has from the first been with me with only half a heart. He has stood by me, and not by the revolt, because I was his friend; but there will soon be an end of friendship. Besides, his heart is so much engrossed in you that he cannot now honorably love me."

"Ulrich!" said the young girl with a passionate gesture.

"Well, that can no longer wound you. You would not consent when I begged you to be my wife. If you had, it would have been far better."

"It would not have been better," said Martha decidedly. "I am not made to endure what Carl so patiently endures day after day; and as it is between him and me, it would have been between us two, only it would have been I who must endure. I had no share in your heart; your love was wholly another's."

There lay a bitter reproach in the words; but even this did not enrage Ulrich to-day. He had risen, and was looking over the darkening park, as if he sought some object between the trees.

"You think I could have found this love nearer and better if I had only sought it; and there you are right. But one does not seek this, Martha; it suddenly seizes one, and does not release him while a breath remains in his breast. I have learned this. I have done you wrong, girl—how great wrong, I now know for the first time; but believe me, there is no blessing in such a love as mine; it often oppresses one more heavily than the bitterest hatred."

It sounded strangely, this half entreaty for forgiveness in the mouth of Ulrich Hartmann, who usually asked little whether he had done wrong or no; and there was something else in the words, which lay infinitely far from his character—a dumb resignation, a sorrow which no longer had anything wild or passionate, but which, on that account, was so much the more touching. Martha forgot timidity and fear; she stepped close to his side.

"What is the matter with you, Ulrich? You are so strange to-day, as I have never before seen you. What is wanting to you?"

He stroked the blonde hair from his temples, and leaned for support against the wooden fence.

"I do not know. An undefined something has oppressed me the whole day long—a something from which I cannot free myself, and which robs me of all my strength. I certainly shall need all this strength to-morrow; but, whenever I would think of it, everything grows black and obscure, as if nothing lay beyond this to-morrow, as if with it all was at an end—all!" With a touch of his old obstinacy, Ulrich started up. "Idiotic thoughts! I believe the water down there has done all this to me with its accursed roaring. And I have just now time to listen. Farewell."

He was about to go, but the girl anxiously held him back. "Where will you go? To your comrades?"

"No; I must take one more walk alone."

"Ulrich, stay, I implore you!"

The young miner's short-lived weakness was already over; he broke impatiently away.

"Let me go! I have no time to talk with you—some other day!" He burst open the garden gate, and shortly after vanished in the twilight of the way leading to the park.

Martha stood there with folded hands, and gazed after him. Mortification and bitter sorrow struggled in her features, but grief still held the mastery. "There is no blessing in such love!" the words yet again echoed in her heart; she also felt that there was no blessing in hers.

Meantime Eugenie Berkow found herself alone in her husband's cabinet. There remained to this husband and wife but little time to give themselves up to love and to love's happiness. Twice already had Arthur been forced to leave her side; to-day noon, when he had thrown himself into the midst of the revolt, and for the moment had overpowered it; and now again, when a conference with his officers summoned him away. But in spite of her uneasiness about him, in spite of her anxiety in regard to the present still so dark and threatening, the young wife's face glowed with the reflection of a deep, inward happiness, which, won after so long a conflict, no longer trembled before any outward storm. She was with her husband, at his side, in his protection; and Arthur seemed only too well to understand how to make his wife forget all else but him.

A door was opened, and steps were heard in the adjoining room. Eugenie rose hastily to greet the new comer, whom she naturally supposed to be her husband; but her first astonishment at sight of the strange form yielded to horror, as in the man who enterd she recognized Ulrich Hartmann.

He also paused in astonishment as he became aware of her presence.

"Is it you, my lady? I seek Herr Berkow."

"He is not here; I was just now expecting him," replied Eugenie quickly, but with trembling voice. She knew what a dangerous man this was for Arthur—what *role* he played here upon the works; still she had not hesitated to confide herself to his protection, when this morning no other choice had remained to her; but between this morning and evening lay those hours in which she had heard the accusations the chief engineer made against him. It was only a suspicion; but even the suspicion of a treacherous, underhanded murder of a defenceless man is something terrible. The very thought of it had filled this young woman with horror. She had confided herself to the open, reckless enemy of her husband; but she drew back shuddering from the hand which perhaps was red with the blood of Arthur's father.

Ulrich remarked this movement only too well. He remained standing upon the threshold; but there was an unmistakable irony in his voice as he said—

"I have perhaps frightened you with my entrance? It was not my fault that I did not have myself announced. Your ladyship is badly served. If found none of your lackeys either on the stairs or on the corridors. I might perhaps have thrust them aside, had they refused me entrance; but their outcry at this would have been a sort of announcement."

Eugenie knew that he could have entered unhindered. Franz and Anton, at Arthur's express command, were in the ante-room of her own apartments. Now, when all minds were excited, when all the bonds of order were loosened, he did not know but the lawlessness of some might lead to an attack, or at least an intrusion into the house. Unrest and anxiety had driven the young wife over to her husband's chamber, which lay in the other wing, and from whose windows she could see him coming. Here, in truth, the entrance was unguarded; and she was entirely alone in these rooms.

"What do you wish here, Hartmann?" she asked, summoning all her courage. "I did not suppose, that after all that has happened, you would seek to enter our house, and even intrude yourself into the apartment of your chief. You must know that he no longer can receive you."

"It is for that very reason I seek him to speak a few words with him, I expected to find him alone. It was not you I sought, your ladyship."

At the last words he had stepped nearer. Eugenie involuntarily drew back to the farthest part of the room. He laughed bitterly.

"Can a few hours have made such a change? This morning you demanded my protection, and leaned upon my arm as I conducted you through the tumult; now you flee from me as if near me you were not sure of your life. Herr Berkow has well employed the time to represent me to you as a robber and a murderer—has he not?"

The young woman's delicate brows contracted, as, subduing her fear, she sterely replied, "Leave me! My husband is not here! You see this; and, even if he were to come now, I should hardly like to leave you alone with him."

(To be continued).

Fish and Fishing.

Two goldfish were placed in the pond of the Cohassett, Mass., common five years ago, and when the pond was drained recently thousands of them were found.

Mrs. Brooks, in the Warwick Hall water of the Eden, England, killed a salmon recently that weighed eighteen pounds, and subsequently she hooked and killed two splendid fresh-run fish of nineteen and twenty-six pounds in forty-five minutes, both with fly and single gut.

Rev. Mr. Dodd is pastor of the Andover Methodist Episcopal Church, a veteran fisherman, and a man of veracity. He says that while fishing on the Roseville pond he threw out his line, when a bird of enormous size soared down upon him, and in raising his rod to strike at it the line wound itself about the bird's neck, and he pulled it into the boat. It at once assaulted him ferociously, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he mastered it. It was about the size of a turkey.

Hungry Enough for Anything.

"Waiter, bring me a chop, please, rather well done. Look sharp; I'm in a hurry!"

"Very sorry, sir, but we haven't a chop in the 'ouse to-day."

"Well, then, I'll have a steak."

"Just as bad as before, sir, for we haven't a steak left."

"Oh, well, what joints have you?"

"None, sir."

"Wha-a-t! No chops, no steaks, no joints. What have you got, then?"

"Got the bailiffs in, unfortunately."

"Bailiffs, eh?" (sharpening his knife on his fork.) "Well, bring in a bailiff!"—*London Caterer.*

A Hard-working Teacher.

"Oh, Miss McSwelter," said a little Lodi school-boy to his teacher, "I heard pa talking to Mr. Jones about you."

"Indeed!" replied the teacher, archly. "What did he say."

"He said you were the hardest-working teacher he ever saw."

"And what did Mr. Jones say?" she asked pleasantly.

"He said you didn't know anything, and had to study hard to keep from forgetting it."—*California Maverick.*

A horse, belonging to the Carlisle, Penn., Indian School was sent up from the farm to be shod. Having a number of ready-made shoes on hand, the job, in the absence of the boss, was given to an apprentice. After an interval the following note came to the Superintendent: "This horse don't fit none of our shoes."

"What is the difference," says a French paper, "between a gentlemen and a valet?" "Solely this, that whereas they both smoke the same cigars, only one of the two pays for them."

THE SACRED ELEPHANTS.

How they are Worshipped by the Burmese—A Death Among them a National Calamity.

In reference to the death of the sacred white elephant, recently reported by cable from Rangoon, it may be said that a traveller in Burmah in 1582, speaking of the king who reigned at the time, says: "Among the rest he hath foure white elephants which are very strange and rare, for there is none other king that hath them but he. If any other king hath one hee will send vnto him for it," and he continues that if he does not get the elephant "he will make warre with him (the possessor of the coveted elephant) for it, for he had rather lose a great pare of his kingdome than not to conquere him." The traveller adds that each of these elephants "standeth in a house gilded with golde and they doe feede in vessels of silver and gilt." Father Sagermano, 200 years later, says that the funeral of a female white elephant was conducted with the same forms and rites as those practised at the death of a queen. The body was burned on a pile of aromatic woods, and three days after its ashes were gathered by the chief mandarins, enshrined in gilt urns and buried in the royal cemetery. A superb mausoleum was subsequently raised over the tomb.

"Even to this day," says Mr. Frank Vincent, jun., a recent traveller in Burmah, "the 'celestial' white elephants are still the objects of great veneration, royal favor and attention. Aside from their divine character of being transmigrating Buddhas, their possession, according to Burmese superstition, is considered to bring prosperity to the country in peace and good fortune in war, and therefore their death is considered nothing less than a national calamity. At such time the entire nation shave their heads and perform such deeds of sorrow and mourning as are customary in the loss of the nearest and dearest of their relatives."

The animal Mr. Vincent saw in 1881 had white eyes and a forehead and ears spotted white, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumice stone or sand-paper, but the remainder of the body was as black as coal. A correspondent of the London *Standard*, after announing the occupation of Mandalay by the British troops on November 29th, says: "I saw the sacred white elephant close by King Thebaw's palace in a magnificent palace of his own. The only white about him is in two small dirty spots, which are almost imperceptible."

Style at Table.

Mr. Diner-out has prepared the following rules and regulations for himself and family. Said rules and regulations have been enclosed in small tablets of brass and fastened with a combined nail and screw to the memory of each individual and separate member of said family.

1. Having sat down (you will always sit down; any other manner of getting down is exceedingly vulgar and unbostonese), deftly place the dinner napkin in your right pocket, substituting for the same the older and more antique design which you brought with you. Naperie stocks can thus be replenished at a trifling cost.

2 Never eat fish or pie with a knife. Use your fingers.

3. Always peel oranges with your teeth. The moment is opportune to display the whiteness of your molars and incisors.

4 Do not forget to inquire of your hostess how much a pound she paid for cheese and whether her table silver is solid or only washed. She will delight in answering those questions and will invite you to come early and often—but not to dinner.

5 Never eat soup with a fork. The habit is disgustingly vulgar and has been out of style for some months. If the hostess insists tell her you are not from Cincinnati and never learned the art of souping a la fork.

6 Never wait until the others at the table are served. Call time when your own plate is filled.

7. Delight your lady friends at the table with agreeable conversation. Describe in glowing detail your recent visit to the morgue and also give a gen picture of how an army surgeon amputates legs and arms.

8 You may arrive at your friend's house early, but do not fail to remark to the hostess as soon as you have entered the house that you are uncommon hungry and suggest the propriety of commencing dinner at once.

9. Should you detect the lady sitting next to you shoveling peas or mashed potatoes into her mouth with her knife, immediately call the attention of all at the table to the incident with some facetious remark. You will be classed as a brilliant wit and the lady will be everlastingly grateful to you.

10. Never pick your teeth at the table but if you cannot avoid it ask your hostess for the loan of a pin.—*Will M. Clemens.*

The Origin of "Mr." and "Mrs."

The history of those everyday titles of Mr. and Mrs., which are now the common property of every one, is not without interest, though in some of its steps it is a little obscure. In the earlier times of our history the ordinary man was simply William or John; that is to say, he had merely a Christian name, without any kind of "handle" before it or surname after it. Some means of distinguishing one John or one William from another John or another William became necessary. Nicknames, derived from a man's trade or from his dwelling-place, or from some personal peculiarity, were tacked on to the Christian names, and plain John became plain John Smith. As yet there were no "Misters" in the land. Some John Smith accumulated more wealth than the bulk of his fellows—became perhaps a landed proprietor, or an employer of hired labor. Then he began to be called in the Norman French of the day, the "Maistre" of this place, or of that, of these workmen or of those. In time the "Maistre" or "Maister," as it soon became, got tacked on before his name and he became Maister Smith and his wife became Maistress Smith. But gradually the sense of possession was lost sight of, and the title was conferred upon any man who had attained social distinction of any kind, whether by mere possession of wealth, or by holding some position of more or less consideration and importance. It is only within comparatively modern times that the terms came to be considered an almost indispensable adjunct to every one's name when mentioned in ordinary conversation or writing. Maistress Smith soon became Mistress Smith. Exactly how and when the terms got corrupted cannot be said. Master Smith, however, remained Master Smith long after his wife became Mistress Smith.—*Ex.*

Winter Smiles.

Cats seldom freeze but their music congeals the hearer's blood.

An Omaha woman kindly consented to have her picture taken in a group with her three divorced husbands.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead." But supposing your girl holds you fast about the neck and won't let you go, then what?

"Eloping is no joke," remarks the editor of an esteemed contemporary. The girl's father caught you before you got away, did he?

"Did you cry when your ma went away?" asked a kind-hearted neighbor of little Mary. "Well," said Mary, after some reflection, "I believe I did burst a few tears."

One of the first orders the United States President gave when he came to the White House was that no smoking was to be tolerated there. Recently several men at the reception had to be asked to throw away their cigars.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY SCRIP.

A Row About the Collections From the Holders of Temperance Colony Paper.

A special meeting of scripholders in the Temperance Colonization Company was held last (Friday) night in Toronto. The attendance was large, many being from a distance. Mr. Geo. H. Watson officiated as presiding officer on behalf of certain Toronto scripholders, who had invested largely in the company's lands during the Manitoba boom. The meeting was called to devise ways and means to prevent the shareholders from collecting the arrears of the scripholders who object to paying their call on the ground that the company have not carried out their agreement with the scripholders. The meeting was a hot one, and the pent up feelings of the scripholders found vent in severe comments on the directors, shareholders, and past and present managers Messrs. Page, Livingstone and Powell. During the evening Manager Powell was called in and underwent a scathing cross-examination for the benefit of the scripholders. Some 30 suits are at present pending against scripholders for not paying their dues, but a large number (principally lawyers) have paid up after receiving a legal letter. The interests of some 3,000 scripholders are concerned in the company, and the aggregate of claims amount to $150,000. The scripholders unanimously adopted a resolution appointing a committee to confer with some legal authorities as to the possibility of obtaining an injunction to restrain the shareholders from making collections from the scripholders, each owner of one section to be assessed $1 and owners of half sections 50 cents, to defray the legal expenses.

Shakspeare in the "Dimes."

A writer in *Shakespeariana* favors the performances of Shakspeare in the dime museums, saying: "If Shakspeare is ever to become a power outside the cultured classes, the dime museum must be encouraged until a better plan is devised." We believe it is a matter of stage history that the great tragedians of forty or fifty years ago were particularly desirous of holding the favor of audiences of this class.—*Current.*

The writer remembers witnessing a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" by the Stephens' Family Tragedy Co. in Arbroath, Scotland, some fifteen years ago. Mr. Stephens was an actor of some merit, and had sat at the feet (in the pit of many of the great tragedians. When "Shuffle Katie"—his marionette entertainment—became a drug in the amusement market, he gave the people the "legitimate drama." Shakspeare's plays were fairly well represented, considering the cost of admission—six cents for reserved seats, four cents for gallery—though there was a great deal of rant, more or less slaughter of the Queen's English and an overworked prompter. On the occasion referred to, with Mr. Stephens as stage manager, "Romeo and Juliet" had been witnessed till the close by an enthusiastic crowd, chiefly of young men and women. When the lovers, one after the other, took the poison potion and fell dead, the interest was at fever heat, and a determined recall was given. Up went the curtain. *Juliet* knew her duty. She remained a corpse. Not so *Romeo.* He had become exhausted, and was on his feet, preparing to leave the stage. The audience were astonished to find one of the poisoned lovers come to life again. They kept silent for developments. The stage manager was wroth; he knew not what to do. Suddenly a thought struck him. The audience must be pleased. "Die over again, Tom, and please the audience," he audibly whispered. The pit heard the remark. They were tickled with the idea. "Die over again," "Die, Tom," and kindred remarks were shouted first by a few in the front seats, and then by almost the whole crowd. And sure enough Tom died; the last scene was re-enacted, the audience was delighted, and Shakspeare's best love play was acted as probably it had never been before nor since. Yes; dime representations of Shakspeare are apt to be full of interest.

HE HELD THE LAMP.

I remember once, a great while ago, I was asked by a friend to go with him in the evening to the house of an acquaintance, where they were going to have a kind of musicale, at which there was to be some noted pianist, who had kindly consented to play a few strains. I did not get the name of the professional, but I went. And when the first piece was announced I saw that the light was very uncertain, so I kindly volunteered to get a lamp from another room. I held that big lamp, weighing about twenty-nine pounds, for half an hour; while the pianist would tinky, tinky up on the right hand, or bang, boomy to bang, bang down on the bass, while he snorted and slugged the old concert grand piano, and almost knocked its teeth down its throat, or gently dawdled with the keys, like a pale moonbeam shimmering through the bleached rafters of a deceased horse, until, at last, there was a wild jangle, such as the accomplished musician gives to an instrument to show the audience that he has disabled the piano, and will take a slight intermission while it is sent to the junk shop. With a sigh of relief, I carefully put down the twenty-nine pound lamp, and my friend told me that I had been standing there, like Liberty enlightening the world, and holding that heavy lamp for Blind Tom. I had never seen him before, and I slipped out of the room before he had a chance to see me.—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

An Ode of Economy.

Speaking of drug articles, a new test of the real financial standing of a man-about-town is to sniff at his silk hat. If it smells like a mixture of turpentine, hartshorn, and several other things, however faintly then the wearer is to be set down as not a dandy reckless as to expenses. He may be a good enough chap in a general way, but he is guilty of rejuvenating his hat by means of a fluid sold by barbers in bottles, instead of having it blocked by his hatter every two or three days at a cost of half a dollar for each treatment. The new method imparts lustre but leaves an indistinct odor, by which the economizer can easily be detected. They tell a piece of fiction about a fellow noted among a lot of swells for his devices for living showily at a low cost. The tale runs that he called on a beautiful young actress with a distant view to get eventually so near to her as to marry. At the end of the evening and his departure she lifted his gloved hand within a foot of her dainty nose, sniffed at it, and exclaimed: "Ah, benzine!" Then she brought her nasal tester close to his lapels and remarked: "Naphtha!" Finally she smelt of his glossy hat and handed it to him with the parting criticism: "Oh, stovepipe polish!" He did not call again. —*New York Letter to the Buffalo Express.*

Suicide of a Reprieved Murderess.

Early on Saturday morning week it was found that Margaret Higgins, who had been sentenced to death at the last Manchester Assizes for the murder of her infant child, but afterwards reprieved, had committed suicide. She strangled herself by forcing a handkerchief tightly round her neck and actually pinning it, after which she threw a towel over her face and tied it tightly to prevent her from breathing.

The Crusader is the name of a large brig which has been equipped for carrying oil from Philadelphia to Liverpool in a new way. She has 45 tanks, which hold 177,000 gallons of oil each. These will be pumped full in America and empty on the other side by a large pump run by a 20 horse-power engine with which the ship is equipped.

A Disgusted Caller.

Professor Jacques, as everybody knows, has been investigating psychical phenomena. The Professor has a brother who isn't so much interested in psychical phenomena as he is. This brother called the other evening to make a fraternal visit. He entered the house and struck, naturally enough, for the back parlor. The Professor stopped him at the door.

"Sh-h, sh-h," said the Professor, "don't come in—don't make a noise—there's a lady in here in a trance."

The visitor started back, and attempted to go into the front parlor. At the door he was met by somebody he didn't know, who said:

"Sh-h, sh-h, don't come in; there is a man in here who is just going under the influence!"

Then he started for the library. Somebody else met him as he swung open the door.

"Sh-h, sh-h, be careful; there's a seance going on, and you'll spoil the conditions if you come in that way!"

He rushed upstairs and rapped rather briskly at the door of the family sitting-room. It was his sister-in-law who met him this time, and she said:

"Sh-h, sh-h, don't make a noise; you'll wake the baby!"

Then he darted downstairs, took his hat and cane and left the house.—*Boston (Mass.) Record.*

News from British Columbia.

Mr. Thomas Corris, a native of Liverpool, England, died here last week at the advanced age of 102 years.

Ripe raspberries were growing in a garden at James Bay a few days ago. A second growth of cabbage and other vegetables are doing well throughout the island.

The 5 cent piece is beginning to circulate freely, and the word bit (12½ cents) is less often heard. The want of small change is badly felt, so we soon expect to see the Canadian cents in use.

The Victoria Council having passed a by-law closing saloons at midnight and on Sundays, a test case has been got up by the liquor dealers, one of whom the Sunday before last kept open all day and did a roaring business. The case was brought up in the Police Court a few days ago and was adjourned.

A correspondent at Victoria writes: A late arrival from Granite Creek reports a town of one hundred wooden buildings, some of two storeys, besides tents. He says that from $18 to $25 per day was being made, also that many claims were sold to Chinamen. Provisions were cheap, flour $10 per 100 lbs, bacon 33c. per lb., beef 12c. per lb., oats 5c. to 7c., and venison 5c. per lb.

Mr. Justice Crease left on Monday for Nanaimo. Among the cases to come before him there is one of bigamy against an Indian, who was married by a Roman Catholic to one woman and by a Protestant minister to another. While living after the manner of his people, the "siwash," it seems, is entitled to more than one "klootchman," but when he takes a wife according to civilized usages he is amenable to the law.

Personal Points.

General Strange is rapidly approaching convalescence.

It is understood that Gen. Sir Charles George Arbuthnot, K. C. B., Inspector General of Artillery, will be appointed Commander-in Chief of the Bombay army.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to receive a few friends and attend to his ordinary pursuits during a portion of the day.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar refiner of California, is the virtual King of the Sandwich Islands, because he controls its sugar lands and cultivation. He is also the owner of a fleet of steam and sailing ships, and will now carry the mail between San Francisco, Honolulu and Auckland, New Zealand.

Rev. Dr. Williams, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, although he can hardly yet be called convalescent, is in a much more favorable condition than he has been in since his attack. There are symptoms of improvement which warrant the hope that he will soon be around again. He will, however, not be able to resume his work for some weeks to come.

Another garter is placed at the disposal of Lord Salisbury by the death of the Duke of Somerset, as well as the Lord Lieutenancy of Devonshire. It is believed that the stall thus vacant in St. George's Chapel will be given, says London *Truth*, either to the Duke of Norfolk (as a reward for his electioneering speeches), the Duke of Buccleuch (as a reward for being his father's son), or to Lord Carnarvon.

Spurgeon on Church Caste.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has more than once occupied the Tabernacle pulpit in the absence of its pastor. In return Mr. Spurgeon has been preaching at Brixton Hill. In the course of his remarks Mr. Spurgeon had something to say about caste. "I do not suppose," he observed, "that with such a ministry as you have at Brixton Hill you have need of any admonition; but I know several respectable chapels, so dreadfully respectable that the people in them never speak to one another, especially if they do not belong to the same class. We English people c