The Modern School Teacher.

(Boston Courier.)

It was Saturday night, and a teacher sat
Alone her task pursuing;
She averaged this, and she averaged that,
Of all that her class was doing;
She reckoned per centage—so many boys,
And so many girls all counted;
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residences wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages;
Canadian, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages,
The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of graduates
For the county examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart still lower;
For some of her pupils had little brains,
And she could not furnish more.
She slept, she dreamed—it seemed she died,
And her spirit went to Hades,
And they met her there with a question fair:
"State what the per cent. of your grade is!"

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces;
And the teacher's spirit walked one day
In the old familiar places.
A mound of fossilized school reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State-house dome and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging threw a skull,
Once planted beneath the clover.
A disciple of Galen, wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers.
And, picking the skull up, looked through the eye,
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M.D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em!
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum."
"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat;
"By the bones you can tell the creature!"
"Oh! nothing strange," said the doctor; "that
Was a nineteenth-century teacher."

MONICA:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

"I didn't know that an old Irish title must necessarily be connected with guilt," says her companion, fairly puzzled.

"Eh?" says Monica, puzzled in her turn, "I don't understand you. I only want to know if you are one of the *particular* Desmonds."

"I suppose not," he replies now openly amused, "because, I regret to say, we have never yet done anything worthy of note or likely to distinguish us from all the other Desmonds, whose name is legion."

"If you are going to tell me you live at Coole," says Miss Beresford, in a tone that is almost tragic, "I warn you that it will be the last straw and that I shan't be able to bear it."

"I am not going to tell you anything," protests he.

"But you must," declares she illogically. "I may as well hear the worst at once. Go on," heroically, "tell me the truth. *Do* you live there?"

"I'm awfully afraid I do," says Mr. Desmond, feeling somehow, without knowing why, distinctly ashamed of his name and residence.

"I knew it! I *felt* it!" says Monica with the calmness of despair. "Take me back to the bank at once—this very instant, please. Oh, what a *row* I should get into if they only knew!"

Very justly offended at the turn affairs have taken, Mr. Desmond rows her in silence to the landing-place, in silence gives her his hand to alight, in silence makes his boat safe without so much as a glance at her, although he *knows* she is standing a little way from him, irresolute, remorseful and uncertain.

He might, perhaps, have maintained this dignified indifference to the end, but that, unfortunately lifting his eyes, he catches sight of her in this repentant attitude, with her head bent down and her slim fingers toying nervously with the lilies of his own gathering.

This picture flings dignity to the winds. Going up to her, he says, in a would-be careless but unmistakably offended voice, "May I ask what I have done that 'they,' whoever they are, should consider you had disgraced yourself by being with me for half an hour?"

"*You* have done nothing," says Monica faintly. "It was your uncle."

"My *uncle!*—George Desmond! Why, what on earth can *he* have done?" demands he, bewildered.

"I don't know." Feeling this is, indeed, a lame answer to a most natural question, she goes on hurriedly, "It all happened twenty years ago, and——"

"But what happened?" asks he, with pardonable impatience.

"Something dreadfully wicked," says Monica solemnly. "Something really very, *very* bad, because Aunt Priscilla can't hear you spoken of with common patience."

"*Me!*"

"Not so much you, perhaps, as your name. She hates the very sound of it. There isn't a doubt about *that;* because, though I have not heard the exact story yet, I know both my aunts grow actually faint with horror when your uncle's name is mentioned."

"Good gracious!" says the horrified nephew of this apparently disreputable old man. He is staring at Monica, but, in reality, he does not even see her. Before his mind's eye is a picture of a stout old gentleman, irrascible, but kindly, with a countenance innocent of guile. Yet, how can he doubt this girl's story? Twenty years ago, as it seems, George Desmond had done something too bad to be discussed. After all, how impossible it is to trust to appearances! As a rule, the seemingly most harmless people are those who are guilty of the vilest misdemeanors. And yet, what on earth *could* George have done twenty years ago? Visions of forgery, murder, homicide rise up before him, but, try as he will, he cannot connect Mr. Desmond's face with any of them.

"You don't exactly know yourself what the crime is with which he is charged?" he asks her with growing diffidence.

"No. But I shall find out and tell——" But that will be impossible!" with a glance full of liveliest regret. "I *cannot* tell you, because, after to-day, I shall never see or speak to you again."

"That is the most insane nonsense I ever heard in my life," says Mr. Desmond.

The girl shakes her head sadly.

"If you won't speak to me I shall speak to you, whether you like it or not," says Desmond with decision.

"That will be out of your power, as you will never see me."

"Do you mean to tell me I may not call at Moyne?"

"Certainly I do. They wouldn't hear of it. They wouldn't, in fact, receive you."

"But why must they visit my uncle's sins upon my shoulders? I have heard of a father's sins being entailed upon his heirs, but never an uncle's."

"It is your name," says Monica. Then she laughs a little, in spite of herself, and quotes, in a low tone, "Oh! Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

But he takes no heed of this frivolous quotation.

"You mean me to understand, then, that I am never to speak to you again."

"I do, indeed."

"What! Do you know that we are to be close neighbors for the future, you and I? This is to be your home. Coole is to be mine. At the most, only a mile of road lies between us, and *here* not quite a yard. And yet, you calmly tell me I am, from this day forth, to be only a common stranger to you."

"You look as if you were angry with *me*," says Monica with sudden tears in her eyes at his injustice. "It isn't *my* fault. I haven't done anything wicked. Blame your uncle for it all."

"The whole thing is simply absurd," says the young man, taking now the superior tone that is meant to crush the situation by holding it up to ridicule. "You forget, perhaps, that we shall *have* to meet sometimes. I suppose the people down here give balls occasionally, and tennis parties and that; and when I meet you at them, is it your wish that I shall pretend never to have seen you before—never to have known you?"

"Yes," says Monica, with as much hesitation as lets him know how she hates saying it. "When next you meet me, you are to look right over my head and pass on!"

"I couldn't do it," returns he, gazing at her steadily, "I couldn't, indeed. In fact, I feel it is just the last thing in the world I *could* do."

"But you must," says Monica imperiously, terrified to death as she conjures up before her Aunt Priscilla's face as it will surely be if this Philistine dares to address her, "I tell you my aunts would never forgive me if they knew I had interchanged even one syllable with you. From this moment you must forget me. There will really be no difficulty about it, as our acquaintance is but of an hour's growth. You have seen me for the first time to-day, and a chance meeting such as this is easily driven from the mind."

"That is your opinion," says the young man moodily. "It is not mine. I dare say *you* will find it very easy to forget. *I* shan't! And this isn't the first time I have seen you, either. It seems to me as if years have rolled by since last I looked upon your face. I was standing at the gate of Coole and saw you pass by, the day of your arrival in Rossmoyne. So you see, we are—in spite of you—almost old friends."

A bomb-shell flung at her feet could hardly have produced a greater sensation than this apparently harmless speech. All at once there rushes back upon her the recollection of that fatal day when she lay upon a cartload of hay and (according to Terence) kicked up her heels in the exuberance of her joy. Oh, horror! She grows crimson from her soft throat to her forehead; even her little ears do not escape the tint, but turn a warm and guilty pink.

Never until this unlucky instant did it occur to her that this strange young man must be the detested one who had stood in the gateway and laughed at her undignified position and taken the clocks of her stockings into careful remembrance.

The one absorbing thought, that he was nephew to Aunt Priscilla's bugbear, had swallowed up all others; but now, as he himself reveals this other truth to her, she feels that her cup is indeed full.

Deeper and deeper grows the crimson tint that dyes her pale, shy face, until her cheeks are all aflame. Something like anger, too, is rendering her sweet eyes brilliant beyond their wont. Delicately but haughtily she gathers up the train of her white gown and casts one expressive glance upon the way she came. This glance says much. Somehow it tells him as distinctly as though she said it aloud that she is sorry she ever came down to this river and that her sorrow arises from the fact that it was here she encountered *him*.

While he is still sore perplexed by her sudden change of demeanor, she turns away from him. Then, pausing, she turns again and bestows upon him so indignant a look as completely finishes this ill-used young man.

"I object to hasty friendships," she says icily. "And," pausing as if to make the effect greater, "if *I* were *you*, I think I should seek some better employment than standing *idling all day long* at your uncle's gate."

With this parting shaft, and before he can recover from his consternation, she goes swiftly away from him, up through the meadows, home.

CHAPTER V.

"An invitation from Madam O'Connor,' says Miss Priscilla in a pleased tone, glancing at them all over the top of her spectacles. She has the card in her hand, and slowly reads aloud the information printed upon it, to the effect that Madam O'Connor will be at home on Friday, the 15th, from 4 to 6 o'clock, etc.

"I am very glad she has asked Terence and Monica," says Miss Penelope. "Excessively attentive, I call it."

"Will you go, Aunt Priscilla?" asks Monica in a sneaky sort of tone. Her young soul hankers after the world and will not be subdued. Upon Miss Priscilla's "yes" or "no" she waits with an anxiety that surprises even herself.

"Certainly, my dear," says Miss Blake, drawing herself up. "I shall feel it my duty to take you to all such places as will enable you to mix with people in your own rank of life. I am not one of those who think it well for young girls to lead the life of nuns. No, indeed!"

"I quite agree with you, my dear Priscilla," says Miss Penelope, who is an echo of her elder sister. "Yes, we will rouse ourselves and once more seek the world."

"But I would not have you make yourselves unhappy," says Monica falteringly.

"Nay, my dear, it will be a pleasure, for *your* sake."

Not for worlds, even to themselves, would these two old ladies acknowledge that they are right glad of the chance that has come to them of introducing so beautiful a niece to the gay world around them, and of mingling, even in a subdued and decorous fashion, with the amusements that, for the last five years, they have (most unwillingly, be it said, but on the score of age) declined.

"I wonder who will be there," says Monica in a fresher tone, striving vainly to drown the hope that is taking possession of her, a hope that connects itself with a certain blue-eyed, dark-haired young man, last seen in boating flannels.

"Everybody," says Miss Priscilla, "the entire country. Madam O'Connor may not be—is not—there may be certain points about her—that"—floundering hopelessly—"I mean"—with a rush—"there are a few who object to her *manners*, but her birth is undeniable, and she has a large fortune; you must know, my dear, her father was a direct descendant of King O'Toole, and her husband the head of one of the oldest families in Ireland."

"Is that the old woman who called here the day before yesterday?" asks Terence irreverently. They are all sitting in the drawing-room, Terence being rather on the balcony, perhaps.

"Yes. I regret you were not in to receive her. I should have liked you to make her acquaintance, Monica, before going to Aghyohillbeg."

"Oh! I saw her," says Terence contemptuously. "She's got an eye like a lance and a man's figure. She drove herself and held the reins like this," throwing himself into position.

"If you are going out, Terence, you may as well go at once," says Miss Priscilla with dignity, pretending neither to hear nor see him. Whereupon Terence gladly departs.

"Go on, auntie," says Monica, slipping down on a footstool close to Aunt Penelope, and leaning both her arms across the old lady's knee. "Who else will be there?"

"Yes, tell her everything, Priscilla," says Miss Penelope, smoothing the girl's hair softly and feeling a strange thrill of pleasure in her heart as she notices the little confident gesture with which the girl nestles close to her.

"Well, there will be her own guests, of course, I mean those staying with her, for she always has her house full," says Miss Priscilla after a slight pause, being still somewhat ruffled by Terry's remarks. "The Fitzgeralds will be there, of course. Bella is considered a very handsome girl, but I don't think you will like her much."

"No, no; she is not at all our Monica's style," says Miss Penelope, stroking the pretty cheek near her with her mittened hand. "Yet, she has a fine skin."

"Ay, and a fine temper under it, or I'm a Dutchman," says Miss Priscilla. "And she is more peculiar than handsome; but men admire her, so *we* say nothing."

"Is she tall?" asks Monica anxiously, who is a little thing herself and looks even smaller than she really is, because of her slender, girlish figure. She wonders in a vague, uncomfortable fashion, whether whether most men like tall women best.

"Tall? Yes, and large in proportion; and as for her *manners*," says Miss Priscilla, in her severest tone, "in my opinion, they are simply unbearable. Modesty in my days was a virtue, nowadays it is as *nought*. Bella Fitzgerald is never content unless she has every man in the room at her side, and goodness alone knows what it is she says to them. The way she sets her cap at that poor boy Ronayne, just because he has fallen in for that property, is quite revolting."

"And a mere lad, too," says Miss Penelope.

Monica draws a breath of relief. Perhaps, if Miss Fitzgerald likes Mr. Ronayne she will not care to practice her fascinations upon——any other man.

"How old is she?' she asks, feeling deeply interested in the conversation.

"She *says* she is twenty-four," says Miss Priscilla with an eloquent sniff. "There is nothing easier to say than that. I *won't* be uncharitable, my dear Penelope—you needn't look at me like that—but this I must say, she looks every hour of eight-and-twenty."

"Her mother ought to know," says Miss Penelope.

"She ought, indeed," grimly. "But as from the way she dresses we may reasonably conclude she thinks *herself* nineteen, I suppose she has lost her memory on all points."

"Her father, Osho Fitzgerald, was the same," says Miss Penelope reflectively. "He never could bear the idea of age. He was one who saw nothing honorable in it. Gray hairs, with him, were a crime."

"So he used to dye them," says Miss Priscilla maliciously, "and when he got warm the dye used to melt and (unknown to him) run all down his cheek."

"Oh, Priscilla, how you remember things! Dear, dear, I think I see him now," says Miss Penelope. And here the two old ladies, overcome by this comical recollection, laugh until the tears run down their faces. Monica joins in from sheer sympathy; but Kit, who is sitting in the embrasure of a distant window, and who has been strangely silent ever since the invitation came from Aghyohillbeg, maintains a severe gravity.

"Poor man," says Miss Penelope, wiping her eyes, "I shall never forget the night your sweet mother, my dear Monica, most unintentionally offended him about the diamond—you recollect, Priscilla. Tell Monica about it."

"He always wore a huge diamond ring upon his little finger," says Miss Priscilla addressing Monica, "of which he was very proud. He was at this time about fifty-three, but used to pose as a man of thirty-nine. One evening, showing the ring to your mother, then quite a girl, he said to her in his stilted way, 'This jewel has been in our family for fifty years.' 'Ah! Did you buy it, Mr. Fitzgerald?' asks your mother in her sweet, innocent way. Ha, ha, ha!" laughs Miss Priscilla, "you should have seen his face. It was a picture! And just when he was trying to make himself agreeable to your poor mother, and acting as if he was a youthful beau of twenty-five, or, at least, as young as the best of us."

"That was so like mother," says Monica in a low tone. "She always knew where to *touch* people."

"Oh, no, my dear, not at all like her," says Miss Penelope hastily. "She didn't *mean* it, you must understand; she was the very soul of sweetness and would not willingly affront any one for the world."

For just an instant Monica lifts her eyes and gazes earnestly at her aunt, but the old face is so earnest and sincere that, with a faint sigh, she lowers her eyes again and makes no further remark.

"After that, he married his cousin's wife, a widow with one child, this girl Bella," says Miss Priscilla, still full of reminiscences, as old people will be. "A most unpleasant person *I* thought her, though she was considered quite a belle in those days."

"She always appeared to me such a silly woman," says Miss Penelope.

"She is worse than that now," says Miss Priscilla, who seems specially hard on the Fitzgeralds. "She is a shocking old woman, with a nose like a flower-pot. I won't say she drinks, my dear Penelope, because I know you would object to it; but I *hear* she does, and certainly her nose is her betrayer."

"Do you remember," says Miss Penelope, "how anxious she was to marry George Desmond?" This she says in a very low tone.

"Yes, I remember.' The bare mention of her enemy's name has sent a flush of crimson into Miss Priscilla's cheeks. "But he never bestowed a thought upon *her*."

"Oh, no, never," says Miss Penelope, after which both the Misses Blake grow silent and seem to be slowly sinking into the land of revery.

But Monica, having heard the "enemy's name" mentioned, becomes filled with a determination to sift the mystery connected with him, now, to the end.

"Aunt Priscilla," she says softly, looking at her with grave eyes across Miss Penelope's knees, "tell me, now, why Mr. Desmond is our enemy."

"Oh, not *now*," says Miss Penelope, nervously.

"Yes, now, please," says Monica with ever-increasing gravity.

"It may all be said in a few words, Monica," says Miss Priscilla slowly, "and what I have to say affects you, my dear, even more than us."

"*Me?*"

"Yes, in that it affe your mother. Twenty years ago George Desmond was her affianced husband. Twenty years ago, wilfully and without cause, he deliberately broke with her his plighted troth."

"He threw her over?" exclaims Monica aghast at this revelation.

"Well, I never heard he used actual violence to her, my dear," says Miss Penelope in a distressed tone, "but he certainly broke off his engagement with her and behaved as no man of honor could possibly behave."

"And mother must have been quite beautiful at that time, must she not?" says Monica, rising to her knees in her excitement and staring with widely-opened eyes of purest amazement from one aunt to the other.

"'Beautiful as the blushing morn,'" says Miss Priscilla, quoting from some ancient birth-day book. "But, you see, even her beauty was powerless to save her from insult. From what we could learn, he absolutely refused to fulfil his marriage contract with her. He was false to the oath he had sworn over our father's dying bed."

Nothing can exceed the scorn and solemnity of Miss Priscilla's manner as she says all this.

"And what did mother do?" asks Monica curiously.

"What *could* she do, poor child? I have no doubt it went nigh to breaking her heart."

"Her heart?" says Monica.

"She suffered acutely. That we could see, or, rather, we had to guess it, as for days she kept her own chamber and would see no one, going out only when it was quite dusk for a solitary ramble. Ah! when sorrow afflicts the soul there is no balm so great as solitude. Your poor mother took the whole affair dreadfully to heart."

"You mean that she really *fretted?*" asks Monica, still in the same curious way, with her eyes fixed on her aunt. There is, indeed, so much unstudied surprise in her whole manner as might have produced a corresponding amount in the Misses Blake had they noticed it.

"Yes, my dear, of course. Dear, dear, dear! What a sad thing it all was! Well, now you understand all that it is needful you should, Monica," says Miss Penelope with a glance at her sister, who really seems quite overcome. "So we will say no more about it. Only you can see for yourself how impossible it is for any of our blood to be on friendly terms with a Desmond."

"They may not all be like *that* Mr. Desmond," says Monica timidly, coloring to her brow.

"Yes, yes; like father, like son. You know the old adage, and a nephew is as close a relation, almost. We can know no one at Coole."

"I would almost rather see you dead than intimate with one of the name," says Miss Priscilla with sudden harshness.

"I don't think we told Monica about the other guests at Aghyohillbeg," says Miss Penelope hastily, with the kindly intention of changing the conversation. "A very pretty young woman came there about a week before your arrival, child, and is to remain, I believe, for some time. She is a widow and young and—by the bye—I wonder if she can be any relation to your friends in the south of France."

"Why?"

"Her name is Bohun, and——"

"Not *Olga* Bohun?' says Monica, springing to her feet. "A widow, you say, and young? Oh, auntie, if she only *might* be Olga!"

"Well, certainly, she has a heathenish—I mean a Russian—name like that," says Miss Priscilla. "She is a very little woman, with merry eyes and she laughs always, and she has the prettiest, the most courteous manners. Quite a relief, I found her, after the inanities of Bella Fitzgerald."

"She is even smaller than I am. Yes, and her eyes do laugh!" says Monica, delight making her cheeks warm. "She is the prettiest thing! Ah! how happy I shall be if I may see her sometimes!"

"You shall see her just as often as ever you and she wish," say the two old maids in a breath, glad in the thought that they can make her home at Moyne happy to her.

"I hope *you* like her," says Monica, glancing from one to the other of them.

"Yes. I thought her quite fascinating," says Miss Penelope. "Some people say she is rather—rather *fast*, I believe is the word they use nowadays," getting the word out with difficulty, as though afraid it may go off and do somebody an injury. "But for my part I don't believe a word of it. She is quite natural and most pleasing in manner, *especially* to those who are older than herself. A great charm in these times, my dear, when age is despised."

Plainly, the little widow at Aghyohillbeg has been playing off her sweetest graces upon the two Misses Blake.

"I dare say Monica will like young Ronayne," says Miss Priscilla. "He is quite nice, that lad. But I hope, Monica, that, even if circumstances should throw you together, you will take no notice of young Mr. Desmond. I, myself, would not exchange a word with him if a queen's diadem were offered me as a bribe."

"You might speak to him without knowing him," says Monica, blushing again that nervous crimson of a while ago.

"Impossible, my dear! Instinct, sharpened by hatred, would tell me when one of the race was near me."

"Well, as it is your first party here, dear child, I hope you will enjoy it," says Miss Penelope quickly, as though again anxious to throw oil on the waters by changing the conversation. "It is a charming place, and its mistress, if a little rough, is at least kindly."

At this moment Kit, emerging from the curtains that have hidden her for the past hour, comes slowly to the front. Her face, her very attitude, is martial. She is plainly in battle array. Pausing before Miss Priscilla, she directs her first fire upon her.

"Am I not asked at all?" she says, in a terrible tone, that contrasts painfully with the ominous silence she has maintained ever since the invitation was brought by Mrs. O'Connor's groom.

"My dear child, you must remember you are only fourteen," says Miss Priscilla, who is sincerely sorry the child has not been included in the invitation, and in fact, thinks it rather unkind she has been left out.

"I *know* that, thank you," says the youngest Miss Beresford, uncompromisingly, fixing her aunt with a stony glare. "I know my birthday as well as most people. And so, just because I am a child, I am to be slighted, am I? I call it unfair! And yet people say a great deal about childhood being the happiest time of one's life," says Kit, almost choking with scornful rage. "I should just like to see the fellow who first said that. Maybe I wouldn't enlighten him, and tell him what a hypocrite he was."

This is dreadful. The two old ladies, unaccustomed in their quiet lives to tornadoes and volcanoes of any kind, are almost speechless with fright.

"Dearest," says Monica, going up to her, "how *can* you look at it in such a light?"

"It's all very well for you," says the indignant Kit: "*you're* going, you know. I'm to stay at home, like that wretched Cinderella?"

"Katherine, I must insist——"

"You may insist as you like, but I'll be even with her yet," persists Kit, after which, being quite overcome with wrath she breaks down, and bursts into a violent fit of weeping.

"My dear child, don't do that," says Miss Penelope, rising precipitately, and going over to the weeping fury. "Priscilla," in a trembling tone, "I fear it *is* selfish. I think, my dear, I shall stay at home, too, the day you all go to Madam O'Connor's."

This kills the storm at once.

"You shan't stay at home, Aunt Penny, you shan't, indeed," cries the inconsistent Kitten. "I like being alone, I *love* it; if you don't go to that place with the long name and enjoy yourself very much, I shall be miserable all my life, though I love you very, very, *very* much for wishing to keep me from being lonely. Tell her I mean it, Monica."

"Yes, I am sure she means it," says Monica earnestly, whereupon the peace is once more restored to the breasts of the terrified aunts.

CHAPTER VI.

Time flies, and no man can reach his hand to stay it. A very good thing, too, thinks Monica, as she stands before her looking-glass putting the last pretty touches to her white toilet.

It is Friday. Madam O'Connor's garden party lies before her, and, probably, other things. Here she blushes at herself as she sees that pretty soul in the glass, though, indeed, she has no cause to do so; but possibly the vague thought of those "other things" has something to do with it, and, perhaps, it is for their sake, too, that she places with such care the heavy, blood-colored rose beneath her chin.

This is the only suspicion of color about her. Her gown is white, her hat is white, long white silk gloves run up her rounded arms as though bent on joining her sleeves far above the elbow. A white Surat sash is tied round her dainty waist. She is looking "as fair as the moon, as lovely as a rose," and altogether distinctly dangerous.

Perhaps she half recognizes this fact, because she smiles at her own reflection and—vain little girl that she is—stoops forward and kisses herself in the happy glass that holds her even for so brief a minute; after which she summons her maid from her dressing-room beyond.

"Canty," she says, as the "uncle's wife's sister's child" enters, "I am dressed now, and——"

"Shure, so you are, miss; and lovely ye look, more power to ye."

"Make my room very tidy," says Monica giving her her directions before starting. "And, Canty, I shall want my blue dress for dinner. You can put it out."

"Yes, miss," whereupon Monica prepares to leave the room; but the new maid stops her.

"If ye please, Miss Monica," she says, hesitating and applying her apron to her lips.

"Yes, Canty?"

"I'd be very thankful to ye, miss, if ye wouldn't call me that."

"Call you what?"

"Canty, miss."

"But," astonished, "isn't it your name?"

"No, miss; me name is Bridget."

"But surely Canty is your name, too?"

"Well, it's me father's name, miss, no doubt; but, faix, I feel just like a boy when ye call me by it, an' ye wouldn's like me to feel like a boy, miss, would ye?" says the village beauty, casting an anxious glance at Monica from her dark, Irish eyes, and blushing deeply.

"Certainly not," says Monica, laughing a little. "Very well, Bridget, for the future I shall try to forget that you ever had a surname."

"Thank ye, miss," says Bridget, with a sigh of profound relief.

Then Monica runs down stairs, where she finds her aunts in the drawing-room, dressed in their very best silk gowns, waiting for the carriage to come round. There is a little delay, which wasted time the two old ladies spend in endeavoring to drill Terence into shape. Something of this sort is going on as Monica enters.

(To be continued.)

Home Comforts for Girls.

Girls love pretty things as naturally as the bees love sunshine. It is not to be granted that boys are not susceptible to beauty in various shapes also; but to the feminine portions of humanity comes the greater share of the love of the beautiful. In the home life, where so many girls are of necessity kept until they are grown to womanhood, the opportunity for beautifying themselves as well as their surroundings is often lost because the father, perhaps, and occasionally the mother also, has grown to think that simple prettiness is of no possible use. They have outgrown their youthful thoughts, follies in their eyes now, and have learned to say, what's its use? to everything new.

If a girl in her home life be allowed to rearrange the rooms according to her taste, to bring into the living-room plants or simply her flowers, to occasionally have some new ornament, cheap in many cases it may be, but have it in its newness a thing of beauty and not have some one saying: It's useless; it can neither be eaten nor worn—she will take much more comfort, and care much more for her father's home. There are fathers who love their daughters—as well as they know how—and still they never allow them to think money or time can be spent on anything that is not in itself of some obvious use; they pooh-pooh at the idea of a flower-bed; they object to vines on the house because they are rubbish; and the idea of a prettily-furnished room, either for the family or the daughter herself, is an unheard of folly.

When these girls go out from the barren home-life, what wonder that they seldom know how to act in a pleasantly appointed home! and more, what wonder that the trusting, loving heart sometimes is too easily led astray through promises of a pretty home?

If the home-life could be made more attractive to the young people; if, instead of this rush and scramble for a "living" all the time, we might be content with a little less, and spend more time for comfort, our young people would love their homes better and be far happier as they grow up.

Some one has said that "our wants are measured by what our neighbors have," and young people want much more intensely than older ones. Then give the girls, and boys as well, all the prettiness possible, and so teach them more real heart love for home.—*The Industrial.*

An Indian Horror.

From a tabular statement showing the destruction of human and animal life by wild animals and snakes, during the year 1885, as compared with the previous year, it appears that there was a slight decrease in the former. The number of human beings killed was 22,425, against 22,905. On the other hand, the number of cattle killed was 49 672, against 47,478. The decrease in the loss of human life was general throughout India, except in Bengal, Burmah and Kurg. The number of deaths caused by wild animals was 2,795, against 2,838, of which 59 were killed by elephants, 831 by tigers, 229 by leopards, 114 by bears, 265 by wolves, 32 by hyenas, and 1 296 by other animals. These latter include in the returns from Bombay such small beasts as scorpions and lizards, and also mad dogs and crocodiles, whilst in those from Bengal, the Northwest Provinces and Oudh, 140 deaths are attributed to alligators, sharks and crocodiles. The number of deaths from snake-bite were 19 629, against 20,067. Of the cattle killed, 47 944 were killed by wild animals, and 1,728 by snakes. Tigers and leopards are by far the most destructive of the wild animals, as the former killed 19,680, and the latter 19 699, during the year. The number of wild animals destroyed was 23,775, against 19,690, whilst the number of snakes killed fell from 412,782 to 380,981. In the Rungpur district of Bengal alone, 495 tigers were killed by professional shikaries.

Scarlet Fever in Milk.

The latest theory—by no means a reassuring one—as to the nature and origin of scarlet fever, is that it may be had "direct from the cow," and is, in short, the form assumed in human beings by some originally vaccine disease. An epidemic, or rather several epidemics, of scarlet fever in Marylebone, Hampstead and other districts, have been traced to certain milk. Every care has been taken to discover whether the milk could have been infected after leaving the cow, and on full investigation this theory has been excluded. One of the cows, "the appearance of which was least satisfactory," has now been bought and conveyed to the Brown Institution, where experiments are being made with the milk and other secretions. The sanitary officers of the Marylebone district certainly deserve credit for the promptitude with which they seem to have nipped in the bud what might have become a formidable epidemic, and for the care with which they have conducted an investigation which may lead to important scientific results.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

She Wanted Her Husband at Home.

Mary Holland, who caused her husband to be committed to the Workhouse for the fourth time Thursday last, applied to Justice Welde, at Essex Market, yesterday, for his release.

"Five little Hollands are waiting for him home," she said, "and you'll make our hearts glad if you'll let him go."

"He struck you the other day," said the Justice.

"I drove him to do it. It was my fault. I'm a hard woman to get along with. I'm enough to drive a man crazy. He could never get me to sew a button on his shirt. The last difficulty was about that. I told him to do it himself, and that would rile any man after working hard for ten hours. If he wasn't a good man he would have left me long ago."

"What about the other times you had him arrested?"

"I was to blame then, too. I would run to the station house whenever he slapped me. I richly deserved it all and more, too."

Some minutes later she left the courtroom with an order for her husband's discharge in her pocket.—*N. Y. World.*

There was a queer scene on the prairie at Fort Custer, Montana, the other night, when the quarters of troop M, 1st cavalry, went up in flame, and some fifty-eight cavalry horses were burned to death, one of them, though on fire, galloping a long way over the snow before he fell.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Very Odd Costume that May Become a Favorite.

THE FASHION IN GIMPS.

How Beauty is Preserved—A Good Word for Red Hair.

(Aunt Kate's Weekly Budget.)

A Remarkable Costume.

I see that in France some ingenious persons have devised a more simple mode of appearing as two characters. This is managed by dressing the two sides of the body in two different costumes. For instance, one-half of a fancy ball costume is "La Cigale" and the other "La Fourmi." On the "Cigale" side the skirt is silk, trimmed with a gathered flounce pinked out round the edge. The black velvet bodice, or rather half-bodice, is almost hidden by a half-fichu of brightly tinted silk or cashmere, which forms a panier and a drapery at the back. A black lace mantilla is arranged on the right side of the head, on which the hair is crimped. The mantilla is fastened by a high comb, placed on one side, and made to stand at a giraffe-like elevation by a bunch of flowers covering its teeth. Now we come to the Fourmi side of this very original dress. The dress is of blue and white striped skirting, and an apron of biscuit colored linen is joined straight down the front to the Cigale silk skirt. A large pocket adorns this apron, and out of it hangs a bright colored handkerchief. The bodice is made of the striped skirting, but is almost hidden by the bib of the apron and a fichu of Algerian silk striped red and biscuit colored. A white muslin cap covers this half of the head, and ties under the chin with the neighborly mantilla. The hair under this cap is quite smoothly banded, offering a piquant contrast with the waving locks at the right side. The feet and legs are, of course, as much at variance as the two sides. The Cigale leg is encased in a red silk stocking matching the dress on that side, and a little shoe of black satin. The Fourmi, on the contrary, has a stocking of coarse blue yarn and a wooden sabot—a very uncomfortable arrangement, I should think. The right arm, in a long black lace mitten, holds a guitar. The left arm, guiltless of sleeve or glove, is encumbered with a huge round loaf.—*Girls' Gossip in London Truth.*

The Newest Limp.

The fashionable woman this season goes with a limp. Her gait is a cross between that of the gay and festive dromedary and a horse with the string-halt. This picturesque evidence of blue blood and 18 carat breeding is awfully English, you know, and a direct lineal Lawrence-Townley descendent of royalty itself. In the sweet erst while some time ago the Princess of Wales sprained her ankle, and before the liniment was fairly dry all fashionable women in New York and Boston when on the move looked as though somebody had struck them with a club. It doesn't matter, however, which leg is in fashion as long as something goes with a limp.—*Detroit Journal.*

An Actress to Set the Fashion.

If Jane Hading goes to London, hair worn in wavy, classical bandeaux and loosely fastened up behind will, I predict, be the fashion next winter. The coiffeurs are furious with her for the very becoming simplicity of her coiffure. However, I think that any one with thin hair at the parting could not successfully imitate the Greek style which she is reviving.—*Paris Letter to London Truth.*

How Beauty is Preserved.

It is stated that a well-known society woman of Baltimore, who preserves her beauty and freshness remarkably well, despite her many seasons' pursuit of excitement in the social whirl, attributes her good fortune to the practice of drinking a small cup of lukewarm water every day on leaving her couch. So strong is her faith in the efficacy of this remedy that its omission is sure to cause depression and languor. In speaking of this a few days ago a well-known matron of Baltimore said: I have known many ladies to be equally devoted to some article which could not possibly have benefitted them except through their imagination. One lady I know has a glass of toast water placed beside her bed by her maid every morning. Another uses a half teaspoonful of tincture of cinchona in a goblet of water; still another takes a pinch of table salt into her mouth before leaving her bed. Lots of ladies resort to such common articles as oranges and lemons and Apollinaris water, or to cool plunge baths, but the most singular freak I ever heard of was that of a Philadelphia belle who every morning regularly gargled her throat with soapsuds made of white castile soap, which she believed was absolutely necessary to the preservation of her health.—*Baltimore News.*

Shirt Bosoms.

Procure of your druggist one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti; melt these together in a dish with a pinch of salt, and cool in whatever shape you please. Boil your starch and for two or three shirts add a lump of this the size of a small chestnut. It gives the desired gloss and prevents the flatiron from sticking. Dip the bosoms while the starch is hot; place on a bosom-board and iron, at first with a cloth over the bosom. When nearly or quite dry, remove the cloth and go all over it again with a bit of rag wrung from cold water in which has been dissolved a little starch, just dampening, but not wetting, it; place a piping hot flat directly on the bosom and iron quickly. Shirts can be done up in this way without any trouble and are smooth and glossy.

A Healthful Appetizer.

How often we hear women who do their own cooking say that by the time they have prepared a meal, and it is ready for the table, they are too tired to eat. One way to mitigate this is to take, about half an hour before dinner, a raw egg, beat it until light, put in a little sugar and milk, flavor it, and "drink it down;" it will remove the faint, tired-out feeling, and will not spoil your appetite for dinner.

The Virtues of Red Hair.

It is observed by the Pittsburg *Dispatch* that fewer men are made unhappy by red-haired women than those of any other colored tresses. Not because there are fewer red-haired women, but because they are less given to nervousness than pronounced brunettes, have better constitutions than blondes, and less variable tempers than those of mixed temperaments. They are the most earnest, vigorous, untiring and intrepid of their sex; they are courageous and aggressive, and they cling to the objects of their affection with a tenacity that death alone can weaken or destroy.

Late Fashion Notes.

A white cashmere goat skin is the handsomest of all rugs.

The fine makes of plush are in a measure supplanting sealskin.

Cloth seems to be acknowledged as the most durable for travelling.

Repousse work in copper is being much used for mantel decoration.

The Colleen Bawn shape of cloak is not meeting the success desired.

Round waists and belts a la Josephine are rather tardy in leaving.

A novel fancy in misses' wear is velvet bindings on dressy day suits.

Tiny humming birds and gorgeous beetles are used to adorn the hair.

Lozenge-shaped cards are the novelty of the season as guest cards.

Cabinets for holding china or glass are made in every conceivable shape.

Copper and red gold galloons are used for trimming plush and silk dresses.

Robes braided with soutache have the braid raised instead of being applied flat.

Drain-pipe elaborately painted are quite popular as cane and umbrella holders.

Velveteen costumes are plainly made, and are edged with rosary, jet or lead beads.

Brown is considered a fitting accompaniment for the Titian-colored hair in vogue.

Victoria stools take the place of milking stools, which have now disappeared entirely.

Very fine wool batiste in colors will divide popularity with veilings and albatross cloth.

There is a new lace called toile d'araignee, and is exquisitely light and delicate in effect.

Some of the small mantles in plush are trimmed with chenille ruchings as well as fur.

Striped jersey flannels are made into undershirts and finished with crochet or knitted edge.

My Lady's Back Hair.

The fashion of allowing any number of stray wisps of hair to float away from the sides of the once smooth and tidy French twist is, sad to relate, on the increase, the "style" having even reached to many of the silver-locked mothers in Israel, who walk abroad like so many grey-haired Ophelias, with heads dishevelled, imagining themselves perhaps as fit and agreeable themes for poets and painters, with their very unspiritual-looking and far from tidy halos of straggling locks floating about the lower part of the head and neck. A more "musey" and uninteresting spectacle, however, than a dishevelled "French twist" it is difficult to imagine. But fashion has decreed that this crumpled style in coiffure shall pass muster in the first ranks of society, and so we see on every hand the grotesque effects and absolutely disfiguring arrangements of my lady's back hair. Most of the present ideas in hair-dressing have much to commend them to ladies of taste and sense. There are no stuffy rats or puffy waterfall cushions, no great masses of false hair or heavy chatelaine braids to be looped up and pinned on, and the arbitrary following of any one style for all classes of face and feature is, happily, almost a tradition. This, we fear, is, however, the fact simply because all these torturing head gears are "not fashionable." Flying locks are, and all the ultra fashionable people just now appear