Why He Comes Not.

She stands at the garden gate to-night;
No word does the maiden speak,
But her eyes are full of an anxious light,
And a teardrop gleams like a diamond bright
On the rose of her velvet cheek.

The sun in his glory has long since set,
The robin has ceased his song;
With the falling dew the leaves are wet,
The hour is past and he comes not yet,
Oh, why does he stay so long?

In vain she seeks to restrain her tears
As the precious moments fleet;
And her heart is filled with doubts and fears,
As she listening stands and strains her ears
For the sound of her lover's feet.

Oh, beauteous maid at the garden gate,
I pity thy woeful plight;
But get thee in, for the hour is late,
For thy lover's coming no longer wait,
He will not appear to-night.

Vain would the youth to thy side have flown,
But he hadn't a change of clothes,
For his washerwoman, her patience gone,
To his shirts and collars and cuffs holds on
Till he pays up the bill he owes.

The Tramp's Return.

Back to the city, the noisy city,
All topsy-turvy with jar and hum,
Chanting a light and airy ditty,
By browsing meadow I slowly come.
I leave this bright, enchanting scenery,
And leave a light that is more than sweet,
For I strike a line for the ten-cent beanery,
On Chatham street.

I'll miss my bed in the cosy haystack,
I'll miss my raw turnip along the way.
Ah, me! that fate would the flowers of May stack
Right in my visions, and make it May.
No maid unto me will the cast off food chuck,
Without a plate, or a knife or fork,
And so I go skimming as fast as a woodchuck
Back to New York.

No more will the bull-dog cause me bloodshed,
And rend me sore with his mighty jaw,
No more for a meal out behind the woodshed
Shall I have to steal lots of wood to saw.
I'll fly to New York in my swiftest manner,
And, as I am tough on my hardened feet
I'll carry a ten-cent restaurant banner
From street to street.

MONICA:

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

Her mind is as a boat upon a troubled sea, tossed here and there; but by and by the wind goes down, and the stanch boat is righted, and turns its bow towards home.

"Kit, do not let us go to the river to-night," she says, turning to face her sister in the narrow path.

"But why? It is so warm and ligh and such a little way!"

"You have been often there. Let us turn down this side of the meadow, and see where it will lead to."

That it leads directly away from Coole there cannot be the least doubt; and the little martyr treading the ground she would not, feels with an additional pang of disappointment that the fulfilment of her duty does not carry with it the thrill of rapture that ought to suffuse her soul. No, not the faintest touch of satisfaction at her own heroism comes to lighten the bitter regret she is enduring as she turns her back deliberately on the river and its chances. She feels only sorrow, and the fear that *some one* will think her hard hearted, and she could cry a little, but for Kit and shame's sake.

"Monica, who is that?" exclaims Kit, suddenly, staring over the high bank, beside which they were walking, into the field beyond. Following her glance, Monica sees a crouching figure on the other side of this bank, but lower down, stealing cautiously, noiselessly, towards them, as though bent on secret murder. A second glance betrays the fact that it is Terence, with—yes, most positively with a *gun!*

"Where on earth did he get it?" says Kit; and, unable to contain her curiosity any longer, she scrambles up the bank, and calls out, "Terry, here we are! Come here! Where did you get it?" at the top of her fresh young lungs.

As she does so, a little gray object, hitherto unseen by her, springs from among some green stuffs, and, scudding across the field into the woods of Coole beyond, is in a moment lost to view.

"Oh, *bother!*" cries Terry, literally dancing with rage; "I wouldn't *doubt* you to make that row just when I was going to fire. I wish to goodness you girls would stay at home, and not come interfering with a fellow's sport. You are always turning up at the wrong moment, and just when you're not wanted!—indeed you *ever are!*"

These elegant and complimentary remarks he hurls at their heads, as though with the wish to annihilate them. But they haven't the faintest effect: the Misses Beresford are too well accustomed to his eloquence to be dismayed by it. They treat it, indeed, as a matter of course, and so continue their inquiries uncrushed.

"Terry, where *did* you get this gun?" asks Monica, as breathless with surprise as Kit. "Is it"—fearfully—"*loaded?* Oh! don't!—don't point it this way! It will surely go off and kill somebody."

Here she misses her footing and slips off the high bank, disappearing entirely from view, only to reappear again presently, flushed but uninjured.

"What a lovely gun!" says Kit, admiringly.

"Isn't it?" says Terence, forgetting his bad temper in his anxiety to exhibit his treasure. "It's a breech loader, too; none of your old fashioned things, mind you, but a regular good one. I'll tell you who lent it to me if you'll promise not to peach."

"We won't," says Kit, who is burning with curiosity.

"Guess, then."

"Bob Warren?" says Monica. Bob Warren is the rector's son, and much at Moyne.

"Not likely! Pegs above *him*. Well, I'll tell you. It's that fellow that's spoons on you,"—with all a brother's perspicacity,—"the fellow who saw us on the hay cart,"—Monica writhes inwardly—"Desmond, you know?"

"The enemy's nephew?" asks Kit in a thrilling tone, that bespeaks delight and a malicious expectation of breakers ahead.

"Yes. I was talking to him yesterday, early in the day, at Madam O'Connors; and he asked me was I your brother, Monica, to which I pleaded guilty, though," with a grin, "I'd have got out of it if I could; and then he began to talk about shooting, and said I might knock over any rabbits I liked in Coole. I told him I had no gun, so he offered to lend me one. I thought it was awfully jolly of him, considering I was an utter stranger, and that; but he looks a real good sort. He sent over the gun this morning by a boy, and I have had it hidden in the stable until now. I thought I'd never get out of that beastly garden this evening."

"Oh, Terence, you shouldn't have taken the gun from him," says Monica, flushing. "Just think what Aunt Priscilla would say if she heard of it. You know how determined she is that we shall have no intercourse with the Desmonds."

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Mr. Beresford. "I never heard such a row as they are forever making about simply *nothing*. Why, it's quite a common thing to jilt a girl, nowdays. I'd do it myself in a minute."

"You won't have time," says Kit, contemptuously. "She—whoever she may be—will be sure to jilt *you* first."

"Look here," says Terence, eying his younger sister with much disfavor; "you're getting so precious sharp, you know that I should think there'll be a conflagration on the Liffey before long; and I should think, too, that an outraged nation would be sure to fling the same of it into the flames. So take care."

"Terence, you ought to send that gun back at *once*," says Monica.

"Perhaps I ought, but certainly I shan't," says Terence, genially. "And if I were you," politely, "I wouldn't make an ass of myself. There is quite enough of that sort of thing going on up there," indicating, by a wave of his hand, the drawing-room at Moyne, where the Misses Blake are at present dozing.

"You shouldn't speak of them like that," says Monica; "it is very ungrateful of you, when you know how kind they are, and how fond of you."

"Well, I'm fond of them, too," says Terence, remorsefully, but gloomily; "and I'd be even fonder if they would only leave me alone. But they keep such a look out on a fellow that sometimes I feel like cutting the whole thing and making a clean bolt of it."

"If you ran away you would soon be wishing yourself back again," says Monica, scornfully. "You know you will have no money until you are twenty-one. People pretend to be discontented, at times, with their lives; but in the long run they generally acknowledge 'there is no place like home.'"

"No, thank goodness, there isn't," says Terence, with moody fervor. "I'll acknowledge it at once, without the run. To have frequent repetitions of it would be more than human nature could endure. I have known two homes already; I should think a third would be my death."

So saying, he shoulders the forbidden gun and marches off.

Monica and Kit, getting down from their elevated position, also pursue their path, which leads in a contrary direction.

"Monica," says Kit, presently, slipping her slender brown fingers through her sister's arm, "what did Terry mean just now, when he spoke about some one being 'spoons' on you? Does that mean being in love with you?"

No answer.

"Is Mr. Desmond, then, in love with you?"

No answer.

"*Is* he?"

"Oh, Kit, how can I answer such a question as that?"

"In words, I suppose. *Is* he in love with you?"

"I don't know," says Monica, in a troubled tone. "If I ever had a lover before, I should *know*; but——"

"That means he is," says the astute Kit. "And I'm sure," with a little loving squeeze of her arm, "I don't wonder at it."

"You must not say that," says Monica, earnestly. "Indeed, he said a few *things* to me, but that is nothing; and——"

"You think he *likes* you?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"I believe he adores the very ground you walk on."

"Oh, no, indeed."

"If you say that, he *isn't* a real lover. A real one, to my mind, ought to be ready and willing to kiss the impressions your heels may make in the earth."

"That would be the act of a fool; and Mr. Desmond is not a fool."

"Ergo, not a lover. And yet I think he is *yours*. Monica," coaxingly, "did he say any pretty things to you?"

"What should he say? I only met him twice."

"You are prevaricating," gazing at her severely. "Why don't you answer me honestly?"

"I don't know what *you* call 'pretty things.'"

"Yes, you do. Did he tell you your eyes were *deep, deep* wells of love, and that your face was full of soul?"

"No, he did not," says Monica, somewhat indignantly; "*certainly* not. The idea!"

"Well that is what Percival said to the girl *he* loved, in the book I was reading yesterday," says Kit, rather cast down.

"Then I'm very glad Mr. Desmond isn't like Percival."

"I dare say he is nicer," says Kit artfully. Then she tucks her arm into her sister's and looks fondly in her face. "He must have said *something* to you," she says. "Darling love, why won't you tell your own Kitten all about it?"

A little smile quivers round Monica's lips.

"Well, I will, then," she says. In her heart I believe she is glad to confide in somebody, and why not in Kit the sympathetic? "First, he made me feel that he was delighted to meet me again. Then he asked me to go for a walk *alone* with him; then he said he was—my lover!"

"Oh!" says Kit, screwing up her small face with delight.

"And then he asked me to meet him again to-day with *you*."

"With *me!* I think that was very delicate of him." She is evidently flattered by this notice of her existence. Plainly, if not *the* rose in his estimation she is to be treated with the respect due to the rose's sister. It is all charming! She feels wafted upwards and incorporated, as it were, in a real love-affair. Yes, she will be the guardian angel of these thwarted lovers.

"And what did you say?" she asks with a gravity that befits the occasion.

"I refused," in a low tone.

"To meet him?"

"Yes."

"With *me?*" says this dragon of propriety.

"Yes."

"But why?"

"Because of Aunt Priscilla." And then she tells her all about Aunt Priscilla's speech in the carriage and her reply to it.

"I never heard such a rubbishy request in my life!" says the younger Miss Beresford disdainfully. "It is really beneath notice. And when all is told it means nothing. As *I* read it, it seems you have only promised to forget you ever spoke to Mr. Desmond; you haven't promised never to speak to him again." Thus the little Jesuit.

"That was not what Aunt Priscilla meant."

"If she meant anything, it was folly. And, after all, what was this dreadful quarrel between us and the Desmonds all about? It lives in Aunt Priscilla's brain. I'll tell you what I think, Monica. I think Aunt Priscilla was once in love with old Mr. Desmond, and mother cut her out; and now, just because she has been disappointed in her own love affair, she wants to thwart you in yours."

"She doesn't, indeed. Any one but Mr. Desmond might show me attention and she would be pleased. She was quite glad when Mr. Ryde—well—when he made himself agreeable to me."

"From all you told me of him, he must have made himself *dis*-agreeable. I'm perfectly certain I should hate Mr. Ryde, and I'm equally sure I should like Mr. Desmond. What did he say to you, darling, when you refused to meet him even with *me?*" She lays great stress on this allusion to herself.

"He said I might do as I chose, but that he would meet me again whether I liked it or not, and *soon!*"

"Now, that's the lover for *me!*" says Kit enthusiastically. "No giving in, no shilly-shallying, but downright determination. He's an honest man, and we all know what an honest man is—'the noblest work of God.' I'm certain he will keep his word, and I do hope I shall be with you when next you meet him, as I should like to make friends with him."

At this moment it occurs to Monica that she never knew before how very, *very* fond she is of Kit.

"Oh, well, I don't suppose I *can* see him again for ever so long," she says. But even as the words pass her lips she knows she does not mean them and remembers with a little throb of pleasure that he had said he would see her again *soon*. *Soon!* Why, that might mean this evening—now—*any* moment! Instinctively she lifts her head and looks around her, and there, just a little way off, is a young man coming quickly towards her, bareheaded and in evening dress.

"I told you how it would be," says Kit, in a nervous whisper, taking almost a bit out of poor Monica's arm in her excitement. "Oh, when *I* have a lover I hope he will be like *he*."

Her grammar has gone after her nerve.

Monica is silent. Some color has gone from her cheeks and her heart is beating faster. It is her very first *affaire*, so we must forgive her; a little frightened shadow has fallen into her eyes and altogether she looks a shade younger than usual; she is troubled in spirit and inclined to find fault with the general management of things.

After all, she may as well have gone to the river this evening for what good her abstinence has done her; the poverty of our strength to conquer fate and the immutability of its decrees fill her with consternation and a fretful desire for freedom. Yet above and beyond all these vain imaginings is a gladness and a pride that her power is strong enough to draw her lover to her side in spite of all difficulties.

The bareheaded young man has come up to her by this time and is holding out his hand; silently she lays her own in it, and colors treacherously as his fingers close on hers in a close, tender and possessive fashion.

"I found the river too chilly," he says smiling, "so I came on here. Having been unsuccessful all the afternoon and morning I *knew* I should find you *now*."

This might be hieroglyphics to others, but is certainly English to her, however she may pretend otherwise; she doesn't pretend much, to do her justice.

"This is your sister?" goes on Desmond, looking at Kit, who is regarding him with an eye that is quite a "piercer."

"Yes," says Monica. "Kit, this is Mr Desmond."

"I know that," says this *enfant terrible*, still fixing him with a glance of calm and searching scrutiny that is well calculated to disconcert even a bolder man. Then all at once her mind seems made up, and, coming forward, she holds out her hand and says, "How d'ye do?" to him with a sudden, rare, sweet smile that convinces him at once of her sisterhood to Monica.

"We are friends?" he says, being attracted to the child for her own grace alone, as well as for the charm of her relationship to the pale snow-drop of a girl beside her.

"Yes. If you prove true to my Monica."

"Oh, Kit!" says Monica deeply shocked, but Kit pays no heed, her eyes being fastened gravely upon the man before her. He is quite as grave as she is.

"If our friendship depends upon that, it will be a lasting one," he says quietly. "My whole life is at your sister's service."

Something in his tone touches Monica; slowly she lifts her eyes until they reach his.

"I wish, I *wish* you would not persist in this," she says sadly.

"But why? To think of you is my chiefest joy. Do you forbid me to be happy?"

"No—but——"

"In the morning and the afternoon I went to the river to look for you—in vain; after dinner I went, too, still hoping against hope; and now at last that I have found you, you are unkind to me!" He speaks lightly, but his eyes are earnest. "Miss Katherine," he says appealingly to Kit, "of your grace, I pray you to befriend me."

"Monica would not go to the river this evening because she remembered an absurd promise she made to Aunt Priscilla, and because she feared to meet you there. It is the most absurd promise in the world; wait till you hear it." Whereupon Kit, who is in her element, proceeds to tell him all about Miss Priscilla's words to Monica, and Monica's answer, and her (Kit's) interpretation thereof. "She certainly didn't promise never to speak to you again," concludes she, with a nod Solomon might have envied.

Need it be said that Mr. Desmond agrees with her on all points?

"There is no use in continuing the discussion," says Monica, turning aside a little coldly. "I should not have gone to the river, *anyway*."

This chilling remark produces a blank indescribable, and conversation languishes; Monica betrays an interest in the horizon never before developed; Mr. Desmond regards with a moody glance the ripening harvest; and Kit, looking inward, surveys her mental resources and wonders what it is her duty to do next.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

This much she knows: and to any one blessed with a vision sharp as hers it is very apparent now that there is a roughness somewhere. She knows, too, through many works of fiction, that those in attendance on loving couples should at certain seasons see cause to absent themselves from their duty and search for a suppositious handkerchief, or sprain an unoffending ankle, or hunt diligently in hedge-rows for undiscoverable flowers. Three paths, therefore, lie open to her; which to adopt is the question. To return to the house for a handkerchief would be a decidedly risky affair, calculated to lead up to stiff and damning cross-examination from the aunts, which might prove painful; to sprain an ankle might prove even painfuller; but to dive into the innocent hedgerow for the extraction of summer flowers, what can be more effectual and reasonable? She will do it at once.

"Oh, what lovely dog-roses!" she says effusively, in a tone that wouldn't have deceived a baby, "I really must get some."

"Let me get them for you," says Desmond gloomily, which she at once decides is excessively stupid of him, and she is doing all she can for him, too! She tries to wither him with a glance, but he is too miserable to be lightly crushed.

"No, thank you," she says, "I prefer getting them myself. Flowers are like fruit, much more enjoyable when you pick them with your own hands."

So saying, this accomplished gooseberry skips round the corner, leaving Monica and DMr. esmond *tete-a-tete*.

That they enjoy their sudden isolation just at first is questionable; Monica discovers blots on the perfect horizon, and Mr. Desmond, after a full minute's pause, says reproachfully:

"You didn't really mean that, did you?"

"Mean what?" uncompromisingly and without changing position.

"That even if matters had been quite—quite comfortable with us, you would not have gone to meet me at the river?"

"I don't know," in a low tone.

"*Say* you didn't mean it."

"I—suppose I didn't," even lower.

"Look at me, then," says Mr. Desmond. Kit, in her high, sweet voice is warbling that little pretty thing about a "lover and his lass," in the next field. The words of her song, and its silly refrain of

A hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,

come to them across the corn and the scented meadow. Monica, with her hand in his, smiles faintly.

"You hear what she sings—'that life is but a flower'—is it wise, then, to set your heart upon——"

"You?"

"I meant, an impossibility."

"Which you are *not*. You shall not be. I don't believe in impossibilities, to begin with; and, even if it were so, I should still prefer to be unwise."

"You are defiant," she says lightly, but her smile is still very sad.

"I have hope. 'Affection's ground is beyond time, place and all mortality,' as we read. I shall conquer yet; yes, even *your* prejudices. In the meantime, give me fair play. Do not harden your heart against me."

"I wish mine was the only hard heart you had to contend against," returns she with a faint sigh. But this remark seems to drop so carelessly from her lips, that, though elated by it, he is afraid to take any open notice of it.

"I hope your aunts were not cross to you last evening on my account?" he says anxiously.

"No. Nothing was said more than Kit told you, except that Aunt Priscilla touched upon the point of introduction. Oh, what a fright I got then! If she had persisted in her inquiries, what *would* have become of me?"

"Couldn't you have——" begins Mr. Desmond and then stops abruptly. A glance at the face uplifted to his checks his half-uttered speech effectually and renders him, besides, thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"If I had had to confess there had been no introduction," goes on Monica laughingly, "I don't know what would have been the result."

"The deluge, I suppose," returns her companion thoughtfully.

"What a pity you have an uncle at all!" says Monica presently. "It would be all right only for him." She omits to say *what* would be all right, but the translation is simple.

"Oh, don't say that," entreats Desmond, who has a wholesome affection for the old gentleman above at Coole. "He is the kindest old fellow in the world. I think, if you knew him, you would be very fond of him; and I know he would adore *you*. In fact, he is so kind-hearted that I cannot think how all that unfortunate story about your mother ever came about. He looks to me as if he couldn't say 'Bo to a goose' where a woman was concerned, and yet his manner to-night confirmed everything I heard."

"He confessed?" in a deeply interested tone.

"Well, just the same thing. He seemed distressed about his own conduct in the affair, too. But his manner was odd, I thought; and he seems as much at daggers drawn with your aunts as they with him."

"That is because he is ashamed of himself. One is always hardest on those one has injured."

"But that is just it," says Mr. Desmond in a puzzled tone. "I don't believe, honestly, he is a bit ashamed of himself. He *said* a good deal about his regret, but I could see he quite gloried in his crime. And, in fact, I couldn't discover the smallest trace of remorse about him."

"He must really be a very bad old man," says Monica severely. "I'm perfectly certain if he were my uncle I should not love him at all."

"Don't say that. When he is your uncle you will see that I am right, and that he is a very lovable old man in spite of all his faults."

At this Monica blushes a little, and twirls her rings round her fingers in an excess of shyness, and finally, in spite of a stern pressure laid upon herself, gives way to mirth.

"What are you laughing at now?" asks he, laughing too.

"At you," casting a swift but charming glance at him from under her long lashes. "You *do* say such funny things."

"Did you hear there is to be an afternoon dance at the Barracks next week?" says he presently. "I was at Clonbree on Thursday, and Cobbett told me about it."

"Who is Cobbett?"

"The captain there, you know. He was at Aghyohillbeg yesterday. Didn't you see him—a little, half-starved-looking man with a skin the color of his hair, and both gray."

"Oh, of course—now I remember him," says Monica, this fetching description having cleared her memory. "I thought to myself how odd he and the other man, Mr. Ryde, looked together, one as big as the other was little."

"I think there is more matter than brains about Ryde," says Desmond contemptuously. "Do you think your aunt will let you go to this dance at Clonbree?"

"Oh, no: I am sure not. My aunts would be certain to look upon a dance in the Barracks as something too awfully dissipated."

"For one reason I should be glad you didn't go."

"Glad?" opening her eyes.

"Yes. That fellow Ryde never took his eyes off you yesterday."

"Is *that* a crime?"

"In my eyes, *yes*."

"And you would wish me to be kept a prisoner at home, just because one man looked at me?"

"I don't want any one to look at you but me!" Then he comes a little closer to her and compels her, by the very strength of his regard, to let her eyes meet his. "Do you like Ryde?" he asks somewhat imperiously. "Monica, answer me."

It is the second time he has called her by her Christian name, and a startled expression passes over her face.

"Well, he was very nice to me," she says with a studied hesitation that belongs to the first bit of coquetry she has ever practised in her life. She has tasted the sweetness of power, and, fresh as her knowledge is, she estimates the advantage of it to a nicety.

(To be continued.)

The Oatmeal King.

"Yes, I know Schumacher, the oatmeal king, who has just lost his big mills by fire,' said the Ohio passenger, "and an odder little man you never saw. He's a German, of course, about 60 years old, about as big as a grasshopper and just as lively, talks Dutchy and writes the most vigorous English, hates whiskey and beer as he does a liar and works sixteen hours a day. He came to this country as poor as a church mouse, started a little grocery and beer saloon, run that awhile and then began making oatmeal by a hand-mill in his woodshed. Finally he sold his saloon, peddled oatmeal and farina from a hand-cart, which he wheeled about town himself, and in thirty years built up the largest factory of that kind in the world. He won't hire a man in any capacity who drinks whiskey or even beer, and has about him several hundred employees, who are mostly Germans, and, strange to say, zealous prohibitionists like himself. He once brought over from Germany a workman who was master of a new process. This man came under a two years' contract at a large salary, his expenses being guaranteed. The second day after he began work Schumacher learned that he was a beer-drinker. In two hours the workman left the mills, never to return, and with a cheque for nearly $5,000 in his pocket. This was the price Schumacher had paid for upholding his principles and enforcing his rules to the very letter."—*Chicago Herald.*

What Floored Him.

"There goes a man," he said as he pointed to a pedestrian across the street, "who lost his all by not posting upon the traits of communities."

"What do you mean?"

"He went to Muskoka and put his entire fortune into a cough-drop factory, but never sold a pound of the drops."

"Why? Don't Muskoka people have coughs?"

"Certainly, the same as the rest of us, but when they can't cure 'em with slippery elm they let her cough."

Too Confidential.

"It is very well," remarked a red-nosed man in a bad hat and a dilapidated ulster of the vintage of '79, "it's all very well to say, let business revive; but what we want, sir, is confidence—confidence, sir, and lots of it. Each of us must be willing to bring out our hoarded dollars from the capacious stocking in the chimney corner, and put them into general circulation. Then the skies of commerce will brighten; then—oh, by the way I changed my vest this morning; lend me 50 cents, will you?"

A NEW COMPANY.—The *Canada Gazette* contains notice of application for letters patent incorporating the Westbourne Cattle Company, for raising and selling cattle, headquarters Hamilton; capital, $200,000. Incorporators—Senator Turner, Messrs. F. E. Kilvert, S. Barker, G. H. Gillespie and W. E. Sanford, of Hamilton.

A CARPETED CEILING.

An Entirely New and Pretty Thing in Interior Decorations.

The modern tendency to turn things topsy-turvy is strongly illustrated in the carpeted ceiling which adorns the reception-room of a fashionable dancing school in this city, says the New York *Carpet Trade Review*. To carry out the idea completely the floor should have been frescoed, but the professional decorator to whom the ceiling is indebted for its novel ornamentation weakly yielded to the popular taste of the period by placing another carpet on the floor. It must, however, be added that the proud Aubusson on the ceiling is, by its brilliant coloring as well as its lofty position, a far more conspicuous object than its meek and lowly brother on the floor. It may be necessary to explain that the purpose in placing this carpet on the ceiling is purely æsthetic. Imported by a gentleman who intended it for the breakfast room in his villa on the Hudson, a sudden change in the stock market tore this showy product of the loom from its luxurious quarters, and a happy chance only saved it from the profane hands of some heartless auctioneer. Its preserver came in the person of its present owner, a gentleman who has waltzed through life with such success that the purchase of a score of Aubussons would be for him a comparatively trifling expenditure. Being about to refurnish the elegant house used for his school, he needed a carpet for the reception room. The Aubusson was recommended, and he bought it.

But the professional decorator who had been engaged to superintend the refitting and ornamentation of the building was not consulted when the purchase was made, and, when the carpet was unrolled before him, promptly declared it to be utterly unsuitable for the room. The bright floral pattern was, he said, not in harmony with the predominant color in the furniture coverings, and the blue ground was pronounced a still worse defect, for it would give people the impression that the floor was flying up at them. Finding the owner of the carpet not quite convinced by these arguments the artist fell back on stronger ground by pointing out the moral and æsthetic faults of the floor-covering, its obtrusiveness, lack of repose, refinement, sympathy, sentiment, or conscientiousness. This arraignment was rendered still more effective by the horror-struck air of the orator and his closing declaration that to place the carpet in that particular room would be to ruin his professional reputation and drive him to hide his blighted hopes in an untimely grave.

"But what shall be done with the carpet?" asked its perplexed proprietor.

The artist ran his hands through his hair and turned his eyes upward, as if to read the answer in the stars. The dreamy orbs encountered the ceiling and suddenly lighted up with the glow of a new inspiration.

"Poot heem up zare!" he cried, while in his joy at the happy thought he executed a pirouette which made the dancing master turn pale with envy.

The suggestion was approved, and as the carpet was in one piece there was not much difficulty experienced in carrying out the idea. When this had been done there remained on the ceiling, on each side of the carpet, an uncovered space of about twenty inches, which was filled in by the fresco painters with a very clever imitation of the texture and coloring of a carpet.

The plan of carpeting a ceiling may in time be followed in many houses. The carpet trade would doubtless approve of carpeted ceilings, provided the floors were carpeted as well, and the designers would find in the new patterns essential for ceiling coverings a fine field for the exercise of the spiritual side of their imaginations, for there would probably be a great run on Axminster seraphim, Wilton cherubim, Brussels angels and Moquette saints.

An Old-Fashioned Little Boy Asks About Lent.

"Mamma, what is Lent?" said 5-years-old Charlie, who heard his mother say, "Lent would soon be here."

"Well, my dear, it is the time when we go to church a great deal, and do not have great dinners and parties, because Christ, our Lord, fasted for forty days."

"And did He go to the club, and to parties, all the days before Lent, as you and papa do?"

"Why, no, Charlie What a strange question."

"Well, mamma, you never told me, but Mary Ann told me that He was real good to little boys, and when they were tired one day He took them right up in His arms and kissed them. I wish He would come here some day when you and papa are gone, for I get tired, and Mary Ann won't take me up because she has to hold the baby, and she says I am too big. And she showed me the pictures in the big bible where He gave the hungry people lots to eat, sitting on the grass. And He opened a blind man's eyes. Cook wouldn't let a poor blind man come into the kitchen to get warm one day, and when I ran and gave him some biscuit she scolded me, and said it was a sin to feed beggars, and that I was an old-fashioned child. Was Jesus old-fashioned, mamma? for He was always kind to the poor beggars. Anyway, when I am a man I will take up tired little boys and hold them sometimes and I will give hungry people enough to eat, if it is Lent, or if it isn't, for that blind man said, 'God bless you, little boy, I hope you will never know how awful it feels to be hungry.' You didn't tell Bridget not to give the blind man food, did you, mamma? She said you did, but I know better."

"Well, Charlie, you are rather an old little boy for your years, but don't hinder me now with asking questions, for I must get ready to go to Mrs. Attleton's reception. Good night, darling. Now play nicely with baby sister, and don't worry your little head about what you can't understand." The old-fashioned little boy turned away from his mother with tears in his great brown eyes.—*Hartford Times.*

Match-Making in Russia.

For the first two or three days after the wedding in Russia things go on very well; that is, while the families are exchanging their visits, writes Mme. Greville in the Boston *Advertiser*. After that the husband beats his wife, and if he does not beat her she thinks it is because he does not love her. Beating is the mark of a proper jealousy. Among the wealthier Russians the mothers on Trinity Day dress their marriageable daughters very handsomely and take them to a city garden, something like Boston Common. The silk dresses of the girls are unlike anything you ever saw here. They are pink, yellow or sky-blue, with huge flowers of contrasting colors. The girls are as stiff as sugar-loaves in them. The mothers and daughters seat themselves on benches in the garden and all the young men who want wives parade before them. The girls never look at the men. They sit until 5 o'clock without saying a word. Then they go home and wait. In two or three days, or perhaps a week, an old woman appears. She asks for the mother, and begins to talk about everything in the world except the marriageable daughter. She is the match-maker.

Sized Up by an Undertaker.

By the combined aid of an orange-peel and some ice an old gentleman sits down hastily and solidly on the sidewalk. A stranger lifts his hat and says:

"Can I be of any assistance, sir?"

"Who the deuce are you, sir?" asks the old gentleman, angrily.

"An undertaker, sir. Here's my address."—*Lowell Citizen.*

In Devi County, Florida, strawberries are ripe, and peaches are as big as hickory nuts.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE marriage laws of the United States are rather funny. Young Mr. Mackaye, of New York, married Miss Maud Miller a few years ago. He walked off and left his bride as soon as he found he had no particular use for a wife. The wife went on the stage and took care of herself. Eventually she discovered that her husband had not been regularly baptized, and she proceeded to marry a Mr McCormick, of the dramatic profession. Mr. Mackaye applied for a divorce, and on Saturday the decree was granted by Judge Donohue. To the ordinary observer there seems to have been a case of bigamy, but the court took the view that it wasn't worth while to make a serious matter out of a piece of nonsense.

LORD TENNYSON has again recorded a public protest against the epistolary persecution, from which he has suffered even more than most eminent men. The pertinacity of these unwelcome correspondents is the less excusable, as the laureate has never made a secret of his short and summary way of treating them. All letters from the legion of Lord Tennyson's unauthorized correspondents become dead letters. They not only die, but are buried out of sight and out of mind forever. The poet himself does not open a single one of the thousands of such letters which the post annually discharges at his door, nor does he ever read a line of their contents. The documents are at once destroyed.

Two of the three British peers over 90 have passed away within the last fortnight—the Earl of Stradbroke, the oldest in the peerage, at 92, and Lord Brougham at 91. Lord Stradbroke had been a successful breeder and runner of horses. His wife acquired recently unpleasant notoriety as the author of the libelous paragraph, suggested by Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, for which Edmund Yates suffered imprisonment, and for which she received $10, though her husband has an income of many thousands a year. Lord Brougham was the younger brother of the great Brougham, orator, philosopher and Chancellor—a lesser Bacon, with much of his learning and all his meanness—who died also over 90. Viscount Eversley, for many years Speaker of the House of Commons, is now the father of the House of Peers—aged 91. He is vigorous, and attended the opening of Parliament.

EMPEROR WILLIAM still presides over the little soirees at the Palace from 9 to 9 30 in the evening on his return from the theatre. The guests number from eight to twelve, and are composed of generals, ministers and officials having close relations with the Court. These receptions last about an hour, and the Emperor is always in good humor, very chatty, and, like all old people, fond of relating episodes of his early life. Tea is served and His Majesty takes a biscuit; the cakes and sandwiches are left untouched, for as the Emperor does not partake of them it would not be *en regle* for any one else to do so. There are no cigars, as His Majesty does not smoke. But at grand military dinners he gives the signal by lighting a cigarette and giving one or two puffs. Unser Fritz, however, is an inveterate smoker.

WHAT is meant by a "Chinook?" The term is often used on both sides of the Atlantic, but it is doubtful whether its exact significance is at all generally understood. Dr. G. M. Dawson, in a letter to a scientific contemporary, has corrected one or two prevalent misconceptions. "As experienced," writes Dr. Dawson, "the Chinook is a strong westerly wind, becoming at times almost a gale, which blows from the direction of the mountains out across the adjacent plains. It is extremely dry, and as compared with the general winter temperature warm. Such winds occur at irregular intervals during the winter, and are also not infrequent in the summer, but, being cool as compared with the average summer temperature, are in consequence then not recognized by the same name. When the ground is covered with snow, the effect of the wind in its removal is marvellous, as, owing to the extremely desiccated condition of the air, the snow may be said to vanish rather than melt, the moisture being licked up as fast as it is produced."

Points for Wives.

The Chicago *Herald* offers the following contributions to the sum total of conjugal happiness:

Don't disturb your husband while he is reading the morning or evening paper by asking foolish questions. He may be reading the latest scandal or divorce suit, but he is just as much interested as though it were foreign news or market reports. Be patient, and when he comes across anything he thinks you can comprehend, perhaps he will read it to you.

Don't put the morning paper at the bottom of the pile, and don't have more than a dozen different places for the button hook.

Don't monopolize every hook in the closet. Graciously tender him one nail for his very own—and then in mercy hang your Mother Hubbard, your pelerine, your shopping bag and your bonnet some other place.

Don't ask him where he has been the moment he enters the house, or where he is going if he starts out for a walk before breakfast. It nettles him, and men hate to have such pointed questions sprung upon them. Besides that, we live under a free flag.

Don't indulge in flights of temper when your husband suggests how his mother did. If he objects to having eggs boiled in the teakettle, and prefers them washed previous to cooking, endeavor to please him by indulging him in his fancies. In the meantime bring your sons up as carefully as you can, and when they are married you yourself will doubtless be held up as an example of virtue—and revenge is sweet.

Wouldn't Hold the Young One.

As an incident of the recent riot in Detroit the *Free Press* lays on this bit of local color:

Close by the centre of attraction in the Polish troubles of Saturday was a cottage occupied by people speaking English. The father was across the street leaning on the fence, the mother was at the gate with a shawl over her head, and a boy about 10 years of age stood in the door holding a baby 9 or 10 months old in his arms. By and by the baby began to kick and squall, and the boy called out:

"Say, mam! Jim's a-howlin'!"

"Yes, I know," she replied, "but I want to see these policemen knock somebody."

"He's getting red in the face and holdin' his breath!" shouted the boy as he tossed the kid up and down.

"Blow in his mouth," advised the mother, without turning her head.

"It don't do any good and he's kickin' me all to death!" howled the nurse after a minute.

"Wait a minit—they're goin' to move. Take care o' him five minits and I'll give you a cent."

"A cent!" exclaimed the lad in deep disgust. "A cent for holding this young 'un when six thousand fellers are a-goin' to jump on each other with clubs! Never! Not for a nickel!"

And he laid the howling baby on the doorstep and ran to secure a position on the roof of a cow shed.

The Bell Telephone Co. are laying down poles for a new line from Hamilton, through Ancaster, Jerseyville, Lynden, and to connect with the main line at Troy with a line from Jersey settlement to connect with Cainsville and Brantford.

NATURAL GAS WASTED.

About 264,000,000 Cubic Feet Blown off Into the Air and Lost Every Day.

The quantity of natural gas "blowing off" or going to waste is something startling, says a Pittsburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. While large amounts of it are used, it is nevertheless true that nearly equal amounts are wasted. The amount which is not utilized would more than furnish a city like Pittsburg, teeming with manufacturing establishments, with fuel in abundance. The Philadelphia Company utilize about forty-seven wells each day. They largely control the entire Murraysville and Tarentum districts, but still their waste is something enormous. At the wells the flow of gas averages from 10,000,000 to 30,000,000 cubic feet per day. A large per cent. of this is wasted in being brought to this city, through friction and other causes. Officials of the company estimate that the total loss in the entire Tarentum and Murraysville gas fields will reach 100,000,000 cubic feet per day. In this is estimated the gas from the wells of the Chartiers Gas Company, which at present are not being utilized, but may be turned to profit any time. In the entire gas field about 264,000,000 cubic feet of gas is wasted. One thousand cubic feet of gas is estimated to equal one bushel of coal in heating property. This would make an equivalent of 264,000 bushels of coal burned in the air each day. A miner can, on the average, dig seventy bushels of coal a day. The waste, then would be, in round numbers, equal to the daily work of 3,800 miners, or about the number employed in digging coal in the Pittsburgh district.

A Good Place for People With Poor Ears.

The sound of the cars is plainly heard on the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railway at the Needles for a distance of seventy-eight miles to a place called Cottonwood Island. The discharge of the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave can be plainly heard at Colorado Canon, a distance of 100 miles. Sound can be understood in the narrows of the Grand Canon of the Colorado for a distance of eighteen miles, or, in other words, if a man at one end shouts "Bob!" the man at the other end can plainly hear the echo. The whistle of a Colorado steamer can be heard from El Dorado Canon to Weaverville, the head of navigation, a distance of seventy-eight miles, and by tumbling a rock over the precipice at Lee's Ferry you can plainly hear the echo down the river at Weaverville, a distance of thirty-six miles.—*Tacoma (W. T.) News.*

An Unsatisfactory Explanation.

"Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, "what is meant by a 'bee line?'" "A 'bee line,' Bobby," explained Featherly, with an air of erudition, "means the manner in which a bee flies to its hive after it has loaded itself with honey." Bobby's face assumed an expression of perplexed amazement. "Then what did you mean," he asked, "by saying that he never met you on the street that you weren't making a bee line for some saloon?"

The huge