The Baby's Bedtime.

This is the baby's bedtime;
Dimple-chin climbs on my knee,
With "Mamma, I'e dest as sleepy
And tired as I can be."
So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory,"
She pleads, in a sleepy way,
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss,
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me, and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye—
"How ze bid pid does to market,
And ze 'itle pids all cy."

Then I tell, as I smoothe the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,
And the wee ones stayed at home;
And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory,"
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast, and she
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,
Repeats her prayer with me.
Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loved me
To give me a child like this,
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me guide aright
The feet of the little darling
I leave in His care to-night.

My Mother.

A simple parsonage—plain and brown—
Where ivies rambled up and down
With sweet-brier roses.
A place the earliest sunbeams kist,
Nor left, 'till shadowed by the mist
The night unclosed.

'Twas here she wrought with patient care
A life whose incense filled the air
With gladness only.
Here heard her call to enter rest,
And left the home, a broken nest,
Bereft and lonely.

To children's hearts, and hearts grown strong
With anguish, 'tis a lesson long,
And sad the learning.
That prayers nor tears can e'er restore
The loved ones drifted to that shore
Beyond returning.

We've learned farewell oft through these years,
She—welcome—where there are no tears,
But joys supernal.
And closely folds earth's loos'ning bands
Within the house not made with hands,
Secure, eternal.

O Mother, with the soft brown eyes!
In thy fair home beyond the skies
Am I expected?
Can'st thou not tell me that at last,
When 'cross that threshold all have passed,
I shall not be rejected?

MONICA:

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

"I believe a man has only to be six-feet-one to have every woman in the world in love with him," says Desmond wrathfully, who is only five-feet-eleven.

"I am not exactly in *love* with Mr. Ryde," says Monica sweetly, with averted face and a coy air, assumed for her companion's discomfiture, "but——

"But *what?*"

"But, I was going to say, there is nothing remarkable in that, as I am not in love with *any one* and hope I never shall be. I wonder where Kit can have gone to; will you get up there, Mr. Desmond, and look?" Breaking off a tiny blade of grass from the bank near her, she puts it between her pretty teeth and slowly nibbles it with an air of utter indifference to all the world that drives Mr. Desmond nearly out of his wits.

Disdaining to take any heed of her "notice to quit," and quite determined to know the worst, he says defiantly:

"If you *do* go to this dance, may I consider myself engaged to you for the first waltz?" There is quite a frown upon his face as he says this, but it hasn't the faintest effect upon Monica. She is not at all impressed, and is, in fact, enjoying herself immensely.

"If I go, which is more than improbable, I shall certainly not dance with you at all," she says calmly, "because Aunt Priscilla will be there, too, and she would not hear of my doing even a mild quadrille with a Desmond."

"I see," with a melancholy assumption of composure, "all your dances, then, are to be reserved for Ryde."

"If Mr. Ryde asks me to dance, of course I shall not refuse."

"You mean to tell me"—even the poor assumption is now gone—"that you are going to give him all and me none?"

"I shall not give any one all; how can you talk like that? But I cannot defy Aunt Priscilla. It is very unkind of you to desire it. I suppose you think I should enjoy being tormented from morning till night all about you?"

"Certainly not. I don't want you to be tormented on any account, and, above all, on mine," very stiffly. "To prevent anything of the kind, I shall not go to Cobbett's dance."

"If you choose to get into a bad temper I can't help you."

"I am not in a bad temper and even if I were I have cause. But it is not temper that will prevent my going to the Barracks?"

"What then?"

"Why should I go there to be made miserable! You can go and dance with Ryde to your heart's content, but I shall spare myself the pain of seeing you. Did you say you wanted your sister? Shall I call her now? I am sure you must want to go home."

"I don't," she says unexpectedly, and then a little smile of conscious triumph wreaths her lips as she looks at him, standing moody and dejected before her. A word from her will transform him, and now, the day being all her own, she can afford to be generous. Even the very best of women can be cruel to their lovers.

"I don't," she says, "not *yet*. There is something I want to ask you first. She pauses in a tantalizing fashion and glances from the grass she is still holding to him, and from him back to the grass again, before she speaks. "It is a question," she says then, as though reluctantly, "but you look so angry with me that I am afraid to ask it." This is the rankest hypocrisy, as he is as wax in her hands at this moment; but, though he knows it, he gives in to the sweetness of her manner and lets his face clear.

"Ask me anything you like," he says turning upon her now a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger."

"It isn't much," says Miss Beresford sweetly, "only—what is your Christian name? I have been so longing to know. It is very unpleasant to be obliged to think of people by their surnames, is it not? So unfriendly!"

He is quite staggered by the excess of her geniality.

"My name is Brian," he says, devoutly hoping she will not think it hideous and so see cause to pass judgment upon it.

"Brian!" going nearer to him with half-shy eyes and a little *riante* mouth that with difficulty suppresses its laughter. "How pretty! Brian," purposely lingering over it, "with an 'i,' of course?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad I know yours, now!" says this disgraceful little coquette, with a sigh of pretended relief. "You knew mine, and that wasn't fair, you know. Besides,"—with a rapid glance that might have melted an anchorite and delivered him from the error of his ways—"besides, I may want to call you by it some day, and then I should be at a loss."

Though by no means proof against so much friendliness, Mr. Desmond still continues to maintain an injured demeanor. Monica lays one little hand lightly on his arm.

"Won't you ask me to call you by it?" she says with the prettiest reproach.

"Oh, Monica," says the young man, seizing her hand and pressing it against his heart, "you know your power, be merciful. Darling," drawing her still nearer to him, "I don't think you quite understand how it is with me; but, indeed, I love you with all my heart and soul."

"But in such a little time! How can it be true?" says Monica, all her gaiety turning into serious wonderment.

"'Love is a thing as any spirit free,' quotes he tenderly. "How shall any one know when the god may come? It has nothing to do with time. I have seen you—it little matters how often—and now I love you. Dear heart, try to love me."

There is something in his manner both gentle and earnest. Impressed by it, she whispers softly:

"I will try."

"And you will call me Brian?"

"Oh, no!—no indeed!—not yet," entreats she, stepping back from him as far as he will allow her.

"Very well, not yet."

"And you will go to the Barracks for this dance."

"I will do anything on earth you ask me. You know that too well, I fear, for my peace of mind."

"And you won't be angry with me if I don't dance with you there?"

"No. I promise that, too. Ah! here is Miss Kit coming—and without the roses—after all."

It is true she has no roses; she has, indeed, forgotten she even pretended to want them, and has been happy while away with her song and her own thoughts.

"I think, Monica, we ought, perhaps, to be thinking of coming home," she says apologetically, yet with quite a motherly air. Has she not been mounting guard over and humoring these two giddy young people before her?

"Yes, I think so, too," and the goodness of Kit and something else strike her.

"If we are asked to this dance at Clonbree, and if we go, I should like Kit to go, too," she says in a soft aside to Desmond, who says, "That is all right; I settled it with Cobbett yesterday," and then, a little more energetically, as he sees the moments flying, he goes on. "Before you go, say one thing after me. It will be a small consolation until I see you again. Say, 'Brian, good-bye.'"

"Good-bye, Brian," she whispers shyly, and then she draws her hand out of his, and, turning to the studiously inattentive Kit, passes her arm through hers.

"Good-bye, Mr. Desmond! I trust we may soon meet again," says the younger Miss Beresford, with rather a grand air, smiling upon him patronizingly.

"I hope so, too," says Desmond gravely, "and that next time you will graciously accord me a little more of your society."

Quite pleased with this delicate protest against her lengthened absence, Kit bows politely and she and Monica take their homeward way.

Once Monica turns to wave him a little, friendly adieu, and he can see again her soft, bare arms, her pretty baby neck in her white dinner gown, and her lovely, earnest eyes. Then she is gone, and her passing seems to him "like the ceasing of exquisite music," and nothing is left to him but the wailing of the rising night wind and the memory of a perfect girl-face that he knows will haunt him till he dies.

CHAPTER IX.

Monica and Kit reach the house in less haste.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all," and the late secret interview with Brian Desmond has lowered the tone of their courage to such an extent that they scarcely dare to breathe as they creep into their aunts' presence.

The lamps are lighting in the drawing-room as they enter, though the windows are open and *Dies Pater*, the all-great, is still victorious over *Nox*. The Misses Blake both start and look up as they come in, and show general symptoms of relief which is not reciprocated by the culprits. Mrs. Mitchell, the nurse, who has followed almost on their heels, stands in the doorway with bayonets fixed, so to speak, seeing there is every chance of an engagement. It may be as well to remark here that Mitchell has not "got on" with the Misses Blake, having rooted opinions of her own not to be lightly laid aside. The Misses Blakes' opinions have also a home in very deep soil, so that the "give-and-take" principle is not in force between them and the foreign nurse, as they term Jane Mitchell, though she was bred and born on Devonshire soil.

"Mitchell," say the Misses Blake in confidence to each other, "is not altogether what one would desire in a servant assigned to the care of children. She is not nice in many ways; there is far too much of the fine lady about her," etc.

Just now Mrs. Mitchell is plainly on the defensive and eyes her baby—as she still calls Kit (having nursed her)—with all the air of one prepared to rush in and rescue her by bodily force should the worst come to the worst.

"My dear Monica, what a late hour to be abroad!" says Miss Priscilla reproachfully. "The dew falling, too, which is most unwholesome. For you, Kit, a mere child, it is really destruction. Nurse, as you are there," regarding the bony Mitchell with distrust and disfavor, "I think it as well to let you know I do not think this a proper time for Miss Katherine to be in the open air. It is far too late."

"It isn't late, miss. It is only nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock! What is the woman thinking about? Nine! Why, that means night!"

"Not at this time of the year, miss."

"At any time of year. With all the experience you say you have had, I wonder you do not consider it a most injurious hour for a child of Miss Katherine's age to be out of doors."

"I do not hold with making a child puny, miss. Coddling up, and that sort, only leads to consumptions and assmas, in my humble opinion."

"I must request that for the future you will show deference to our opinion, nurse, which is directly opposed to yours," says Miss Priscilla straightening herself.

"I suppose I can manage my own young lady, miss," says Mitchell undaunted, and now, indeed, thoroughly braced for conflict.

"I have grave doubts about that, Mitchell, and, at least, you should not answer me in this wise."

"If I brought my young lady safely all the way from Jerusalem, miss, I suppose I can take care of her 'ere."

"Her ear?" questions Miss Priscilla not meaning to be rude at all.

"She means here," says Miss Penelope in a stage whisper.

"Oh!" says Miss Priscilla, rather shocked at her mistake, which has been accepted by Mitchell as a deliberate insult. "Katherine, go up-stairs with Mitchell, and change your shoes and stockings: they must be damp."

"I don't consider Mitchell at all a nice person," says Miss Priscilla, when the door has closed upon that veteran: "but still I hope I did not offend her with that last thoughtless slip of mine. But really, over here in Ireland, we are not accustomed to the extraordinary language in which Mitchell indulges at times. She seems to me to be saving up her aspirates for a hypothetical dearth of that article in the future."

"Certainly, from Jerusalem is a long way to bring a child," says Miss Penelope, thoughtfully; and, indeed, this journey from Palestine has been, and probably always will be, Mrs. Mitchell's trump card when disputing with the mistresses of Moyne.

Miss Priscilla has walked to the window, and is now gazing in thoughtful fashion over the fast-darkening landscape. Presently she says aloud, in a tone calculated to attract attention—

"What is that in the meadow, creeping along beneath the ha-ha, Katherine?"—Kit has returned with dry shoes and stockings "as one here, your eyes are sharper than mine!" which is a distinct libel upon her own orbs

"Where?" says Kit, recognizing the crouching form of Terry with a pang of terror. Is she to be compelled to inform upon her own brother? Perish the thought?

"Over there," says Miss Priscilla, in an awful tone, pointing to where the luckless Terence is crawling home in the fond belief that he is defying all detection; whereupon Kit, with much presence of mind, looks scrutinizingly in just the opposite direction. "It is somebody carrying a gun. Good gracious! It is remarkably like Terence!"

At this Monica starts perceptibly, and lets the book she is holding fall heavily to the ground.

"Perhaps it is a poacher," says Kit, brightly.

"Perhaps," says Miss Priscilla grimly. "Yet I feel sure it is your brother!" Then she throws wide the sash, and calls aloud to the culprit:

"Terence, Terence, come here!"

At this, Mr. Beresford loses his presence of mind and stands bolt upright, gun in hand. The words have come to him distinctly across the soft green grass, and fallen upon his ears with dismal distinctness. Throwing up the sponge, he shoulders the offending weapon and marches upon the foe with head erect and banners flying.

"Really, it is Terence," says Miss Penelope, as he approaches; "but where can he have got the gun?"

"I know!" says Miss Priscilla, whereupon Monica feels positively faint.

Feeling she is growing very pale, she rises hurriedly from her seat, and going to the lower window, so stands that her face cannot be seen.

If Terence is cross-examined, will he tell a lie about the obtaining of the gun? And if he does not, what will happen? what dreadful things will not be said and done by Aunt Priscilla? Her breath comes quickly, and with horror she finds herself devoutly hoping that Terence on this occasion will tell a lie.

By this time Terence has mounted the balcony, and is standing in a somewhat defiant attitude before his inquisitors.

"Where have you been, Terence?," begins Miss Priscilla.

"Shooting, aunt."

"And where did you get the gun, Terence?"

Silence.

"You certainly had no gun yesterday, and none this morning, as far as I can judge. Now, we want the truth from you, Terence, but we do not wish to coerce you. Take time, and give us an answer your heart can approve."

Such an answer is evidently difficult to be procured at a moment's notice, because Terence is still dumb.

"I am afraid your nature is not wholly free from deceit, Terence," says Miss Priscilla, sadly. "This hesitation on your part speaks volumes; and such unnecessary deceit, too. Neither your aunt Penelope nor I have any objection to your borrowing a gun if you find such a dangerous weapon needful to your happiness. But why not confide in us?"

"Is it possible she would not be really angry if she knew?" thinks Monica breathlessly. I regret to say that both Kit and Terence take another view of Miss Blake's speech, and believe it an artful dodge to extract confession.

"I——" says Terence to gain time, and because speech of some kind at this moment is absolutely necessary, "I didn't think—"

"Of course you didn't think, Terence, or you would not have recorded your poor aunts, in your secret thoughts, as hard-hearted and ungenerous. If you had told us openly that Mitson, the coast guard, had lent you a gun (as I strongly suspect, and, indeed, felt sure from the first moment was the case), we should not have been at all angry, only naturally anxious that you should use an instrument of death with caution. But you have no confidence in us, Terence."

Intense relief fills the breasts of the three Beresfords. Remorse that the trusting nature of the old ladies should be so abused touches Monica keenly, but of the other two I must again declare with grief that they feel nothing but a sense of delivery from peril, and no contrition at all for their past suspicions

"I thought you might be angry, aunt," says Terence.

"Not angry, my dear, only nervous. I hope you know how to load, and that. I remember a cousin of ours blowing off his first finger and thumb with a powder-horn."

"This is a breech-loader, auntie," says Monica softly.

"Eh? One of those new-fangled things I have read of? Oh, well, my dear boy, I dare say there is more need for circumspection. Let me look at it. Ah, very handsome, indeed! I had no idea coast-guards were so well supplied; and yet I cling to the old guns that your grandfather used to use."

"Did you shoot anything?" asks Miss Penelope, who has grown quite interested and regards Terence with a glance of pride.

"Only one thrush," says Terence drawing the dilapidated corpse from his pocket, "and a sparrow and one rabbit I fired at and wounded mortally, I know, but it got away into its hole and I lost it."

"Rabbits!" says Miss Priscilla. "Am I to understand—nay, I hope I am not to understand—that you crossed the stile into Coole?"

"There are plenty of rabbits in our own wood," says Terence, "more than I could shoot. I am glad you don't object to my having the gun, auntie."

"I don't, my dear; but I wish you had been more ingenuous with us. Why now, Terence, why do you steal along a field with your back bent as though desirous of avoiding our observation, and with your gun under your coat, as if there was a policeman or a bailiff after you?"

"I was only trying to steal upon a crow, aunt?"

"Well, that may be, my dear, but there are ways of doing things. And why put your gun under your coat? I can't think such a fraudulent proceeding necessary even with a crow. Now, look here, Terence," illustrating his walk and surreptitious manner of concealing his gun beneath his coat, "does this look nice?"

"If I do it like you, auntie, it looks very nice," says Terence innocently, but with a malevolent intention.

"What a pity you missed the rabbit, Terry," says Monica hurriedly.

"Oh, he is dead, now, I'm certain; but I should have liked to bring him home. His leg was broken, and I chased him right through the rushes down below into the furze brake at Coole."

Sensation!

It is too late to redeem his error. "Murder will out, that see we day by day," says Chaucer, and now, indeed, all the fat is in the fire. The two old ladies draw back from him and turn mute eyes of grief upon each other, while Kit and Monica stare with heavy reproach upon their guilty brother.

The guilty brother returns their glance with interest, and then Miss Priscilla speaks.

"So you went into Coole, after all," she says. "Oh, Terence!"

"I couldn't help it," says Terence wrathfully. "I wasn't going to let the rabbit go for the sake of a mere whim."

"A mere whim!" Words fail me to convey Miss Priscilla's indignation. "Are you destitute of heart, boy, that you talk thus lightly of a family insult? Oh! Shame, shame!"

"I'm very sorry if I have made you unhappy," says Terence, who is really a very good boy and fond. "I didn't mean it, indeed."

But Miss Priscilla appears quite broken-hearted.

"To dream of bringing a rabbit of Coole into this house!" she says, with quite a catch in her voice that brings Miss Penelope into prominent play.

"If, when you came to the stile that leads into Moyne," she says, "you had said to yourself, 'My good aunt who loves me so dearly would not wish me to enter this forbidden land,' you would, I hope, have paused and come back here. But you did not. You went recklessly on and trod upon ground where your foot is unwelcome."

"Dear Aunt Penelope, do not talk like that," says Monica entreatingly, slipping her arm round her.

"And this to his poor old aunts who love him so fondly!" says Miss Penelope in so dismal a voice that the two Misses Blake break into sobs.

"It wouldn't seem so bad if he hadn't equivocated about it," says Miss Priscilla, presently. "But he purposely led us to believe that he had not set his foot on that detested land."

"He has indeed been much to blame," says Miss Penelope. "Terence, what was it I said about lying in the Bible this morning? I am afraid your chapter to-day—that awful chapter about Ananias and Sapphira—did you little good."

A growl from Terence.

"He will be more careful for the future, auntie," says Monica, interpreting the growl after her own gentle fashion. "And now you will forgive him, won't you? After all, any one, even you, might forget about forbidden lands, if you were racing after a rabbit."

The idea of the Misses Blake racing through rushes and gorse after a rabbit strikes Kit as so comical that she forgets everything, and laughs aloud. And then the Misses Blake, who are not altogether without a sense of fun, catching "the humor of it," laugh too, and, drying their eyes, give Terence to understand that he is forgiven.

Just at this moment the door is opened and Timothy enters, bearing not only an air of mystery with him, but a large envelope.

"Why, what is this at this time of night?" says Miss Priscilla, who is plainly under the impression that once the lamps are lighted it is verging on midnight. She takes the envelope from Timothy and gazes at the huge regimental crest upon it with a judicial expression.

"A soger brought it, miss. Yes, indeed, ma'am. A hossback he come all the way from the Barracks at Clonbree."

Redcoats at Rossmoyne are a novelty, and are regarded by the peasantry with mixed feelings of admiration and contempt. I think the contempt is stronger with Timothy than the admiration.

"From the Barracks?" says Miss Priscilla slowly, turning and twisting the letter between her fingers, while Monica's heart beats rapidly. It is, it must be the invitation: and what will be the result of it?

"Yes, indeed, miss I asked him what brought him at this hour, ma'am, but he took me mighty short wid his answer, so I give up me questions."

Never having been able during fifty years to make up his mind whether his mistresses should be addressed as maidens or matrons, Timothy has compromised matters by putting a "miss" and a "ma'am" into every sentence he dedicates to them.

"Ah, an invitation from Captain Cobbett for Friday next—um—um—four to seven—um—um. All of us invited, even Kit," says Miss Priscilla, in a decidedly lively tone.

"Me! am I asked?" cries Kit, excitedly.

"Yes, indeed, you are specially mentioned. Very nice and attentive, I must say, of those young men, particularly when we have not shown them any kindness as yet. I thought that Mr. Ryde a very superior young fellow, with none of the discourteous antipathy to age that disfigures the manners of the youth of the present day. Penelope, my dear, perhaps you had better indite the answer to this. Yours is the pen of a ready writer."

"Very well," says Miss Penelope rising slowly—Oh, so slowly! thinks Monica—and going towards the davenport.

"Is the soldier outside, Timothy?" asks Miss Priscilla.

"Yes, miss. He said he wanted a bit of writing from ye for the captain."

"It is a long ride. Take him downstairs, Timothy, and give him some beer, while Miss Penelope prepares a reply."

"Begging your pardon, miss, and with due respect to ye, ma'am, but he's that stiff in his manners an' tight in his clothes, I doubt if he'd condescend to enther the kitchen."

"Timothy," says Miss Priscilla with much displeasure, "you have been having hot words with this stranger. What is it all about?"

"There's times, miss, as we all knows, when a worm will turn, and, though I'm not a worm, ma'am, no more am I a coward, an' a red coat don't cover more flesh than a black; an' I'm an ould man, Miss Priscilla, to be called a buffer!"

(To be continued)

Dr. Ormiston and Insomnia.

Many of our readers, we doubt not, says the *Christian Leader*, will remember the graphic reminiscences of the rustic Sunday school near Edinburgh, in which Dr. William Ormiston, of New York, received his early religious training. He now favors us with another chapter of autobiography, which we have read with painful interest. Of a naturally strong physique, he never needed more than four or five hours' sleep, but at the age of 42 he found, after a season of hard work, that he had entirely lost the power of sleeping. On one occasion he was without a moment of unconsciousness for six days and six nights, and yet felt able and ready for work. He tried everything; the advice of physicians, the advice of quacks, exercise in all its forms, but failed. Still his waking power continued. He then tried brandy, but it soon lost any good effect. At last he tried hydrate of chloral, which gave him three or four hours of refreshing sleep. He continued to use it for twelve years without perceiving any sensible injurious effects. He never increased the dose, but reduced it from thirty grains to fifteen, added to a like amount of bromide of potassium. In the summer of 1883, however, sleep again left him; his nervous system seemed to be shattered; melancholy and dyspepsia seized him and all the means failed. He was sent abroad by his physicians, and promises to give an account of the means that contributed to his recovery.

One of the Reasons.

A Denver man being asked by a member of the Congressional Committee what he thought of the Chinese question, promptly responded:

"They must git."

"Why?"

"For twenty different reasons."

"Name one."

"Well; four of the infernal heathens salted a silver mine and sold it to me for $16,000. Anybody who can beat a white man in this country has got to git."

It is not surprising that Mrs. Wilhelmina Brown, of Louisville, Ky., should have been disgusted when she learned that her daughter Ellen had eloped with a newspaper man; but she should not have permitted herself to be so far overcome with grief as to light a fire in the range and then lie down upon it. Such a proceeding could not have removed the stain from the honor of the Brown family, even if Mrs. B. had succeeded in roasting herself. But, fortunately, before she was quite done, a neighbor came in and took her off the stove. At latest accounts her prospects of recovery were fair to middling.

—In case a young man in Burmah breaks a matrimonial engagement the law compels him to give the jilted girl a bulldog worth thirty rupees, a pig three feet in girth, a spear, a fork, a bag, a piece of ornamental cloth and five pots of *khoung*.

CURRENT TOPICS.

According to Sir Andrew Clark, the celebrated English physician, one-half the population of London is permanently ill—that is, not in that condition in which "work is easy and duty not over great a trial; the state in which it is a joy to see, to think, to feel, and to be."

The office of the Order of the Thistle, which has become vacant by the death of Principal Tulloch, will probably be given by the Queen to Dr. Donald Macleod, of Glasgow, who is one of Her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland. Principal Tulloch was one of the six Deans of the Scottish Chapel Royal.

When surprise is expressed that a stanch compartment ship like the Oregon should have gone down under the blow of a schooner, it should be remembered, to the credit of her builders, that she floated for eight or nine hours with a hole stove in her "big enough to drive a horse and buggy into," as one of the passengers describes it. A shoddy boat would have sunk before the passengers could have been taken off.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* declares that all words beginning with sl have in some degree a second-rate or bad quality about them. "Look through that dictionary," he says, "and you will not find one that is quite first-rate, for 'sleep,' which is about the best of them, is after all half-way to death, and the great majority of these words are more or less disgusting as well as degraded."

A rumor is current in royalist circles in France of a marriage to be arranged between the eldest son of the Comte de Paris and the daughter of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. It is added that the journey of the Prince to Cannes and his short stay there will be utilized in this sense. One of the strongest advocates of the alliance is the Marquis de Beauvoir, the equerry and friend from childhood of the Comte de Paris, to whom is in a great measure due the union of the House of France with that of Denmark and of Portugal.

The good work of protecting the birds from the cruelty of fashion goes on. An ornithologist riding in a New York car noted the following: "The car contained thirteen women, of whom eleven wore birds, as follows: one, head and wings of three European starlings; two, an entire bird, species unknown, of foreign origin; three, seven warblers, representing four species; four, a large tern; five, the heads and wings of three shore larks; six, the wings of seven shore larks and grass finches; seven, one-half of a gallinule; eight, a small tern; nine, a turtle dove; ten, a vireo and a yellow-breasted chat; eleven, ostrich plume." Against the wholesale slaughter of the pretty creatures represented by this display the man of science enters a timely and indignant protest.

The Island of Juan Fernandez, upon which Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, spent his four solitary years, has never since been inhabited until twelve years ago, when the present Governor Rodt settled upon it with a small colony. Rodt is a Switzer. In 1866 he fought for Austria against the Prussians, and in 1870 for France. After the defeat of the French he emigrated to Chili and made himself useful to the Government, at whose invitation he undertook the colonization of Robinson Crusoe's lonely island. Here he has resided for the last twelve years as Governor and Judge. Most of the settlers over whom he presides are German and Swiss. Nearly all the vegetation of the temperate zone thrives upon Juan Fernandez.

It is estimated by insurance companies that in the United States last year dwelling houses were burned at the rate of one every hour, with an average loss of $1,396. Barns and stables, fifty per week. Country stores, three per day, with a loss of $110,000 per week. Ten hotels burn weekly, with a loss per year of $4,000,000. Every other day a lumber yard goes up in smoke, each representing $20,000. Forty-four cotton factories, the loss in each case being $28,000; forty-three woolen mills at $25,000 each, and forty-two chemical works at $27,000 each, were destroyed by fire last year. Forty-two boot and shoe factories were consumed, the loss being $17,000 each. Theatres were lapped up by the flames at the rate of five per month, average loss $19,000. Only about half as many court houses were destroyed, the cost of each bring about $20,000.

Women who are in the habit of biting off the ends of their thread when they sew will do well to take a lesson from the melancholy experience of Mrs. John T. Green, of Troy, N.Y., who died the other day, as it was thought, of a tumor in the stomach. She had complained of an excruciating pain in her side, where there was considerable swelling, and the symptoms in her case appeared to be so unusual that the physicians insisted upon making a *post mortem* examination. Upon investigation, it was found that the supposed tumor was nothing but a large roll of silk and mohair fibres, which had gathered in the stomach in such a way as to form an obstruction. It was subsequently ascertained that Mrs. Green had been employed when she was a young girl in a silk factory, where she had acquired the habit of biting off silk threads and chewing them. She finally became so fond of eating threads that she continued the habit up to the day of her death, which was undoubtedly caused by the practice of this curious vice.

On the marriage of Princess Beatrice the women of the city of Bristol resolved to make a wedding present to Her Royal Highness, and it was decided that the article should be such as might represent the art life in the manufactures of the city, and should consist of a marriage chest and a piece of embroidery. The gift is now ready for presentation. The panels of the chest represent the return of Queen Elizabeth from an entertainment in Bristol in 1574; a carved representation of Henry VII., presenting his sword to the Mayor of Bristol; the departure of Sebastian Cabot from Bristol on his voyage of discovery, and the initials of Beatrice and Battenberg. The chest is three feet four inches long, two feet two inches broad and three feet four inches high, and is the work of Mr. Trapnell, who designed and manufactured the beautiful wedding casket presented to the Princess of Wales twenty-three years ago.

A professional shoplifter, arrested in St. Louis a few days ago, made an open confession and thus explained how the work is carried on by those with whom she was engaged: "It seems to be the easiest thing in the world. They have dresses made especially for that purpose. They have a big pocket in the front of their dress so made as not to be discovered. The opening extends clear across the front of the dress, and is as deep as the skirt itself. It buttons up at the waist. Sometimes there are big pockets at the sides. Of course the skirt has to be plain, as the weight of articles in the pockets would be plainly seen in a plaited or flounced dress. All the wearers of the dresses have to do is to stand right up at a counter and just push these things off the counter into these pockets. A bolt of cloth can be easily taken this way, or a box of soap or writing paper. The hands need not be used, a mere shove of the elbow doing the work."

The statement that bicycles were to be substituted for cavalry horses in some military operations was at first not unnaturally treated as a joke by most people. Yet in the recent manœuvres of the Austrian army some mounted on bicycles and tricycles outdid cavalry in endurance, and now the cycle is formally adopted in the Austrian military establishment. Another contrivance now in full military use is the balloon, which is adopted in nearly all European armies, while in Germany the aeronautic course is combined with the railway brigade. Pigeons, too, have become parts of the military force in Germany and France, and to a less extent in Russia Italy, Spain and Portugal. In the two first named countries private homing clubs train birds to supplement the military lofts; and it is obvious that pigeon posts may be very useful where communication by telegraph or signal is interrupted. Finally, according to the *Hanoverian Courier*, dogs are kept in the yard of the barracks at Goslar to be trained for military purposes. The commander of the Fourth Army Corps has ordered similar experiments in other garrison towns; and when sufficiently drilled and set up, these four-legged recruits are expected to accompany sentries on their beats, and possibly to perform a service analogous to that of the geese whose cackling saved Rome.

The Girls all in Red.

"Every girl and woman is now wearing red in some way or other," said a modiste to a reporter of the *Mail and Express* recently. "A few weeks ago it was all yellow, but now you do not see any yellow at all. The red started in with a bow in the hats or bonnets, then the hats became all red, trimmed with a black silk cord, and were made like the Lillian Russell hat. Then the craze for red extended to gowns. The street costume, or red sack trimmed with black silk cord, a very military-looking coat, is all the style, and the more military the better. For the opera red gowns are quite proper. Everything is red: red gowns, red slippers, red feathers, red from head to foot. Most of the red dresses are cut very low and are trimmed with white lace. A costume that caused a great sensation was worn by a young lady at the opera recently. One half her waist was red silk and one half white lace, the line of separation running from the left shoulder obliquely across her waist to right side of belt. It looked as if a loose red waist had slipped far down over the right shoulder.—*From the New York Mail.*

Creased Trousers for Dudes.

Stand up, dudes: Here is a point. A Washington letter to the Boston *Traveller* says: "The inexorable laws of fashion prescribe that the dude must have a crease running down the whole length of each trousers leg. Now, this crease has a habit of absenting itself after the trousers have been worn several days, and making the dude's heart sad as he contemplates the solemn fact that he will have to pay his tailor half a dollar to press it in again. Now, half a dollar is fifty big cents to most of our dudes, and they were beginning to feel the drain upon their purses, when one of them hit upon a scheme which has secured him the grateful thanks of his fellows. Every night before he retires he folds his trousers carefully and lays them between the mattresses on his bed. He sleeps on them and thus the creases are preserved for the admiration of the public next day."

Punishment in Old Times.

At the risk of wearying readers with a repetition of what has already been printed in the *Courant*, the following brief record is reprinted from this paper under the date of September 7th, 1761:

Hartford, Sept. 7.

Last week, David Campbell and Alexander Pettigrew, were indicted before the Superior Court, sitting in this town, for breaking open and robbing the house of Mr. Abiel Abbot, of Windsor, of Two Watches, to which indictment they both plead guilty, and were sentenced each of them to receive 15 Stripes, to have their Right Ears cut off, and to be branded with a capital letter B on their Foreheads; which punishment was inflicted on them last Friday. Pettigrew bled so much from the Amputation of his Ear that his Life was in Danger.—*Hartford (Conn) Courant.*

Vesuvius Showing Restlessness.

Mount Vesuvius is receiving a great deal of attention from strangers at this time. Nightly its internal emotions show signs of increasing, presenting beautiful scenes of effulgent illuminations, deeply outlined against the sky with a vermillion tinge. A few nights ago an unusual display of its vomiting power was witnessed. Occasional volumes of red-hot lava issued forth in sudden bursts that ran down the side of the mountain in one long stream of flowing red, crimsoning as the contact with the atmosphere cooled it, like the decreasing heat of red-hot iron. The next morning snow covered the scarred surface of the mountain from the summit nearly half-way down to the base, while the ever-exhailing smoke ascended into space like a long white plume.—*Naples Letter in Baltimore Sun.*

Blondin's Bluff.

Blondin, who is now 62 years old, wants to come to America and repeat his Niagara performance, but hesitates because the law would compel him to have a safety net under the rope, which would detract much from the interest of the feat. It is safe to say that this hesitation will not seriously interfere with his desires, and that if America does not see the old tight-rope walker this summer it will be more on account of his 62 years than because of the net.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon, though only recently restored to his own pulpit, with characteristic Christian courtesy has agreed to preach a missionary sermon at the approaching anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It has been suggested that Exeter Hall be secured for the occasion, in order to allow as many as possible to hear the gifted Baptist preacher.—*Guardian.*

Setting a Girl on Fire.

At the Jersey Criminal Assizes the other day, a French woman named Jeanne Marie Dubosecq, aged 47, was sentenced to 21 years' penal servitude for causing the death of a girl by setting her clothes on fire because the girl would not serve her with some brandy.

March is a boisterous fellow,
And, undeterred by fear,
With many pranks proclaims himself
The tomboy of the year.

Sweet April is his sister;
Her eyes are often dim.
Pained by the thought that he is dead,
She sheds her tears for him.

—The *Season* says: Bracelets and brooches made of strong, massive gold wire twisted into the wearer's initials are an exceedingly nice style of jewellery for children and young girls, for whom, on account of their simplicity, they are especially suitable.

—Parasols have made their appearance in a variety of novel shapes and fabrics. Etamine with embroidered stripes and embroidered or printed crape are the newest materials with which they are covered. Lace covers are used over shaded silks of various hues.

On a flag by the curbstone a little peel sat—
A banana, banana, banana!
And a dignified gentleman laid him down flat—
Oh, banana, banana, banana!
He laid him down flat on the length of his spine,
And none from his speech would be like to incline
To believe that he could be a noted divine—
Oh, banana, banana banana.

Teacher—"Now, Klaus, if I say the father blessed his six children, is that active or passive?" "That is active." "Correct, and what is passive?" "The father was blessed with six children."—*German Humor.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Why Helen Taylor Wants to Secure a Seat in Parliament.

"How far do women support you, Miss Taylor?" asks a writer in the *Pall Mall Budget*. "I myself, as well as my lady canvassers, have been struck with the strong and general interest aroused among women, and by their pleasure at the appearance of a lady candidate. This is equally visible among the poor women who collect at open-air meetings and among those of the better-off classes who are visited in their homes. Among men also there is a ready response that a woman ought to be in Parliament to represent women and children." "And which questions, Miss Taylor, are, in your opinion, the most interesting to the electors?" "The subjects which arose the warmest interest are shorter hours of labor, better homes and food and clothing for children, with restoration of the endowments for this latter purpose. As to my general views on the question of admitting women into Parliament, I consider that the fact of a woman standing for a seat will give a great impetus to the general advancement of women. It at once makes the granting of a vote to woman seem a comparatively moderate measure. It is unfortunately so much the custom in England to proceed in politics by a kind of Dutch auction, and, until something more is asked, the franchise question is at a standstill. The drawing of the attention of the poor electors and of all women to the fact that there is no law against women sitting in Parliament is stirring up the general question of the equal rights of woman into the domain of practical politics. When men have to contend with a woman in parliamentary elections, and to dread that she is drawing off their votes, the political position of woman will have for the first time ceased to be a matter of theory, and become a practical matter to political men. I feel that I am acting as a pioneer, and I expect that at the next election there will be many women candidates for Parliament." "Among what class do you find most sympathy with the political aspirations of women?" "The sympathy with the claims of women is undoubtedly stronger among respectable workingmen. They recognize the economical value of women's domestic work as no other class in society does; they also, living and supporting their families by that in which man has an undoubted superiority over woman—namely, muscular strength—are neither jealous nor afraid of women, but recognize the equal value of men's and women's work. Moreover, many among them are not yet enfranchised, others have only just become so, and they still feel a keen sympathy with the disabilities and disadvantages of an unprivileged class. I have found this universal wherever I have spoken to the workers in towns, to the miners, or to agricultural laborers."

"Said Aaron to Moses
Let's cut off our noses."

Aaron must have been a sufferer from catarrh. The desperation which catarrh produces is often sufficient to make people say and do many rash things and many continue suffering just as if no such cure as Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy existed. It cures every case from the simplest to the most complicated, and all the consequences of catarrh. A person once cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will not be apt to take cold again, as it leaves the muc