How She Ironed His Shirt.

I'm afraid you may think him a dandy,
And mention it, to his disgrace,
When I tell you the front was embroidered
And the neck and sleeves trimmed with soft lace.

But I ironed it with such a feeling
As never possessed me before,
Though I'd laundered his shirts, a full hundred,
And made them for him by the score.

But tenderly bending o'er this one,
I said, "Bless his heart," and "Sweet boy!"
And smoothing the lace on the neck-band,
I lingered a minute to toy
With the frill as it lay on my finger,
And, though you may think I was soft,
I pressed two quick kisses upon it,
And laughingly held it aloft.

I know wives don't usually do this,
When ironing shirts for their lords;
They're more apt to indulge in a tantrum
Of spite o'er their ironing boards.
But list, and I'll tell you the secret,
And you'll sympathize with me, I know,
As one woman will with another,
If she the white feather will show.

My little girl up to her grammy's,
Was staying, the morning before,
And while she was rummaging, childlike,
Midst some duds in an old bureau drawer,
She captured a shirt which her papa,
When he was a baby, had worn,
And begged it to rig up her dolly;
And as it was wrinkled and torn,

Returned home, she said, "Mamma, wash it,"
And so, as I did her behest,
And thought how my terrible giant
Within its wee size had been pressed,
Do you wonder I said "Bless his heart," as
My fancy presented to view,
A miniature phase of the monster,
Who now measures just six feet two?

MONICA:

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

"You must," returns he, and to his surprise, she makes no further resistance. Perhaps she is cowed by the authority of his manner; perhaps she doesn't like the raindrops.

Encouraged, however, by her submission to a further daring of fortune, he says, presently—

"You might have given Cobbett a turn, I think, instead of devoting yourself all day to that egregious ass."

"He prefers talking to Hermia. I suppose you don't want me to go up to people and ask them to be civil to me?"

"Some other fellow, then."

"You would be just as jealous of him, whoever he was."

"I am not jealous at all," indignantly. "I only object to your saying one thing to me, and another to him."

"What is the one thing I say to you?"

This staggers him.

"You must find me a very monotonous person if I say only one thing to you always."

"I haven't found you so."

"Then it—whatever it is—must be one of the most eloquent and remarkable speeches upon record. Do tell it to me."

"Look here, Monica," says Mr Desmond, cautiously evading a reply; 'what I want to know is—what you see in Ryde. He is tall, certainly, but he is fat and effeminate, with 'a forehead villainous low.'"

"Your own is very low," says Miss Beresford.

"If I thought it was like his, I'd make away with myself. And you listen to all his stories, and believe them every one. I don't believe a single syllable he says; I never met such a bragger. To listen to him, one would think he had killed every tiger in Bengal. In my opinion, he never saw one."

"'Les absents ont toujours tort,' quotes she, in a low, significant tone.

This is the finishing stroke.

"Oh you defend him," he says, as savagely almost as one of those wild beasts he has just mentioned. "In your eyes he is a hero, no doubt. I dare say all women see virtue in a man who 'talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.'"

"I don't think maids of thirteen, as a rule, talk much of puppy-dogs. I'm sure Kit doesn't," says Monica, provokingly. "And really, to do Mr. Ryde justice too, I never heard him mention a roaring lion. Perhaps you are thinking of Artemus Ward's lion that goes about 'seeking whom he may devour somebody.'" She smiles in a maddening fashion.

"I am thinking of Ryde," says Desmond. "I am thinking, too, how mad I was when I thought you liked me better than him. I did think it, you know; but I am desillusionnee. It is plain to me you are infatuated about this fellow, who is 'perfumed like a milliner' and hasn't two ideas in his head."

"I can't think where you find all your quotations," says Monica, who is now seriously annoyed; "but I must ask you not to worry me any further about Mr. Ryde."

"You are madly in love with him," says Desmond, choking with rage. Upon which Miss Beresford loses the last remnant of her patience, and very properly turns her back on him.

The rain has ceased, but during its reign has extinguished the dying sun, which has disappeared far below the horizon. A great hush and silence has followed the petulant burst of storm, and a peace unspeakable lies on all the land. There is a little glimpse of the ocean far away beyond the giant firs, and one can see that its waves are calm, and the fishing-boats upon its bosom scarcely rock.

The grass is bending still with the weight of the past rain, and a plaintive dripping from the trees can be heard—a refreshing sound that lessens the sense of heat. The small birds stir cozyly in their nests, and now and then a drowsy note breaks from one or another; a faint mist, white and intangible, rises from the hills, spreading from field to sky, until

The earth, with heaven mingled, in the shadowy twilight lay,
And the white sails seemed like spectres in a cloud-land far away.

"Ah! you don't like me to say that," says Desmond, unappeased by the beauty of the growing night; "but——"

"Do not say another word," says Monica, imperiously. The moon is rising slowly—slowly—and so, by the by, is her temper. "I forbid you. Here," throwing to him his coat; "I think I have before remarked that the rain is quite over. I am sorry I ever touched anything belonging to you."

Desmond having received the coat, and put himself into it once more, silence ensues. It does, perhaps, strike him as a hopeful sign that she shows no haste to return home and so rid herself of a presence she has inadvertently declared to be hateful to her, because presently he says, simply, if a little warmly—

"There is no use in our quarrelling like this. I won't give you up without a further struggle, to any man. So we may as well have it out now. Do you care for that—for Ryde?"

"If you had asked me that before—sensibly—you might have avoided making an exhibition of yourself and saying many rude things. I don't in the least mind telling you," says Miss Beresford, coldly, "that I can't bear him."

"Oh, Monica! is this true?" asked he, in an agony of hope.

"Quite true. But you don't deserve I should say it."

"My darling! My 'one thing bright' in all this hateful world Oh!" throwing up his head with an impatient gesture, "I have been so wretched all this evening! I have suffered the tortures of the——"

"Now, you mustn't say naughty words," interrupts she, with an adorable smile. "You are glad I have forgiven you?"

This is how she puts it, and he is only too content to be friends with her on any terms, to show further fight.

"More than glad."

"And you will promise me never to be jealous again?"

This is a bitter pill, considering his former declaration that jealousy and he had nothing to do with each other; but he swallows it bravely.

"Never. And you—you will never again give me cause, darling, will you?"

"I gave you no cause now," says the darling, shaking her pretty head obstinately. And he doesn't dare contradict her. "You behaved really badly," she goes on, reproachfully, "and at such a time, too—just when I was dying to tell you such good news."

"Good?—your aunts—" eagerly, "have relented—they——"

"Oh, no! oh, dear, no!" says Miss Beresford. "They are harder than ever against you. Adamant is a sponge in comparison with them. It isn't that; but Madam O'Connor has asked me to go and stay with her next Monday for a week!—there!"

"And me, too?"

"N—o. Aunt Priscilla made it a condition with regard to my going that you shouldn't be there."

"The—— And Madam O'Connor gave in to such abominable tyranny?"

"Without a murmur."

"I thought she had a soul above that sort of thing," says Mr. Desmond, with disgust. "But they are all alike."

"Who?—women?"

"Yes."

"You mean to tell me I am like Aunt Priscilla and Madam O'Connor?"

"Old women, I mean," with anxious haste, seeing a cloud descending upon the brow of his beloved.

"Oh!"

"And, after all, it is good news," says Brian, brightening, "because though I can't stop in the house for the week, still there is nothing to prevent my riding over there every one of the seven days."

"That's just what I thought," says Monica, ingenuously, with a sweet little blush.

"Ah! you wish for me, then?"

She refuses to answer this in any more direct manner than her eyes afford, but says, quickly, doubtfully—

"It won't be deceiving Aunt Priscilla, your coming there to visit, will it? She must know she cannot compel Madam O'Connor to forbid you the house. And she knows perfectly you are an intimate friend of hers."

"Of course she does. She is a regular old tyrant—a Bluebeard in petticoats; but——"

"No, no; you must not abuse her," says Monica; so he becomes silent.

She is standing very close to the trunk fo the old beech, half leaning against it upon one arm which is slightly raised. She has no gloves, but long white mittens that reach above her elbow to where the sleeves of her gown join them. Through the little holes in the pattern of these kindly mittens her white arms can be seen gleaming like snow beneath the faint rays of the early moon. With one hand she is playing some imaginary air upon the tree's bark.

As she so plays, tiny sparkles from her rings attract his notice.

"Those five little rings," says Desmond, idly, "always remind me of the five little pigs that went to market—I don't know why."

"They didn't all go to market," demurely. "One of them, I know, stayed at home."

"So he did. I remember now. Somehow it makes me feel like a boy again."

"Then, according to Hood, you must be nearer heaven than you were a moment ago."

"I couldn't," says Desmond, turning, and looking into her beautiful eyes. "My heaven has been near to me for the last half-hour." If he had said hour he would have been closer to the truth.

A soft, lovely crimson creeps into her cheeks, and her eyes fall before his for a moment. Then she laughs—a gay, mirthful laugh, that somehow puts sentiment to flight.

"Go on about your little pigs," she says, glancing at him with coquettish mirth.

"About your rings, you mean. I never took at them that I don't begin this sort of thing." Here, seeing an excellent opportunity for it, he takes her hand in his. "This little turquoise went to market, this little pearl stayed at home, this little emerald got some—er—cheese——"

"No, it wasn't," hastily. "It was roast beef."

"So it was. Better than cheese, any day. How stupid of me! I might have known an emerald—I mean, a pig—wouldn't like cheese."

"I don't suppose it would like roast beef a bit better," says Monica; and then her lips part, and she bursts into a merry laugh at the absurdity of the thing. She is such a child still that she finds the keenest enjoyment in it.

"Never mind," with dignity, "and permit me to tell you, Miss Beresford, that open ridicule is rude. To continue; this little pearl got none, and this little plain gold ring got—he got—what on earth did the little plain gold pig—I mean, ring—get?"

"Nothing. Just what you ought to get for such a badly-told story. He only cried, 'Wee.'"

"Oh, no, indeed. He shan't cry at all. I won't have tears connected with you in any way."

She glances up at him with eyes half shy, half pleased, and with the prettiest dawning smile upon her lips.

He clasps the slender fingers closer, as though loath to part with them, and yet his tale has come to a climax.

"If I have told my story so badly, perhaps I had better tell it all over again," he says, with a base assumption of virtuous regret.

"No. I would not give you that trouble for the world," she says, mischievously, and then the dawning smile widens, brightens into something indescribable, but perfect.

"Oh, Monica, I do think you are the sweetest thing on earth," says the young man, with sudden fervid passion; and then all at once, and for the first time, he puts out his arm impulsively and draws her to him. She colors—still smiling, however—and, after a brief hesitation, moves slowly but decidedly back from him.

"You don't hate me to touch you, do you?" asks he, rather hurt.

"No, no, indeed!" hurriedly. "Only——"

"Only what, darling?"

"I hardly know what," she answers, looking bewildered. "Perhaps because it is all so strange. Why should you love me better than any one?—and yet you do," anxiously, "don't you?"

The innocently expressed anxiety makes his heart glad.

"I adore you," he says, fervently; and then, "Did no one ever place his arm round you before, Monica?"

He finds a difficulty in even asking this.

"Oh, no," with intense surprise at the question, and a soft, quick glance that is almost shamed. "I never had a lover in my life until I met you. No one except you ever told me I was pretty. The first time you said it I went home (when I was out of your sight," reddening, "I ran all the rest of the way) and looked at myself in the glass. Then," naively, "I knew you were right. Still I had my doubts so I called Kit and told her about it; and she," laughing, "said you were evidently a person of great discrimination, so I suppose she agreed with you."

"She could hardly do otherwise."

"Yet sometimes," says Monica, with hesitation, and with a downcast face, "I have thought it was all mere fancy with you, and that you don't love me really."

"My sweetheart, what a cruel thing to say to me!"

"But see how you scold me Only now," nervously plucking little bits of bark from the trunk of the tree, "you accused me of dreadful things. Yes, sometimes I doubt you."

"I wonder where I leave room for doubt? Yet I must convince you. What shall I swear by, then?" he asks, half laughing; "the chaste Diana up above—the lovers' friend—is in full glory to-night; shall I swear by her?"

"'Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, lest that my love prove likewise variable,'" quotes she, archly; "and yet," with a sudden change of mood, and a certain sweet gravity, "I do not mistrust you."

She leans slightly towards him, and, unasked, gives her hand into his keeping once again. She is full of pretty tender ways and womanly tricks, and as for the best time for displaying them, for this she has a natural talent.

Desmond, clasping her hand, looks at her keenly. His whole heart is in his eyes

"Tell me that you love me," he says, in a low, unsteady voice.

"How can I? I don't know. I am not sure," she says, falteringly; "and," shrinking a little from him, "it is growing very late. See how the moon has risen above the firs. I must go home."

"Tell me you love me first."

"I must not love you: you know that."

"But if you might, you could?"

"Ye—es."

"Then I defy all difficulties—aunts and friends, and lovers. I shall win you in the teeth of all barriers, and in spite of all opposition. And now go home, my heart's delight, my best beloved. I have this assurance from you, that your own lips have given me, and it makes me confident of victory."

"But if you fail," she begins, nervously; but he will not listen to her.

"There is no such word," he says, gayly. "Or, if there is, I never learn it. Good-night, my love."

"Good-night." A little frightened by his happy vehemence, she stands well away from him, and holds out her hands in farewell. Taking them, he opens them gently and presses an impassioned kiss on each little pink-tinged palm. With a courteous reverence for her evident shyness he then releases her, and, raising his hat sands motionless until she has sprung down the bank and so reached the Moyne fields again.

Then she turns and waves him a second and last good-night. Returning the salute, he replaces his hat on his head, and thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, turns towards Coole—and dinner. He is somewhat late for the latter, but this troubles him little, so set is his mind upon the girl who has just left him.

Surely she is hard to win, and therefore—how desirable! "The women of Ireland," says an ancient chronicler, "are the coyest, the most coquettish, yet withal the coldest and virtuousest women upon earth." Yet, allowing all this, given time and opportunity, they may be safely wooed. What Mr. Desmond complains of bitterly, in his homeward musings to-night, is the fact that to him neither time nor opportunity is afforded.

"She is a woman, therefore to be won;" but how is his courtship to be sped, if thorns are to beset his path on every side, and if persistent malice blocks his way to the feet of her whom he adores?

He reaches home in an unenviable frame of mind, and is thoroughly unsociable to Owen Kelly and the old Squire all the evening.

Next morning sees him in the same mood; and, indeed, it is about this time he takes to imagining his little love as being a hapless prisoner in the hands of two cruel ogres (I am afraid he really does apply the term "ogres" to the two old ladies of Moyne), and finds a special melancholy pleasure in depicting her as a lonely captive condemned to solitary confinement and dieted upon bread and water.

To regard the Misses Blake in the light either of ogres or witches required some talent; but Mr. Desmond, at this period of his love-affair, managed it.

He would go about, too, singing—

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free,

taking immense comfort out of, and repeating over and over again, such lines as—

I sought her bower at break of day,
'Twas guarded safe and sure;

and—

Her father he has locked the door,
Her mother keeps the key;
But neither bolt nor bar shall keep
My own true love from me,—

until bars, and bolts and locks and keys, seemed real.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I wish you would all attend," says Olga Bohun, just a little impatiently, looking round upon the assembled group, with brows uplifted and the point of a pencil thrust between her rose-red lips.

"Thrice-blessed pencil!" murmurs Mr. Kelly, in a very stage whisper. "Man is the superior being, yet he would not be permitted to occupy so exalted a position. Are you a stone, Ronayne, that you can regard the situation with such an insensate face?" Mr. Ronayne is at this moment gazing at Mrs. Bohun with all his heart in his eyes. He starts and colors. "I cannot help thinking of that dear little song about the innocent daisy," goes on Mr. Kelly, with a rapt expression. "But I'd 'choose to be a pencil, if I might be a flower!'"

"Now do let us decide upon something," says Olga, taking no heed of this sally, and frowning down the smile that is fighting for mastery.

"Yes; now you are all to decide upon something at once," says Mr. Kelly, gloomily. "There is a difficulty about he right way to begin it, but it must be done; Mrs. Bohun says so. There is to be no deception. I shall say one, two, three, and away, and then every one must have decided; the defaulter will be spurned from the gates. Now! one, two——Desmond," sternly, "you are not deciding!"

"I am, indeed," says Desmond, most untruthfully. He is lying on the grass at Monica's feet, and is playing idly with her huge white fan.

"You are not doing it properly. I dare say Miss Beresford is making you uncomfortable; and I am sure you are trying to break her fan. Come over here and sit by me, and you will be much happier."

"Penance is good for the soul. I shall stay here," says Desmond.

"If we mean to get up tableaux, we certainly ought to set about them at once," says Hermia Herrick, indolently.

"There doesn't seem to be any work in anybody," says Olga in despair.

"Try me," says Lord Rossmoyne, bending over her chair. He has only just come, and his arrival has been unannounced.

"Ah! thank you!"—with a brilliant smile. "Now you do look like business."

It is Monday, and 4 o'clock. Aghyohillbeg lying basking in the sunshine is looking its loveliest—which is saying a great deal. The heat is so intense on this sweet July day that every one has deserted the house and come out to find some air—a difficulty. They have tried the grass terraces, in vain, and now have congregated beneath a giant fir, and are, comparatively speaking, cool.

Just before luncheon Madam O'Connor brought Monica home in triumph with her from Moyne, to find Desmond, handsome and happy, on her door-step, waiting with calm certainty an invitation to that meal. He got it, and one to dinner likewise.

"We have set our hearts on tableaux, but it is so difficult to think of any scene fresh and unhackneyed," says Olga, gazing plaintively into Lord Rossmoyne's sympathetic face.

"Don't give way," says Mr. Kelly, tenderly. "It must be a poor intellect that couldn't rise superior to such a demand as that. Given one minute, I believe even I could produce an idea as novel as it would be brilliant."

"You shall have your minute," says Olga, pulling out her watch. "Now—begin——"

"Time's up," she says presently, when sixty seconds have honestly expired.

"You might have thought of that thirty seconds ago, and I should not have objected," says Mr. Kelly, with an assured smile.

"And your idea."

"The Huguenots!"

Need I say that every one is exceedingly angry?

"Ever heard it before?" asks Mr. Kelly, with aggressive insolence; which question, being considered as adding insult to injury, is treated with silent contempt.

"I told you it was not to be done," says Olga, petulantly, addressing everybody generally.

"I can't agree with you. I see no reason why it should fall to the ground," says Miss Fitzgerald, warmly, who is determined to show herself off in a gown that has done duty for "Madame Favart," and the "Bohemian Girl," and "Maritana," many a time and oft.

"I have another idea," says Mr. Kelly, at this opportune moment.

"If it is as useful as your first, you may keep it," says Olga, with pardonable indignation.

"I am misunderstood," says Mr. Kelly, mournfully, but with dignity. "I shall write to Miss Montgomery and ask her to make another pathetic tale about me. As you are bent on trampling upon an unknown genius—poor but proud—I shall not make you acquainted with this last beautiful thought which I have evolved from my inner consciousness."

"Don't say that! do tell it to us," says Monica, eagerly, and in perfect good faith. She knows less of him than the others, and may therefore be excused for still believing in him.

"Thank you, Miss Beresford. You can soar above a mean desire to crush a rising power. You have read, of course, that popular poem by our poet-laureate, called 'Enid.'"

"Yes," says Monica, staring at him.

"I mean the poem in which he has so faithfully depicted the way in which two escaped lunatics would be sure to behave if left to their own devices. Considered as a warning to us to keep bolts and bars on Colney Hatch and Hanwell, it may be regarded as a delicate attention. Dear Tennyson! he certainly is a public benefactor. There is a scene in that remarkable poem which I think might suit us. You remember where, after much wild careering in the foreground, the principal idiots decide upon riding home together, pillion fashion?"

"I—I think so," says Monica, who plainly doesn't, being much confused.

"'Then on his foot she set her own and climbed,'—and then she threw her arms around him in a most unmaidenly fashion, if I recollect aright; but of course mad people will be vehement, poor souls! they can't help it. Now, supposing we adopted that scene, wouldn't it be effective? One of Madam O'Connor's big carriage-horses, if brought forward—I mean the one that kicked over the traces, yesterday—would, I firmly believe, create quite a sensation, and in all probability bring down the house."

"The stage, certainly," says Desmond.

"Ah! you approve of it," says Kelly, with suspicious gratitude. "Then let us arrange it at once. Miss Beresford might throw her arms around Ryde, for example; that would be charming."

Desmond looking at this moment as if he would willingly murder him, Mr. Kelly is apparently satisfied, and sinks to rest with his head upon his arms once more. No one else has heard the suggestion.

(To be continued)

Things Solomon Forgot to Say.

Orange blossom groves are more popular than potato patches now, but wait until after the honey-moon.

Strawberry growers will not meet in convention this season for the purpose of lowering the bottoms of their boxes.

The rivers in the southwest are so high from the recent rains that the fish having their bed-rooms on the third floor have to use step ladders.

The prettiest things in spring bonnets this season are the dear, sweet faces of young girls who have not become prematurely old by society endeavors.

"Great men have often risen from small beginnings," says some one. This is undoubtedly true. We have known many great men to rise from the point of a little every-day tack.

"There are no honest burglars," observes the Detroit *Free Press*. This astonishes us. We presume they will say next that a man can't be a murderer and a gentleman at the same time. This is an iconoclastic age.—*Puck.*

"Father," said Rollo, "what is meant by the intoxication of wealth?" "Means that money is tight," replied Rollo's father, who had been shinning around all the afternoon with a piece of paper looking for an autograph.

The Queen has ordered her equerry to open a circus for her especial benefit. How odd Her Majesty will look sitting on a two-inch board, munching peanuts and drinking red lemonade, with her feet, etc., dangling in mid air.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Doctor Was Right—The Baby Was Hungry.

A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone.

"Hello! what is it?" he asked, little pleased at the idea of leaving his comfortable bed.

"Baby is crying, doctor; what shall I do?" came across the wires.

"Oh! perhaps it's a pin," suggested the doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients.

"No," was the reply, "I'm su can't be that."

"Perhaps he has the colic," returned the doctor, with well-simulated solicitude.

"No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother; "he doesn't act that way."

"Then perhaps he's hungry," said the doctor, as a last resort.

"Oh! I'll see," came across the wires; then all was still. The doctor went back to bed, and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterwards he was again awakened by the violent ringing of his telephone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing the receiver to his ear, he was cheered by the following message:

"You were right, doctor; baby was hungry."—*Boston Globe.*

Something About Scarlet Fever.

During the late epidemic of scarlet fever in Peoria a writer in the *Medical Monthly* claims to have successfully used quinine to prevent spread of the disease in families as soon as a single member was attacked. In no instance, he says, has it attacked any other member of the family unless the attack came on in a day or two after commencing the quinine. He gave two or three grains three times a day, according to the age of the child; then, after four or five days, the dose may be lessened, but the use of quinine must be kept up for three weeks, or until the sick members of the family are fully recovered.

Taking Liberties with a Friend.

During a trial several days ago in Arkansas, an old fellow who had been arraigned for killing a man arose and said: "Jedge, thar ain't no us'n goin' on with these proceedin's, for I shot Tobe, but that ain't nobody's bus'ness, for he was a frend o' mine." "If he was your friend, all right," replied the judge; "for a man has a right to take a few liberties with his friends. The people in this part of the country are becoming too particular. Turn the sociable gentleman loose, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Women are slowly winning their rights. An Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when he is away from home.

MR. GOULD'S ESTABLISHMENT.

A Correspondent Pretends to Give the Millionaire's Living Expenses.

Mr. Gould's mansion, on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, is a plain-looking double brownstone house, the interior of which is literally palatial. There are half a million dollars' worth of paintings on the walls, and the furnishing and decorations are of the costliest description. The suite on the second floor, occupied by the heads of the family, consists of bed-room, boudoir, dressing-room and bath-room, decorated chiefly in pale blue and silver. Across the hall Miss Nellie, the only daughter, has a similar suite in pink and white. On the third floor there is a study and a large nursery for the three small boys, Edward, Frank and Harold, whose tutors are paid $2,000, $4,000 and $1,800 a year respectively. George Gould's apartments are on the same floor, while the servants occupy the floor above. The butler receives $1,000; butler's assistant, $400; Mr. Gould's valet, $600; head cook and assistant, $1,500, and housekeeper, $1,000 a year. Two laundresses, two chambermaids, a parlor maid, two waiting maids, two lady's maids and two kitchen girls are paid from $15 to to $20 each per month. The food in the servants' hall is entirely different from that of the family table. Mrs. Gould spends two hours a day with her younger boys, and they read only what has been inspected by her. Since she joined the Forty-Second Street Presbyterian Church, several years ago, she has been liberal in religious benefactions. Miss Nellie, a graduate of Mme. Reed's famous school, is perfecting herself in music at a cost of $20 per lesson. She has an allowance of $5,000 a year for her wardrobe. The Gould stable, on Forty-fourth street, is a handsome building of brick, with brown stone trimmings and plate glass windows. Six horses are kept in it during the winter, and a closed carriage, a landau and two coupes. The staff consists of a coachman, two footmen, two grooms and two stablemen, and their wages range from $45 a month down. The expense of keeping up the stable is $6,000 a year.

Mr. Gould's country seat in Irvington was considered by its original owner, George Dawson Merritt, the most elegant, attractive and thoroughly equipped summer residence in the country. Mr. Gould paid $200,000 for the property in 1880, and it is now worth $1,000,000 at a low estimate. The house is Gothic in style, and is 3,000 feet from the Hudson river, commanding a magnificent view. It has twenty rooms above the basement. On the second floor is a fine art gallery extending the entire depth of the house. Mangold, the steward at Irvington, has been in Mr. Gould's employ over twenty years, and receives a salary of $2,000. The lawn about the house is ninety-five acres in extent, and the macadamized road leading to the entrance is a quarter of a mile long. There are in the estate 510 acres, 200 of which are woodland. The live stock consists of twenty horses, as many cows, a drove of Southdown sheep and a lot of blooded fowls. Eighteen men are on the place constantly, and in summer the number is nearly a hundred. The hot-houses and conservatory cover a space of 900 feet long and 450 feet wide, and with their contents are valued at $250,000. At a fair estimate it costs Mr. Gould $880 a day to keep up his Irvington place. The taxes on it amount to $250 a month. Mr. Gould paid $100,000 for his steam yacht Atalanta, and to run the same costs him $750 a month for wages, $200 a month for coal, repairs, etc., and $800 a month for general expenses when he is aboard with his family. Besides the fifteen sailors and five officers, forming the crew, there are four cooks and a baker at $40 a month each, with two waiters, a valet, a lady's maid, and a parlor maid. There are separate dining saloons in the yacht for the family, the officers, and the servants and sailors. Breakfast is served from 6 to 11; luncheon at 2; tea and ices at 4, and dinner at 8. George Gould's allowance before he attained the dignity of partnership with his father was $10,000 a year. His younger brothers have $5 a week apiece for pocket money.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Farm and Garden.

The roots of the strawberry often reach out five feet from the main stem, and hence the plants should not be set out too thickly.

The banana is the most prolific of all fruits of the earth, being 44 times more productive than potatoes, and 131 times more than wheat.

One hour early in the spring will do more to clean out a strawberry bed than three or four hours a month later, and at the same time injure the vines less.

Early gardening lengthens the growing season, and permits, at times, of two crops on the same land, as turnips may follow peas, and time is thereby gained for putting in late crops.

One of the principal items in good farming is, as much as possible, to increase the fertility of the soil, and this can only be secured by turning everything of value as a fertilizer to the best advantage.

Melon and cucumber seeds require high temperature to germinate, and yet, especially with melons, they need to be planted very early to have a season long enough to perfectly ripen their crop.

If ammonia is allowed to escape and permeate through the stables it will render the animals liable to disease, and also rot the harness. Plenty of dry dirt or muck will absorb it, and the use of those substances will, therefore, not only assist in avoiding waste of vegetable fertilizing material, but prevent annoyance to stock from gaseous substances.

The Danger of Cold Tea.

The unfortunate fall of Mr. Edwin Booth on the stage in New York the other night has been much talked about, and many have declared that it was due to intoxication. This conclusion, however, was only an inference. The popular estimate of Mr. Booth is that of a dignified, accomplished and high-minded gentleman, and there are few, if any, persons who would want to believe the rumors that liquor was the cause of his unsteadiness on the evening in question. The statement of Mr. Booth himself clears away all suspicions and innuendoes. He said to a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* the next day after the occurrence: "I can explain to you the whole circumstance, and I am sure you will admit that I am to be pitied for my sudden illness, and not branded as a votary of Bacchus. I drank some very strong tea for supper; that was all—strong, black, English breakfast tea, iced, and several cups of it. I have not been feeling particularly well of late, and that cold, strong tea, instead of calming my nerves, went straight to my head and made me intensely nervous."—*Baltimore American.*

One of the non-resident masters of a large school in England was made the victim at the end of last term of a school-boy joke. About 3 o'clock in the morning he was disturbed by the ringing of his door bell. Scrambling out of bed, he threw open the window, stuck out his head, and asked what was the matter. "We only wanted to tell you one of your windows is open," answered a voice. "Which one?" anxiously asked the master, who is proverbially nervous about burglars. "Why, the one you have got your head out of, Professor," screamed a whole chorus of ads.

President Cleveland will marry in June. This will enable his wife to escape the spring housecleaning. Nothing discourages a bride more than to be obliged to beat carpets, whitewash ceilings and scrub the cellar stairs before the honeymoon has passed its first quarter.—*Norristown Herald.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

QUEEN VICTORIA's deference to the Irish claims is shown by her bestowing at the christening as sponsor to her granddaughter—the child of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught—the name of Patricia.

A PARLIAMENTARY Blue Book just issued states that the number of volunteers of all arms in Great Britain at the end of last year amounted to 224,012. Out of this number 218,217 are returned as efficient. Of the counties, Lancashire stands highest with 26,176 of all arms enrolled, Middlesex being second with 20,299.

ACCORDING to the New York *Morning Journal's* new plutocratic thermometer, there are only about 64 men in New York whose fortunes reach the $1,000,000 degree; all below that figure are lumped under the ominous term, poverty. Mr. John Jacob Astor is on the top of the heap, a good $125,000,000 millionaire, and it must make the shade of Vanderbilt tear his hair to see him there.

A SHOPKEEPER in London, wishing people to bear his place in mind, caused a metal bar and some other innocent looking apparatus to be set up outside his show-window, and connected it with an electric battery, so that anybody pausing to look in and resting his hand upon the bar received a considerable shock. The contrivance did fix notice, but its effect was not altogether desirable. People refused to trust themselves to the interior of a shop whose peculiarities, even upon the outside, were so marked, and a large and savage dog in the doorway would hardly have been more effectual in driving away trade.

JOHN BRIGHT, though now 74, is still regarded as the greatest orator, the Demosthenes, of the House. His wonderful voice still retains in age much of its delightful music, and his periods are full of the same pure and vigorous English as those of Milton, on which he has founded himself, and a copy of whose "Paradise Lost" he carries, as the best-loved companion, always with him. But, then, as he himself says, Gladstone speaks without preparation as many eloquent words in one night as he does in a whole session. He takes three months to prepare one of his orations, recites it carefully, like Macaulay, again and again, and studies every attitude and intonation.

MR. REDGRAVE, the Chief Inspector of Factories in Great Britain, takes a very encouraging view of the efforts that are being made for the prevention of accidents in the establishments under his charge. According to his annual report, which has just been published, not only is the record of disaster at its maximum, but the time has arrived when we may reasonably look forward to its diminution. Already there are signs that this satisfactory process has commenced, for the total number of accidents last year shows a decrease of 1,341 when compared with those that occurred in 1884. Still the list is a long one—much longer, Mr. Redgrave admits, than it ought to be. In all, during 1885, 7,623 accidents were reported, involving a loss of 379 lives.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the results attained by various American and foreign scientists in their attempts to ascertain, by careful and prolonged observations, the daily increase of the earth's mass from the falling upon it of meteors and cosmical dust. Briefly, these observations indicate that about four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall upon the surface of the whole earth every hour, the average weight of these bodies being about five grains each, the total representing nearly five thousand pounds per hour, or a fraction short of sixty tons every twenty-four hours. It is remarked that such an amount of material falling thus daily is certainly no small increase to the earth's mass, and for this increase the earth's attraction is considered responsible to the extent of 20 per cent.; the balance of 80 per cent., it is alleged, would be increased each hour by a globe the size of the earth, even if it had no attraction.

Scientific Scraps.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

There are about 67 distinct elements known to science; of these perhaps 50 are used in medicine.

A Hindoo loom, complete, is worth 68 cents, and weaves shawls, silks and muslins which our most expensive apparatus cannot equal.

An excellent marking ink for woollen packages is made by dissolving asphal in naphtha or oil of turpentine to a thin fluid. This dries quickly, and the marking re nearly indestructible.

It is claimed that every ton of iron ore in Virginia can be converted into superior Bessemer steel by the Reese basic process. At present it cannot be utilized, owing to the cost of the acid process.

The largest of the Egyptian pyramids is 540 feet high, 693 feet on the sides, and its base covers eleven acres. The layers of stone are 208 in number; many stones are thirty feet long, four feet broad and three feet thick.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; sixteen bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

A patent for artificial stone has just been issued by which an improved artificial stone is made of slacked lime, sulphur, sulphuric acid, common salt, or other saline matter, and sand, mixed in stated proportions, and made in a special machine, which subjects them to a pressure of one ton per brick.

One bushel of cement and 2 bushels of sand will cover $3\frac{1}{2}$ square yards 1 inch thick, $4\frac{1}{2}$ square yards $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, and $6\frac{3}{4}$ square yards $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. One bushel of cement and 1 of sand will cover $2\frac{1}{2}$ square yards 1 inch thick, 3 square yards $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ square yards $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick.

A bouquet-holder has been patented which is an ornamentally shaped receiver, fitted with an internal holder, the receiver having sponge or other absorbent material in the bottom and the holder being so fitted as to hold the flowers while providing against water flowing out, there being a hinged pin for attaching the receiver to a garment, a hat or bonnet.

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is one of the most common and distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any particular season, for whilst most general in the winter season, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In late years this form of disease has become better known, and consequently the means of relief have become greatly increased in numbers, as well as in efficacy. Among the most powerful and penetrating combinations, placed within the reach of the public for the relief of neuralgia, we can mention no remedy equal to or more certain than Polson's NERVILINE. Its power over pain is something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any other painful complaints. Nerviline is sold by all druggists at 25 cents a bottle, also trial bottles at 10 cents.

—The word salary comes from the Latin salarium, literally salt money, from sal, salt, which was part of the pay of Roman soldiers. This will probably explain why certain young ladies regard young men who receive meagre salaries as being entirely "too fresh."

LONGSTREET AND DAVIS.

General Longstreet in His Gray Uniform Saluting Jefferson Davis.

(Frank Burr's Atlanta Special in N. Y. World.)

General Longstreet was clad in the full uniform of a Confederate officer. Next to Mr. Davis, the most conspicuous figure of a very notable event—indeed over and above all else—General Longstreet's appearance here illustrates the spirit of this ovation to the Confederate ex-President. He has been a Republican ever since the war, constantly filling more or less distinguished positions under the different national administrations. Ever since the surrender at Appomattox he has been against the methods of his old-time Confederate associates. For this he has been ostracized by the people for whom he fought so well and sacrificed so much. Therefore his appearance to-day at the ceremony was the most significant feature, not only of its proceedings, but of the past and future welcome to Mr. Davis.

After the ceremony was concluded, Gen. Longstreet said to me: "This occasion is a revival of a harmless but beautiful sentiment. The old soldiers wanted to get together again, and this was perhaps the best occasion for a meeting. It means no disrespect to any other section of the country, nor is there an evidence of disloyalty in the display. We all recognize that the war is over, and that all the questions then submitted for decision to the sword are for ever settled. Mr. Davis, growing old, the people were anxious to see him once again and this was the best time to do it. Probably it is his last appearance among us. That is all this demonstration means, and the right to this celebration by both the young and the old will everywhere be acknowledged. It means nothing more than a reunion of old comrades and the revival of never-fading memories." There is much more that is interesting and pathetic in General Longstreet's appearance and utterance upon this occasion. It is the one new and significant phase of all this welcome to Mr. Davis. Much as General Longstreet has suffered in a hundred ways at the hands of the people for whom he fought so valiantly he forgot it all to-day in the common respect for the civil head of the great revolution, in which he was a commander second only to Lee. It mattered not to him that he had been shut out of their homes and had been neglected and despised. He only saw the approach of the final windup of the old Confederate cause in the meeting of the soldiers who wore the gray. So he took down the old uniform he has not worn since the surrender at Appomattox, put it on, and appeared here to-day in the very likeness of himself twenty years ago.

The Judge Had Been There.

Justice—How's this? Mr. and Mrs. Simcord brought in here for fighting? Disgraceful. How did it happen? Mr. Simcord—Well, your Honor, we thought we would have a pleasant evening at home, and so we got out the checker board and decided to have a little game, when—Justice, interrupting—Ah! I see. You are both discharged. I understand. I have been married myself.—*New York Graphic.*

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion