To a Doleful Poet.

Why are you sad when the sky is blue,
Why, when the sun shines bright for you?
And the birds are singing, and all the air
Is sweet with the flowers everywhere?
If life have thorns, it has roses too.

Be wise and be merry. 'Tis half untrue
Your doleful song. You have work to do,
If the work be good, and the world so fair
Why are you sad?

Life's sorrows are many, its joys so few!
Ah! sing of the joys! Let the dismal crew
Of black thoughts bide in their doleful lair.
Give us glad songs; sing us free from care,
Gladness maketh the world anew.
Why are you sad?

AN ANSWER.

Why am I sad when the sky is blue,
You ask, O friend, and I answer you—
I love the sun and the balmy air,
The flowers and glad things everywhere,
But if life be merry, 'tis earnest too.

And the earnest hour, if hope be true,
Must be solemn or sad; for the work we do
Is little and weak. Ask the world so fair
Why I am sad.

For no glad hours are nowise few,
But life is so serious—ship and crew
Bound such a voyage to death's dark lair,
My work is my happy song; but care
Still steals on the quiet hour anew,
And makes it sad!

—*H. Courthope Bowen in Longman's Magazine*

MONICA:

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

The word she is dying to say is disgraceful, but she dares not.

"Ungraceful?"

"Yes. Terry says that when we were passing you that day I was—was," with a desperate rush, "kicking up my heels!"

She is trembling with shame and confusion. Crimson has sprung to her cheeks, tears to her eyes.

"I don't believe a word of it," says Mr. Desmond, comprehending the situation at last. "But, even supposing you were—and, after all, that is the sort of thing every one does on a bundle of hay"—as though it is quite the customary thing for people generally to go round the world seated on hay-carts—"I didn't see you—that is, your heels, I mean; I saw only your face—the prettiest face in the world. How could I look at anything else when I had once seen that?"

"Brian!" turning to him impetuously, and laying both her hands upon his shoulders, "I do think you are the dearest fellow on earth."

"Oh, Monica! am I the dearest to you?" He has twined his arms round her lissome figure, and is gazing anxiously into her eyes.

"Yes—yes, certainly." And then, with a *naïveté* indescribable, and with the utmost composure, she says—

"I think I should like to give you a kiss!"

Is the blue dome still over his head, or has the sky fallen? The thing he has been longing for, with an intensity not to be portrayed, ever since their first meeting, but has not dared to even hint at, is now freely offered him, as though it were a thing of naught.

"Monica!" says her lover, the blood rushing to his face, "do you mean it?" He tightens his clasp round her, yet still refrains from touching the sweet lips so near his own. A feeling of honest manliness makes him hesitate about accepting this great happiness, lest, indeed, he may have misunderstood her. To him it is so great a boon she grants that he hardly dares believe in its reality.

"Of course I do," says Miss Beresford, distinctly offended. "I—at least, I did. I don't now. I always want to kiss people when I feel fond of them; but you don't, evidently, or else, perhaps, you aren't really fond of me at all, in spite of all you have said. Never mind. Don't put yourself out. It was merely a passing fancy on my part."

"Oh, don't let it pass," exclaims her lover, anxiously. "Darling life, don't you know I have been longing, longing to kiss you for weeks past, yet dared not, because something in your eyes forbade me? And now, to have you of your own accord really willing to give my dear desire seems too much."

"Are you sure that it is that, or——"

"My angel, what a question!"

"Yet perhaps you think——Don't kiss me just to oblige me, you know. I don't care so much about it as all that; but——"

She finds it impossible to finish the sentence, because——

* * * * * * * * *

Dexterously, but gently, she draws herself away from him, and stands a little apart. Looking at her, he can see she is troubled. He has opened his lips to speak, but by a gesture she restrains him.

"I know it now," she says. This oracular speech is accompanied by a blush, vivid as it is angry, and there are large tears in her eyes. "I should not have asked you to kiss me. That was your part, and you have taught me that I usurped it. Yet I thought only that I was fond of you, that you were my friend, or like Terry, or—" here the grievance gains sound, "you should not have kissed me like that."

"You didn't suppose I was going to kiss you as Terry might?" asks he, with just indignation. "He is your brother; I am—not."

"I don't know anything about it, except this, that it will be a very long time before you have the chance of doing it again. I can't bear being hugged."

"I am very sorry," says Mr. Desmond, stiffly. "Let me assure you, however, that I shall never cause you such offence again until you wish it."

"Then say never at once," says Monica, with a pout.

"Very good," says Desmond. It may not be reasonably supposed that he has met all her requirements, and that she has no further complaints to bring forward; but such is not the case.

"I don't like you when you talk to me like that," she says, aggressively, and with a spoiled-child air, glancing at him from under her sweeping lashes.

"How am I to talk to you, then?" asks he, in despair.

"You know very well how to talk to Miss Fitzgerald," retorts she, provokingly, and with a bold attempt at a frown. Yet there is something about her naughty little face, a hidden, mocking, mischievous, yet withal friendly smile as it were, that disarms her speech of its sting and gives Brian renewed hope and courage.

He takes her hand deliberately and draws it unrepulsed through his arm.

"Let us go up this walk," he says, "and leave all angry words and thoughts behind us."

He makes a movement in the direction indicated, and finds that she moves with him. He finds, too, that her slender fingers have closed involuntarily upon his arm. Plainly, she is as glad to be at peace with him as he with her.

Coming to a turn in the path, shaded by two rugged old apple-trees now growing heavy with their green burden, Desmond stands still, and putting his right hand in his pocket, draws out something from it. As he does this he colors slightly.

"You wear all your rings on your right hand," he says, with loving awkwardness, "and it seems to me the other poor little fingers always look neglected. I—I wish you would take this and make it a present to your left hand."

"This" is a thick gold band, set with three large diamonds of great brilliancy in gipsy fashion.

"Oh! not for me!" says Monica, recoiling, and clasping her hands behind her back, yet with her eyes firmly fastened upon the beautiful ring.

"Why not for you? Some day I shall give you all I possess; now I can give you only such things as this."

"Indeed I must not take it," says Monica; but even as she utters the half-hearted refusal she creeps unconsciously closer to him, and laying her hand upon his wrist, looks with childish delight and longing at the glittering stones lying in his palm.

"But I say you must," says Desmond, taking a very superior tone. "It is yours, not mine. I have nothing to do with it. It was never meant for me. See," taking up her hand and slipping the ring on her engaged finger, "how pretty your little white hand makes it look!"

It is always a difficult thing to a woman to bring herself to refuse diamonds, but doubly difficult when she has seen them positively adorning her own person.

Monica looks at the ring, then sighs, then turns it round and round mechanically, and finally glances at Desmond. He returns the glance by passing his arm round her shoulders, after which there is never another word said about the ownership of the ring.

"But it will put my poor little pigs in the shade, won't it?" says Monica, looking at her other hand, and then at him archly. "Oh! it is lovely—lovely!"

"I think I might have chosen you a prettier one, had I run up to Dublin and gone to Waterhouse myself," says Desmond; "but I knew if I went I could not possibly get back until to-morrow evening, and that would mean losing two whole days of our precious seven."

This speech pleases Monica, I think, even more than the ring.

"I am glad you did not go," she says, softly.

"So am I—especially as——" Here he pauses, and then goes on again hurriedly. "If I had gone, Monica, you would not have forgotten me?"

"How could I forget you in two little days?"

"They would have been two very big days to me. But tell me, if I were to go away from you for a far longer time—say for a whole month—would you still be faithful? Should I find you as I left you—indifferent to others at least, if not wholly mine?"

"Why should I change?"

"Darling, there are so many reasons." He draws his breath quickly, impatiently. "Some day, you may meet some one else—more suited to you, perhaps, and——"

"I shall never do that." She interrupts him slowly, but decidedly.

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

The answer in words perhaps is meagre; but he, looking into the depth of her soft eyes, sees a surer answer there, and is satisfied.

The shadows are growing longer and slower. They do not dance and quiver now in mad glee, as they did an hour agone.

"I think we must go back," says Monica, with unconcealed regret.

"What! you will throw me again into temptation? into the very arms of the fair Bella?" says Desmond, laughing. "Reflect, I beg of you, before it is too late."

"After all," says Monica, "I don't think I have behaved very nicely about her. I don't think now it would be a—a pretty thing to make you give me the roses before her. No, you must not do that, and you must not manage to forget them, either. You shall bring the handsomest you can find and give them to her—but publicly, Brian, just as if there was nothing in it, you know."

"There is nothing like adhering to the strict truth," says Brian. "There shall be nothing in my roses, I promise you—except perfume."

CHAPTER XX.

"She's disgracefully ugly! I saw her quite close," says Mr. Kelly in an injured tone. "I wonder what on earth Madam O'Connor means by asking her here, where she can be nothing but a blot upon a perfect landscape; all the rest of us are so lovely."

It is four o'clock and hopelessly wet. The soft rain patters on the leaves outside, the grass and all the gardens are drowned in Nature's tears. There can be no lounging on sunny terraces, no delicious dreaming under shady beech trees this last afternoon.

Giving in to the inevitable with a cheerful resignation worthy of record, they have all congregated in the grand old hall, one of the chief glories of Aghyohillbeg.

Through a vague but mistaken notion that it will add to their comfort and make them cosseyer and more forgetful of—or, at least, more indifferent to—the sunshine of yesterday, they have had an enormous fire of pine logs kindled upon the hearth. When too late, they discover it to be a discomfort; but, with a stoicism worthy a better cause, they decline to acknowledge their error and stand in groups round the aggressive logs, pretending to enjoy them, but, in reality, dying of heat.

Meanwhile the fragrant pieces of pine roar and crackle merrily, throwing shadows up the huge chimney and casting bright gleams of light upon the exquisite oaken carving of the ancient chimney-piece that reaches almost to the lofty ceiling and is now blackened by age and beautiful beyond description.

Olga, in a sage-green gown, is lying back listlessly in a deep arm-chair; she has placed an elbow on either arm of it and has brought her fingers so far towards each other that their tips touch. Hermia Herrick, in a gown of copper-red, is knitting languidly a little silk sock for the child nestling silently at her knee.

Monica, in plain white India muslin, is doing nothing, unless smiling now and then at Brian Desmond be anything, who is lying on a bear-skin rug, looking supremely happy and full of life and spirits. He has come over from Coole very early, being generously urged so to do by Madam O'Connor when parting with him last night. Ryde is not on the field, so the day is his own.

Miss Fitzgerald is looking rather handsome, in a dress of the very tiniest check, that is meant for a small woman only, or a child, and so makes her appear several sizes larger than she really is. Ulic Ronayne, standing leaning against the chimney-piece as close to Olga as circumstances will permit, is silent to a fault; and, indeed, every one but Mr. Kelly has succumbed to the damp impression of the air.

They have had only one distraction all day—the arrival of another guest, a distant cousin of their hostess, who has been lauding her for a week or so. On inspection she proves to be a girl of nineteen, decidedly unprepossessing in appearance—in fact, as Mr. Murphy, the butler, says to Mrs. Collins, the housekeeper, "as ugly as if she was bespoke."

A tall girl oppressed by freckles and with hair of a deep—well, let us emulate our polite French neighbors and call it blond ardent.

"Who is she?" asks Lord Rossmoyne, who arrived about an hour ago, to Ulic Ronayne's discomfiture.

"She's a fraud!" says Mr Kelly, indignantly—"a swindle! Madam assured us, last night, a charming girl was coming, to turn all heads and storm all hearts: and to-day when we rushed in a body to the window and flattened our noses against the panes to see her, lo! a creature with red hair and pimples——"

"No, no; freckled, my dear Owen," interrupts Olga, indolently.

"It is all the same at a distance! general effect fatal in both cases," says Mr. Kelly, airily. "It makes one positively uncomfortable to look at her. I consider her being thrust upon us like this a deliberate insult. I think if she continues I shall leave."

"Oh, don't," says Desmond, in a tone of agonized entreaty. "How should we manage to get on without you?"

"Badly, badly, I know that," regretfully. "But it is a question of breaking either your hearts or mine. Some of us must go to the wall: it would be unfair to the world to make it me."

"I don't believe you will go far," says Mrs. Herrick slowly. Kelly glances at her quickly, but she does not lift her eyes from the little sock and her fingers move rapidly, easily as ever.

"London or Paris," he says, "the city of fogs or the city of frogs. I don't know which I prefer."

"Better stay where you are," says Brian.

"Well, I really didn't think her so very plain," says Bella Fitzgerald, who thinks it pretty to say the kind thing always. "A large mouth is an affliction, certainly; and as for her complexion—but really, after all, it is better to see it as it is than painted and powdered, as one sees other people."

This is a faint cut at Olga, who is fond of powder and who has not scrupled to add to her charms by a little touch of rouge now and then when she felt pallor demanded it.

"I think a little artificial aid might improve poor Miss Browne," says Hermia Herrick. Miss Browne is the new arrival.

"I don't. I think it is an abominable thing to cheat the public like that," says Miss Fitzgerald doggedly. "Nobody respectable would do it. The *demi monde* paint and powder."

"Do they? How do you know, dear?" asks Olga Bohun sweetly.

Miss Fitzgerald, feeling that she has made a *faux pas*, colors violently, tries to get herself out of it and flounders helplessly. Lord Rossmoyne is looking surprised, Ulic Ronayne and Desmond amused.

"Every one says so," says the fair Bella at last, in a voice that trembles with anger. "You know very well they do."

"I don't, indeed, my dear Bella. My acquaintance with—er—that sort of person has been limited. I quite envy you your superior knowledge."

Here Olga laughs a little, low, rippling laugh that completes her enemy's defeat. After the laugh there is a dead silence.

"I think somebody ought to remove the poor little child," says Mr. Kelly in a low, impressive tone, pointing to Mrs. Herrick's little girl. At which everybody laughs heartily and awkwardness is banished.

"Browne? I knew an Archibald Browne once; anything to this girl?" asks Lord Rossmoyne hurriedly, unwilling to let silence settle down on them again.

"Big man with a loose tie?" asks Ulic.

"Ye-es. There was something odd about his neck, now I remember," says Rossmoyne.

"That was her father. He had an idea he was like Lord Byron and always wore his necktie flying in the wind."

"He couldn't manage it, though," says Mr. Kelly with as near an attempt at mirth as he ever permits himself. "It always flew the wrong way. Byron's, if you call to mind his many portraits, always flew over his left shoulder; old Browne's wouldn't. By-the-bye," thoughtfully, "Byron must have had a wind of his own, mustn't he? Our ordinary winds don't always blow in the same direction, do they?"

"I would that a wind could arise to blow you in some direction when you are in such an idle mood as now," says Mrs. Herrick in a low tone.

"If it would blow me in your direction, I would say amen to that," in a voice as subdued as her own.

"May the Fates avert from me a calamity so great!"

"You will have to entreat them very diligently if you hope to escape it."

"Are you so very determined, then?"

"Yes. Although I feel I am mocked by the hope within me, still I shall persist."

"You waste your time."

"I am content to waste it in such a cause. Yet, I am sorry I am so distasteful to you."

"That is not your fault. I forgive you that."

"What is it, then, you can't forgive in me?"

"Not more than I can't forgive in another. 'God made you all, therefore, let you all pass for them.' I don't deal more hardly with you than with the rest, you see. You are only one of many."

"That is the unkindest thing you ever said to me. And that is saying much. Yet I, too, will beseech the Fates in my turn."

"To grant you what?"

"The finding of you in a gentler mind."

The faintest flicker of a smile crosses her lips. She lays her knitting on her knee for an instant, that she may the more readily let her taper fingers droop until they touch the pale brow of the child at her feet, then she resumes it again with a face calm and emotionless as usual.

"Old Browne's girl can't owe her father much," Desmond is saying, *apropos* of something both lost and gone before, so far as Kelly and Mrs. Herrick are concerned.

"About a hundred thousand pounds," says Ronayne. She is quite a catch, you know. No end of money. The old fellow died a year ago."

"No, he didn't; he demised," says Kelly emerging from obscurity into the light of conversation once more. "At least, so the papers said. There is a tremendous difference, you know. A poor man dies, a rich man demises. One should always bear in mind that important social distinction."

"And the good man, what of him?" says Desmond looking at his friend. "What does Montgomery say?"

"Yes, that is very mysterious," says Kelly with bated breath. "According to Montgomery 'the good man never dies.' Think of that! Never dies. He walks the earth forever, like a superannuated ghost, only awfuller."

"Have you ever seen one?" asks Olga leaning forward.

"What? A man that never died? Yes. Lots of 'em. Here's one," laying his hand upon his breast.

"No. A man that never will die."

"How can I answer such a question as that? Perhaps Ronayne, there, may be such a one."

"How stupid you are! I mean, did you ever meet a man that couldn't die?"

"Never—if he went the right way about it."

"Then, according to your showing, you have never seen a good man." She leans back again in her chair, fatigued but satisfied.

"I'm afraid they are few and far between," says Hermia.

"Now and again they have appeared," says Mr. Kelly with a modest glance. "Perhaps I shall never die."

"Don't make us more unhappy than we need be," says Mrs. Herrick plaintively.

"How sad that good men should be so scarce!" says Miss Fitzgerald with a glance she means to be funny, but which is only dull.

"Don't make trite remarks, Bella," says Mrs. Bohun languidly. "You know if you did meet one he would bore you to death. The orthodox good man, the oppressive being we read about, but never see, is unknown to either you or me, for which I, at least, am devoutly grateful."

"To return to old Browne," says Ulic, "he wasn't good, if you like. He was a horrid, ill-tempered, common old fellow, thoroughly without education of any kind."

"He went through college, however, as he was fond of boasting whenever he got the chance."

"And when he didn't get it he made it."

"In at one door and out at the other, that's how he went through Trinity," says Mr. Kelly. "Oh, how I hated that dear old man, and how he hated me!"

"You admit, then, the possibility of your being hated?" says Mrs. Herrick.

"I have admitted that ever since—I met—you. But old Browne bore me a special grudge."

"And your sin against him?"

"I never fathomed it. 'The atrocious crime of being a young man,' principally, I think. Once, I certainly locked him up in his own wine-cellar and left him there for six hours under the pretence that I believed him to be a burglar, but nothing more. He quite disliked being locked in the cellar, I think. It was very dark, I must admit. But I'm not afraid of the dark."

"That's a good thing," says Madam O'Connor entering, "because it will soon envelop you. Did any one ever see so dark an evening for the time of year? Well, I do think that fire looks cheerful, though it is warm. Has Mary Browne come down yet?"

"No. Come here, Madam; here's a cosy seat I have been keeping sacred for you for the past hour. Why have you denied us the light of your countenance all this weary time?"

"Get out with you now, and your fine compliments to an old woman!" says Madam laughing. "If I were your sweetheart, Owen, I'd never believe a word out of your lips."

Mrs. Herrick, laying down her knitting, raises her head and looks full into Kelly's eyes. As she does so, a smile, lovely as it is unexpected, warms all her statuesque face into perfect beauty.

"And this to me!" says Kelly addressing his hostess and pretending to be blind to Mrs. Herrick's glance. All the afternoon I have been treated by your sex with the most consummate cruelty. With their tongues they have been stabbing me as with so many knives. But yours is the unkindest cut of all. It is, in fact, the—er—carving-knife."

"Oh, here's the tea!" says Olga in a pleased tone. "Madam, please let me pour it out to-night?"

"Of course, my love, and thank you, too."

"And may I to-morrow evening?" asks Monica with childish eagerness and a quick, warm blush.

"You may, indeed, my pretty one, and I hope it won't be long before you pour me out my tea in your own house."

Monica laughs and hisses her, and Desmond, who is standing near them, stoops over Madam O'Connor and tells her he would like to kiss her, too—first, for her own sake, and secondly, for that sweet hope of hers just uttered.

"Not a bit of it," says she in return, in a tone as sprightly as it was twenty years ago. "Your first and second reasons are all humbug. Say at once you want to kiss me because you think this child's caress still lingers on my lips. Ah ha!—you see I know more than you think, my lad. And hark you, Brian, come here till I whisper a word in your ear; I'm your friend, boy, in this matter, and I wish you luck, though Priscilla Blake kill me for it; that's what I want to say."

"I couldn't desire a better friend," says Brian gratefully.

"And where on earth is Mary Browne?" says Madam O'Connor. "She is such a nice girl, though hardly a Venus. Owen, my dear, I want you to take her down to dinner, and to make yourself charming to her."

"I shall be only too pleased," says Mr. Kelly faintly, and then he sinks back in his chair and covers his face with his hands.

"We were talking about Miss Browne's father; he was quite a millionaire, wasn't he?" says Lord Rossmoyne who is standing at the tea table beside Olga. He is a very rich man himself, and has, therefore, a due regard for riches in others."

"He was—and the most unpleasant person I ever met in my life, into the bargain," says Madam O'Connor. "I'm sure the life he led that poor Mary! I never felt more relieved at anything than at the news of his death."

"I feel as if I could weep for Mary," says Mr. Kelly in an aside to Mrs. Herrick, who takes no notice of him. "I wonder if she has got a little lamb," he goes on unrebuked.

(To be continued)

Freaks of the Cyclone.

Reports of the Ohio cyclone of last Friday show the remarkable freaks that these wind storms play with human life and property. The house of George Hoffman was an eight-months-old baby. It was picked up by the wind, laid in a feather bed, and the whole business, baby and all, was carried 250 feet. It was then deposited, and a log was thrown on either side of the child, pinning the bed to the ground. After the storm a search was instituted for the baby. One of the searchers heard it cry, and, following the direction indicated by the sound, found the little pet, and restored it uninjured to the arms of its distracted mother.

Mr. Curtis Hall, jun., of Neptune, reports that he saw straws that were blown into old oak trees. A bed in the house of Andy Ginter was blown into the fields, and three children in it were carried along with it. All of the furniture was blown out of George Fox's house. Feathers were stripped from chickens on this farm as clean as though the fowls had been prepared by a cook for the pot. The chickens were caught by an obstruction that held them for the wind to operate upon them.

William Stevenson says that he saw the cyclone approach. It looked like a great black ball in the act of rolling over the surface of the earth. It came along with frightful velocity, and made a noise louder than the roaring of a hundred thunder peals. It was a clear night everywhere but in the wake of the fearful monster. It was about a half mile wide, and it twisted immense trees off at the ground as though they were pipe stems. It cut crops of grain and grass off as clean as a mowing machine, and in instances stripped trees of bark as a hungry Italian would peel a banana.

George Fox's waggon was carried half a mile. The tires on two wheels were each cut in two as with a sharp instrument, and each partly straightened exactly in the same shape. At John Grimm's dishes were carried and driven into stumps so that they could not be pulled out.

A Honeysuckle Ball.

A honeysuckle ball is to be one of the fashionable frivolities of the coming season. Last year it was roses; now the passion for novelty drives us from the garden to the hedgerows, and women and walls alike will be decorated with trailing branches of the sweetest of our English flowers. A primrose ball was suggested a short time ago, in aid of the funds of the league, but as it could not take place in Lent, or during the Easter recess, it has been abandoned, and some time between Ascot and Goodwood the honeysuckle ball will come off. I hope, says the London *World*, that on this occasion no pretty young ladies will be excluded, as the three well-known beauties were from the rose ball last year.

Pat Was No Such Donkey.

This happened one evening recently, not a thousand miles from Cambridge: Two tricyclers chanced to halt by the roadside for a brief rest just as a group of Irish laborers were passing on their way home from work. Attracted by the bright new machines, two of them paused a moment to look at them.

"If you only had a tricycle, Pat," said one of the 'cyclers to the nearer of the men, "you could ride to and from your employment."

"Ride to the divil," said Pat, with a contemptuous look at the combination of man and wheels. "Do you think I cam from the auld country to drive a donkey-cart, bedad, and be me own horse?"—*Boston Record.*

How to Achieve Publicity.

"I have a circular here which I would like to give the greatest publicity to," said a Smithfield street merchant to a friend. "How had I better go about it?" "Well," was the reply, "the best plan I know of is to address it to the Knights of Labor and mark it 'strictly private and confidential.'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Sir Trevor Laurence denies that he gave £672 for an orchid. The most he ever paid was £250. He could have bought a rose for $5 and been just as happy.

AMONG THE MORMONS.

Eli Perkins Formulates a Few Facts from Personal Observation.

The Mormons now people all the fertile valleys from Arizona on the south up through Utah and Idaho to the northern boundary of Montana. They are increasing very fast. The railroad line, running 280 miles south of Salt Lake through Provo, Nephi and Desert to Frisco, is lined with Mormon farms. They also occupy the lands north of Salt Lake, forty miles to Ogden, and on up the Utah Northern for 417 miles to Butte City, in Montana. Seven hundred miles of railroad are lined with them. There are about 210,000 Mormons to-day. They outnumber all voters in Utah three to one, and in Idaho they have the balance of power. They are all actuated with the one idea—to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. To have many children and finally outnumber the Gentiles is their religion. That idea seizes even the women. They try to have children and vie with each other to see who shall have the greatest number. They are increasing in Utah and Idaho five times as fast as the Gentiles.

Every Mormon child is born a Church member, and is taught to be a polygamist from birth. I have travelled among the Mormons for 500 miles. I have been in their houses and talked with their wives. There are over ten thousand Mormons who have polygamous wives from one to twelve. The recent prosecution of the polygamists (there are now sixty polygamists in jail in Salt Lake) has united all the ignorant Mormons on the subject of polygamy. I have failed to find a Mormon woman who does not boast of the virtues of polygamy, and shamelessly say, "I hope my husband will take as many wives as he wants to."

Now, what is to be done?

I spent many hours with the Mormon leaders in Salt Lake. I found President Taylor, Bishop Cannon and John W. Young, the favorite son of the Prophet, hiding in the woods to avoid sentence. Hiram Clawson, contemporary with Joseph Smith and Brigham, from Nauvoo to Salt Lake, had just served a six months' sentence for living with two of Brigham Young's daughters. I have been known as a friend of the Mormons and they talked plainly with me. In their hearts I found that Bishop Clawson and Bishop Cannon were much troubled. They believed that polygamy came in a divine revelation through Brigham Young.

"We consider polygamy a part of our religion," they said, "and the Constitution guarantees religious freedom."

I tried hard to get them to say that they would give up future polygamy. They invariably replied:

"But it is our religion. How can we give it up?"

When I asked Hiram Clawson if he would be willing to give up future polygamy if the Government would let past polygamy take care of itself, he said:

"You can say that I am willing to have future polygamy punished according to the laws, but I am not willing to have families who went into polygamy years ago disturbed. I married two of Brigham Young's daughters. I have twenty-seven children by them. I shall never abandon either of these wives unless I am in prison. I will suffer my whole life behind the bars, but I will stand by these wives and against making any of these children illegitimate."

This is the absolute status of 10 000 polygamists in Arizona, Idaho and Utah to-day. What can be done with them?

ELI PERKINS.

Queer Wrinkles.

A PLEASANT RECEPTION.

Employer (to collector)—See Mr. Smith?

Collector—Oh, yes.

Employer—Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?

Collector—Not a bit. He asked me to call again.

THE COAST CLEAR.

Young Man (at the door)—Is Mr. Smith in?

Servant—No, sorr; he's gone down town not foive minutes ago, sorr.

Young Man—Ah! Will you please hand that card to Miss Smith?

EASILY DISPOSED OF.

"John," inquired the counsel of the witness, at the same time casting a facetious glance at the jury, "when you Chinamen take your celestial oath in court, what is done with the chicken after its head is cut off?"

"Some lawyee glet him," replied the witness.

EXCEEDING THE LIMIT.

Prisoner—He said he didn't believe in the eight-hour system, your Honor, and so I struck him.

Magistrate—You want eight hours, do you?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

Magistrate—I can do better than that for you. I'll give you ninety days.

A HOPELESS CASE.

"My dear friend," cautioned a temperance advocate, "do you know that the liquor you are about to drink will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder?"

"No, it won't," replied the dear friend addressed, who was a robust tramp. "I only wish it would, but I've drunk liquor too long for that. It will go down like so much water."

THE RED FLAG.

"Yes," said a husband sadly, "my wife is a devotee of the red flag. The very sight of one arouses her to a high pitch of excitement."

"Surely she cannot have any sympathy in common with such cut throats."

"Yes she has."

"What, Anarchists and Socialists?"

"No, auctioneers."

TOO EARLY IN THE SEASON.

Young Featherly was a guest at Sunday dinner, and was somewhat amused because Bobby complained of there being no ice cream for dessert.

"The weather is rather cold for ice cream, Bobby," he said. "Ice cream is only nice when the weather is hot."

"You like it in cold weather," grunted Bobby.

"Oh, no, I don't."

"Well," said Bobby, as if dismissing the subject, "all I know is that sister Clara says it's a cold day when you buy any. Ma, can't I have another piece of pie?"

A PERFECT BABY.

Old Bachelor (to young mother)—The baby is rather small of its age?

Young Mother (hesitatingly)—Ye-es, rather.

Old Bachelor—No teeth yet?

Young Mother (falteringly)—N-no, not yet.

Old Bachelor—Legs a little bowed?

Young Mother (doubtfully)—Er-a trifle, perhaps.

Old Bachelor—Nose small for the rest of its face?

Young Mother (uncertainly)—Ye-es, but it will grow.

Old Bachelor—Cries most of the time?

Young Mother (dubiously)—It cries a little.

Old Bachelor—Well, if the baby possesses all these defects, why do you call it the sweetest, nicest, dearest, loveliest and most beautiful baby in the world? Huh!

Young Mother (triumphantly)—Because it is. So there! You mean old thing.

—A citizen of Buffalo inquires: "Why cannot we have a subterranean hotel at Niagara; underneath the American falls?" Probably because that would be running the hotel business into the ground.

—The Buffalo *Courier* advocates the boycotting of those girls who have pet names or names with "ie" termination.

HOW A LUMBER KING DIED.

Baptized on His Deathbed, He Preached to His Men Until They Cried.

A Dubois (Pa) letter says: The circumstances surrounding the death of John Dubois, the father and patron of this town, were very pathetic, and have left a deep impression on the community. Although not an infidel, he had lived a careless life. He seldom went to church, preferring to spend Sunday walking about his mills or his fine farm of 1,000 acres. For a year or more, however, his mind has been strongly inclined to religious matters. He did not go to the preachers with his perplexities. He read his Bible and consulted with his lawyer about it. His lawyer was the Hon. George A. Jenks, who has just resigned the Assistant-Secretaryship of the Interior in order to keep a promise to Mr. Dubois that he would take the place of the latter as confidential adviser to a young nephew who gets the vast estate.

A few days before his death, Mr. Dubois sent for the Rev. Mr. Bell, and after a long conversation with him, he was baptized and received into the Presbyterian Church. He immediately sent for the heads of all the departments in his works, and as many of the men as could crowd into the sick-room, to the number of about fifty. When they were gathered he gave them such an exhortation as never had been heard before in all this region. He told them he was dying, and that if he had been well assured of his eternal welfare a week before, he would not have been living to talk to them. He could not let go life, he said, until he got that question settled, and he urged them not to put it off as he had done. He was willing now to die, but if it was the will of Providence that he should live one year longer, he would not wish to take up his affairs again. He would put in every day, he said, going about the mills telling his men the great truth he had at length found out, and trying to undo some of the evil his example had wrought in his long life-time.

His voice and brain were strong, although his body was wasted almost to a skeleton, and he could scarcely sit up in bed propped with pillows. The men had worked for him—some ten, some twenty, some thirty years. They were rough, grizzly fellows from the logging camps and the mill, but there was not a dry cheek in the room as he talked to them and called them by name and bade them good-by. Three days later he died. He was buried on his own farm a short distance back of the house where he lived. He picked out the spot himself. It is on the top of a gently sloping hill, and overlooks his mills and the town that he built. For the three days between his death and his funeral all hands in the town were as idle as his own. Not a wheel turned in any of the mills. Nobody did any business in the stores. Three thousand people looked at him in his coffin and walked behind it to the grave.

Although his works were divided up into different departments, each under its responsible head, he knew all of the 800 men who worked for him, and always spoke to them as courteously as if they were all millionaires as well as himself. Some years ago, when times were dull, and lumber fell to a low figure, the managers of his mills agreed that there must be a reduction in the wages of the men, and so told him. He heard them through and took the figures they had brought him, but made no decision. The next day he summoned them to meet him again, and said:

"This will not do. I have examined the books at the store, and I find that it takes about all these men earn to buy necessaries for themselves and their families. If we must reduce wages I will begin with you, who are better paid. So say no more about it; I guess I can stand a loss better than the men can a reduction."

Fashion Notes for June.

Beaded gloves are a novelty.

Triangular jets are very fashionable for trimming all kinds of head gear.

Chenille and beads are worked in effectively together on the new flouncing laces.

Rosettes made of ends of ribbon cut in fishtail points are secured to hair pins for convenience in arranging in the hair.

Round hats are very high in the crown and have the brim wider on one side than the other, and slightly rolled upward.

A bright ribbon, a gauze scarf, or trimming with lace, transforms last year's costume into a new one to all intents and purposes.

Single flat and raised designs in silk passementerie are very effective in trimming the flat panels and tablliers now so much used.

Silk cashmere comes in many of the pretty new shades. Stripes or spots in chenille are seen on most all of the novelty dress goods.

New vistites have the backs very short, and some of the fronts extend nearly or quite to the knees. The figure of the wearer should be the guide as to the shape of the fronts.

Vests of white or fancy linen or duck are worn with stylish tailor-made dresses; with these the plain colors and cuffs are arbitrary, and a tie of silk or satin, not unlike those worn by gentlemen, is worn with this very mannish costume.

There is a tendency toward drawing the line between hats and bonnets for day and evening or dressy wear, making the hat the day-time and out-of-door covering, and the close-bonnet the proper thing for dressy and evening wear.

Bonnets are made of light, coarse straw, loosely plaited with fine strips of velvet of all colors, or else of plaited rushes, with binds of gold, white or colored beads. There are also capotes, with crowns forming a network of black, garnet or other beads.

A pretty variation of the wearing of a ribbon about the neck is to run a ribbon a quarter of an inch wide, or even narrower, around the throat and passing the ends out through two horizontal buttonholes in a high linen color and tying them in a diminutive bow at the front of the neck.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

Degrees of Difference.

First Boy—"My ma says I mustn't play with you, because your father is nothing but a shoemaker."

Second Boy—"So's your father a shoemaker."

First Boy—"Ma says he's a manufacturer. He makes a thousand pairs of shoes to your father's one pair."

Second Boy—"Then he must be a thousand times worse than my father. I guess I won't play with you any more."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

It is not Disputed

That Nerviline, the new pain remedy, is a good article. Some indeed claim that the old fashioned preparations are just as good, but any sufferer can satisfy himself by expending ten cents on a sample bottle of Polson's Nerviline, that nothing sold can equal it for internal, local or external pains. Always speedy in effect, prompt and certain in every case. H. S. Webber, Orangeville, writes: "My customers speak very highly of Nerviline as a remedy for toothache and neuralgia." All druggists and country dealers sell Nerviline. Try it to-day.

Mrs. T. C. Linney, of Bohon, Ky., is bragging because she set a hen on three goose eggs, and the faithful fowl hatched out four healthy goslings.

A genuine Albino was exhibited to the Oneida County Medical Society, at Utica, recently, in the person of a 16-year-old boy, with perfectly white hair and clear red eyes. Four other children of the family, as well as their parents, are perfectly normal.

A METEOR'S FLIGHT.

Travelling from India to London in a Remarkably Short Time.

About six weeks ago we referred to the fact of an extraordinarily brilliant meteor having flashed across the sky in this neighborhood, and we invited communications upon it from any who might have observed it. It seems that upon the same night a similar meteor was observed in England. Now, under ordinary circumstances, there was nothing notable in this, for meteors are known to be continually falling, is having been calculated that many millions of them fall annually upon the earth. But that one should fall of exceeding brilliance, and be described in almost identical language by correspondents in the *Times* and by ourselves, is worthy of note and of further inquiry. We recorded that such a meteor appeared at twenty-seven minutes past 12 in the direction east-southeast from Cumballa hill, from which place it was seen. It was subsequently reported from Rutnagherry that a meteor was seen there, but to the north. A correspondent wrote us from Mahableshwur, who reported that he saw a very bright meteor at half-past 1 (local time), but the great difference in time pointed to some error in recording the exact appearance, or else proved that it was some other meteor that was seen. In England there was a meteor which seems to have passed over London about 5.05 p.m. Greenwich time, or 9.55 p.m. Bombay time, and it appears to have been travelling eastward. It does not seem beyond the bounds of possibility that the meteors seen here and in England were the same. The absolute difference in time would thus be two hours and thirty-two minutes, which is equal to the time taken to travel the distance between these two points. Assuming this distance to be about 5,500 miles, the rate at which the meteor was travelling was about thirty-five and a half miles a minute in the earth's atmosphere. The rate at which meteors travel in interstellar space is about forty to fifty miles per second. So that the difference between these two rates of speed shows the retardation due to earth's atmosphere, always going upon the assumption that the meteor seen in England was the same as that seen here. To settle this point it will be of interest to know if any one between Bombay and London noticed the brilliant meteor of Jan. 16th, and it would be interesting to know if any one saw it on the other side of India and farther east. Though meteors or meteorites fall in such great numbers, it is very rarely that their history can be traced, and it appears that a service may be done to science by tracing out the path of this particular one, if so be that two points in its journey have been fixed.—*Times of India.*

A Terrible Fire

arouse, the apprehensions of a whole city. And yet the wild havoc of disease startles no one. Sad to relate, women suffer from year to year with chronic diseases and weaknesses peculiar to their sex, knowing that they are growing worse with every day, and still take no measures for their own relief. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the result of life-long and learned study of female complaints. It is guaranteed to cure.

An hotel is talked of in Florida, on the Sebastian river, which, with its grounds, will cost $10,000,000.

Decay of the Bones,

with some thirty other symptoms, mark the progress of that terrible disease known as catarrh. It advances from stage to stage of fearful annoyance, and if neglected, is certain to end in general debility, and possibly in consumption or insanity. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it at any stage. This medicine has been long before the public, and thousands have been restored to health by its never-failing vir