A Perfectly Awfully Lovely Story.

There was once a perfectly modern girl,
With perfectly modern ways,
Who saw perfection in everything
That happened to meet her gaze.

Such perfectly lovely things she said,
And perfectly awful, too,
That none would have dared to doubt her word
So perfectly, perfectly true.

The weather, she said, in summer time,
Was perfectly awfully warm;
The winter was perfect, too, when there came
Some perfectly terrible storm.

She went to a perfectly horrid school,
In a perfectly horrid town;
And the perfectly hateful teachers there
Did things up perfectly brown.

The lessons were perfectly fearfully long,
But never perfectly said;
And when she failed, as often she did,
Her face grew perfectly red.

The church she attended was perfectly mag—
With a perfectly heavenly spire,
And perfect crowds go there to hear
A perfectly charming choir.

The latest style is perfectly sweet,
The last the perfectest out;
The books she reads are perfectly good.
(Just here we raise a doubt.)

A ride she took was perfectly grand,
On a perfectly gorgeous day,
With a perfectly nobby friend of hers
Who happened to pass that way.

The perfectly elegant falls she'd seen
When on her way to the lake,
And the graphic description she gave us all
Was simply a modern mistake.

The perfectly splendid foam dashed up
In a perfectly killing style,
And the perfectly terrible waves came down
In a perfectly lovely pile.

I might go on with this perfect poem,
And write to the end of time;
But fearing to wear your patience out,
Will bring to an end my rhyme.

MONICA:

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

"No. Nobody would like it," says Kelly pathetically, answering his disgusted look exactly as if it had been put into words. "There is a shameful frivolity about it not to be countenanced for a moment. Yet good and wise men have been said to do it. Fancy the Archbishop of Canterbury, now, balancing himself on his nose and his palms! Oh, it can't be true!"

His voice by this time is positively piteous, and he looks earnestly around, as though longing for some one to support his disbelief.

"You are really excelling yourself tonight," says Mrs. Herrick in a delicately disdainful tone.

"Am I? I am glad," humbly, "that you have had an opportunity of seeing me at my poor best."

"I wonder," says Desmond suddenly, "if when old O'Connor revisits the earth at the witching hour, he comes in the attitude so graphically described by Kelly? In acrobat fashion, I mean."

At this Monica breaks into laughter so merry, so full of utterly childish abandon and enjoyment, that all the others perforce join in it.

"Oh, fancy a ghost standing on his head!" she says when she can speak.

"I shouldn't fancy it at all," says Mr. Kelly gloomily. "I won't. Far from it. And I should advise you, Miss Beresford, to treat with less frivolity a subject so fraught with terror—especially at this time of night. If that 'grand old man' were to appear now," with a shuddering glance behind him, "what would become of us all?"

"An unpleasant idea," says Miss Browne, "so unpleasant, indeed, that I think I should like to go for a little walk somewhere—anywhere, away from the scene of the late Mr. O'Connor's nightly visitations."

"Come to the end of the shrubbery, then," says Desmond, "and look at the sea. It should be worth the trouble on such a night as this. Come you too, Olga."

"I should like it, but my head aches so," says Mrs. Bohun plaintively. And, indeed, she is very pale. "It is either the moonlight which oppresses me, or—I don't know what. No! I shall go in-doors, I think."

"Then I shall go with you," says Mrs. Herrick regarding her with a certain anxiety. "But you," turning to Mary Browne, "must not miss a glimpse of the coast by moonlight. Mr. Kelly will show it to you."

She slips her arm through Olga's and turns towards the house; Ulic Ronayne accompanies them; but Lord Rossmoyne and Owen Kelly move in the contrary direction with Miss Browne. Monica and Desmond have gone on before; and even when the others arrive at the point in the shrubbery from which a glimpse of the ocean can be most distinctly seen, these last two people are not to be discovered anywhere.

Yet they are not so distant as they seem. Desmond has led Monica to a rather higher spot, where the desired scene can be more vividly beheld, and where, too, they can be—oh, blessed thought!—alone.

Through a belt of dark-green fir trees, whose pale tips are touched with silver by the moon, can be seen the limitless ocean, lying in restless waiting in the bay below.

A sort of enforced tranquility has fallen upon it—a troubled calm—belied by the hoarse, sullen roar that rises now and again from its depths, as when some larger death wave breaks its bounds, and, rushing inland, rolls with angry violence up the beach. Soft white crests lie upon the great sea's bosom, tossing idly hither and thither, glinting and trembling beneath the moon's rays, as though reluctantly subdued by its cold influence.

Across the whole expanse of the water a bright path is flung, that has its birth in heaven, yet deigns to accept a resting place on earth—a transitory rest, for there in the far distance on the horizon, where the dull grays of sea and sky have mingled, it has joined them, and seems again to have laid hold of its earliest home.

The birds are asleep in their sea-bound nests; the wind has died away. There is nothing to break the exquisite stillness of the night, save the monotonous beating of the waves against the rocks, and the faint, rippling murmur of a streamlet in the ash-grove.

The whole scene is so rich with a beauty mystical and idealistic that Monica draws instinctively nearer to Desmond with that desire for sympathy common to the satisfied soul, and stirs her hand in his.

Here, perhaps, it will be as well to mention, once for all, that whenever I give you to understand that Desmond is alone with Monica you are also to understand, without the telling, that he has her hand in his. What pleasure there can be for two people in standing, or sitting, or driving, as the case may be, for hours, palm to palm (this is how the poetical one expresses it), I leave all true lovers to declare. I only know for certain that it is a trick common to every one of them, rich and poor, high and low. I suppose there is consolation in the touch—a sensation of nearness. I know, indeed, one young woman who assured me her principal reason for marrying Fred in a hurry (Fred was her husband) lay in the fact that she feared if she didn't she would grow left-handed, as he was always in possession of the right during their engagement.

"Ah, you like it!" says Desmond, looking down upon her tenderly—alluding to the charming view spread out before them—the dark firs, the floating moon, the tranquil stars, the illimitable ocean, "of Almightiness itself, the immense and glorious mirror."

Monica makes no verbal answer, but a sigh of intensest satisfaction escapes her, and she turns up to his a lovely face full of youth and heaven and content. Her eyes are shining, her lips parted by a glad, tremulous smile. She is altogether so unconsciously sweet that it would be beyond the power of even a Sir Percivale to resist her.

"My heart of hearts!" says Desmond in a low, impassioned tone.

Her smile changes. Without losing beauty, it loses something ethereal and gains a touch of earth. It is more pronounced; it is, in fact, amused.

"I wonder where you learned all your terms of endearment," she says slowly, looking at him from under her curling lashes.

"I learned them when I saw you. They had their birth then and there."

An eloquent silence follows this earnest speech. The smile dies from Monica's lips and a sudden thoughtfulness replaces it.

"You never called any one your 'heart of hearts' before, then?" she asks somewhat wistfully.

"Never—never. You believe me?"

"Yes." Her lids drop. Some inward thought possesses her, and then—with a sudden accession of tenderness very rare with her—she lifts her head and lays her soft, cool cheek fondly against his.

"My beloved!" says the young man in a tone broken by emotion.

For a moment he does not take her in his arms; some fear lest she may change her mind and withdraw her expression of affection deters him; and when at last he does press her to his heart, it is gently and with a careful suppression of all vehemence.

Perhaps no man in all the world is so calculated to woo and win this girl as Desmond. Perhaps there is no woman so formed to gain and keep him as Monica.

Holding her now in a light but warm clasp, he knows he has his heaven in his arms; and she, though hardly yet awake to the full sweetness of "love's young dream," understands at least the sense of perfect rest and glad content that overfills her when with him.

"What are you thinking of?" she says presently.

"'Myn alderlevest ladye deare,'" quotes he softly.

"And what of her?"

"'That to the deth myn herte is to her holde'—yes, for ever and ever," says Desmond solemnly.

"I am very glad of that," says Monica simply, and then she raises herself from his embrace and looks straight down to the sea again.

At this moment voices, not approaching but passing near them, reach their ears.

"They are going in," says Monica hurriedly, and with a regret that is very grateful to him. "We must go, too."

"Must we?" reluctantly. "Perhaps," brightening, "they are only going to try the effect higher up."

"No. They are crossing the gravel to the hall door."

"They are devoid of souls, to be able to quit so divine a view in such hot haste. Besides, it is absurdly early to think of going indoors yet. By Jove, though!" looking at his watch, "I'm wrong; it is well after eleven. Now, who would have thought it?"

"Are you sure you mean eleven?" with faltering incredulity.

"Only too sure. Hasn't the time gone by quickly? Well, I suppose I must take you in, which means candles and bed for you and a dreary drive home for Kelly and me, and not a chance of seeing you alone again."

"This time last week you couldn't have seen me at all," says Miss Beresford.

"True. I am ungrateful. And altogether this has been such a delightful evening—to me, at least—were," doubtfully, "you happy?"

"Very, very happy," with earnest, uplifted eyes.

"Darling love! I am afraid I must giv you up to Mrs. O'Connor now," he goes on presently, when an ecstatic thought or two has had time to come and go. "But, before going, say good-night to me here."

"Good-night, Brian."

He has never attempted to kiss her since that first time (and last, so far) in the orchard; and even now, though her pretty head is pressed against him, and her face is dangerously close to his, he still refrains. He has given her his word and will not break it; but perhaps he cannot altogether repress the desire to expostulate with her on her cruelty, because he gives voice to the gentle protest that rises to his lips.

"That is a very cold good-night," he says. "You would say quite as much as that to Kelly or any of the others."

"I shouldn't call Mr. Kelly by his Christian name."

"No; but you would Ronayne."

"Well, I shant again, if you don't like it."

"That has nothing at all to do with what I mean. I only think you may show me a little more favor than the rest."

"Good-night, then, dear Brian. Now, I certainly shouldn't dream of calling Mr. Ronayne dear Ulic."

"Of course not. I should hope not, indeed! But still——there is some hing else that you might do for me."

Miss Beresford draws herself a little—a very little—away from him, and raising her head, bestows upon him a glance that is a charming combination of mischief and coquetry. A badly-surpressed smile is curving the corner of her delicate lips.

"What a long time it takes you to say it!" she says, wickedly.

At this they both break into low, soft laughter—delicious laughter!—that must not be overheard, and is suggestive of a little secret existing between them that no one else may share.

"That is an invitation," says Desmond, with decision. I consider you have now restored to me that paltry promise I made to you the other day in the orchard. And here I distinctly decline ever to renew it again. No, there is no use in appealing to me: I am not to be either softened or coerced."

"Well," says Miss Beresford, "listen to me." She stands well back from him this time, and catching up the tail of her white gown, throws it negligently over her arm. "If you must have—you know what!—at least you shall earn it. I will race you for it, but you must give me long odds, and then, if you catch me before I reach that laurel down there, you shall have it. Is that fair?"

Plainly from her exultant look she thinks she can win.

"A bargain!" says Desmond. "And, were you Atalanta herself, I feel I shall outrun you."

"So presumptuous! Take care. 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall,' and you may trip."

"I may not, too."

"Well," moving cautiously away from him, "when I come to that branch there, and say one, two, three, you—will——Now!"

At this, before he is half prepared, she cries, "one, two, three," with scandalous haste, and rushes away from him down the moonlit path. Swift and straight as a deer she flies, but, alas! just as the goal is all but reached, she finds the race is not to her, and that she is a prisoner in two strong arms!

"Now, who was presumptuous?" says Desmond, gazing into her lovely face. Her head, with a touch of exhaustion about it, is thrown back against his chest; through her parted lips her breath is coming with a panting haste, born of excitement and her fruitless flight. He bends over her, lower, and lower still. She feels herself altogether in his power.

"As you are strong, be merciful," she whispers, faintly. A warm flood of crimson has dyed her cheeks; her smile has faded; she struggles slightly, and then all in one moment Desmond becomes aware that tears have sprung into her eyes.

Instantly he releases her.

"Darling, forgive me," he says, anxiously. "See how your heart is beating now, and all for nothing! Of course I shall let you off your bargain. What do you take me for? Do you think I should make you unhappy for all the world could offer? Take those tears out of your eyes this instant, or I shall be—seriously angry with you."

Monica laughs, but in a rather nervous fashion, and lets her lover dry her eyes with his own handkerchief. Then she sits down with him upon a rustic seat close by, wishing to be quite mistress of herself again before encountering the glare of the drawing room lamps and the still more searching light of her friends' eyes.

For a full minute not a word is spoken by either of them. She is inwardly troubled; he is downcast. Presently she rises with a little restless movement.

"No, do not stir just yet," she says. "I only want to pick some of that syringa behind you, it is so sweet."

Disinclined for action of any sort, he obeys her. She slips away behind him, and he sits there waiting listlessly for her return, and thinking, somewhat sadly, how small a way he has made with her, and that she is almost as shy with him now as on that day by the river when first they met.

And then something marvellous happens that puts all his theories and regrets and fears to flight forever. Two soft arms—surely the softest in this wide glad world—steal round his neck; a gold-brown head is laid against his; a whisper reaches him.

"You were very good to me about that!" says somebody, tremulously; and then two warm childish lips are laid on his, and Monica is in his arms.

"I wonder what it was that frightened you?" says Desmond, in a tender whisper, drawing her down on his knees and enfolding her closely as though she were in form the child that verily at heart she still is. "Tell me."

"I don't know." She has twined her bare beautiful arms around him, and is rubbing her cheek softly up and down against his in a fresh access of shyness.

"I think you do, my dearest."

"It was only this; that when I found I couldn't get away from you, I was frightened. It was very foolish of me, but whenever I read those stories about prisoners of war, and people being confined in dungeons, and that, I always know that if I were made a captive I should die."

"But surely your lover's arms cannot be counted a prison, my life!"

"Yes, if they held me when I wanted to get away?"

She hesitates, and lifting one arm, runs her fingers coaxingly through the hair fashion has left him.

"I don't want to go away now, at all events," she temporizes sweetly. Then, a moment later, "But I must, nevertheless. Come," nervously, "we have been here a long time, and Madam O'Connor will be angry with me; and besides," pityingly, "you have all that long drive home still before you."

"I forgot all about the time," says Desmond, truthfully. "You are right; we must go in. Good-night again, my own."

Without waiting for permission this time, he stoops and presses his lips to hers. An instant later he knows with a thrill of rapture that his kiss has been returned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Monica's week at Aghyohillbeg is drawing to a close. The day has dawned that is to usher in at even the famous representation of "The School for Scandal," as given by Miss Fitzgerald, Captain Cobbett, etc.

The whole house is topsy-turvy, no room being sacred from the actors and actresses (save the mark!), and all the servants are at their wits' end. There have been men down from the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, who have seen about the stage, and there have been other men from the village of Rossmoyne to help in the decoration of the ball-room, and between these two different sets of men an incessant war has been raging for many days.

Now at last the house is comparatively quiet, and as 4 o'clock strikes, Madam O'Connor finds herself in her own special den (the only spot that has not been disturbed), with a tea-equipage before her, and all her ladies-in-waiting round her.

These ladies, for the most part, are looking full of suppressed excitement, and are in excellent spirits and irreproachable tea-gowns. Mary Browne, who has developed into a general favorite, is making some laughing remark about Lord Rossmoyne, who, with all the other men, is absent.

"D'ye know what it is, Mary?" says Madam O'Connor, in her unchecked brogue; "you might do something else with Rossmoyne besides making game of him."

"What?" says Mary Browne.

"Marry him, to be sure. A young woman like you, with more money than you know what to do with, ought to have a protector. Faith, you needn't laugh, for it's only common sense I'm talking. Tenants and the new laws will play the mischief with your soft heart, and your estate, if you don't get some one to look after them both."

"Well?" says Mary Browne.

"Well, there's Rossmoyne, as I said before, actually going a-begging for a wife. Why not take him?"

"I don't care about beggars," says Miss Browne with a slight smile. "I am not one of those who think them picturesque."

"He isn't a beggar in any other sense than the one I have mentioned. He is a very good match. Think of it, now."

"I am thinking. Indeed, ever since my first day here I have been thinking how deeply attached he is to Mrs. Bohun. Forgive me, Mrs. Bohun."

Olga laughs lightly. There is something about this plain girl that repels the idea of offence.

"What on earth put that idea into your head?" says her hostess opening her eyes, who talks too much both in season and out of it to be able to see all the by-play going on around her. "You aren't setting your cap at him, are you, Olga, my dear?"

"Indeed, no," says Olga still laughing. "How could so absurd a notion have got into anybody's head?"

"How, indeed?" says Monica gaily.

"There's Owen Kelly, then; though he isn't as well off as Rossmoyne, still he will be worth looking after by-and-bye, when the old man drops off. He's as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, when you know what he's at—which isn't often, to do him justice. It struck me he was very civil to you last night."

"He was," says Miss Browne, whose merriment is on the increase. "But I never met any one who wasn't civil to me: so I found him commonplace enough. Ah! If he had only been uncivil, now!"

"Well, there he is, at all events," says Madam O'Connor sententiously.

"I hope he's comfortable," says Miss Browne kindly. "I shan't try to make him less so, at least. Why don't you recommend Mr. Desmond or Mr. Ronayne to my notice?" with a mischievous glance at Monica and Olga Bohun.

"I'm afraid they are done for," says Madam, laughing now herself. "And I only hope that handsome boy Ronayne isn't laying up sorrow for himself and living in a fool's paradise. Indeed, Olga, pretty as you are, I'll be very angry with you if I hear you have been playing fast and loose with him."

The old lady shakes her head grimly at Mrs. Bohun, who pretends to be crushed beneath her glance.

"To prevent you offering me any more suitors," says Mary Browne steadily, but with a rising blush, "I may as well tell you that I am engaged to be married."

"Good gracious, my dear! Then why didn't you say so before?" says Madam, sitting bolt upright and letting her *pince-nez* fall unheeded into her lap.

"I really don't know; but I dare say because you took it for granted I wasn't."

"Mary," says Mrs. Herrick speaking for the first time, and for the first time, too, calling Miss Browne by her Christian name, "tell us all about it."

"Yes, do," says Monica, and all the women draw their chairs instinctively a degree closer to the heroine of the hour and betray in her a warm interest. After all, what can equal a really good love affair?

"Go on, my dear," says Madam O'Connor, who is always full of life where romance is concerned. "I hope it is a good marriage."

"The best in the world, for me," says Mary Browne simply, "though he hasn't a penny in the world but what he earns."

As she makes this awful confession she isn't in the least confused, but smiles brightly.

"Well, Mary, I must say I wouldn't have believed it of you," says Madam.

"I would," says Monica, hastily laying her hand on one of Mary's. "It is just like her. After all, what has money got to do with it? Is he nice, Mary?"

"So nice!" says Mary, who seems quite glad to talk about him, "and as ugly as myself," with a little enjoyable laugh, "so we can't call each other bad names; and his name is Peter, which, of course, will be considered another drawback, though I like the name myself. And we are very fond of each other—I have no doubt about that—and that is all, I think."

"No, it is not all," says Madam O'Connor severely. "May I ask when you met this young man?"

"I must take the sting out of your tone at once, Gertrude," says her cousin pleasantly, "by telling you that we were engaged long before poor Richard died." (Richard was the scampish brother by whose death she inherited all.)

"Then why didn't you marry him?" says Madam.

"I was going to—in fact, we were going to run away," says Miss Browne with intense enjoyment at the now remote thought, "doesn't it sound absurd?—when—when the news about Dick reached us, and then I could not bring myself to leave my father, no matter how unpleasant my home might be."

"What is he?" asks Olga with a friendly desire to know.

"A doctor. In rather good practice, too, in Dublin. He is very clever," says Miss Browne, telling her story so genially, so comfortably, that all their hearts go out to her, and Madam O'Connor grows lost in a reverie about what will be the handsomest and most suitable thing to give "Peter" as a wedding present. As she cannot get beyond a case of dissecting knives, this reverie is short.

"Perhaps if you saw some one else you might change your mind," she says, a new thought entering her head (of course, there would be a difficulty about offering dissecting-knives to a barrister or a quiet country gentleman).

"I have had five proposals this year already," says Miss Browne quietly, "but, if I could be a princess by doing so, I would not give up Peter."

"Mary Browne, come here and give me a kiss," says Madam O'Connor with tears in her eyes. "You are the best girl I know, and I always said it. I only hope your Peter knows the extent of his luck."

Miss Browne, having to leave the room some few minutes later, Olga raises herself from the lounging position she has been in, with her hands clasped behind her head, and says slowly:

"I don't think she is so plain, after all."

"Neither do I," says Monica eagerly, "there is something so sweet about her expression."

"I am perfectly certain that man Peter is awfully in love with her," says Mrs. Herrick solemnly, "and that without the slightest thought of her money."

"What would he think of her money for?" says Madam O'Connor testily, who who had firmly believed him a fortune-hunter only two minutes ago. "Isn't she a jewel in herself?"

"By-the-bye, where is our Bella all this time?" says Olga suddenly. "It now occurs to me that, of course, we have been missing her all this time."

"I know," says Monica mysteriously, "she is asleep—getting herself up for her 'Lady Teazle.' I was running along the corridor outside her room half an hour ago, when her mother came out on tiptoe and implored me to go gently lest I should wake her."

"Gentle dove," says Mrs. Herrick.

"I shall go and dance the can-can up and down that corridor this moment," says Mrs. Bohun rising to her feet with fell determination in her eye.

"I think you had all better go to your rooms and get ready for dinner. It is painfully early to-night," says Madam, "on account of all this nonsense of Olga's. But no dressing, mind, as I have told the men to come as they are. There will be plenty of that by-and-bye."

(To be continued.)

Cultivation of the Peach.

Mr. J. F. Taylor, of Michigan, who has given great attention to the cultivation of the peach, writes the *Horticulturist* of that State five rules each on the condition of failure and success in the cultivation of the fruit. Failure comes from the following causes:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low.

2. Excessive fertility where the trees are young, whether it be secured in the natural condition of the soil or by the ingenuity of man.

3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality.

4. Allowing trees to overbear and thus exhaust their vitality by a a single crop of fruit.

5. By deficient and improper cultivation.

Conditions of success are stated as follows:

1. An elevated location that is not subject to late frosts in the spring or early frosts in the fall.

2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificial drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not been fully demonstrated in this region.

3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then combine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees and fruit.

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of the dry season every summer even if it continues until September.

It should be added that the summer cultivation should be only such as to insure a perfect surface tilth of the soil to assist in conserving the moisture as much as possible.

A Unique Ceremony.

"It is not the usual thing," says the *St. James' Gazette*, "for babies to be christened in private broughams, nor for ladies to act as the officiating clergyman. A child was christened, nevertheless, the other evening in these circumstances, the lady who did the deed being no other than Mme. Marie Roze. As Mme. Roze and husband were driving away from a Liverpool theatre stage door, a woman thrust her baby in at the window of the carriage with a request that the famous singer would christen it. Mme. Roze demurred at first, but finally consented. She was to be allowed to chose a name. Out of compliment to her husband, she suggested Henrietta, but Colonel Mapleson nervously declined the honor. Untimately the baby was christened Marie Roze Connolly; and Colonel Mapleson, feeling that he had been somewhat ungallant, appeased his conscience by making it a gift of nine and seven pence."

An attempt was recently made to fire Inglewyld, the hotel near Inglis Falls, Owen Sound. The flames, which were enveloping the kitchen, were extinguished, and after a search the remains of an armful of cotton waste saturated with coal oil and two bottles in which the oil was brought were found on the ground. A reward will be given for the capture of the incendiaries.

The Californians are jubilant, and not without reason, at the prospect of an immense harvest.

A NURSERY FOR BIRDS.

A New Industry Which Has Recently Opened in New York.

A notice, posted in the window of an uptown bird store recently, attracted the attention of a New York *Mail and Express* reporter:

> Birds Boarded by the Week or Month.

He stepped in to investigate. The person in charge of the establishment explained that a regular branch of the business consisted in caring for song birds and other feathered pets belonging to families who had arranged to pass the summer months out of town. Hundreds of birds of all sizes, colors and species made the place a wilderness of discord as they screamed, chattered, warbled or sung, all in different keys. About fifty of the prisoners were boarders, the others were offered for sale.

"Before another month passes by," said the attendant, "we shall have a hundred birds boarding here, for then almost everybody who can afford it will have made arrangements to go to the country, if not to Europe. When they go away they leave their dogs in charge of the coachman, except the toy dogs, which are taken along when possible. The cat is left behind to shift for himself, but the song bird is either put out to board or loaned to some friend who will be sure to care for it kindly."

"Are birds expensive boarders?"

"We can make money by boarding canaries and finches at 15 cents per week it we have a good many customers. We charge 50 cents for mocking birds, which are choice in their food, and the same sum for parrots. Say we have 60 regular boarders the season round, and average the pay at 30 cents each, we have $18 per week coming in, and $12 of this is clear profit. But our customers, who are unusually wealthy ladies, often insist on paying tenfold the amount of our bill. The owner of this mocking bird gave me $20 for caring for it during the next two months."

A carriage had just rolled up to the door, and a young lady in costly garb alighted, attended by a man servant in livery. She bore in her hand a gilded cage. "I have brought you this bad boy again," she said, lightly, "and if anything goes wrong with him, write me at once to this address." When birds are removed from the richly-furnished boudoirs of their fair owners to a noisy store they become at first moody, and in some instances even decline to take food, but gradually they accept the situation and appear to like the company.

Meteors and Volcanic Outbursts

We have actually no possible way of explaining the terrestrial origin of any meteors but in volcanic outbursts. Moreover, we are obliged to set the time when such outbursts took place very far back in the past, seeing that at present the volcanic forces of the earth, even as manifested at Krakatoa recently, possess nothing like the power necessary for the ejection of matter beyond the range of the earth's back-drawing power. Looking, however, at the immense extrusive power of the volcanoes of the tertiary era, when basaltic lava, covering hundreds of thousands of square miles to a depth of 1,000 to 14,000 feet were poured forth, we can conceive the still mightier energies of volcanoes in the secondary era, their still more tremendous power in the primary era, and so, passing backward to millions of years beyond the first beginnings of life on the earth, we can even picture to ourselves volcanoes ejecting matter with velocities of ten or twelve miles per second. With such velocities flights of ejected particles would pass the earth's attraction, and if she were the only body in the universe, such ejected matter would travel away from her never to return. But, although such expelled bodies would never return to the earth, they would not escape from the solar system. To drive them forever away from her the earth would have to impart a much greater velocity—an average of about twenty-six miles per second. The greater number of the expelled bodies would travel thenceforth in an orbit around the sun, crossing the earth's track at or near the place where they were first sent forth from their parent planet. One may almost say that this origin of many meteorites and meteor systems is forced upon us by the evidence. Still it would be negatived if we found that volcanoes do not eject matter at all resembling meteorites in structure. The reverse, however, is the case. Ranging the products of volcanic ejection in order according to the amount of iron they contain, and ranging meteorites in like manner, we find the two series coinciding over the greater portion of the longer—the volcanic series. We might not indeed have known how closely the most ferruginous volcanic products resemble the iron meteorites in structure but for the accident that Nordenskjold discovered a mass which he mistook for an iron meteorite, but which is found now to be really a volcanic ejection, akin in structure to the field of basaltic lava (at Ovifak on the shores of Greenland) in the midst of which it has fallen while the lava was still plastic to retain this missile as it fell after its flight through many miles of air.—*Proctor, in the Nineteenth Century.*

The Phantom Train.

An old story, which may be of interest to the students of physical research, comes from Old Orchard. Before the Boston & Maine Railroad was extended to Portland, visitors reached Old Orchard by a branch of the Eastern road. Since the building of the former road's extension the branch has been abandoned, and no trains have been run over it for years. The rails are up and in many places the roadbed destroyed. Last summer, as a party of Canadian gentlemen, three in number, were walking along this deserted road, they heard distinctly the rumble of an approaching train. It came nearer and nearer, and yet nothing was seen. As it came closer to them they all involuntarily jumped from the track, and the invisible train passed them, going toward the beach, the sound growing fainter as it went on. The gentlemen were much frightened, and one was quite overcome by the occurrence. He could not shake off the impression that had been left, and declared that he knew something terrible was to happen. That very afternoon he received a despatch from friends in Montreal telling him that his wife and only child had been killed by a railroad accident that very forenoon.—*Boston Herald.*

Origin of a Rumor.

The origin of last Saturday's rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead is an absurd illustration of the errors of which the telegraph wire or the telegraph operator is capable. A message referring to the Bleecker strike was sent over the wires of the Gold & Stock telegraph line asserting "Bleecker strike is dead." An operator read this "Beecher is dead," and the report straightway was spread throughout the city and country. If such a transmogrification as this is so easily possible, it is a wonder that all the statesmen of Europe—or at least all those of Russia—are not killed off by wire daily before breakfast.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Perrinsville, Wayne county, Mich., has two ingenious lads, each destined to be President of the United States, or to come to some other bad end. They have invented a novel method of catching fish. They tie short lines, with baited fishhooks, to the legs of geese and drive them into the water. The fish bite and commence to tug at the lines, which frightens the birds and they hastily make for the shore, where the boys are on hand to relieve them of the fish. This novel method is reported to have worked successfully.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

The Romance of a Divorced Philadelphia Couple

A strange romance, which interests this city and the city of Philadelphia, says a Cincinnati dispatch, came to a happy ending here yesterday in the office of Squire Addicks, of Mt. Auburn. The story is a strange one, and, were it not attested by the living actors in the drama, would be looked upon as a foolish fiction.

About a year ago Ronald Fisher, a prosperous merchant in Sioux City, Ia., saw an advertisement in a matrimonial journal asking for a correspondence with a gentleman looking toward marriage.

The unknown fair one preferred that her future husband be many years on the sunny side of life, of moderate means and a widower if possible, though this condition would not be rigidly enforced. She described herself as under 30, a blonde, whom most people considered attractive, if not beautiful, though she herself was indifferent to any compliments turning on her personal charms. As to any matrimonial experience she may have had she was silent in her description, confining it to references about her habits, likes and dislikes, as all romantic people under similar circumstances do. At the close she signed her full name, Helen Wentworth.

This advertisement had about it an air of mystery joined to frankness that at once enchained Mr. Fisher's attention. It ran through his head all day and refused to leave him at night. In the morning he resolved on an answer and carried out the resolution at once. The week that elapsed before the reply was received was one of trepidation to the matrimonial adventurer. Finally the long-looked-for letter came. His name was inscribed on the envelope in a neat and picturesque hand that showed the writer to be at least a lady of culture and refinement. He opened it with a trembling hand, feeling that destiny had chosen one to be the future partner of his joys and sorrows. The letter exceeded his expectations. He replied in the same tone and spirit, and thus the correspondence ran, ripening with each letter into deeper friendship, until both began to realize that friendship alone would not wholly embrace the true feelings of each toward the other.

It was at last proposed that both come half way and meet at a point that should be agreed upon. Cincinnati was named as the place. This programme was carried out, and yesterday the lovers were to meet in the magistrate's office, as stated above. Both parties reached the city and in the pursuance of the agreement that both were to be driven separately to the court they appeared before the surprised Squire almost simultaneously. If he was surprised by the queer drama enacted before him, what was the consternation of the romantic adventurers when they stood face to face, and the bride expectant had pulled aside her veil? She saw in the stranger's face her divorced husband, from whom she had separated in Philadelphia several years before. Mutual recognitions followed, but the programme was not stopped. The astonished Squire and your reporter were told the story of the early lives of the man and woman. They had been married against the will of the bride's parents, and in consequence of this unconquerable opposition they had never lived happily together. Finally the young wife was induced to bring suit for a divorce, which was granted, and the two separated, Fisher to go West and try his fortunes in a growing town, and she to go back to the proud home of her father.

When the story had been told, His Honor was asked to go on with the ceremony, and the two were once more made man and wife. They left last night over the O. & M. for St. Louis, from which place they will start in the morning for Mr. Fisher's new home. His "re-elected" wife's parents are not yet aware of her whereabouts, and will be surprised when they receive a letter from Mrs. Ronald Fisher, Sioux City, Ia.

A Marriage Mart in Roumania.

A remarkable custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year at the feast of the apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from five to six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and this completed it is carried to the market on the Gaina in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry.

On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess and each must particularly come with a girdle of gold or silver.

After the brides are chosen the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautifully embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged, but the ceremony must be gone through all the same. If a girl goes to the market knowing before hand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still, she must take her dowry, and occupies her tent, and place herself on view like the rest.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Hard Times for Princes.

There was something quaint and primitive in the late scene in the Swedish Parliament, when the King personally appealed to the Estates to grant "an appanage of 26,000 kronen"—a krone is a little over a shilling—for his second son, the Duke of Gothland. "Both as a King and a father," said His Majesty, "I am filled with anxiety when I look towards the future of my younger sons. I have given them as perfect an education as was within my power. They owe it, however, to their mother that they have grown up such good and worthy young men, enjoying as they do the esteem of the whole land." The stolid Scandinavians, however, were not to be moved. Although the Government had been urgent for the grant, it was declined by a majority of two-thirds of the members of the Lower House of the Rigsdag. The King has four sons, very little private property and a Civil List of 1,900,000 kronen—about £10,000—five-sevenths of which are paid by Sweden and two-sevenths by Norway. One speaker observed that the King's sons had inherited a considerable capital from their grandmother, Queen Josephine, and that the interest from this ought to suffice to provide them with a fitting housekeeping. It will be seen that the Scandinavian is very economical with his Princes.

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get Putnam's" and no other.

A heavy thunder storm passed over Atlas Craig on Wednesday night, the 9th instant. The spire of the Presbyterian Church was struck by lightning, and was so shattered that it will have to be taken down. The whole building was badly shaken.

Charity Begins at Home.

"Uncle Stead" is what they called a shrewd old gentleman who used to live in Winthorp, a little way out of the village, up the side of the pond near Readfield. One of his fellow citizens was a man named Lovejoy. Uncle Stead met Lovejoy in the village one day, and said to him: "Lovejoy, there's a poor woman lives out on the edge of the town that needs some provisions. I'm willing to supply her, but I've sold my horse and have no means of getting the stuff to her. Now, I'll buy a barrel of flour and a ham and some other supplies if you'll carry them out to her with your team."

Lovejoy said certainly, he'd be very glad to do it. Accordingly, Uncle Stead bought a barrel of flour, a ham, a bucket of sugar, etc., and telling Lovejoy where the woman lived, sent him off on the errand of charity with the good things in his pung.

Lovejoy easily found the house where the woman lived. He unloaded the goods, puffing like a grampus as he rolled the barrel of flour in, and said to the woman: "Mr. Steadman sent you the provisions. He's a mighty kind-hearted man to send you all these things."

"Well, I don't know why he shouldn't send them to me!" exclaimed the woman in surprised accents. "He's my husband!"

Woman the Boss Traveller.

"If you want proof that woman is more cautious than a man," said a drummer in the Chicago *Herald*, "just keep your eyes open while travelling. A woman never forgets to start for a train so early that she will have forty minutes to wait. She never forgets to ask her husband or male escort if her trunks are checked. She never forgets to pause with one foot on the car step and one hand on the hand rail to inquire if she is on the right train. She never forgets to ask the conductor if she has to change cars before reaching her destination, and if she is sure to make a connection, and if the train stops at the place she wants to get off. She never loses a ticket or a train-check, never drops her hat out of the window, never permits herself to go asleep within 100 miles of her destination for fear that she may ride by, never fails to get a whole seat for herself and another for her luggage, never walks from one car to another unless the train is standing still, and never gets up from her seat to leave a train without turning to look and see if she has forgotten anything. I'll bet on a woman for travelling every time."

Wanted a Limited Marriage.

A young man and a young woman entered the Jersey City Police Headquarters yesterday and informed Justice Robinson that they were a wedding party. The bridegroom was John Budrouch, a native of Poland. The bride elect was Kate White. Their friend was Michael Caskey. The bridegroom said he desired to be married for three years. When told that marriages were for life he was astonished.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said he, "Make it five years and I'll go you."

"Why you make it three or five years?" interjected his friend. "You leave your wife and children and the police will send you to jail."

The bridegroom was undecided. The bride called him aside and a long whispered consultation was held. Her persuasive powers conquered and he signified his willingness to take her for life. After the ceremony he partially regretted having contracted for the long term, but the bride playfully shook her finger at him and he consoled himself with a kiss as the party left the building.—*New York Herald.*

A Woman's Age.

A woman, it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functional disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitality, and which, if unchecked, are liable to change the most robust woman to a weak, broken-down invalid. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescriptions" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surpassing merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

"Mosquit