The Sound She Heard.

They sat together on the steps,
The night was calm and fair,
And smiling Luna flung her light
Upon the loving pair.

Oh, happy hour! One rounded arm
About his neck was placed,
He held one tiny hand in his,
One arm was round her waist.

And there beneath the smiling moon,
Half bashful and half bold,
While blushingly the maiden heard
The tale of love he told.

But while he spoke in accents low
The maid withdrew her arm
And started, and the lover cried,
What causes your alarm?

Is some one coming? speak, my own,
Your papa, darling, tell?
The maiden said, I thought I heard
The ice cream pedler's bell.

A Tale of Three Months.

In May, will the river entice the small boy?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh;
Will sport, and not school, bring him solace and joy?
It will, oh, it will oh, it will, oh;
Will he fly his big kite from the top of the hill?
And be, when there's fishing, for study too ill?
Will a thought of his marble insure him a thrill?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh!

In June, will the seaside claim fair Isabel?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh;
Will each wave have a tale of flirtation to tell?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh;
Will her sweet rosebud lips melt the soothing ice cream?
Will her big, lustrous eyes on the dry goods clerk beam?
Will his pocketbook rudely awaken the dream?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh!

In July, will the weather be awfully hot?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh;
Will remorse and despair be the poor plumber's lot?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh;
Will the sheep in the churches decide it is best
To give their dear shepherd a much-needed rest?
Will the dude wear a bang and a polka-dot vest?
It will, oh, it will, oh, it will, oh!

The Ministering Hand.

Across the fields I saw her go,
A fair young maid of motion fleet;
The falling petals' drifted snow
From pale white blossoms grazed her feet.

The morning breeze was fresh and clear,
The blue sky crowned a perfect day,
While that fine chorus filled the ear,
Which makes the orchestra of May.

So rosy-cheeked, so young and fair,
Her steps I noticed long and well,
And found they took her quickly, where
A suffering household chanced to dwell.

She bore within her basket's space,
Dainties and food for those in need;
And all the sweetness of her face,
I saw reflected in her deed.

She lifted up the hearts struck down
By lifelong sorrow and despair,
And by her presence, shed around
Their humble home her love and care.

She did not seem to make a task
Of what befell so fair and free;
But nothing more could crushed hearts ask,
Than her most welcome ministry.

Oh, there is beauty in the spring,
And strange delight in summer days—
But oh, what joy one hand can bring
When touched by love's transcendant grace.

Miss Cressus.

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdain,
Of contumelious mien,
As proud and as cold as, in days of old,
The proudest and coldest queen;
With your chiselled face and your stately grace
You tyrannize over men;
And your beauty rare makes us all despair;
But your beauty will fade—
What then?

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdain,
You're lovely and gay and young,
I agree in sooth there is naught like youth,
As poets have often sung;
But the years go by as the swallows fly
With swiftness beyond our ken,
You are radiant now, with your white, smooth brow,
But the wrinkles will come—
What then?

My Lady Disdain, my Lady Disdain,
You've servants at call and beck,
And jewels most rare gleam amid your hair
Or sparkle upon your neck.
You have wealth at hand that you may command
By dipping a golden pen,
And an income fine that I wish was mine;
But your father may fail—
What then?

Leonainie.

Leonainie—angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her
In a smile of white;
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distress me
I forgot as joy caressed me
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little lisper
In the angel tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper:
"Songs are only sung
Here below that they may grieve you—
Tales are told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."

Then God smiled and it was mornin
Matchless and supreme;
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
Where my Leonainie drifted
From me like a dream.

—Supposed to be by E. A. Poe.

"Make Me."

He took my hand. He did not even say
"Be mine, for I have loved you many a day."

He only pressed it in his lovingly;
He looked into my eyes and said: "Make me."

A mist came over mine, I could not see;
And he repeated: "What you will, make me.

"Last night I had a dream, that I was dead;
And you were there, love, bending o'er my head.

You held my soul; and weeping saw its stain.
Your tears fell on it; it was pure again.

* * * * * *

Can you not do it? I will follow you
Until I feel that I am formed anew.

Drop down upon my eyes another tear;
Beckon me onward and I will not fear.

"Oh, take my hand. Lead me your path along
Without you I am weak, but with you strong.

"Love me as you love Heaven; and I shall be
Worthy to dwell with you. Oh make me!"

THE DRY WOMAN.

The lights were down, and save the sound of snoring
No noise disturbed the Pullmanary calm,
When suddenly there came a gentle roaring—
"How dry I be! how very dry I am!"

Again soft slumber on the sleepers settled,
Once more there was a still and awful pause,
When from its depths a voice both cracked and rattled
Cried out, "How very dry I was!"

Awoke each sleeper from his troubled pillow,
From every berth a head appeared in view.
Then came a shout as from an angry billow,
"Dry up, old woman; go to sleep—pray do!"

She Forgot that Dress Coats were Outre.

"Mrs. Uppercrust, I am ashamed of you!"

"Why, George, dear, what have I been doing?"

"The idea of talking before all the company in that effusive, flirty way with that young, baldheaded——"

"Hush, dear, that is Lord Lion,"

"No, it isn't; that is the head waiter."—*Chicago News.*

A Hard One.

Coming down in the car the other day I overheard a lady say to her little daughter (they were evidently on their way to a funeral):

"Nellie, you must make no noise when you go in where Mrs D—— is; she is dead."

And the little one's reply was:

"How can she hear me if she is dead?"

"Sh—h—h—h!"

It was a poser.

MONICA:

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

"Don't the Protestant tenants pay?" asks Owen presently, who is in a blissful state of ignorance about the tenant-right affair generally.

"They're just the worst of the lot," says old Desmond testily, "they come whimpering here, saying they would gladly pay but that they are afraid of the others, and won't I let them off? and so forth."

"I wonder," says Brian dreamily—it is very late and he is in a gently, kindly, somnolent state born of the arm-chair and his pipe—"I wonder if one was to give in to them entirely would they be generous enough to——"

"If you can't talk sense," interrupted his uncle angrily, "don't talk at all. I am surprised at you, Brian! Have you seen or noticed nothing all these years, have you been blind to the state of the country, that you give scud to such utter trash? Pshaw! The weakly sentiment of the day sickens me."

"But suppose one was to humor them—I am not alluding to you, my dear George," to his uncle—"I know you have humored them considerably—but I mean landlords generally—would not peace be restored? That fellow Donovan to-day was beyond doubt impertinent to the last degree; but, of course, he meant nothing; they would, I should think, hesitate in their own interest before falling foul of you."

"You don't understand them as I do," says the Squire slowly.

"I still think peace, and not war, should be instilled into them," says Brian. "Too many landlords are harsh and unyielding in an aggravated degree, when a little persuasion and a few soft words would smooth matters. They, of course, are visited with the revenge of the League, which such as you escape."

These complacent words are still upon his lips, he has had time to lean back in his chair with the languid air of one who has given to the world views not admitting of contradiction, when a sharp, whirring noise is heard, followed by a crash of broken glass and the dull thud of a bullet that has found its home in the wall right opposite the Squire. Right opposite Brian, too, for they had been side by side with Owen Kelly, fortunately not quite, but very nearly, opposite.

For a moment nobody quite knows what has happened, so sudden is the thing; and then they spring to their feet, full of the knowledge that a bullet has been fired into their midst.

It had passed right over the Desmond's shoulder, close to his ear, between him and Brian and had grazed the sleeve of Kelly's coat, who, as I have said, was sitting almost opposite.

With an oath Brian rushes to the window, tears open the shutters, throws up the sash and jumps down into the garden, followed by Kelly and the Squire.

It is a dark night, murky and heavy with dense, rain-laden clouds, and so black as to render it impossible to see one's hand before one. Search, after a while, is found to be impossible, and the cowardly would-be assassin so far is safe from arrest. Dispirited and indignant, they return to the room they left to discuss the outrage.

"Now, who will preach to me of peace again?" says the Squire turning to Brian a face pale with excitement.

"Not I," says Brian with a face pale as his own and eyes that burn fiercely with the wrath of incomplete revenge. "I retract every foolish word I said a few minutes since. Henceforth it shall be war to the knife between me and my tenantry as well as yours."

"War to the bullet would be more in harmony," says Mr. Kelly seriously. He has extracted the bullet in question from the wall with the aid of a stout penknife, and is now regarding it mournfully as it lies in the palm of his hand. "Don't you think they take a very unfair advantage of you?" he says mildly. "They come here and shoot at you; why don't you go to their cabins and shoot at them?"

"Let them keep their advantage," says Brian disdainfully. "We shall conquer at last, no matter how many lives it costs us."

"At all events, they won't get a glimpse of the white feather here," says the Squire, who is looking quite ten years younger. There is nothing like a row for an Irishman after all.

"Still, I think I wouldn't sit with my back to that window any more, if I were you," suggests Mr. Kelly meekly, seeing the Squire has sunk into his usual seat again.

"It will be a bad winter, I fear," says the Squire shaking his head.

"A lively one, no doubt. I quite envy you. I should rather like to stay here and see you through it. My dear sir, if you and that enormous chair are inseparable, let me entreat you to move it at least a little to the left."

"'I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving this old armchair?'"

quotes the Squire with quite a jolly laugh. "Eh? Well, Kelly, this is hardly a pleasant time to ask a fellow on a visit, and I expect you'll be glad to get back to more civilized parts; but we'll write and tell you how we're getting on, my lad, from time to time. That is, as long as we are alive to do it."

"You shall hear of our mishaps," says Brian laughing too.

"It is rather inhospitable of you not to take the hint I have thrown out," says Kelly with a faint yawn. "Won't you ask me to spend this winter with you?"

"My dear fellow, you really mean it?" says Brian looking at him.

"Oh, yes, I really mean it. Excitement of the sort I have been treated to to-night seldom comes in my way. I should like to see this affair through with you."

"You're a brave lad!" says the Squire, "but there is always a risk in this kind of thing, and it is quite probable you will have the roof burned over your head one of these dark nights to come. You will have to chance that if you stay, as I intend to persevere with these blackguardly tenants and fight it out with them to the last."

"To the very last," says Brian, regarding his friend meaningly.

"That's why I'm staying," returns his friend languidly. Which is half, but not the whole truth, as the fact that Mrs. Bohun and her cousin Hermia are going to spend the winter at Aghyohillbeg has a good deal to do with it, too.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Did ye hear, miss? Oh, faix, there's terrible news, ma'am!" says old Timothy, trotting in to the breakfast-room at Moyne the following morning, his face pale with excitement.

"You alarm me, Ryan! What is it?" says Miss Priscilla laying down her fork.

"Oh, it's beyant everything, ma'am! Oh, the blackguards o' the world! It was last night, miss, it happened. The ould Squire, there below, was sittin' in his library as peaceable as ye plaze, ma'am, when they fired a bullet at him, an' shot him an' wounded Misther Brian—— No, be the powers, I b'lave I'm wrong; they kilt Misther Brian an' wounded the Squire; an' there's the greatest commotion ye iver see down below, miss."

For one awful moment Monica thinks she is going to faint. A mist rises between her and Timothy's face, his voice sounds far away, in the next county as it were, and then ceases altogether. Then a sharp sting of pain rushing through her veins rouses her and sends the blood back with tumultuous haste to cheek and neck and brow. The pain is short but effective, and is, indeed, nothing more than a pinch of a pronounced type, administered by the watchful Kit with a promptitude very creditable to her.

"He is exaggerating," says the stoic Kit in a subdued whisper apparently addressed to her plate. "Don't believe him, take courage and, at all events, remember their eyes are upon you." Her tone is great with mystery and kindly encouragement. More revived by it than even by the pinch, Monica takes heart of grace and listens with maddening impatience for what is yet to come. Glancing at Miss Priscilla, she can see that her aunt is as pale as death and that her hands are trembling excessively. Miss Penelope is looking with anxiety at her, whilst trying to elicit the truth from Ryan.

"Collect yourself, Ryan," she says severely. "Who was killed?"

"No one outright, I'm tould, miss—but——"

"Then who is wounded?"

"The bullet went right through them, miss."

"Through both? But that is impossible. I must beg you again to collect yourself, Timothy. All this is most important, and naturally Miss Blake—that is, we—are much upset about it. Through whom did the bullet go?"

"The ould Squire an' his nephew, miss."

"Through their bodies?" cries Miss Penelope throwing up hope and both her hands at the same time.

"No, ma'am, jist between them, as it might be between you and Miss Priscilla, now." He illustrates the real truth as he says this.

"Bless me, man; sure they weren't touched at all, so," says Miss Penelope.

"No more they were, miss. Sorra a bit, praise be——"

"Then why did you say they were killed?" says Terence indignantly, who has been stricken dumb by the appalling fate of his dear Desmond.

"An' sure, how much nearer could they be to it? What saved them, but, maybe, the hitch of a chair! Oh, wirrasthrue! his day!" says old Ryan, beginning to cry.

"Timothy, sit down directly. Terence, get him a glass of whiskey," says Miss Penelope. "Now, don't excite yourself, Timothy. You know it is very bad for you at your age. Take time, now. Collect yourself!"

"Have the assassins been discovered?" asks Miss Priscilla in a trembling tone.

"No, miss. But I'm tould the polis is very eager afther 'em."

"Was nobody hurt, Timothy?"

"No one, ma'am."

Here Monica, feeling the relief greater than she can support, gives way to a dry but perfectly audible sob.

"Don't be afeard, miss, dear," says old Ryan with heartfelt but most ill-judged sympathy, "the young gentleman is all right. Not a single scratch on him, they say; so you needn't be cryin' about him, honey."

"Miss Monica is in no wise anxious about Mr. Brian Desmond," says Miss Priscilla recovering from her nervousness with as much haste as though she had been subjected to an electric shock. "She is only distressed—as I am—by these lawless proceedings."

"An' we hear they're boycotted, too, ma'am," says old Ryan, still oppressed with news that must be worked off. "John Bileman, the Protestant baker in the village they always dealt wid, has been forbidden to give 'em another loaf, and the butcher is threatened if he gives 'em a joint an' the Clonbree butcher has been telegraphed to also, miss, an' there's the world an' all to pay!"

"Do you mean that they are going to treat him as they did Mr. Bence Jones?" says Miss Penelope indignantly.

"Troth, I believe so, ma'am."

"Will Mr. Brian have to milk the cows?" says Terence, at which astounding thought both he and Kit break into merry laughter until checked by Monica's reproachful gaze. How can they laugh when Brian may be starving?

"Faix, it's awful, miss; an' the ould man to be wantin' for things now—he that allus kep' a fine table, so spake truth of him, and liked his bit an' sup amazin', small blame to him. I'm thinkin' 'tis hungry enough he'll be now for the future, the crathur! Oh, wirra, wirra!" says Timothy sympathetically, as he shambles towards the door.

When he is gone, Miss Priscilla turns upon Terence and Kit.

"I must say, I think your mirth at such a time most unseemly," she says. "I am glad Monica takes no part in it. Terence, did you go to the Widow Driscoll with my message this morning?"

"Yes, aunt."

She had evidently expected him to say "no," because her tone is considerably mollified when she speaks again.

"Was she pleased, do you think?"

"Yes, aunt."

"She said so, perhaps?"

"No, aunt."

"Then what did she say? I wish, my dear boy, you would try to be a little less reticent."

"She said, 'Her duty to you, aunt, and her very coarse veins were worse than ever.'"

"Varicose, Terence—varicose."

"She said very coarse, aunt, and I suppose she knows more about them than any one else."

He has a very sweet face and it is more than usually so as he says all this.

"And her son, how is he, poor soul?" asks Miss Penelope, as Miss Priscilla withdraws beaten into the background.

"His duty to you, too, and 'he is better, but has been much afflicted with the eggcups for the last two days.'"

"The what?" says Miss Penelope shifting her *pince-nez* uneasily and looking perplexed in the extreme.

"Oh, Terry, how can you be so silly?" says Kit with another merry laugh.

"How am I silly?" with an impassable countenance. "Young Driscoll is silly, of course, and evidently looks upon part of the breakfast-ware as enemies of some sort. But that is not my fault."

"Hiccoughs he must have meant, my dear," says Miss Priscilla hastily. "Dear—dear—dear! What a terrible shock he—they—must have got last night at Coole!"

* * * * * * * * *

When day is deepening into eventide, Monica, finding Kit alone, kneels down beside her and lays her cheek to hers.

All day long she has been brooding miserably over her lover's danger and dwelling with foolish persistency upon future dangers born of her terrified imagination.

She has been down to their trysting-place at the river, hardly hoping to find him there, yet had been terribly disappointed when she had not found him, Brian at that very moment being busy with police and magistrates and law generally.

"What is it, ducky?" says Kit very tenderly, laying down her book and pressing her pretty sister close to her.

"Kit," says Monica with tearful eyes, "do you think it is all true that Timothy said this morning about their—their starving at Coole? Oh, Kit, I can't bear to think he is hungry!"

"It is dreadful! I don't know what to think," says Kit. "If nobody will sell them anything, I suppose they have nothing to eat."

At this corroboration of her worst fears Monica dissolves into tears.

"I couldn't eat my chicken at lunch thinking of him," she sobs. "It stuck in my throat."

"Poor sweet love—it was dry," says Kit expanding into the wildest affection. She kisses Monica fondly, and (though you would inevitably have suffered death at her hands had you even hinted at it) is beginning to enjoy herself intensely. Once again this luckless couple look to her for help. She is to be the one to raise them from their "Slough of Despond"—difficult but congenial task! "Then you have been existing on lemon tart and one glass of sherry since breakfast-time?" she says with the deepest commiseration. "Poor darling! I saw it. I noticed you ate nothing except the tart. You liked that, didn't you?"

"I didn't," says Monica. "I hated it. And I was a cruel, cold-hearted wretch to touch it. But it was sweet—and—I—it—somehow disappeared."

"It did," says Kit tenderly.

"Oh, Kit, help me!"

"You mean you want to take him something wherewith to stave off the pangs of hunger," says the younger Miss Beresford with that grandeur style she usually affects in moments of strong excitement and with the vigor that distinguishes her. "I see; certainly." She grows abstracted. "There's a leg of mutton hanging in the larder, with some fowl and a quarter of lamb," she says presently, "But I suppose if we took them Aunt Priscilla would put us in the hue-and-cry."

"It mustn't be thought of. No, no; think of something else."

"Bread, then. Ordinary, of course, very ordinary, but yet the staff of life."

"I couldn't take him anything so nasty as mere bread," says Monica in despair.

"But, if cook would make us a cake——"

"A big one, with currants! The very thing!" says Kit with decision. "And she will never betray us, Reilly, in little affairs of this kind—though sadly wanting where soups are concerned—is quite all she ought to be."

"When will it be baked? He must get it to-night," says Monica who is evidently afraid her lover, if not succored, will die of want before morning.

"Leave all to me," says Kit flitting away from her through the gathering gloom to seek the lower regions and its presiding goddess.

Leaving all to Kit means that when dinner is over, about half-past eight, the two Misses Beresford may be seen crossing the boundary that divides Moyne from Coole with anxious haste and a hot cake.

This last is hugged to Monica's breast and is plainly causing her the greatest inconvenience. It is a huge cake, and has to be carried parcelwise, being much too big for the smaller basket they had, and much too small for the bigger. But Monica—though it is heavy beyond description (though, I hope, light in every other way for the sake of Reilly's reputation) and still appallingly hot—trudges along with it bravely, resisting all Kit's entreaties to be allowed to share the burden.

* * * * * * * * *

"Who are those coming towards us through the elms down there?" says Mr. Kelly suddenly.

He and Brian Desmond are sitting upon a garden seat outside the dining-room windows, enjoying an after-dinner cigar.

"There?" says Brian following his gaze. "Eh? What?" There is a second pause, then, rising to his feet with much precipitancy, he flings his cigar to the winds, and, before Owen has time to recover from his astonishment at these proceedings, is well out of sight. A turn in the lawn has hidden Brian and the advancing figures from his view.

"Monica!" says Desmond as he reaches her, "what has brought you here at this hour? My darling, how pale and tired you look!"

"She has been very much perturbed," says Kit solemnly. She has been meditating this remark for some time.

"We heard all about last night," murmurs Monica with a sweet, troubled face, out of which her eyes look into his, full of a tender pathos, like violets drowned. "And you were not at the river this afternoon, and so I came here to find you and——" Her voice trembles ominously.

"I was obliged to be with the sergeant and the other man all day," says Desmond hurriedly. "Do not blame me, my love. When I went to the river towards evening it was then, of course, too late. I meant to go up to Moyne when the moon was up—— But what have you got there, dearest?" pointing to the enormous thing she is still holding to her heart.

She colors and hesitates; seeing which the faithful Kit comes once more to the rescue.

"It's a cake," she says with a nod of her sleek head. "We knew of your being boycotted, and we thought you would be hungry, so we brought it to you. But," eyeing him with disfavor and as one might who feels herself considerably done, "you are looking just the same as ever, and not a bit pinched and drawn as people are when they are found starved in garrets."

"Yes, I was afraid you would get nothing to eat," says Monica timidly. There is in her lovely eyes a certain wistfulness suggestive of the idea that she hopes her cake has not been made in vain.

Mr. Desmond, seeing it, grasps the situation.

"I am hungry," he says, and I hope and think the gentle lie will be forgiven him. "We have had nothing in the house all day but bread and that is not appetizing."

"There," says Monica turning to Kit with sparkling eyes, "I told you he wouldn't like bread."

"But," goes on Desmond with a view to making her future happier, "to-morrow all will be right again. We know of a few faithful people who will smuggle us in all we may require. So do not be unhappy about me again. Sweetheart, what a terrible weight you have been carrying!"

"It is a fine one, isn't it?" says Kit. "But give it to me now, Monica," taking the cake from her, "while you talk to Brian. When you are ready to come home, I can give it to him."

So saying, this inestimable child withdraws herself and Monica's offering to a safe distance and pretends for the remainder of the interview an absorbing interest in some wild flowers growing near.

"I have only a moment to stay," says Monica nervously. "I shall be missed; and now I have seen you safe and unhurt," with a very sweet smile, "I shall be able to sleep. But all day long I have been haunted by timid thoughts," she sighs.

"I doubt it was a sorry day for you, that first one when we met," says Desmond remorsefully. "I have brought you only trouble. By-and-bye you will regret you ever knew me."

"Do not say that. I have no regrets—none! Even if—if—we cannot be—" reddening vividly, "more to each other than we are now I can still be happy in the thought that you love me and are near me, and that I can sometimes, in spite of every one"—with a recklessness that sits very funnily upon her—"see you."

"But we shall be more to each other, Monica," says the young man earnestly. "We shall be all in all to each other. No human being has the right to separate two hearts for the sake of a mere whim."

"There are so many things. But now, indeed, I must go. Good-night."

"Good-night, my own. But I shall go with you as far as the boundary fence."

"No, no, indeed!"

"But, indeed, I shall," and, of course, he has his own way and parts from her and Kit there, and answers her parting injunction "to take care of himself for her sake"—this last very low—with a lingering lover's kiss, and watches the two slight figures with a beating heart, until they are out of sight.

Then, picking up the cake, he goes back again to where Mr. Kelly is still awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Well," says Kelly, "was it Miss Beresford?"

"Yes, and her sister. I saw them back to the boundary fence, but they would let me go no farther. It was rather——"

"What on earth have you got there?" says his friend sticking his eye-glass in his eye and staring with bent head and some suspicion at the mysterious thing in Desmond's arms.

"This? Oh, ah, yes!" Then, desperately, "Kelly, if you laugh at it I'll never forgive you."

Mr. Kelly drops his eyeglass and looks afflicted.

"My dear fellow, do I ever laugh?" he says.

"Well, it—it's a cake!" says Brian, who (in spite of the warning just delivered to his friend) is now indulging in wild mirth and can scarcely speak for laughter. "She—Monica—heard we were boycotted, and, thinking we were starving, the dear angel, she brought this up herself to us."

"Desmond, I'm ashamed of you," says Kelly, who has not moved a muscle of his face. "Such an action as hers calls for reverence—not this unseemly gaiety."

"It's not the action I'm laughing at," says Brian still convulsed, "it's the cake. The action is divine—the cake hot!" Here he sinks upon the garden-seat again, as if exhausted, and dries his eyes.

"I see nothing to laugh at in that, either. It seems an excellent cake, and, as you say, hot," says Mr. Kelly prodding it meditatively with his finger, "a merit in a cake of this sort, I should say, and nicely browned, too, as far as I can see. I can see, too, that it is quite the biggest cake I ever made acquaintance with. Another merit! Did she carry it herself all the way?"

"All the way, poor darling, and just because she was afraid we should be hungry." Mr. Desmond's laughter has subsided and he now looks rather absent. "It quite weighed her down," he says in a low tone.

"Poor child! I said yesterday, you remember, that I thought her one of the nicest girls I have met. The cake has finished me. I think her now the nicest." He says this with a cheerful conscience. Between girls and widows a deep margin lies.

"But what are we to do with it?" says Brian regarding the cake, which is now lying upon the garden-seat, with a puzzled expression.

"Say a repentant tenant—no, that sounds like tautology—say a remorseful tenant brought it to you."

"That wouldn't do at all."

"Then say you found it in the garden."

"Nonsense, Kelly, they don't grow. Think of something more plausible."

"Give me time, then." As he speaks he absently breaks off a piece of the cake and puts it in his mouth. Desmond, in quite as abstracted a manner, does likewise. Silence ensues.

"I think the idea was so sweet," says Desmond presently, his thoughts being (as they should be) with Monica.

"As honey and the honeycomb!" says Mr. Kelly breaks off another piece, with a far-off, rapt expression.

"She said she couldn't be happy, thinking we were hungry. Her dear heart is too big for her body."

"Her cake is, certainly," says Mr. Kelly. Here he takes a third enormous pinch out of it and Desmond follows his example.

"I didn't tell her we had had our dinner," says Brian. "It would have taken the gloss off it."

(To be continued)

Dynamite Statistics.

Dynamite is more and more in use—for lawful purposes, happily, even more than in furtherance of the objects of Fenians or anarchists. If we include it in cognate explosive substances it has become a very great fact. Three Government inspectors watch it. A large number of manufacturers make it. Its behavior is the subject of more than one Act of Parliament, and the accidents by reason of it are detailed in a blue book just issued, containing the annual report of Col. Majendie and his assistant inspectors on explosives, which is well calculated to make one feel that the use of such powerful agencies has sensibly increased the perils of life. Twenty years ago all such substances were of little account. Excepting gunpowder they were curiosities, scarcely known outside of the laboratory. But of late the trade in explosives has wonderfully expanded. The factories for the manufacture have doubled in ten years; the magazines for the storage are 75 per cent. more than they were in 1875, and the retail premises exceed by nine thousand what they were in that year. We make more and we import more of the substances, and there is every sign that the trade is only in its infancy. Every year, too, additions are being made to the recognized explosives. Within the last year several have been added to the authorized list, one being electric detonator fuses, consisting of electric fuses with platinum wire imbedded in a charge of a priming composition made of carefully purified gun cotton. Some new forms of gun cotton, such as tonite and potentite, find favor. Compressed gunpowder cartridges are superseding in mining loose gunpowder, and, being safe to handle, they hold their own against nitro compounds. The brown gunpowder, called "cocoa" powder is, as every one knows, much used here as well as in Germany. But the tendency is to develop the nitro-glycerine group of explosives. For sporting purposes, Schultz powder, a nitro compound, consisting of nitro-lignin carefully purified and mixed with a nitrate, is employed. For some time back the use of nitro-glycerine as a medicine in cases of angina pectoris and similar diseases has been recognized by the British pharmacopœia.—*London Times.*

An Era of Grand Old Men.

If Sidonia had belonged to the second instead of the first half of the current century, it is probable that the celebrated eulogy on youth with which he favored Coningsby during their memorable interview at the country inn would have been considerably modified, if not altogether suppressed. He would have at least perceived that the era of "Wondrous Boys" had gone by, and that the era of "Grand Old Men" had set in. It is true, he would have said, that Napoleon conquered Italy at 25. But Moltke conquered France at 69. Byron and Shelley no doubt died before they were 40. But Tennyson and Browning are piping away as fluently as ever at three score years and ten, while the poetic ardor of Victor Hugo was uncooled and undimmed at four score years. If Richelieu became Secretary of State at 31, Theiers became President of the Republic at 80. If Innocent III. was the despot of Christendom at 37, the pontificate of Pius IX. almost equalled "the years of Peter" when his infallibility was proclaimed by the Church. If Bollingbroke and Pitt were Ministers before other men leave off cricket, Palmerston and Beaconsfield were at the height of their power as Premiers when other men begin to think of leaving off whist. At the present moment the destinies of Germany, France and England are in the hands of statesmen, all of whom have exceeded the limits assigned by the Psalmist to the lives of the sons of Adam. The German Chancellor is 72, the French President is 81, and the English Prime Minister is 77; and although it may be true that "the history of heroes is the history of youth," it is, at any rate, certain that Europe is now at the feet of age.—*London World.*

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's NERVILINE is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nerviline Buy to-day at ten cent trial bottle and be relieved from all pain. J. Wilson, druggist Goderich, writes: "Nerviline gives good satisfaction." Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Information on Temperance.

"Have you license in Pennsylvania?" asked a Buffalo young lady, deeply interested in temperance work, of a Pittsburg visitor.

"License!" replied the latter. "I should just think we had. Why, you can't even get married without one."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Connecticut's new anti-oleomargarine law went into effect June 1st. It provides that dealers in bogus butter shall label it as such, and creates the office of State Butter Inspector.

To grow good celery it is very essential to have strong, stocky plants. Those that are weak and spindling when transplanted into rows will seldom make good bunches of celery.

A blockhead, armed with a saw and pruning shears, is as destructive in an orchard as a bull in a china store. Get a careful, experienced hand for a day or two and take lessons from him.

Bee culture requires a person who is peculiarly adapted to the business. If the bees are averse to you, it is difficult to succeed with them. There are persons who cannot go near them without being attacked.

Experience teaches that the earlier in an animal's age full feeding is resorted to the better it is both for its vigorous health and rapid growth. Thus will the best returns be secured, whether the animal is intended for early sale or for raising.

Honey or sugar should always be given to the bees on the inside of the hive, to prevent robbing. A good feeder is made by taking a shallow dish and placing within it plenty of little floats of wood to prevent the bees from being drowned in the liquid.

A dairyman near Nashville states that one of his Jersey cows gives milk so rich that it is nearly all cream, and that if the cream is allowed to stand twelve hours the butter can be produced by working the cream with a knife. Phenomenal, if true.

Paint costs little, but agricultural implements are expensive. By coating the one with the other every season a great saving is made, for agricultural implements may be used many years longer than is usual by the judicious and timely application of paint.

Potato-growers should go over the field with a common harrow, running lengthwise of the rows, just before the plants push their noses through, and thus destroy all the weeds; afterward cultivate flat through the season, using only the common cultivator.

In setting posts a farmer states that where great solidity is required, gravel and small stones should be thrown in the hole after the posts are in position, and lime and sand mortar poured in on the stones, which protects the posts as well as keeps them firm.

One-half the difficulties in making good butter is in the care of the milk and not in the mode of churning. From the time the milk is drawn from the cow until the cream is ready to be used, the strictest care should be exercised in keeping it clean and free from exposure to odors.

Now that the strawberry crop is nearly gone, and the vines are beginning to send out runners, the best thing to do is to give them a thorough cultivation, making the ground clean and using fertilizers freely. The better the growth of the vines this season the larger will be the crop of fruit next spring.

The horse that can plough an acre while another is ploughing half an acre, or that which can carry a load of passengers ten miles while another is going five, independent of all considerations of amusement taste, or what is generally called fancy, is absolutely worth twice as much to his owner as the other.

Good judges claim that a hog or steer that will fatten well and increase rapidly should be as nearly square in front and behind as possible. While the rule may not alone be a true index of quality, yet, in connection with other indications, it may assist in arriving at a knowledge of the value of the animal judged.

The milk and butter qualities of some extraordinary cows are derived through the family of the sire, and for that reason only bulls descended from the best butter and milking strains should be used in the herd. Breeding indiscriminately on the male side yet using first-class dams, will not always tend to improve the stock.

To prevent geraniums growing out of doors from becoming sun-scalded give them good, rich, loose soil and shade the surface to escape reflected heat. Rolled leaf mold is excellent for the purpose spread over the bed. Put plants rather close together that they may themselves shade the ground about the roots.

The experiments of Professor W. O. Atwater have shown that, contrary to the general opinion of chemists, plants assimilate nitrogen from the air. While they take up the greatest quantity when abundantly supplied from the soil, fully one-half the total nitrogen acquired by well-rooted plants is drawn from the atmosphere.

The use of plunged pots for growing specimen plants has advantages. One is that the pot can be turned each week and thus grow a shapely plant. Another and very great advantage is that such plants as dahlias, chrysanthemums and geraniums can be brought inside on frosty nights and protected, to be put out when the weather is fine.

Every farmer has more or less mechanical labor to perform, and he will find profit in keeping the tools required—not poor, mean tools, but the best; and always in good order. In the list there should be one or two hand-saws, gimlets, brace and bits, augers, hammers, a few chisels, wrenches, jack-plane and other tools to serve every day wants.

Time intelligently given to bees will pay equally well with that given to any other kind of farm work, and where too many are not kept it may be done at such times as not to interfere with other important work. Outside of any pecuniary benefit it pays well in furnishing a needed article for the family, which can only be secured by working for it.

A crop of weeds and vegetables cannot be grown on a piece of land at the same time. One of them must succumb, and it should be the weeds, but unless they are eradicated they usually take possession. Weeds use as much moisture as regular crops, and hence, in dry weather, they deprive the plants that should grow of a portion of the moisture.

Sunflowers, which can be raised as cheaply and as easily as corn, are a profitable crop. One pint of seed given to horses in their regular feed will give them a sleek appearance. The leaves are fed to cattle and the seeds are good to make hens lay. The flowers yield a good honey. The planting of sunflowers is reputed to be a preventive of miasmatic fevers.

Spiders have been found by Dr. O. Keller, of Zurich, to be voracious destroyers of plant-preying insects, and he contends that they play a more effective part in the preservation of the forests than all the insect-eating birds together. The value of the service rendered by spiders has been shown by observation on coniferous trees, a few broad-leaved trees and apple trees.

Hay is necessarily bulky in proportion to its value, but baling makes it possible to ship it for considerable distances with profit to all. Were it not for baled hay coming from points where land is cheap, hay would be dearer than grain in all our large cities. It is so in its comparative nutritive value, and so far as possible is being superseded by grain straw and mill feed.

Sulphide of potash, in the practice of the editor of "Vick's Magazine," has proved all that has been claimed for it by the English press as a destroyer of mildew on roses, chrysanthemums and some other greenhouse plants. A quarter of an ounce dissolved in a gallon of water and thrown on the affected foliage will wholly destroy the fungus, and the leaves will not be injured.

A leading authority states that Paris green or London purple, to destroy the potato-bug, is more economically applied with plaster or ground gypsum than with water, and the results are better. Mix one part poison with 100 parts, by weight, of plaster. Too much of the poison injures the foliage. If sufficient care is used in the thorough mixture of the substance Paris green can be used in the proportion of one to 150.

It is important in the breeding of live stock to remember that permanent improvement is a thing of slow growth; that is to say, when we attempt to build a strong constitution on a weak foundation with a view of reproducing it with any degree of certainty the result cannot be affected in one generation. That which is easily and quickly produced is just as easily and quickly lost by neglect of the conditions that produce it.

The striped squash bug, which has been so abundant for the past two seasons, is best kept in check by the use of the plaster and Paris green. For the family garden, the safest and most satisfactory way to overcome them is to make a bottomless box twelve inches square and six or eight inches deep, and cover with mosquito netting. One of these boxes placed over each hill until the plants have become tough and hard is a sure protection.

An intelligent farmer, who has watched the spread of yellows among his peach trees, advances the theory that this is often brought by bees passing from one tree to another when in bloom. It is a fact that bearing trees are more subject to yellows than those not in bearing. In seasons when frost destroys peach buds there is less spread of yellows, though this may in part be due to the greater vigor of trees that are not bearing a crop of fruit.

It was an old oriental doctrine that women have no souls. More enlightened philosophy concedes that they have purer, finer, more exalted souls than men. But they are too often contained in feeble, suffering bodies, which hamper and retard their full development. For all those painful ailments incident to their sex, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best specific in the world, and is sold under a positive guarantee that it will do all that is claimed for it. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

How He Knew.

"I rather suspect," said Bass, "that Smith is smitten with that young Robinson woman." "And why do you think that?" asked Jones. "Think?" responded Bass, "why I'm sure of it; it was only yesterday that I heard Mrs. Smith say that she didn't think that Miss Robinson was at all attractive; at least for her part she couldn't see anything in her to admire."—*Boston Transcript.*

Do Not be Alarmed

At the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption, and only shows the healthy efforts of the system to throw off the scrofulous impurities of the blood which have resulted in