The Girls Protest.

We're getting very tired of the silly things men say
About the "good old-fashioned girl," and her superior way.
The highest point of nonsense they have fairly overtopped,
And we—"the girls"—decide that it is really time they stopped!

Our dear old grandmas—bless them!—never mean to lead astray
Young Ned or Tom, when, with a loving smile at pa, they say,
"Ah, boys, the girls are different from what they used to be!"
But we think they've forgotten all the fun they had, you see!

They remember all the spinning, but the dancing they forget;
They can recollect the baking—not the way they used to fret
When they had to stay at home, sometimes, to dust the parlor clean,
When lots of other girls and boys were "dancing on the green!"

Why should a girl sit down and spin from morning until night,
With so much big machinery—do you think it would be right?
And modern girls can make good pies, and fancy dishes, too,
And just as well, we'll wager, as the old ones used to do.

But for an instant we'll assume the girls were better then,
Were more sedate, industrious—but how about the men?
We think our grandpa just too nice when sometimes he will say,
"Oh, girls, the boys are not so fine as in my old-time day."

But, seriously, we should think that older folks would know
That times are very different from fifty years ago!
"The girls" must follow with the world, which surely has advanced—
* * * * *
One day grandma forgot and we were perfectly entranced
When she said that she was noted once for a minuet she danced!

Lyric of Action.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults and the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite world,
From His throne to life's nethermost fires—
"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won!

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

Sometime.

Sometime you'll think of these summer days,
Dreamily fading in summer haze.
Sometime, with a thrill of passionate pain,
You'll long for their sweetness over again.

Sometime you'll listen, in silence lone,
For a girlish voice that was all your own.
Sometime, when the starlight is shining bright,
And the moon drops low in the summer night,

You will watch for a gleaming figure fair,
White-robed and noiseless, with falling hair.
Sometime in your dreaming a little hand
Will linger in yours at love's sweet demand;

And, gazing deep in the luminous eyes
That made for your right its paradise,
The light, the music and odorous calm
O this golden-crowned summer will linger like balm,

Till, starting, awaken to clasp but air,
And list to a flitting footfall there.
Sometime you'd give all the wise world's praise
for one of these vanishing summer days;

For just one leaf of the swaying bough—
Sometime you'd clasp it; ah! why not now,
Ere the lingering light of the perfect days
Has faded, forever, in the mystic haze?

MONICA:

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

And, indeed, when the old man had turned to Brian and asked him to bring Miss Blake to Coole, Brian himself had known surprise too, and some misgivings. Was he going to make her swear never to give her consent to his (Brian's) marriage with her niece; or was he going to make open confession of that dishonorable action which caused Miss Blake's pretty step-sister to suffer dire tribulation, according to the gossips round?

"I should like to see Priscilla Blake," the old Squire had said in a low whisper, his nephew leaning over him to catch the words, and then he had muttered something about "old friends and forgiveness," that had not so easily been understood.

"You shall see her," the younger man says tenderly. "I'll go for her myself. I am sure she won't refuse to come."

"Refuse!" There is something in the Squire's whisper that puzzles Brian.

"I am certain she will not," he repeats mechanically, while trying to translate it. But the look has faded from the old man's face and his tone is different when he speaks again.

"If she is afraid to come," he says generously, having evidently settled some knotty point of inward discussion to his entire satisfaction, "tell her from me that I am ready and willing to forgive all."

"You mean you are anxious to obtain her forgiveness," says Brian with the kindly intention of assisting the old man's wandering imagination.

"Eh?" says the Squire sharply, "what d'ye mean, Brian? Speak, lad, when I desire you."

"Look here, George, if you excite yourself like this, you know what the consequences will be," says Brian sharply in his turn. "I only meant that as you—er—jilted their step-sister, I supposed you were anxious to obtain their pardon now you feel yourself pretty low. But I'd advise you to wait and see about that when you have recovered your strength a little."

"And you believed that old story, too!" says the poor Squire forlornly. "I didn't jilt her, at all, Brian. It was she jilted me."

"What!" says Brian, turning to see if the bullet had touched his brain instead of his ribs.

"'Tis true. I tell you, that girl broke my heart. She was the prettiest creature I ever saw, with soft dove's eyes and a heavenly smile and no more heart than that," striking the post of the old-fashioned bedstead with his uninjured arm. "I gave myself up to her, I worshipped the very ground she walked on, and within a fortnight of our wedding she calmly wrote to tell me she could not marry me!"

"Giving a reason?"

"No. Even she, I presume, could not summon sufficient courage to tell the wretch she had deluded of her love for another. She gave me no reason. She entreated me, however, to keep silence about the real author of the breach between us—that is, herself. I was to be the one to break off our engagement! I was to bear all the blame! She implored me to conceal her share in it, and finally demanded of me, as a last favor, that I would give the world to understand I had thrown her over."

"A charmingly-disinterested specimen of womankind," says Brian raising his brows.

"And this to me," says The Desmond, an indignant sob making his weak voice weaker—"a man who had always kept himself straight in the eyes of the world. I was required to represent myself as a low, despicable fellow, one of those who seek a woman's affections only to ignore them at the sight of the next pretty face."

"But you refused to comply with her request?" says Brian hastily.

"No, sir, I didn't," says the Squire, shame struggling with his excitement. "On the contrary, I gave in to her in every respect. I believe at that time I would cheerfully have allowed myself to be branded as a thief, if she had desired it, and if it would have saved her one scrap of discomfort. She was afraid of her sisters, you see. I blamed them then, Brian, but I think now her fear of them arose from the fact that they were as true as she was—Well, well!"

"This is, indeed, a revelation," says Brian.

"Yes. You wouldn't think they would behave like that, would you?" says Mr. Desmond eagerly.

"Who? The Misses Blake?" says Brian, startled.

"Yes. It wasn't like them to keep silent all these years and let me bear the brunt of the battle, when they knew that I was innocent and that it was their own flesh and blood who was in fault. Yet they turned their backs upon me and have treated me ever since as though I were in reality the miscreant they have succeeded in making me out."

"There is a terrible mistake somewhere," says Brian. "They do verily believe you to be the miscreant you describe."

"Brian, come here!" says the old man in an ominously calm tone. "Do you mean to tell me Priscilla Blake believes me guilty of having behaved dishonorably to her sister Katherine? You positively think this?"

"I know it," says Brian, who feels it is better to get out the plain, unvarnished truth at once.

"You have no doubt? Think, Brian; think."

"I needn't. There is no doubt on my mind."

"Then she deceived us all," says the Squire in a stricken tone. Then he rouses himself again. He seems to have recovered his strength wonderfully during the past hour. "Go get me Priscilla Blake," he says. "Hurry, boy, hurry! I must make it right with her before I die."

"Before you recover, you mean," says Brian cheerily. "There, lie down now and keep yourself quiet, or you won't be looking your best when she comes."

* * * * * * * * *

And now Miss Priscilla has come and is standing beside the bed of her quondam friend, looking down upon him with dim eyes.

"I am sorry to meet you again like this, George Desmond," she says at last, in tones meant to be full of relentless displeasure, but which falter strangely.

"She made as great a fool of you as of me, Priscilla," is the Squire's answer, whose tired mind can only grasp one thought—the treachery of the woman he had loved! And then it all comes out, and the letter the false Katherine had written him is brought out from a little secret drawer, bound round with the orthodox blue ribbon and smelling sadly of dust, as though to remind one of the mortality of all things, of warmest, sweetest love, of truest trust, and, indeed, of that fair but worthless body from whose hand it came, now lying mouldering and forgotten in a foreign land.

"Oh, I wouldn't have believed it of her!" says Miss Priscilla weeping bitterly. "But there must have been something wrong with her always though we could never see it. What an angel face she had! But the children, they speak terribly of her, and they say—that she—and James Beresford—did not get on at all."

"Eh?" says the Squire. He raises himself on his sound elbow and quite a glow of color rushes into his pallid cheeks. Then, with a groan of self-contempt, he sinks back again and the light in his eye (was it satisfaction?) dies.

"You have met Brian," he says presently, "What do you think of him, Priscilla? He is a good lad—a very good lad."

"He looks it," says Miss Priscilla shortly.

"He does," heartily. "Well, I'm told this boy of mine is in love with your girl."

"Who told you?" says Miss Priscilla.

"Brian himself," says the Squire.

"I like that in him," says Miss Priscilla.

"Well, George, if you will look upon that as settled, so shall I."

"So be it," says the Squire.

"Eh, my dear; but doesn't it make us feel old to be discussing the love-affairs of these young things, when it seems only yesterday that we—that you and I, Priscilla—"

"That is all buried long ago; don't rake it up. It died when first your eyes fell on her," says Miss Blake hurriedly.

"I was a fool," says the Squire. "But, somehow, since I have been talking to you, I don't think I'm going to die this time, and old scenes come back to me and—I suppose it is too late now, Priscilla?"

There is no mistaking his meaning.

"Oh, yes; a whole life-time too late," says Miss Priscilla with a soft, faint blush that would not have mis-become a maiden in her teens. "But I am glad we are friends again, George."

She presses his hands with real affection and then colors again warmly, as though afraid of having discovered herself in the act of committing an indiscretion. Could that gentle pressure be called forward or light, or unseemly? Terrible thought!

"So am I, my dear," says the Squire. And then again, "You won't think of it, then, Priscilla?"

"No, no," says Miss Blake feeling flattered at his persistency, and then she actually laughs out loud and The Desmond laughs too, though feebly; and then the doctor comes in again and Miss Priscilla goes home to tell Miss Penelope, in the secrecy of her chamber and with the solemnity that befits the occasion, all about the Squire's proposal, its reception and its rejection.

Be assured, no minutest detail is forgotten. Miss Penelope is soon in possession of every smallest look and word connected with it, and deeply gratifying is the manner in which the great news is received by that gentle maiden.

"Though late in the day, Penelope," says Miss Priscilla as a sort of wind-up to her recital, "it was an offer of marriage any woman might be proud of, be she young or old; and he meant it, too. He was quite pressing. Twice he asked me, although my first was a most decided 'No.'"

"It seems terrible, your having been so cold to him, poor fellow!" says Miss Penelope with a regretful sigh for the griefs of the rejected Desmond.

"What could I do?" says Miss Priscilla with an air of self defence. This thought, that she can actually be accused of having treated the sterner sex in a hard-hearted fashion, is cakes and ale to her.

"We must not talk of this, Penelope," she says presently. "It would be unfair. It must never transpire through us that George Desmond laid his heart and fortune at my feet only to be rejected."

To her these old-world phrases sound grand and musical and full of fire and sentiment.

"No, no," says Miss Penelope acquiescing freely, yet with a sigh; she would have dearly liked to tell her gossips of this honor that has been done her dear Priscilla. And, after all, she has her wish for the story gets about, spread by the hero of it himself.

The Squire, tired, no doubt, of keeping secrets, and, perhaps (but this in a whisper), grateful to her because of her refusal, goes about everywhere and tells people far and near of his offer; so that when their friends flock to Moyne and, giving The Desmond as their authority for it, accuse Miss Priscilla of her refusal, and she still, with maidenly modesty, parries their questions, Miss Penelope, feeling herself absolved from further reticence, comes to the front and gives them a full and true account of the wonderful event.

"Yes, Priscilla might, indeed, have reigned as Queen at Coole had she so wished it, and well graced the position, too," winds up Miss Penelope on all these occasions with much pride and dignity.

Brian, who had been busy all the morning swearing out informations and so forth, with Mr. Kelly and the groom, before magistrates and others, coming into his uncle's room about half-an-hour after Miss Blake's departure, finds him considerably better both in mind and in body, though feeble in spirit, as is only natural. Indeed, the bullet had done him little harm, causing merely a flesh wound, but the shock had been severe to a man of his years.

"Come here, Brian, I want to tell you something," he says as the young man leans over him.

"You are not to talk," says his nephew peremptorily.

"If you won't listen to me I'll send for Bailey, the steward," says the Squire. "Nonsense! It does me good." And then he tells him all the particulars of Miss Priscilla's visit relating to his engagement with Katherine Beresford, with one reservation.

"It is all right between us now," he says in a pleased tone. "She told me everything and it appears we were both sadly taken in, though I don't wish to say anything against her even now. I dare say she had her own grievances poor soul; and, indeed, Priscilla said—"

Here he pauses and a guilty flush covers his pale face. He hesitates and then beckons Brian to come even nearer.

"Look you, lad! I'm not quite at ease even yet. There's something wrong here!" laying his hand upon his heart.

"Is it pain?" asks his nephew anxiously.

"I told you you were talk——"

"No, no, boy. It's only mental pain. I want to be ashamed of myself and I can't. I'm feeling a satisfaction about something that I shouldn't. It's not right, Brian. It's not a gentlemanly feeling, but I can't curb it. The more I think of it, the more pleased I feel. Eh? You don't look as if you understood me."

"I don't much," confesses Brian, seating himself on the edge of the bed. "You see, you haven't told me what it is all about."

"It is about Katherine Beresford. Priscilla told me and I should like to tell you. I say, Brian, you won't throw it in my teeth, now, when I'm better, eh?"

"I swear I won't," says Brian.

"Well, she told me Katherine led a regular devil of a life with her husband, and I'm glad of it! There!" says the Squire, after which disgraceful confession he regularly scrambles under the bed-clothes with a view to hiding his shame and his exultation from public view.

Brian fairly roars with laughter. At the sound of his welcome mirth the old man slowly emerges from the sheets again and looks at him doubtfully but with growing hope.

"She had the best of it, of course; any one would have the best of it with James Beresford," he says. "But she couldn't have been altogether comfortable—that's what I mean. I don't want you to think I should rejoice at her having received bad treatment at her husband's hands. He had all the bad treatment to himself, I expect."

"So do I," says Brian who is laughing still.

"And you don't think so badly of me for it?" says the Squire anxiously.

"Not I," says Brian.

"Still, it's rather a mean sort of feeling, isn't it, now? It's very low—eh?"

"Low or not," says Brian with decision, "I'm perfectly certain if it was my case I should feel just like that myself."

"You're the comfort of my life, Brian," says his uncle gratefully, and then he indulges in a covert smile himself, after which he drops off into a slumber, sound and refreshing.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is growing towards evening and as yet at Aghyohillbeg they have not grown tired of discussing the terrible event of last night.

"When I called just now, Priscilla Blake was with him," says Madam O'Connor. "Brian told me The Desmond had sent for her. I suppose the old quarrel about Katherine will be patched up now, and I shouldn't wonder if our two lovers, Monica and Brian, get married quite comfortably and in the odor of sanctity, after all."

"I suppose they couldn't have managed it without the old people's consent," says Mrs. Herrick who is rocking herself lazily to and fro in a huge American chair.

"Nonsense, my dear!" says Madam throwing up her chin. "Accredit them with some decent spirit, I beg of you. Of course they would have got married whether or not—there is nothing like opposition for that kind of thing—and, no doubt, would have enjoyed it all the more for the fun of the thing, because there must be an excitement in a runaway match unknown to the orthodox affair."

"I don't think I should like to run away," says Olga Bohun, "there is always a difficulty about one's clothes."

"What's the good of being in love if you can't get over a few paltry obstacles?" says Madam, whose heart is still young. "Well, I expect we shall have a gay wedding here before long, and be able to give that pretty child our presents without any trouble."

"How long the day has been!" says Olga with a little affected yawn, meant to reduce Ulic Ronayne to despair, who is sitting in a distant window touching up one of her paintings. "I don't know when I have been so bored—no one to speak to. Madam, darling, you shall never go out again without me; remember that. Nobody has called—I suppose they are afraid of being shot—not even Owen Kelly; and one would like to see him and Brian, to make sure they are all there."

"Talk of somebody," says Madam, looking out of the window, "here comes Owen."

As Olga puts her hand in his presently, she says, laughing:

"Madam O'Connor says you are, in polite language, his sable majesty himself. So you must be, to escape as you did last night. Now tell us all about it. We have heard so many garbled accounts that a real one will set our minds at rest."

Then he tells them all about it, dropping as though unconsciously into a low chair very close to Hermia's.

"So, you see," he says when he had finished, "it might have been a very sensational affair and covered us all with glory, only it didn't."

"I think it did," says Mrs. Herrick gently. She doesn't raise her eyes from her work to say this, but knits calmly on; only a very careful observer could have noticed the faint trembling of her fingers, or the quivering of her long, downcast lashes.

"How can you say such a thing, Owen?" says Olga. "Look at all the cases we have known where the assassins have got away quite free, and here we have the principal secured."

"Yes, that was very clever of Brian," says Mr. Kelly.

"Did he capture him, then, single-handed? Were not you with him? Were you in no danger of your life, too?" exclaims Hermia, with such unwonted animation that every one looks at her. She takes no notice of their regard, but fixes her kindling eyes on Kelly, who, in returning her mute protest, forgets that any other more open answer may be required of him. Then she lets her eyes fall from his and her face grows calm and statuesque again, and only the rapid clicking of her needles show the perturbation of the mind within.

"Did the fellow give you much trouble, Kelly?" asks Ronayne, who, in his secret soul, is bitterly regretful he had not been on the scene of action.

"Not he, the fool!" says Mr. Kelly with something approaching a smile. "Brian fired his revolver and grazed his arm slightly—a mere scratch, you will understand—and the miserable creature rolled upon the ground, doubled himself in two, and, giving himself up as dead, howled dismally. Not knowing at that time that the poor Squire was hurt, Brian and I roared with laughter; we couldn't help it, the fellow looked so absurd."

They all laugh at this, but presently Olga, holding up her finger, says seriously:

"Owen, recollect yourself. You said you laughed! Oh, it can't be true!"

"I regret to say it is," says Mr. Kelly with interest self-abasement. "For once I forgot myself. I really did do it, but it shan't occur again. The exquisite humor of the moment was too much for me. I hope it won't be placed to my account, and that in time you will all forgive me my one little lapse."

"Well, Owen, you are the drollest creature," says Madam O'Connor with a broad, sweet smile that is copied by Olga and Ronayne. Mrs. Herrick remains unmoved and her needles go faster and faster. Mr. Kelly stares at them uneasily.

"They'll give out sparks in another minute or so," he says warningly, "and if they do there will be a general conflagration. Spare me that; I have had enough excitement for a while."

Mrs. Herrick lets her knitting fall into her lap.

"The Squire may be thankful he got off so easily," says Madam O'Connor at this moment.

"He may, indeed," says Kelly. "Fay," to the child who is standing at a distance gazing thoughtfully with uplifted head at the blue sky without, "what are you wondering about now?"

"I was wondering," she says truthfully, "why Ulic says his prayers to Olga."

A most disconcerting silence follows this speech. Madam hums a tune; Mrs. Herrick loses herself in her knitting; but Mr. Kelly, who is always alive, says "Eh?"

"I saw him," says Fay dreamily.

Olga, who is as crimson as the heart of a red rose, makes here a frantic but subdued effort to attract the child's attention. Mr. Kelly, however, gets her adroitly on to his knee before she can grasp the meaning of Olga's secret signals.

"Where did you see him?" he says mildly.

"In the summer-house, this morning. He was kneeling down before her, just as I kneel to mamma, and he had his head in her lap and he was whispering his prayers. I could not hear what he said." At this instant an expression of the most devout thankfulness overspreads Mrs. Bohun's features. "But they were very long prayers, and I think he was sorry for something he had done."

"I haven't a doubt of it," says Mr. Kelly mournfully. "Go on, my child."

"I'm not your child; I'm mamma's," says Fay firmly, but, having so far vindicated her mother's character, she goes on with her tale. "When he got up he didn't look a bit better," she says. "He looked worse, I think. Didn't you, Ulic?" addressing the stricken young man in the window. "And I always thought it was only children who said their prayers to people, and not the grown-up ones. And why did he choose Olga? Wasn't there mamma? And wasn't there Madam? You would have let him say his prayers to you, Madam, wouldn't you?" turning placidly to her hostess.

"I should have been only too charmed—too highly flattered," says Madam in a stifled tone, and then she gives way altogether and breaks into a gay and hearty laugh, under cover of which Olga beats an ignominious retreat.

Mr. Ronayne, feeling rather than seeing that his colleague in this disgraceful affair has taken flight, puts down his brushes softly and jumps lightly from the open window to the grass beneath. Then, with a speed that belongs to his long limbs, he hurries towards that corner of the house that will lead him to the hall door. As he turns it, he receives Olga almost in his arms.

"You here?" she says. "Oh, that terrible child!"

"She didn't understand, poor little soul." And then, as though the recollection overcomes him, he gives way to uncontrollable mirth.

"Such unseemly levity!" says Mrs. Bohun in a disgusted tone, but, after the vaguest hesitation, she laughs too.

"Come to the orchard," says Ronayne, and to the orchard they go. Here finding a rustic seat at the foot of a gnarled and moss-grown apple tree, they take possession of it.

"It is very unfortunate," says Olga with a sigh. Her fair hair is being blown like a silver cloud hither and thither, and renders her distractingly pretty.

"You mean our betrayal by that child?"

"Yes. I hope it will cure you of ever being so silly as to go on your knees to any woman again."

"I shall never go on my knees to any woman but you, whether you accept or reject me."

"I am sure I don't know how I am ever to face those people inside again." Here she puts one dainty little finger between her lips and bites it cruelly.

"There is nothing remarkable in having one's accepted lover at one's feet."

"But you are not that," she says lifting her brows and seeming half amused at his boldness.

"By one word you can make me so."

"Can I? What is the word?"

This is puzzling; but Mr. Ronayne, nothing daunted, says:

"You have only to say 'you are,' and I am."

"It isn't Christmas yet," says Mrs. Bohun, "you shouldn't throw conundrums at me out of season. It is too much—'you are and I am.' I couldn't guess it, indeed; I'm anything but clever."

"If you say the 'I will,' you will find the solution to our conundrum at once."

"But that is two words."

"Olga, does the fact that I love you carry no weight with it at all?"

"But do you love me—really?"

"Need I answer that?"

"But there are others, younger, prettier."

"Nonsense! There is no one prettier than you in this wide world."

"Ah!" with a charming smile, "now, indeed, I believe you do love me, for the Greek Cupid is blind. What a silly boy you are to urge this matter! For one thing, I am older than you."

"A year or two."

"For another——"

"I will not listen. 'Stony limits cannot hold love out;' why, therefore, try to discourage me?"

"But you should think——"

"I think only that if you will say what I ask you, I shall be always with you and you with me."

"What is your joy is my fear. Custom creates weariness! And—'the lover, in the husband, may be lost!'"

"Ah, you have thought of me in that light!" exclaims the young man eagerly. "Beloved, if you will only take me, you shall find in me both lover and husband until your life's end."

The smile has died from Olga's lips; she holds out her hands to him.

"So be it," she says gravely.

"You mean it?" says Ronayne, as yet afraid to believe in his happiness.

"Yes. But if ever you repent, blame yourself."

"And if you repent?"

"I shall blame you, too," she says with a sudden return to her old archness.

(To be continued)

Five years ago Lida Garrison, of Denison, Texas, fell from a tree, and hurt herself so that she has not since been able to use her arms. She has succeeded in learning to paint, holding the brush with the toes of her left foot.

During a thunder storm at New Richmond, Wis., two thunderbolts went through the pillow of a young woman, one on each side of her head. Her hair was singed, her head and shoulders burned, and both eyeballs so blistered that she will be totally blind.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, looks for a great advance in medical practice from the use of the principle of the telephone. By means of it the physician's ear will catch far more distinctly the heart and lung sounds than he can now hear them. Not only this, but these sounds may be phonographically registered and forwarded to specialists at a distance, and treatment prescribed thereby.

A Utica, N.Y., naturalist says that song birds in that region are fast disappearing. The wren is almost unknown, the bobolink, that formerly abounded on the Mohawk meadows, is disappearing rapidly, while blue birds, yellow birds, orioles and even woodpeckers, highhoes and crows are becoming scarce. As a consequence, he says, fruit trees and all sorts of vegetation are suffering from the ravages of insects. Pot hunters and bird-nesting boys are said to account for the disappearance of the birds.

The British Treasury have granted funds to the Royal Society for the despatch of an expedition to witness the total eclipse of the sun, which takes place on August 29th. The eclipse is invisible at Greenwich. The party proceed from England by the mail steamer of the 29th of next month for Barbados, where they remain for one day, and will thence be conveyed on board a British man-of-war to the island of Grenada, where several stations will be established to carry out an efficient observation of the eclipse. The expedition will return to England in September.

Chicago has completed its school census, deciding the nationality of all its children, and the showing in some respects is extraordinary. The Germans, 226 000; American, 154 000; Irish, 120 000; Slavonic, 55 000; Scandinavian, 33 000; English, 85,000; Latin, 16,000; Negroes, 8,000; Canadian, 4,000, and all others, 9,000; making the total population 650,000. The Germans thus outnumber the Americans, and the latter are but little more numerous than the Irish. That is to say, Chicago is more Irish than any city in Ireland, save Dublin and Belfast; more German than Munich, Dresden or Cologne. Less than one-fourth of the population is, by its own census, of American origin.

Some experiments on dogs, with reference to the effects of sundry beverages on digestion, have been recently described by Sig. Ogata. The following conclusions (which may not be strictly applicable to man, accustomed to the drinks named) were reached: 1. Water in moderate amount does not disturb digestion. 2. Beer, wine and brandy retard digestion considerably at first, till absorbed; and in the case of beer, the extractive matters act thus as well as the alcohol. Thus beer retards digestion more than wine containing the same amount of alcohol. 3. Sugar cane and grape sugar retard digestion considerably. 4. Common salt accelerates it distinctly.

An eminent physician remarks that at the age of 36 years the lean man usually becomes fatter, and the fat man becomes leaner. Again, between the years 43 and 50 his appetite fails, his complexion fades, and his tongue is apt to become furred upon the least exertion of body or mind. At this period his muscles become flabby, his joints weak, his spirits droop, and his sleep is imperfect and unrefreshing. After suffering under these complaints a year, or perhaps two, he starts afresh with renewed vigor, and goes on to 61 or 62, when a similar change takes place, but with aggravated symptoms. When these grand periods have been successfully passed, the gravity of incumbent years is more strongly marked.

An English chemist has found a way for turning to account the practically illimitable quantity of seaweed that the ocean supplies, or at least as much of it as may be desired. He boils the weed with carbonate of soda and treats the filtered solution with sulphuric acid, obtaining from it in this manner a substance that has more viscosity than starch, or even gum Arabic, and that can be profitably employed in stiffening various textile fabrics. It is also said to be excellently adapted for the making of syrups and for certain culinary uses. From the cellular and fibrous matter left after the extraction of that material—to which he has given the name of "alguina"—a very good quality of writing paper can be cheaply made.

A case of premature burial was averted near Reading, Mich., by an old physician, who resorted to the use of the lancet. The patient, a Mrs. Fastis, became unconscious while on the way to Reading to attend the celebration of the fourth. She was probably overcome by heat, but none of the local doctors appears to have been equal to the emergency of reviving her. After she had been prepared for the grave a friendly call was made upon the bereaved family by an old-time physician, who turned the house of mourning into one of anxious joy by a simple application of the knife. An opened vein started the circulation of the blood, and saved the woman from a horrible fate. There are instances of this nature reported with alarming frequency and the custom of hasty burials is one which demands attention. A suspension of functions ought not to be accepted as an indication of death so long as the indubitable sign is lacking.

Bather's cramp is made the subject of an article in the *Popular Science News*. The conclusion is reached that although the intimate nature of muscular cramps and the precise mode in which they are established are still unknown, sufficient data on the subject enable us to recognize the chief conditions of their causation, which are as follows: A peculiar individual susceptibility; the shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body; prolonged muscular exertion and forcible and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities. The disorder is very apt to rise in persons of irritable temperament, attacks persons of middle age oftener than the young, men oftener than women and the robust oftener than the weakly, and occurs oftener in hot climates than in cold. Its most powerful and avoidable cause is the immersion of the body while heated in water of a relatively low temperature.

According to a writer in a French industrial journal, the greatest inclination on any European railroad worked by ordinary locomotives is on the two miles between Enghein and Montmorency, near Paris, being forty-five feet in the thousand, or an angle of 2° 35 minutes. Grades of thirty-five feet to the thousand, or two degrees, are found on several roads. The grade of the Simplon road, the highway over the Alps with the least slope, is only three degrees to the thousand, the maximum slope that can be travelled on a highway being set down as 132, or seven and one-half degrees. The grades on cable or cog-wheel railways are, of course, considerably greater; that of the road up the Swiss Rigi from Vitznau is, in the steepest part, 250 to the thousand, while the maximum on the Mount Washington Railway is estimated at 330 and 375, this latter being the steepest railway with a central toothed rail, and the steepest of any kind in the world, except the cable road up the cone of Mount Vesuvius, which has the extraordinary inclination of 630 to the thousand.

At a meeting of the London Scientific Association recently, Sir John Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp which ate sugar from his hand and made no attempt to sting him. Those moralists that are fond of holding up the habits of various insects as models that should be followed by humanity with its weaknesses are going to get left. Science has discovered that the busy bee, which, from time immemorial, these persons have described as improving each shining hour, really works but two hours a day. The pet which Sir John Lubbock introduced to his scientific friends the other evening proves conclusively that even the wasp, an insect popularly supposed to attend strictly to business at all times and in all places, is willing to neglect business for pleasure; and a further investigation of the ant, the *bete noire* of the sluggard, will probably show that she has her hours of ease and idleness and is far less industrious than she has been cracked up to be.

Rear Admiral John Lorimer Worden, whose death at Newport, R. I., is reported, was famous the world over as the commander of the Monitor in her fight with the Merrimac. He was born in New York, March 12th, 1818, and entered the navy as a midshipman in 1834. He became a lieutenant in 1846, a commander in 1862, a commodore in 1868 and a rear admiral in 1872. Besides his fight with the Merrimac, he was in command of the Montauk in the attacks on Fort McAlister and Fort Sumter early in 1863. He was blind for a long time after the Monitor-Merrimac contest, as the result of the explosion of a shell against the Monitor's pilot-house while he was glancing through the peep-holes in it. Commodore Foxhall A. Parker says that while he was lying in bed with his eyes bandaged, President Lincoln paid him a visit. Worden said: "Mr. President, you do me great honor." The President, turning his face away to conceal his emotion from Mrs. Worden, who was present, replied: "No, sir, no, sir; it is you who do me honor and confer honor on the country."

The old landmarks of history (remarks the *Court Journal*) have been so far submerged by modern incidents that probably comparatively few persons remembered the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, unless they found themselves in the neighborhood of St. James' Palace or the Wellington Barracks on that morning, where certain time-honored ceremonies were duly observed. It is the rule that those regiments which took part in the battle should on this occasion deck their colors with laurel, and a full-dress parade of the Coldstream Guards is also part of the proceedings. The battle was fought seventy-one years ago, but there are still a few survivors left to tell how the field was won. Presumably, the oldest survivor is the last of the Waterloo Chelsea veterans, a Highlander, belonging to the famous Black Watch, who is stated to be 103 years old. His name is John Mackay. The Earl of Albemarle, who is now in his 88th year, was an ensign in the 14th Foot at Waterloo. General Whichcote, nearly 92, was a lieutenant in the 52nd Light Infantry on that eventful day. The venerable Earl of Albemarle received congratulations from the Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, Duke of Cambridge and many other persons of rank and distinction.

In the tables prepared by Prof. O. W. Atwater for Carroll D. Wright, the chief of the United States National Bureau of Labor Statistics, it is shown that for a given value in money there is only 29 per cent. of nutriment obtained from porter-house steak, while the same sum expended in beef neck will yield 92 per cent. of nutriment. Salt pork affords the greatest amount of nutriose, the yield being 198 per cent. Among the fish tested fresh salmon gives the smallest amount of nutrition, the percentage of nutriment being .06. Mackerel, salt cod and smoked herring give the largest amount of nutrition, the herring giving more than any other, 1 21 per cent. The most expensive dairy food is butter, which only returns 73 per cent. of nutriment. It is from vegetables that the best expenditure of money is obtained. Flour at 3 cents per pound yields a return of 7.29 per cent. in nutrient, while in the ordinary baker's bread the amount of nutrition was only 2 08 per cent. This difference is explained by the fact that a great saving is made in the cost of bread, or the amount which one can get for 25 cents when it is made at home. Then, again, the flour used in the average household is one cheaper in price, but onew hich contains more nutritive values than the extremely white, high-priced flour which is used by the baker. This is proved by the analyses made of bread which cost 8 cents per pound and that which only cost 4 cents. In the former instance the amount of nutrition obtained was, as said before, 2.08 per cent., and in the latter instance 4.15 per cent., or twice as much for an expenditure of half the money. Oatmeal returns 4 48 per cent. of nutriment and potatoes 6 90 per cent.

New Fashion Jottings.

A novelty is a plain white linen, with a hem-stitched border, and two or three tucks arranged inside them. The tucks are hem-stitched on and are of different colors, intersecting at the corners, and form a sort of plaid.

The Saratoga scarf is of grenadine of light color, and black squares form the designs. The scarf is larger than that worn in the spring. The lawn bow is the "dude bow," and the ends are embroidered with colored silk, which gives it a very dressy appearance. Gentlemen's regatta bows are of striped frosted silk, the ends are flaring, and the bands are fastened together at the back with a buckle.

The wire bustle gives grace and effect to the drapery. The boucle corsage is made to open in front over a chemisette.

Shoulder knots and neck bands of velvet are in vogue.

Lace mantles are profusely trimmed with jet beads.

Greenish-gray is fashionable for curtains and upholstery.

Deep hem embroidered in white jet is called a key border.

Tulle bonnets are ornamented with a cluster of snow-balls.

Skirts are plain in front and full and plaited at the back.

Straw hats are fancy lace braid trimmed with gauze ribbon.

Lawn party dresses are of white Calias lace over colored surah silk.

Reticules and pockets are among the latest fancy novelties. Peach-blow color, when combined with golden yellow, is very exquisite.

Basque of serge, cheviot or camel's hair are worn with summer fabric skirts.

High lace ruffs are worn about the neck, reminding one of the days of Queen Bess.

Ribbon cravats may be made of striped gauze ribbon and collar of twisted ribbon.

Braided wire bustles have been generally adopted. They are lighter in weight than those made of hair.

The draperies this fall will acquire more simplicity than those worn in the spring.

Jackets of fancy cloth, the back tight fitting and the front loose and straight, are worn on cool days.

Nothing in the World Like it.

Nothing can equal Polson's Nerviline as a remedy for internal, local, or external pains. It is the strongest, therefore the best. Nerviline penetrates at once to the source of disease, and affords immediate relief. C. B. Allison & Co., druggists Picton, speaking of Nerviline, state: "Our customers speak of it in the highest terms." Nerviline nerve pain cure will always command the praise of all who use it. Nerviline is an honest remedy. Always sure and prompt to relieve, and therefore is the best remedy to keep in the house. Buy a sample bottle, which cost but ten cents, and be convinced that Nerviline is the best pain remedy in the world. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

Mrs. Marina Wright, of Addison, Vt., is over 102 years old, and has lived in her present residence over 99 years.

WOMEN DO TOO MUCH.

Some Hints for Overwrought Housekeepers.

American women try to do too much. A woman in moderate circumstances who does her own work must afford to make as many ruffles on her children's clothes as her wealthy neighbor can afford, who has two servants and puts out her sewing. Many would rather do the washing and ironing than the sewing. Some part of the work should always be put out; it is economy for women to do so, unless they prefer to give their money to doctors and nurses and suffer all they will if they work until they are worn out. There will be suffering and loss of money and time and, perhaps, no hope of future strength. Buy those things which will make your work easier, and, in order to save your time and strength, make plain clothes, to lessen the labor of washing and ironing. I have been in rooms, sitting-rooms especially, where what-nots and mantel-pieces were filled with many strange things, without utility or beauty; bed-rooms arranged in the same way, on bureaus and mantels, so that the labor of dusting such a house became a dread and burden. It is a matter of health, too, to have as few surfaces as possible to collect dust. If women would sit down and resolve to lessen their hours of labor they would soon find the unnecessary things they did. I know one woman who makes a dozen pies a week, and sometimes twice. Short cakes made with cream and baking powder, split and buttered, with some fresh fruit or good canned fruit spread between, are good substitutes for both pies and cakes. Plain cakes made in a large pan and cut in blocks are better than the most expensive ones. Rugs in bed-rooms in summer make the cleaning easy. In a few hours the rugs can be gathered up and thrown on the grass, hung on the line, dusted, and the rooms swept and mopped quietly; the sweeping and mopping altogether not taking more than one half-hour to a room. Then the full carpets can go down late in the fall, unless the house is very warm or there are double floors. There are many ways in which time may be saved; to a busy and overworked woman more leisure may be one of many things—recreation, health or social life.—*Good Housekeeping.*

"O, it was Pillin!"

Of course it was! He tried one remedy after another, and finally gave up and died, when his life might have been saved by taking Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery"—the great "Consumption Cure"—which, if promptly employed, will soon subdue all threatening symptoms, such as cough, labored breathing, night-sweats, spitting of blood, etc, and restoring waning strength and hope, effectually stop the poor consumptive's rapid progress graveward. Is it not worth trying? All druggists.

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