Kiss of the Wife That's True.

Where's the kiss pressed on the lips of the child—
Of lovers when parting at night;
The kiss of mother our sorrows beguiled,
Making the face cheery and bright;
The kiss so silly of girls who meet,
Who so blisslessly kiss in lieu:
But the kiss that lasts and makes life sweet
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

Kisses in kinds as countless as sands—
Of friendship, betrayal, deceit;
The kiss on the eyes, the forehead and hands,
The kiss that is awkward and neat;
The kiss that's given—the one we steal,
The kiss that awakes us all through;
But the sweetest kiss that lips can feel
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

There's the kiss of youth and the kiss of years,
And the kiss we lay in the grave;
The kiss we press in sunshine and tears—
The kiss for the brow of the brave;
But the kiss that is the kiss of life
To him who the gamuts run through—
That brings surcease to anguish and strife,
Is the kiss of the wife that's true.

Between Sunset and Night.

Between the sunset and the night,
When all the earth is veiled and dim,
When dewdrops make the roses bright,
And stars in yon blue distance swim,
She comes across the garden-close,
Among the lilies' shining sheen,
Fair as the fairest flow'r that blows,
My heart's one love, my spirit's queen.

She lays her little hand in mine
That ne'er forgets that pressure sweet;
I see her trailing garments shine,
The curls that on her forehead meet.
She sings the songs she used to sing
Between the sunset and the night;
Right up to heav'n the glad notes ring,
And all the earth is full of light.

But when the lamps must needs be lit,
And busy footsteps seek my room,
The lilies see a shadow flit
Afar beyond the scented gloom.
No more she nestles near my side,
To sing of joys that once have been;
She leaves me lone as when she died,
My heart's one love, my spirit's queen!

—SHIRLEY WYNNE.

MONICA:

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

"And you will refuse Rossmoyne ?"

She laughs outright at this and glances at him from under drooping lashes.

"I can't promise that," she says with carefully simulated embarrassment, "because——"

"What?" haughtily, moving away from her.

"I did so yesterday."

"Oh, darling, how cruelly I misjudged you! I thought—I feared——"

"Never mind all that. I know—I forgive you. I've a lovely temper," says Olga with much self-gratulation.

"Why did you refuse him? Was it," hopefully, "because you didn't like him?"

"N—o. Not so much that—as ——" again this shameless coquette hesitates and turns her head uneasily from side to side, as though afraid to give utterance to the truth.

"What? Explain, Olga," says her lover in a fresh agony.

"As that I—loved you," returns she with a heavenly smile.

His arms close round her and at this moment she lets all her heart be seen by him. The mocking light dies out of her eyes, her face grows earnest. She lets her heart beat with happy unrestraint against his. The minutes fly, but time was never made to be counted by blissful lovers.

A gong sounding in the distance rouses them from their contented dreaming.

"I must go and tell Hermia," she says, starting to her feet, "that is the dressing-bell."

"You won't let her influence you against me?"

"Nobody could do that." She moves away from him and then runs back to him again and lays her arms round his neck.

"You are more to me now than Hermia and the world!" she says softly.

Yet, presently, when she finds herself in Hermia's calm presence, her courage somewhat fails her. It is not that she for a moment contemplates the idea of having to give up her lover, but she is afraid of her cousin's cold disparagement of both him and her.

"I have just promised to marry Ulic," she says, plunging without preface into her story with a boldness born of nervous excitement.

"To marry him! Why, I thought you looked upon him as a mere boy! Your 'baby,' you used to call him."

"Probably that is why I have accepted him. A baby should not be allowed to roam the world at large without some one to look after him."

"Do you love him, Olga?"

"Yes, I do," says Olga defiantly. "You may scold me if you like, but a title isn't everything, and he is worth a dozen of that cold, stiff Rossmoyne."

"Well, dearest, as you have given him the best part of you—your heart—it is as well the rest should follow," says Mrs. Herrick tenderly. "Yes, I think you will be very happy with him."

This speech is so strange, so unexpected, so exactly unlike anything she had made up her mind to receive, that for a moment Olga is stricken dumb. Then, with a rush, she comes back to glad life.

"Do I wake? Do I dream? Are there visions about?" she says. "Why, what sentiments from you! You have 'changed all that,' apparently."

"I have," says Hermia very slowly, yet with a vivid blush. Something in her whole manner awakes suspicion of the truth in Olga's mind.

"Why," she says, "you don't mean to tell me that—— Oh, no, it can't be true! and yet—— I verily believe you have—— Is it so, Hermia?"

"It is," says Hermia, who has evidently by help of some mental process of her own, understood all this amazing farrago of apparently meaningless words.

There is a new sweetness on Mrs. Herrick's lips. One of her rare smiles lights up all her calm, artistic face.

"After all your vaunted superiority!" says Olga, drawing a deep sigh. "Oh, dear!" Then, with a wicked but merry imitation of Mrs. Herrick's own manner to her, she goes on:

"You are throwing yourself away, dearest. The world will think nothing of you for the future, and you, so formed to shine and dazzle and——"

"He will be a baronet at his father's death," says Mrs. Herrick serenely, with a heavy emphasis on the first pronoun; and then suddenly, as though ashamed of this speech, she lets her mantle drop from her, and cries, with some tender passion:

"I don't care about that. Hear the truth from me. If he were as ugly and poor as Mary Browne's Peter, I should marry him all the same, just because I love him!"

"Oh, Hermia, I am so glad," says Olga. "After all, what is there in the whole wide world so sweet as love? And as for Rossmoyne—why, he couldn't make a tender speech to save his life, as it should be made—whilst Ulic, oh, he's charming!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

And now night has fallen at last upon this long day. A gentle wind is shivering through the elms; a glorious moon has risen in all its beauty and stands in "heaven's wide, pathless way," as though conscious of its grandeur, yet sad for the sorrows of the seething earth beneath. Now clear, now resplendent she shines, and now through a tremulous mist shows her pure face, and again for a space is hidden

As if her head she bow'd
Stooping through a fleecy cloud

Miss Priscilla, with a sense of new-found dignity upon her, has gone to bed. Miss Penelope has followed suit. Terence, in the privacy of his own room, is rubbing a dirty, oily flannel on the bright barrel of his beloved gun, long since made over to him by Brian.

Kit is sitting on the wide, old-fashioned window-seat in Monica's room at her sister's feet, and with her thin little arms twined lovingly round her. She is sleepy enough, poor child, but cannot bear to desert Monica, who is strangely wakeful and rather silent and *distraite*. For ever since the morning, when he had come to carry Miss Priscilla to Coole, Brian has been absent from her; not once has he come to her; and a sense of chill and fear, as strong as it is foolish, is overpowering her.

She rouses herself now with a little nervous quiver that seems to run through all her veins, and lets her hand fall on Kit's drooping head.

"It grows very late. Go to bed, darling," she says gently.

"Not till you go," says Kit tightening the clasp of her arms.

"Well, that shall be in a moment, then," says Monica with a stifled sigh. All through the dragging day and evening she has clung to the thought that surely her lover will come to bid her "good-night." And now it is late and he has not come and——

She leans against the side of the wide-open casement and gazes in sad meditation upon the slumbering garden underneath. The lilies—"tall, white garden lilies,"—though it is late in the season now and bordering on snows and frosts, are still swaying to and fro and giving most generously a rich perfume to the wandering air. Earth's stars they seem to her, as she lifts her eyes to compare them with the "forget-me-nots of the angels" up above.

Her first disappointment about her love is desolating her. She leans her head against the wood-work and lifts her eyes to the vaguely-tinted sky. Thus, with face upturned she drinks in the fair beauty of the night, and, as its beauty grows upon her, her sorrow deepens.

With how sad steps, Oh, moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently and with how wan a face
Thou feel'st a lover's case!
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.

As she watches the pale moon, Sidney's sad words return to her. Just now Diana is resting in a bath of palest azure, whilst all around her clouds, silver-tinged, are lying out from her, trembling in mid-air.

Great patches of moonlight lie upon the garden sward. One seems brighter than its fellows, and as her eyes slowly sink from heaven to earth, they rest upon it, as though attracted unconsciously by its brilliancy. And, even as she looks, a shadow falls athwart it, and then a low, quick cry breaks from her lips.

"What is it?" says Kit scrambling to her knees.

"Only Brian," says Monica with a hastily-drawn breath. A rich color has rushed into her cheeks, her eyes are alight, her lips have curved themselves into a happy smile.

"It's all right now, then, and I can go," says Kit joyfully.

"Go? To bed, you mean, darling?"

"Yes, now I know you are happy," says Kit tenderly, and then the sisters embrace, and presently Monica is alone but for the shadow in the moonlight.

"Is it you, Monica?" says Brian, coming close beneath her window and looking upwards.

She leans out to him, her white gown gleaming softly in the moon's rays.

"Oh, why venture out at this hour?" she says nervously. Now he is here—woman-like—fears for his safety, forgotten before, arise in all their horror. "They may have followed you; they may——"

"Come down to the balcony," he interrupts her with a light laugh, "I want to talk to you. Nonsense, dear heart! I am as safe as a church. Who would touch me, with an angel like you near to protect me?"

His shadow, as he moves away, may again be seen for an instant before he turns the corner of the old house; and Monica, opening her door softly, runs lightly down the corridor and the staircase and across the hall and the drawing-room floor, until she reaches the balcony beyond, where she finds his arms awaiting her.

"You have missed me all day?" he says after a pause that, to them, has been divine.

"Oh, Brian, what a day it has been!" she clings to him. "All these past hours have been full of horror. Whenever I thought of your danger last night, I seemed to grow cold and dead with fear; and then when the minutes slipped by, and still you never came to me, I began to picture you as cold and dead, and then——Ah!" she clings still closer to him and her voice fails her. "I never knew, she whispers brokenly, "how well I loved you until I so nearly lost you. I could not live without you now."

"Nor shall you," returns he, straining her to his heart with passionate tenderness. "My life is yours, to do what you will with it. And somehow all day long I knew (and was happy in the knowledge, forgive me that) that you were lonely for want of me; but I could not come to you, my soul, until this very moment. Yet, believe me, I suffered more than you during our long separation." (If any one laughs here, it will prove he has never been in love, and so is an object of pity. This should check untimely mirth.)

"You felt it long, too, then?" says Monica hopefully.

"How can you ask me that? Your darling face was never out of my mind, and yet I could not come to you. I had so many things to do, so many people to see, and then the poor old fellow was so ill. But have we not cause to be thankful? At last the breach between our houses is healed, and we may tell all the world of our love."

"You should have heard Aunt Priscilla, how she talked of you when she came back to-day from Coole," says Monica in a little fervent glow of enthusiasm. "It was beautiful! You know she must have understood you all along to be able to say the truth of you so well. She said so much in your favor that she satisfied even me."

She says this with such a graceful *naivete* and such an utter belief in his superiority to the vast majority of men, that Mr. Desmond does well to feel the pride that surges in his heart.

"I really think she has fallen in love with you," says Miss Beresford at the last with a little gay laugh.

"Perhaps that is why she refused the Squire," says Brian, and then he basely betrays trust by telling her all that tale of the late wooing of Miss Priscilla, and its results, which awakens in the breast of that ancient lady's niece a mirth as undutiful as it is prolonged.

"And what were you doing all day?" she says when it has somewhat subsided.

"Trying to keep my uncle—did I tell you he has fallen in love with your photograph?—from talking himself into a brain fever, and I was swearing hard, and——"

"Brian!"

"Only informations, darling! And I wouldn't have done that either, only I had to. They made me. Lay the blame on 'they.' It wasn't my fault, indeed. If I had thought for a moment you had the slightest objection so that sort of——"

"Nonsense! Don't be silly; go on," says Miss Beresford austerely.

"Well, then, I listened patiently to a good deal of raving from Kelly on the subject of Hermia Herrick. I don't suppose I should have exhibited as much patience as I did, but for the fact that I was waiting on George—my uncle—at the time, and couldn't get away. And after that I listened with even more patience to a perfect farrago of nonsense from our sub-inspector about the would-be assassin we have caught, and his fellows; and, besides all this, I thought of you every moment since last I saw you."

"Every moment—not one neglected" asks she smiling.

"I'll swear to that, too, if you like. I'm in good practice now."

"No, no," hastily, "I can believe you without that."

"Did you hear about your Ryde?" asks Desmond suddenly.

"I disclaim the possession," says Monica. "But what of him?"

"He has been ordered with his regiment to Egypt to fight Arabi, where I hope he will be shot. And the 36th are coming in his place."

"How can you say such shocking things?"

"Is it shocking to say the 36th are coming to Clonbree?"

"No, but what you said about Mr. Ryde."

"Oh, that! Well, I hope, then, if they don't knock the life, they will knock the conceit and the superfluous flesh out of him. Will that do?"

"Very badly. He was a horrid man in many ways, but he did you no harm."

"He dared to look at you."

"The cat may look at the king."

"But the cat may not look at my queen. So now, madam, what have you to say?"

"Well, never mind, then. Tell me about Hermia. So Mr. Kelly is engaged to her?"

"Yes. He has just discovered her to be the most superior as well as the loveliest woman upon earth. He told me so. I ventured mildly, but firmly, to differ with him and enter a protest on your behalf, but he wouldn't hear of it. In his opinion you are nowhere beside the majestic Hermia."

"I know that. He is right," says Monica meekly. But there is a reproachful question in her eyes, as she says it, that contradicts the meekness.

"He is not," says Desmond with loving indignation, pressing her dear little head so close against his heart that she can hear it throbbing bravely and can find joy in the thought that each separate throb is all her own. "The man who thinks so must be insane. A fig for Hermia! Where would she be if placed beside you, my 'Helen fair beyond compare?'"

"You are prejudiced; you tell too flattering a tale," says Monica with soft disparagement, but the fond, foolish, lover-like words are very dear and sweet to her, all the same.

He has his arms round her; in her tender, childish fashion she has laid her cheek against his; and now, with a slow movement, she turns her head until her lips reach his.

"I love you," she whispers.

Almost in a sigh the words are breathed, and a sense of rapture—of completion—renders the young man for the instant mute. Yet in her soul so well she knows of his content that she cares little for any answer save that which his fond eyes give.

A breath from the sleeping world of flowers below comes up to the balcony and bathes the lovers in its sweets. The "wandering moon" looks down upon them and lights up the dark windows behind them till they looked like burnished silver. A deadly silence lies on grass and bough. It seems to them as though, of all the eager world, they two only are awake and alone.

"Do I count with you, then, as more than all?" he says at length, "than Terence or than Kit?"

"You know it," she says earnestly.

Suddenly he loosens his arms from round her, and, pushing her slender, white-robed figure gently backward, gazes searchingly into her calm but wondering face.

"Tell me," he says—some mad inward craving driving him to ask the needless question—"how would it have been with you if I had been killed yesterday? Would you in time have loved again?"

I am not sure, but I think he would have recalled the words when it is too late. A quiver runs through the girl's frame; a great wave of emotion sweeping over her face transfigures it, changing its calm to quick and living grief. The moonbeams, catching her, fold her in floods of palest glory, until he who watches her with remorseful eyes can only liken her to a fragile saint, as she stands there in her white, clinging draperies.

"You are cruel," she says at last with a low, gasping cry.

He falls at her feet.

"Forgive me, my love, my darling!" he entreats. "I should never have said that, and yet I am glad I did. To feel, to know you are altogether mine——"

"You had a doubt?" she says, and then two large tears rise slowly, until her beautiful eyes look passionate reproach at him through a heavy mist. Then the mist clears and two shining drops, quitting their sweet home, fall upon the back of the small hand she has placed nervously against her throat.

"A last one, and it is gone forever." He rises to his feet. "Place your arms round my neck again," he says with anxious entreaty, "and let me feel myself forgiven."

A smile, as coy as it is tender, curves her dainty lips as she lifts to his two soft, dewy eyes, in which the light of a first love has at last been fully kindled. She comes a step nearer to him, still smiling—a lovely thing round which the moonbeams riot as though in ecstacy over her perfect fairness—and then in another instant they are both in heaven, "in paradise in one another's arms!"

"You are happy?" questions he, after a long pause into which no man may look.

"I am with you," returns she softly.

"How sweet a meaning lies within your words!"

"A true meaning. But see, how late it grows! For a few hours we must part. Until to-morrow—good-night!"

"Good-night, my life, my sweet, sweet heart!" says Desmond.

THE END.

Struck by a Meteor.

As a gentleman, a well-known public official, was passing from St. James' Park into Pall Mall by the garden wall of Marlborough House on Saturday, at a quarter to 5 in the afternoon, he suddenly received on the right shoulder a violent blow, accompanied by a loud crackling noise, which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. On recovering his footing, and turning round to see who had so unceremoniously struck him, he found that there was no one on the pavement but himself and the policeman on duty at the park end of it. On reaching home the shoulder was submitted to examination, but nothing was at first discovered to account for the pain in it. But in a little while the servant who had taken away the coat to brush brought it back to point out that over the right shoulder the nap was pressed down flat in a long, straight line, exactly as if a hot wire had been sharply drawn across the cloth. The accident is therefore explained as having been caused by the explosion of a minute falling star or meteor.—*London Times.*

An Apt Pupil.

"Never use the word 'dandy,' my child," exclaimed a father to his daughter, who had just returned from a boarding-school where she had graduated first in her class in slang.

"Never?" asked the white-robed girl.

"Not as an adjective or explanatory word. Never say a dandy horse or a dandy elephant."

"Well," said the slang graduate, "there is nothing dizzy about dand(y)elion, is there?"—*St. Paul Globe.*

Corroborative Evidence.

A thin, red-eyed young man was walking about ten paces behind a policeman. A large rat ran across the sidewalk in front of the copper and disappeared in the sewer.

"Excuse me," said the youth, quickening his footsteps and tapping the officer on the arm, "but did you see a rat?"

"I did, sor," replied the officer.

"Thanks, awfully; I was a little afraid I had 'em again."

—One is often called upon to wonder at the trifling injury inflicted by what are described as "showers" or "hail-storms" of bullets in the West and South. A recent report from St. Louis says that 249 pistol balls were vainly fired into a Texas steer that was running loose in that city, and that it was only upon the firing of the 250th shot that the animal succumbed.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Paris Belles Will Have No More False Hair to Hide their Noble Brows.

FASHION'S FREAKS AT SUMMER RESORTS.

Mexican Women Discard Mantillas and Take to Bonnets.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

Rings Going Out.

Do the girls know that rings are going out? Not many rings, but all rings. In England it is voted bad form to wear the glittering circlets, and even the marital badge of slavery is reduced to a golden wire. If the English do not approve of jewels, off come our baubles. This is on the plan of the New York Anglomaniacs, who learn by private wire that it is raining in London and immediately turn up the bottoms of their trousers.—*San Francisco Report.*

No More False Hair.

No Parisienne wears false hair since the pictures of Watteau and the statues of the Louvre have shown her the charm of the line of the neck and of the pure brow framed in smooth or waved bandeaux, says the London *World*. The tournure has met with the fate of all mere eccentricities, and succumbed to ridicule. The corset has long ago become a mere supporting waistband.

On the natural coiffure of the Parisienne of to-day, held in place by three or four pins of blonde tortoiseshell, you see by way of hats a postillion leather-brown straw hat, trimmed with ribbons of almond green; a casque-shaped plisse of tulle, surrounded by a garland of lilacs; a network of green reeds no larger than your hand, lined with satin and decked with a bunch of yellow roses; two choux of tulle point d'esprit attached by a little charm of pearls; a cloud of Chantilly held captive on one side by a bouquet of wild flowers or a bunch of red ribbons pointing skyward like blades of vigorous grass.

Tulle, satin, lace, osier, the finest straw—such are the materials of the ethereal head-dresses of the day, the most voluminous of which are postillion, Rembrandt and mousquetaire forms diminished in size and lightness by graceful rolling of the brim.

As for the dresses, the ideal of the couturieres is simply to drape the human figure, and the height of elegance is to have a dress artistically draped. The stuffs used are all such as produce beautiful folds, as surah, foulard, etamine, draped with lace and crepe pongees, velvet and "pelure de chataigne"—a new and very light woollen stuff, with a downy surface that produces the soft reflections of velvet or plush.

The triumphant colors are red, almond-green, leather, violet of the shade known as "Ophelie," and all the degradations of these tones, for which the dictionary, alas! only gives words that are insufficient.

Civilizing Old Mexico.

The Mexican women are growing stylish. In 1880 there was not a bonnet in Mexico. Now nearly every woman has some kind of a hat perched on her head. They have discarded the graceful and becoming mantilla and have such a mania for hats that the papers complain that the people's pleasure is marred in the theatres by them, and are pleading with the managers to prohibit them from being worn inside.—*Mexico Letter.*

The Proper Thing in Wedding Rings.

In answer to a query, I write that the favorite engagement ring has a sapphire and diamond, the two gems representing faith and constancy, as it is supposed. A sapphire, beautiful as it may be in idea, is in reality a very unbecoming stone. If of the regulation depth of color, it does not light up well, and a diamond or diamonds are positively required to illuminate its dark surface, but the blue determines its choice as the gift of virgin love. A ruby is too costly, save for the rich, and the stones that resemble it in hue are disliked in this association, though they will be welcome gifts later on. No one thinks of buying an emerald or an opal for the "engagement ring," and pearls are so easily injured they are rarely on "the list," but diamonds, always and ever within such addenda as the taste and pocket permit, suffice for the princess or the commoner. A diamond ring admits of great variation of design and style, as any connoisseur will admit, when the tempting array in a great jewellery establishment is under consideration. Beautiful rings on beautiful hands are one of those combinations which weak humanity may be pardoned for adoring. The new bracelet so much worn now is called udscha and is of Egyptian origin. It was worn more than three hundred years ago as a talisman by both men and women in Egypt. The udscha itself is a large coin covered with hieroglyphics in enamel or jewelled, and this is attached to a narrow metal, and which must never be removed from the wearer's arm. Hence it was customary to wear it in youth or as long as the size of the arm would permit, above the elbow, as near the arm-pit as possible. As the wearer grew, increased in muscle or fat, the udscha was slipped lower and lower until it descended to the wrist.—*From Clara Bell's Letter.*

Fashion's Freaks at the Summer Resorts

A new and useful morning cap, called the gipsy, for young ladies has come into favor, and is popular at seaside resorts, where the damp air is harmful to the curled bang. It consists of a silken handkerchief, edged with three rows of gold bangles, and is knotted at the back of the head, covering the hair with the exception of a few stray curls in front.

A butterfly dress recently worn at Newport, N.J., attracted much attention. It was of pale green, white and gold gauze, the back drapery arranged to simulate wings, and two diamond pins in the hair for the eyes. A broad sash of pale green moire passed about the waist, and the slippers of pale green satin were ornamented with real butterflies.

At the Thousand Islands the young ladies dance at noon in their boating dresses of blue and white flannel, and many of them keep on their hats of Canada straw.

White dresses made with square-cut corsage filled in with lace are worn on the hotel piazzas at Saratoga these warm summer mornings. Hats are very seldom worn at this resort. Ladies go shopping and walking in evening or morning toilet with only a parasol or lace fichu over the head.

The two extremes, very small bonnets with velvet strings that tie under the chin, or large hats loaded with feathers and flowers, are favored in Newport. Neither is detrimental to the bang, because it is little worn there, the hair being brushed smoothly back or made into a light fringe over the forehead after the prevailing mode in England.

Dresses entirely of black lace and grenadine, with sashes of moire, are seen on the beach at Naragansett Pier these warm mornings. The sleeves and waist about the shoulders are only of one thickness and are consequently comfortably cool.

Little bronze ties fastened by a bronze ribbon and worn with hose of the same color are to be seen on the pretty slender feet of the Newport belles as they drive about in the morning in their phaetons, dog carts, tubs or landaus.

A belle at Richfield Springs has set the fashion of wearing wrappers in the morning, and many of the ladies appear at breakfast in belted Mother Hubbards, Watteaus and Gabrielles made of soft cashmere and trimmed with a profusion of lace.

The guests at the Oriental Hotel at Coney Island were startled the other morning by a very original costume worn by one of the young lady guests. It was of scarlet batiste, cut a la princesse, with a drapery of a broad Roman sash of gray color, caught in front, the right side of the waist over the left hip and fastened low down on one side in a large bow. Scarlet slippers and stockings completed this vivid toilet.

Small diamond earrings and a tiny diamond pin, with one or two rings, are permissible at Newport for morning wear. At Saratoga those possessing diamonds generally wear them at all hours in preference to leaving them in their apartments, where there is a possibility of their being stolen.

Straw hats bound with a silver band and ornamented with one or two long wings and a bow of bright colored ribbon are considered fashionable at Asbury Park for the morning. The fashion was introduced by two pretty Philadelphia girls.

Bands of jewelled passementerie adorn many of the evening dresses at the various resorts. Mrs. Hoey, at Long Branch, has a garnet satin trimmed with a two-inch band of garnet bead passementerie set with garnet stones and touched up with gold braid. It cost $75 a yard.

PLEASURE INTENSE.

Robert Burdette's Idea of the Pleasures of Camping.

My boy, when you go out a-camping, don's "rough it" too much. Don't go without tents. A camp without a tent is like an orchard without apples. And don't move into a hotel cottage and call it "camping." That is about as much like camping as paying a dollar a pound and fishing in a stocked fish pond is like trout fishing. Take a tent, the army wall tent is the most comfortable, and enjoy yourself. The guide book will tell you, as it told us, that a tent is unnecessary; that "the author and his friends have camped in the Adirondacks, sleeping in the open air every night, for," I forget whether it was three months or three years, and never felt a drop of rain. Well, maybe that is true. We caught about five weeks of rain in the month of June, but then this was an unusually rainy June. You had better take a tent. There may be some more rare Junes where this one came from. But the great charm of the tent does not lie in its utility as an umbrella. It shows off to best advantage on a windy night. That is why I recommend the wall tent, rather than the "A" or wedge tent. We have both varieties in our camp, but when the winds are boisterous the wall tent has a few fancy steps than the "A" tent can never hope to imitate. Night has fallen. On the other hand, the wind has gotten up. I retire to the cot that sags down like a watering trough to receive me, and the circus begins. I am not afraid that the tent will blow over—it takes a terrific wind to capsize a well pinned, neatly adjusted tent, but I don't see why it can't stand still. I hear the wind waving among the trees. I look at the cot where the Prince is sleeping, and half wish I hadn't brought him out into this land of furious storms. I lie down again, look at the swaying lantern and think I will get up and put it out. Suddenly the tent squats down like a balloon, and then before I can throw my arms over the Prince to keep the ridge pole from hitting him, the tent stands straight up three feet higher than its best standing record. Another roaring tempest through the trees; the four sides of the tent bulge out until it is as a Sibley tent; then it collapses and sucks in until there is hardly room inside for the lantern. Then three sides stiffen up like sheet iron, while the fourth flaps itself mad for no particular reason. The tent squats again, and when it stands up this time, the fly begins to flap and pound over your head, faster than you can think, with the roll of a muffled drum, varied now and then by a crack like the shot of a gun. A moment's lull, suddenly the winds seem to be rending the forests, and both tent poles, fore and aft, are seized with delirium tremens, and shiver and shake and tremble in oscillating spasms, while the walls dance up and down, flutter, bulge, collapse and stretch, and the frantic fly, "as fast as mill wheels strike," smites the top of the tent in furious, loud sounding whacks, that make the very lantern burn blue with fear; the moaning of the wind in the woods raises to a shriek; under the impression that the whole mountain is flowing away, I spring to my feet, rush to the tent door, tear it open. The bluest skies, the brightest stars, the loveliest night in all this land greets me with the blessing of peace. The night wind is singing softly in the gently swaying tree tops, the lullaby of the summer night, a liquid wisper; the very undertone of the zephyr, scarce so loud as the purling murmur of the drowsy little brook, crowing itself to sleep in the starlight. That is all. But why should it sound so like Bedlam inside the tent? That's what I want to know.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Comforts of a Hospital.

From a poor man's point of view a hospital is replete with every comfort, and an instance of this came before the writer's notice a week ago, when a woman, on being told by the house-surgeon of a hospital that she must "come in," exclaimed, "Now I am going to live like a lady!" This was not the woman's first experience of the comforts and discomforts of a hospital, and therefore her feelings may be taken as a type of those of the poor in general. "But," the richer classes will argue, "I shall never be in such a position as to require the aid of a hospital, as I have my own doctor to attend me if I am ill." Facts are better than arguments to contradict this statement, and if the man who talks thus will cast his eye down the pages of the large calf-bound volume kept in the out-patient surgery of all the hospitals, and in which a description of all cases treated by the surgeons is recorded, he will find many a broken limb or fractured collarbone, and some cases, too, of a much serious nature, in which the sufferer has been found to be a wealthy man going to or returning from his business, who has been brought in senseless by the police and placed in one of the wards, where he has been carefully tended by the nurses and surgeons until his friends could arrange for his return home. Many instances of this nature might be quoted, but one will suffice. A gentleman was stepping on to one of the penny steamboats which ply up and down the Thames, and, owing to a lurch of the vessel, slipped and his foot was crushed between the boat and the pier. He at once fainted from the pain, and was carried to the nearest hospital and put into one of the wards, where his foot was dressed. Owing to the nature of the injury, and the shock to his system, he was unable to be moved for some days, and on leaving he told the house-surgeon that he had up to that time no conception of the comforts of a hospital, and that after his stay he should never forget Hospital Sunday again.—*London (Eng) Banner.*

How He Entertained Him.

Aurelia (anxiously)—Have you seen George this evening? He promised to call.

Bagley—He did call. I entertained him for an hour before you came downstairs.

Aurelia—You entertained him, pa?

Bagley—Yes. I gave him a list of all the new dresses and gewgaws you had last year and the cost of each. I never saw a young man more interested, yet he left very hurriedly.

The 9th inst. was the concluding day of the Aberdeen Wapinschaw, and the prize of the Queen's Cup and Gold Badge was carried off by Corporal J. G. Rae, Aberdeen. Amongst the other competitions on that day was the Inter-University match, which was won by Aberdeen.

SEVENTY-EIGHT MILES AN HOUR.

The French Engine Which is Planned to Exceed the Limit.

The day is very recent when the talk of a locomotive making a mile a minute was received with a due amount of doubt, being almost universally disbelieved. To-day, however, sixty miles an hour is not the limit, and locomotive builders now essay to increase the speed from ten to fifteen miles above that figure. The latest novelty in this line is a locomotive designed by M. Estrade, a graduate of L'Ecole Polytechnique, which is to be experimented with on the southern lines of France. M. Estrade, convinced of the value of large wheels, has fitted his engine tender and coaches with wheels eight and a quarter feet in diameter. The engine is of the outside cylinder type, with slide valve on top of the cylinder, and all the gearing carried outside. The following table of dimensions will be read with interest:

Total length, feet		33
Width between longitudinals, feet		4
Diameter of wheels, feet		8¼
Distance between axles, rear to middle, feet		8½
Distance between axles, middle to leading, feet		6½
Cylinders	diameter, inches	18½
	stroke, inches	27½
	from axis to axis, feet	6½
Grate surface, square feet		24½
Heating surface, square feet		1,408
Capacity of boiler, cubic feet		144
Weight of engine, empty, tons		38
Weight of engine loaded, tons		42

This locomotive is expected to make an average speed of from seventy-two to seventy eight miles per hour. The coaches are peculiar, in that they are carried inside iron girders, while the wheels run under the centre of the longitudinal seats. Two axles, sixteen feet apart, support, through elliptic springs mounted upon the oil-boxes, these longitudinal girders, which have ends curving toward the ground. Each girder carries three other elliptic springs, from which is suspended, by means of iron rods, the lower frame on which the body of the car is supported. The coach is separated into two storeys, the lower of which is made in three pendent sections, with doors, which may be used as baggage rooms, etc. Above is a single compartment with central passage-way, reached by stairways at each end of the coach, and communicating with the other portion of the train by hinged platforms. The result of the trial of this new locomotive will be watched with great interest.

He Got His Customer.

The following story is told of an enterprising New York jobber, the events having taken place recently. The merchant in question, having heard of the arrival of a country trader who was known to be a large purchaser and of unquestionable credit, was resolved to get him to visit his establishment, and, once there, he felt sure he could secure him as a customer. He accordingly sent out one of his drummers, of whom he had quite a number, adapted to every taste and disposition. The one sent, however, returned without success. No 2 was dispatched, with no better result, and again No. 3, and so on until all had gone and come back without their man. The merchant then went himself, and finding that brandy and water and free tickets to the theatre were of no avail, for the country trader did not take one or go to the other, he was reduced to the necessity of employing a ruse, which, as the sequel shows, was simple as well as effectual. On taking his departure after a pleasant interview the merchant took care to commit the "mistake" of taking the trader's hat instead of his own. Next morning, as was expected, the merchant received a prompt visit at his store from the country trader, who came to look up the hat which he supposed had been hurriedly exchanged. This was what the merchant wanted, and through this means sold a good bill of goods and secured a regular customer.

A Treacherous Barrel.

The Young Men's Christian Association people gave a picnic at Elmira, N.Y., on the 5th of July, and now they are the laughing-stock of the community. They got the laugh on them in this way: Being strictly temperance people they secured a barrel and filled it with ice-water for the thirsty; and never before did worldly people seem to drink Chemung water with greater relish than that which was supplied from the barrel. Finally, when a child about 4 or 5 years old, who had been drinking this water, began to try to stand on its head, an investigation was ordered which disclosed the fact that the ice-water had been placed in a whiskey barrel from which all of the former contents had not been emptied!

Lines for Anglers.

Charles Wilmot, of Southville, Conn., caught a fish which had two heads and two tails, but only one body. We are not informed what kind of liquor Charles used as bait.

"The idea of a man weighing 180 pounds fooling around for four hours to hook a fish weighing fourteen ounces is something I never could understand."—Chap who didn't get a bite.

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

On his journey through Paris to St. Petersburg, Herr Rubinstein, it is said, informed a friend that his net profits in the 106 "historical" and other recitals which he has given since last October amounted to, in round numbers, £20,000.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, enrolled last year 180 students. Its courses are thorough and practical, its faculty composed of graduates and certificated teachers and its record unsurpassed. Rates low. For 60 pp. announcement, address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

—Eat plenty of cucumbers, green fruit and watermelons and you will soon cease suffering with the heat—at least in this world.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of BRIGGS' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving attention to a slight cough which could be stopped by timely use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it in the house.

WANTED.

BRIGGS' Black Oil, as a liniment for horses and cattle has stood the test for over thirty years, and now leads the market. Worth its weight in gold, and sells at 25 cents.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sickness of the Stomach and Bowel Complaints.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore and inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Coming Home to Die.

At a period of life when budding womanhood requires all her strength to meet the demands nature makes upon it many a young woman returns home from the severe mental strain of school with a broken-down constitution, and her functions disarranged, to go to an early grave. If she had been wisely counseled and given the benefit of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" her bodily development might have kept pace with her mental growth, and health and beauty would not have given way to decline and death.

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They hain't, eh?" the boy replied with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of them apples'll keep me out of school for a week."

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting unfailing cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Roderic Fatty, a little Apache, a pupil in the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., recently said to his teacher; "I don't like 'Roderic Fatty.' I want a new name." "What name do you want?" "I would like 'Roderic Reconciliation,'" said the little redskin.

Thomas Miller, a 12-year-old Trojan, got a piece of wire and threw it over the arm of an electric light "to get a shock," as he said. He got it. He was knocked down, arose, fell again and again, and died.

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

—It is said that the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage writes most of his sermons on railway trains. We should never think of doubting the assertion. Some of his sentences have evidently gone through several collisions and have only been rescued in a maimed condition.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell is at the home of his father-in-law, William T. Adams, (Oliver Optic), in Dorchester. He will open his season at Minneapolis.

Alma Ladies' College

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Offers unsurpassed advantages in