CULINARY RECIPES.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.

Make a crust as for tea biscuit. Line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish, pour in one pint of berries, strew sugar and flour over them; cut squares of the dough and lay on this; add another pint of berries, sweeten and flour as before; then put about a tablespoonful of good vinegar into this and cover with a crust with a large opening in the centre and bake one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.

Cut cold boiled potatoes into small pieces, add three hard boiled eggs chopped, a tablespoon of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a cup of sweet milk, season to taste. Heat thoroughly.

MINCED VEAL.

Take three pounds of cooked veal, chop, add three beaten eggs, four rolled crackers, butter size of an egg, pepper and salt well; press into a crock and bake an hour. When cold turn out and slice down on a platter. It is very nice for lunch.

GREEN CORN PUDDING

Grate a dozen ears of green corn, add one quart of sweet milk, one-quarter pound of butter, four well-beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Bake one hour and a half in a buttered dish.

POTATO SOUP.

Pare and cut into small pieces four good-sized potatoes, boil tender; add a quart of good sweet milk, season with salt and pepper, butter the size of an egg. Make a dough as for pot pie, cut into small squares, drop into the kettle while boiling. Boil for twenty minutes. Serve while hot.

FRIED TOMATOES.

Select smooth, hard tomatoes, wash and wipe but do not pare them, cut in halves and lay the cut side in flour. Melt some butter slowly and pour off the top, in which to fry the tomatoes, being careful not to pour in the sediment. Let the butter get hot in the pan, then lay in the tomatoes, the floured side down, and watch closely that they do not burn; turn as soon as brown. A sauce is by some considered an addition. Put a small cup of milk in the pan after taking out the tomatoes, season with salt and thicken with a teaspoonful of corn starch; when it boils pour it over the tomatoes.

BAKED DAMSONS FOR WINTER USE.

Choose some fruit not too ripe. To every pound of fruit allow six ounces of sugar. Put the fruit into large stone jars, sprinkling the sugar amongst it; cover the jars with saucers; place in a moderate oven and bake until perfectly tender. When cold, cover the jar with a piece of paper to just fit, pour over it melted suet about three-quarters an inch thick, then tie the jars down with thick brown paper. Keep in a cool, dry place.

STEWED TOMATOES.

Pare and cut in pieces large ripe tomatoes, put into a saucepan and stew briskly twenty minutes; season with salt and pepper, a teaspoon of butter and a tablespoon of sugar; stir into this a cupful of grated bread crumbs. Serve while hot.

Latest from Ireland.

The Orange Hall at Plaster, near Dundalk, was burned to the ground on the 17th August.

Rev. Thos. Fullerton, late of Dromore, county Down, is in custody charged with forging a cheque on the Belfast Bank for £350.

At Dublin on the 13th Aug. a discharged soldier cut the throat of his sister and then his own, both dying on removal to the hospital.

The minutes of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church for 1887 show that 719 members attended the last meeting.

The Ennis Board of Guardians have passed a resolution strongly condemning the dastardly and diabolical attempt to blow up the West Clare Railway bridge.

William Carruthers, manager of the Ulster Bank at Monaghan, has been committed for trial at Armagh, charged with forging 95 bills, amounting to the total of £1,325.

Three persons have been drowned in Lough Corrib while on a boating excursion, viz.: Professor Thompson, Galway; Mr. Kinkead, son of Dr. Kinkead, Galway; and Mr. Roberts, son of a clergyman at Oughterard.

While Mr. Tweedy Scott, a Scottish gentleman visiting some friends at Belfast, was endeavoring to enter the cave of Cave Hill, near Belfast, the other day, he missed his foothold and fell 40 feet, sustaining shocking injuries, from which he is not likely to recover.

Applying a Text.

Sunday School Teacher—"You seem to remember what Eve was told would be the penalty of her disobedience, but I don't think you quite understand it. Now, in a family, who is called the head of the house? Little Girl—The one who does the bossing; the one who directs its affairs. Teacher—Now, who does? Little Girl—Mamma. Teacher—Well, she directs the servants; but who sometimes makes her do things she don't want to very much? Teacher—I do.—*Omaha World.*

Business Dull.

Clergyman—How is your health this summer? I trust you have been well during the sultry weather?

Undertaker—Pretty well, thank you.

Clergyman—And how is business?

Undertaker—Poor, poor. I haven't buried a living soul for weeks.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Venetian gondoliers have struck, objecting to a night service lately established on the Grand Canal. Altogether the labor market in Venice is in rather a disturbed condition, for the bakers are out on strike and the waiters threaten to follow suit.

ONE of the most amusing incidents of this non-copyright period, says the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the solemn advertisement of the California adapter of Rider Haggard's "She" announcing that he has sold a share of his dramatization, has copyrighted the same and will prosecute anybody infringing upon it. So that if Mr. Haggard attempted to bring out in this country an adaptation by himself of his own book he could be legally forbidden to make use of his own property.

FALL STYLES.

What will be Worn by Ladies on their Charming Little Heads.

(From Galignani's Messenger, Paris.)

The milliners, as is usual, are the first to enter the field with new styles for the coming season. Despite the warm weather, which renders difficult a just appreciation of hats in felt and bonnets in velvet, and of fur bands for trimming, it must be confessed that the new winter fashions for headgear are very tasteful. Velvet, dotted with minute spangles in gold, silver or steel, or embroidered with gold thread and spangles, forms the richest material for bonnets. Bands of astrakhan or sealkin or of curled ostrich feathers will be much used for trimming. Felt hats and bonnets in white or pale gray are shown, the former trimmed with pale gray satin ribbon and ostrich tips of the same hue. White felt bonnets with brims in ruby or sapphire velvet are very successful. There is but little variation in the shapes of the winter bonnets so far. The close capote form, and that with a pointed brim and with flat sides, maintain their place in popular favor.

LOW CROWNS FOR HATS.

Hats will be worn with much lower crowns than they were last season. The prevailing form will be the cavalier shape, with low set crown and a wide brim raised at the back and held in place by a bow of satin ribbon. In white felt, with the inside of the brim of a delicate grey and all the trimmings in the latter hue, this style is peculiarly elegant. Toque hats, with the crown high in front and sloping downward to the brim at the back are also shown.

A bonnet with the crown and sides in black velvet, embroidered with jet and and having the front in a lattice work pattern of jet beads and bugles, was trimmed with three or four exquisite deep pink roses and buds without foliage. Pheasant and peacock plumage will be a good deal used in the construction of bonnets, the former in combination with chestnut brown velvet and the latter with dark green.

GAUZE SCARF VEILS.

Scarfs of tulle or of gauze are now a good deal worn with the new sailor shaped hats. One end of the scarf is attached to the inner edge of the crown at the back, and it is then wound loosely around the wearer's throat. Sometimes two long narrow scarfs instead of one wide one are employed. These are crossed under the chin and the ends are thrown over the shoulders; but the double scarf is less graceful than the single one. Cream white or pale straw color are the usual shades employed, but when the hat is in red or marine blue straw red gauze is used with very excellent effect.

PARASOLS.

The gauze and tulle parasols have wholly vanished, and have been replaced by those in blue taffetas, or in black and white pekin, with the stripes made up around the frame. A very elegant style of parasol is in black taffetas or black satin, painted by hand in one of its divisions with a large cluster of pale tinted roses, with buds and foliage. The parasol is finished with deep ruffles of Chantilly lace. Birds are occasionally used to decorate the apex of the parasol, but the fashion is more eccentric than elegant, especially when very large birds, such as doves or paroquets, are thus employed.

NOVELTIES IN COILETS.

A costume lately remarked at Trouville was in an entirely novel style. It was composed of a long polonaise, or rather princess cut dress in white voile, slightly draped over a plaited skirt of the same material. It was bordered all round with a worsted lace of a telegram blue color and of a Gothic pattern, having long points in the upper edge, which they let into the material, thus forming deep scollops bordered with the lace. The sleeves were shirred to the elbow, and were finished with full ruffles edged with the lace. The corsage was also shirred in front in full narrow plaits from the throat to the waist.

From England comes a new and artistic idea for ladies' dress, which is to wear toilets in white or in black taffetas painted by hand with designs of flowers in water color. One of these dresses, which was simple in style, but elaborately painted, was in white taffetas, the skirt covered with four gathered flounces pinked at the edge. Each flounce was bordered with a garland of wild roses painted in water colors. A very wide sash of the same silk was looped at the back of the skirt and was painted to correspond, the garland running through the centre of the sash. The corsage was cut open in a V shape, and had a spray of wild roses painted at one side on the flat bias folds of silk that edged the opening

Frozen Meats in Siberia.

No precautions are required for the preservation of beef, for it takes care of itself. Nearly all butchers kill at the beginning of cold weather a sufficient number of animals to furnish provisions for the entire winter and allow the meat to freeze. There is no fear of any food changing in such a temperature. The fish become so solid and stiff that they are set up on their tails against the walls of the markets, be the tail ever so long and the fish ever so heavy.

Often fruits preserved in ice are placed upon the table of the Siberian evening meal, the method of keeping them being similar to that employed with meats. As soon as the severe cold sets in they are exposed to the air, if possible toward the north, where there is no sun to reach them; they thus become completely frozen. When eaten they are found to have retained their flavor marvellously, notwithstanding their change from a frozen rigidity to the thawed state necessary for use. At the moment of being served they are usually as hard as wood, and, if they chance to fall, rattle like stones upon the floor. The heat of the room gradually softens them and assume their original form.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Suggestion.

A Dallas lady was giving her daughter instructions in etiquette and how to acquire a husband.

"If a gentleman enters the room etiquette demands that you arise from your seat and advance a few steps to meet him, with a bright, sunny smile."

"But suppose no gentlemen ever comes into the room?"

"Then of course you don't change your position; you remain just as you are."—*Harper's Magazine.*

FEMALE KLEPTOMANIACS.

How Women in Polite Society Get the Best of Tradesman and Friend.

The world would be surprised to know how many kleptomaniacs there are in polite society. A well-known dry goods man says he has a customer who steals about as regularly as she purchases. He makes out a rough estimate of her pilferings, and the bill is never disputed by her husband, who knows too well that the demands are just. There is a young married woman in one of the wealthiest families, who can spend a fortune a year on little things, and yet she will pick up and appropriate the merest trifles. She despoils her friend's parlor of small articles. A work-basket is a happy hunting ground for her. On an easy calculation she must have one hundred pairs of scissors. In any of the houses where she habitually calls, if needles, threads and thimbles are missing, the inquiry is heard: "Has Mrs. —— been here this morning?" A Broadway baker, to whose shop it is the custom for ladies to go to luncheon, has the family of this kleptomaniac among his customers. He makes out his monthly bill for all that he leaves at the house, and then puts in the mysterious charge: "Lunch loss, $25." She is in the habit of going to the Broadway establishment, eating a couple of dollars' worth, and then greeting the cashier with an inventory of 50 cents' worth. She will smilingly point out doughnuts and crullers and an occasional ginger snap as having formed her meal; whereas, she has steadily eaten her way round the shop, munching 10 cent tarts and 15 cent eclaires. It would never do to let her loose in the wine cellars, as the trusting Dublin restaurant keepers do with their customers. There are many places in honest old Dublin where you take your glass and go by yourself to the moldy old cobwebbed cellar, surrounded by casks on whose aged head you can read the legend of their vintage. You make your selection, help yourself, go back to the simple landlord in the little tap room above stairs, tell him what you have drunk, have a settlement, and go your way. Our New York young lady would spend an afternoon sampling, come up plum full of Lachryma Christi, and tender the deluded boniface the price of one glass of cider.

A dressmaker was telling of her troubles. A wealthy lady was shown into a parlor, the other day, and left for a few minutes to herself. Just before this visit another customer had bought some rare lace to use in the manufacture of a ball dress. This was carelessly thrown into the upper drawer of a cabinet. When, a few minutes later, it was brought to the workroom, the forewoman sent word that the quantity was insufficient for the design, and the owner was notified. The lady came promptly. She had measured the lace herself, bought it herself, and if there were five yards to the bad, it had been taken in the house. But that was impossible, urged the dressmaker, as no one had been in the room but Mrs. ——, and not one of the employees. "Say no more," laughed the owner of the lace. "We know where the lace is, if Mrs.—— has been in its neighborhood." The poor dressmaker had her eyes opened to many a petty loss since the kleptomaniac had favored her with her custom, but she had a good deal of nerve. She took the remnant of lace and rode in a Fifth avenue stage to Fiftieth street. She was admitted to the august presence on that August afternoon, and she said she thought—in fact, she knew—five yards of lace belonging to Mrs. Smith had been inadvertently wrapped up with the piece of Mrs. —— dress; that Mrs.—— had carried it away to have a hat made from, because Mathilde, her purchase clerk, had been in the room of the parlor and seen Mrs. —— gather up the pieces of silk and lace, of course, wholly by mistake. So the thief, professing astonishment at her carelessness, went off and found that such an accident had really occurred, handed over the lace, and there the matter ended.—*New York Letter.*

Carnegie's Scottish Purchases.

It is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie is about to purchase Aboyne Castle, the magnificent estate of the Marquis of Huntly, who passed through New York about a fortnight ago on his way to England. The sale, if it does take place, is more likely to benefit Lord Huntly's creditors than himself, for there is hardly a square foot of the domain which is not overburdened with heavy mortgages. There really seems to be a kind of curse resting on this Gordon family, one of the noblest and most ancient in Scotland. The Marquis is the head of the clan. He is so persistently in debt that even his father-in-law, the wealthy banker, Sir Cunliffe Brooks, has refused to come forward any more to help him out of his financial difficulties. In 1881 he was the hero of a very painful scandal in London, which involved his sudden resignation of the captaincy of the Queen's Body Guard of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and a precipitate departure for the wilds of Albania in order to avoid arrest and a criminal prosecution. The matter was one in which the words "fradulent signatures" and "fraudulent mortgages" repeatedly cropped up, and was only with difficulty compounded by his father-in-law, who did not wish his daughter's coronet to be dragged through the courts of justice. Personally, Lord Huntly is a charming fellow, extremely handsome, elegant and with a very winning way about him. His eyes, however, are unsatisfactory and unsettled. His sister has the misfortune to be the invalid wife of the Earl of Lonsdale—of Violet Cameron fame, while his brother, Lord Granville Gordon, appeared some eighteen months ago before the public as the part proprietor of a disreputable gambling hell, which had got into trouble with the police. Lady Granville Gordon is the well-known Bond street milliner, who trades under the name of Mme. Ivy & Co.—*New York World.*

The Latest Dodge.

The infringers of the Scott Act are having a lively time in Stanstead, seven of them having been fined last week. Some difficulty was experienced in proving two of the cases, owing to a device resorted to by the liquor sellers in the place known as "The Cave." The person desiring liquor has to go through a long corridor, when he comes to a wicket in the wall. On making known his wants a hand appears with the desired drink in a bottle, but no face or form is visible.—*Missisquoi (Que.) Record.*

MARK TWAIN'S COURTSHIP.

A List of Liars Furnished to His Prospective Father-in-Law.

Mark Twain has been the subject of many good stories in his time, and the appended one from the Indianapolis *Journal*, about a trying moment in his courtship, is worth reproducing:

As everyone knows, Mr. Clemens first met his beautiful wife while on the famous voyage of the Quaker City, and he pursued his acquaintance after their return so closely that at last the young lady's papa one day called the ardent and devoted Mark into his private study and said, after some preamble: "Mr. Clemens, I have something to say to you which bears upon a subject of grave importance, at least to me and mine. You have been coming here for some time, and your manners leave no doubt in my mind as to your object. Now, my daughter's welfare is very dear to me, and before I can admit you to her society on the footing of a suitor to her hand I would like to know something more than I do about you, your antecedents, etc. Stop a minute! You must remember that a man must be a 'good fellow' and a pleasant companion on a voyage and all that, but when it is a question as grave as this a wise father tries to take every precaution before allowing his daughter's affections to become engaged, and I ask of you, as a gentleman, that you shall give me the names of some of your friends in California to whom I may write and make such inquiries as I deem necessary, that is, if you still desire our friendship." It was now Mark Twain's turn. "Sir," said he, bowing profoundly, as became a young man who respects his hoped-for father-in-law, "your sentiments are in every way correct. I approve of them myself, and hasten to add that you have not been mistaken in my sentiments toward your daughter, whom I may tell you candidly seems to me to be the most perfect of her sex, and I honor your solicitude for her welfare. I am not only perfectly willing to give you references, but am only too glad to have an opportunity to do so, which my natural modesty would have prevented me from offering. Therefore permit me to give you the names of a few of my friends. I will write them down. First is Lieut.-General John McComb, Alexander Badlam, General Lander and Colonel W. H. L. Barnes. They will all lie for me just as I would for them under like circumstances." This conclusion broke the old man all up, and he never asked more references nor wrote to those gentlemen.

Advantage of Low Ceilings.

The advantages of low ceilings for dwellings, on account of their being more readily and completely ventilated than dwellings that are high ceiled, are now very generally admitted by builders and sanitarians. The view taken of this matter, from the standpoint of health, is, briefly, that the leakage of air which is always going on keeps all parts of the air in motion in such rooms, wheresas, if the ceiling is higher, only the lower part of the air is moved, and an inverted lake of foul and hot air is left floating in the space above the window tops. To have the currents of fresh air circulating only in the lower parts of the room, while the upper portion of the air is left unaffected, is really the worst way of ventilating, for the stagnant atmospheric lake under the ceiling, although motionless, keeps actively at work under the law of the diffusion of gases, fouling the fresh currents circulating beneath it. With low ceilings and high windows no such accumulation of air is possible, for the whole height of the room is swept by the currents as the dust of the floor is swept with a broom. Again, it is urged in behalf of low ceilings that they possess the advantage of enabling rooms to be warmed with less expenditure of heat and less cost for fuel.

An Interesting Family.

A very remarkable group was yesterday photographed at Thomes Cook's gallery, Queen street. It consisted of six brothers, whose united ages amounted to 465 years, or an average of 77½ years each, as follows:

Charles Stevenson, Tignish	86
John Stevenson, New Glasgow	82
Andrew Stevenson, Fredericton	80
William Stevenson, Fredericton	77
George Stevenson, New Glasgow	73
Robert Stevenson, Rustico	67
	465

They are all hale and hearty and are fine specimens of ripened manhood. With the exception of the two younger they can all read without spectacles. They are all members of the Church of Christ on this island, Charles and John being elders.—*Charlottetown Patriot.*

Trouble to Come.

Fashion in husbands changes same as it does in everything else. A spell ago he had to be a coachman to be *au fait*. Now it is necessary for him to be a Mongolian in order to be in style. Soon the windows of Chinese laundrymen will be so darkened by fashionable girls in search of husbands that it will be necessary to light the gas so that work can go on.—*Texas Siftings.*

Had Only One Married.

Brown, who has married the eldest of seven girls, tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening. "Brown," said she, "I am not going to ruin my reputation by quarrelling with you. Wait till my other girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I am only an amateur.'

Everybody found smoking on the streets of Saugutuck, Mich., during the dry spell was liable to be arrested under the orders of the village council.

Clinton E. Williams was confronted by two wives at a Baltimore police station yesterday, and confesses to having three others. He is a deserter from the army, has been in prison, and is a worthless adventurer generally.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch*, alarmed by the number of people killed while walking upon the railroad track, calls upon some philanthropist to form a "Society for the Discouragement of Track Walking." The railroads of the country should form such a society and accomplish the object by abolishing grade crossings.

—A ticklish position—that of the fly on the bald head.

Celery, parsley, thyme, summer savory sage, etc., should be dried and pulverized and put away in glass jars for use next winter.

WHAT FATE DID.

"There is no doubt, Ethel, but that Dr. Laramie is taken with you. I need not add that I hope you will encourage him. He is very rich and of good family, and I am sure any girl might be proud of such a husband."

"Well, first the man must offer and then I must like him, and so far neither thing has happened."

"Well, as you are invited to the dinner party at the Laramies' the first thing you mention may soon occur. You can wear your amber silk and some jacqueminot roses. I'll stop for you. You must wear gloves day and night until the event, for there is nothing so taking as white hands. The colonel says mine are lovely. Now, what are you laughing about?"

"For joy, auntie," said Ethel. "I'm so glad to be married off, you know. But, really, I can't make myself helpless for three days and nights for the sake of white hands. If I go to bed in greased gloves I shan't sleep, and if I do nothing all day I shall lose my mind."

"Then you can wear mitts, which you need not remove at the table," said the aunt. "It is the style, but I don't like it."

Ethel was dressing for the party in her room and was all ready save for the roses, when an awful sound was heard through the house, evidently some one tumbling downstairs.

Into the hall all rushed. It was cook, who had gone up to her room in a flapping pair of loose old shoes and had slipped on the polished stairs. Her ankle was sprained, and when laid upon a lounge she uttered awful moans and sighs, until Ethel, arriving with a bottle of liniment and a towel pinned about her waist, assuaged the anguish.

"Ethel," cried her aunt, "you'll spoil your clothes and your nails."

But Ethel never heeded. She ministered to cook, who gradually grew black and blue all over, until at last that happened which Aunt Fleming had prophesied.

Over went the bottle, and down the side breadth of the amber silk poured a greasy flood of most unpleasant odor.

"I told you so! It is done for! What will you do?" cried Aunt Fleming. "How you look! and, oh! how you smell! I could baste black lace over it in what-do-you-call-'ems; but the smell! And your hair is all crooked."

"Oh, go on applyin' of it. It don't hurt when you apply it," moaned the cook, with the utter selfishness of a suffering person. "Put more on. There's a deary; do!"

Ethel put "more on" both her patient and her gown.

Mrs. Fleming began to cry.

"Don't do that," said Ethel, warningly. "The colonel won't praise your eyes if you do; and go to the dinner and say anything you like in the way of excuse for me. I do smell dreadfully of liniment. Perhaps the truth would be best; no one could eat near me."

"More, deary—on my back," said the cook; jest below the shoulder blade."

"The colonel, mum," said Maria, the maid, looking in at the door, "and would I remind you it's getting late?"

"Go, auntie," said Ethel.

Mrs. Fleming lifted hands and eyes to heaven, but remarked:

"If you are not going I might as well take your Marechal Niel roses, with black velvet. I might mix them with the jacques, and you can't have too many flowers this winter."

The carriage rolled away; they are gone.

At the hour when fashionable dinner-goers return home Mrs. Fleming reappeared. She looked very much as though the colonel had been saying sweet things to her, and she was very amiable.

"I am sorry for you, dear," she said to Ethel, "but I think the cleaners can take the spots out; or, when it doesn't smell so, black lace or a new side breadth might be bought. Where is cook?"

"In bed, asleep," said Ethel, looking very bright and sweet. "And the doctor has put her to sleep with some little pills, and——"

"I never thought that peach colored wrapper so becoming," said Mrs. Fleming. "Or have you grown prettier? Was the liniment the elixir of youth? Oh, the doctor! What doctor did you send for?"

"I didn't send. He came of his own accord. I thought you had sent him," said Ethel.

"No, I had not time," said Mrs. Fleming. "By the way, you didn't lose much of Dr. Laramie's society. He went out—called away, his mother said. So—well—you laugh so at nothing. I told him you were ministering to an aged and faithful servant. We have had a cook a year and I think she's honest. Well?"

"I hadn't quite finished, auntie," said Ethel. "The doctor was Dr. Laramie. He said he had heard how I was detained."

"Yes?" cried Mrs. Fleming, breathlessly. "Why, what is that on your finger—a ring?"

"It is Dr. Laramie's ring," said Ethel. "We are engaged. He loves me, auntie, and as soon as he told me so I knew that I loved him."

"Of all the artful creatures!" cried Mrs. Fleming. "But you have done it and I am content."

"Fate did it," said Ethel. But this her aunt has never been quite brought to believe.

Nine is an Underestimate.

We feel outraged. Day after day we have been faithfully chronicling the death of the oldest Mason. He is not only not dead, but there are nine of him.—*Macon Telegraph.*

King Pomare of the Society islands is suing for a divorce from his wife, Queen Johannah. She accuses him of intoxication and he accuses her of infidelity. She is only 15 years old.

M. Naquet, who was arrested for seizing his opponent's sword in a recent duel and then wounding him, has finally been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 150 francs, with an additional sentence of paying 1 franc damages to his antagonist. The court could not legally condemn him as a duelist, and the charge on which he was tried and convicted was assault and battery.

Mrs. Ross, daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, and granddaughter of Miss Sarah Austin, is preparing to edit the correspondence of her grandmother and mother, which ought to be entertaining reading.