The Home Fairy.

"I wish my fairy would come to-day
And brush the dust from these rooms away

"The cobwebs, too, on the ceiling high
Empty traps with never a fly—

"How horrid they look! Upon my life,
The torment of every tidy wife.

"I wish my fairy her place would take
In the kitchen and let me see her bake.

"For I'm so weary, I really dread
The thought of kneading a batch of bread.

Her husband heard her wish that day,
But, scarcely heeding it, hurried away

At night he locked the office door
And gladly entered his home once more

As round the cozy room he glanced,
His eyes with pleasure fairly danced.

The fire-dogs, of polished brass,
For burnished gold almost would pass

His easy chair was in its place—
Beside it beamed a smiling face.

No wonder that he turned to her,
Half husband and half worshipper,

And said, "Some fairy has had full sway
In every nook of our house to-day."

Forgotten were dust and cobwebs high,
And there was light in somebody's eye,

For the heaviest tasks that burden a wife
Grow light when they brighten another's life.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"But if any one sees you!" Shirley said, faintly.

"Then I have met you, and am seeing you home! My dear little girl, they can hardly be angry with you for accepting the simplest courtesy in the world."

Shirley said no more. She was physically and mentally exhausted with the strain that she had endured all the afternoon, and in her heart she was relieved not to have to go up the dark dreary avenue alone

When they reached the great iron gates leading into the Fairholme grounds Sir Hugh pulled up and sprung down from the dog-cart.

"Wait for me here, Latreille," he said, as he lifted Shirley down with the careful tenderness which distinguished his manner toward her. "Keep Tippoo moving," he added, as Shirley hastened on. "By the bye, did you find that note?"

"Yes Sir Hugh," Latreille answered quietly and his master hastened after Shirley and gently forced her to accept the support of his arm as they went up the drive together.

"The hall door is open," Shirley said, tremulously, as they came in view of the house. "Uncle Gilbert is sure to be about somewhere: I must bid you good-bye. Please leave me now, Sir Hugh," she added, earnestly. "Good-bye, and thank you."

The deep passionate gratitude in her voice brought a flush to Sir Hugh's face as he took both her hands in his.

"My dearest," he said, softly, "if you knew how happy you have made me. Nay, do not shrink from me, Shirley. I have the right now, and I will keep it. Good-night, my wife!"

He stooped toward her, putting his lips to her cheek for a moment, and then, without giving her time to remonstrate, he turned away and walked quickly down the avenue.

Angry, wounded, and terrified, Shirley fled onward to the house, and, reaching the hall in safety, stood leaning breathlessly against the table, physically unable to proceed any further. Even the sound of her uncle's footstep on the steps without could not give her power to move; and, when Sir Gilbert came in, she was still in the same attitude, supporting her against the feeling of faintness which was quickly creeping over her.

"Shirley," Sir Gilbert said, sternly, "this is strange conduct. Where did you spend the afternoon?"

"I went to the Manse," Shirley found voice to answer.

"To the Manse! Humph! Who accompanied you home? Was that Sir Hugh I saw going down the avenue?"

"Yes—he—I—"

Shirley made a desperate effort to answer, but her strength failed her, the excitement and fatigue of the afternoon had drained all her force. She managed to reach a chair, and then—doing the very best thing she could have done to avoid further questioning and reproof—she fainted quietly away.

CHAPTER XVI.

A lawyer's private room has nothing very dramatic or romantic in its general appearance, and yet how many a romantic and dramatic story is told within its four walls! Most lawyers are unexcitable, sensible, matter-of-fact, hard-headed men, and yet how many strange confidences they receive! How often are their words looked for with eager expectation, and how often do their decisions bring either despair and anguish or joy and gratitude to the aching hearts which throb so fast when they enter the dingy-looking office!

Mr. Duncan's private room was by no means an exception to the prevailing rule. It was a stern uncompromising-looking apartment, but sufficiently comfortable, especially when, as now, there was a blazing coal-fire in the grate; and, if its walls could have spoken, they might have told many a story of strange import.

For Mr. Duncan was the most eminent lawyer in the capital town of Perth, a man well known as clever, shrewd, and honorable, a very distinguished member of the legal profession. He was a cold-mannered, stern-looking man, who never allowed his feelings to sway him in any way in business; and, although he was one of kindest of husbands and most indulgent of fathers, to his clients he was invariably cold, distant, and courteous, and a man of very few words.

He was glancing over the letters which had been received by the afternoon's post one cold day early in January—the day after Shirley Ross had met her brother at the Half-moon Inn at Dumfife—when a clerk knocked at the door, and, on receiving permission to enter, handed Mr. Duncan a card, saying that the gentleman was waiting.

"It is past the hour for receiving clients," Mr. Duncan said, as he took the card and glanced at it.

"I told the gentleman so, sir; but he begged that you would make an exception in his favor, he would not detain you long, and his business is of importance."

Mr. Duncan considered a moment.

"Show him in," he said quietly.

A minute later Sir Hugh Glynn entered the room, and Mr. Duncan received him with his most professional face, but with all the courtesy due to such a distinguished visitor.

Sir Hugh explained the cause of his visit in so few words and in such a frank manly manner that Mr. Duncan was favorably impressed; his business related, he said, to a question with regard to the Scottish law of marriage; and he proceeded quietly to recite his story.

Mr. Duncan listened in silence, making no comment whatever until it was ended.

"Am I to understand," he asked then, "that the gentleman wishes to marry another woman, and not the lady he took to the inn?"

"You may understand so," Sir Hugh said, with a little smile. "Is he at liberty to do so?"

"He had better not," Mr. Duncan answered quietly; and a sudden gleam of eager delight flashed into the handsome blue eyes watching the lawyer's face.

"You think then that a marriage has taken place?" Sir Hugh interrogated eagerly.

"I think there is very strong evidence in favor of marriage," was the quiet answer.

"What would be the result of such a case, were it brought before the law courts?" asked Sir Hugh.

"It is impossible to say."

"But you can give me an opinion, Mr. Duncan, which I would regard as decisive."

Mr. Duncan was not proof against the flattery which the words and voice expressed so delicately.

"My own opinion is that the lady and gentleman who went to the hotel together and passed there as man and wife are married; but, I tell you frankly, that any of my colleagues might differ from it," he replied.

"Has any similar case been brought under your notice, Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes; but they are not frequent."

"Have they been made public?"

"Occasionally."

"With what result?" Sir Hugh asked, with an intense eagerness which did not escape the lawyer's quick eyes.

"There are no very recent cases, I believe," he said calmly; "but the judgment has almost invariably been in favor of the marriage."

"Thank you. Would a proof in writing in any way affect the question?" inquired the baronet.

"Materially," answered the man of law.

"Will you kindly look at these?"

As he spoke Sir Hugh handed to the lawyer two small sheets of paper, each bearing a few words, and one rather creased, as if it had been crumpled by an impatient hand. Mr. Duncan looked at them keenly, and when he turned to Sir Hugh there was a light of comprehension in his glance which had not been there before.

"That settles the case, Sir Hugh. In face of such evidence, I do not think any court would give a decision against there having been a marriage. I do not say," he continued smiling, "that the law of this land is irreproachable, but it remains the law."

"Even when consent has not been interchanged?"

"Even so," Mr. Duncan answered quietly, going to his bookshelves and taking down a book, which he opened and the pages of which he scanned rapidly; "although, in the present instance," he continued, with a slight smile and a quick glance at the handsome face of his client, "I should think consent had been interchanged. If it has not, it will not alter the case. An eminent judge, in a comparatively recent judgment, has declared that 'consent makes marriage,' but he adds that 'there may be unquestionably a marriage where in point of fact consent has never been interchanged, and when the parties do not even know that the law holds them to be married persons."

Sir Hugh rose from his seat and took up his hat and cane.

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Duncan," he said cordially. "You have relieved my mind of a great weight. I have been suddenly called abroad by my mother's illness, and I did not know whether I was leaving my wife behind or not. I shall know how to act now."

"Are you leaving Scotland to-day?" Mr. Duncan asked.

"Yes; I am on my way to town now. I will look in upon you upon my return, Mr. Duncan; and may I beg that you will consider yourself my legal adviser in the future. I am almost a stranger to this country," he added, smiling. "Until my old uncle left me Maxwell I knew merely what I managed to find out during my yearly grouse-shooting visits. Good-afternoon. Do not trouble yourself, I beg."

Mr. Duncan, standing at the door of his private room, watched him go, and then turned back into his office, with a rather puzzled look upon his face. He was somewhat interested in his client, and he would have been glad to know all the particulars of the case that had been laid before him. In all probability it would be brought before his notice before long, he thought, as he inducted himself into his great-coat and prepared for his cold walk home, and in this opinion he was not mistaken.

Meanwhile Sir Hugh, wrapped in his fur coat, was speeding southward as fast as the "Mad Scotchman" could take him; and, as he leaned back in his corner of the luxurious first-class carriage, he was smiling to himself at the success of his treachery.

It cost him much to leave Scotland just now; he was longing to see Shirley again and win her love. Now that the law of the land had made her his wife, he would be so tender with her, he would love her so dearly, he would load her with such costly gifts that he could not fail to win her affection at last, and she would forgive the stratagem for the sake of such love. All was fair in love and war, and he could plead ignorance of the law which had given her to him, and so disarm her anger.

But all this must be put away for the present. His mother, Lady Glynn, was lying seriously ill at Cannes, and he must go to her at once. Of course he would write to Shirley from there and prepare her for the *denouement*. He would be very penitent and sorrowful for the error into which he had led her, but he would plead the impossibility of breaking off the marriage and the advisability of "making the best of it."

He quailed a little at the thought of Guy Stuart's rage and despair when he found his darling stolen from him; but Sir Hugh was physically no coward, and he felt he could protect his own. Besides, it might not be impossible to induce Guy, who was naturally passionate and jealous, to believe in Shirley's participation in and consent to the visit to Dumfife and its consequences, in which case he could blame no one but himself for believing in the truth of a girl unworthy of his faith. There were a hundred ways of getting out of the difficulty, he thought, as they sped on through the gathering wintry dusk. At any rate Shirley was his, and no one could take her from him. She was his wedded wife.

Meanwhile, at Fairholme Court, Shirley Ross was quite unconscious of the terrible labyrinth of difficulty and misery into which her unconscious little feet had wandered. She had escaped all further questioning from her uncle by that opportune fainting-fit, from which she revived to find herself in her own room, with Alice in attendance, bathing her head with eau de Cologne and holding strong salts to her nostrils.

Miss Fairholme seemed to give little heed to Shirley's faint apologies. With her a short swoon was not a matter of such importance as to cause any comment. Shirley was a little overtired, she fancied; she had been doing too much, and had paid the penalty. Alice shook up the pillows of the sofa on which her cousin lay, and made her drink some wine, and smilingly told her that she must not have such pale cheeks when Guy came back; and Shirley sunk into a heavy slumber of exhaustion, feeling almost passionately grateful for her cousin's kindness. But Alice had always been kind to her since her engagement.

The next morning when Shirley awoke, there was a bright sun shining and a clear blue sky overhead.

She hurried through her dressing with the thankful thought that all was well with Jack, and went down to breakfast feeling brighter than she had felt since the night of the ball. Her uncle and Lady Fairholme were in the dining-room, and they greeted Shirley with far more eagerness than usual; and Sir Gilbert immediately imparted to her the pleasing intelligence that Mr. Leeson, Jack's employer, had written, offering to make Jack the manager of the establishment at Calcutta, provided he could arrange to start almost immediately.

"It is a splendid opening for Jack," said Sir Gilbert, excitedly; "and I must write to him not to hesitate."

"You ought to be rejoiced at your brother's good fortune, Shirley," remarked Lady Fairholme, kindly; while Shirley looked very pale and bewildered and startled. "Of course it will be a great disappointment to you not to have him present at your wedding; but you must not be selfish, you know, my dear child."

Shirley smiled faintly. She selfish where Jack was concerned! That was impossible!

"I will write this morning to Jack, to say that he must accept and agree to whatever conditions Mr. Leeson chooses to make," said Sir Gilbert, presently. "You had better write a few lines also, Shirley, and congratulate your brother."

"Very well, Uncle Gilbert, I will write this morning."

"You are a good child," said Lady Fairholme, smiling; "and here is your reward," she added, handing her a letter in Guy's well-known handwriting.

Shirley took the letter eagerly just as Alice entered, and Lady Fairholme turned to her.

"Your papa has had a note from Sir Hugh, Alice," she said. "He is obliged to start for Cannes to-day, being called away by Lady Glynn's illness. He sends kindest regards for you, dear."

"I wonder how long he will be away," Alice returned, as she sat down to her breakfast with a heavy shadow on her fair face.

And Shirley, although she said nothing, wondered also.

CHAPTER XVII.

"It is of no use glancing at that unfortunate time-piece every five minutes, Shirley, my child. It won't go a bit faster even under the fire of your bright eyes; and the train is not due at Dumfife for two good hours yet, which means that it will probably get there before the next three!"

Shirley laughed merrily.

"You do not seem to have a very good opinion of the punctuality of the cross-line, Ruby."

"No, I have not, my dear," answered Miss Capel, warmly, raising her arms behind her head in an attidude which showed her pretty figure to much advantage as she leaned back in the low chair in which she was sitting. "I have a vivid recollection of waiting nearly an hour at Weldon myself yesterday; and I am afraid they won't be the least bit punctual now, lassie, although they carry your bridegroom."

"But I am sure, if they knew how impatiently Shirley was waiting, they would put on extra steam," said Alice, lightly.

"I am sure also," Shirley agreed, gayly; "because the stoker may have a sweetheart somewhere; and he would no doubt sympathize with my impatience."

"And Guy's!" laughed Ruby.

"And Guy's, of course," said Shirley, resting her chin on the palm of her hand, and looking steadily into the fire, with a tender love-light in her eyes which made her more beautiful than ever.

It was a bitter winter afternoon, with a cold raw wind blowing and a gray lowering sky overhead. They had been watching the weather rather uneasily at Fairholme Court that day, for it was the eve of Shirley Ross' wedding-day, and every one was hoping that the sun would shine on the sweet young bride who was to leave Fairholme on the morrow.

A wedding in a house is always the occasion of more or less bustle; and, although Shirley had begged for a very quiet wedding, Sir Gilbert would not allow his niece to be married without due ceremony and a certain amount of *eclat*.

There were to be no guests present but Ruby Capel and her mother, no bridesmaids but Alice and Ruby and the two younger girls. Oswald had come up from Chatham for the occasion, and had brought a couple of friends to "enliven the girls," as he said. But the continued serious illness of old Sir Jasper Stuart made any festivities quite out of place; and Jack had sailed for India the week before, to Shirley's bitter disappointment.

Still the thought of seeing Guy so soon made every sad thought disappear like the snow before sunshine; and the beautiful young face was full of a certain softened happiness as Shirley sat looking into the fire, with her head resting against Ruby's knee as she sat on the rug beside her.

The girls were in Alice's pretty little sitting-room sipping their tea in cosy luxurious privacy after a busy day of last preparations for the wedding which made easy-chairs and the fragrant cups of tea very acceptable.

Ruby was avowedly lazy, lying back in her chair with her little slippered feet raised on the fender-stool. Shirley was stretched upon the rug nestling her pretty head against Miss Capel's knee; and Alice had taken possession of a lounging chair at the other side of the fire, and reclined there in perfect comfort.

"I wonder you have not coaxed Captain Fairholme into taking you to the station, Shirley," Ruby said lightly.

"Perhaps if you were to use your influence, it might have more effect," replied Miss Ross, wickedly; and Ruby's rich brown cheek colored brightly.

(To be continued.)

NEWSPAPERS.

A Prize Essay by an Albany Printer's Devil—Some Clever Characterizations.

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany Printing Pressmen's Union contain the following contribution from "a printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on Newspapers:"

Newspapers is called the vehicles of information.

Reporters is what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks." They work hard—at refreshment bars.

Proof-readers is men what spoils the punctuation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they be intelligent persons; compositors think different.

Compositors is men as sets up the types—and sometimes the drinks. Compositors is very steady men when they is sober—which they seldom is when they can help it.

Editors is men what knows everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. They is writers who doesn't write anything whatsoever. They is the biggest men you ever see.

Managers is men as takes in the tin and gives patent medicine "ads" tops of columns next to reading matter thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors an't anybody. They an't ever seen.

Printers' devils is the most important persons in a printin' office. They does the hardest work and gets the least pay.

Pressmen is—well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders is men what feeds on the fat of the land.

If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it the *Umbrella*. Everybody will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been funny, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentleman was promenading the street with a little boy at his side when the little fellow cried out: 'O, pa, there goes an editor!' 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet.'"

Self Massage for Dyspepsia.

This treatment requires much persevere ance and practice, otherwise it may to some extent prove a failure; but renewed vigor will always be in proportion to the practice. Be not discouraged. First thing in the morning and last thing at night rub the abdomen down the left side and up the right in a round circle, also rub down the breast; now pace across the room once or twice, and then snap the lower limbs, like a whip lash, for exercise. Now twist the lower limbs, first on one side, then on the other, and rock up on the toes. Now for the lungs and abdomen; first, take in a half breath, then exhale all the air possible, then fill the lungs to their full capacity, walk across the room and back, at the same time throwing the arms back. Now in a half breath send out every particle of air till you see the abdomen working like a bellows, and you will soon become a deep breather. For more extended practice in deep breathing the morning before rising is a good time, provided there is full ventilation and that the air inside is as pure and fresh as that on the outside. Before a good fire wash the hands and face, wet the back of the neck, arms and lower limbs slightly, and rub down with a coarse towel. This is sufficient for a beginner, but entirely inadequate for the old, chronic dyspeptic.—*J. N. Semple in Herald of Health.*

The First and Greatest.

They have found the body of Alexander the Great. He was the original smart Alex.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Who would think of calling deaf men by beating a drum? Yet this is exactly what is done in the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Flint, Mich. With the drum resting on the floor and beaten in the usual way, everybody is awakened in the morning. It is also used to call the boys from the playgrounds. The teachers state that those who cannot hear at all feel the vibrations and answer the summons.

The village of Little Chute, near Neenah, Wis., is settled almost entirely by Hollanders, the majority of whom make their living by manufacturing wooden shoes, and all of whom wear them. Several times a year they have a dance, which lasts three days, and in which everybody joins, old and young. These dances are always held in the daytime, the people believing that dancing at night is immoral.

THE CANADIAN MORMONS.

Description of the New Mormon Settlement in the Northwest Territories—Irrigation of Crops—The Mormon Creed.

The Mormon settlement on Lees Creek, a tributary of the St. Mary's River, three miles above its junction, 40 miles south of Fort Macleod and 18 miles north of the international boundary line, is very prettily situated on both sides of the creek, in one of the finest ranching districts, both for agricultural and grazing purposes, to be found in the Northwest Territories. Their houses are entirely built of pine logs, roofed with rough lumber and covered to the depth of 4 or 5 inches with "sod;" indeed they are so neatly constructed as to put many of our western homes to shame. Seventy-six Mormons came in over land from Utah during the past summer, and very recently the number has been increased by two native born. Their journey was made in waggons and their arrival was at once marked by agricultural operations, which commenced almost the instant they arrived at their new home. Seeds of various kinds were sown, even to watermelons. Seeding over, attention was next turned to irrigation of their crops, which, under their experienced management, proved a great success. This, I believe, is the first instance in the territories of growing crops by irrigation, and although the summer of 1887 was not as droughty as the several preceding ones—the crops in general being very good—still, it is rare when grain can be raised successfully of the first breaking, and it is doubtful whether this could be done with resorting to artificial means. Irrigation perfected, their attention now turned to building, and timber being a scarcity, they were compelled to haul it from the mountains, a distance of some 30 miles. Erecting buildings, opening a coal mine, haying and harvesting employed their attention during the remaining portion of the season. Mr. C. O. Card, the elder of the church and chief of the settlement, is a very intelligent man. Mrs. Card, a daughter of the late Brigham Young, is accomplished and refined, and has proven quite an acquisition to the society of the Northwest. The Mormons, or "Latter Day Saints," are a people frugal, industrious, honest, entertaining the highest opinion of Canadians and of the law of the land. They do not preach nor practice "polygamy," nor do they intend to. Their religious worships (meetings and Sunday schools) are very instructive, and conducted in a manner similar to that of the Baptist denomination. The following are the articles of their faith. As there exists so much prejudice in the east against "Mormonism," I give them here so that they may unbias their opinions, to a certain extent regarding them.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.

3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

4. We believe that these ordinances are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and the laying on of hands" by those who are in authority to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.

6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.

7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.

8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.

9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does not reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the ten tribes, that Zion will be built upon this continent, that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be removed and receive its paradise glory.

11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.

12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.

13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we *seek after these things*. Here endeth the thirteen articles of the Mormon religion, what do you think of them?

In an interview with Mr. Card the other day, he said he was very favorably impressed with the Northwest. The soil was of the most extraordinary fertility, and the climate of unsurpassed salubrity. He thought the timber also was heavier and of better quality than in Utah.

I only speak of the Mormons as I find them, and thus far my social intercourse has been of the most pleasant character. Enough of Mormonism!

Lord Dufferin's Eyesight.

We regret to hear a rumor to the effect that the real reason why Lord Dufferin is returning prematurely from India is because his eyesight is failing. As Viceroy he has to read an immensity of official correspondence and minutes of every description. The strain upon the eyesight under the climatic conditions is so severe—so at least says a rumor current in influential circles yesterday—that in order to avert partial blindness it is necessary for him to leave India before the end of the year. We hope the story is ill-founded, but it reaches us from a quarter which forbids its dismissal as a mere idle tale.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*