A Spring Day Reverie.

(Edwin Hyde Carroll.)

Perchance if we had never met,
I had been spared this mad regret,
This endless longing to forget.
—*Forever and Forever.*

Idly humming o'er some measure
That revives some pain or pleasure—
Mayhap, ling'ring thoughts of wither'd bliss, or sorrows too soon ripe—
'Mid the paling rays of daylight,
Hidden in the hush of twilight,
Fancies flutter 'round me, peeping thro' the cloud-puffs from my pipe.

Restless visions roam above me
Of the dear ones home who love me,
Twining sprays of sweet and tender mem'ries 'round my aching heart;
Of some keen regret, swift darting
Thro' the breaking heart, at parting
From love's clinging tendrils—long since broken crushed or thrust apart.

Fickle mem'ry faintly traces
Half-forgotten forms and faces;
And the pressure of some precious hand I seem to feel again;
While the scarce remember'd blisses
Of affection's holy kisses,
Steal back, vividly, to tinge the recreant heart with bitter pain.

Now and then a vague, soft murmur
Drifting nearer, sweeter, firmer,
Rouses slumb'ring recollections of some voice once dear to me—
Ah! there's one regret in meeting,
'Tis the parting that comes fleeting
And some cherish'd tie is snapped asunder for eternity.

Thus the chords of mem'ry vibrate,
While fantastic portraits gyrate
Round and round my fervid fancy, to enrapture or enthrall;
Then, while more than half confessing
That the Past breathes back some blessing,
One exquisite image, rising, brings forgetfulness of all.

Faintly traced and slowly speeding,
Now advancing, now receding;
Coursing realms of imagery, while still mistrustful mem'ry sleeps—
Till each rare, enhancing feature
Of this fair, entrancing creature
Is illum'd by lustrous rays of thought, through which remembrance peeps.

Then my vision quickly clearing,
Timid doubt now disappearing,
I recall the form in all its blush and bloom o girlish pride;
Feel, once more, the thrill in meeting—
Mark her cordial, graceful greeting—
View again those pure and glist'ning gems o worth, no guile could hide.

Still, the moment that I met her,
Came a yearning to forget her—
For I knew how very wide apart our paths in life must lie;
But the longing, lightly cherish'd,
Waver'd, droop'd and early perish'd—
For, tho' meeting never more, exalted thoughts to her must fly.

Yet, withal, while now enraptur'd
By this culprit vision, captur'd
In its flight from Fancy's vigilance, by glad arresting eyes,
Comes a fear, I strive to banish,
That from bondage-view 'twill vanish,
Leaving only spectres of Regret behind to thrive on sighs.

Precious moments thus expire,
Disregarding dear Desire,
While the echo of Time's footfall brings it's fateful thrill of pain;
For each tiny, fleeting minute
Bears an age of bliss wrapp'd in it,
Slowly robbing me of rapture I shall never know again.

Thus, caressing Fate comes hither
Kissing Hope—and wishes wither;
So, alas! this fair enchantress-view must fade beneath the blight—
Yet, ere darkness quite conceals her,
Thro' the glow that now reveals her,
Irresistibly bewitch'd, I gaze in eager, proud delight

At this tranquil, tender fairy—
Artless, delicate and airy—
Thro' whose eyes, her soul's pure eloquence chaste beauties doth impart;
While her graces, fascinating,
And her charms, most captivating,
Seem to mirror back a grandeur and nobility o heart.

Ah! Forever and forever,
Altho' years and miles may sever,
I shall constantly remember her who seem'd divine to me;
And the Future will remind me
Of the fond Past, far behind me,
When her simple conversation seem'd the sweetest melody.

Thus, I sit and gaze and ponder—
Thus, unfetter'd, fancies wander
Until Reason ends my Reverie—and all my dreams are o'er;
Then Reality o'ertakes me
And the sylph-like form forsakes me—
Fading softly sweet from view—but Mem'ry lives forevermore.

The Three "Rockers."

'Three rockers togother, a-rockin' slow,
On the east piazzer, all in er row;
Where are the folks, yer want ter know?'
No answer comes, but the wind sighs low.

'The old house is gray with weather an' time,
The well curb is mossy an' green with slime,
Winders rattle an endless rhyme;
Nobody's here, but the cheers rock slow.

"It ain't very long sence all in er row
Three sisters sat rockin' here to and fro,
Knittin', countin' from heel to toe,
Watchin' the bay where sails come and go.

"They watched an' they waited day after day,
Not a single ship sailed inter the bay;
'Joe's long a-comin', then they say,
'Whales must be skeerce,' and they all rocked slow.

"But while they watched Mandy whitened and shrank,
And Mercy into strange silences sank,
And Marthy, she looked old and lank;
'When will Joe come?' and they rocked more slow.

"Then ther come er day when an empty cheer
Moved soft in the wind by the sister pair;
A year more passed, and Mercy there
Sat watchin' two idle rockers blow.

"Three rockers together, a-rockin' slow,
Not a soul in ther place to make 'em go;
Folks are dead, if yer want ter know,
An' the lonesome sea is rockin' Joe!"

—*W. H. Winslow, in Youth's Companion.*

Waiting.

(By Archie Mack.)

Waiting, yes, patiently waiting,
Waiting, no murmur or moan,
Silently, hopefully waiting,
Living her life-time alone.
Patiently bearing life's burden,
Waiting the sweet by-and-by,
Daily fulfilling her mission,
Stifling the long troubled sigh.

Sadly the weeks follow swiftly,
Sad, oh, more sad grow they still,
By months and years they are numbered
Yet never the promise fulfil!
Storm and sunshine visit the earth,
The seasons expectant roll,
And bring peace and plenty to all,
All save the poor waiting soul.

Years sadden the fair, patient face,
Weary the gentle blue eyes
Grow with their watching and waiting,
For one who never arrives.
At length comes the welcome message,
She meekly bows 'neath the rod,
Death claims her one of his victims,
Her waiting soul is with God.

As a letter of condolence, the following has been offered for a model: "I have heard of your great grief and I send you a simple pressure of the hand."

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XIX.

"When this letter is given to you, my child, you will be about to enter upon a new, untried life; and that you may not forget your mother then I have written these lines—written them with such loving thought of you, my daughter, and with such earnest prayer for your happiness and welfare, that, even if they sadden you a little, you must not mind now.

"What I am going to write here for your perusal is the story of my life—a story which more than once lately, dear, as I feel my health failing, I have been tempted to tell you. Not that I want to sadden you by telling you that my life is drawing to a close—my poor children. If I could save you that pain I would gladly live, even though life is such a dreary thing now—but I think you ought to know my story, Shirley. When I am gone to meet your father once more—Heaven is so merciful that I dare look forward to that—you will live in Scotland, the country I once loved so dearly, but which I shall never see again, for it has been very cruel to me, my child. Perhaps, after all, it will be well that you should not know this story of mine until you are on the eve of marriage. I think, Shirley, and I hope with all sincerity and fervor, that you will never marry a man you do not love. Surely I have given you such notions of truth and honor as will preserve you from the sin and the shame of a loveless marriage! If you do not love the man you are going to marry, my daughter, it will not be too late to retract even at the last moment; it will be better to suffer any blame than to go a step further on the road which must inevitably lead to sorrow and misery, and perhaps to sin and dishonor.

"But, if, as I hope, my child, you love the man to whom you are betrothed, it will help you to be gentle and lenient and merciful to the poor erring mother who has loved you with a love which ought, with all her faults, to induce you to think of her kindly. I should have liked to tell you the story, to have seen the pitying love on your face; but, if that pity and that love did not show themselves there, how could I have borne it? So perhaps it is better as it is.

"You know the earlier part of my history, Shirley; you know that I was an only and petted daughter and a spoiled and indulged sister. I lost my father and mother while I was still a child, but your uncle, who was some years my senior, filled the place of those dear parents with such a tenderness that I missed them but little. He indulged me in every whim, he gave me my own way in everything; and I grew up proud, willful, and heedless of eveything but my own pleasure.

"I was beautiful—you too, my child, possess that fatal dowry of beauty; but I trust it will bring you only happiness. It is a great and precious gift if used aright, and gives the possessor a great power and influence for good or evil. I used my power for evil, Shirley; I employed my beauty as a snare to win hearts and toy with them as long as it pleased my fancy; then I cast them aside, careless whether the wounds I inflicted were serious or not. Flirtation is not looked upon as a sin in the time in which we live, Shirley; but I pray Heaven, my child, that you will be kept from such unwomanly shame.

"Among my admirers was a gentleman some ten or fifteen years my senior, whose suit my brother favored strongly. Sir Henry Proctor was a man of large property and distinguished family; he was, moreover, very handsome and agreeable; and he loved me—yes, he loved me. But there are so many different kinds of love, my darling, that it is difficult to know which is the true kind. This was true, so far as it went; but he preferred his happiness to mine, and true love does not do that.

"I was proud of my conquest, one which others had attempted in vain; but I did not love Sir Henry Proctor, whom I had known three months when your father, Shirley, came to Dumfife, and Gilbert invited him to Fairholme. He was very gentle to me, but very cold; he disapproved of my conduct, and reproved me more than once; but I loved him with all my heart and soul and strength. I loved him; and there was no woman on earth so happy as I when, one day, a danger to which I was exposed, and from which he rescued me, forced him to betray the love for me which he had hitherto kept concealed, because he was not wealthy enough to aspire to Miss Fairholme. Ah, how happy I was!

"My brother did not receive the news of our attachment very cordially. Mr. Ross was not rich, and his profession was seriously against him, in Gilbert's opinion. Still, when he saw that my happiness was involved, he consented to an engagement between us; but we were not to be married until I was twenty-one—a condition to which we both agreed willingly. Shortly afterward Roland went to Rome to continue the study of the art he loved.

"I missed him greatly, for I loved him with my whole heart; but my love did not prevent me from continuing my flirtation with Sir Henry Proctor. My engagement, the news of which he had received very calmly, did not seem to trouble him at all; he was just as devoted as ever, but he did not put his devotion into words, and so I was off my guard. I thought he was willing to look upon me as a friend. He often met me in my rides and walks, and he was a most agreeable companion.

"One day—ah, how clearly I remembered all its details afterward, although they made so little impression upon me at the time—we were riding at some distance from Fairholme. I was unattended, for I rarely rode with a groom, but Sir Henry's servant was with him. A sudden and violent storm came on, which frightened the horses and compelled us to seek shelter. We found it in a wayside inn where they were able to accommodate the horses, and Sir Henry and myself were glad to dry our clothes by the kitchen fire. We were laughing and chatting merrily over the mishap, when the innkeeper's wife came in to ask if we would take any refreshment. Sir Henry answered at once, 'Yes; my wife would like some tea, if you please.' 'And what will you take, sir?' 'Some toddy,' he answered laughing; then, when she had left us, he turned to me, merrily asking how I liked the position I had assumed—or rather which he had given to me—as his wife.

"We were very merry over it; and, when the woman came back, Sir Henry spoke frequently of his wife, and I laughed and coquetted and called him my husband, and told the landlady that we had not been married long, and said many other foolish things, I dare say. Sir Henry said laughingly that I had been engaged to some one else, but that I perferred him; so I had thrown the other fellow over and had married him. And the landlady laughed too, and said she did not wonder, for Sir Henry was handsome enough to make any girl false. And all this time Sir Henry's groom was standing in the kitchen, at a distarce from us, but where every word reached him distinctly.

"Well, the storm ceased, and we rode away, and I thought no more of our adventure. Sir Henry came daily to Fairholme—and he was too agreeable and pleasant not to be missed if he did not come—and the months passed on until I was approaching my twenty-first birthday; and I began to look forward to Roland's return.

"But one day—oh, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?"

Shirley had been reading attentively and without a pause for some time when she reached this part of her mother's narrative, and during the last few minutes she had grown terribly pale, and an expression of intense horror was creeping slowly into her wide dilated eyes. Now she stopped, pushing the sheets of paper from her with a quick passionate movement; and, as she rose from her chair, the letter fell fluttering down at her feet. She did not heed the falling sheets as she moved away from the fire, pushing back her hair from her face with a wild troubled gesture almost of despair. She did not know what horror had come upon her; she was trembling from head to foot in an undefined agony of fear, her breath was coming in quick gasps of terror, and the throbbing of her heart might almost have been heard in the stillness of the room. For a few moments this terror held her, then it passed away, and she forced her stiff livid lips to smile at the pale horror stricken face she saw in the looking-glass as she passed on her way back to the fire.

She stooped, lifted, with little remorseful tender fingers, the fallen sheets and smoothed them out, pressing them, with a passionate revulsion of feeling, to her lips; then, still trembling a little and very pale, she sat down and recommenced to read.

"But one day—on, Shirley, shall I ever forget the day?—your uncle came into the room where I was writing to Roland, and, with a sternness he had never shown to me before, handed me a letter from Sir Henry Proctor, claiming me as his wife. I remember how I laughed, and said gayly that Sir Henry must have taken leave of his senses; but Gilbert's gravity never changed. He sat down and desired me to tell him all that had happened at the inn. I made light of it; but he interrupted me. 'Marian,' he said sternly, 'this is no jesting matter. In this country there are marriages called irregular marriages which are as binding in law as any others. Persons with no intention of marriage may become married, even when they do not know that they are legally held to be so. If the facts are as Sir Henry Proctor has stated them in his letter, there may be the greatest difficulty in proving that you are not his wife.' I looked at him in surprise, with a feeling of intense horror creeping over me. 'May I see the letter?' I said steadily; and, when he gave it to me, I was able to read it calmly, and to acknowledge that Sir Henry had merely related what had occurred at the inn where we had sheltered during the storm. But I could not believe, even when Gilbert assured me of it, that that could possibly constitute a marriage. Of course legal assistance was sought immediately, and the eminent lawyers whom my brother consulted gave conflicting opinions. One said that I was Sir Henry's wife, another that it was no marriage; but I saw the danger to which I had exposed myself. Heaven only knows how I suffered during that terrible time! Of course Roland had to be told; and, as soon as he came to Fairholme, Sir Henry pressed his claims upon me, and all my entreaties were in vain. At first Gilbert, anxious to avoid scandal, entirely refused to have the case referred to the law courts; but my passionate pleading—I threw myself at his feet, Shirley, until he consented—at last succeeded. Shall I tell you the result, my daughter? A few words spoken in jest at a wayside inn in the presence of witnesses made me the wife of a man whom I never loved, but whom now I abhorred. I was Sir Henry Proctor's wife. It was no matter that I had not given my consent, that I was ignorant of the abominable marriage-law in force in the country I loved so dearly; I was his wedded wife. I think they believed that I had been a consenting party, and that I was willing then to accept a richer suitor than Roland Ross, and that I had consented to this irregular marriage to avoid the blame which a jilt justly incurs. But, be that as it may, I was his wife. A long period of darkness followed, Shirley. I was very ill—sick unto death—and I was no better when I went home to Sir Henry's magnificent estate—a wife who hated her husband, who despised him for the treachery that had caused her misery, who loved another man with all her heart.

"Shirley, how can I tell you the rest? How can a mother confess to her child what will perhaps make her despise her and hate her for the shame she has brought upon her name? How can I tell you how my endurance failed under the misery and wretchedness which were my constant companions? My health gave way; a terror of death without ever seeing Roland again came over me. I struggled against it in vain. I could not feel that I was married in the sight of heaven; and one day I left Sir Henry's house and travelled day and night to Rome, where I knew Roland was. I remember seeing his agitated, startled, rapturous face; then consciousness left me.

"When my senses came back, I was lying in a strange room, with a strange nurse bending over me. I had been ill many days, she told me, but she would not answer any questions—only soothe me to sleep; and I was too weak to be very curious, or to feel anything deeply. But, as days went on, my strength came back, and with it my recollection; and I suffered an agony of distress when I thought of the shame I had brought upon a name hitherto honored and unstained, and that I myself had sunk to the lowest level and was worthy only of contempt. I was almost quite strong again when I saw Roland; and the sight of his pitying compassionate face, so altered and sorrowful, almost broke my heart, and I longed to die. But I was well enough to hear the news which he brought me; and he told me in his grave tender voice that I was free now—that Death had freed me. Sir Henry Proctor, on his way to Rome in pursuit of me, had been one of the victims of a terrible railway accident in the south of France.

"You know the rest. Your father loved me enough to share my shame and misery, and we were married. With what intense love, what heartfelt humility, I became his wife you cannot guess, my child; how earnestly I prayed for his happiness is known only to the Hearer of Prayer and my own heart. That he was happy I believe, and I think I helped to make him so. But of his goodness, his patience, his unfailing love for the erring woman he had made his wife I cannot speak, even to you. You were not too young when you lost him to appreciate his nobility, and, my child, that you will always revere his memory is my truest wish.

"And now, my darling, I must cease. I am very weary, and I have told you all. Forgive your mother, Shirley, and think kindly of her, if you can. She has sinned much, but she has suffered; for all the love and peace of so many years of her life have not blotted out her regret for the irrevocable past. May such love be yours, my daughter, but not such regret! Heaven forever bless you, Shirley!"

That was the end; the piteous confession was finished, the last words were read; and Shirley's hazel eyes were raised slowly from the pages over which she bent. For a moment she stared straight in front of her with wide unseeing eyes, then the white lids sunk, a ghastly pallor overspread the lovely face, and all grew dark as she fell back in a merciful unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Shirley," said Ruby Capel's gay voice, as her bright brunette face appeared at the door of Shirley's room the next morning, "this is not at all *en regle*. You ought not to have ventured to get up until you had had some tea; and of course you are not thinking of venturing down stairs?"

Shirley, who had been standing at the window in her long crimson dressing-gown, with her pretty chestnut hair falling around her, turned round, smiling, to answer her friend's gay greeting.

"Of course I am not going to venture down stairs," she said lightly. "I have some slight regard *les convenances*, Ruby, and—"

"The very idea of a bride making her appearance before she is dressed in all her bridal finery is enough to make Mrs. Grundy expire!" cried Ruby gayly.

"Then, if it would have such a very desirable effect, Ruby, I had better go down at once."

"She would expire only for five minutes," said Ruby resignedly. "She is a regular headed monster, and there is no killing her. It must have been a terrible shock to her to think that Major Stuart slept in the house last night. That is quite contrary to etiquette. Really I am so *au fait* that you might very well imagine that I had been married myself."

While she chatted gayly she had placed on the table the little tray she had carried into the room; then she went to Shirley's side and stood on tiptoe to kiss her, for Shirley was much taller than the little "pocket Venus" with whom Captain Fairholme was so smitten.

"Come and have some breakfast, Shirley, my bonny bride," she said fondly. "You look awfully pale, my dear, to-day. Have you had a bad night?"

"I did not sleep much," Shirley answered, smiling. "But I am very well; and I am sure it is the correct thing for brides to be pale, Ruby."

"Yes, but you have such dark shadows under your eyes, dear. Never mind—you look most lovely," she added softly; and Shirley returned her kiss with passionate fondness as she went over to the table to pour out the tea.

"Alice is not stirring yet," Ruby said merrily. "She does not intend to put in an appearance until she comes to assist you with your toilet. She says getting up early is a mistake on an occasion of this kind. The men are wandering about as if they were lost, or had strayed," she went on, laughing. "I have just sent Os— Captain Fairholme to take them into the billiard-room, or they will get desperate. Men are such helpless mortals on an occasion like the present."

"Certainly, women take more naturally to it," said Shirley languidly, drinking her tea feverishly, but not tasting any of the dainty breakfast which Ruby had brought her. "Who is it, Ruby, who says that all women seem to be in their natural element at a wedding, and all the men to be out of it?"

"Some one who has studied human nature," answered Ruby, laughing. "Come, Shirley dear, do eat something. We shall have you fainting by and by and frightening poor Guy out of his senses."

"You need not be at all afraid," Shirley said laughingly. "I am not given to fainting, and no such catastrophe will happen. Even if it did, Guy would not be frightened out of his senses."

"You think not? Well, I think the reverse. And swooning brides may be very interesting in a novel, but they are very tiresome in real life," said Ruby gayly. "I have brought up your diamonds, Shirley. How superb you will be!"

"I wish that Sir Jasper had not desired that I should be married in his beautiful gift," Shirley remarked languidly. "I perfer a bride, especially a dowerless bride like me, to wear no jewels. What are you gazing at so steadfastly, Ruby?"

"At a mounted messenger riding in hot haste up the avenue," said Ruby carelessly. "A telegram, I suppose."

She did not turn away from the window, or she would have seen the awful look of terror which crossed Shirley's face and the deathly pallor which stole into her lips. But Miss Ross conquered her emotion by an effort, and there was a short silence, during which Ruby admired the diamonds glittering on their satin bed, and Shirley sat still and calm outwardly, but full of a terrible anxiety. Then Ruby flittered away to don her pretty bridesmaid dress, and Shirley sat waiting for the bridesmaid to come and dress her, the color coming back slowly into her cheeks as the time slipped by and no unusual commotion was to be heard.

"After all," Shirley thought, as she leant her head upon the cushions and forced a smile to her lips, "my fears are groundless. Sir Hugh never meant that—he could not be so treacherous and so base. It would be too cruel to wait till now. Even if he knows the law, he does not care. I am so absurdly nervous. A breath of fresh air will do me good."

She went to the window, opened it, and leaned out. It was a fine sunshiny morning, although a good deal of snow had fallen during the night—bitterly cold, but seasonable—a fair day for a wedding-day, Shirley thought, if the proverb held good that "happy is the bride the sun shines on." The view from the window was very beautiful; all the skeleton trees in the park were clothed with a fair spotless mantle, which glittered in the sun. Two of the maid-servants were hurrying along the terrace under the window, laughingly comparing the valentines which the post had brought them. They looked bright and busy and smiling in their pretty new gray dresses and smart white-ribboned caps, and their gay pleasant voices reached Shirley's ears as she leaned at the window above, letting the cold fresh air blow on her hot brow and bring a faint color into her fair face.

She felt weary and languid, and the chill reviving breeze was pleasant to her; she had not slept all night, and the heavy shadows under the lovely hazel eyes testified to the long vigil. Her faint had been but short; she had returned to life and consciousness to find the fire dying out and her mother's letter still open upon her lap; and for the first few moments her agony of mind had been unendurable and indescribable, but then her calmer reason had reasserted itself, and she told herself that Sir Hugh had not meant anything when he called her his wife. Had he done so, he would not have delayed until now, he would not have gone away without a word or sign. Yet all through the night hours the thought had haunted her with a persistency which she could not dismiss, and the gray winter dawn had found her lying wakeful and wide-eyed upon the pillow.

(To be continued.)

Rain and Railroads.

"But clearing off the land prevents rainfall."

A New York *Mail and Express* scientist was discussing this problem with a tourist who has recently returned from a scientific jaunt into South America.

"That may be so," returned the latter, "but it is a meteorological fact that the laying of railroad tracks in certain countries produces rain. Take Mexico, for instance. Recent serious damage done by washouts on the northern section of the Mexican Central Road was due to waterspouts bursting on the track, and it is a curious fact that waterspouts seem to be attracted by the iron track and telegraph wires.

"Not only that," continued the tourist. "But the engineers on the line of the Guadalajara branch of the Mexican Central Railway have noted that as fast as the construction advances rain follows, and they hold that this is due to the large quantity of steel rails on flat cars, which are carried forward as fast as the work of construction permits. The most noticeable fact is that the country is dry in advance of the construction trains, and also behind them, for a number of miles. Rains beat down, as described, in bucketfuls, just where the steel rails are, but only in circles a few miles in diameter."

"How true this theory is," added the traveller in conclusion, "I don't pretend to say, but the fact remains, and up to date it has not been explained."

Humors of the Jury.

"I remember," says Lord Eldon, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some business; but he has left his verdict with me.'" This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts, when Sergeant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury having consulted and agreed upon their verdict, were addressed by the clerk of the peace: "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?" "What sayn yo? I dunnot understand," said the foreman. "Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is, whether your verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant?" The foreman was still greatly embarrassed; but he replied, "Whoy, I raly dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for!"

—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Artist Tells Her His Secret.

Lady—"I like your pictures so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it?"

Artist—"Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right place."

"Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."

A Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways

Mother—Johnny, did you ask your employer if you might get off to-day?

Son—No, the boss never speaks to be about it when he goes.—*From Judge.*

In an interview between Henry M. Stanley and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished explorer said: "I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands."

—Rev. Dr. Smith, ex-Moderator of Presbyterian Church in Canada, now in California, has decided to accept a call from St. John's Church, San Francisco. He is expected to preach his farewell sermon in Galt about the second Sunday in April.

Mr. Daniel Collins, a well-known resident of London West, fell down a stairway at the Boswell House, King street, on Thursday evening, sustaining severe injuries.

Alexander Arnold, otherwise known as "Old Aleck," who has just been released from the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., is probably as accomplished a horse-thief as there is in the country. During the thirty years of his criminal career he is known to have stolen more than 300 horses, including some valuable Kentucky thoroughbreds, and he has served his time in half a dozen penitentiaries.