SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

"Yes," Shirley admitted, turning her face again to the window, with her eyes upon the darkness.

Ruby sat down beside her in the firelight, still holding her hands in hers, and there was silence between them. Ruby's heart was beating fast with hope and expectation; but Shirley was calm with the calmness of despair—she hoped nothing, she feared all. Her only thought now was for Guy. A few tender lines from him had been given her just before he and Oswald started, bidding her take courage, for that his hope was strong; but she knew that, though it was strong, it was groundless. How could she help him to bear it?

"Ruby," said the sweet low voice, which had always a pathetic little intonation, but which now had such a despairing sadness in its music, "you have been crying, dear."

"Nonsense, Shirley! Crying? I don't know how."

"Ah, but there are tears on your face, and tears in your voice," Shirley said, gently. "You must not fret, Ruby, or you will make yourself ill; and then"—with a little break in the calm voice—"what would become of me?"

"You need not be afraid of that, Shirley. I am never ill."

"Was Alice very angry?" Shirley said softly, after a little pause. "Is she very bitter against me, Ruby?"

"Don't talk of her, Shirley; it exhausts the very small amount of patience I possess," answered Miss Capel pettishly.

"But, dear, think how much she must be suffering if, as I fear, she loved Sir Hugh," said Shirley, pitifully finding room in her aching heart for compassion for the girl who had none for her. "You, who have been so good to me, must feel for her also. Poor Alice!"

"Poor Alice!" echoed Ruby disdainfully. "She is greatly to be pitied indeed! She is as capable of feeling love for anyone but herself as that oak table is."

"Hush, dear!" Shirley said, gently. "It is very unlike you to be uncharitable. I have been thinking so much of Alice all night" she went on softly. "It was terrible to reflect that I had brought suffering to her also; and, when Delphine said she was ill, I wished so much to go to her and see if I could do something for her. It is almost the same trouble for her as for Guy, you know; but he, being a man, will feel it more."

"If it is any consolation to you, Shirley, to know that she is not either ill or unhappy, you may safely believe me when I say so," Ruby answered. "She is only spiteful and savage."

"Ruby dear!" said the sweet tones, in reproof; and impulsive Ruby put her lips to Shirley's cheek and gave a quick, loving kiss.

"You are an angel, Shirley," she said, warmly. "Tell me, dear," she added, gently, "do you feel hopeful?"

A long shudder passed through the girl's slender frame, and her eyes met her friend's glance with a pathetic misery in their depths.

"I have no hope, Ruby," she said. "I have had none from the first."

"But, Shirley——"

"There is no chance, Ruby. Nothing, I believe, could set me free," Shirley declared, in the same hopeless, despairing manner. "I think that, even if he wished, Sir Hugh could not undo the marriage he contrived so basely. But, oh, Ruby"—and here the frozen calm of her face broke up and the pale lips quivered—"think—all my life to come must be passed with that man whom I cannot help despising with my whole heart. And I am so young; and I am strong too, or such misery as I have borne since yesterday would have killed me."

Ruby crept closer to her in silence, the hot tears gathering thickly in her eyes at the awful despair in Shirley's voice and on her pale face.

"But even that I could bear," the girl went on in her husky broken voice, "if that were all; it is the thought of Guy's sorrow, however, that is breaking my heart. If I could bear that for him I should be happy; but——" She paused, half rose, wringing her hands despairingly, then sunk back upon her seat again, all her frame shaken in a convulsive agony of tearless sorrow. "But there is no hope, and he loves me so dearly. Oh, it is horrible, Ruby. Can Heaven be merciful and allow such misery as this?"

The cry was wrung from her like the wail of a broken heart. Ruby threw her arms around her, sobbing bitterly; and she felt how she trembled in every limb.

"Shirley, for Guy's sake compose yourself. See—they will soon be here now. He must not see you thus."

For Guy's sake! Even in such anguish as hers the words were powerful. She hid her face on Ruby's breast for a moment, and when she lifted it again it was pale and haggard, but calm.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "for Guy's sake!"

"My brave Shirley!" Ruby responded tenderly, and for fully half-an-hour the girls sat in the fire-lit hall, Ruby's eyes watching anxiously and sorrowfully the still face turned toward the window, with such terrible pallor and anguish upon it.

Presently a carriage dashed up to the door; but it was only Lady Fairholme and Lady Capel returning from a drive. As they entered the hall, stately in their velvet and furs, with a footman in attendance, Shirley and Ruby rose, and went a step or two forward. Lady Capel saw them, and took Shirley's hand and kissed her; but the words she would have spoken died away upon her lips, as she saw the alteration in the girl's face, and she went on with a mist in her kind eyes. Lady Fairholme had stood still and glanced at them; but she had passed on immediately, without a word or a second look at her husband's niece, and her voice was perfectly unmoved the next minute when she asked why the hall was not yet lighted.

Without a word, Shirley went back to the window; her misery was too great for her aunt's cruelty to touch her; but Ruby's face flushed angrily, and she bit her red lip to suppress the passionate words which in her indignation she was about to utter.

The hall was lighted now, the full glare of gas replacing the ruddy firelight; and the footman had replenished the fire, which blazed up cheerily. Presently Alice came out of the oak parlor and crossed the hall on her way upstairs, her soft pink cashmere draperies sweeping the polished floor as she went her way affectedly and languidly; and still Ruby and Shirley kept their vigil at the window watching for the dog-cart which was to bring Oswald and Guy from the station.

"Ruby, you will be cold; go to the fire, dear," Shirley said softly once; but Ruby did not move.

At last two bright lights came flashing into view in the darkness without, and the sound of rapidly approaching wheels grew clearer and clearer. Shirley rose then, still and calm; but Ruby was trembling so violently that she could hardly stand. Shirley put her arms around her.

"I am afraid all this is too much for you," she said tenderly. "Ruby, how shall I bear it if I have made you ill, too?"

"I am not ill—I am only nervous. Oh, Shirley!" she added, as the hall door was hastily opened from without, and Captain Fairholme, looking haggard and weary, entered, pausing for a moment and shading his eyes, as if the sudden transition from darkness to light dazzled him; then he shut the door behind him, and the girls heard the dog-cart being taken back to the stables.

"Oswald," Shirley said, as she went a few steps toward him, while Ruby, quite overcome by her agitation, sunk down upon the nearest chair and hid her face in her hands, "how cold and tired you look! Come and warm yourself and rest."

Oswald had started violently as her soft calm voice fell upon his ear; then he came to her side, with one swift glance at Ruby's drooping figure, and took both her little hands in his. Burning with fever as they had been a short time previously, they were icy cold now, so cold that the young man could not repress an exclamation.

"How cold you are!" he ejaculated; and for a moment they stood looking at each other in silence, the young officer's eyes full of unspeakable pity and compassion, the girl's heavy with hopeless misery and woe.

"I have no good news for you, dear," he said slowly.

"I did not expect any, Oswald," was the answer, uttered so brokenly, so pitifully, so despairingly, that the tears rose in Captain Fairholme's eyes. "Thank you for all your goodness to—to us. Come and help me to console Ruby," she added.

Captain Fairholme went over to the fire, his eyes dim, and his lips quivering under his dark mustache. Shirley went to Ruby and raised her drooping form and rested the girl's head upon her breast.

"Ruby," she said softly, "try to be brave, dear. You will distress Oswald, and he is very weary."

She drew her gently over to the fire, and for a few minutes they stood there together, Ruby's head on Shirley's breast and her hand in Oswald's, who was hardly less moved. Shirley was the only one who retained any semblance of composure, but she was calm with the calm of despair.

"They give us no hope," Captain Fairholme said then, huskily. "They think that any court would ratify the marriage. Even if you could give a good reason for going to Dumfife with Sir Hugh, it would avail nothing."

"I knew it would be so," said Shirley wearily. "Hush, dear Ruby, don't sob so! And—and Guy—how does he bear it, Oswald?"

The frozen calm of her face was breaking now, and her breath came fast.

"Badly, I fear," Oswald said sadly. "It is early days as yet, Shirley."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Where is he, Oswald?"

"He left me at the cross-roads," Oswald replied. "He wanted a walk, he said. Why, Shirley—good Heaven, what is the matter? What are you going to do?"

For Shirley had rushed away down the hall, and was trying with her little hands, so frail and trembling, to unfasten the heavy bolts of the hall door.

"At the cross-roads!" she repeated, lifting her great restless eyes to her cousin's face, with a wild terror in their depths. "Don't you perceive where he was going? Oh, be quick—for pity's sake, be quick!"

"But, Shirley——"

"Oswald, don't you see?" she cried wildly. "At the cross-roads! He was going to Maxwell—and they must not—oh, Heaven, they must not meet now!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Alone in the library of his splendid home, Sir Hugh Glynn was thinking of the evil deed he had wrought. He was lying back in a deep, luxurious arm-chair. His uncle, from whom he had inherited Maxwell, had been a bibliomaniac, and he had not spared his wealth, which had been great, to gratify his mania.

Many a volume which would have delighted a connoisseur, but which possessed little interest for the uninitiated, lined the shelves which surrounded the room on all sides, broken into on one by the carved doorway which faced the magnificent black marble mantel on the other. Even between the two great stained-glass windows, the volumes had taken refuge; there was not an available space anywhere which had not been utilized, and the room contained as magnificent a collection of books as any in the kingdom.

But the present owner of the collection cared but little for it at any time. Had he wanted money, it would not have cost him a pang to sacrifice the books over which his uncle had spent so much time and trouble and so much gold. But now he never gave them a thought. There was a heavy frown upon his brow, partly of displeasure and partly of pain; for his injured arm troubled him still, and the fever of his mind had not tended to lessen his bodily discomfort.

He was alone at Maxwell; but he had no present intention of remaining there. As soon as this troublesome business was settled, he would take his wife to the south of France to introduce her to his mother, and then they would travel for a time. He had no doubt as to the result of Major Stuart's application to the lawyers. Even if the matter were brought before the law-courts, the decision must have been in his favor. Shirley could not account for her visit to Dumfife with him; for, even if it would have saved her, she would not betray her brother's trust and ruin his reputation and his prospects. She was his wife, Sir Hugh knew, married to him by the abominable law in force in the country in which poor Shirley had passed three dreary years, which had culminated in this crowning misery—married to him by treachery and baseness and falsehood truly, but his nevertheless. Yet, even while Hugh Glynn's eyes brightened as he thought of her beauty and grace and sweetness, the frown on his white forehead deepened as he puffed slowly at his cigar and remembered the look of horror, of loathing, of contempt, which had been on his wife's face when he saw it last.

"If she had loved me only a little!" he said, half aloud, with a sudden yearning in the blue eyes which chased away all their sleepiness and their coldness. "If she had given me a little of the love she lavished upon him—hang him!" And the blue eyes darkened with savage jealousy and anger. How easily Guy had won that for which he would have given his life.

Why, even for the possession of her, to call her his own, to look upon her loveliness, and know that she was his wife, he had given his honor. What would he not have given to see her eyes rest upon him as they rested upon Guy, to have her lips meet his in requited love, to feel her hand steal into his and linger there? His wealth, his life! For he loved her.

He loved her. That was his one excuse for the treachery he had committed, and which, even in his own eyes, seemed hideously vile. He loved her madly, wildly, with all the passion of his nature; and instead of letting this love lift him to a higher life, he had yielded to the subtle temptation with which he had been tempted, and let it sink him to the level of a traitor.

She was Guy's betrothed, Guy's one ewe-lamb in all the world, for he had neither riches, nor title, nor position, nor beauty to win a woman's fancy and subdue her heart; and Guy was his friend, his tried and trusty friend, to whose courage he owed the life he enjoyed. His friend—and yet he had betrayed him! Guy had saved his life, and he had taken from him what was far dearer to him than life. When that fatal love that had entered both hearts at sight of Shirley Ross's fair face had come between them, all the old friendship and gratitude had died out of Hugh Glynn's heart, killed by his savage jealousy and passion. Many a time he had felt that he could have killed Guy Stuart when he had seen him with Shirley, and the very repression he had been forced to exercise had doubled his passionate resentment. And then Latreille had told him the story of poor Marian Ross's betrayal, which had suggested the idea of her daughter's; and temptation had come into his way through Guy's faith in him and Shirley's, and thus he had betrayed it, thus he had requited.

He rose from his seat and moved up and down the stately room restlessly. He almost wished that he had spared her; and yet to leave her to Guy—to let her be his wife—no, it was impossible! But that scornful face, that wailing, despairing cry which rung in his ears even now. Ah, how she loved Guy!

Amid all his jealousy and remorse and triumph, the bitterest thought in Sir Hugh Glynn's mind was that in his place Guy Stuart would have acted very differently. If Shirley had loved him—Hugh—Guy would never have lifted his finger, if by so doing he could have won her love; he would have buried it in his own heart and gone away without one word to trouble her peace or to pain the friend who had been more fortunate than he. Sir Hugh felt instinctively that that would have been Guy's course in his place, and the thought of that superiority in the man who had been his friend rankled cruelly.

Sir Hugh Glynn loved Shirley, but his love was selfish and unworthy; it was a mixture of passion and admiration for her beauty and pride piqued by her indifference. Guy's love—the man who hated him felt it keenly—Guys love was a nobler love than that.

As the thought crossed his mind, the room door opened quietly, and the man he had wronged entered and closed it after him without a word. Sir Hugh stopped his restless perambulations to and fro, and for fully a minute the two men faced each other in utter silence the—betrayed and the betrayer—the man so cruelly wronged and he who had so cruelly wronged him. In a breathless heavy silence, grim and menacing, they looked at each other, Sir Hugh so handsome and stately for all the suffering which his face showed signs of still, Guy pale, worn, haggard, with a terrible despair on his face—despair which had something reckless in its misery; then Sir Hugh threw back his head with a proud gesture of defiance and said calmly—

"This is an unexpected pleasure. After the courtesies we exchanged yesterday, I could hardly have foreseen this visit."

"Perhaps not"—Guy's voice, hoarse and changed and menacing, fell upon the stillness heavily and slowly—"nevertheless I am here, as you see."

"Charmed to have the honor," Sir Hugh said carelessly; and Guy's eyes lightened with a passionate gleam of fury.

"Take care!" he said between his set teeth. "I am in no mood for exchanging civilities; neither am I in a mood to bear your jeers."

"Then to what am I to attribute the honor you are paying me?" Sir Hugh asked calmly.

Traitor he was, but not a coward, although just now the sting of his conscience told him that he richly deserved the vengeance which looked out of the furious gray eyes, almost black in their concentrated anger and scorn.

"To what?" Guy repeated. "I will tell you. To my desire for vengeance."

"For vengeance! I do not understand you. Is it on me that you would wreak your anger for your *fiancée's* infidelity? Is——"

The words were careless, haughty, mocking in their intonation; but they died upon his lip as Guy rested his hand upon his shoulders, swaying him to and fro with a resistless power.

"Take care," he said, "or I will force the words back through your jibing lips with one blow of my hand!"

Low as the words were spoken, there was a fierce, suppressed passion in their low-breathed utterance which made Sir Hugh Glynn quail for a moment; but his blue eyes, flashing with a steel-like glitter, met Guy's unflinchingly.

"It is not vengeance, but justice," Major Stuart said, in the same low tones—"justice only. Would any vengeance be as great as my wrongs?"

"Ah! You have been to Edinburgh?"

"Yes."

"And you have seen the lawyers you wished to consult?"

"Yes."

"And their opinion is?" Sir Hugh interrogated calmly, although the pitiless hand still kept its iron grip of his shoulder.

"You know it well," Guy said, with a sudden, irrepressible burst of pain. "I need not repeat it."

There was a moment's silence. They were standing on the rug now, and the red flames of the great log-fire, as it roared up the wide chimney, fell upon either face.

"There was no need to go," Major Stuart said hoarsely. "You took your measures well. She is your wife, poor unhappy girl; but for your treachery to me, your friend, your baseness to her, a poor child who trusted you, you shall answer to the uttermost, so help me Heaven.

"That I am in your power I knew," Sir Hugh answered calmly. "A one armed man will be powerless indeed against such strength as yours. I have wronged you, you say; then take your revenge."

"Only a traitor would shelter himself behind his injuries," said Major Stuart, removing his hand nevertheless. "Can you deny the wrong? I trusted you and you betrayed me."

No reproach could have been more bitter, simple as the words were. Sir Hugh's eyes fell under the others glance, and he half turned away; then, conquering his momentary remorse, he resumed his old haughtiness.

"That the wrong is irreparable I know," Guy went on. "And yet, if you were generous— Such a marriage cannot be binding! It is not binding in the sight of Heaven! Glynn, think how I must suffer, not for myself, but for her, when I stoop to entreat you to set her free. Give her back to me. She does not love you," Major Stuart continued, hoarsely and brokenly. "And she was all I had. Hugh, for the sake of our old friendship, for the sake—yes, I will stoop to plead it—of the service I rendered you once long ago, renounce your claim upon her! Give Shirley her freedom!"

"It is impossible. She is my wife," said Sir Hugh, briefly. "Besides, she herself was willing. She knew her mother's story; she knew the Scottish marriage laws; and, my dear fellow, what you ask is simply an impossibility. Even were it not so, Shirley would never consent."

"How can you persist in that lie?" Major Stuart said, with bitter contempt. "The child's own word would not make me believe her false. Do you think the anguish of yesterday does not contradict your words? Each one of them is false as falsehood itself. You are a villain and a liar and a traitor!"

"By heaven, this is unbearable!" cried Sir Hugh, furiously, as he sprung forward.

Guy met him with equal fury. One moment more and they would have been at each other's throat or struggling in the terrible embrace of two men goaded to desperation, who seek vengeance at any cost—one moment more, and the stain of blood-guiltiness might have been on the soul of either; but in that moment the door was burst open and Shirley threw herself between them, pale, breathless, panting, her head uncovered, as she had come from Fairholme Court, her hair disheveled by her headlong flight through the cold night-wind, falling around her, her eyes wild and dilated with the horror and terror which had seized her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The two men fell apart at the first touch of the little trembling hands, and the eyes of both turned upon the girl, who stood, panting and breathless, both hands pressed against her heart, as if to stop the throbbings which seemed as if they must rend it in twain, her face wild and haggard, shaded by her loosened hair, and faint little inarticulate cries of terror escaping from the pale, parted lips. Captain Fairholme, who had paused at the door, went forward quietly and put Shirley gently into a chair, and her head fell back against it in utter exhaustion.

"Has she not suffered enough yet?" said Oswald gravely. "Could you not have spared her this?"

He had turned to Guy, who stood breathing heavily from the restraint he had been forced to place upon himself; but, before he could answer, Shirley looked up quickly and put out one little hand with deprecating gesture of entreaty, which made Sir Hugh's eyes flash. Even now she was pitiful over her lover, he thought bitterly.

"No; do not," she said faintly—"do not blame him, Oswald. He has borne so much, and he has so much to bear. Guy"—she rose feebly and put her hand upon his arm—"try to forgive me, dear, and go home with Oswald."

"Forgive you, darling?" he questioned mournfully, looking down at the pale uplifted face. "I have never blamed you—not for a moment; but, when I look at you, my poor pet, how can I forgive him?"

"Pardon me," Sir Hugh interposed haughtily, "you are speaking to my wife."

Guy's eyes flashed.

"I cannot look at her and forget it," he said bitterly. "Look! Are you not proud of your work?"

Almost involuntarily Sir Hugh turned his eyes upon her, as she stood half supported by her cousin, and his thoughts went back to the night of the ball at Fairholme Court six weeks before. He remembered Shirley then, bright, radiant, beautiful in her sweeping silken robes; he saw her now pale, haggard, lovely still, with that inalienable beauty of form which must always be hers, but with all her brightness faded forever. The contrast smote him with a keen pang of remorse as his eyes rested upon her.

"Guy," the sweet broken-hearted voice continued, "I want you to go away, dear, and not to come back again. It will be best. By and bye—not at first, I know—but after a time, perhaps—I think, I hope, I pray that you may forget me and be very happy. But first will you—can you forgive me?"

"How can you speak of forgiveness between you and me, Shirley?" he asked unsteadily. "There can be none ever needed, my poor child!"

"I did not think you would be angry with me," she said, with a touching child-like confidence in her voice. "But, Guy, if you wish it, I will tell you why I went."

"There is no need, my dearest," he answered gently, taking both her little hands in his; while Sir Hugh looked on, angry and jealous and furious, yet powerless to interfere. "I trust you."

"Thank you, Guy. And—and—you will try to forget?"

"To forget! Ah, Shirley, is that possible? While I have life, I must remember, my child!"

"We were very happy," she whispered brokenly, a smile pitiful to see curving the stiff livid lips. "It is something to have been happy together—even for a few hours, Guy."

"We were very happy, Shirley," he answered hoarsely, looking down with dim eyes at the ghastly face and the great hazel eyes glittering with a bright feverish lustre—"very happy, my poor, darling."

"And last night I was thinking," she went on in the same pitiful trusting manner, "that you might by-and-by have tired of such a foolish girl, and that it was better— I could not think very clearly, Guy," she added, resting her head against his arm, with a little gesture of weariness which was unutterably pathetic, "my head ached so—it aches so now."

Sir Hugh made a quick movement toward her, but Oswald Fairholme put his hand upon his arm.

"Have some pity," he said huskily; and Sir Hugh, involuntarily obeying the movement, drew back and turned away.

Oswald put his hand through his arm and gently forced him to the window, where he threw himself moodily into a chair, his eyes fixed on the group by the fire, while Oswald hid his face with his hand to shut out the despairing faces which haunted him. Shirley had rested her head against Guy's shoulder, and was looking up into his face with restless shining eyes, while her fingers, with a strange uncertain movement, strayed over his rough ulster. Major Stuart had put his arm round her, but he could not trust himself to look upon her face, and he had turned away his head, while under his heavy moustache his lips were set sternly and tightly, and in his brain the question repeated itself—Could any vengeance be too great for such wrongs as his and hers?

"Guy," the sweet low voice went on, while the restless eyes wandered from his face round the room and came back again to their first resting place, "won't you speak to me, dear? I thought all day that when you came back you would look as you look now. I saw your face all night—all night. Did you sleep, Guy? It seems to me as if I never should sleep again—my head turns so, and my eyes will not close. They told you, did they not, that I was his wife? I knew they would say so. His wife—oh, great Heaven!"

(To be continued.)

Hot Water for Plants.

It is a fortunate circumstance that a plant will endure a scalding heat that is fatal to most of its minute enemies. Water heated to the boiling point poured copiously over the stem of an enfeebled peach tree, and allowed to stand about its collar, will often have the happiest restorative effects. Trees showing every symptom of the yellows have often been rendered luxuriantly green and thrifty again by this simple means. The heat is presumably too much for the fungus which had infested the vital layers of the tree, immediately under the outer bark. The London florists recommend hot water, up to 145° F., as a remedy when plants are sickly owing to the soil souring—the acid, absorbed by the roots, acting as a poison. The usual resort is to the troublesome job of repotting. When this is not necessary for any other reason it is much simpler to pour hot water freely through the stirred soil; it will presently come through tinged with brown. After this thorough washing, if the plants are kept warm, new root points and new growth will soon follow. A lady friend had a fine calla in a three-gallon pot which showed signs of ill-health. On examination the outer portion of the filling was found mouldy, it being in large part fresh horse manure. As repotting was inconvenient, the plant being in flower, hot water was freely used; it killed the mould, and the plant began to revive and was soon all right.

St. Clair Tunnel Works.

The St. Clair Tunnel Co. are now actively engaged in the construction of the tunnel between Sarnia and Port Huron, Mich. A certain portion of the machinery and material used in the construction of the work will be obtained in the States, consisting principally of pumping machinery, paper tanks, and the shield used in carrying on the work of excavating. The expensive part of the material, consisting chiefly of cast iron plates for lining the tunnel, will be made in this city, and it is estimated that ten thousand pounds of this article will be required before the work is concluded. The Treasury Department of the United States has decided that on material manufactured in Canada no duty will be charged. The Canadian Customs authorities have made the same concessions regarding bridge material coming from the States and will not levy the duties upon such articles as they did when the International Bridge at Niagara and the Sault Ste. Marie bridge were in course of construction. It is estimated that the work on the St. Clair tunnel will involve an expenditure of a quarter of a million of dollars.

Between Two Young Married Women.

"You think, then, that your husband no longer loves you as formerly?"

"Alas! I am sure of it."

"What proof have you?"

"What proof! Why, my dear friend, when he kisses me now he doesn't even disturb my face powder."—*Paris Gaulois.*

Spring Styles.

Mortgages are signed by two witnesses the same as last year, and are folded so as to fit the side coat pocket. The back taxes are combed forward and parted on the side nearest the mortgage. In this climate mortgages generally mature in the winter season.

Room For Improvement.

Minister—And do you expect to be a lawyer when you grow up, like your father, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, sir; I expect to be a lawyer, but ma hopes I won't be one like pa.

A Nourishing Spring Breakfast.

Coca, with four to six eggs beaten up in it, is recommended as a nourishing spring breakfast.—*Boston Journal.*