"Good-bye."

Came again to-night, that same sad feeling
That long ago I thought had passed away;
That one old wound that still resists all healing;
That pain not even time can quite allay.
The mists close in, but faintly through them stealing
I catch an echo which will never die;
For, all the memories of the past unsealing,
Come those two tearful words of hers, "Good-bye!"

A touch of hands, few, hasty words, in parting—
I see and hear it all again to-night;
A host of recollections now upstarting
Bring the whole scene again before my sight.
"Good-bye!" The low sweet voice that spoke it faltered;
The eyes were dimmed that shone so bright and shy.
The memory of those words has never altered—
Those two sad whispered words of hers, "Good-bye!"

What might have been! God only knows; we never
Can draw the curtains from the dim unknown;
And yet, and yet, before me rises ever—
But fainter since the shadows deeper grown
Have fallen on my heart and brought it sadness—
A vision of her face, the one strong tie
That carries with it somewhat of the gladness
I knew before those words of hers, "Good-bye!"

The music in my soul can never brighten;
The minor chords are all that sound to-day;
And mournful strains, which nothing seems to lighten,
My life, my soul, my very being sway.
The harmony is incomplete: her fingers
Could touch the chords and swell the music high;
Now, in the notes a painful discord lingers,
For the sweetest string was broken by those words, "Good-bye!"

J. WINTHROP LOVELAND.

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

It was an unutterable relief to the weary woman to find herself alone in a second-class compartment speeding away from the great wilderness of London, where she had known so much misery—away from the glare and dust and hot sun—away from the smoke and dirt, the noise and wretchedness of the house where she had lodged.

"It will be easier and pleasanter to die in the country," she said, half aloud, with a faint little smile, "under a blue sky, and it will be easier to sleep in fields than here."

She shuddered a little as she thought of the room she would not see again, although all her worldly possessions were in it, and then leaned back in her corner, resting her head against the back of the carriage and looking out of the open window, through which, as London was left behind, the soft fresh air came in with such pleasant refreshment.

The rest and quiet and solitude were inexpressibly welcome to her; the wild, hunted expression died out of her eyes as she leaned back on the padded seat; and now, with her veil thrown back and the weary lines smoothed from the still lovely face, one who had known her in former days might perhaps have recognized in Mrs. Grant the rejected applicant of the agency office, the terrified fugitive, the once brilliant and beautiful and admired and envied Lady Glynn.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The rays of the sun, setting over the western hills beyond the pretty village of Erindale, seemed to linger tenderly upon the scene of unusual beauty which they were filling with golden light—green fields, fresh and fragrant, studded with yellow buttercups and silver daisies, full-leaved trees, a wood in the distance, the village lying in the valley with its pretty cottages, and the quaint red-brick school-house standing on the hill. Down the road was the pretty gray-stone lodge at the gates of Erindale Park, where the only great people in the village lived—the Squire, Sir Frederic Oliphant, his wife, the gentle, kindly, stately lady of the manor, and Miss Madge, their only daughter—sweet, bright-eyed, madcap Madge, who could be so full of fun and yet so full of tenderness, who had never had a care of her own in the world, but who could nevertheless sympathize with the cares of others with a gentleness which was so great a consolation to them all.

Not that there was much care or trouble at Erindale. The villagers were chiefly well to do, and those who were not so received such help from the people at the Hall that they never knew the biting misery of want. Not many villages, even in "merrie England," were so greatly favored as Erindale, for it was not only beautifully and healthily situated, and so blessed by Nature, but Sir Frederic, who had a hobby for improving, had brought all kinds of modern innovations to bear upon the land and the cottages, so that it might well have passed for a model village.

If Sir Frederic had a hobby for improvements, Lady Oliphant had a steed of her own likewise. Her hobby was the village schools; and she devoted much time and money to them, and not only time and money, but a great deal of good sense which saw that the children's instruction consisted of those branches of education which were likely to be of use to them in their future lives.

Altogether Erindale was a model little settlement; and the Oliphants spent nearly the entire year at home; Lady Oliphant being hardly strong enough for travelling, and Sir Frederic and Madge both preferring Erindale to every other place on earth.

The red light of the setting sun which fell upon the little ivy-grown lodge and down the road with the tall leafy hedges on either side, fell also on a pretty little pony-carriage containing two ladies who were driving slowly homeward. Lady Oliphant and her daughter were alone—they usually drove out unattended in the golden summer evenings—and the girl was chattering gayly, as was her wont, while Lady Oliphant was listening and smiling indulgently at Madge's merry speeches.

"There is Mrs. Ford at the gate, mamma," Madge said, as the lodge came into view. "She looks very important. I am sure she has something to tell us. I wonder what it can be? Shall I drive slowly to have the pleasure of trying to guess what it is, or shall I drive fast and so spare myself the agony of suspense and the pleasure of anticipation?"

"I think I should drive fast," Lady Oliphant said laughingly, "unless the pleasures of anticipation are greater than the agony of suspense."

"Ah!" Madge ejaculated. "I am afraid, mamma, that I am very curious and inquisitive; so I will drive on. From whom could I have inherited that little failing? Not from papa certainly, because he is the least inquisitive of mortals."

"Saucy girl! Ah, Mrs. Ford, what a pleasant evening! Were you waiting for little Joe?"

"No, my lady," said the lodge-keeper, courtesying, "I was waiting for your ladyship. I was hoping you would return this way, as you went out by the other gate."

"You wanted to see me?"

"If you please, my lady. If you and Miss Madge would be kind enough to get out and come in for a moment, I have something to show you."

"Of course we will get out," said Madge quickly; then, turning to her mother—"What did I tell you, mamma? I said nurse had something to tell us or something to show us. Take care, dear"—carefully assisting her mother to alight. "That's right, Joe; stand at their heads. You need not touch them. Stand still, my beauties!" And, with a parting pat of her little gloved hand on the ponies' heads, she followed her mother into the lodge.

The lodge door opened into a comfortable little sitting-room, furnished in a rather heavy and substantial manner, a room where Madge had spent many a pleasant hour in her childhood, for Mrs. Ford had been her nurse, and had married from the Hall, where her husband, since dead, had been coachman. She was a kindly-looking woman, plump and short, with a pleasant rosy face, which wore a very pitiful expression just now, as she bent over a woman lying on the horsehair sofa, her head resting back upon it, her eyes closed, and her face as pale as death itself. Lady Oliphant stood looking at her in silence; Madge drew nearer the sofa.

"What a lovely face! Who is she, nursie? Mamma dear, what is the matter Is she asleep or has she fainted?"

"I think she is asleep now, Miss Madge, half asleep and half stupefied," Mrs. Ford said. "She looks very ill, poor pretty!"

"Very ill," Lady Oliphant said. "How did she come here, Ford?"

"I will tell you, my lady. It was this morning, just as little Joe was coming home from school, he ran in saying there was a lady sitting by the roadside who seemed very tired. I went out to her and asked her if she would come in and rest a little. When I spoke to her, she looked up at me with such pitiful eyes, my lady, and she said in such low faint tones that she could not—she was too tired. She was that exhausted, my lady, that I was obliged almost to carry her into the house, and she dropped down there on the sofa just as you see her. I asked her if she had been ill, and she shook her head; she had walked a long way, she said. I brought her some bread and milk, and at first she drank so eagerly and tried to eat that—oh, my lady, it seems strange to say it and she so nicely dressed, but I think she had not tasted food for a long time!"

"Oh, nurse!" Madge said tremulously.

"It's true, Miss Madge, I am afraid; but very little satisfied her, and then she fell back and looked round the room, as if she wondered where she was, and was bewildered like, then closed her eyes, and ever since she has remained like this, my lady, just as you see her."

"Poor thing!" Lady Oliphant said gently. "She looks like a lady too. I wonder who she is, and what could have brought her to such a condition?"

"She looks well-nigh starved," remarked Mrs. Ford, with a tremor in her kind voice. "Just look at her hands, my lady."

"Madge dear, take care," her mother said gently for Madge was kneeling by the sofa now and touching the sleeping woman with gentle fingers, raising her a little, and putting her more comfortably on the sofa.

"I will not wake her, mother. Poor thing, how ill she looks!" Madge's sweet voice was full of pain. "She is almost like death, is she not? She ought to be in bed. Mamma, shall we take her home?

"My darling, she will be better with nurse," Lady Oliphant said. "Nurse will take care of her until she is better, I know, and—" She broke off, for there was a perceptible quiver of the heavy white lids, and the stranger opened her eyes and looked about, at first dreamily and wonderingly, then with a sudden light of recognition, as they rested upon Mrs. Ford's kindly face.

"I have been asleep," she said faintly "Forgive me. I am better now, and I will go."

"You will not stir," Madge said, gently putting her back upon the sofa, and bending over her with her sweet, coaxing face. "You are too tired for anything but rest. Nursie, have you any tea made? I am sure she would like some tea."

The sweet wondering eyes went to Madge's face wistfully, then passed on to Lady Oliphant's.

"You must not think of stirring yet," Lady Oliphant said. "Perhaps you are a stranger in this neighborhood. If so, it will be better for you to remain here with Mrs. Ford for a day or two."

"You are very good, but—"

"I shall have much pleasure in writing or telegraphing to your friends, if you will allow me," said her ladyship.

"I have no friends to whom—" The slow tears rose heavily to her eyes now, and her lips quivered so that speech was almost an impossibility.

Madge, coming to her side with some tea and a slice of delicately cut bread and butter, stopped her gently.

"You must not talk," she said. "You must drink this and lie still. There—there, poor thing!"

She put down the tea hastily, and caught her in her strong, young arms, and the passion of tears which followed were shed upon Madge Oliphant's shoulder, while Lady Oliphant, her own eyes dim, took the little wasted hand, and stroked it gently.

It was pretty to see how Madge soothed her and laid her back on the pillows, and held the strong, fragrant tea to the parched, shaking lips, and waited on her deftly and tenderly, all her warm girlish sympathies enlisted in behalf of this poor, solitary stranger who was so lovely and so fragile. And it was touching to see how the wistful, yearning eyes followed Madge as she moved about the room, and how the little fingers clung to her hand when Lady Oliphant rose and said gently that they must leave her to her rest now; but that they would see her in the morning; and, while she went out to say a few words to Mrs. Ford about the poor waif whom she had succored, Shirley—for it was she—tried to thank Madge with shaking lips.

"How good you are! How can I thank you?" she said unsteadily; and Madge smiled and kissed her, and told her that she would see her in the morning, and went back to her own happy, luxurious home, her thought and heart full of the poor stranger who was so lovely and so sad.

Mrs. Ford assisted her guest up the little narrow staircase, and undressed her and laid her in the soft lavender-scented bed in the little spare room. Shirley was weak enough to be helpless as a child in her strong motherly hands; and when she had drunk the hot drink Mrs. Ford prepared for her, she lay back on the pillow and slept long and heavily, awaking when the sun was high in the heavens, to partake of some tea and toast which Mrs. Ford brought to the bedside, then sinking to sleep again—the long dreamless sleep of exhaustion and prostration.

It was evening when she awoke, and she was alone in the little room. She felt stronger and better, and getting out of bed, managed with slow languid movements to dress herself and creep down stairs to the little sitting-room, where Mrs. Ford greeted her with a cry of surprise.

"Dear heart alive!" she exclaimed. "Are you better? How pleased Miss Madge will be! She has been down two or three times to ask after you, and she and her ladyship will be back here on their way home.

"How can I thank you for all your kindness?" Shirley said tremulously; and she went up to the good woman and put her arms round her neck and kissed her.

"La, my dear, there's nothing to thank me for," said Mrs. Ford rather unsteadily. "One as would not do a kindness for another is not fit to live, in my opinion, and her ladyship and Miss Madge are that kind that they'd make one feel ashamed not to be so sometimes when occasion offers. Yes grand as her ladyship is, she's never grand with us poor folks; and she'll be good to you if you need it."

Shirley smiled faintly; it was all part of a terrible dream, she thought. Surely she would awaken some day, and find that she had been asleep a long, long time, and had dreamed that her husband was dead, and that he had been murdered, and that Guy had been tried for his life for the murder, and that she had come away in the dawn, and had walked many miles to the next station, so as to avoid the chance of Guy's following her!

A dream! Was it a dream? Had those long weeks in London, those bitter winter months when she had scarcely left the miserable lodging where she had taken refuge, not really existed? Had those spring days, with their winds and long interminable evenings, passed only in her imagination? Ah, no—they were all realities! But that suffering was over! She had left London far behind on that July day—was it a week ago?—when she had taken a ticket for Hereford, and left the train when it stopped at a little station on the line; and then she had wandered on her way, sleeping under the blue sky, under a tree or haystack, eating a bit of bread as long as her money—one shilling—lasted to procure it, and then sinking down wearily by the road-side, to die, as she thought, of want, of sheer hunger, of starvation. Ay, and such would have been her end had it not been for the good Samaritan who had taken her in and fed and sheltered her; and the hazel eyes went gratefully to the portly figure in a lilac print gown and snow-white apron which moved about the room on hospitable cares intent.

And yet could it be possible? It must be a dream! That she who had been used to such lavish expenditure, who had had the command of more money than she could throw away on her whims and extravagances and pleasures, should have been brought to such want as that she should be starving, dying for the want of a bit of bread—it must be a dream; it could not be true.

Three or four times she had felt the same confusion in her mind; she could not think connectedly, she could not remember the names of the villages she had passed, she could not remember her brother's address in India. She thought she might venture to write to him now and let him know where she was, and ask him if he could come to her. But what could she say to him? What address could she give him to write to her? Poor Jack, how grieved he would be if he knew how ill and solitary she was, and how—

"Drink this, honey," said Mrs. Ford's kindly voice, as she brought a basin of beef-tea to her side. "Miss Madge won't be glad to see such pale cheeks. That's right; that'll hearten you up a bit. And this is a glass of Sir Frederic's own port. Miss Madge carried some down herself this morning. Nay, you must drink it every drop; and then you shall sit by the window and watch for them."

"Thank you," Shirley said gratefully, as she obeyed; and, leaning back in the old chintz-covered arm-chair by the window, she looked down the road, which was flooded with the golden light of the setting sun.

"Miss Madge is such a kind young lady," Mrs. Ford resumed—she was never weary of singing her young lady's praise—"and that thoughtful and considerate! And she's so gay and bright that to see her coming along the road smiling at one is as good as a ray of sunshine on a winter day."

"She is very good and sweet and pretty," Shirley answered, in a tone of such heartfelt gratitude that it pleased Mrs. Ford, and she continued—

"And, although they have a visitor at the Hall, she was down here the first thing to know how you were. She says you have the loveliest face she ever saw," she went on, with an approving glance at Shirley, which at any other time would have made her smile. "She's not a bit stuck up, isn't Miss Madge. The gentleman who is visiting at the Hall is courting her, Collins says—Collins is Miss Madge's maid—and, although I think him much too old and grave for Miss Madge, I can't help sayin' that he's a fine man and a real gentleman—and he seems that fond of Miss Madge that he worships the ground she walks on."

"He will be a very fortunate man to win such a wife," Shirley said gently. "Miss Madge deserves to be happy."

"Ay, that she does!" was the warm answer. "Besides, she is a great heiress is Miss Madge. Sir Frederic's property does not go to his male relations; it will all go to Miss Madge. But it is not her property this gentleman wants, for they say he's as rich as a Jew. At the same time," continued Mrs. Ford, in a lower tone, "I should not give him Miss Madge if I were the squire."

"Why not?" Shirley asked, absently.

"My reasons is good ones," Mrs. Ford answered rather mysteriously. "But I keep them to myself. However, Sir Frederic is the best judge, after all. You'll see him presently, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

She hesitated, looking at Shirley inquiringly.

"Grant," Shirley said faintly.

"You are a widow, I suppose? Ah, poor thing, it is a sad thing to lose a husband! I've been through that trouble myself, so I know what it is." She shook her head sorrowfully, then resumed in a brisker tone—"Well, Mrs. Grant, you'll see him presently, for he's out driving with Miss Madge and her ladyship, and Miss Madge is coming back this way."

"I shall be glad to have an opportunity of thanking her," Shirley said gently; and Mrs. Ford left her by the window.

Presently the quick trot of Miss Oliphant's ponies was heard, and the pretty dainty little carriage appeared in sight. Madge was driving, as usual, and she was turning her fair face backward to look at a gentleman in the back seat, who was bending toward her and smiling at something she was saying to him—a tall man with a gray, haggard face, whom Shirley recognized at once. Miss Oliphant's suitor was Guy Stuart.

CHAPTER XL.

For a moment Shirley sat watching the approaching vehicle, taking in clearly the tenderness in Guy Stuart's face as he bent toward Madge Oliphant, the bright smile on the girl's fair face, and the quiet pleasure on her mother's; then, with quick, frightened steps, she ran up the little narrow stairs and into the room where she had slept, bolting the door behind her, in a paroxysm of terror.

What could she do? Whither could she go? That she should have come here, of all places in the world—that Guy should be at Erindale—that this should be the end of all the misery she had endured—that, after all her wandering, he should find her here!

How had he found her out? Who had betrayed her to him? How could she escape?

She glanced wildly around her; then she remembered Mrs. Ford's words that the gentleman who was courting Miss Oliphant was out driving with her; and she breathed more freely. He did not know she was there; she might still conceal herself; she might escape after all. And yet to go out once more into the world to face the same misery again? How could she? Ah, why had they saved her for this? Why had they not let her die by the road-side? It would have been kinder! The death-pang would have been over now; and what had life for her that she should cling to it?

Composing herself somewhat by a strong effort of will she stood waiting, wondering what was coming next. She heard Mrs. Ford's exclamations of surprise as she entered the little sitting-room to greet her visitors, and Madge Oliphant's bright voice mingling with the deep rich tones she knew so well, and which thrilled her through and through even now. Then she heard the pony-carriage move on into the park, and she peeped out of the window. Guy had taken Madge's place and was driving away, and Shirley sunk down by the window-sill, holding it with trembling fingers, utterly unnerved at her narrow escape from discovery.

A light knock at the door made her start up; and, when she opened it, Madge was standing on the little landing, such a pretty picture of youth and happiness and beauty in her dainty white dress and azure-blue ribbons that Shirley's eyes brightened at sight of her.

"May I come in? Nurse told me that you must have only just come up," she said, in her bright girlish voice. "You are better? I am so glad!"

She had taken Shirley's hand with a pretty pleasant cordiality, and drew her toward the window, where the light would fall upon her, looking at her with gentle, compassionate eyes.

"Yes, you are better; but you are very pale still. I shall not be quite happy until I see you growing roses like mine. Tell me, are you feeling stronger?"

"Much stronger," Shirley answered, in her sweet, unsteady voice, whose low pathetic tones contrasted as greatly with Madge Oliphant's bright voice as the frail slender woman in black, with the white face and weary eyes, contrasted with the bright golden-haired girl in her embroidery and azure-blue ribbons.

"Much stronger!" Madge repeated, smiling. "I am afraid not much; still I think you are better. You had such a nice long sleep, it ought to have done you good."

As she spoke she had gently forced Shirley to sit down on the low window-seat, and, still keeping Shirley's hand in hers, she knelt down by her side. There was a brief silence, which Shirley broke by trying to return a few words of thanks for the kindness she had received; but Miss Oliphant stopped her at once.

"I do not think you want to hurt me," she said, with a gentle seriousness which sat charmingly on the sweet young face; "but you will do so if you talk in that strain. Mamma and I were so glad to be of any service to you," she added, wistfully, wishing this beautiful stranger would be a little confiding, and tell her what the dreadful trouble was that was looking out of the great sad eyes and trembling on the sweet lips.

"You have been very good," Shirley answered, gently, as she caught the pretty fingers and pressed them to her lips.

"And you are very naughty," Madge said, shyly, coloring all over her sweet face, as if the caress had come from bearded lips instead of from a woman's mouth; "and I would scold you, only you are fit for nothing but to be petted just now."

With a pretty shy grace she put her charming face down on Shirley's hands, and left a soft kiss there. When she lifted her head she took the slender wasted hands and caressed them softly.

"Such little thin fingers!" she said, smiling. "I must see them much plumper than that before I let you leave us—although," she added eagerly, coloring a little, "mamma and I both hope you mean to stay with us."

"You are very good," Shirley answered, tremulously, "but—you see—I must find something to do, and—"

"Oh, I am so glad!" burst out impulsive Madge. "I was afraid you were not—I mean that I feared you were not obliged—very stupid at expressing myself," she said, laughingly; "but indeed I am selfish enough to be glad that you want work, because now we shall keep you here!"

"But—" Shirley began, unsteadily.

"'But me no buts!'" said Madge, brightly. "You must not try to oppose me, Mrs. Grant. I have set my mind on keeping you here, and here you will stay, because I am a spoiled child and always have my own way. And this bright, sweet air of ours will make you quite strong again."

Shirley shook her head sorrowfully. How could she stay where she ran daily risk of meeting Guy? And yet whither could she go?

(To be continued.)

Latest Scottish News.

The Wallace statue, which is to be unveiled at Aberdeen by the Marquis of Lorne on 21st June, is 17 feet high and weighs 4½ tons.

From the great success which has hitherto attended the Glasgow Exhibition it is calculated that at the close there will be a surplus of at least £50,000.

Rev. Mr. Jack, parish minister of Kingoldrum, formerly assistant in Townhead Parish Church, Glasgow, has been decerned to pay £1,000 for breach of promise.

Lady Butler's picture, "Scotland for Ever," has been presented to the Leeds Art Gallery by Colonel Harding. The Colonel paid Lady Butler £1,000 for it, which will thus have produced the painter £4,000, £3,000 having been paid for the copyright.

Mr. John Clerk Brodie, of Idvies, W. S., died at his residence in Moray Place, Edinburgh, on the 27th ult. Mr. Brodie belonged to the family of Brodie of Lethen, in Nairnshire. His father and grandfather, like himself, were members of the Society of Writers to the Signet.

The directors of the North of Scotland Canadian Cattle Company, finding that the Dominion farmers in Ontario do not care to part freely with their growing cattle till pretty well advanced, are speaking of bringing a cargo of oxen and cows from Jutland, in Denmark.

The funeral of Charles Alexander Reid, master mariner, Castlegate, aged 89 years, took place at Berwick on the 31st ult. He was the oldest Freemason in Berwick, and one of the few surviving persons who went through the form of marriage at one of the scenes of runaway weddings on the Borders.

The Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee, which has been erected by the congregation worshipping under the Rev. David Macrae, was opened on the 27th ult. The building cost about £8,000, of which £7,600 has been raised by the congregation. Mr. Macrae has decided not to occupy the pulpit until the debt has been extinguished.

On the 30th ult. the freedom of Inverness was conferred on the Rev. Gustavus Aird, Creich, Moderator of the Free Assembly. The ceremony was performed in the Town Hall by the Provost, Sir Henry Macandrew, in presence of a crowded assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Aird, having acknowledged the compliment, was welcomed with prolonged cheers as the youngest burgess of the Highland capital.

The many friends in Canada of the late Mr. David Kennedy, who, with his talented family, delighted his countrymen in all lands by his gift of Scottish song, may be interested to know that a massive stone has been erected over the grave in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, a little to the east of the resting-place of Dr. Guthrie. The stone bears the following inscription: "David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer. Born at Perth, 15th April, 1825. Died at Stratford, Canada, 13th October, 1886.

'We'll meet and aye be fain
In the Land o' the Leal.'"

Interesting Phenomena at Sea.

The Anchor Liner Anchoria, just arrived from New York after a quick run, reports as follows: About 350 miles east of the American coast and on the borders of the Gulf stream, the vessel passed through phenomena which, although frequent on a small scale, are extremely rare on such maximum grandeur of scale as that which enraptured the observers on the Anchoria. After the vessel had been running over twenty-four hours in a dense fog, the water around suddenly became so luminous that the mile-long shoals of small fish darting around the vessel seeking refuge from the sharks and other devouring enemies, gave the sea the appearance of a vast cauldron of boiling jewels, while the furrows of foam from the great ship's bows rolled in such blazing masses of light violet flame as rendered the smallest thread in the ship's rigging as clearly visible as the bright sunshine, and enveloped the vessel in such a mass of dazzling light violet-colored glare, that the engines had to be slowed a few hours until a storm of wind, bursting out from the northwest, cleared off the fog and broke the whole visible surface of the ocean into flying crests of flame-like foam of such brilliancy that the whole ocean seemed ablaze with fleeting, flashing flame, the whole horizon line having the appearance of an immense belt of light-blue fire. In short, the whole phenomenon was such a one as is rarely seen, the oldest and widest travelled seamen and officers never having seen anything at all to compare with it. This beautiful pyrotechnic display of nature lasted from 11 p. m. until 3.30 a. m., until lost in the eclipsing light of dawn.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Mormon Habits in the Northwest.

The Latter Day Saints of Lee's Creek, Alberta, N. W. T., use neither liquor nor tobacco, and they never indulge in tea or coffee. Dancing, except the harmless quadrille, is strictly prohibited. No one is allowed to remain poor, the relief society taking up and dealing with every case of poverty as it arises. Having no particular vices, the community has not many cases of poverty to worry about. The relief committee have therefore a sincure.

Dr. Annie Pomberger, of Philadelphia, bears the enviable distinction of being the first woman in America who was granted the degree of D. D. S. by a dental college. She looks hardly older than 25 is thoroughly womanly in her ways and earns an annual income of $6,000 by her profession.

The Princess Regent of Brazil, who is now making a favorable impression as administratrix, is 42 years old. She never signs her full name which is Isabella Chrisitne-Leopoldine Augustine Michelli-Gabrielle Raphaelle Gonzague Princess of Brazil and Countess d'Eu.