Married an' Gone.

The house is dretful lonesome since Milly's gone away;
Though she's only gone across the road it's 'cause she's gone to stay;
An' when she comes to see me now she's full o' talk o' Fred,
Tell I'd like to take him back the barn an' punch him in the head.
It seems to me the good old days is over now an' gone,
An' nothin' left but lonesomeness an' gray hairs comin' on.
Why, I 'member when she used to come a-toddlin' to the gate,
An' be watchin' down the lane for me, an' couldn't hardly wait
Tell she saw me come a-hurryin' up the lane to her an' him,
An' then nothin' could hold her, she's so glad to see me come
Then when old sand man came around and sleep time would be,
No one could tell the stories right exceptin' only me.
An' then when she was older how her purty cheeks would glow
When she'd say "—he'd stick to father, did'nt want no other beau."
There's no one now to scold me ef I wear a shabby coat,
There's nobody to lead me in the way that I should vote;
There's nothin' but remember tell suthin's like to break,
Though I try to seem as chipper as old times jest for her sake.
O, Milly, ef you only could be litt'e once again—
Jest my four-year old, thet didn't love no one but father—then
Jest to keep ye so—unchangin' tell the sleepy mane me round,
An' you and me, my baby, slept together underground!

Men and Deeds.

Wanted, men,
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faith with laid eyes,
Not wealth in mountains piled,
Not power with gracious smile,
Not even the potent pen—
Wanted men!

Wanted, deeds,
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not softly languid prayers,
Not softly scented creeds—
Wanted, deeds!

Men and deeds!
They that can dare and do,
Not longing of the new,
Not praising of the old;
Good life and actions bold,
These the occasion needs—
Men and deeds!

—*Parrar.*

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"A very interesting country this, sir," observes the lady, looking saucily at Roger's handsome face—oh, Miss Burke, you who fifteen years ago, could look at no man without a melting smile! But such are the results of earnestness. "Interesting, I mean, to those who visit it with a purpose."

"Yes, I am told you get very fair snipe-shooting here in winter," answers Roger, who does not understand the argot of Miss Burke's sect.

"I speak of the inhabitants; sunk now in superstition, but the remnants of a noble race. You are, perhaps, not aware that the Basque has outlived five distinct peoples—the Carthaginians, Celts, Romans, Goths, and Saracens?"

"Murray," says Belinda, in a stage whisper. "'Introductory Remarks on the Pyrenees,' page two hundred and forty-nine."

Roger strokes his moustache and tries to look edified. "The Basque must certainly be very old," he begins, foolishly.

"But the work I am engaged on at present, the work that indeed fills every moment of my time, is the search of illustration. You have, perhaps, heard through Miss O'Shea that I am writing a book? No; I might have guessed as much. Miss O'Shea's interests do not lie in the direction of my own. A book entitled 'The Woman of the Future'! I am a laborer, sir, though a humble one, in the greatest reformation of our day, the work of restoring women to the pedestal from whence the blinded prejudices of centuries have dethroned her."

"Ah, yes," says Roger, in no very enthusiastic tone, and glancing as he speaks at the patches where darns ought to be in Belinda's stockings. "For my part," he adds, gallantly, "I cannot see that any reformation is needed. It seems to me that women are exceedingly charming as they are."

"As the Turk, as the debased Asiatic thinks of his slaves?" cried Miss Burke, hotly. "Do you, an Englishman, actually advance the proposition that to be charming is a fit motive for an immortal being's existence?"

"The most charming women appear to me to be so without any motive at all," says Roger, mentally measuring the distance between his aviversary and the door. "But I am really the worst fellow living at an argument."

"Oh, that is a very easy way of escape. It is perfectly evident to what cynical school you belong—the surface light in which you regard our sex! Can you solemnly affirm, sir, I ask it with the earnestness the subject requires, that you do not look upon us as toys?"

Thus put, as it were, upon oath, Roger Temple considers Miss Burke's personal attractions more closely than he has yet done; the thin, cold features, the glistening eyes, the watch-spring figure. He feels that he does not, that in his wildest moments he never could look upon her in the obnoxious light she deprecates, and with a perfectly clear conscience answers, "No."

"Then may I ask what do you look upon us as?" says Burke, pitilessly.

Roger not only measures the distance between himself and the door; he rises to his feet. He has been held a brave soldier in action, a hardy sportsman in the field; but he is horribly afraid of Miss Lydia Burke. "I—I really beg pardon—but I have usually looked upon women as women," he answers, humbly.

Miss Burke turns her head away in contempt.

"It really is most wonderful," sighs Rose, who has caught the last words or two of the discussion, "most extraordinary how gentlemen do dislike intellect in us! I am sure, for myself, I envy superior women, and I have always wished and wished to be blue; haven't you, Belinda?"

"Oh, I like my natural hue well enough, Rosie," answers the girl, pertly. "Still, if I were forced to change, I believe I would as soon be blue as some other colors. Superior women do not usually wear rouge or pearl powder, do they?" She looks more thoroughly hard, more deliberately, elfishly wicked than ever as she implants this savage stab. Alas, where are all the budding graces, where is the soft, shy, dawning womanliness of the "Lagrimas" of last night?

"But must your choice, of necessity, lie between the two, my dear Belinda?" Roger asks, in that quiet tone of his, which at once softens and exasperates her. "Are blue and rouge the only two colors in the world?"

"Certainly they are not, Captain Temple. There is sun-tan for instance, Van Dyck brown; the fine natural color of gamins, beggars, gypsies, and all the great unwashed of nature. My color."

"Unwashed! You quite pain me with these expressions, Belinda," said Rose. "But you must try not to despair about your complexion, dear. Spencer shall make you some of her milk of roses. She got the receipt from Lady Harriet, and they say the effect is extraordinary; that sun-tan, and even freckles, can be cured by it. For my part," encouragingly, "I have no great faith in cosmetics. You are fair or you are swarthy by constitution."

It is long before the visit draws to an end; and Captain Temple, doubly guarded by Rosie and Miss Burke, does not exchange another syllable with Belinda. At last, in the middle of one of Miss Burke's finest perorations on woman's destiny, the girl brusquely takes her departure from the room; and accompanying her to the top of the hotel stairs, Roger gets a word or two with her alone.

"You are not going to play paume to-day?" For she has a racket ball and schistera, as usual, in her hand. "Under this broiling sun! Belinda, I will not allow it."

"Will you not, indeed, Captain Temple? Why not, pray?"

"I do not choose to spoil your complexion, for one thing."

"My unwashed complexion that is to be improved by Lady Harriet's milk of roses! Isn't it fine to hear Rosie and Miss Burke talk! What advantages I have had, sir, in being guided by those two extremes of feminine intelligence."

"Promise me you will not play paume, Belinda, to-day, or any other day."

She hesitates and looks down; a quiver on her lips, a tell-tale blush shining beneath the clear olive of her cheek.

"Lagrimas!" he whispers softly. "Will you promise?"

And then she raises her eyes. They promise—unconsciously they promise a world too much to Roger Temple.

CHAPTER XI.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Have you watched an almond tree flower? Bare, shivering boughs to-day, to-morrow, under the first warm kiss of April, a cloud of odorous blossom. Such change, such sudden miracle of growth is wrought during the next four days in Belinda. Her cheek gains color, her figure roundness; her hair no longer disfigured by the villainous plaits, hangs round her neck in waves of glossy chestnut. Her movements lose their masculine roughness, her dress grows neat. Girlish grace, girlish softness, modesty—all have come to her. Who shall unriddle those things?

"Belinda is not going to be so unfortunately plain, I do believe," Rose will remark complacently to her lover. "She has quite made up her mind to marry Mr. Jones—quite; and you see how she brightens up at the prospect of riches. I am afraid I was right about that poor thing from the first, Roger. Belinda has no heart."

Miss Burke accounts for the transformation otherwise. "A nature like Belinda's," says Miss Burke, "can only develop from one frivolity to another. Her childish love of play outgrown, and Belinda takes to—what? Earnest work, higher culture, recognition of the world's wants and miseries? No! To muslins, ribbons, and laces; the livery, the badge of woman's degradation in the social scale."

So think these ladies. What does Roger Temple think?

Roger Temple is in the frame of mind, reader, when all of us are apt to shun self-communion, to keep the eyes of the spirit shut. By nature the most chivalrously loyal of men, Roger is drifting, daily, hourly drifting, into disloyalty. He is more attentive, more devoted than ever to Rosie during the hours that he is at her feet—poor, unconscious Rosie, perpetually devising toilets for Colonel Drewe, who as yet comes not! But there are a good many hours of the day when he is not at Rosie's feet. The adorers of mature beauty are generally debarred from adoration during the forenoon, that sacred, mysterious time for women to whom Heaven hath given one face and who manufacture to themselves another. Till eleven o'clock every morning Roger is free, and Belinda also. After the Casino ball at night he is free again; and then, in the starlight, "Lagrimas" steals out upon the balcony (so fatally near his own) of the Maison Lohobiague!

Miss Burke, absorbed in the "Women of the Future," sees nothing. Rosie enwrapped in lavender ribbons, Spanish combs, and agitated suspense about that elegant creature Stanley, suspects nothing. And then, under the southern sky, in this do-nothing life, the path, no difficult one in any climate, that leads from flirtation to friendship, from friendship to a warmer feeling, is so easy.

Four glowing nightless days pass by like one; Miss Burke engaged philosophically, Rose making futile millinery preparations for Colonel Drewe, Roger Temple and Belinda falling about as desperately in love with each other as ever two people fell on this contradictory earth. For the fifth day Rose has planned an eight hours' excursion into Spain's *Hendaye*, Fontarabia, home through the mountain pass of Behobia by moonlight. Mr. Jones is to return early in the morning from his tour, and as a matter of course will accompany them. "Two pairs of lovers—I never heard of anything so ridiculous," says Rosie. With this Miss Burke, note-book in hand, as duenna or fifth wheel of the coach.

Augustus arrives punctually by the early morning train from Bayonne, and with lover-like ardor makes his way at once under the broiling sun to the Maison Lohobiague, where Belinda, already equipped for the day's excursion, meets him just outside the house. Forgotten Jones during his absence, she has not; nor her own quasi encouragement of his suit, having indeed been pointedly reminded of both about six times during each twenty-four hours by Rose. But just at this present moment, dressed, poor little girl, in a summer frock and hat that Spencer has condescendingly made up for her, a flower in her waist-belt, the sunshine that human lives know once in its extremest brightness shining from every feature of her face—at this particular moment, I say, the sudden apparition of Augustus, more blistered than ever after his journey, more mosquito-bitten, more amative, comes upon Belinda with all the cold chill of an unexpected misfortune. She changes color painfully, does not offer to take his outstretched hand, and can find no utterance of welcome more flattering, more lover-like, than the monosyllable, "You?"

"Me," says Mr. Jones, ungrammatically tender. "I have not kept you waiting, I hope? You have not been expecting me long?"

"Expecting? Well, certainly not. I don't know that I expected you at all," answered Belinda dryly. "You have seen Rose?"

No, Augustus has not yet had that pleasure. He found a note from Mrs. O'Shea on his table, inviting him to accompany them for the day into Spain and then—"Then, of course, I rushed off at once to see you, Belinda," he adds in tenderer accents than before. "Has time hung heavy on your hands?" Mr Jones has an unhappy knack of composing sentences brimful of murdered aspirates! "Has your heart told you that—that some one you cared for a little was away during the last four days!"

"My time has not hung in the least heavily on my hands," answered Belinda, coldly, emphasizing every "h." "But I have been aware of your absence, if you mean that."

"And what have you been doing with yourself? No paume-playing, I hope?"

"I have given up paume-playing forever," she exclaims, her cheeks glowing, a sudden shame coming into her eyes as she makes the confession.

"My dear Belinda, this delightful compliance with my wishes," begins Augustus.

"Your wishes!" she interrupts him quickly. "What do you mean by that, sir? What do you suppose your wishes have had to do in the matter?"

"A good deal, I should hope, considering how we stand to each other as—as engaged people, and that," says young Crœsus, purpling.

Belinda turns from him impetuously; she trifles with the flower in her belt, she stoops and pats Costa, who with an air of dignified triumph sits in the sunshine eyeing the discomfiture of his enemy askance.

"I did not think you would begin any of that ridiculous nonsense again, Mr. Jones," she remarks after a minute's silence. "Engaged, what for, pray? Maccaroons at *Harranbour's*? We shall have time enough to get some, I dare say, before we start for Spain."

Without answering a word, Jones shifts his position from one leg to the other, then stands critically gazing into the transparent, girlish face before him. Wounded vanity is flooding Mr. Jones' intelligence with a curious amount of light at this moment.

"I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that you have altered a good deal since I went away, Miss Belinda. Upon my word you look three, four, any number of years older."

"That is not a complimentary speech to make to a young lady, is it?" cries Belinda, but in a fluttering, ill-assured voice, with the traitor blood still deepening in her cheeks.

"And your dress—all those refined female elegances with which I have so often wished to see you invested," says Augustus, pompously. "But I suppose, as you expected me to-day, I may without vanity attribute a little of that to——"

"Pray don't hesitate."

"To the very laudable desire of giving me pleasure, my dearest Belinda."

Upon this she lifts her eyes, and returns his gaze unflinchingly. "I have taken to "refined elegances" as I have given up paume-playing, to suit my own taste. I never thought for one moment of giving you or any one else, pleasure, never."

The natural expression, by no means an angelic one, of Mr. Jones' face, replaces in a second all the oily tenderness which, as a suitor, he had thought it wise of late to dissemble. Truth, he feels, is going to be told between him and this keen-tongued little vixen at last, and he is quite determined to render truth as unpalatable to her as may be. "Well, Miss O'Shea," looking at his watch as he speaks, "you are not in a very complimentary mood this morning, it seems; so the sooner we wish each other good-bye, the better. As regards your party into Spain, you will mention to Mrs. O'Shea, perhaps, that circumstances do not allow of my accompanying you."

"I will deliver any message you like to send by me, Mr. Jones."

"I have received a letter that calls me back at once to London, and shall leave this cursed hole with only too much pleasure, by the twelve o'clock train. However, I have no doubt you will find Captain Temple a very willing substitute! Before we part there is one question that I should like, just for curiosity, to ask you. What was your object in giving me the answer you did four evenings ago, here in your own lodgings?"

"The answer!" she stammers. "I don't know what answer you mean. Oh, Mr. Jones, do forgive me if I have offended you!"

"What was your object, I ask?" he persists savagely. "Is it so perfectly impossible for you to speak the truth?"

"I answered you more in jest than earnest. You know it. I said that we might try being engaged. We have tried it, and—the thing is impossible. Forgive me, Mr. Jones. I have acted very foolishly, very badly, I know, but I ask you to forgive me. I am wiser now."

"No doubt of it," says Augustus, with one of his odious smiles. "It would be impertinent, I suppose, to inquire under whose influence your wisdom has been gained?"

She stands for several seconds dumb, as though she had not understood the question; then, from throat to temple, the poor little girl turns white. Her secret—a secret hitherto to her own inmost conscience—is bared before her, like a committed sin, in this moment's piercing light. She changes from pale to red, and then to pale again. Her whole childish face works piteously. "I—I am wiser now," is all she can repeat; oh, with what trembling lips, with what scorching, irrepressible shame!

"Wiser in one sense of the word, no doubt, you are," says Augustus, watching her with contemptuous coolness. "There may be two opinions, perhaps, as to the worldly wisdom of these little changes of fancy. Is it your step-mamma, I wonder, or Captain Temple who is acting as your adviser? Not your step-mamma, surely?"

At the insolence of his tone, his look, Belinda's self-possession returns to her. "My own heart is my adviser, sir," she cries. "My own heart tells me I could never endure to live a day with you as your wife, let alone a lifetime!"

"And have you made up your mind—although you do treat me so cruelly I must always take the warmest interest in your welfare—have you made up your mind, Belinda, to live under Captain Temple's roof for the future?"

"I shall do whatever he thinks best for me, sir." The words stab her, but she utters them with a kind of despairing resolution. "It would be impossible for me to live under the roof of any one I like and honor more than I do Roger Temple."

"Oh! What very delightful sentiments, what charming filial submission! And you were so desperately prejudiced, if you remember. Only four days ago you were ready to quarrel with me for assuming the possibility of Mrs. O'Shea's marriage."

"I did not know Roger Temple then," says Belinda bravely and simply. "I can excuse Rose now. I think she or any other woman would be honored by becoming Roger Temple's wife."

And having got back to the familiar region of truth, the girl's stout spirit rallies. No further blush of shame rises to her cheek, no further tremble of the lip betrays her. Shame was for the first discovery of her weakness. For her love itself, misplaced, hopeless though it may be, she can feel none.

Mr. Jones makes his exit, not again to cross the stage of this little drama; and Belinda stands blankly gazing at a world from whence all fair perspectives, all gracious harmonies of color, seem abruptly blotted out. The cheerful streets—'tis a high Basque festival, and the town is thronged with peasants from the neighboring villages—the balconies with their gayly-painted awnings, the flush of purple hills across the river, every familiar object upon which she looks seems changed—vivid, intensified, as external objects become in moments of sharp bodily pain, and still distorted to Belinda's untuned, jarring sense. Her life is distorted. The gamin life, with its April joys and tears, is over. Over! why she feels old already; those children playing yonder under the trees seem separate from her by a score of painful years! The past has died by sudden harshest blow, and she has no future. That is for Rose; for all happy women whose love has been sought for and returned. And then——

Then across the girl's heart sweep thoughts that are intoxication, memories of words spoken by Roger Temple to "Lagrimas" when there was only the night and solitude to hear—words carrying with them the ring of truth, of earnestness, all unlike the tawdry compliments he lavishes on Rose. Ah, if he care for her ever so slightly, and she may see him sometimes, feel the pressure of his hand, meet the kindness of his eyes, can she not be contented?

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEMORY OF A KISS.

On reaching the Hotel Isabella, Belinda finds her step-mother alone, dressed in the sprightliest, most juvenile white muslin wrapper, and wearing on the summit of her blonde locks what the Parisian milliners neatly term "a ravishing futility," in the way of a cap or badge of widowhood.

"Belinda! and not Mr. Jones? Well, it is positively a reprieve—I am too upset, too miserable to bear the presence of a man. Oh, my dear girl, think what tortures of suspense I am going through! Colonel Drewe has arrived—is staying in this very hotel."

There is not one of her little poses in which Rose is more successful than that of bashful girlish perturbation. In her youthful white dress, and holding a microscopic patch of cambric and valenciennes to her lips, she really at this moment does not look a day over two-and-twenty; in a half light, of course, and viewed, as every work of genuine art deserves to be viewed, from the proper focus.

"It appears he came by a late train yesterday, but I knew nothing about his arrival till this morning. The poor fellow picked up Spencer's acquaintance in the courtyard, and questioned her, and oh, Belinda, I fear things are worse than I anticipated! Spencer says the fiery look that came into his eyes when she told him Captain Temple was here was something fearful."

"Lucky that you can keep out of his way for the day, Rose. There was a beautiful Spanish duchess in this hotel last summer, and six duels were fought about her before the season was over. We must hope Colonel Drewe will have had time to get his fiery feelings under control by the time you come back to night."

Mrs. O'Shea for a minute or more examines the pattern of her laced handkerchief in silence. "The duty that lies before me is a most cruel one," she sighs at last, looking up with soft, remorseful eyes at the ceiling. "I *hope*, in consenting to marry my poor Roger, I have acted conscientiously. I hope it, and I believe it. My rejection of him would have cut Roger Temple adrift from his last moral stay in life. But I cannot forget that there are other, it may be prior claims. You talk of duels jestingly, Belinda! You little know how necessary it is for me to see Colonel Drewe without delay, and alone. For want of women displaying discretion," says Rose, solemnly, "some men's lives have been sacrificed in positions like this."

"But where is he all this time, Rose—where is this fiery-eyed Colonel Drewe? If you mean to see him before we start you must make haste about it."

"Ah, my dear child, there is the difficulty. Is it my duty to start at all?" And then, beckoning Belinda to her side, and speaking in whispers, Rose unfolds a series of little Machiavellian plans, by means of which she hopes to mystify everybody throughout the remainder of the day. Roger, in the first place, is to be told that she is suffering from headache, and the party must start for Spain without her. Then Colonel Drewe is to be admitted—not at first admitted; the wily Spencer must hold him at arm's length with accounts of her mistress's suffering condition until his feelings be sufficiently worked upon. "And then," says Rosie, "I shall take care, you may be sure, to put everything before him in a light as little wounding to his own vanity as possible. My engagement, fortunately, has never been actually given out, and I know, when I have him alone, I can say many things that will soften the blow to him. Poor, poor Stanley! Ah, if I could only persuade him to return quietly to England by this evening's express! Roger need never know more about the visit than I choose to let him know, and—"

(To be Continued).

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Desperate Encounter Between Maddened Bulls on the Edge of a Precipice.

Thomas S. Moore, a well-known and substantial citizen of Garrard county, Mo., tells a graphic story of a desperate encounter that occurred on the crest of a knob in his neighborhood several days ago between a couple of enraged bulls, in which both were killed. The animals had wandered to these heights, and, upon sighting each other, at once engaged in a duel to the death. Those unacquainted with the instincts of such creatures cannot easily imagine what extreme ferocity they sometimes display. In speaking of the incident Mr. Moore said:

"Being interested in the study of geology, I happened to be on the knob at the time, and was startled about 4 o'clock in the afternoon by a fearful bellowing. Looking some distance ahead, I saw the animals advancing towards each other with their noses on the ground, turning this way and that, and casting dust into the air with their forefeet. When only a few yards apart they suddenly leaped to the attack with a frightful noise and began to gore each other with frightful energy. Above the fierce and noisy trampling could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutal rage. The breeze blew aside the dust, and revealed the tigerish character of the onset, as with wide-set limbs and tails curling in the air, they charged again, stabbing with their pointed horns. Tiny streams of blood shot down their necks and sides, while their distended nostrils emitted a reddish foam. The prodigious strength of these magnificent animals thus brought into activity afforded a spectacle both tumultuous and thrilling. The exertion of the encounter, added to the pain of each newly inflicted wound, inflamed their combative spirit to the pitch of tempestuous fury. One of the bulls, following up a temporary advantage, plunged his horns into the chest of his antagonist, and, with a quick upward jerk of the head, ripped open the flesh to a depth of several inches, while from this gaping wound jets of arterial blood began to spurt. In a towering passion and with gleaming eyeballs, charging furiously upon his adversary, the wounded bull drove his horns into its abdomen, making a horrible opening, through which the entrails gushed. The impetuous and stormy nature of the contest had carried the combatants to the verge of the cliff, but, blind with deadly fury, they saw no danger. Each mortally wounded and weakening momentarily from profuse loss of blood, waged the battle with that fiendish desperation shown only in wounded animals. It was evident, however, that a crisis was near at hand. The situation had resolved itself into the grim condition of the death struggle. With lowered heads they backed away a few yards, defiant, implacable and again collided with a force that seemed to split their very skulls. This terrific shock staggered the bull with the chest wound and forced his eyeballs from their sockets. He suddenly plunged forward to his knees on the brink of the precipice, and remaining in a quivering stupor, with his open mouth burrowing in the dust. The other, tottering and covered with blood, but still terrible in his weakness, charged heavily upon his kneeling and senseless foe, struck him in the flank with the force of a ponderous projectile and hurled him headlong over the precipice. The body executed a somersault in midair, fell with a noisy crash through the tree tops upon the rocks below, where it was subsequently preyed upon by vultures. The remaining bull seemed to realize in a stupid way the danger to which he himself was exposed. He drew back from the brink over which his hideous muzzle had been momentarily thrust, and with his entrails trailing on the ground, staggered a little distance off, fell prone to the ground, rolled over on his hide, shivered a moment and then lay still in the embrace of death. The battle lasted nearly an hour, and in point of sanguinary details and tragic horror has no parallel within the limits of my recollection."

Diphtheria Carried by a Turkey.

A fowl with diphtheria was brought to the house of a veterinary surgeon on April 24th and died on the 29th. The feeding and nursing of the bird devolved on a lad aged 14, who was assisted by his brother, aged 5. On the evening of May 11th the writer was called to see the little boy of 5, who had been poorly for a day or two. He had enlarged cervical glands on the left side, which had come on rapidly. He was a delicate little fellow, with fair hair and anæmic aspect. The fauces were more or less covered with diphtheric membrane, the left tonsil more especially. Under the administration of biniodide of mercury and iron the throat symptoms cleared up and the child made a good recovery. On the day after this case was first seen the boy who fed the fowl was feverish and had similar patches over his fauces, but not to the same extent as his brother. A sister, aged 9, had also a similar explosion on the fauces. On the 18th the mother, who nursed them, was attacked, and was similarly treated. They were all kept well up with beef tea and stimulants.—*British Medical Journal.*

The New President and His Wife.

Notwithstanding the result of the election Mrs. Cleveland's photographs sell as well as ever. Mrs. Harrison doesn't like to have her pictures placed on sale, and none are to be had.

President-elect Harrison was walking down to his office one afternoon of last week just as the Public Schools were dismissed, when an enthusiastic boy dashed up to him and exclaimed, "Oh, General, ain't you glad!"

Rev. W. T. Turner, Methodist pastor at Harrow, Ont., died suddenly the other day.

Office boy (to editor)—There's a mad old gent outside, sir, what wants to see you. Editor—Did he say what he wanted? Office boy—Yessir; he said that you printed a poem that his son writ, an' he says he'll have satisfaction or go to a hosspital.