at on Isabel.
say, from day to day,
cise intent he went;
and badinage,
urs, and not a sign
notive or design,
trace of sentiment.

Now, Isabel, who liked him well,
Was fain to hasten Lionel
In proper way, to plainly say
Exactly what intent he meant.
For persiflage and badinage
Amuse one, but they give no sign
Of matrimonial design,
If unalloyed with sentiment.

So Lionel, it soon befell,
Observed a change in Isabel,
She turned away from trifles gay,
Her manner, coy but gentle, lent
To persiflage and badinage
A subtle meaning, and a sign
Of something—if 'twere not design—
Decidedly like sentiment.

Thus Isabel contrived so well
That, pleased and flattered, Lionel
Became one day, her willing prey;
For knowing not her bent, he went—
Left persiflage and badinage—
And plumply said to her, "Be mine!"
Since then, 'twere fair to state, in fine,
No lack there is of sentiment.

The Dying Year.

Now the blustering blast is blowing
Through the street,
And 'tis snowing, snowing, snowing,
And the sleet
Is a-slithering through the ways
Where the waggons and the drays
Soon give way to gaudy sleighs,
As is meet

And the boys who go to school
Gayly glide
O'er the slippery, icy cool,
Glassy slide,
Which that valetudinary
Mortal with the step unwary,
And whose nerves are somewhat scary,
Can't abide.

Now the mothers and their daughters
Don the fur
And go shopping—winter's slaughters
Ne'er deter.
From these signs he who is adept
Must one certain fact accept,
That we've reached ye month yclept
Decem-Ber.

Not a Bad Rejoinder.

(Toronto Mail.)

The following was sent by a lawyer to an editor:

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh;
How—I thought—as I tumbled the editor's bed
How easily editors lie.

The journalist, equal to the occasion, sent him the following reply:

If the lawyer slept in an editor's bed
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh;
And though he has written, and naively said,
How easily editors lie!
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed,
And slept to his heart's desire,
Whate'er he may say of the editor's bed,
'Twas the lawyer himself was the lier.

Heigh-Ho the Holly.

Sing "heigh-ho, my children, dear,
Sing heigh-ho the holly!"
We will say good-by to the old, old year,
And greet the new with a shout of cheer,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

With holly sprigs the pudding crown,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
Roast the big turkey, so juicy and brown,
And load the tables with dainties down,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Oh, hang high the mistletoe,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
With evergreen leaves and berries like snow
Under it let the true lovers go—
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Pile the blazing yule logs higher,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
Dance shadow dances before the fire,
Dance little maidens, and never tire
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

Then fare ye well, you good old year,
Sing "heigh-ho the holly!"
You gave us the smile, you gave us the tear,
But now young eighty-nine draws near,
And we must be ready to welcome him here,
Singing "heigh-ho the holly, the holly,
Here's to the green holly!"

The Garret.

With pensive eyes the little room I view
Where in my youth I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song;
Making a mock of life and all its cares,
Rich in glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pairs of stairs
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small—
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet, charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys that time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes—ye dreams of love and fun!
For you I pawned my watch, how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off these happy times appear,
All that is left to life I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love and power
From fount of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

—*Beranger.*

Crow's Feet Under the Lily's Eyes.

Those who saw her off the stage during her recent visit here tell me that even Langtry, the lily, is a trifle *passee*. Age is beginning to tell, and, notwithstanding her wonderfully fine complexion, there are wrinkles forming about her eyes and she is beginning to show a tendency towards *embonpoint*. Alas, that it should be so! but the hardships and dissipations of a stage life are not conducive to the welfare of physical beauty.—*Louisville (Ky.) Post.*

Principle Above Interest.

Mrs. Malaise—"Doctor, I beg you wil not deceive me about my case. Believe me I am prepared to hear the worst."

Dr. Bismuth—"Well, then, madam, frankly there is nothing the matter with you whatever. You should try some other scheme besides ill-health to make yourself interesting."

The Test of Matrimonial Success.

One who knows says that it is not the proper thing now to exhibit wedding presents except to immediate relatives and intimate friends of the family. This, we believe, is all wrong. If the presents are not exhibited, how is a fellow to know whether the marriage is a success or a failure?

No Surprise to Her.

Miss Beauty—Do you remember that French count who followed me from place to place, and declared he was dying of love for me? Well, his family has put him in a lunatic asylum. Rival belle—I am not surprised. I always did think he was crazy. —*New York Weekly.*

[illegible] Given [illegible] Thieves of London.

The annual banquet of the thieves of London, given the other day by the St. Giles' mission, was a most brilliant affair, says the New York *Sun*. The Lord Mayor bravely presided, in defiance of the old proverb. To this banquet, rare par excellence, none but thieves fresh from jail are admitted, except, of course, the members of the mission and their friends. The mission has a curious history. It was founded about twelve years ago by a thief nick-named "Fiddler," who abandoned his old profession and took to religion for a living. Since that time it has increased in power and usefulness. Every morning when the doors of the four prisons of London are opened to let loose the individuals who have discharged their debts to society, members of the mission come forward and invite the crooks to breakfast. Out of 18,000 of these worthies set free in 1887, 15,200 accepted the invitation. At the close of the repast a temperance pledge is presented to the guests, which they may sign or not, just as they choose. About one-third of the number sign the pledge, and about one-fourth of that third keep it. The mission furnishes money, tools and clothes to the crooks who display sincere intentions to lead better lives, and it finds employment for them, too. At the banquet in question about 200 guests sat down to table. There were some queer faces among them, and their costumes defied description. The ate in silence—that is to say, without speaking—but the rattle of their knives and forks during the engagement gave noisy evidence of their appetites. Gradually the din subsided, until there were only a few stray rattles left, like the close of a well-sustained infantry fire. Then the speeches began, but the members of the truly silent profession held their tongues. The Lord Mayor's speech was interesting. He said that ten years ago the population of the prisons of London numbered 20,833. It is now reduced to 14,536, and he attributed the reduction to the work of missions like that of St. Giles. When His Lordship left the banquet hall he felt for his watch, and he was happy to find that it was there.

How He Played Lady's Maid.

Mr. Goodman, in the sudden absence of his wife's maid, attempts to help her on with her new winter dress.

He—You just see if I can't help you just as well as that blamed English maid. Confound it, after I've helped you once you'll be wanting me to all the time, see if you don't.

She—Well, put it on carefully now over my head. Look out for my hair; I don't see what possessed me to put it up before I put this thing on, though I couldn't have raised my arms, I suppose, afterward. Look out, there's a hook caught in my hairpin. For heaven's sake, Charles, get it one way or the other, I'm stifling and my hair will all be down. There, now, that top steel is too high and the cushion interferes with it. Suppose you could get the cushion out? Rip it, pull it, anything! Don't you see it's 8 o'clock? Got it out? Can't you do it? Pull it, I tell you! All right. Now see if it looks too flat. Well, hook it then. Yes, you can, too, it's only a patent hook. Snap it! There, now, hold it so I can get my arms into the sleeves—not way up there—do you take me for a contortionist? Oh, I never can get those sleeves on; grab hold of the arm-hole with both hands, Charles, and give it a good pull up onto my shoulder; tell me if it begins to burst; does it? The veins in my hands will burst, I believe—open that window, will you—there now—give me the ends of that belt, will you; don't tell me, Charles, that you've twisted the waist, and I've got to take it off again! Why, how could you have been so stupid? Where were your eyes? No, you can't pull it off that way—pull it off just as you do a glove—there, now, do exert yourself to get it right this time. Open that window a little wider will you? What is the matter—caught something? Well, never mind. Unhook your watch, and let the chain hang on the dress—it won't be likely to fall off, and you musn't tear that lace; well, I'll get you another one if you lose it—do get those sleeves on again; there, now, pass me the belt. Oh, that fool of a dressmaker; she's got this so tight, when I told her I wanted to be comfortable. Open that door, will you, so there will be a draught? Now see if you can't hook this waist up. No—begin at the bottom. Why, don't you see, the hooks and eyes alternate on each side, so as to make it hold? Can't you get it together? Why, pull; I can stand it. Torn your finger nails out? Well, for heaven's sake, Charley, don't notice it now. I've got something I'll put on it after we get home. Can you hook that last hook, up on my left shoulder; and then that one down on my right hip? Now, get a good firm hold of the bottom of my skirt and give it a pull down all round. Now do get out of the way and let me look in the mirror. Heavens! I look like a perfect dump. Tip the mirror up a little more, will you? No, not that way—the other way—and go get me your hand-glass, won't you? Turn the gas up a little higher, and do keep out of my way; I can't see a square inch of my dress. Well, it looks a little better than I thought it did at first. Just give that drapery behind a smooth, will you? and pull that ruching up on my neck. There, now, put both your hands around my waist, and give it a good hard smooth down. There, I guess that will do now. I look very well. But for goodness sake don't ever ask me to let you help me again!"—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A Bad Memory.

London papers relate a story of a Welsh preacher who started on the cars to fulfil an engagement. When the conductor came for his ticket he had forgotten to bring it, and had also forgotten his money. What was worse he had forgotten where he was going. It was found impossible to suggest to him any station that seemed to be the right one, and he had to telegraph home to have his friends look into his diary and send him word where he was going. Word came and he was started on all right.

Blifkins (thirstily)—So those two fellows got four years each! Soaper (mistily)—What two fellahs? Blifkins—Harrison and Morton, you know. Thanks! lemon in mine.

—The most successful dentist must expect to run against a snag occasionally.

[illegible] Which Go to the Heart.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones. One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell my first head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for my youngster—Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own, only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper, and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well, and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or may be six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened—I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very; but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then; but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of the hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found the dripping little thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping.

When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope—what's that you have in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I, "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirrip. That's Dolly yonder, with her mother in the meadow, a girl worth saving—I think (but then I'm her father and partial, maybe), the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of Mississippi.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Royal Baby's Retinue.

Probably the magnificent state of the royal baby of Spain surpasses that of any other infant of western lands, but the retinue of the Emperor of China shows how they do such things in the east. The list of his attendants was as follows:

Eighty nurses.
Twenty-five fan bearers.
Twenty-five palanquin bearers.
Ten umbrella bearers.
Thirty physicians and surgeons.
Seven cooks.
Twenty-three assistant cooks.
Fifty servants and messengers.
Fifty dressers (to put on and take off imperial clothes).
Seventy-five astrologers.
Sixteen governors.
Sixty priests.

With thirty cooks and thirty doctors it is perhaps a wonder that Kuang Hsu, Emperor of China, has lived to be seventeen years old.—*Youth's Companion.*

Marriage Revealed by a Bicycle Header.

The marriage on Thanksgiving Day of Miss Sadie O'Neill to Enoch M. Fredericks, of Waukegan, has just been made public. The couple drove out into the country on Thanksgiving Day, ostensibly to spend the day with relatives. At Lake Villa, however, they boarded the cars, and were soon in Wisconsin and married. The matter was kept a secret until the husband took a "header" from a bicycle in Chicago a few days since, and received such injuries that he desired his wife to nurse him. The story was then told.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—It is considered strange that aristocratic people will consent to live in a commonwealth.

—A domestic war cloud threatens the man who dares to walk loud when the baby's asleep.

—When a young man asks a young lady for her hand, in nine cases out of ten she will refer him to her paw.

[illegible] SUMMARY.

Mr. Henry Becher, Q.C., London, is very seriously ill.

Mr. Alexander Murray, a prominent business man of Montreal, died of apoplexy on Saturday morning.

Owing to the continued illness of Lieutenant-Governor Angers there will be no New Year's reception in Quebec.

A special meeting of Stratford City Council was held on Saturday afternoon, when the rate of assessment was fixed at eighteen mills.

A 3-year-old child of Mr. L. Arsenault, Metapedia, Que., was fatally scalded a day or two ago by falling into a vessel of boiling water.

Joseph Walworth was killed in a dynamite explosion while working at the construction of the C. P. R. branch at the Don on Saturday.

It cost $1,438.69 to enforce the Scott Act in Lennox and Addington, and the amount received in fines was $3,052.75. The sum to the credit of the Act is $1,614.06.

Four boys went into the woods at Gananoque, and one, Page, in carelessly handling a revolver thought to be empty, discharged it, wounding a lad named McGinty in the region of the bowels. The ball cannot be traced.

Fred. Geary, aged 13 years, was drowned in Moira Lake, near Madoc, on Saturday afternoon while skating with a number of other boys. Chas. Richards went through the ice with Geary, but was rescued by one of his companions, who caught him by the hair and held him up.

Sylvester B. Brown, Salt Lake City, son of Mr. Isaac Brown, Ernesttown, has committed suicide. He was a clever lawyer and in easy circumstances, but he fell into bad health, and fearing consumption and prospective separation from his wife and family, became despondent, and going into the yard shot himself.

Alfred Falardeau, aged about 28 years, fell through the ice on Friday in crossing Matchedash Bay, at Waubaushene, and was drowned. The deceased came to Waubaushene about seven years ago, and is supposed to have relatives at St. Sanveur, Quebec. He was in the employ of the Georgian Bay Consolidated Lumber Company, and was a steady, quiet man and a good workman.

The Montreal Judges on Saturday ordered the liberation of Adeline Trempe from the Good Shepherd Convent, to which she had been committed in 1885 for five years on a charge of vagrancy trumped up by her uncle, who wished to remove the girl from her mother, who was a Protestant. The Court was very severe on the Recorder for his action in illegally depriving the girl of her liberty.

A young blacksmith named Albert Seaton, while endeavoring to effect a crossing of the G. T. R. track at Clarence street, London, on Saturday night, ran against the side of an express engine and received some bad bruises and cuts on his head and face. No bones were broken. He thought he could cross before the engine came up, but was mistaken, and could not stop himself in time to prevent a collision.

The King of Wurtemberg is again in poor health.

It is reported at Suakim that the rebel tribes at Handoub contemplate surrendering to the British.

An escaped Soudanese has offered to bring Gen. Gordon's clothes, sword and papers, which are said to be hidden near Berber.

A manifesto issued by the new revolutionary group in France declares that a commune is the only remedy for Boulangism and Radicalism.

The Queen will, next week, bestow a special honor upon Gen. Grenfell in recognition of his services at Suakim, and, incidentally, it is asserted that the creation of a batch of new peers is imminent.

Advices from Suakim say that Arabic translations of the accounts published in London newspapers prior to December 20th of the plan of operations of the British forces there have been found in the possession of the enemy.

Louis and Joseph Lebourdois, respectively captain and mate of the barque Gylfe, of Quebec, were yesterday at Glasgow sentenced to ten years' penal servitude each for trying to scuttle their vessel and defraud the insurers. The attempt was made while the Gylfe was on a voyage from Quebec for Greenock.

The French Senate yesterday adopted the budget as amended by the Chamber of Deputies. Premier Floquet afterward read a decree closing the session. Mr. Bradlaugh the well-known English Radical, visited the Chamber of Deputies yesterday and conversed for some time with M. Clemenceau and other members.

Mr. Bright's prospects or possibilities of recovery are well described by one of his family as marvellous. Real recovery, unhappily, there can be none. His malady is incurable. But his condition has wonderfully improved. He even sits up, though a week ago he had no desire to rise from his bed. There is hope that his life may be prolonged for some months.

The Liverpool police were anxiously watching yesterday for the arrival of the steamer Lord Gough from Philadelphia believing that Kuhni, the Wisconsin murderer, was on board. Their anxiety was relieved, however, by a despatch from Queenstown, stating that the vessel had arrived at that port, and that the Dane had been arrested there and remanded for hearing. He made no resistance. He had a ticket for Basle, Switzerland, and intended to proceed to that country immediately.

Mrs. Frank Cheesebrough, of Bay City, Mich., was aroused from sleep on Saturday morning by a burglar attempting to chloroform her.

Joe Rather was hanged at Centre, Tex., on Friday for wife murder. He went to the gallows smoking a cigar, and said he was going straight to heaven.

The steamship Bristol, of the Old Colony Line, was burned at Newport, R. I., yesterday, and the Mexico, of the New York and Havana Line, was destroyed at New York.

Another desperate fight occurred last week between the police boat of Baltimore and a fleet of oyster pirates. After 600 shots had been fired five of the rebel craft were captured.

Ira Warford, of St. Elmo, near Chattanooga, and his family, consisting of four persons, were poisoned yesterday by eating head cheese. Warford is in a very precarious condition, and his wife is seriously ill. The children are doing well and will recover.

Last evening flames broke out in Brownrow, Everson, Pa., belonging to the H. C. Frick Coke Company, and four houses were destroyed. The fire was caused by the explosion of two kegs of blasting powder. The house in which the explosion occurred was occupied by Poles. They were preparing powder for their work in the mines today, when a spark from a pipe ignited the stuff. There was a terrific explosion and seven of the men were frightfully burned, one of them fatally.

Big John, the famous Indian pilot, intends to run the Lachine rapids on New Year's day if the river continues clear of ice.

Mr. Herbert, the Canadian sculptor, has forwarded from Paris a bronze bust of Sir George Cartier, which is on exhibition in Montreal.

A young man named Humphrey, whose home was at Whitby, a brakesman on the Grand Trunk, was killed at Oshawa yesterday morning.

Counterfeit bills of the Ontario Bank are in circulation in Deseronto and vicinity. As a rule the bills are pretty well worn and pasted up with pieces of paper.

A temperance convention was held at Cataraqui on Thursday, at which it was resolved to energetically oppose the repeal of the Scott Act in Frontenac.

City Solicitor Campbell says Winnipeg will not pay the expenses of calling out the militia in the crossings dispute without resisting the matter to the end.

At the annual meeting of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada yesterday, Mr. William Smith, M.P., of Columbus, Ont., was elected President for the year.

Principal Grant says as the Japanese are largely abandoning rice in favor of bread, he can see no reason why the fertile prairies of the Northwest should not largely supply Japan with the wheat she will require for her thirty-eight million of people.

James Dingwall, an employee in Walker & Marlatt's pork house, Aylmer, was struck square in the face on Thursday by a barrel, which fell twenty feet, terribly injuring him, hurting his eyes and breaking his nose, and knocking him senseless for a time.

Peter McMaster, a desperate character, who has for a long time defied the authorities to arrest him, has been made prisoner by Mr. S. Wright, deputy-sheriff of Prescott and Russell. The prisoner attended a sale near Hawkesbury for the purpose of defying arrest, and when seized drew a revolver, but was overpowered and disarmed.

Mr. W. T. Gianque, weighmaster Michigan Central Railway at Montrose, and brother of Audior Gianque, Michigan Central Railway, while riding on an engine yesterday morning, fell off near Montrose Junction, striking his head on a tie, inflicting a terrible gash. He was picked up and conveyed to his home at Suspension Bridge but his recovery is doubtful.

Mr. John Bright's condition has further improved.

The appointment of the Crofters Canadian Commission is announced. The members are the Marquis of Lothian, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. King and Thomas Skinner. They are empowered to select Highland families for colonization in Canada.

Hon. Cornelia Prittie, sister of Lord Dunalley, was killed yesterday while hunting near Nenagh, County Tipperary. The horse stumbled and she fell from the saddle. Her feet becoming entangled in the stirrups, she was dragged for some distance head downward. She was 38 years of age.

On Thursday evening Stephen Weston, aged 59, residing at 231 Brewster street, Detroit, took by mistake a dose of carbolic acid instead of cough mixture, and fifteen minutes later expired.

A cablegram yesterday announced the death at Pau, France, of the Rev. Jas. Pettigrew Boyce, LL. D., D. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville. He was 60 years old.

Miles Jobson, a wealthy widower, of Princeton, Ind., who was married on Christmas day, hanged himself on Thursday night. He left a note saying he had broken his promise not to marry again, given to his first wife on her deathbed, and he could not endure the reproaches of his conscience.

The Ideal Pavement.

The ideal pavement for New York, under existing conditions, is the Belgian block, with asphalt filling between the joints. This pavement is now laid on Fifth avenue, and is cleanly and solid if not noiseless. The experiment of a solid pavement of asphalt has been tried with success on Madison avenue for a short distance above Thirty-fourth street, and it is about the only stretch of pavement in the city where people can ride with comfort and talk in a conversational tone of voice.—*New York World.*

His Marriage a Success.

"Marriage a failure! I should say not!" remarked a Western farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day. "Why, there's Lucindy gits up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfas', starts four children to skewl, looks arter the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims 20 pans o' milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetery, et cetery. Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"

In the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday Premier Floquet spoke emphatically in support of secular schools.

—Cincinnati ladies just now have a craze for the divided skirt—"loglets" they are called.

—It doesn't necessarily follow that a seamstress is interested in the sewage question.