Si Jeunesse Savait !

I stand upon my balcony,
  My tea gown softly flutters ;
Perhaps it might be wise to stand
  Inside the oaken shutters.
And yet, though I can see her face,
  I hear no word she utters.

Her white hand rests upon the gate,
  Her smooth cheek flushes brightly
His breath a cloud of little bangs
  Is swaying very slightly ;
And he ? Well, he's the favored one
  For whom her gas burns nightly.

Amusing love of early youth,
  So fresh, so bright, so vernal !
Such faith in all, such love and truth,
  To me it seems supernal.
For I have lived to learn that naught
  On earth is quite eternal.

My dears, some day you'll know with me
  That love flames just in flashes ;
That time has glowing sandalled feet,
  That burns all things to ashes.
That faith and truth are lights that shine
  Only beneath youth's lashes.

Yet standing here, just out of sight,
  (Duenna and adviser) ;
I watch you silly two to-night
  As gold the envious miser,
And find myself (oh ! breathe it light)
  In tears that I am wiser

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION :

A NOVEL.

And all this Caleb knew, as well as he knew that the chrysalis must develop according to its own laws, and that folding it in rose leaves or cushioning it on satin will be of no avail if the hour of its butterfly birth has not come. Yet he suffered himself to be at times deceived by hope and desire, and the mirage which looked as if it might be real !

Caleb s father wanted him to take Lady Elizabeth for a wife, but the young man knew that any lady whatever of the Kingshouse would be welcome; and Estelle in her pearly grace and beauty more welcome than another.

"Thou shalt have it all, lad," Miles used to say, as his biggest bribe. "If thou'st shamed of thy own, thou shalt have it all to thyself and my lady yonder. Grapes and peaches, furniture and land, nags and coaches, I'll not keep the value of a brass farthing from thee, more nor I and thy mother'll want for our old age. A clean shirt o' Sundays, lad, and a good glass for a friend, that's all I ask out of the many thousands as we have. Only let me see thee mated with the best in the land, and I'll die content."

But when Caleb said, as he did once, "Give me something of my own now, father ; out of so much you could well spare me a few hundreds in my pocket," Miles answered him back by such a turbid stream of abuse and objurgation that he never ventured to repeat the experiment.

"All, if thou'lt give me a lady for my daughter," he said. "All, dost hear, jackass? but by the Lord not so much as 'll buy thee a crust of bread while thou bides here as my son in my house. I'll be my own ganger and captain of my own ship as long as I'm at the head. I'll give way to thee the day thou hast thy wife, but not an hour sooner. So now you know."

Which declaration only increased the poor omad'haun's general perplexity when matched with Mrs. Clanricarde's hints—as broad as cart-wheels, according to Caleb's unspoken simile—and only his own consciousness of unworthiness to keep him steady to his self-imposed negation.

CHAPTER X.

THE CROSSING OF THE RUBICON.

Things financial at Les Saules had gone from bad to worse. Mr. Clanricarde's last investments, made in faith, had fructified in failure. One turn more of that Stock Exchange screw, and the bailiffs would take possession ; and then where would Estelle s matrimonial market be? For beauty, although such a splendid jewel in itself, wants a certain amount of material setting to give it stability ; a man with intrinsic advantages looks for some kind of equivalent besides that which, great as it is, can be destroyed forever by an infected laundry or a runaway horse. The value of birth, for instance, is a constant quantity, and the multiplication of riches is potentially infinite ; but beauty is as a radiant mass, subject to perpetual shrinkage—a floating capital, slowly but surely diminishing. Hence it needs some kind of background—something beside itself—else would all the fair-faced Cicelys of the milking-pail and handsome Jennies of the spinning mill find as many King Cophetuas as there were moneyed men in the district, and no nut-brown maid would go without her lover who was an earl's son and not "a banished man." And a man in possession, with a father squeezed flat under the Stock Exchange screw, is not exactly the best kind of buttress to be imagined, even for such a monument of loveliness as was Estelle Clanricarde.

All these thoughts, in other forms of words, possessed Mrs. Clanricarde night and day. The peril of the moment, the fear of still further decline, the fact that no one else was at hand—all made her resolve to bring about this hideous marriage, whereof, however, the present prominent obstacle was Caleb's own unconquerable shyness. Shyness—not disinclination. Mrs. Clanricarde was too astute not to see the difference. The latter would perhaps have daunted even her. The former was no more to be regarded than a child's fear of the dark, to which it was analogous. Of Estelle herself the mother had no grave doubts. For all her suspicions of that underground rivulet of love still flowing between her and Charlie, she did not mistrust the weight of her own influence when the time for using it should have come. It was Caleb, not Estelle, that had to be conquered, the man to be encouraged not the woman to be coerced, which made the whole position more embarrassing, and the tactics to be pursued more difficult. But time and need pressed, and something must be done.

Accordingly an invitation to dinner was sent to the heir of Redhill.

The long summer evening was favorable to confidential talk, as well as redolent of love. Mrs. Clanricarde left Estelle in the drawing-room, and proposed a little stroll in the garden with Mr. Stagg. Like the pimpernel before a shower, like birds and beasts before a storm, Caleb, sensitive and double sensed, knew that a crisis was at hand. Everything showed it. Mrs. Clanricarde's almost oppressive kindness; her husband's evidently forced attempt to follow suit; Estelle's unconcealed depression—the fear, the scorn, the prayers, the loathing, that passed in changing waves of feeling over her face—whence all pity was banished in the passion of her own pain ; yes, they stood on the brink of the great Rubicon, and Caleb knew that it would be passed to-night. And how should he bear himself? What should he do? The girl would be offered to him by her mother, and passionately denied by herself, and he would have to choose between saving her position and sacrificing her person, or respecting her feelings and letting her fortunes be destroyed. He did not think of himself. His sole perplexity was, what was best for her.

The handsome, brisk, and hard-pressed lady shut her eyes to all that stood against her. She would not let herself be troubled. Her future son-in-law, when he forgot himself—and he was so preoccupied that he forgot himself very often—ate with his knife, then helped himself to salt on the tip, picked his teeth with his fingers, bit his bread without breaking it, drank with his unwiped lips and a full mouth, tossed off his custard like wine, and spooned his cherry tart like so much porridge ; then remembering his offence, he blushed till his sandy hair looked washed with red, and became so confused and humiliated he did not understand what was said to him, nor could he have answered if he had understood.

"Trifles light as gossamer webs !" thought Mrs. Clanricarde. "But those solid thousands are facts."

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that we have come to know you better," she said, when she had him alone and safe in the garden, bending her vivacious black eyes with as much maternal tenderness as she could command on the miserable creature at her side.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Caleb, feeling that he must say something.

"We have the highest possible esteem and affection for you," she continued, still maternal and tender.

"I'm not worth it," stammered Caleb.

She shook his hand with a fine impulsiveness.

"Don't say that!" she cried, and her voice was both flattering and deprecatory. "You are one of the best and dearest young men I have ever known—a man to trust with one's greatest treasures, and to be sure of in every relation of life. I do not know a fault that you have—but one." Here Caleb opened his round eyes and stared. "And that is your modesty," continued Mrs. Clanricarde. "You are a great deal too modest, my dear Mr. Stagg—but let me call you Caleb ; such a fine suggestive name it is!—you do not hold yourself in as high esteem as you should. You are fit to marry a princess."

"Oh, Mrs. Clanricarde !" put in poor Caleb, his modesty bleeding at every pore.

"I can read you, you see," she continued, her smile as soft as swan's-down, and her voice as sweet as honey can make even vinegar. "You do not think yourself worthy of a grand lady, do you ?"

"No," said Caleb, in a low voice, "I don't, Mrs. Clanricarde."

"And I do," she replied, her vivacious black eyes levelled again full on his face.

"I am not fit to be the husband of a real lady, Mrs. Clanricarde," returned Caleb, with a pause, speaking with desperate steadiness. "I am naught but a miner's son, and I was naught but a miner myself till I was a grown lad of seventeen. And what's bred in the bone will out in the flesh, Mrs. Clanricarde, and not all father's money can make gentlefolks of us, or fit to go shares with the quality."

Intentionally Caleb went back on the old habit of speech, which was more purely provincial than he had taught himself of late to be.

"You are better than a gentleman," said Mrs. Clanricarde, with desperate steadiness on her own part. "You are a good man, my dear Mr. Caleb."

"I'm a fool, that's what I am, Mrs. Clanricarde," said Caleb.

"Why do you say that ?" asked Estelle's mother, doing battle for him against himself.

"I ought never to have let myself be persuaded," said Caleb. "Me and mine are not fit for gentlefolks, and I should have known that, and stuck to the old shop and not come out of it."

"You dear, foolish, modest fellow !" cried Mrs. Clanricarde. "Why, we all love you. You are the delight of the place, for every one in it knows what a good honest creature you are. Look at Lady Elizabeth. Any one would say she was in love with you, for the fuss she makes with you—the affection she has for you," she added, correcting herself.

"Lady Elizabeth is an angel and pities me," said Caleb. "She knows me better than any one, and she is sorry for my false position."

"False ! Where is the falseness? Young, rich, clever, good—what does it signify that your father made his own fortune, and that you have not a long line of ancestry behind you? How many of our best men are self-made ?"

"Not quite so near the ground as we," said Caleb, still maintaining the self-humiliation, which was but another name for desperation.

"They that humble themselves shall be exalted," said Mrs. Clanricarde ; "and so shall you be, my dear young friend."

"Mrs. Clanricarde, ma'am, don't !" cried Caleb, feeling like a drowning man, with the waters closing over his head.

"To show you how highly I esteem and, I may say, love you," Mrs. Clanricarde went on to say ; "and to show you, too, how clearly I have read your secret heart, I am going to be your interpreter to yourself. You love Estelle, and are too bashful to say so. Is it not so? Have I not read your secret as I say ?"

Caleb's face changed to a very piteousness of embarrassment.

Mrs. Clanricarde laid her hand on his arm, and her slight slim fingers pressed like slender rods of iron into his flesh.

"Is it not so ?" she repeated.

"I admire your daughter, Mrs. Clanricarde," stammered Caleb, in a trange voice.

"You love her," insisted Estelle's mother.

The poor fellow put up his hands before his face.

"Yes ; God help me, I do !" he sobbed.

His guard was beaten down. He was at his adversary's mercy.

"Then you shall marry her," said Mrs. Clanricarde, in tones the cold determination of which no affected tremor could hide.

"How can I, Mrs. Clanricarde !" said Caleb, still behind the mask of his freckled hands. "She doesn't value me. She never could love me. How can I wed her against her will, as it would be?"

"She will learn to love you," said Mrs. Clanricarde. "You are too good a man not to be loved. She respects you already. That is one step gained. The rest will follow."

Caleb slowly shook his head. He was just master enough of himself to disbelieve this flattering promise, sweet as it was—responsive to his own desires as it also was.

"My dear young man, you do not know a woman," said Mrs. Clanricarde, a pitying smile borne like the breath of flowers on her words. "We are such creatures of the heart ! We are so easily gained by men ! Give such a girl as my Estelle, so sweet and gentle as she is, such a husband as yourself, and in a very short time she will learn to prize and adore you. Your goodness, your patience, your cleverness and knowledge, will all fascinate and win her. I know what I am saying."

Still Caleb held his hands before his face, and slowly shook his sandy-colored head from side to side. Mrs. Clanricarde was beginning to feel doubtful whether her Waterloo would be won or not.

Then she said, fervently, "Believe me, my dear, I speak as a woman, *avec connaissance de cause*. Once married to you, Estelle will learn to love you, because you will treat her well and because you love her so fondly. Why, my dear Mr. Caleb, what else makes women love but because the man loves them ! They do not give their hearts unsought—unwooed. Your love for my daughter is the guarantee that she will love you. '

At this Caleb took down his hands and showed his tear-stained face in yet more pitiable plight than before. But into its disorder had flashed a ray of hope and happiness and exaltation so supreme as almost to beautify its homely outlines. It was the soul of an angel looking through the eyes of an animal.

"Do you really think so, Mrs. Clanricarde ?" he said, clasping his hands as in prayer. "If you thought I could make her happy, and get out so much as a sparrow's meal of love from her, I would let her walk over my body if she'd a mind. I would lie down and die at her feet."

"What a drivelling idiot !" thought Mrs. Clanricarde, contemptuously.

Nothing in her nature answered to this fervid enthusiasm. Had Caleb made a business-like bargain with her, offering his money as an equivalent for Estelle's beauty, she would have discussed the terms on the basis of their needs as coolly as she would have bargained for a carriage-horse or a wheelbarrow.

"What a drivelling idiot !" she thought.

"Trust me, my dear, she said aloud. "I pledge you my word as a woman who knows her own sex, and her daughter best of all, Estelle will love you as much as you can desire. It will be your own fault if she does not. And I think we are sure of your part."

"God bless you for these comforting words !" said Caleb, now carried away from his former moorings as completely as a skiff in a tidal wave. "If she will have me she shall never have cause to repent it, so help me God in heaven !"

"Thank you, my son," said Mrs. Clanricarde. With again an outburst of fine impulsiveness she kissed the poor omad'haun on his cheek, and slightly shuddered as she did so. Then hastily rising from the seat where they had placed themselves—that seat under the shade of the spreading cedar where Estelle so often sat and dreamed of Charlie and their unlucky love—she said, with well-acted emotion, "Stay where you are, dear boy, and Estelle shall come to you."

With this she swept away, and Caleb was left to his own reflections.

Was it all true? Would she indeed be now brought to love him as her mother promised ? After long years of patient waiting, of loving, serving and faithful apprenticeship, would she some day come to him, and of her own free-will hold out her hand to him, give him her sweet lips to kiss as one who had the right, offer him the treasures of her love, and say to him, "I love you ?" Could it be true? How loyally he would shape his life to earn this great reward ! She should be his queen, not his wife ; and to her alone should belong the crown of sovereignty and the sceptre of dominion.

So he dreamed and thought, wrapt in his love like that sleeping babe in his robe of fire, while Mrs. Clanricarde in the drawing-room undertook the subjugation of her daughter, and drew the cords of her maternal authority to the utmost they would bear.

Her task was harder than she had anticipated. Fortified by her love for the one, which gave increased poignancy of disgust for the other, Estelle rebelled and refused, till her mother's patience—of what was in the beginning more diplomatic hardness than real wrath—gave way, and violent words were spoken which terrified the girl to hear, while they lashed to increased fury by their very echo the mother who had said them. Dark threats of public disgrace and eternal separation ; of life-long banishment from home and country, and consignment to those French relations who would know how to treat an undutiful daughter as she deserved , passionate reminders of the curse lying on the head of a discarded child, like a crown of thorns ever pressing into the flesh, like a shadow on the path blotting out all sunshine ; a sudden return to the pathos of appeal ; the picture of father and mother turned into the streets to starve, reduced to beggary which the sacrifice of her own impossible fancy could avert—all that could most terrify a young girl's imagination and touch a daughter's heart, Mrs. Clanricarde poured forth into Estelle s ears like a boiling flood of mingled blood and tears—a fiery cloud of mingled wrath and sorrow.

For some time it was all in vain. Estelle held the image of her love before her eyes, and clung to the pedestal whereon she stood. Then at last, like something that gives way with a sudden snap, she, as Caleb had done before her, threw down her arms, and yielded herself prisoner to the force she could no longer resist.

"I will do as you wish, mother," she said, abruptly, standing stiff and rigid as if made of marble. "I will go out to Mr. Stagg."

"And God will bless you !" said Mrs. Clanricarde, putting her arms round the slender form that felt as if stricken to stone. "God will bless you as your mother does," she repeated, trying to draw down the averted head so that she might kiss that clay-cold face.

But Estelle tore herself away.

"Don't !" she said, harshly ; "I cannot bear that, mother! and leave God's name out of a sacrilege and a sin."

"As you will, my poor dear darling ! ' said her mother, with a sigh admirably executed, drooping her own head with tender resignation.

So long as she had the main thing secure she cared little for the accessories, and whether Estelle counted her self-sacrifice as virtue or as sin made no change in her mother's mind.

Then Estelle, her face as pale as the face of a corpse, and the feeling of living death in her soul, went slowly over the lawn to the seat under that now desecrated cedar where Caleb Stagg sat dreaming of the time when he should call her his wife and make her his queen.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"My mother tells me you want to speak to me, Mr. Stagg," said Estelle, as she came up to where Caleb sat.

Like a sleeper suddenly awakened from a dream of treasure to the knowledge of loss, her dead white face and stiffened figure, the coldness of her voice, and the way in which she stood—her head turned away and her eyes looking into space—all brought Caleb back from hope to fact, from dream to reality, and made him conscious of his true position. He saw it all—as he had seen it before he had suffered himself to be flattered into folly by Mrs. Clanricarde's false words.

As she stood there, so sad and cold and lovely and reluctant—her natural shyness hardened to disdain, and dread of what was to come turning her ordinary fear to wound into the very cruelty of self-defence—a new spirit suddenly seemed to possess Caleb. His painful nervousness passed, his bashful awkwardness disappeared. In his very love for her—his profound pity and perplexity—he forgot himself, and the consciousness of his personal short-comings ceased to trouble him.

"Nay, never look like that, Miss Clanricarde. You must decide the matter for yourself," he said, gently. "I doubt you know what it all means."

Estelle was silent.

"Mrs. Clanricarde has told me that you are willing to marry me," he continued, his eyes fixed with grave tenderness on the girl's pallid face.

Estelle shivered through all her body, and her red, full lips drew themselves into a close line, like one who prevents a cry of pain.

"I understand it all," then said Caleb, still watching her. "Your affairs are in but a poor way, from all I hear, and not likely to get better. Father, he has more money than he can count or knows what to do with, and, as his only child, I shall have it all when he and mother go. I should have most of it now if I were to marry, and Mrs. Clanricarde thinks it would be a good thing for the family to get you well settled for gear. And I'm the only big purse holder hereaway. So she wants me for you, and you are not willing. That's just the long and short of it all."

He spoke in a quiet, firm, level tone, very unlike his usual interrupted manner, which left on his hearer the impression of physical writhing.

"How can I be willing when I do not love you ? ' said Estelle, hastily. "What girl wants to marry a man she does not love ?"

"And you do not love me, Miss Clanricarde—and never could ?" asked Caleb. "It is idle to ask if you love me now," he added, with the profoundest sadness in his voice. "God help me ! how could you? But do you think that after years and years of kindness from me—of worship and devotion, and treating you as a queen, and never asking you for naught, you would not give of your own free-will—do you think that years after now you could come to have some kind of patience with me—some little kindness for me ?"

Even Estelle was touched by the humility and unselfishness of her ungainly lover. Great as was her peril—and Charlie's—she could not be so inhuman as not to recognize the intrinsic goodness of her assigned executioner, who handled the knife so delicately, and was so gentle and tender.

"I should respect you, Mr. Stagg, and I respect you know," she answered, in a low voice, "but I could never love you—never ! never ! never !" she repeated, with sudden passion. "How could I ?" she added, her eyebrows arched, and her under lip, which "a bee had newly stung," just a line thrust forward.

"Nay, indeed, how could you, Miss Clanricarde ?" sighed Caleb. "I'm not of the kind for a dainty lady like you to love. I know it only too well, Miss Clanricarde ; and small blame to you, I say."

"It is not that," said soft-hearted Estelle, shamed to compassion of a kind by this complete self-surrender. "Many girls would love you, Mr. Stagg, so kind and good as you are ; many would, I am sure of that."

"But not you, Miss Clanricarde ?"

"How can I ?" she replied, with the desperate calmness of a gambler throwing his last chance. "I love Mr. Osborne, and only him, and I could never care for any other man in the world. How could I say that I should ever love you ?—or any one, indeed ?" she added.

"Ay ! is it so ?" said Caleb, with a little start. "I had heard there was a something between you and Mr. Osborne, but I didn't know it had gone that length."

"We have been engaged since we were boy and girl," said Estelle, "and I will never desert him. I will wait for him all my life. If I cannot marry him I will never marry any one else, and if I were dragged into the church I would say 'No' before the altar."

"And your mother, Mrs. Clanricarde, knows this ?" he asked.

"Yes," said Estelle.

"Then how could she offer me to marry you, and say that you would consent ?" asked Caleb again, with the honest clown's amaze at refined double-dealing.

"She spoke as she wished," said Mrs. Clanricarde's daughter, with the finest edge of scorn in her flexible voice. "My father has lost a quantity of money lately—all our fortune, indeed. Charlie is poor, and you are rich, and that is the whole story. You know that yourself. The thing is plain and simple enough."

"Yes, that is just as I put it," said Caleb, as quietly as if he were speaking of the most indifferent matter possible, and not of a thing which went with his very life and touched the innermost recesses of his being. But he was anxious to spare her both pain and embarrassment. "And that brings us round to our starting-point, Miss Clanricarde," he went on to say, after a moment's pause. "What is to be done for you, if you will not take me for my money's sake ? You are just where you were."

"They must go into a smaller house, and I must go out as a governess or something till Charlie can afford to marry," said Estelle, bravely. "There are worse things in the world than either work or poverty," she added.

"Ay, that are there," said Caleb, a little dreamily. "An unloved man is worse."

"Yes, a great deal," she replied, quite simply—to repent of her candor when she saw those poor round fishy eyes grow red with sudden tears.

"If I could help you in your strait I would, Miss Clanricarde," then said Caleb, turning away from the thoughts of his own sorrow to lose himself in her difficulties. "But I have no means of my own. Father, he's a tight-hander, and does not make me so much as an allowance. He gives me all I want, and pays all I buy without a word, that I will say for him ; but he never lets me have more than a couple of pounds in my pocket, and won't, he says, till I bring home a wife. And then all will be mine, and he'll keep back only what'll do for him and mother. So that, you see, Miss Clanricarde, I can do nothing out of myself. I'm like the Irish boggle," he added, simply, and yet with a little dash of bitterness in his voice, "that leprechaun who went with the estate."

(To be Continued).

A Toast to the Queen.

The following is a verbatim report of a speech in giving a toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland. The Chairman said :

"Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm aboot to bring forward 'The Queen.' (Applause) Oor Queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it ; she's ane o' the guid auld sort, nae whigmaleeries or laiderals aboot her, but a douce daecent body. She's respectable beyond a doot. She has brocht up her grand family o' weelfaur'd lads and lassies—her auldest son being a credit to ony mither—and the're a' weel married. Ae daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no believe it, but I ance saw the Queen. (Sensation.) I did. It was when I took my auld brown coo tae Perth show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair ! (Interruption and cries of "Is it the coo or the Queen ye are proposing?") The Queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking aboot the coo. However, as tae the Queen, somebody pointed her oot tae me at Perth station, and there she was, smart and tidy like, and says I tae myself : Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa' ye needna remain a widow anither hour langer.' (Cheers.) Noo, gentlemen, the whusky's guid, the nicht is lang, the weather is wet and the roads is saft and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi ye's ; drink tae the bottom. 'The Queen !' " (Cheers)—*Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.*

A Monkey With a Peculiar Tale.

A murder was recently committed near Lucknow. It was detected, it is said, by a monkey. It appears that a juggler, with his wife, a goat and two monkeys, were attacked by two Moplahs, who killed all except the male monkey, which escaped, and buried the bodies in the jungle. The male monkey took its station upon a big tree, watched everything, and when a constable passed by the animal made after him, laid hold of the man's leg and dragged him to the place where the bodies were buried. The bodies were exhumed, after which the monkey showed the way to a hut which the murderers had entered. Not finding them the animal took the constable in another direction, and suddenly ran at full speed and seized a Moplah, who was going to bathe near a tank, by the neck, and waited till the constable arrived. This led to the detection of the murderers. —*London Court Journal.*

Husband vs. Baby.

Wife (evening)—"My dear, don't think of going out to-night. Remember what a cold you have and how deadly the night air is. Stay here close to the fire, and I will send the girl for that medicine for you. You must not go yourself. There, that's right. Now just toast yourself and drink this hot ginger tea. As soon as the water is ready I'll bring it in so you can soak your feet. Then wrap yourself in my fur circular while going to your room. The least draught may be your death."

Same Wife (time midnight, to husband in a copious perspiration)—"Husband ! Husband ! Jump up quick and run for the doctor. Baby has coughed twice."

Matrimony in Chicago.

A good many Chicago people are getting married nowadays. Among the happy couples who procured licenses last Wednesday may be mentioned Michael Wawzyniak and Anna Cichanska, Ignatius Clybowski and Annie Wyschenewska, and Jane Strzyzynska and Antonia Oksinska. All these names are regular tooth-pullers, but marriage will wipe out half of them. Marriage is not a failure.—*Chicago News.*

A Plausible Theory.

Mrs. De Sweet—"I can't understand why so many cultured men are willing to leave all the happiness of home, all the blessings of civilization, and spend a lifetime in explorations in such countries as Africa."

Colonel Warmheart (gallantly)—"All men, madam, are not blessed with such wives as Mr. De Sweet."

"My wife is a perfect pattern of order and tidiness !" a gentleman once remarked to a group of his friends. "If I were to get up at midnight I should find in the dark every article of my linen." After this effort he felt for his pocket handkerchief and drew forth instead—a baby's shirt.

Consignments of green corn were received in San Francisco last week.

A letter from Manchester, England bearing the simple address : "P. T. Barnum America," was recently delivered to the veteran showman at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., without an hour's delay beyond the time which it would have taken to reach him if fully directed. Another example of the value of advertising