The Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired,
  She sits in her stiff-backed chair,
While the blazing summer sun
  Shines in on her soft brown hair;
And the little brook without
  That she hears through the open door
Mocks with its murmur cool
  Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems an endless round—
  Grammar and A B C,
The blackboard and the sums,
  The stupid geography;
When, from teacher to little Jim,
  Not one of them cares a straw
Whether "John" is in any "case,"
  Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jimmy's bare brown feet
  Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
  Shall leap, with a quick, bright gleam
And the teacher's blue eyes stray
  To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
  With a half unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
  And she smells their faint sweet scent
But when have time and heart
  Their measure in union bent?
For time will haste or lag,
  Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind,
  Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jim;
  The steam and fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
  Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
  Stands someone with fresher flowers
So turn to your books again,
  And keep love for the after hours.

The Kind of a Fellow the Girls Want.

The right kind of a fellow is modest and mellow,
  And generous and brave and benign;
His nature's apparent and clear and transparent,
  Like yours, gentle reader, and mine.

He has no verbosity, no tongue tortuosity,
  And never is boastful and loud;
He is gentle and quiet and plain in his diet,
  And never gets mad in a crowd.

He is grand and majestic, yet meek and domestic,
  And spends his spare evenings at home;
He's a tireless searcher for all kinds of virtue,
  Like the perpetrator of this "pome."

He don't play the fiddle, part his hair in the middle,
  Nor dress like an angelic dude;
When he goes to a party with Meigs or McCarty
  He never is noisy and rude.

He lives with frugality and sweet hospitality,
  And wants pie but two times a day;
He never eats onions, nor treads on your bunions,
  Nor growls when you get in his way.

He is wise and he's witty, preserving and gritty,
  And has a magnificent head;
He's all light and sweetness, he's thorough completeness;
  He's perfection, in short—*but he's dead!*

—*Orchard Lake Howitzer.*

To Rent.

A vacant heart to let; inquire for key
  Of Master Cupid, just across the way;
Terms easy to the tenant who'll agree
  To lease the place forever and a day.

A cozy dwelling in a pleasant street
  And just adjacent to Old Courtship Road;
A bit old fashioned, but with furnace heat—
  Where Love may find a very snug abode.

The agent, Cupid, will be glad to show;
  The tenement to any maid or miss;
He'll make the price ridiculously low
  And asks as his commission but a kiss.

Coy maiden, come! and in this bargain share;
  The offer's tempting by your own confession;
You'll find the place in excellent repair—
  Just sign the lease and enter in possession.

Death Rate of Ministers.

Comparing the death rate of ministers, in respect of the causes of death, with the mortality of other men, the following results are obtained: Of 86,331 clergymen, 180 died of infectious diseases. The usual experience of an insurance company would have made the number 239; that is, the mortality of the clergymen was only 79 per cent. of the ordinary death rate. The death rate of physicians from these diseases was 127 above the usual rate, pointing to the greater danger of contagion in the case of the physician than in that of the pastor. Of lung affections, excluding consumption, 311 clergymen died, instead of 328, the number expected from mortality tables. Physicians died of such diseases 115 per cent, above the average rate. Between the ages of 26 and 45 the mortality of Roman Catholic clergymen compared with Protestant ministers of the same age was as 137 to 109, while between the ages of 46 and 65 the difference was as 154 to 100, and between the ages of 65 and 85 as 118 to 100. How to explain this striking difference is no easy task. It is suggested that it may be connected with the life of celibacy followed by the priests, also with the rigid penances of Catholic ecclesiastics, which, especially in the case of young men, are apt to derange the digestive organs.—*Medical Journal.*

She Didn't Go to See the Play.

Jennie—How did you enjoy yourself at the theatre last night?

Mamie—Oh! immensely.

J.—What was the play?

M.—I declare I don't know. Let me see. I think I have got a programme in my other dress pocket.

J.—It does not matter. But I think it strange that you should go to a theatre and not know what the play was.

M.—Why, bless you, dear, I was with a theatre party.

Oh! These Widows.

Widow—When I was here last week, Mr. Chisel, I told you to put on the headstone, "My Only Love."

Marble dealer—Yes, ma'am, but one of my workmen has been sick and I haven't begun the job yet.

Widow—Well, in view of subsequent events, I guess you may substitute the words, "My First Husband." A pleasant morning, Mr. Chisel.

He was a Believer.

Mrs. Omens—Do you believe in signs Mr. D'Auber?

Mr. D'Auber—Yes, indeed! I paint 'em

Theodore Thomas and Miss Fay, of Chicago; Walter Damrosch and Miss Margaret Blaine, and Charles H. Russell and Miss Jane Potter, daughter of Bishop Potter, are among the couples to marry in this "merry month of May."

—The fire losses in the United States and Canada for April aggregate $8,285,520. The losses for the first four months of the year amount to $33,318,145, against $46,597,700 in the same period last year and $48,497,950 in 1888.

Fiancee—Now, George, dear, don't kiss me good-bye on the platform. Fiance—No, darling. I'll kiss you on your mouth.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

CHAPTER XVI.

While Esperance was passing through hard experiences at Rilchester, Gaspard was being tried, though in a different way, in London. They were each strangely altered, but while, with Esperance, trouble seemed working so much harm, with Gaspard it was very different. He had been too thoroughly roused by the events of the past year ever to fall back again to the selfishness which had been his chief fault, and for which his present enforced loneliness seemed to him but a just retribution. His patience was being sorely tried by the long and apparently fruitless waiting time; but as, week by week, his longing for work and action increased, and his poverty grew more and more irksome, an inner strength and power of endurance grew too, and his restlessness and self-seeking were gradually subdued.

He had, however, suffered greatly, and in outward appearance was as much changed as Esperance, for his poverty was not comparative, but actual hunger and want. Then, too, the state of France, and the fearful accounts of the Commune and its suppression made him miserable enough; while his anxiety for Esperance, and the pain of knowing that she was unhappy and changed, without the possibility of helping her, was perhaps the worst trouble of all.

Although work was not to be had, he would not give up all hope of obtaining it in time, and he employed himself in thoroughly mastering the English language, knowing that it would be of great use to him.

One afternoon late in October he was hard at work at a difficult piece of translation, when the landlady, with quite a beaming face, announced a visitor. Gaspard glanced at the card, which was, as he had expected, that of Mr. Magnay, for Esperance had mentioned his intended visit in her last letter.

He hastened to greet him, with the heartiness of real pleasure, for, like poor Esperance, he was greatly in need of some one to talk to, and though the landlady was both kind-hearted and conversational, he was beginning to weary of her stock of prosy anecdotes, and of trying to communicate his thoughts to the sleek, purring Bismarck.

Even if Claude had been the most uninteresting of mortals he would have been welcomed; and when Gaspard found that he was a thorough gentlemen, a good talker, and, unlike the proverbial Englishman, neither proud, suspicious, nor reserved, he threw all possible warmth and friendliness into his manner, and before long the two were talking as intimately as if they had known each other for years.

They were a strange contrast. Claude, fair-haired and fresh complexioned, the picture of health, with bright, genial manners and almost superfluous energy. Gaspard, pallid and emaciated, his clearly-cut features bespeaking delicacy of constitution, and his animated conversation and ready smile belied by the suffering look which his face wore when in repose.

They had talked long about the Franco-Prussian war, and Gaspard had related his experience as a National Guard before Claude delivered Esperance's message, and then naturally the conversation turned upon Rilchester.

"It must be very dull indeed, according to my sister's account," said Gaspard. "I hear that cathedral towns have rather that reputation in England."

"It is a small, decayed town, certainly," replied Claude; "but though perhaps it is narrower, I doubt if it is more dull than most provincial places. This is not the first time I have stayed there, and I assure you there is really very good society there, if you can pick and choose. There are cliques, of course, but one can keep out of them, or perhaps get into them all."

"You can, of course," said Gaspard, smiling, "but that is only because you are a privileged being—a celebrity. I imagine that the deanery would not care to follow your example."

"To tell you the truth, the deanery heads the narrowest clique of all," replied Claude, "and I fancy that is why your sister is a little unjust to the whole of Rilchester; she only sees the most ponderous and dull part of the place. I have heard Mrs. Mortlake boast that they are only intimate with the families of the bishop and the archdeacon."

Gaspard could not help smiling.

"Esperance has sent me laughable accounts of the stiff dinner-parties, and this explains it all; they must indeed be narrow-minded."

"You do not know Dean Collinson personally?" asked Claude, half doubtfully.

Gaspard flushed a little.

"No, hitherto he has been no friend to our family, but he has been very good in helping us now—that is to say, he has provided for Esperance. You can understand, however, that dependence is not altogether pleasing under the circumstances. I am afraid it is doing Esperance no good. Did you think her looking happy?"

It was an awkward question. Claude paused for a moment, then said, "Hardly happy, I think; but I am sure she is inclined to make the best of things; she told me that her motto in life was '*Esperez toujours.*'"

"Poor child!" said Gaspard, with a sigh.

There was a moment's silence, during which Claude watched his companion's face with a great deal of interest.

His next question, however, was almost as hard to answer.

"And our relatives are they kind-hearted? Do not shrink from telling me your real opinion, for I want really to know."

"The dean is thoroughly good and kind," said Claude, reflectively, "absent and indifferent in many things, and engrossed a good deal by his favorite hobby, astronomy; but I have never seen him otherwise than kind and courteous."

"And is he fond of Esperance?"

"I cannot tell, but I think he must be. I remember, too, I met them out walking together one day."

"Gaspard was pleased and relieved, and inquired after the other members of the family.

"I really cannot tell what they are like," said Claude, hesitatingly. "Mrs. Mortlake varies a great deal. Usually she is one of those would-be gracious ladies, whom one rather distrusts; she is quite devoted to her little girl, though. I know little of the other daughters; the elder is very learned, and the chief confidante of her father, the younger very silent and indifferent."

Gaspard sat musing over this account of the family at the deanery, and Claude, fearing that a further catechism might elicit more than Esperance wished her brother to know, rose to take leave, not however before he had given Gaspard his address at St. John's Wood, and made him promise to visit him very soon.

The next week brought a letter from Esperance, but it was no comfort to Gaspard, for though, still, she would not give words to her complaint, the tone of the letter was bitter and discontented. Only one sentence was there in the whole sheet to which Gaspard cared to revert; it was the following:

"I think of you so often in your loneliness, *mon ami*, and am very glad Mr. Magnay has made you a visit. He was very kind to me here, or really I think I should have ceased to believe in any kind of goodness. Rilchester is like the stagnant water in the ruined fountain at Mabillon, when it got half frozen over in she winter, and the people are like the unhappy, stiff-looking water-lilies."

Gaspard folded the letter sadly enough, then, anxious to escape from his own thoughts, and partly reminded by Esperance's references, he set out to pay his promised call on Claude Magnay.

Having found his house—a large and rather gloomy one, with a northern aspect—Gaspard was ushered upstairs by a mischievous-looking little page to the studio, where he found Claude hard at work finishing one of his Scotch pictures.

"I am afraid I have come at a busy time," said Gaspard. "You must forgive an idle man for his want of consideration."

Claude had seemed scarcely to notice his entrance—it was but for a moment, however. Gaspard had not finished his sentence before he had thrown down his brushes and mahlstick, and hastened forward.

"I am so glad you have come! No, indeed, I am not busy, only I did not hear you announced. Either that young monkey of a page was afraid of your foreign name or else I was dreaming over that Scotch water-fall."

"That was it, evidently," replied Gaspard, smiling. "For you would have been amused to hear your boy's version of my name—'Dull Duddle on.'"

Claude laughed heartily.

"That boy really surpasses! If you knew the pranks he is up to! I only keep him because of his face—substitute wings for buttons, and you have the most angelic creature. See!" and he pointed to a canvas on one of his easels. "I have him in progress now, wings and all, with a background of clouds. It would be delightful to have him in next year's Academy—No. 131, 'Master John Jones!' I declare I will do it."

Gaspard laughed. There was something so novel to him in the whole proceeding that he quite forget his troubles, and sat listening amusedly to Claude, who was in high spirits after a long day's work, and kept up a continuous flow of talk. There was a certain charm, too, about the curious room, which was half studio, half sitting-room, and very untidy and bachelor-like. The furniture was irregular in the extreme; high-backed chairs, an antique mirror, and a carved oak table, were strangely mingled with modern appliances, while colors of every description were to be found in an unwarrantable number of curtains and rugs, the latter relieving the stained and polished floor. Claude, in his loose working jacket and red smoking-cap, furnished another incongruous element, and Gaspard could scarcely believe that this light-hearted fellow could be the presiding genius of the place, and the creator, as it were, of the wealth of pictures scattered all over the room.

He asked leave to look at some of them, Claude's wistful gravity at once returned, while, with no pretense of mock humility, but rather with the fondness of a parent, he exhibited his works.

Two or three of his Rilchester pictures, not yet framed, were standing on the top of a low book-case, and Gaspard was of course, much interested in them. One was of the interior of the cathedral, and Claude took it in his hand to place it in a better light, while he tried to describe the position of the deanery. But Gaspard did not heed him—his eyes were fixed on the picture which had stood behind, and which was now fully revealed. It was unfinished, but not so as to take away from the effect. A dusky foreground, just showing a tattered curtain and moldering wall, a casement window, through which the moonlight was streaming, and a glimpse of a wide plain, glimmering here and there with the faint brightness of light reflected in a watery marsh. Standing by the window, her hand on the fastening, as if in the act of closing it, stood Esperance, her face plainly revealed by the cold light of the moon, and full of hopeless misery, while disappointment and weariness were expressed in her listless, drooping figure.

Gaspard gazed on as if he could never take his eyes from her face, and Claude, who had not intended him to see it at all, was both vexed and puzzled. That he had recognized his sister was undoubted; he could hardly fail, then, to know the full extent of her unhappiness. It was certainly a most unlucky accident.

It was a relief when at length Gaspard spoke, though his repressed voice was not reassuring.

"You painted at Rilchester, then?"

"No; oh, no. I merely got an idea from your sister's face, made a sketch of it, and am now working it up as 'Mariana in the Moated Grange.' I hope you will not think I took a great liberty. You must allow for the license of an artist."

"Do you think I mind that for an instant," said Gaspard. "But that hopeless wretchedness and dejection! Has she really come to that? I knew she must be changed but that is surely exaggerated."

Claude would have given a great deal to have been able to answer in the affirmative, but it was impossible; nor would he equivocate. After a moment's thought, he answered, "I saw that expression on her face, but of course it was not always there; at times she was quite bright and merry."

"She used to be the merriest child in France," sighed Gaspard.

He was still looking sadly at the picture, when the door was opened by Claude's "Child Angel," who announced with truly cockney pronunciation—"Lady Worthington"

Claude hastened forward to receive his visitor, and Gaspard, recognizing the name, and looking up rather curiously, saw a tall and peculiarly graceful woman, middle-aged, yet still young-looking, her fine, classical features, bright, humorous eyes, and ready smile full of attraction, while her complexion, though a little worn, retained much of its bloom.

There was something very fascinating about her manner, and Gaspard's opinion of English women was raised; he only stayed for a moment, however, not sorry for the opportunity of escaping to indulge in his sad reflections about Esperance, and to revolve impossible schemes for releasing her.

"I feel as if I ought to know that young Frenchman," said Lady Worthington, when Gaspard had left the room; "yet I can't remember where I have seen him before."

"His name is Gaspard de Mabillon, and he is a nephew of the Dean of Rilchester," said Claude.

"Of Dean Collinson? De Mabillon? Oh! now I remember it all; his father married poor Amy Collinson. How terribly one forget names; I must have seen this young man years and years ago, when he was a child, but of course it is the likeness to his father that I must have recognized. Is he in London, too?"

"No, he is dead—killed in the siege of Paris," replied Claude. "Little Mademoiselle de Mabillon is living at the deanery, and she told me all about it."

"How shocking! I had no idea of that!" exclaimed Lady Worthington. "We had so completely lost sight of them. He was a noble-minded man, and was most unjustly treated by Dean Collinson."

"You knew him, then, personally?" asked Claude.

"Yes—slightly, that is. My mother was very fond of Amy Collinson, and about two years after her marriage we were traveling in France and spent a night with them, in their curious old ruined castle. I was quite a girl then, and really had forgotten the name of the family. Poor things, it was a sad story altogether. What induced them to come to England?"

"I hardly know; but they seem to be very poor. I believe the dean has adopted the little girl.

(To be Continued.)

Choosing a Sweetheart.

Choose your sweetheart, carefully, wisely and tenderly, my dear girls, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Remember he is to be more than even this to you some day—he is to be your husband, for surely you are not one of the girls who have a sweetheart here and one there, and gives a little love to this one and a little love to that one, until when the real one appears the perfect bloom is gone from the peach and she cannot give him what he offers her. You girls know very quickly when a man means more than ordinary friendship for you. You have an instinct that tells you that this big, good-looking fellow has come sweethearting, and that that is the time for you to study him a little bit. Think out if his temper and yours are certain to agree well together; think out if his tastes and yours are alike, or if they can grow to be so, for you know, little women, if you want to be happy in your married life, you must learn the great and wonderful virtue of adaptability. You must choose your sweetheart as you do a new gown, so that he will wear well; but you want him for longer than a winter; he must last through the long summer days and through the winter ones, and before you put your hands in his and tell him that you are willing to fight out the battle of life together, think it all over well and remember that you are choosing your sweetheart not for a day or a year, but for all through life and, please God, if you love each other enough, for after death.

Sketch of Senator Beck.

Senator James Burnie Beck, of Lexington, Ky., who dropped dead in the vestibule of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Washington on Saturday, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Feb. 13th, 1822. He received an academic education in Scotland, and graduated as a lawyer from Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., in 1846. He practiced law in that city, never holding office until elected to the Fortieth Congress. He was re-elected to the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses. In March, 1877, he took his seat in the Senate, having been elected to succeed John W. Stevenson. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1882 and in 1888. His term would have expired in March, 1895. Senator Beck was an earnest Democrat, and was extremely popular. He had many friends on both sides of the Senate and no enemies. He was admitted to be the Democratic member of the Senate who was best informed on the tariff question. He was always a leader in debates upon silver questions.

A Caution.

Young Wife—I'm on my way to the intelligence office to hire a cook.

Young Widow—I have always done my own cooking.

Y. Wife—Well, I wouldn't let it get out, if I were you, if you have any intention of marrying again.

Ladies of the House.

Wife—Well, the servant gave me notice to-day, John.

Husband—So she's going to quit, eh?

Wife—Well, she don't put it exactly that way. I'm very much afraid, John, that she wants us to quit.

Love's Stratagem.

Ella—However did you get your pa's consent?

Bella—I induced him to set the dog on George last night? This morning George called on him and threatened to bring suit for damages unless he allowed us to marry.

The Earth.

"Do you want the earth?" inquired the haughty hotel clerk of a meekly complaining guest.

"No," was the reply, "you can keep it awhile longer till I ask for it."

The largest steam derrick in the world is used by a shipping company at Hamburg, Germany. It is kept at the docks and used in lifting immense weights on and off shipboard. It can pick up a ten-wheeled locomotive with perfect ease.

DICKENS' MOTHERS.

None of Them Women to Create Love or Respect.

"You are a student of Charles Dickens, are you not?"

"Certainly; I think you could scarcely mention a character of his with which I am unfamiliar."

"Very well, then, if you can point me out one mother in the whole of Dickens' novels, with any claim to education, who can be either admired or respected, I will own that I have wronged him. I am ready to admit that on the lower orders he is less severe."

Eager to prove that she misjudged my favorite, I began to search my memory. At the end of ten minutes I was still searching, but I had not spoken. The fact was I was terribly perturbed in spirit. I was most anxious not to be worsted in the argument, for it seemed to me that a great slur had been cast upon Charles Dickins' character; therefore, to feel that I could only bring forward, as being worthy of respect, David Copperfield's childish mother was exceedingly mortifying. George's mother in "Bleak House" I could not mention, as although she is undoubtedly a fine old dame, she certainly has no claim to gentle breeding; while in support of my friend's grievance there marshaled such a ghastly troupe of knaves and fools—if so masculine a term as knaves is admissible in these circumstances—that I was utterly discomfited.

"My memory is at fault," I muttered to myself. "I will go home and consult my Dickens."

Pleading a headache, I made my excuses, but as I was leaving the room my old friend called after me:

"If you have a headache don't pursue the subject to-night. I warn you you are going to search for a needle in a bottle of hay, only"—somewhat grimly—"the needle is not there!"

I locked myself in my study and set to work. At the end of two hours, wiser and much sadder, I paused and gazed blankly around at a formidable heap of volumes. had selected the books haphazard and had made a pencil note on each with this result:

"Great Expectation." No parents of any importance. Slight character sketch of Herbert's mother (a decidedly blamable fool).

"Old Curiosity Shop." Old Mrs. Garland (weak). Kit's mother (lower orders). Mrs. Jiniwin (detestable).

"Hard Times." Mrs. Gradgrind (idiotic). Bounderby's mother (lower orders).

"Little Dorrit." Mrs. Clennam (criminal). Mrs. Merdle and Mrs. Gowan (worldly, heartless wretches). Mrs. Meagles (nice, but very homely).

"Our Mutual Friend." Mrs. Wilfer (outrageous).

"Nicholas Nickleby." Mrs. Nickleby and Mrs. Kenwigs (lunatics). Mrs. Squeers (a horror).

"Domby & Son." Mrs. Skewton (a disgrace to her sex). Alice's mother, "Good Mrs. Brown," (an ogress). Polly Toodles (lower orders).

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Mothers not in it, with the exception of character sketch:—"The Mother of the Gracchi" (a fool).

"Barnaby Rudge." Mrs. Varden (intensely objectionable). Mrs. Rudge (lower orders).

David Copperfield." David's mother, (amiable but weak-minded). Mrs. Micawber, (a caricature). Mrs. Creakle, (a poor thing). Mrs. Steerforth, (horrid). Mrs. Heep, (hateful). "The old soldier," (worse).

"Bleak House." Lady Dedlock, (well, well, the least said ——). Mrs. Jellyby, (another culpable fool). Mrs. Pardiggle, (an unsupportable creature). Mrs. Guppy, (abominable). George's mother (lower orders).

In "Oliver Twist," "Tale of Two Cities," and "Pickwick," the mothers are very much in the background, and taking Mrs. Bardell as a specimen of those who do appear, perhaps it is just as well they should be.—*Temple Bar.*

The Baby Was Dead.

"I had a strange experience the other day," said Mr. Friend, the Woodward avenue photographer. "A woman came in here carrying a baby in her arms and said she had an engagement for a picture of the child. I said all right and told her to get it ready. Then she went to the dressing room and I asked my operator if he had made an engagement for that hour. He said he had, and I told him it was all right, to go ahead. I let him attend to it and sat down to read my morning paper. I could see the woman from where I sat in a mirror that hung oppositite, and as she placed the baby in the chair and attempted to pose it I noticed something was wrong, as neither she nor the operator could handle the child. I went to their assistance, and then I saw that the baby was dead."

"Was it dead when she brought it there?"

"Yes, and she carried it in her arms, taking the street car to our door. She had no one with her and did not seem to think it was anything out of the way. But excuse me. I don't want another such experience as that."—*Exchange.*

But It Was "Daypot."

Mrs. Albert Shugg, of Mauch Chunk, called it "daypot." Her husband said it was "depot." They disputed. She refused to get supper and he went out for the evening. When he returned she was hanging by the neck and on the table was a bit of paper on which she had written: "It's daypot—daypot—daypot!"

A Regard for Appearances.

She—The divorce laws in the West are very loose, are they not?

He—(from Chicago.) Very.

She—Are there any restrictions whatever?

He—No; Though it is not considered good form to be divorced until one's honeymoon is over.

The Cologne *Gazette's* report of the occupation of Kilwa by the Germans says Major Wissmann made an attack from the south, and two blacks were killed before the Germans entered the place. On the march to Kilwa the expedition had a number of engagements with the Arabs, and repeatedly defeated them. Wissmann is preparing to pursue the Arabs who fled from Kilwa.