A Tribute to the Old Man.

While mothers are in every clime
Extolled in verse from time to time,
Who plods along with nary a rhyme?
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night
Beneath the mat, just out of sight,
And in the hallway leaves a light?
Your father.

And when you seek the burlesque show
And want a seat in the front row,
Who got the last an hour ago?
Your father.

Who goes along out to the track
And puts up when for cash you lack,
And with you cheerily walks back?
Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat,
Soon lays your self-esteem out flat,
And wins with seven high held pat?
Your father.

And when your head begins to grow,
Who is it warns you to go slow,
And tells you lots you didn't know?
Your father.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

"Indeed! I must go and see her when we go back to Worthington; the exodus is is already beginning; the first instalment of nurses and children went off this morning, and I only meant now just to come in and wish you good-bye, but as usual I have been betrayed into gossiping?"

Lady Worthington was quite an old family friend of the Magnays, and since they had been left orphans, she had taken them specially under her protection. Claude owed a great deal to her; she was undoubtedly very fond of him, and after his sisters had gone to India, and he had been left to himself, she had spared no pains in helping him, constantly inviting him to her house, and what was better, really winning his confidence, and giving him almost a son's place in her affections.

Claude was by no means her only protege; she was genuinely warm-hearted, and really wore herself out for other people when she liked them. She had, however, strong dislikes, as well, and when any one was not in her good books, she allowed it to appear in her manner quite as much as good-breeding would permit. This, added to her carelessness of appearances, was no doubt the reason why she was often not so much appreciated as she ought to have been.

Claude knew that the Collinsons were not particular favorites of hers. Worthington Hall, Sir Henry's country house, was only two miles from Rilchester, and the families were of course acquainted; he was, however, not sure how far Lady Worthington cared for the intercourse, and began rather hesitatingly to ask what had long been in his mind.

"Have you time and inclination to add one other to your long list of proteges? Because, is so, little Mademoiselle de Mabillon, is the person of all others, who is in need. She seems quite miserable at the deanery."

"Poor child!" said Lady Worthington, compassionately. "It must indeed be a dreary house; tell me about her."

"Perhaps this will tell you better than words," said Claude, bringing forward his picture. Accidentially her brother caught sight of that when he was here, and I wish you could have seen his face of grief and dismay! He says she used to be the brightest child imaginable."

"And that is really her likeness? such a young face, and so utterly miserable! You have been exaggerating, Claude."

"I am afraid not," said Claude, smiling. "But that you will see when you are at Rilchester. You do not think it a bad return for your kindness to me, that I bring you fresh 'cases.'"

Lady Worthington laughed.

"It is like the story of the man who cured a lame dog, which, as soon as it was well, ran away and brought its lame friend. I shall be only to glad, though, to help this little girl if I can; but the deanery is a terribly unapproachable house. I wish I had known that young Monsieur de Mabillon; he must have thought me inconsiderate not to recall his father's name. Where does he live?"

"In some wretched rooms at Pentonville," answered Claude, wondering if Gaspard, also, were to be adopted.

"I think I will drive round that way and just see him; he may have something to send to his sister; and I feel sure Sir Henry would wish it. Yes, I will certainly do so; he must be at home by this time. Then good-bye for the present, Claude; you will let us hear from you, will you not? And remember that you must spend Christmas with us at Worthington, if you can, but don't refuse a better invitation."

"Thank you, a thousand times," replied Claude, gratefully. "For me there could be no better."

Lady Worthington looked anxiously at her watch as she drove away from St, John's Wood. It was very much out of way to visit Gaspard de Mabillon, and her last day in town was, necessarily, a busy one, but now that the idea had once entered her head she would not give it up. Her coachman, therefore, received orders to drive fast to the address which Claude had given, and being accustomed to her ladyship's freaks did not even grumble, though a bad fog was coming on, and the horses were already far from fresh.

Arrived at the baker's shop, and having ascertained that M. de Mabillon was at home, Lady Worthington hastened in, and was shown upstairs by the astonished landlady, who was fairly dazzled by such an unexpected advent as a carriage and pair, and a lady in seal-skin and sables. She opened the sitting-room door, and announced the visitor with delighted pomposity. Lady Worthington had just time to see Gaspard standing by the mantle piece, his face buried in his hands, before he hurriedly raised his head and came forward, doing the honors of his shabby little room with a grave courtesy which pleased his guest.

She began to explain her reasons for coming.

"I was so afraid you would think me rude. I did not recall your name just now in Mr. Magnay's studio; neither my husband nor I had the least idea you were in London."

"We came over in March, madame," said Gaspard.

"Ah! so long ago as that? I wish I had known before. Both Sir Henry and I knew your mother, as, perhaps, you have heard. I hope you had other friends in town, though, or you must have had a cold welcome to England."

"We knew no one at first, madame; but my sister went to Rilchester in the summer to live with Dean Collinson, our uncle," replied Gaspard.

"So Mr. Magnay was telling me; and I thought perhaps I might come to see you, so that I might take the last accounts of you to your sister. We live only two miles from Rilchester, and I must certainly go to see her."

"A thousand thanks, madame, you are very good; and Esperance will be very much pleased, I am sure."

Lady Worthington was in too great a hurry to waste words, she went straight to her point.

"Now will you tell me candidly in what way you think I can be of any use to your sister? One might call for years at the deanery, and never learn really to know a person."

"Madame is very good. I think all that Esperance wants is to be loved. She misses the home petting which she has always been used to."

"Poor child! And that motherless household is the very worst she could have gone to. I will try to get at her, indeed. You must want her here sadly," and Lady Worthington glanced round the bare, comfortless room, with its fireless grate, flaring gas-burner, and uncurtained window.

A shadow crossed Gaspard's face, and he paused a minute before answering.

"I am glad she should be living in a comfortable house, at least. The separation is of course hard to bear, but I shall feel happier about her now that I know she will have your kindness, madame."

Lady Worthington was touched by his simple, unaffected way of speaking. She would gladly have seen more of him, but it was already so late that this was impossible. She rose reluctantly.

"This is a very short and unceremonious visit," she said, holding out her hand to Gaspard, "but I hope when we are in town again, in the spring, we shall learn to know you well; and, meantime, I can at least tell your sister I have seen you."

Gaspard could only reiterate his thanks; and Lady Worthington, getting into her carriage, drove quickly home, trying to think of any means by which she might help the poor, proud, and apparently half-starved Frenchman.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was quite six o'clock before her ladyship's tired horses reached Kensington. She herself was cold and weary, but in spite of it there was an alertness in her step as she ascended the broad staircase, which bespoke her indomitable energy. She opened the drawing-room door, and gave a relieved exclamation to find within only her younger sister, Frances Neville.

"I am home again, at last. I was so afraid you would have a whole roomful of visitors," she exclaimed, drawing off her gloves, and warming her hands by the fire.

"You have just escaped them,'" said Frances, smiling. "I have had six editions, and Colonel and Mrs. Vigar have only been gone a few minutes."

"The unconscionable people to stay so late! Tiring you out, too, poor child. You look as white as a sheet. Is Henry in?"

"I fancy I heard his step outside; but I am not certain. Tell me where you have been, Katharine. You have had a long afternoon."

"Yes, very. I will tell you all when I come down, but I must first speak to Henry if he is at home." And Lady Worthington hastened away.

The two sisters were a strange contrast. Frances was many years the younger; she was now about eight-and-twenty, though her complexion of almost infantine fairness, and her abundance of pale golden hair made her appear much less. She was evidently very delicate, her features were sharpened as if by constant suffering, and the mouth, though sweet, was still more expressive of firm endurance. Her eyes were like Lady Worthington's, clear gray—but while with the elder sister they were full of humorous brightness and good nature, with Frances they expressed patient happiness and a rarely disturbed serenity.

Yet her life had been by no means an easy one. A tiny, sickly baby, she had lievd and grown almost miraculously, struggling through illness after illness, and at length gaining some degree of health, though strength could never be hers. What was denied to her body, however, seemed to be added to her mind. Almost every one who knew her leaned unconsciously upon her, for there was in her that steadfast love of truth, and that earnest following after good, which only can engender real trust. This, added to a clear perception and ready sympathy, made her almost universally loved, and gave her greater influence than Lady Worthington, with all her kind deeds, could ever obtain. The two sisters, however, worked very well together, each recognizing her own peculiar calling; Lady Worthington describing Frances Neville's as the "ghostly" mission, and her own as the "bodily."

All this had not of course been attained without many struggles, nor was Frances ever entirely free from the difficulties and perplexed questionings which will always attack an active mind, particularly when bodily activity is at all restrained; but she had long ago learned the secret of a happy life, and though her scrupulous exactness would not allow her to think even the most trifling thing immaterial, and laid down for her the most carefully drawn distinction between right and wrong, she was kept from narrowness—or rather necessarily widened by her high, indwelling motive.

Since her mother's death, which was several years before, Frances had lived with her sister—an arrangement which seemed to suit all parties. Lady Worthington liked having some one to nurse and tend, and Frances, though not an actual invalid, always needed great care. Her influence, too, in the house was exactly what was required. Her two romping nephews, Harry and Fred, and little "tomboyish," noisy Kathie, were quiet and gentle when "Aunt Fanny" was in the room, and she seemed to have the power of drawing out all the good in them—the chivalrous love of the boys and the womanly tenderness in her little niece.

When Lady Worthington left the room, something of the brightness faded, however, from Frances' face. She was very tired, and as she lay on the sofa with throbbing head and wearied limbs, the oft-recurring question, which must have suggested itself to so many, began to trouble her.

What good came of those calls which she had received that day? Had not her afternoon been wasted? She had intended to do so much—to finish some of her work for the poor, to learn an accompaniment for Sir Henry, to go to afternoon church, and all had been frustrated by a weary succession of callers. What good had they done her? what good could she have done them? she asked herself. Had not every one of her visitors probably regarded the call as a tiresome duty, and been only too thankful when their "ten minutes" or "quarter of an hour" was over, and they were free to go? And what had they talked of? The weather, the returns to town, the "Tichborne" case, the latest marriages in high life, the music at some of the West End churches, and the recent publications. Was this worth all that it had cost her?

She had only arrived at the conclusion that morning calls were necessary and right, but without having discovered any way for improving them, when her sister returned, followed by Sir Henry—a tall, handsome man, with iron-gray hair, a very powerful face, and the bearing of one accustomed to command, tempered by the most perfect courtesy.

Lady Worthington, distressed by her sister's pale, suffering face, hastened to arrange her cushions, tending her with an assiduity which might have been tiresome had it not been done with such grace and with such loving anxiety.

"If I had only thought about it and come home sooner you would have been spared all this," she said, with compunction. "People seem to come back to town so much earlier than they used to do—I can't imagine why."

"There has been less traveling this year," said Sir Henry; "that may, perhaps, account for it. The state of France has frightened people."

"Ah! your speaking of France reminds me—whom do you think I met this afternoon?—a son of that Monsieur de Mabillon who married Amy Collinson."

"Monsieur de Mabillon!" exclaimed Sir Henry, smiling; "my some time rival, whom I have been blessing ever since I—."

"Now, Henry" interrupted Lady Worthington, coloring and smiling.

He answered by stooping to kiss her on the forehead, and there was a moment's silence, while Frances, understanding it all, could not resist watching her sister's beautiful and still wonderfully youthful face, softened as it was by love and happiness.

"You met Monsieur de Mabillon, did you say?" asked Sir Henry, half abstractedly.

"No, his son," answered Lady Worthington. "He, poor man, was killed during the siege of Paris. Curiously enough, when I went to say good-bye to Claude Magnay this afternoon, I found young Gaspard de Mabillon at his studio, and half recognized him. Afterward Claude told me who he was, and I went to see him myself at his rooms. It seems that he and his sister left France in the spring; she is now with the Collinsons, at Rilchester, and he trying for work here, but quite unsuccessfully."

"And you, of course, adopted him at once, and said that I would find employment," said Sir Henry, smiling.

"No, not quite; I really was very prudent; my precipitation in the case of that young architect, the other day, has taught me wisdom. I made no rash promises; but seriously, Henry, I do wish you could help the poor fellow in some way."

"I will bear him in mind then, but you remember that I have two of your proteges commended to my special attention ever since June."

"Julius Wright, you mean, and that young Mr. Frankland, I wish we could get them disposed of. Certainly all the professions are very much overstocked."

"Why does not Dean Collinson help him?" asked Sir Henry.

"He has done so in a manner by taking the little girl to live with him, but I fancy from what the poor boy said this afternoon, that it went sorely against the grain to take help from that quarter. And that reminds me, Frances, we must really take the deanery by storm as soon as we go home, and rescue little Mademoiselle Mabillon, who, from Claude's account, is very unhappy there."

"A rescue during a morning call!" said Frances, laughing. "I will go with you, if it is only for the pleasure of seeing your tactics, though I am afraid you will never baffle Mrs Mortlake."

"We shall see," said Lady Worthington, with a smile of anticipated success.

(To be Continued.)

Spontaneous Combustion of Man.

Dickens has been very much criticised for his apparent acceptance of the fact of human spontaneous combustion, but the late Sir William Gull testified to a surprising case before the committee of the House of Lords on intemperance during the summer of 1886. A large, bloated man, who was suffering from difficulty of breathing and great distension of the venous system, died at Guy's hospital. At the post mortem of the following day there was no sign of decomposition, but the body was distended with what was thought to be gas.

"When punctures were made into the skin," said Sir William, "and a lighted match applied, the gas which escaped burned with the blue flame of carburetted hydrogen. As many as a dozen of these little flames were burning at one time."—*St. Louis Republic.*

Princess Bismarck, wife of the Iron Chancellor, is described as the very model of a practical methodical German matron with an eye for every detail of household arrangement and economy.

How easy it is to figure out just how some other person ought to act in a contingency.

BEREAVEMENT.

Who has not felt that aching in the breast
Whose voice awakes from depths of memory,
A thousand things of beauty that were parts
Of a loved one whom Death has robbed us of?
And then a madness makes us reel in tears
That flow like freshets from our sore despair,
Then we go straightway to the still abode
To kiss our dead one back again to life.
Death and the grave forbid us enter there.
—J. R. A.

Mudie's great library in London has put into circulation since its foundation nearly 4,000,000 books. An annual ticket costs a guinea, and for this sum a diligent reader can peruse books that it would cost him about $1,000 to buy.

SCHOOL LUNCHEON.

It Should be Attractive and Nourishing For the Pupil.

Time was when newspapers, writing paper, and wrapping paper did service in wrapping up lunches. Then the paper was discarded for the snowy napkin, and that in turn for the tin box. Now the tin box is almost a thing of the past, being supplanted by light, dainty little baskets with close-fitting lids. To fit up such a lunch basket the sides and bottom should be covered with soft white wrapping paper, neatly cut to fit, and this should be put in fresh every day. A leather covered flask, with a metal screw top, will be needed for whatever liquid is supplied. The knife and fork should be laid blade to tines and the napkin wrapped about them, the spoon laid with the back of the bowl against them, and a rubber band slipped over all to hold them. Some bits of oiled paper such as confectioners furnish, and a jelly glass with a tin lid which screws on.

So much for the basket and its outfit. Now for the lunches.

On Monday, some cold sliced chicken, fresh buttered rolls, a stalk of celery, some chocolate in the flask, chow-chow in the jelly glass, and an orange for dessert. Tuesday's lunch may be ham-sandwiches, the ham to be chopped very fine; a little gelatine or jelly and a cream puff. Wednesday, biscuit, with dried beef cut thin, oyster soup and cake. Thursday, baker's twist, hard-boiled eggs, pickle, beef tea and a square of gingerbread. Friday, sardines, olives, brown bread, clam soup and a tart or fresh fruit.

The school girl should be well nourished while the mental strain is going on physical strength should be kept up. Headache is a constant complaint with school girls. This is generally owing not so much to over-pressure in study as to lack of generous nourishment and variety in the food given. School lunches should be as varied as possible. Fruits as they appear in succession should be freely used. A salad of some cold vegetable is not only appetizing but healthful, just giving sufficient stimulant. And for the same reasons broths of different kinds, which can be safely carried in the above mentioned flask, are valuable.

When water cress is in market nothing is more dainty, delicate and nourishing. For the same reason a meat or fish salad laid upon a couple of lettuce leaves is very desirable. Stewed fruits of all kinds are better than preserved or canned fruits. Cheese should be used but seldom, and then it is best grated. Pastry, also, should be used sparingly, and never when it is stale. Stale cake, too, is not to be thought of. Crackers should be used sparingly. Cold tea, not too much sweetened, and without milk, is a stimulating drink, and where the lunch is of a nature to agree with it, lemonade will prove grateful.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Strongest Known Animal.

Some interesting results of a naturalist's inquiries are sent us by Mr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, M. C. R. S., Brighton, who says that, in proportion to its size, the limpet is probably the strongest of known animals, excepting the Mediterranean *venus verrucosa*, a cockle-like creature, which pulls 2,071 times its own weight when out of its shell. "At Folkestone, by means of accurate appliances," says Mr. Lawrence-Hamilton, "I found that the common sea-shore limpet, which deprived of its shell, weighed a minute fraction less than half an ounce, required, which pulled according to its plane of adhesion, a force exceeding 62 pounds to remove it from its powerful grip upon the local littoral low-tide rock, or upward of 1,984 times it own dead weight. The superficial area of the base of this individual limpet measured 2.4 square inches. Taking the atmospheric pressure at 14.7 pounds to the square inch, this would even then only account for 35.28 pounds, or little more than half the power exercised in the air by this sea-snail, which, acting upon immersed objects in the water, would, of course, have pulled a much greater weight than that of 62 pounds. Thus in the air a limpet pulled up to 32.1 pounds, but subsequently, in spite of its previous fatigue, when covered over by the incoming tide, it then took upward of 54 pounds to remove it. I doubt whether the limpet's adhesive force has anything to do with the question of atmospheric pressure. In other experiments even bits of rock came away sticking to the limpet's embrace. An ancient Greek author compared this animal's adhesion to the ardent attachment of an ugly old woman to a handsome youth. In carrying out my experiments upon the limpets I was ably assisted by the eminent practical scientific naturalist, the Hon. Walter Rothschild." The same correspondent says: "The force required to open an oyster appears to be 1,319½ times the weight of the shell-less creature."—*London Daily News.*

A Solemn Thought.

The feeling you have for a dead man, the people will have for you after you are dead. You want a dead body out of your sight as soon as possible; that will be the feeling with reference to your clay. You are a morsel of earth yourself, like other people. You may think that your funeral will be largely attended; notice the funeral of a man in your walk of life, and you can count the carriages in your own.—*Atchison Globe.*

Mother Knows.

Mrs. Fangle—Lizzie, what time was it when that young man left last night?

Lizzie—about 11, mamma.

Mrs. Fangle—Now, Lizzie, it was two hours later than that, for I distinctly heard him say, as you both went to the door. „Just one, Lizzie." You can't fool your mother.

The Marquis of Londonderry has invited Bismarck to visit England, and the invitation will probably be accepted.

A RECIPE FOR A DAY.

Take a little dash of cold water
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold
Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete the well-made day.

—A man's cheeks naturally burn when he is made light of.

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

The Awful Experience an English Aeronaut Passed Through.

Great excitement was caused at Croydon on Saturday afternoon in connection with the ascent from the old fair field of Prof. Higgins, the parachutist, and for several hours doubts were entertained as to his safety. The balloon, which has been named "The Duke's Motto," and was of the capacity of 12,000 cubic feet, was fully charged by 5 o'clock. Higgins said the direction of the wind, which was notheast, would necessitate his travelling a considerable height, but he hoped to return to the field in about half an hour. When he gave the signal to the attendants to "let go," the machine gradually rose and appeared to go in the direction of Norwood. Upon reaching an altitude of something like 4000 feet, the parachute became detached from the net of the balloon, which was evidently proceeding upward at a great rate, as the parachute was fully expanded, although inverted. It was now evident that something was wrong with the apparatus, and amid breathless excitement, the parachute dropped from the balloon and fell into a garden in East Croydon. The balloon rapidly disappeared in the clouds. When darkness set in and no news had been received of the parachutist much anxiety was evinced as to his fate. Shortly after 8 o'clock, however, all fear was dispelled by the receipt of a telegram stating that Higgins had landed safely near Tunbridge. Higgins and his balloon arrived at East Croydon by the 9,20 train.

In an interview with a correspondent Higgins stated that he had experienced the most wonderful of all his aerial voyages. When he had reached a height of 4,000 feet he began to get into a strong current and the balloon twisted right around. The current then caught his parachute, causing the wooden ring of it to catch him very tighly under the arms. The test cord which held the parachute then broke. Directly that happened he saw the parachute was hanging below him fully inflated and the pressure on him was so great that it was impossible for him to descend into the middle of the town with anything like safety. He therefore opened his penknive with his teeth and cut the parachute away. This caused the balloon to shoot up 6,000 feet higher, and on reaching that altitude he met another current, which brought him back and he saw nothing until he passed through some sleet and snow. He could hear, however, the sound of trains.

All of a sudden he found himself in darkness, caused, he presumed, by the snow and the thick atmosphere. He was in this snowstorm for at least ten minutes and when he had passed through it the sun was shining beautifully. Below him he could see what appeared to be snowy mountains rising up and down for miles. He could see a distance of some 40 clear miles and was able to discern the sun glistening on the water at Brighton. It was evident to him that he was going towards Tunbridge Wells. He found the air getting very sharp and keen; icicles were hanging from his moustache and he had no sooner rubbed them off than others formed. For a few minutes he was quite deaf. He now seemed to be descending on the mountains of snow and he thought he was getting near Hastings or Brighton. He could smell the sea. Thinking he was coming down he took hold of four of his guy ropes and pulled the balloon partly over on one side to allow the gas to escape at the mouth.

The balloon then turned round three times, and he felt he was descending. He did nothing more to the balloon, merely sitting on his trapeze watching for terra firma, which he did not see for some time. At length he saw plowed fields, and close by there was what he took to be a large park with white roads across it. He then travelled about five or six miles at a very rapid pace and saw more plowed fields, which he thought would be a suitable place to land on. When he was about 2,000 feet from the earth he prepared to descend by hanging by one arm to his trapeze rope as if he were using his parachute. When his feet touched the ground the balloon, which was in front of him, dragged him for ten yards and then rebounded some 60 feet in the air between two trees. Two laborers ran from opposite directions and, in response to his signals, they arrived just he came down a second time and held the balloon until he let out the gas. He found that he had landed on a farm in the occupation of Mr. Nash, of Penshurst, about 30 miles from Croydon. In reply to questions he said that one time he must have been five miles above the earth, the highest he had ever been. He added that the balloon had no escape valve.

Early Rising Birds.

The thrush is audible about 4.50 in the morning.

The quail's whistling is heard in the woods at about 3 o'clock.

The blackcap turns up at 2.30 on a summer morning.

By 4 the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.

The house sparrow and tomtit come last in the list of early rising birds.

At short intervals after 4.30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The greenfinch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1.30 on a summer morning.

The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet, and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

To Obtain Sleep.

Among the various remedies for sleeplessness lately advised is that in which the subject, after taking a deep inspiration, holds his breath until discomfort is felt, then repeats the process a second and a third time, this being, as a rule, enough to procure sleep. A slight degree of asphyxia is thus relied on as a sporific agent, but the theoretical correctness of this method is somewhat open to question.—*London Lancet.*

"Ice is too expensive, Mary. You must get along without it." "But how am I to keep the beef fresh and the butter and milk cool?" "You have a fan, haven't you?"

Watches are worn by women more than ever before; or rather there is more than the usual supply in the jewelry-box, on the side table, and among the articles unaccountably lost—for women never wear watches except on those occasions when they forget to leave them behind.—*Judge.*