A Promising Financier.

We bought our little Billy boy
A little bank of tin;
A pretty little thing it was
To put his pennies in;
And many a penny all of us
The little fellow gave;
Our object being laudable,
To teach him how to save.

Time came when we concluded that
The bank that we had bought
Should surely full of pennies be,
And open it we ought.
The opening of the affair
Was made a great event,
But we were rather startled when
We found there not a cent.

And little Billy then confessed,
With some degree of pride,
He'd tapped the bank and calmly spent
The money all outside.
At first we all were grave, then glad,
For he had made it clear
That he was of the stuff to be
A modern financier.

I Like You and I Love You.

I like you met *I love you*, face to face;
The path was narrow and they could not pass.
I like you smiled; *I love you* cried, Alas!
And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," *I love you* said,
"Down the green pathway, bright with many a flower;
Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower
Awaits thee." But *I like you* shook his head.

Then while they lingered on the span-wide shelf
That shaped a pathway round the rocky ledge,
I like you bared his icy dagger's edge,
And first he slew *I love you*—then himself.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

"Poor child! Yes, indeed, it was a sad story from first to last. My daughter Christabel was devoted to your mother; and though, of course, she could not do much to promote the marriage in direct opposition to your uncle, yet she always gave Amy her sympathy, and herself begged me to help her. Poor young thing, she was sad enough all the time she stayed with me. On the very morning of the wedding I remember she received a final letter of remonstrance from Dean Collinson, and was terribly upset by it. And then came the service in the church, which seemed to give her new strength, for her face which had been so troubled, grew quiet and serene; and I remember thinking what a handsome couple they were, and wishing that the dean could have been there to hear your father's earnest, heartfelt vows, though perhaps his foreign English might only have annoyed him. I heard from her two or three times after that, and then your father wrote to tell me of her death when you were born; but we shall not find that letter, for I believe it was sent on to the dean."

The conversation was interrupted by the servant bringing in the tea things, and Esperance, having asked leave to keep the two letters, put them away for a private reading. In the evening, when Mrs. Passmore had fallen asleep in her arm-chair, she took them out again, and eagerly though reverently opened the foreign one. It was written from the chateau, and dated in June, 1854. Much of it was incomprehensible to Esperance, being in answer to a letter of Mrs. Passmore's, and full of references to English matters, but on the third page she caught sight of familiar names, which made her heart beat quickly. She read on still more eagerly:

"And now I must tell you about my dear little boy, Gaspard. How I wish I could show him to you. He is five years old, the very image of his father, and so tall and strong for his age. He is always with me, for our good bonne Javotte, though she is quite devoted to him, has plenty to do, and I would not have him away from me for the world. My husband tells me, too, that our nursery does not exist in France, the children are always with their mothers. The only thing I have to wish for now is a little daughter; it would be so good for Gaspard, and he is so loving that I am sure he would make a good protector! You ask if I am stronger than I was last year, and I hardly know what to say. In some ways I think not, but I think I have learned at least to be less fretful and impatient with regard to James's continued displeasure. Still I cannot help longing to hear from him. If he could only know what Alphonse really is! But you must not think that I am grieving unduly over this. I feel how wrong it was to do so the first two or three years, and now I cannot help hoping that in some way all will come right at last—if not in our time, at least to our child."

Esperance read the last sentence over many times. Was her mother's hope coming true? Was all that now seemed so hard to bear really helping its fulfilment? Certainly it was true that Dean Collinson had taken her into his own house, that he had treated her kindly, that she showed almost everything to him; but then, had not Gaspard humiliated himself to actual begging for assistance first, and did not her uncle still detest the very name of De Mabillon? No; there was still much to be done before all could be "right at last." But from that evening Esperance began to think seriously of the duty of reconciliation, which certainly in some degree, rested with her. How, in her peculiar position, she could effect any good she did not at present see; but she was hopeful, and her mother's wish was a strong incentive.

Meanwhile, at the deanery, matters were not going very smoothly. Cornelia's quiet disposal of Esperance at the Priory had pleased no one; the dean even had for once objected to his favorite daughter's proceedings.

"Out of respect to your grandmother, my dear, either you or Bertha should have remained; to leave your cousin, a mere child, and a perfect stranger, was really a mistake."

"Grannie will never understand Esperance, with that ridiculous accent, which I am sure is all affectation," observed Mrs. Mortlake. "Besides, it is awkward to be without her here, there is no one to see to Bella when she is down stairs."

"Christabel wants to turn me into the nursery-maid," said Bertha, laughing; "but neither Bella nor I approve."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Mortlake, with an offended air. "Esperance has no idea of managing the child; she merely does what I tell her."

"That is to say, she is your 'white slave'; of course you miss her."

"Oh, if you use slang expressions we will drop the argument at once, please," said Mrs. Mortlake, feeling that she was being worsted, and leaving the room after one final thrust—"Your old fault of laziness is coming out more strongly than ever; you can neither do things yourself, nor see others do them."

Whereupon the door was closed sharply, while the dean looked surprised, Cornelia annoyed, and Bertha sublimely indifferent.

"I do not understand it," said the dean, half nervously. "It seems to me a great pity that Bertha does not go more to the Priory. However, you must settle it among yourselves, my dears, only pray have no more disputings." And then, having delivered his conscience to his family, the dean left matters terrestrial to their own course, and became engrossed with a disquisition on the "Moons of Jupiter."

At eleven o'clock on Friday, Esperance walked in from the Priory carrying her Latin primer, Wittich's German Tales, and a book on physical geography. To tell the truth, she had scarcely opened them for the last two days, and, though anxious to make up for lost time, she walked into Rilchester to the tune of "*di-es, di-es, di-em*," etc., her thoughts were generally so far away that the fifth declension, did not make much impression on her memory.

The walk took rather longer than she had anticipated, and, conscious of unpunctuality, she "tolled" the front-door bell with some apprehension. The door was opened more quickly than usual; but Esperance's quick eye detected the surly, ill-used expression on the face of the footman, and was certain that Mrs. Mortlake was in one of her fault-finding humors; these invariably affected the temper of the whole household, and more especially of the servants.

She opened the dining-room door with still greater anxiety, and found Mrs. Mortlake and Bertha hard at work writing essays for the "True Blue Society," a particular hobby of Mrs. Mortlake's. Her essays were generally put off till the latest possible day, and then became a household nuisance, so that Esperance had learned to dread the sight of blue foolscap, and to connect it with incessant scolding and general misery. Bertha had unwillingly been induced to join the society, and she, too, was writing for dear life, with a pucker in her forehead and a bored expression.

"Don't speak; we are so busy," said Mrs. Mortlake, barely looking up; "and what you've done with the quill pens I can't imagine; Cornelia declares you had them last."

"I don't remember having them," said Esperance, thinking of various scoldings for writing with a pin-like pen.

"Of course not; you never do remember anything that is not convenient to you," said Mrs. Mortlake, sharply.

Esperance began to open the drawers of a cabinet rather hopelessly, and, after a few minutes' search, found the missing pens among Bella's toys. She put them down beside her cousin without speaking, and was moving away, when Mrs. Mortlake pushed them from her again, saying, in her quiet disagreeable voice: "Oh, it's no use now; how can I change my pen in the middle of this? Couldn't your common sense tell you that?"

Esperance shrugged her shoulders, and took back the pen-box; but her common sense did tell her it would be best to leave the room quickly, and, without another word, she ran away.

It was certainly a cheerless welcome for her, poor child. Already the quiet serenity which she had gained at the Priory had changed to the "Mariana" expression, and it was with a heavy heart that she entered Cornelia's sanctum with her burden of untouched lesson-books."

"Good-morning, Esperance. Why are you so late?"

"I am very sorry, but I scarcely allowed he time necessary for so long a walk," said Esperance, who invariably spoke bad English when dispirited.

"Don't let it happen again, then, and let us lose no time now—your Latin first."

With one little despairing glance Esperance dashed off with her fifth declension, stumbling terribly. Cornelia put down the book gravely.

"It is no use doing things by halves; you had better stay here and learn it, though I should have thought at your age supervision was unecessary."

"Your age" was always being cast in Esperance's teeth, but it was as convenience suited—either "a mere child of your age," or "a great girl of your age," as in the present instance. She began to wish to be either one thing or the other.

The "physical geography" was rather more successful: but, alas! the German translation came utterly to grief. The very sound of the language was distasteful to Esperance, and, under the circumstances, Cornelia would have been much wiser not to have attempted it; but to her mind no one was properly educated who could not read and speak German, and she presevered in spite of Esperance's wishes to the contrary. It really was a hardship to be set to learn "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" and, after laboriously translating it first into French in her brain, and then into English with her tongue, Esperance could not resist saying, "Well, I think the Germans are the most conceited people I ever heard of, boasting about all the divisions of their country, so as to fill two pages!"

"It has been pretty clearly shown lately that the Germans are not vain boasters," said Cornelia, severely. "Moreover, 'people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.' Conceit is the proverbial character of a certain other European nation."

"You may as well say it quite!" said Esperance, with flashing eyes. "I know what you mean—now that France is fallen you will trample on her! and that is what you call English generosity! *Ciel!* if you speak of proverbial characters, it is fair that I may quote the English one—'insular pride and ill-manners,' and it is true—true!"

Cornelia was secretly rather amused at the storm of patriotism which she had evoked, but she answered gravely, and in her repressive voice, "When you have quite done we will go on, please. Conjugate the verb '*Haben*,' to have."

The words seemed almost like an insult. This cold dignity of Cornelia's exasperated Esperance more than anything; moreover, to have her patriotism utterly ignored was more unbearable than the severest scolding, and in the worst possible humor she repeated the verb, taking no pains to pronounce the h's.

She left Cornelia's room much more unhappy than before, and conscious that her outbreak had been both childish and useless. Out of heart with herself and with all around her, yet unable to find the remedy, she grew more and more miserable, and longed, with a sick longing, for relief in any form—a letter from Gaspard, a sight of Frances Neville, or even a ray of sunshine. But nothing came; the postman brought no letter, Frances did not come into Rilchester—even the sun did not once pierce the gloom of that murky November day.

Mrs. Mortlake never spoke except to complain, Bertha after her unusual effort was more taciturn than ever, Cornelia was stiff and displeased, and Esperance was cross. Not that she would have allowed this to herself, even; she felt, and in some degree was, ill-used, but in fact the long strain of the past year had so completely worn her out, that mind and body alike were unequal to the least harassment, and trifling annoyances, which in good health she would have laughed at, now seemed the deepest grievances. And so she sat wearily through the afternoon with her book before her, wishing herself and "The German Fatherland" at the bottom of the sea, while no one would take the trouble to put her into the right path, or to say the few words of love and sympathy which she so sorely needed.

"You had better get ready to go back," said Cornelia, as the clock struck half past four. "It is getting dusk, and you will be alone."

Alone! It was a shock indeed to Esperance's ideas of propriety. To have walked in broad daylight was perhaps permissible in England, though she would never have been allowed to do such a thing in France, even at Mabillon—but to walk through the town, and along a deserted country road, with the darkness fast coming on, was too much—she felt sure that even in England this could not be *comme il faut*.

No escort was offered, however, so she saw no help for it, and unwillingly—for once—closed the door of the deanery behind her, and went out into the autumn twilight. At first the novelty rather pleased her, but when she had passed the Vicar's Court, and the close, a strange, eerie, unprotected feeling mastered her, and she shivered at the thought of the long way to come. The bright lights in the windows looked tempting and home-like, she fancied she could have been happy in every one of the houses she passed, forgetful that red curtains, warm fire-light, and bright picture frames existed also at the deanery. And then she thought of the hero of "Excelsior," when

> "In happy homes he saw the light
> Of household fires gleam warm and bright.

and wondered if he felt as lonely and desolate as she did; but then he was bound on a great enterprise, and she had only to live on quietly in an uncongenial home, unless, indeed, her enterprise were to be the fulfilment of her mother's wish. If so, how sadly forgetful of it she had been that day! What harm she had done to her cause!

Great tears welled up into her eyes as she thought of this; perhaps she was partly blinded by them, or perhaps her little black figure was not very noticeable in the gathering darkness, for she came violently into collision with a gang of laborers returning from their day's work, and all her books were strewn on the pavement. For a moment she was horribly frightened, for they were rough-looking men, and their voices and unintelligible dialect sounded alarming to her unaccustomed ears.

"Now then, Bill, you pick up them there books—knockin' up agin young leddies in that way!" this is very uncouth English.

The rest of the men moved on, while Bill, thus addressed, stooped to pick up the books.

"I'm sure I ask pardon, miss," he began, rubbing each book on his grimy jacket by way of taking off the mud.

"Thank you, it does not matter," began Esperance in French, then correcting herself, "there is no harm done, thank you."

"Be you from France, miss?" asked the man.

"Yes," replied Esperance, with a momentary terror that some impertinence was intended, "yes, I am French."

"'Only asked, miss, because as how my missus is from them parts, and talks like what you did. Good-evening to you, miss, and I ask your pardon."

He passed on, and Esperance went on her way, amused by the incident, which, trifling though it was, served to turn away her thoughts from her grievances. Certainly her first encounter with a British laborer had been a happy one; if all were so polite she need not fear to walk about alone, but then this particular one had been blessed with a French wife, which no doubt accounted for his good manners. Before long she ceased to dread the lonely walks to the Priory, and to look forward to the gang of laborers, and especially to "Bill's invariable salute, as a kind of protection.'

CHAPTER XIX.

Dinner-parties at the deanery were usually very dreary affairs. Dean Collinson was not at all a sociable man, and grudged an evening spent away from his beloved observatory. Cornelia and Bertha had an equal distaste to society, and had it not been for Mrs. Mortlake, and the absolute necessity of showing some hospitality to their neighbors, the dinner-parties would have been willingly dispensed with. And not only were the hosts thus minded, but every one who had been a guest on previous occasions groaned on receiving a fresh invitation. Certainly the deanery was the least popular house in Rilchester, and it was thus that Esperance obtained her very unfavorable impressions of English society.

After spending a fortnight at the Priory, she had returned sorrowfully enough to her uncle's house, nor were her spirits raised when she heard that in the evening that dreary English institution, a large dinner party, was to take place. In the afternoon, however, Bertha happened to mention that Sir Henry and Lady Worthington were coming.

"Coming this evening? Oh! I am so glad. And does Miss Neville come, too?"

"No, she is not well enough. I believe she was asked. But what makes you rave so about the Worthingtons?"

"Lady Worthington was so kind to me, and I admire her more than I can tell you."

"You had better be careful, or Christabel will call you a toady."

"How?" asked Esperance, wonderingly.

"Oh, really, I can't teach you English—Cornelia will explain it to you."

Esperance was not very fond of Cornelia's explanations, so she resorted to dictionaries, where "Toad—*crapaud*"; "toad-eater—*adulateur-trice, parasite*," gave her some idea of Bertha's meaning.

She sighed over the difficulty of the terrible English language, but found some comfort in a bulky Webster, in which "toady" was stigmatized as "colloquial and vulgar."

Lady Worthington came rather less reluctantly than usual to the deanery, for she had special designs on Esperance, and her successful manœuvering on the former occasion had given her confidence. When the ladies returned to the drawing-room after dinner, she lost no time in seeking her protegee, whom she found trying hard to make conversation between two young ladies who were very stiff and monosyllabic.

Esperance, delighted at the interruption, received Lady Worthington's cordial greeting with a radiant face, and inquired after Frances Neville, her quaint, demure manner a little belied by the eagerness of her expression.

"She has been poorly all this week," said Lady Worthington. "But she is much better to-day; she asked me to tell you that she has been looking up her French, and is very eager to have a good talk with you. Will you come and see her some day?'

"Thank you a thousand times; it would be such a pleasure," said Esperance, delightedly.

Just then Mrs. Mortlake came to take possession of the chair next to Lady Worthington, and Esperance would have moved away, but Lady Worthington taking hold of her hand, detained her.

"I was just telling Esperance how much Frances wants to see her; it is the delight of her life to have some one to talk French to."

"Yes, I knew Miss Neville sympathies were all with the French; I remember what arguments we used to have during the Franco-Prussian war," said Mrs. Mortlake

Lady Worthington felt a quick movement in the hand she was holding, and hastily turned from the subject.

"Now, when Frances gave me her message, a scheme came into my head by which I shall come in for a share of the enjoyment; will you not come over some day next week, Mrs. Mortlake, bringing Esperance with you, then she and Frances can have their talk together, and you and I shall be secure of a *tete-a-tete*.'

Mrs. Mortlake was flattered, and gave a ready consent. An afternoon was fixed, and Esperance, as she went away to do her duty toward the two young ladies, felt that any amount of dullness could be endured with such a pleasure in prospect.

Lady Worthington, too, was satisfied with her success, and late as it was on her return could not resist going to her sister's room to tell her of it.

She found her already in bed, and with some compunction for disturbing her, would have gone away again.

"Don't go," said Frances, appealingly. "I'm not the least sleepy—my neuralgia is raging. Tell me about your party."

"Oh, a very dull affair indeed—a regular dean and chapter dinner, with a great array of canons and canonesses. Henry looked quite wordly in his dress clothes among the sombre clerics."

"How was Esperance?"

"She looked much better. Certainly that French animation is very charming—Henry was immensely taken with her, and insists that she was better dressed than any one in the room, and though there was nothing more than white muslin, and a dainty arrangement of ivy sprays, I really think that he is right."

"The art of dressing is born in French women, certainly. But when is she coming here?"

"Next Tuesday afternoon, and Mrs. Mortlake, too; and Henry talks of getting up fire-works for the children that night, so that we may persuade her to stay. Our triumph will be complete."

"Of course, now that you have taken an M. P. into your counsels," said Frances, laughing.

Tuesday afternoon was as fine as could be wished; the sun, which for some days had scarcely penetrated the fog, shone brightly, and the air was deliciously clear and frosty. Esperance could not conceal her happiness, and indulged in a rhapsody which did not fail to attract Mrs. Mortlake's disapproval.

"What a perfect day, Christabel! we could not have had a better, could we? Just look at the sky! I do believe we have had the last of those dreadful fogs. How good it was of Lady Worthington to invite us! Is she not the most kind-hearted of people?"

"Yes, certainly, Lady Worthington is good-natured; but, my dear Esperance, please do not take to running after people with handles to their names—nothing is so vulgar."

"I do not understand you," said Esperance, puzzled by the idiom, but coloring crimson at the last word.

"I mean that nothing shows such bad taste as any eagerness to become familiar with those in a higher station than yourself; nothing is so contemptible as a hankering after nobility."

Esperance blushed still more deeply, but there was a dangerous light in her eyes as she answered, "Thank you for warning me, Christabel, but in the present instance it was unnecessary; we, too, are of the *noblesse*."

Mrs. Mortlake looked blankly astonished for a moment: then, seeing that she had been worsted, took refuge in silence.

Esperance, feeling triumphant and naughty, looked at the flat landscape from the carriage window, and pretended to be enjoying herself very much, though in reality she was not quite happy, conscious that her retort had not been in good taste, and sure that her father would have disapproved of the little piece of ostentation.

It was a relief when they reached Worthington, passed the green gates and unpretentious lodge, and drove through the pleasant, well-timbered park.

"How beautiful it is!" said Esperance, breaking the silence rather rashly, as she glanced at the sunny slopes.

"A very poor approach," said Mrs. Mortlake, "they might have made it at least half a mile longer by a little arrangement."

After this nothing more was said and Esperance gave a sigh of relief when the carriage drew up before the large, plain, substantial house, more comfortable within than artistic without.

In the drawing-room they found Lady Worthington and her little girl. Esperance looked eagerly for Frances Neville, but she was not there.

"Frances has such bad neuralgia to-day," explained Lady Worthington, as soon as the greetings were over. "I wonder whether you would mind going up to her little sitting-room, Esperance; it is the only warm room in the house, and she is rather afraid to leave it."

This was a delightful arrangement, and Esperance gave a glad consent, while little Kathie, at a word from her mother, ran on before her to show the way.

(To be Continued).

A Woman's Experience Jumping Off a Car

"I never tried but once to jump off a moving street car," said a Detroit lady in conversation with a friend.

"Did you get a fall?"

"No. I had heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it."

"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"

"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the sidewalk I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my mad attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim:

"It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested." I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a street-car in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."

Remedy For Sour Stomach.

The domestic remedy for "sour somach" is soda or saleratus. These agents are considered harmless, and oftentimes quite large doses are taken. The habit of taking them or other alkalies after eating is a questionable one. The digestive ingredient of the gastric juice is active only in the presence of an acid. If alkalies are taken into the stomach in considerable quantities the acid fluids therein are neutralized and the natural consequence is, digestion stops for a time. Experiments made by Dr. Bourget, of France, have demonstrated this fact. They have also shown that the use of pepsin, the once popular remedy for digestive disturbances, is of little value. Instead of using soda or other alkalies in sour stomach, it is best to drink hot water, or to take five or ten drops of diluted hydrochloric acid in a wine glass of water. Both of these stimulate the mucous membrame of the stomach and prevent the formation of troublesome acids.

Turpentine.

After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the household, she is never willing to be without it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore throat. Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the drawers, chests and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and store-rooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves. It is a sure destruction to bed-bugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to all the bedstead, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful of this added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.

A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers, for a single day two or three times a year, is a preventive against moths.

Women's Adaptability.

The adaptability of women is one quality greatly in their favor. Set down in the midst of uncongenial surroundings, a women's first impulse is to improve them. She quietly gives a deft touch here, straightens out a little there, and though poverty may be still apparent, yet order has succeeded chaos, and she has imparted to everything within her reach some impression of homely comfort. She carries the same instinct into business, and after a man's apprenticeship, if she succeeds at all, is mistress of the situation. Almost every one can recall instances where women, thrown unexpectedly upon their resources, have developed business qualifications of a very high order which they did not know they possessed, and would not have known but for the need of doing something.

Poetic License Didn't Go.

"Fellow-citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to? And echo answers 'what?'" "Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild-looking man in the audience, rising to his feet, "did I understand your question to be, 'What is our country coming to?'" "Yes, sir." "And you say echo answers 'what?'" "That is what I said, sir." "Then there is something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the mild-looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Onions put you to sleep and cure chills and ague.

The beautiful Countess Walewski, the only woman who ever caused Queen Victoria a moment's uneasiness while the Prince consort was alive is now reduced to selling cast-off finery. Her husband was ambassador at the time she was dazzling Prince Albert with her beauty. Some years ago the Countess married an Italian whom she passed off as her son lest she might lose her widow's pension of 12,000 francs per year.

During a baseball game at Scranton, Ia., the other day, Everett Phillips was accidently struck in the face with a bat, completely flattening his nose. The doctor pulled the member back into position, placed a tin cornucopia over it to keep it in form, and Everett is now known among his fellows as "the man with the tin nose."

The great cantilever bridge at the Needles, Cal., is finished. In its construction 40,000,000 pounds of steel and iron were used, and the centre span—360 feet—is the longest in the world. Three men were killed and 25 injured during the work of building.