BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

It was situated on the spur of a hill, and there was no fence around it. nor anything to protect it from the incursions of passers. by. There was something in the general appearance of this spot that made me half fancy I had seen it before; and I should have taken it to be the same that I had often noticed on my way to the fort, but that the latter was only a few hundred yards distant therefrom, whereas I must have traversed several miles at least. As I drew near, moreover, I observed that the headstones did not appear so ancient and decayed as those of the other. But what chiefly attracted my attention was the figure that was leaning or half sitting upon one of the largest of the upright slabs near the road. It was a temale figure draped in black, and a closer inspection-for I was soon within a iew yards of her-showed that she wore the calla, or long hooded cloak, the most common as well as the most ancient garment of Irish women, and doubtless of Spanish

origin. "I was a trifle startled by this appparition, so unexpected as it was, and so strange did it seem that any human creature should be at that hour of the night in so desolate as I came opposite her. and gazed at her intently. But the moonlight fell behind her, and the deep hood of her cloak so completediscern anything but the sparkle of a pair of eyes, which appeared to be returning my aze with much vivacity.

"'You seem to be at home here,' I said at length. 'Can you tell me where I am?' "Hereupon the mysterious personage broke into a light laugh, which, though in itself musical and agreeable, was of a timbre intonation that caused my heart to beat rather faster than my late pedestrian exertions warranted; for it was the identical laugh (or so my imagination persuaded me) that had echoed in my ears as I arose from my tumble an hour or two ago. For the rest, it was the laugh of a young woman, and presumably of a pretty one; and yet it had a wild. airy, mocking quality, that seemed hardly human at all, or not, at any rate to be characteristic of a being of affice. tions and limitations like unto ours. But this impression of mine was fostered, no doubt, by the unusual and uncanny circumstance of the occasion.

of Ethelind Fionguala.

"As she spoke she rose to her feet, and pointed to the inscription on the stone. bent forward, and was able, without much ditticulty, to decipher the name, and a date which indicated that the occupant of the grave must have entered the disembodied state between two and three centuries

" 'And who are you?' was my next ques-

"'I'm called Elsie, she replied. 'But where would your honor be going November-eve?"

"I mentioned my destination, and asked her whether she could direct me thither.

" Indeed, then, 'tis there I'm going myself,' Elsie replied; 'and if your honor'ill follow me, and play me a tune on the pretty instrument, 'tisn't long we'll be on the

"She pointed to the banjo which I carried wrapped up under my arm. How she knew that it was a musical instrument I could not imagine; possibly, I thought, she may have seen me playing on it as I strolled about the environs of the town. Be that as it may, I offered no opposition to the bargain, and further intimated that I would reward her more substantially on our arrival. At that she laughed again, and made a peculiar gesture with her hand above her head. I uncovered my banjo, swept my fingers across the strings, and struck into a iantastic dance measure, to the music of which we proceeded along the path, Elsie slightly in advance, her feet keeping time to the airy measure. In fact, she trod so lightly, with an elastic, undulating movement, that with a little more it seemed as if she might float onward like a spirit. The extreme whiteness of her feet attracted my eyes, and I was surprised to find that instead of being lare, as I had supposed, these were incased in white satin slippers quaintly embroidered in gold thread. "'Elsie,' said I, lengthening my steps so as to come up with her, 'where do you live, and what do you do for a living?"

"'Sure, I live by myself,' she answered; 'and if you'd be after knowing how, you must come and see for yourself.

" 'Are you in the habit of walking over the hills in shoes like that?'

"'And why should I not?' she asked, in her turn. 'And where did your honor get the pretty gold ring on your finger?'

"The ring, which was of no great intrinsic value, had struck my eye in an old curiosity shop in Cork. It was an antique of very old-fashioned design, and might have belonged (as the vendor assured me was the case) to one of the early kings or queens of Ireland.

" Do you like it?' said I.

"'Will your honor be after making a present of it to Elsie?' she returned. with an insinuating tone and turn of the

" 'Maybe I will, Elsie, on ore condition. I am an artist; I make pictures of people. If you will promise to come to my studio and let me paint your portrait, I'll give you the ring, and some money besides.

"And will you give me the ring now?" said Eisie.

"'Yes, if you'll promise." " 'And will you play the music to me?'

she continued.

" 'As much as you like.' "'But maybe I'll not be handsome enough for ye,' said she, with a glance of her

eyes beneath the dark hood.

"'I'll take the risk of that,' I answered. laughing, 'though all the same I don't mind taking a peep beforehand to remember you by.' So saying, I put forth a hand to draw back the concealing hood. But Elsie elnded me, I scarce know how, and laughed a third time, with the same airy, mocking cadence.

"Give me the ring first, and then you

shall see me,' she said, coaxingly.

be so suspicious.' "She held out a slender, delicate hand,

on the forefinger of which I slipped the ring. As I did so, the folds of her cloak fell a little apart, affording me a limps of white shoulder and of a dress that seemed in that deceptive semi-darkness to be rought of rich and costly material; and I caught, too, or so I fancied, the frosty sparkle of pre-

cious stones.

Elsie, in a sudden, sharp tone, " I looked around, and became aware for the first time that we were standing near the middle of a ruined bridge which spanned a rapid stream that flowed at a considerable depth below. The parapet of the bridge on one side was broken down, and I must have been, in fact, in imminent danger of stepping over into empty air. I made my way cautiously across the decaying structure; but when I turned to assist Elsie, she was nowhere to be seen.

"What had become of the girl? I called, but no answer came. I gazed about on every side, but no trace of her was visible. Unless she had plunged into the narrowabyss at my feet, there was no place where she could have concealed herself-none at least that I could discover. She had vanished, nevertheless; and since her disappearance must have been premeditated, I finally came to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to find her. She would present herself again in her own good time, or not atall. and sinister a place. Involuntarily I paused | She had given me the slip very cleverly, and was nerhaps worth the ring.

"On resuming my way, I was not a little 'y shadowed her face that I was unable to | relieved to find that I once more knew where I was. The bridge that I had just crossed was none other than the one I mentioned some time back ; I was within a mile of the town, and my way lay clear before me. The moon, moreover, had now quite dispersed the clouds, and shone down with exquisite brilliancy. Whatever her other failings, Elsie had been a trustworthy guide; she had brought me out of the depth of elf. land into the material world again. It had been a singular adventure, certainly; and l mused over it with a sense of mysterious pleasure as I sauntered along, humming snatches of airs, and accompanying myself on the strings. Hark! what light step was that behind me? It sounded like Elsie's; but no, Elsie was not there. The same impression or hallucination, however, recurred several times before I reached the outskirts of the town-the tread of an airy foot behind or beside my own. The fancy did not make me nervous: on the contrary, I was pleased with the notion of being thus haunt-"'Sure, sir,' she said, 'you're at the grave | ed, and gave myself up to a romantic and genial vein of rev. rie.

"After passing one or two roofless and moss-grown cottages, I entered the narrow and rambling street which leads through the town. The street a short distance down widens a little, as if to afford the wayfarer space to observe a remarkable old house that stands on the northern side. The house was built of stone, and in a noble style of architecture; it reminded me somewhat of certain valaces of the old Italian nobility that I had een on the Continent, and it may very probably haue been built by one of the Italian or Spanish immigrants of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The moulding of the projecting windows and arched doorway was richly carved, and upon the front of the building was an escutcheon wrought in high relief, though I could not make out the purport of the device. The moonlight falling upon this picturesque pile enhanced all its beauties, and at the same time made it seem like a vision that might dissolve away when the light ceased to shine. I must often have seen the house before, and yet I retained no definite recollection of it; I had never until now examined it with my eyes open, so to speak. Leaning against the wall on the opposite side of the street, I contemplated it for a long while at my leisure. The window at the corner was really a very fine and hassive affair. It projected over the pavement below; throwing a neavy shadow aslant; the frames of the diamondpaned lattices were heavily mullioned. How often in past ages had that lattice been pushed open by some fair hand, revealing to a lover waiting beneath in the moonlight the charming countenance of his high-born mistress ! Those were brave days. They had. passed away long since. The great house had stood empty for who could tell how many years; only bats and vermin were its inhabitants. Where now were those who had built it? and who were they? Prob-

ably the very name of them was forgotten. "As I continued to stare upward, however, a corjecture presented itself to my mind which rapidly ripened into a conviction. Was not this the house that Dr. Dudeen had described that very evening as having been formerly the abode of the Kern of Guerin and his mysterious bride? There was the projecting window, the arched doorway. Yes, beyond a doubt this was the very house. I emitted a low exclamation of renewed interest and pleasure, and my speculations took a still more imaginative,

but also a more definite turn. "What had been the fate of that lovely lady after the Kern had brought her home insensible in his arms? Did she recover? and were they married and made happy ever after? or had the sequel been a tragic one? I remembered to have read that the victims of vampires generally became vampires themselves. Then my thoughts went back to that grave on the hill-side. Surely that was unconsecrated ground. Why had they buried her there? Ethelind of the white shoulder! Ah! why had not I lived in those days? or why might not some magic cause them to live again for me? Then would I seek this street at midnight. and standing here beneath her window, I would lightly touch the strings of my bandore until the casement opened cautiously and she looked down. A sweet vision indeed! And what prevented my realizing it? Only a matter of a couple of centuries or so. And was time, then, at which poets and philosophers sneer, so rigid and real a matver that a little faith and imagination might not overcome it? At all events, I had my banjo, the bandere's legitimate and lineal descendant, and the memory of Fionguala should have the love ditty.

ment, I launched forth into an oli Spanish set to music of my own. I sang low, for "Stretch out your hand, then, returned the deserted street re-echoed the lightest I, removing the ring from my finger. When sound, and what I sang must reach only my upon the forelinger of her we are better acquainted, Rister you want lady's ears. The words were warm with the gleam of an antique ring. fire of the ancient Spanish chivalry, and I threw into their expression all the passion of manded.

Surely Fionguala, the lovers of romance. would hear and the white shouldered, a ken from er sleep of centuries an the thiced casement and loc down ! list fee yonder! What night what shadow is that that seems to flit from room to room within the abandoned house, and now approaches the mullioned window ? "Arrah, mind where ye tread!" said Are my eyes dazz'ed by the play of the moonlight, or does the casement move-does it open! Nay, this is no delusion; there is no error of the senses here. There is simply woman, young, besutitul, and richly attired, bending forward from the window, and silently beckoning me to ap-

proach. "Too much amazed to be conscious of amazement, I advanced until I stood directly beneath the casement, and the lady's face, as she stooped toward me, was not more than twice a man's height from my own. She smiled and kissed her finger-tips; something white fluttered in her hand, then fell through the air to the ground at my feet. The next moment she had withdrawn, and I heard the lattice close.

"I picked up what she had let fall; it was a delicate lace handkerchief, tied to the handle of an elaborately wrought bronze key. It was evidently the key of the house, and invited me to enter. I loosened it from the handkerchief, which bore a faint, delicious perfume, like the aroma of flowers in an ancient garden, and turned to the arched I must make the best of it. The adventure | doorway. I felt no misgiving, and scarcely any sense of strangeness. All was as I had wished it to be, and as it should be; the mediaval age was alive once more, and as for myself, I almost felt the velvet coat hanging from my shoulder and the long rapier dangling at my belt. Standing in front of the door I thrust the key into the lcck, turned it, and felt the bolt yield. The next instant the door was opened, apparently from within; I stepped across the threshold, the door closed again, and I was alone in the house, and in darkness.

"Not alone, however! As I extended my hand to grope my way it was met by another hand, soft, slender, and cold, which insinuated itself gently into mine and drew me forward. Forward I went, nothing loath; the darkness was impenetrable, but I could hear the light rustle of a dress close to me, and the same delicious perfume that had emanated from the handkerchief enriched the air that I breathed, while the little hand that clasped and was clasped by my own alternately tightened and halt relaxed the hold of its soft cold finger. In this manner, and treading lightly, we traversed what I presumed to be a long, irregular passage way, and ascended a staircase. Then another corridor, until finally we paused, a door opened, emitting a flood of soft light, into which we entered, still hand in hand. The darkness and the doubt were at an

"The room was of imposing dimensions, and was furnished and decorated in a style of antique splendor. The walls were draped with mellow hues of tapestry; clusters of candles burned in polished silver sconces, and were reflected and multiplied in tall mirrors placed in the four corners of the room. The heavy beams of the dark oaken ceiling crossed each other in squares, and were laboriously carved; the curtains and the drapery of the chairs were of heavy figured damask. At one end of the room was a broad ottoman, and in front of it a table, on which was set forth, in massive silver | history is as amusing as remarkable, and crystal beakers. At the side was a deep and vast fire-place with space enough on the broad hearth to burn whole trunks of trees. No fire, however, was there, but only a great heap of dead embers; and the room, for all its magnificence, was cold—cold as a tomb, or as my lady's hand—and it sent a subtle chill creeping to my heart.

"But my lady! how fair she was! gave one passing glance at the room; my eyes and my thoughts were all for her. She was dressed in white, like a bride; diamonds sparkled in her dark hair and on her snowy bosom; her lovely face and slender lips were pale, and all the paler for the dusky glow of her eyes. Sha gazed at me with a strange, elusive smile; and yet there was, in her respect and bearing, something familiar in the midst of strangeness, like the burden of a song heard long ago and recalled among other conditions and surroundings. It seemed to me that something in me recognized her and knew her, had known her always. She was the woman of whom I had dreamed, whom I had beheld in visions, whose voice and face had haunted me from my boyhood up. Whether we had ever met before, as human beings meet, I knew not; perhaps I had been blindly seeking her over the world, and she had been awaiting me in this splendid room, sitting by those dead embers until all the warmth had gone out of her blood, only to be restored by the heat with which my love

might supply her. "'I thought you had forgotten me,' she said, nodding as if in answer to my thought. 'The night was so late—our one night of the year! How my heart rejoiced when I heard your dear voice singing the song I knew so!

Kiss me-my lips are cold !' "Cold indeed they were—cold as the lips of death. But the warmth of my own seemed to revive them. They were now tinged with a faint color, and in her cheeks also appeared a delicate shade of pink. She drew fuller breath, as one who recovers from a long lethargy. Was it my life that was feeding her? I was ready to give her all. She drew me to the table and pointed to the viands and the wine,

" Eat and drink, she said. You have travelled far, and you need food.' " 'Will you eat and drink with me?' said

I. pouring out the wine. ". You are the only nourishment I want,' was her answer. 'This wine is thin and cold. Give me wine as red as your blood and as warm, and I will drain the goblet to

the dregs.' "At these words, I know not why, a slight shiver passed through me. She seemed to gain vitality and strength at every instant, but the chill of the great room struck into me more and more.

"She broke into a fantastic flow of spir-"Hereupon, having retuned the instru- its, clapping her hands, and dancing about me like a child. Who was she? And was love song, which I had met with in some I myself, or was she mocking me when she monldy library during my tracels, and had implied that we had belonged to each other of old? At length she stood still before me. crossing her hands over her breast, L saw. sound and what I sang must reach only my upon the foreinger of her right hand the

" Where did you get that ring?' . I de-

"She shook her head and laughed. Have you been faithful?' she asked 'It is my It is the ring of the Kern—the fairy ring, and I am your Ethelind-Etheliad Fiongu.

"S be it,' I sai l, c sting aside all doubt and fear, and yielding myself wholly to the spell of her inscrutable eyes and wooing lips. 'You are mine, and I am yours, and let us

be happy while the hours last.' " You are mine, and I am yours,' she repeated, midding her head with an elfish smile. 'Come and sit beside me, and sing that sweet song again that you sang to me so long ago. 'Ah, now I shall live a hundred years.

"We seated ourselves on the ottoman. and while she nestled luxuriously among the cushions, I took my banjo and sang to her. The song and the music resounded through the lofty room, and came back in throbbing echoes. And before me as I sang I saw the face and form of Ethelind Fionguals, in her jewelled bridal dress, gazing at me with burning eyes. She was pale no longer, but ruddy and warm, and life was like a flame within her. It was I who had become cold and bloodless, yet with the last life that was in me I would have sung to her of love that can never die. But at length my eyes grew dim, the room seemed to darken, the form of Ethelind alternately brightened and waxed indistinct, like the last flickerings of a fire; I swayed towards her, and felt myself lapsing into unconsiousness, with my head resting on her white shoulder."

Here Keningale paused a few moments in his story, flung a fresh log upon the fire, and then continued

"I awoke, I know not how long afterward. I was in a vast empty room in a ruined building. Rotten shreds of drapery depended from the walls, and heavy festoon; of spiders' webs gray with dust covered the win lows, which were destitute of glass or sasn : they had been boarded up with rough planks which had themselves become rotten with age, and admitted through their holes and crevices pallid rays of light and chilly draughts of air. A bat, disturbed by these rays or by my own movement, detached himself from his hold on a remnant of mouldy tapestry near me, and after circling dizzily round my head, wheeled the flickernoiselessness of his flight into a darker corner. As I arose unsteadily from the heap of miscellaneous rubbish on which I had been lying, something which had been resting across my knees fell to the floor with a rattle. I picked it up, and found it to be my banjo-as you see it now.

"Well, that is all I have to tell. My health was seriously impaired; all the blood seemed to have been drawn out of my veins; I was pale and haggard, and the chill- Ah, that chill," murmured Keningale, drawing nearer to the fire, and spreading out his hands to catch the warmin-"I shall never get over it; I shall carry it to my grave."-Harper's Monthly

A GHOST STORY.

Told by a Woman in the Witness Box. An Erie, Pa., despatch says :- Seldom has a trial in the Common Pleas possessed such a reculiar interest as that of Teresa Condron vs. James Young, which has just closed with a verdict for the plaintiff. Her dishes, a sumptuous repast, with wines in | from her earnestness, it is evident she belives every word of it. Ten years ago Michael Condron, a farmer of considerable means, died in Summit township. A few days before his death he made a will, bequeathing his farm and all his estate that he could will away to the Lishop of Erie, in trust for the Catholic Church. His second wife protested against this disposition of his property. but the dying man executed the will. He died three days after and dying within thirty days of making the will he defeated its purpose, and the Caurch could not inherit. The wife came into sole possession, her husband having no known relatives, and in a short time she married again. Death claimed her in a few months, and she bequeathed her husband's lands to a member of her own family. This person took possession and lived on the farm without interruption until a year ago, when a little old woman, from Ireland, turned up as a claimant to the estate. This was Teresa Condron, the sister of the dead Condron, and the plaintiff in the suit just tried before Judge Galbraith. Her story, told with clearness and without the slightest consciousness of absurdity, is that a year and a half ago, while serving as housekeeper to the Adjutant General of Ireland, residing in Dublin, she was startled by an apparition wearing the form of her brother Michael, who went away to America when he was still a young man. The wraith advanced, and with a mournful air said he could not rest in his grave away off in Erie, Pa., until a great wrong had been righted. Taking her hand he told her he was her brother who had been absent so many years; that he had acquired property in the United States, and, having died, could not enjoy the peace and tranquility of the grave until his farm was wrested from the usurper and given to his own flesh and blood. He commanded her if she loved him, to proceed to America and oust Young, who, the ghost said, had enjoyed anlawful possession for eight years. The year that her neighbor across the way hired spirit exacted a solemn promise that she done at three dollars per week, baside carwould carry out his request and melted away ing for a large family of children. And in the air before her. in the air before her. She thought it was a dream, but the wraith appeared again on several occasions and implored her to go to Erie and save his spirit from the inquietude that had taken possession of it. He told her frauds had been committed, and instructed her to appeal to the courts. Having convinced herself that she was really being haunted by the ghost of her dead brother, she gave up her position, sold her effects, and came to the States to carry out his wishes. Her story was received as the ravings of a crank, and it was thought that she ought to be confined as a lunatic. She commenced her suit, and by dint of untiring energy she succeeded in bringing to light certain facts that impressed the court, and resulted in convincing the jury that fraud had certainly been perpetrted. It was upon these cold facts discovered that the jury were instructed to deal without regard to the old lady's ghost story. They gave Miss Teresa a verdict,

and she took formal possession of the farm,

and, as she thinks, gave peace to her

brother's spirit. She regards the jurors as

the saviours of her poor dead brother, and

preposes to publish a card of thanks in be-

half of the ghost.

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Worry.

The disposition to worry is partly a mat. ter of temperam n and partly a matter of habit, often partly of both temperament and habit. Some people seem born to be in a worry all the time, others seem never to take anything seriously to heart; still others worry just enough to escape convingent troubles. Where worrying is a matter of temperament, the cultivation of sound philosophy with regard to the ordinary affairs of life may do much to check it. fight and biding a me of the wisdom and goodness of God will serve as an autidote to it, but the removal of legitimate causes of worry will not help matters at all. The battle is to be fought in on 3's own soul, and it matters little how slight the precipitat. ing cause may be. One big worry will cure many little ones, as one big sorrow swallows up all lesser on is. Where Worry. ing is a matter of habit, the only wise thing to do is to break the habit by forming one in the opposite direction.

If we planned our lives curselves, we might have good cause to worry. We try to plan them, but our plans are continually overruled and overborne by a power above us. We "know not what a day may bring forth," and we know that the days are full of surprises, and what we had not expected continually happens. It is right that we should daily take our bearings and see that we are steering in the proper direction; but having done this, keeping ourselves so is enough to occupy us, an twe have no time to worry over dangers already passed, or such as may be waiting us. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Each one of us has just enough capital -intellectual, moral, spiritual, physicaiand no more, to operate with in the it's given to us. So much of this as is needed! each day's work we should invest, and allow the rest to accumulate, wasting house it, but investing it as it is called for b, the exigencies of life. As life goes on we shall have ample opportunity to invest all cusurplus of whatever sort, and whatever wa waste, both principals and interest will subtracted from the sum total of our life end. If all the time and all the spiritual and intellectual force wasted in worry were summed up, what a grant total would it amount to! If to this all the time and power lost by the depressing effect of worrying upon the vital powers were aided how would that grant total be swelled; Hours and days are thrown away in worry. ing over the future trouble that never comes, and the past trouble that can never be changed; and while we thus waste our cap: tal of vitality, instead of providing positive good for ourselves, real troubles overtake us and give us more things to worry over.

Neither worry nor repentance for sin w... remove, in this life, all the consequences of its commission These one must bear as well as he may. When we confess and insake sin we are promised forgiveness: but we are not promised immunity from the results of our transgression, at least from some of the results in this lite, and instead of worrying over this we should rather set ourselves to bearing it with fortitude, a. "turning it into the nutriment of virtue." Doubtless Moses repented taking the life of that tyranical Ezyptian, and we care doubt but that he was forgiven, but he spent forty years in the desert because of it. ". know David repented of the murder of Uriah, and was forgiven, but the "swar. usver departed from his house," and the lives of his four sons were required for the one life of Uriah.

St. Paul never forgot that he had call persecuted the church, and was "more abutdant" in labor to establish it because he had tried to destroy it. The alcohol drankati. the opium drunkard, the glutton, the debatchee, may never be able to repair the injuries they have done themselves, their ofspring, their fellows, by their violations of the laws of life, but when they have left of their evil ways and given all that is left of them to walking in right ways, worry over the past consumes, the strength they need to live well in the present, and is pure. wasteful. Taey must be content to take up the song of life in a lower key, perhaps in a minor key, and sing it as well as they may. They must be content to walk along the lower levels of life and leave the scaling of heights to those whose vital energies nave not been sapped by includgence in evil

It is necessary that we should make precaution; against evil; that we should look out and provide for contingencies; that we should make the ordinary preparations for what is in the nature of things that is like. ly to come to us, an I having done this, the next best thing is to await the coming events with serenity and presence of mind. Worrying will only upset us, waste our powers, distort our mental vision, and put us in such a state of min l as will effectually prevent the best use of our faculties. - Home Interest Dept. N. Y. Tribune.

Her Wages.

Many faithful and hard-working wives earn their own livelihood over and over by their unremitting household labor, yet they receive not a penny for it. I have known a woman to do the same amount of work in ? what wages did she get? Just enough to keep her from freezing, and not a glove if collar even found its way to her wardrobe And yet her husband was just as well of as her neighbor, but, said he, "I never allow my money to slip through my fingers without knowing what it goes for." Winst there was anything needed in the house at got it, and if his wife was not suited water fault was it? He said that cheap Jones was his patron saint, and he was too saint sighted to see that the best was the cheap est; too bigoted to believe that his wife; judgment was better than his in any scen matters. I never knew her to have a do. lar she could call her ownr lispoiea on the subject, he would say that would did not understand the use of money. have no doubt but that many men who reathis, have been in the habit of dividing tie money received from the proceeds of their united labor, but there are hundreds who cram the well-filled pocket-book down into the deepest pocket with a self-satisfied air that seems to say plainer than words: all mine," and long before all the plans he tris been forming for its use are carried out. the poor pocket-book is entirely empty.

Athlette Girls. The blush of health is on the periodis writes Clara Bell-ports The pretension is that there by rugged physical tra the summer outing-that she lawn tennis, pedestrian ited, trienated so much that the n truly indicative of rich, rushin a matter of fact, it may have rouge has sudden'y increas pearl powder is corresponding the market. It is not more th \_nay, not so much \_since gh considered desirable. Even pl earthly creatures whitened th shaded with black under their themselves look like Camille model is the roseate milkmail is it deplorable to be strong.

is despised and muscle is exce "Feel that," said a friend a parlor after her season out o She put my hand on her ar tween the elbow and the s skin was as smooth and white a single thickness of lace, ar ness was charming.

"Grip hard," she command I clasped the arm with bot ste shut her fist and drew to her shoulder. Under n such a bunch of muscles as I fore, except when hanging partner in a waltz. This gir ing daily all summer. The hands are calloused, and sh gloves a whole size bigger th but she is elated, all the sam lift so much as a cup of tea ing to bring up that muscle : saw her writing a letter a biceps show through the sle at every stroke of the pen. "And look at this," she s

together in her boudoir. W called my attention to was walking across the room, th muscles in her calves was vi face of her stockings!

"What a pity you're not in the ballet, instead of in t remarked. "You are only envious,"

"Not a bit of it," I repl any desire to be an athlete. won't be able to keep you the winter." "Won't I, Clara Belle ?"

into an adjoining closet. will do it, me guyrl.

Perhaps some of my rea tivate their muscle, and so make the apparatus which You can almost fix it yours ments are two pulleys, two dow weights, a strong cord plank with two holes in it. run through tde holes in th pend the weights. The ex by pulling at the ends of the to assume all sorts of p bring the whole muscular There isn't a great amount deed, I should say that board would be a delight pared to it, but fashion ma and something or other i poses-from dumb-bells chine-is the thing nov chamber.

The Tiger a Model

There is no nensense al

there is about the lion. imposing on poets. Wo like, pretend they are on from want of a better bri lion swagger as if he we than a very large cat; b descends to such prevari self up for better than h spect for qualities which not possess. There is n anything he does. All l the surface. "I am." oughly downright wild don't like me you must mesn while you had be way." There is no I of superior "intelligence they are met with in make-believe for the pu the traveller with their nimity, or waste time li fluous roarings, shaking ing kingly," On the control and candidly, they are. They either with every confession own fine outspoken way when they it as if the liked it, c about it -as the licu, t us away slowly ti of sight, and then bot houn i wasting time tudes or in trying They have no ide If they mean to go, ning, and don't for a right to the may be out other hand, they mea the stranger very little standing their intention fere deserves to be

> Magazine. Choked wi A singular fatalit Hillgate, Stockport Hannah Sykes, fifty wife of John Sykes, Line. The unfortun tected with paralysis ped at a stall to pur swallowed the first tempting a second s ger and fall to the g instantly conveyed reached there it v dead, death no

through suffocation.

and keeps it, doing

has given him to do w

has only one end for

it, the this he g

magaifident energies.

erb capabilities for ta

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in this one direction.

for an instant that he

liging in the face of

to be thought any