BY MARY E. WILKINS.

The long, low, red painted cottage was raised above the levil of the street on an embenkment separated into two terraces. Steep stone steps led up the terraces. They were covered with green slimy moss, and little ferns and weeds sprung out of every crack. A walk of flat slate stones led from them to the front door, which was painted green, sagged on its hinges, and had a brass

knocker on it. The whole yard and the double banks were covered with a tall waving crop of red timothy and herds-grass and red and white clover. It was in the height of having-

A grassy wheel track 'lay round the side of the house to the barn dashed with

streaks of red paint. Off to the left stretched some waving pasture-land, a garden patch marked by bean holes and glancing corn blades, and a long row of bee-hives showing in the midst

of it. A rusty open buggy and a lop-eared white horse stood in the drive opposite the side door of the house.

An elderly woman with a green cotton umbrella over her head sat in the buggy placidly waiting. She had a flattish black straw bonnet with purple strings, and wore a dull green silk shawl sprinkled with little bright palm leaves over her broad shoul-

She had a large smiling face, crinkly gray hair, and quite a thick white beard cropped close on her double chin.

The side door stood open, and a young woman kept coming out, bringing pails and round wooden boxes, which she stowed away in the buggy, in back and under the seat. She was a little round-shouldered, her face with its thick, dull-colored complex. ion was like her mother's, just as pleasant and smiling, only with a suggestion of shrewd sense about it which the older's woman's did not have.

When the pails and boxes were all in the buggy, she locked the door, got in herself, and drove carefally out of the yard.

The read along which they proceeded lay between waving grain fields. The air was full of the rattle of mowing-machines this morning; nearly every field had its broad | apology. furrows where they had passed.

The old white horse jogged slowly along; the two women sat behind him in silence, | ing. the older one gazing about her with placid interest, the younger one apparently absorbed in her own thoughts. She was calculating how much her butter and eggs and berries would bring in Bolton, the large market town towards which they were travel'ing.

Every week Inez Morse and her mother | with me?" drove there to sell the produce of their little farm. Her father had died three years before; ever since, the daughter had carried on the farm, hiring very little help. There was a six hundred dollar mortgage on | Young men had never much partiality for it, which she was trying to pay up. It was slow work, though they saved every penny | She had never realized that she cared, bethey could, and denied themselves even the fruit of their own land.

which her bees made. She and her mother | mother's simplicity about her, though it was scarcely tasted it; it all went into the Bolton markets.

to say, "the day the mortgage is paid off want it so much, but she felt as if it was when he was able to be about, just before we'll have wa'm biscuit and honey for sup- such a dreadful extravagance. At last she he gave up; I was out in the garden pick-

the delicacies which they could not keep for their own er joyment, Incz would tell her to never mind-by and-by they would eat their own honey. The remark grew into a sort of household proverb for them.

The mother felt the privations much | the concert day. more keenly than the daughter. She was one of those women for whom these simple animal pleasures form a great part of life. She had not much resource in her mind. The payment of the mortgage did not afford her the keen delight in anticipation that it did Inez; she was hardly capable of it, though she would be pleased enough when the time came. Now she though more about eating the honey. However, she had never grumbled at any of her daughter's management. In her opinion, Inez always

did about right. When they reached Bolton, Inez drove about the village from house to house, selling her wares at the doors, while her mother sat in the buggy and held the horse. She had a good many regular costomers; her goods were always excellent, and gave satisfaction, though she had the name of being a trifle exacting in her bargains, and asking as much as she possibly could.

To day one of her customers in making | had never had. change did not give her enough by a cent. Inez, when she discovered it, drove back a quarter of a mile to have the error recti-

it is queer that I came back for one cent," with slow dignity, "but cents are my dollars."

"Yes, I suppose so," assented the woman, hastily changing her expression.

Inez driving through Bolton streets, looks at the girls of her own age whom she met in their pretty street suits in grave feminine | she to herself. admiration. She had never had anything but the very barest necessaries in the way of clothes herself. Lately a vain desire had crept into her heart for a bright ribbon bow to wear at the throat, as some of those girls did. She never dreamed of gratifying the desire, but it remained. She thought of it so much that, before she knew, she mentioned it to her mother on her way home. "Mother," said she, "a red ribbon bow

with long ends like those girls wore would be pretty for me wouldn't it ?" Her mother stared at her in amazement. It did not sound like Inez. "Real pretty.

child," she said. "I'd hev one ef I was you : you're young, an' you want sech things, I hed 'em when I was a girl." "Oh no, mother," cried Inez, hastily. "Of

course I never thought of such a thing really. I only spoke of it. We've got to wait till the morgage is paid to eat our honey, you know."

That evening after the mother and daughter had eaten their supper, and were sitting knock at the door. Inez answered it. Willy Linfield stood | nees.

there. "How do you do, Willy ?" said she.

"Pretty well, thanky, Inez."

dered what he wanted, and why he did no tell his errand.

"Nice evening," said he finally. "Beautiful." Then there was another pauce. young fellow stood on one foot, then on the

other, and got red in the face. Inez could not imagine why he did not tell her what he wanted. At last she grew

"Did your mother want to buy some eggs, Willy ?" she asked. "No-o," he faultered, looking rather taken

aback. "I don't-she does-leastways she didn't say snything about it," "Was it butter, then ?" "No-I guess not. I rather think she's

got plenty. Inez started at him in growing amazement -what did he want? He was a fairly complexioned young man,

and he looked as if the blood was fa'rly bursting through his face. "Good-night, Inez," said he finally.

"Good-night, Willy," she responded. Then he walked off. Inez went into the kitchen, entirely mystified. She told her mother about it. "What

do you suppose he wanted?" asked she. Mrs. Morse was an obtuse woman, but Inez's father had come courting her in bygone days. She caught the clew to the mystery quicker than her daughter.

"Why, I guess he comes to see you Inez, most likely. "Come to see me! Why, what for?"

"Why, 'cause he wanted to. Why does any feller go to see a girl?" It was Inez turn to color then. never thought of such a thing as that," said she. "I don't believe it, mother."

"He did, sure's preachin'." "I never thought of asking him to come in. I guess you are mistaken, mother. Nobody ever came to see me so.'

Inez kept thinking about it uneasily. It was a new uneasiness for her. The next day she met Willy Linfield in the village store. She stepped up to him at

"Willy," said she, "I didn't ask you to come in last night, and I thought p'rhaps, afterward, I'd ought to. I never thought of your wanting to come in. I supposed

you'd come on an errand." The young fellow had looked stiff and offended when she first approached him. but it was impossible to doubt her honest

"Well, I kinder thought of making a little call on you, Inez," he owned, color-

"I'm very sorry, then ; but no young man ever came to see me before, and I never on, with a passion which was totally fothought of such a thing."

She looked into his face pleasantly. He gained courage. "Say, Inez," said he, "the bell-ringers are going to perform in the hall to-morrow night. Would you like to go

"Yes, I'd like to. Thank you, Willy." Inez was not easily perturbed, but she went home now in a flutter. Such a thing as this had never happened to her before. her. Now she was exceedingly pleased. cause she had not had the experience of other girls; but now her girlish instincts Inez had a mild joke about the honey | awoke. She really had a good deal of her redremed by native shrewdness.

Now she began to revolve in her mind "I tell you what "tis mother,' Inez used again the project of the red ribbon. She did decided to get it. She actually looked pale | ing peas, and he was there with his cane. Whenever her mother looked wistfully at | and scared when she stood at the counter in the little millinery shop buying it.

> She went home with it feeling a guilty delight, and showed it to her mother, and told her of Willy Lindfield's invitation. She had not before. This was the afternoon of

got a beau, Inez, as sure as preachin', an' the red ribbon's beautiful."

Inez could not rid herself of the guilty feeling, however. She gave her mother a body knows what's going to be to hinder piece of honey comb for her supper. "It my keeping my promise to father. Willy ain't fair for me to be buying ribbon out of the mortgage money, and mother have nothing,', said she to herself. 'So she must have the honey, and that makes two things | help herself a little, but she can't do much

But when Inez, with the crisp red bow at | able to work, and Willy's got to look out her throat, followed her escort awkardly for her. Then I've got you. And there through the lighted hall, and sat by his side | might be more still to do for in the listening to the crystal notes of the bell- course of two or three years; nobody knows. ringers, the worry about the ribbon and the | If I marry Willy now, I shall never pay off weight of the mortgage seemed to slip for a | the mertgage that I promised poor father 1 moment from her yourg, bowed shoulders. | would, and I ain't going to do it. It'll take She hardly though of them, only to look at just three years to pay it every cent ; and some other girls with ribbons, and to be then I'll marry him, if he's willing to wait. glad she had one too. She was making a If the mortgage was just for me, I wouldn't grasp for a few minutes at the girl-hood she | care, though I don't think it would be very

The concert was Wednesday. Saturday she and her mother drove to Bo'ton to sell jest right about the mortgage, Inez," she their butter and eggs again. When they got home, Inez opened the parlor, which as preachin'." The woman looked amused and a trifle | was never used, and swept and dusted it. contemptuous when she asked her for the | It was a grand apartment to her and her missing penny. Inez saw it. "You think mother. It had never been opened since her father's funeral. When she first unclosed the door to-day she seemed to see the long coffin in the middle of the floor, at times a perfect agony of pity in her heart where it had rested then.

> had troubles do see coffins afterward, even for him now. When she thought over how when they're happy, I suppose," muttered he had toiled and worried and denied him

Then she went to work. There was a large mahogany bureau in one corner of the room; some flat bottomed chairs stood stifflly around ; there was an old-fashioned card- | dull father working all his life for such a table, with Mrs. Hemans's poems and the best lamp in a bead lamp mat on it, be- ed her. tween the two front windows. A narrow gilt-fra med looking-glass hung over it.

in. "What air you doing on, Inez?" she asked, in wonder.

Willy Linfield said—he might—drop in a why she dressed so poorly, and would not while Sunday night." Inez did not look at | mind. "It brings the time when we can her mother. Somehow she felt more ashamed before her than she would have before a smarter woman.

a new wick in that lamp, Inez."

ly. She was delighted herself, but see felt mortgage, and she was so jubilant over that in the kitchen in the twilight, there came a angry with her mother for showing so much that she was hopeful about everything else. clation ; it seemed to cheapen her happi-

went to Sabbath-school after the morning Willy had not been near her for three victims to the vicitation in Paris alone. In ing gravely at the young man. She won- her own age. She had never felt, someway, church.

as if she was in the least one of their kind. She never had the things they had, or did anything which they were accostomed to do. To-day she looked at them with a feeling of kinship. She was a girl too. Three or four of them had lovers. Ines eyed them, and thought how she had one too, and he was coming to night as well as theirs.

She had work to do Sanday as well week-days. There were cows to milk and hens to feed. But she changed her dress after supper, and put on the new red ribbon bow. She picked a little nosegay of cinnamon roses out in the front yard (there were a few of these little dwarf roses half buried in the tall grass there), and arranged them in an old wine-glass on the parlor mantol. When she heard Willy's feet on the slate walk and his knock on the front door, her heart beat as it never had before. "There's your beau, Inez!" cried her

mother ; "he's come !" Ines was terribly affraid Willy would hear what her mother said : the windows were all open. She went to the door trembling, and asked him into the garnished parlor.

Mrs. Morse staid out in the kichen, The twilight deepened. She could hear the soft hum of voices in the parlor. "Inez is there courtin'," said she. "Her father an' me used to court, but it's all over. There's something queer about everything."

Willy Linfield came many Sunday night after that. It got to be said all around that Willy Linfield was "going" with Inez Morse. Folks wondered why he fancied her. He was a pretty, rather dandified young fellow, and Inez was so plain in her ways. He looks ten years older than such a thing." she, though she was about the same age. One Monday afternoon she told her moth-

er that Willy the night before had asked her to marry him. The two women sat at the kitchen windows resting. They had been washing and were just through. The kitchen floor was freshly scoured; everything looked damp and clean.

"You don't say so, Inez!" cried her mother, admiringly. "What did you tell him? Of course you'll have him; he's a real nice feller; an' I don't believe you'll again." get anybody else."

"I told him I'd have him if he'd wait three years for me to pay off the mortgage,' replied Inez, quietly.

"Did he say he would?" "Yes."

"It's a long time for a feller to wait," said her mother, shaking her head dubious-"I'm afraid you'll lose him Inez."

"Then I'll lose him," said Inez. "I'm going to pay off the mortgage before I marry any man. Mother, look here." she went reign to her, and showed how deeply she felt about the matter. "You know a little how I feel about that mortgage. You know how father felt about it."

"Yes, I know, Inez," said her mother, with a sob.

"Many's the time," Inez went on, "that father has talked about it to me over in the field there. He'd been trying all his life to get this place clear; he'd worked like a dog; we all worked and went without. But to save his life he couldn't pay it up within six hundred dollars. When the doctor told him he couldn't live many months longer, he fretted and fretted over it to me. I guess he always talked more about his troubles to me, mother, than he did to

"I guess he did, Inez." "Finally I told him one day-it was 'Inez,' said he, 'I've got to die an' leave that mortgage unpaid, an' I've been workin' ever since I was a young man to do it,' 'Father,' says I, 'don't you worry. I'll pay up that mortgage.' 'You can't, Inez,' says he. 'Yes I will,' says I; 'I promise you father.' It seemed to cheer him up. He "My ?" said her mother, elated, "you've | didn't fret so much about it to me afterwards, but he kept asking me if I shought I really could. I always said 'Yes.'

> "Now, mother, if I marry Willy now, no-'ain't got anything laid up, and he ain't very strong. Besides, he got his mother and sister to do for. Hattie's just beginning to for her mother yet. Mrs. Linfield ain't wiseanyway. But it's for father."

Mrs. Morse was crying. "I know you're honey. But I should think losin' your beau sobbed; "but you'll lose your beau as sure | honey."

Nevertheless, it seemed for a long time as if she would not. Willy kept faithful. He was a good sort of young fellow, and very fond of Inez, though he hardly entered into her feelings about the mortgage. There was over her father. It made no difference to She shuddered a little. "Folks that have her that all his earthly troubles were over self for the sake of owning their little far m clear, and then had to die without seeing it accomplished, it seemed as if she could not bear it. The pitiful spectacle of her poor

During the next three years she strained every nerve. She denied herself even more Mrs. Morse heard Inez at work, and came | than she had formerly. Sometimes she used to think her clothes were hardly fit for her to appear in beside Willy, he always "I just thought I'd slick up here a little. | looked so nice. But she thought he knew eat our honey together," she said.

Willy was faithful for a long time; but the last six monts of the third year he be-"My sakes, Inez, you don't say so ! You gan to drop off a little. Once and a while have got a beau as sure as preachin'. Your he would miss a Sunday night. Inex frettfather kept right on reg'lar, after we once ed over it a little ; but she did not really sat up a Sunday night. You'll have to put | think of doubting him, he had been constant to her so long. Besides, there was "I'll see to it mother," replied Inez, short- only one more payment to be made on the Still, it was not with an altogether light heart that she went to the lawyer's office Sunday, Inez went with her mother to one afternoon and made the last payment. church in the morning and afternoon. She She was not as happy as she anticipated.

Still she went straight to his house from the lawyer's office; that had been the old laughing burgain between them. She was to go and tell him the good news ; then he was to go home with her, and help est the festive supper of warm biscuit and honey.

She walked right in at the side door, and entered the sitting-room. She was familar with the place. In the sitting room sal Willy's mother and sister. They both started when they saw her. "Oh, mother, here she is !" cried Hattie,

without speaking to Inez. Inez's heart sauk, but she tried to speak naturally.

"Where's Willy?" asked she. bome from the shop ain't he? I've made the last poyment on the mortgage, and I've come to tell him.

The mother and daughter made no reply, but gazed at each other in silent distress, "Oh, Irez !" cried Hattie at length, as if she had nothing else to tay. "Come into the parlor a minute with me, Inez," she added, after a little.

Inez followed her trembling. Hattie shut the toor, and threw her arms around Inez, "Oh, Inez!" she cried again, and began weeping; "I don't know how to tell you. Willy has treated you awful mean. We've all talked to him, but it didn't do any good. Oh, Inez, I can't tell you! He's-gone over to West Dorset this afternoon-to get married ? Oh, Inez !"

"Who is he going to marry?" "Her name's Tower-Minnie Tower. Oh, Inez, we're so awful sorry! He hasn't known her long. We never dreamed of

"Never mind," said Inez, quietly. "Dm't take on so, Hattie. Perhaps its all for Langtry. the best."

"Why, don't you care, Inez?" There was a pitiful calm on Inez's dull was carried off to the hills by brigands and face. "There's no use fretting over what can't be helped," said she. "I don't think Willy has acted bad. I made him wait a long time."

"That was the trouble, Inez." "I couldn't help it. I should do it over

Inez took it so calmly that the other girl brightened. She had felt frightened and distressed over this, but she had not a very

deep nature. "Inez," said she, hesitatingly, when sh made a motion to go, "they've got a room fixed upstairs, you know; would you like to see it? It looks real pretty."

Inez shuddered. This fine stab served to pierce the deepest, though she knew the girl meant all right. "No, thank you, Hattie, I won't stop."

Inez was thankful when she got out in the air. She felt a little faint. She had to walk a mile before she reached home. Once she stopped and rested, sitting on a stone beside the road. She looked wearily around at the familiar landscape.

"The mortgage is paid," said she, "but I'll never eat my honey."

Her mother was watching at the kitchen window for her when she entered the yard. "Is it paid, Inez?" asked she, eagerly, he lost his life. when the door opened. "Every cent, mother," replied the daughter, kissing her-something she seldom did;

she was not given to caresses. "Where's your beau?" was the next question. "I thought you was going to bring

"He ain't coming, mother. He's gone ove to West Dorset to get married." "Inez Morse, you don't mean to say so

You don't mean you've really lost your beau? Wa'al I told you you would.' Mrs. Morse sat down and began to cry. Inez had taken her things off, and now she was getting out the moulding-board and some

"Wat air you doin' on, Inez?"

"I'm making the warm biscuits for supper, mother, to eat with the honey." "You ain't goin' to make warm biscuit when you've lost your beau?" "I don't see how that need to cheat us out

"I do declar', I don't believe you mind it a bit," said the poor simple mother, her sorrow for her daughter lighting up a little. "I don't care so much but what I've got enough comfort left to live on, mother."

of our supper we've talked about all these

"Wa'al, I'm glad you can look at it so, Inez, but you air a queer girl " The biscuit were as light as puffs. Inez's face was as cheerful as usual, when she and her mother sat down at the little table, with the biscuit and golden honey-comb in a clear

glass dish between them. The mother lookplacidly happy. She was delighted that Inez could "take it so." But when she saw her help herself to the biscuit and honey, she said again: "You air a queer girl, Inez, I know the mortgage is paid, an' I only wish your poor father knew, an' here we sit eatin' the warm bisouis and

The pleasant patience in Inez's face was more pathetic than tears. "I guess there's going into the building. a good many folks find it the same way with their honey in this world," says she. "Tomorrow, if it's pleasant, we'll drive to Boston, and get you a new dress, mother."

"Is This Hot Enough For You?" In 1303 and 1304, according to a French

dry. In 1615 the heat throughout Europe became excessive, Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; men and beasts died in scores. The heat in several departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to small aim in such small ways in vain haunt- that in a glass furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dare venture out between noon and 4 p. m. In 1718 many shops had to close; the theatres never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1773 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. In 1779 the heat at Bologna was so great that a great number of people were stifled, There was not sufficient air for their breath, and people had to take refuge under ground. In July, 1793, the heat bocame intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. The furniture and woodwork in dwelling-houses cracked and aplit up; meat went bad in an hour. The rivers ran dry in several provinces during 1811; expedients had to be devised for the grinding of corn. In 1822 a protracted heat was accompanied by storms and earthquakes; during the drought legions of mice overrap Lorraine and Alsace, committing incalculable damage. In 1832 the heat brought Then there was a pause. Inex stood look- service too. She was in a class of girls of bar own are She had never felt someway church in the sun.

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A girl in Georgia, says the Ellijsy Charles of landange design the Rolling Charles of landange design desig the past year. But there is no limit by capabilities of Georgia girls in many

On some of the sheep ranches is Western territories there are a new 300,000 sheep. Shearing begins in 8mily ber, and Ostober is a busy season. sight of from 300 to 400 men at work, to clipping a sheep in a dexterous man very animated.

It is reported from Berlin that Schweinfurth, the African traveller, been charged by the Academy of Science that city with a mission to Central Air and will shortly set out at the head of a expedition. German colon zation project ara doubtless connected with Dr. School furth's plans,

The number of vessels totally lost on a near the coasts of Great Britain during the five years, 1877 82, was, according to report of the Committee on Harbon, 24 or an average of 497 per annum, with ale of life equal to nearly 739 per aunum. The return takes no account of missing ships

Miss Mary Auderson's picture, "in ing her classic oval face to perfection," an enormous sale in England, making fortune of the photographers to whom h has given sittings. One of the London new papers says that the three most popule beauty plates rank, judging from the sla as follows: First, the Princess of Walar pobody feared second, Miss Anderson, and third, Mn second, Miss Anderson, and third, In

Herr Binder, the Austrian manager d the estate of Baron Hirsch at Bellova, who time since, is reported still to be alive, but ill from fright. The robbers have sent letter in Greek, which Herr Binder compelled to sign, to Baron Hirsch's representation. That sentative, demanding £4000 as his range, rowd rushed in Negotiations have been opened with the brigands on this basis.

The disease known as "English cholen" which had broken out virulently in some parts of Lancashire, has been ascribed to the use of impure water. The unwonted by weather had caused a scarcity of the supply and the people, in their extremity, had no course to impure springs. In Northampton where there were numbers of persons affect ed, the sewers also had given off noxious a. halations for want of flushing.

The Rev. Charles E. B. Reed, Secretar of the British and Foreign Bible Society Forkmen are cal recently met his death by falling over The Jewish h precipice at Pontresina, at which place he their inmates mo was spending his summer vacation. In from Moscow nat deceased was born in 1846, and was a grade ate of Trinity College, Cambridge. Hi tract to pave sor services to the Bible Society were greaty Novgorod. On the valued. He was an expert rower and was 8,000 roubles to 7 always fond of athletic exercises, and it was the hands of the while engaged in mountain climbing that

The Eaglish governmental gua factoria have finished about four hundred new stell guns for the re-armament of the smallership of the royal navy. More than one hundred and fifty of the new guns are of the six inch class of breech-loaders, and seven-eighth d the whole are especially adapted to seam vice. Larger guns for the heavier iron chi are also in course of construction, the ner ordinance being of the type which combine militia, shouting all that is perfect in the best systems, it troying furnitur is believed that within a year or two all a wish books and isting deficiencies in the armament of the British navy will be repaired.

Recent lectures on lace making, delivered which was by Mr. Allan Cole in various towns in In playing with Jew land at the request of the Schools of art is ther hand, and the Cork and Limerick, are said to have already the house occupi borne fruit. Queen Victor a has given plo the child in order tographs of fine specimens of ancient la codress the wou from her collections for use in the convent took know or did and schools, showing the variety of patters As to the barel adopted and the mode of production during rather danger the best period of the art. Typical spec beople. It is the mens from the South Kensington Museus matry. The land have also been taken, and photographs for erfs is not suff nished at low prices, and a plan for furthe therefore, man improving the standard of design for Irm hose who are un lace-making is under consideration.

Mr. Labouchere, who has a very ship tongue and sometimes dips his pen in did not score his usual victory recently an incident which occurred in the House Commons. He gravely asked the Under Secretary for the Home Department if were true that Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P. had lost his watch at a Conservative men ing and whether steps would be taken prevent such on occurence at similar gather ings. The inuendo cunveyed by the que tion was so patent that "amidst rost " laughter" the member for Westminster " plied the watch was not lost at the meeting would take all the sweetness out of the but outside the doors, among the friends the questioner, who objected to. Mr. Smith

Oriental Jugglers.

A set of gifted Oriental Jugglers are treat the Londoners to the most astounds produced before Ichanguire, Emparard as a clear v Hindostan, as attested by that monarch periodical, the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran witnessed by Ibu Batula, the Mohammet Marco Polo." They will cut a citizen pieces and make him whole again; the Or ental mystic is also prepared to put into pot on the stage the seed of any plant to lected by a committee of the beholder. During the time it will take to repeat to risen to over times a prayer to the Prophet the seed shoot into stem, branch, and bud, and They also burst into leaf and fruit. nounce "the grand mystery." The company will take a chain fifty cubits long and throw one end towards the sky, where will remain as if fastened in the air. dog will be led to the foot of the chain, at the other end. A hog, a rat, a goat, at a young oow will be then sent up and die pear in the same way, after which the rator will draw down the chain and pot; in a bag. It is to be hoped that these tic Orientals will not return to their retirement without giving us a taste of the quality and collecting a lot of dollars.

Didn't Want a Bite.

"I haven't had a bite for two days," plant ed a tramp.

"Is it possible?" answered the with sympathy. "I'll see what I can do it

you. Here, Tige-Tige-" The tramp broke a \$2 gate getting and