be Done by Strong Hinting. and her husband were neither ond of work. They were perto live upon the generosity of s, which they were by so mean oliciting.

or your life." I'd rather give

lar I have in the world the

s. Hogan dropped into Mr er next door neighbor, just were sitting down to supper. e was invited to sit down. very good," said she; "I with as here. He's very fond of very poor and can't afford to expensive."

was considered rather astron. tea, but 'taint of much use milk was consigned to her

d she, "now if we had some d be provided." m procured a pound and gave Mrs. Hogan, "we shall stand

ve a good cup of tea. There's h with tea like apple pie, a en says." s strong enough to bring out sired. said Mrs. Hogan, as she took r hands, "pie ain't pie unless

ese to eat with it. If there's e it's cheese.'' ssible to resist such an appeal mple slice having been placed on she paused for a moment, g whether there was not some. might call for. Failing to ing she was about to move off t struck her.

gs are rather heavy and I as I used to be. I don't be able to get home." m volunteered to send her son part of the articles, an of-

When John had landed logan hinted that she had would like to have split, but ieve in hints and left without

Figures Lie?

had thirty chickens each, ok to market. They agreed ly the proceeds of their sale. r chickens two for a dollar. thirty chickens fifteen dol-

d hers three for a dollar, get- inow her heart is mine. rty chickens ten dollars. venty-five dollars realized for t called on to divide the mo-

our thirty chickens two for a u sold your thirty chickens ar. That makes sixty chickof five for two dollars. Well goes twelve times-twice four. That makes twenty-

ir chickens have brought." n above, the women actually in their pockets. And yet igures were right!

pload of Brides. dovernment display great ac-

their colonies populated. ued an advertisement to the :- " Wanted, for an island icinity of Numea, which is ench emigrants, 100 young sh to enter into the state of The inducements set forth ded brides should not only be a free passage, but receive nment a dot of 100 francs ry short time—as may be ed—the hundred requisite ere found, and a ship was he Government to convey destination. This curious nposed for the most part of ble girls, including among tives of almost every trade ssmakers, milliners, cooks, resses, etc., all figure on the

nising Churches."

ian festival in Boston a min-Louis remarked that when to the " unfenced pasture was always tempted to warn ivations that awaited them hurches"—that is, churches pay \$700 a year or more their promise. Some mind such "promising churches such a long trip. Self alone, thy study and thy

unning through Emanuel killed a razor-back hog below, and she entered a suit the value of it. The railse, it being shown that the the plaintiff was sorely dise result. She had couver ard, and, as the road wood porker on the company she took the pot of great

ng him, she bestowed when to the track of the company with a liberal danbel rter of a mile. It he engines conta for two days so

[Now FIRST PUBLISHED.]

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By M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET, WYLLARD'S WEIRD, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII .- (CONTINUED.)

Adrian had a good many opportunities for berving his sister-in-law after that even-Lady Glandore's, and every new seting only convinced him the more that was not well with her. St. Austell's adow followed her like a blight; and yet drian had never seen anything in her meduct which would justify him in remongating with her, or even in warning her minst Lord St. Austell. She could hardly inse to know her sister's friends, while was chaperoned by her sister; and St. was an old friend of Major and Mrs.

He took the opportunity of a tete-a-tete meh with Valentine at the Junior Carlton, " speak of his married life.

"You are quite happy, Val?" he asked. Your marriage has realized all your

"Well, yes, I suppose it has. I don't FOW very exactly what my hopes were. sly know that I was desperately in love, and that you were a good fellow to give me the field, and are a still better fellow for iggiving me as you have done."

He stretched his hand across the table to take hands with his brother, with more going, a pound parcel.

"Time has been very good to me, Val.
"Time has been very good to me, Val. tea, but 'taint of me. I'm heart whole again, and I can think of

Helen as my sister, and love her as a sister could be loved. I can never forget that ee is the first woman I ever cared for." "How about the second, Adrian?"

"There is no second yet. I will not say myself that I shall never love again. ife means mutability, and so long as a lives he may change. I can't help rishing, Val, that you and Helen were a ittle less fashionable. I don't like your emi detached way of living."

"My dear soul, we live as most of our ellow-creatures live," answered Valentine, "I am not the kind of man to be jed to any woman's apron string, wife or zistress. To stand in door-ways while my rife dances; to sit out plays I am sick of wile my wife looks on, or to jog up and down the Row at her side. If Helen and I ue to hang together for the rest of our lives we must be free to enjoy ourselves after our wn ideas. She has an excellent chaperon, and I am letting her sow her wild oats. She will be tired of gadding about in a season or

"And when she is tired of gadding about, she to sit by the fire-alone?"

"My dear Adrian, don't lecture. Who inows? By that time I may be tired of Hogan accepted without the mocking about London, and may sit by the ire and smoke—or take to books, like you. in the meantime, Helen and I get on capi-

> "Yes, and she gets on capitally with men the are ever so much more attentive to her man you are-men who don't mind looking panion saw no more of him. m when she dances, and don't mind jogging and down the Row. St. Austell, for in-

is shoulders.

miration as she likes from other men.

He smiled, recalling his slave's devotion; ter delight at a kind word, her blushing to-morrow morning, Helen. You'll not forpleasure at a casual kiss. He forgot that get?" hose things belonged to his experience of set year. He had not even noticed the s own pleasures.

te deserves a little more of your company a little more of your care. She is too everywhere this season, and fresh young young and too beautiful to stand alone in beauty had opened many doors which had

andon society." nes that want looking after."

meant to say to Helen before he went back gether creditable to the wearer of the gems. Devonshire.

He rode in the Row the day before he left ondon, to try a saddle horse which he had tought at Tattersall's on the previous after-Tiking nine.

se you out so early," he said. "I couldn't sleep," she answered; "so with anxiety.

was just as well to have my ride before ae herd came out."

time and left her very pale.

"eterday. How do you like him?"

pstanding bay. Very much. He looks every inch a before she drove to Paddington.

hack! said Adrian, with a touch of bitter- her white muslin wrapper. test, remembering those days, when his be-Tothed had lamented his deficiencies as a Porteman. "Never mind, Helen, you can Abbey. You will come, of course?" "I don't know."

good as perfect rest in a quiet old coun- carts." Valentino will have the shoot-Sin September and October, and you can we plenty of cub-hunting. I will get one old rooms." the Miss Treducey's to look after you.

they never miss a morning." up he said, with gentle earnestness: Remember, Helen, the Abbey is your

natural home, and my mother your natura protector, second only to your husband. In the hour of doubt or trouble that home ought to be your haven of refuge. Never fear to fly there; never fear to confide in

my mother's love.' "You are very good. Lady Belfield is the dearest woman in the world. Of course I shall be charmed to go to the Abbey if Valentine will take me, and I daresay he will like to go there for the shooting," plied Helen, hurriedly, with a troubled manner, Adrian thought, not as one whose

mind was as ease. "Your horse has more breed than mine, he said, by way of changing the conversa "He is a very beautiful creature. Where did Valentine pick him up?"

"He was bought at Tattersall's. It was not Valentine who chose him. It was Mr. Beeching-or Lord St. Austell-I am not sure which of them really bought him. They are both considered good judges." "No doubt. But Val paid for the horse,

of course?" "Ot course," answered Helen, reddening at the question. "Who else should pay for

him?" "He must have given a high figure, I

take it ?" "No; the horse was a bargain. When I told him I wanted a horse, Valentine said he would only give sixty guineas—that was all he could afford—and I believe Ravioli was bought for that money—or a little

"Then there is something wrong with kim, I suppose. I hope he is not a dangerous horse.

"Dangerous! Not in the least. He has perfect manners." "And he is not a whistler, nor a roarer?"

"Certainly not." "Then I congratulate you on having secured a wonderful bargain. Anyone would give you credit for riding a three hundred at once? I am tired to death of London guinea horse. I gave very nearly two hundred for this fellow, and he is not half so handsome as yours. Ah, here comes St. Was he in your cotillon last

"Yes: he is devoted to the cotillon." Lord St. Austell met them both with the easiest air. He, too, complained of sleepless-"These late parties are killing us," he said. "One loses the capacity for sleep. I shall have to go to a hydropathic in the wilds of Scotland or Ireland for a month or two, just to pull myself together." "I should hardly have given you credit

for being out so early." said Adrian. "Wouldn't you? Oh, I am better than my reputation, I assure you. I hate the Row when the mob are out, and the band, the talk, and the nonsense. Good day." He saluted Halen and cantered away, as if he had no other purpose in his ride than healthful exercise, and Adrian and his com-

They rode up and down for an hour, Adrian trying the paces of his new horse, which behaved in the "new broom" manner Valentine frowned, and then shrugged of horses that have been nourished in a dealer's vard for a space, to the subjugation "You don't suppose you can make me of their original sin. After that quiet alous?" he said. "I am not that kind of hour's ride and quiet talk, Adrian escorted terson. My wife may accept as much ad- his sister-in-law back to her door, where the man from the livery yard was chewing his customery straw; and here they parted. "My mother and I go back to Devonshire

"No, Adrian. Good-bye." And so they parted. She said not a word growing change in his wife's manner, so about going to see Lady Belfield that afterampletely was he absorbed in himself and noon, and Adrian did not ask her. He heard afterwards that she and Mrs. Baddeley "Indeed, Valentine, I have never doubt- were at Ranelagh, dined there, and drove Helen's affection for you; but I think home late in the evening to dress for a ball. The beautiful Mrs. Belfield was asked

hitherto been closed against Mrs. Baddeley. "Bosh! A good woman always knows | There was an awkward story about that low to take care of herself. It is only bad lady's diamonds, the particulars of which had been only correctly known to a select Adrain was silent. He felt that he had few, but which the select few had not foras much as he could safely say to Valen- gotten, while even the vulgar herd knew me; but there was something which he there was a story of some kind, not alto-

CHAPTER XXIV .- " IT CANNOT BE."

Lady Belfield went back to Devonshire He rode early, and was surprised to disspirited at having seen very little of her meet his sister-in-law coming in at the Ken- younger son during her stay in London, and ington Gate, quite alone, as the clocks were not altogether satisfied as to the aspect of his domestic affairs. That marriage which "I heard you were to be at two dances was no union, that laborious pursuit of ast night, Helen, so I hardly expected to pleasure which husband and wife were carrying on in opposite directions, filled her

Those darker clouds which Adrian has perceived on the horizon had not revealed he had flushed suddenly as he rode up themselves to the matron's innocent eyes. ber, but the colour faded as quickly as it Her experience of life had not familiarised her with the idea of false wives and deceived You look as if you wanted sleep, more husbands. These too had married for love, an an early ride," he said, gravely, shocked | she knew, casting all other considerations to her waxen pallor, but still more at the the winds, in order to belong to each other; Fartled guilty look with which she had re- and it never occurred to her that such lovers could weary of each other. She saw that "I daresay I do,' she answered, careless- they were leading frivolous lives, and living "We were dancing the cotillon at five very much apart; she saw many tokens of clock. I had no idea you rode in the folly and extravagance on both sides; and she left London full of vague fears for the "I am only here because of my purchase future. But those fears were only vague, and there was no forecast of sin or ignominy Helen looked critically at the handsome in her mind, when she bade Helen good-bye in the little Japanese drawing-room, just

It was within an hour of noon, and Helen "Isn't it a pity that I only want him for came out of her bedroom, pale and wan, in

"You have had a very short night, I fear,' said Lady Belfield. "Oh, I wouldn't mind how short it was

him in the autumn when you come to if I could only sleep," answered Helen, impatiently. "My nights are always too long. The birds were singing when we came home, "Oh, but you must come, Helen. You and I thought if I could only sleep for a the come and stay with my mother, and couple of hours I should be as freeh as they were; but I lay awake till the birds changed were; but I lay awake till the birds changed londer lie, after the whirl and wear of to the milkman, and the milkman to the

"You must come to the Abbey, Helen: there will be silence and rest for you in your

"Oh, I love those old rooms, though I have had some sad thoughts in them. Yes, and then, bending over her her horse's Val says he will be delighted to go to you for the pheasant shooting." "But that is a long time for me to wait.

He had the happy temperament of the man who can live hard, and slumber after a night of riot as serenely as a ploughman sleeps after his placid labours.

I want you very soon, Helen. A quarter

And so they parted with kisses, and not

The door had scarcely closed when she

flung herself on the sofa and buried her face

in the cushions to stifle her sobs. Valentine

was fast asleep after a late night at the club.

past eleven. I must go, love, our train

starts at a quarter to twelve. Good-bye."

without tears on Helen's part.

and they went down to Devonshire together in the seclusion of a reserved coupe, with books and newspapers, fruit and flowers, and all the things that can make a long journey endurable on a hot summer day.

the best companion Helen could have, al. here and there, and in the background a though she is her sister," said Lady Belfield, white lamp-lit house, with classic portico after a long reverie. "I only hope she is not quite the worst," replied Adrian, laying down the new Quar-

terly. "I wonder that Valentine does not see the danger of such an association." "Danger is an alarming word, Adrian." "I can use no other. The beautiful Mrs. Belfield, the latest fashion in beauty, ought not to be meet everywhere in London without her husband, and with such a woman as Mrs. Baddeley for her chaperon; a woman

three or four men in in her train." "It is all very sad, Adrian."

It was all very sad, and it was sadder that Lady Belfield and her son could do nothing | He revers, he honours her in tenderest to stop this headlong progress of reckless | phrases, in sweetly flattering speech, while husband and foolish wife, drifting towards he exercises every art he knows to bring her ruin. Constance Belfield felt that it was down to the level of the fallen and the lost worse than useless to dwell upon the sub- among her sex. He blinds and dazzles her ject in her conversation with her elder by the glitter of artful phrases, by the lurid son. She wished on his return home, that all things should be made bright and pleasant to him, and yet her own uneasy fears about that other son weighed upon her

spirits and made happiness impossible. She was surprised and somewhat agitated one morning within a week of her return, at receiving a letter from Helen, hurriedly written, and with unmistakeable signs of agi-

"You told me there were silence and rest for me at the Abbey, and that you wanted me soon," Helen wrote. "May I go to you and the season, and I think sleeplessness would kill me if I were to hold out much longer. Valentine has Goodwood and half a dozen other race meetings coming on, so he eally does not want me here, since go to you to-morrow, dear mother? I shall not wait for a letter, but shall start by the forb'd me."

The telegram sent in response to this letter was of loving welcome. "Ask Valentine to come with you if only for a few days," was the last sentence in the message.

Lady Belfield drove to meet her daughter in-law. She stood on the platform as the train from Exeter came slowly into the station, and the first glimpse of Helen's tace startled and shocked her. That pale wan look which she had noticed on the morning in that pallid countenance which was more ham garden. alarming than any physical decay.

Constance Belfield had too much tact to remark that appalling change as she and Helen clasped hands on the platform, or

in the young wife's plans. dearest," she said, and that was all.

Helen was curiously silent and offered no shoulder, resting her weary head there, than tears.

"I feel so much happier here than in London," she said. "I feel so safe with you,

She had hitherto refrained shyly from that familiar name, but in her yesterday's letter and in her talk to-day, the word mother seemed to come naturally from her vearning heart.

"Yes, dear, you are safe with Adrian and me. He has forgotten and forgiven the past, and you are to him as a dear sister." "That is so good of him. But how poor ly he must think of me. Yes, I know he must despise me for the past, and for the foolish, frivolous present, for all my life this

last season." "The season is over now, Helen, with all its frivolities. It is not even worth think

ing about." "No, it is all over now," answered Helen, with a faint sigh. "I don't suppose I have been much worse than other people. I know I have not been half so bad as some women-and yet I hate myself for my

"As long as it has left no sting behind it, dearest, the folly may so easily be for-

"Oh, but there is always a sting, the sting of self contempt." has a horse that he says will suit you admirably. You will enjoy riding on the moor

in the early mornings. much for riding now."

weeks, and that you are sure to enjoy.

weary for speech. in Helen's appearance. That deterioration

troubled him when he left London. Helen's rooms were in the southern wing. immediately over the library. There was a large bedroom with a wide Tudor window, and an oriel at the southwestern corner; be and there is nothing in the world postman, and then came the tradesmen's icining which served also as a bondoir and was provided with all luxurious appliances for reading and writing, or repose. There was a secondary dressing room on the other side of the bedroom, which Valentine had used on former visits, and where there were still some of his hunting and riding whips in the rack, and some of his hunting gear in eggs some, we've got the nest ourselfs. the drawers.

The casements were open, and the scent of tea roses and honeysuckle came in with the soft breath of summer winds. The view from that wide old window was of the loveliest, a wooded valley through which the broad full river ran sparkling in the western sun, and across the vale rose the bold dark outline of the moor, like a wall that

shut off the outer world.

Helen sat at the broad window seat after Lady Belfield left her, looking out at the oaks and beeches, the thickets of hawthorn and holly, and the river flowing behind Adrian met his mother at Paddington, them at the foot of the hill, looking and not seeing any of those things which showed themselves with such exceeding loveliness in the golden haze of afternoon. She was seeing another scene, far less fair, vet not unbeautiful. A lawn "I'm afraid Mrs. Baddeley is not quite sloping to the Thames, with fine old trees and long French windows. Across the river other lamps, shining in many windows and tall chimneys and dark roofs, and a large barge sailing by upon the moonlit stream and on the rustic bench beside her, in the shadow of a veteran elm, sits a man whose voice thrills her like music, a man who pleads to her, who dwells with ever intensitying urgency upon his own misery if he is to be doomed to live apart from her, who implores her to pity and to bless his despairing who prides herself in going everywhere with love, to let him be the sharer of her life, the guardian of her happiness, since without her life is intolerable for him. He pleads as poor humanity might plead to the angels. light of a phantasmagoric vision—the fancy picture of the future they two would live together, once having broken the bondage of conventionality. "Conventionality!" That is the word by which Lord St. Austell defines duty to her husband, respect for the world's laws, and fear of God. Conventionality alone is to be sacrificed.

So he pleads to her, half in moonlight, half in shadow, in that quiet corner of Hurlingham lawn, far away from the bustle and the racket of the club-house and the terrace, where frivolity chatters and saunters in the moonshine.

Here there is no frivolity. Here is deepest purpose. He pleads, and she answers weakly, falteringly. No, again and again no

—it cannot be. She is utterly miserable, her heart is he can hardly ever be here himself. May I broken-but it cannot be. She returns again and again to the same point-it can never be. And he, as he hears her half-sob-11 45 train, unless I rece ve a telegram to bing speech, as he sees her bent head and clasped hands, tells himself that it will be. The woman who can resist a tempter does not answer thus—does not listen as she has

But for that night at least he can win no other answer than that despairing refusal. They part after the drive home, on her sister's threshold, where they have driven in a party of four, the inevitable Beeching in attendance upon his liege lady, albeit resentful of ill-treatment. They part in silence, after the ball, had intensified to an almost but even the clasp of St. Austell's hand at ghastly pallor. Helen looked wretchedly parting is a prayer, scarcely less insistent ill, and there was an expression of misery | than those spoken prayers in the Hurling-

has not seen him since, and she has sworn his eyes off the country the train goes to herself that she will never see him again. | through. He looks out of the window all

during the drive to the Abbey. She did not him? That is the question which she asks the money he has paid for his place. Reeven ask what had brought about the change | herself despairingly now, in the golden light | mark to him, as you yawn and stretch yourof afternoon, sitting statue-like, with her | self, that it's a long, tiring, tiresome journey, "I am very glad to have you here, my hands clasped above her head, leaning and he will probably exclaim, "Long, inagainst the deep embrasure of the good old | deed, long! I should think so, sir; and so window. What is to become of her without it ought to be for £2 17s 6d.?" I know of a explanation of her sudden visit.. She nestl- love, or mirth, or hope, or expectancy? All Scot, who rather than pay the toll of a ed affectionately against Lady Belfield's things that gave color to her life have van- bridge in Australia, takes off his coat, ished with that fatal lover, who came as which he rolls and straps on his back, in smiling faintly, with a smile that was sadder suddenly into her existence as a rainbow glorifies the horizon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HANDSOME MEN.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Gives Her Definition of Male Beauty.

To call a man charming in face, or lovely, or beantiful, or pretty, is to minimize—al most to insult him-writes Mrs. Frank Leslie. A man can only be called handsome, and very, very few men can be called that. A handsome man must be manly in figure,

conveying the idea of strength and energy under the most reposeful exterior. must have the shapely hands, feet and all that tell of good blood and cultivated progenitors: he must have his head well shaped,

well set and well carried. Colouring does not much matter, so that there be no red upon the cheeks, and not too much in the lips, and perhaps the mezzo tints lend themselves most satisfactorily to manly beauty, but, above all, the handsome man must never be stout. The heavy throat which overflows the shirt collar never carries with it an air of refinement, whatever it may do of strength. A blonde man runs the risk | prepared for it. of weakness and insipidity, and a black "I will not hear you talk of self-contempt. | beard man is handsome, even though he be You are coming to the Abbey to be happy, a trifle melodramatic, but still golden-hairand to get back your roses and lilies. Adrian ed and black-haired men have been very attractive the world over.

Of course, below this grand climacterie in the thoroughly handsome man there are "Adrian is too kind; but I don't care ranks after ranks of good-looking, attractive, girl in this county ever was !" pleasant-faced men-some upon whom one "Don't you think riding would brace loves to look and find sweet content in conyou up after your long spell of late hours | templating faces and forms far from faultand hot rooms? At any rate there will be less, and yet quite satisfactory. And here cub-hunting for you in a month or six | we come upon one of the most strange and almost cruel conditions of our being. A Helen only answered with a sigh, which man may or may not be handsome, he may est. sounded like an expression of doubt, and or may not have physical attractiveness was silent for the rest of the drive, as if too | whatever, but nobody likes him the less for the deficiency, he never finds it a barrier strange to say, there are no hard words for Adrian was in the porch ready to receive in his career, a source of failure in his life; him among the people. For years he has his sister-in-law with a brotherly welcome; women love him and men approve of him and he too was startled at the change for just as readily as if he is handsome; in the worse which the last week had made fact, the woman or women who love him set him down as handsome in serene degave strength to those fears which had fiance of the rules of beauty or the opinion of the world.

Rural Thrift.

Little Girl-Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor-So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens. Little Girl-No'm we don't, but Mrs. Smith 's goin' ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us

The Republican Delegate.

A Chicago correspondent of the New York Times says :- - The delegate is not as numerous as he will be, still he is numerous and he is easily distinguished. He wears an air that would not become persons engaged in the ordinary affairs of life. He is of two varieties. If of one, he has been at National conventions before; if of the other, this is his first experience. Upon the former the consequential air is worn with ease; it fills its wearer with a comforting sense of impor-Upon the latter it often sits like a misfit, and is evidently worn under the impression that it is one of those things without which no delegate to a National conven-

tion should appear in public. The delegate is gregarious, and he is also a monopolist. He grabs the best seats in the busses, the best rooms at the hotel, the best seats at the table, but being a necessity he is welcomed with an air of unbounded cordiality by everybody, but principally by the hotel keepers. Once at the hotel the delegate becomes gregarious, and finds his way to the large, open space, usually designated as the rotunda, as naturally as water rolls down nill. He is coming by every train, but only in retail lots, therefore he does not form in line and march to his favourite caravansary headed by a brass band and wearing garments that would, on any other occasion, elicit original but not complimentary remarks from the rising generation. The skirmisking line is attired according to the taste of its individual members, and some of the rigs are but evidences of the vastness of a country which compel men in one portion of it to don straw hats and linen dusters, while in another section—at the same period of the year fashion prescribes Prince Albert coats and slouch hats.

The Bull-Dogs.

R. G. O'Mally says: My remedy for bull dogs and flies on cattle is any kind of grease with a small quantity of coal oil mixed with it, rubbed in the parts that are most liable to be attacked, such as the face and nose, the dewlay and back of the arm or shoulder, also the flanks and udder, in fact where the skin is not thick enough to stand the bites or cannot be reached by the head or tail. For my horses I use common axle grease mixed with coal oil. Grease itself is very good, but the flies do not like the smell of oil. For stock in general that have to be out all day in pasture, bobbing them all would be quite a contract, and the best way out of the difficulty is to get some crotched trees and make posts of them, and make a shed of pole and scrub for the cattle to go into in the heat of the day, as anyone knows that bull dogs will not stay in a building of any kind if they can get out of it.

The Economical Scot.

He is not of brilliant qualities, but he is a man of solid ones, who can only be appreciated at his true worth when you have known him some time. He does not jump at you with demonstrations of love, nor does he swear you an eternal friendship: but if you know how to win his esteem, you may rely upon him thoroughly. He is a man who pays prompt cash, but will have the value of his money. If ever you travel with a Scotchman from Edinburgh to Lon-This was the night before last, and she don, you may observe that he does not take What shall she do with her life without the time, so as not to miss a pennyworth of order to swim across the stream. He is not a miser. On the contrary, his generosity is well known in his own neighbourhood, He is simply an eccentric Scot, who does not see why he should pay for crossing a river that he can cross for nothing.

Prepared.

A minister's wife, who is not so seriousminded as her husband is, tells some laughable stories relating to marriage ceremonies which her husband performed while they were living in a newly settled district in the

This minister always felt it to be his duty to give each young couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony, and for this purpose he usually took them aside, one at a time, and talked very soberly to each of them regarding the great importance of the step they were to take and the new responsibilities they were

to assume. One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married to a brightlooking young man.

"And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking, and that you are

"Prepared?" she said, innocently, "well, if I ain't prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones, and four brand new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four all-linen table cloths, a dozen spoons and a good sixquart brass kittle. If I ain't prepared no

Miss Saratoga—"Is Mr. O. Shaw any relative of yours?" Miss Wauka Shaw-"O yes, he's a distant relative." "How distant?" "He's my brother, but he is the youngest of nine children, and I'm the eld-

W. J. Lowns, of Winer parish, Louisians. is a defaulter to quite an amount; but, been tax collector, and in each of many cases where enforced collection would work hardship he gave a receipt in full, and himself became responsible for the money to the

Ex-boarding-house keeper (at heaven's gate) - May I come in? St. Peter-I'm afraid the children would annoy you. The place without children is over there to the left.

The bill limiting the time for the employment of mail-carriers to eight hours a day will make a large increase in the force throughout the country. There are 401 carriers in the Chicago office and the eighthour limit will probably increase the number to 500. At present the carriers are on duty from nine to eleves hours, though not actively engaged all that time.