TINESS.

Some persons make s... plying showy wedding ... something more than the ordi... and one form of certificate ... from photographs of the contracting ... Other wedding certificates are ... vellum and ornamented with ... silver. Such may cost as much as ...

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"Once in a country hotel," said a travel... "as I looked around in the dark ... my room after I had gone to bed, I saw over on the bureau a curious little luminous face. It was rather startling at first ... but then I knew that it must be the match box. I remembered the match box for I never had seen one like it before. It was like a little pumpkin, and ... had painted upon one side of it eyes, nose and mouth so that it resembled a little jack-o'-lantern and these had been painted with luminous paint so as to make it easy to find the match s in the night. I felt, however, that the location of the match box had now been sufficiently improved upon, my mind, so I got up and turned the shining face to the wall."

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN R. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

The girls they leave behind stand at the door and look after them, and, when the last pair of legs has vanished, turn and look at one another with somewhat lackluster eyes. Eight women left to each other's society for a whole day! Well may we look dull. I want to get Alice and Milly to myself for a bit, but how about these others? Silvia speaks first. No fear of her putting up with a morning with her own sex. She is going to write letters in her room, she says, if Mrs. Luttrell does not mind. Mrs. Luttrell does not mind, and she goes away. The Listers are going to spend the morning in the garden, if Mrs. Luttrell pleases, so they vanish likewise. Mesdames Fleming and Lister are still in bed, their morning toil is being affairs of some importance, so we are free of all incumbrances and able to follow our own devices. Having worshipped the babies on our knees for a full hour, we go into Milly's boudoir.

"Only to think," I say, executing a pirouette on the tips of my toes, that we three should be all together again here, and that there is no one to send us to bed, or call us names, or insist on our talking!"

"Is he as bad as ever?" asks Milly.

"He is worse!" I say, with conviction. "When a person has got into a bad habit of making himself and everybody round him miserable, he does not stand still—he goes on improving. By the time he is sixty I cannot imagine what he will be!"

"Marry!" says Alice, encouragingly; "that is the only thing a spin ter can do in self defense!"

"You have been so lucky!" I say; but how do you know I shall be the same? Besides, where is the husband to come from?" I add, laughing.

"But you have a lover," says Alice, "only you will not tell me anything about him."

"There cannot be much to tell yet, I think," says Milly, with some asterly rebuke in her tone. "Why, she has only known him since the day before yesterday!"

"Whom are you talking about?" asks Alice, looking puzzled. Nell's lover is not here at all; he is at Silverbridge."

"Is he not?" says Milly, with a queer smile. "I suppose I was mistaken."

"How refreshing it is to see any one blush!" says Alice, meditatively. "Now in London, or good society, you never see the ghost of a blush anywhere."

"But this Silverbridge lover," says Milly, with interest, "who is he—what is he—where did he come from?"

"He is a traveling packman," I say, gravely. "I met him in the fields, and he came from Glasgow. We won't talk about him. Tell me, Milly, do you think that while I am here you will have a ball?"

"Tell me about this young man first," says Milly, "and I will tell you about the ball afterward."

This is what I have been dreading—a long, comfortable, married woman's confab on her matrimonial prospects, with a calm and dispassionate balancing of pros and cons, in which my own heart will have no concern.

"Alice—Milly, I won't deny it. I have got a lover, and his name is Tempest, and he lives at Silverbridge, and I don't mean to marry him if I can possibly help it, and I have told him so, and he is very good-looking, and—and that's all!" Here I stop, out of breath.

"Tempest!" says Milly. "I am sure I heard Fane talking about some Tempests the other day. Are they not very rich people?"

"I believe so."

"And why on earth don't you marry him?" asks Alice, warmly. "You will see nobody in Silverbridge; and as to living at home with papa—By the way, what does he say to your having a lover?"

"He does not know it, or at least he never says anything."

"Although it is all going on under his very nose!" says Milly.

"Well, one of these days he will open his eyes very wide and be furious, and you will be sent to bed for a week."

"I expect he will make a great fuss," I say, cheerfully. "I only hope he will lock me up altogether, for then George Tempest will not be able to get at me."

"Nell," says Alice, with a serious disbelief in her voice, "have you kept back anything?"

"What, about Mr. Tempest?"

"Of course. Now, you said he was good-looking—is he short?"

"He is rather six feet."

"And he has not a hump?"

"No."

"Does he talk through his nose?"

"No."

"Or wear large plaid suits?"

"No."

"Is he ignorant?"

"No," I say again.

"Is there insanity in the family?" asks Milly.

"No! no! no!" I say, jumping up and going off into immoderate laughter. "He is nice, charming, desirable in everyway; but—it is so very hard to understand! I can't marry him for I do not love him!"

"Then you are in love, too, with somebody else!" says Alice, scanning with her ad oyed candor my disturbed face, "though where you can have seen him, I'm sure it is difficult to imagine."

"I am not in love," I say, indignantly; "I never was in love! I would not do anything so silly, so—ridiculous. If I had had any fancy that way I should have made a donkey of myself at Silverbridge long ago."

"And how long have you been sure that you do not care about Mr. Tempest? Since the day before yesterday?" asks Milly, saucy persistence in her blue eyes.

"I have known it all along," I say, steadily. "What should the day before yesterday have to do with it?"

"Nothing," says Milly, with a baffling glance at Alice. However, I will not notice their looks.

"And now for the ball," I say, fanning my heated countenance with the tail of my pannier. "Are you really going to have one?"

"On the 17th," shall I send Mr. Tempest an invitation?"

"How delightful!" I say, drawing a deep breath. "I have never been to a dance in my life, you know, and—"

"What are you going to wear?" asks Alice, and her literal question brings me very suddenly down from the rose-colored clouds on which I am floating. My jaw drops, and I stare at her blankly.

"I never thought of that," I say, slowly; "I was thinking of the dancing and the fun, and—"

"Have you not a single ball-dress?" asks Milly, rather cruelly I think, for she knows as well as I do how the governor mulcts us in pin-money.

"A ball-dress!" I repeat, derisively. "Indeed, you may thank your stars that I have come in a gown at all, and not a petticoat body, for there is so much trouble to get any cloth at Silverbridge that very soon, I believe, we shall have to do with none at all."

"Of course you must have a dress," says Milly, calmly; "had you not better write to Howell & James, and order one?"

Howell & James! When even that refuge of the destitute, William Whiteley, is far beyond me!. Clearly Milly has forgotten the days of her youth.

"I shall not appear," I say, miserably; "I could not dance and enjoy myself with an awful bill hanging over me all the evening, and knowing what it would cost mother, so I shall be ill the night of the party, unless you think a costume a la squaw, consisting of a pearl necklace and a pair of boots, would be full dress enough."

"It would be quite full enough," says Alice, "and extremely well suited to the weather, only Mrs. Grundy might object."

"If you had only been at Silverbridge at the last ball row," I say, sinking into still deeper dejection, "you would not feel inclined to laugh at the prospect of another."

"Tell us about it," says my lovely sister; "those rows were terrifying things, but very amusing to think of after."

"The last was amusing," I say, laughing heartily, in spite of the dismal background of gloom; "I laughed uproariously to myself in my mind, 'you remember Snooks, the draper?'"

"Rather!"

"You know the consternation his modest handwriting ever caused in our domestic circle! Well, at midsummer I sent in his account, and of course paps, instead of paying it, danced upon it as usual. I fancy he has a notion that after dancing a passe al over bills they are, in fact, discharged. Well, times being bad with Snooks, he plucked up a spirit and wrote a gentle request for his dues, but when it arrived no one could be found brave enough to present it to the governor; for two days it was handed round the house, everybody, servants and all, repudiated it, and then with one consent it was decided that something must be done. The Bull of Bashan proposed that we should lay it on the Prayer-Book, and receive in a body his overflowing wrath, but after some consideration, that plan was rejected. Finally it was decided that we should place it in that little study at the top of the stairs, by his bedroom, where he often sits, and the time for putting it there was fixed at immediately after dinner, when he is always sitting in the library over his wine. Dinner over, Bashan fetched the fatal epistle, and we set off, still speed, for the study clattering up the stairs like mad, he first, I following. You know how narr w the staircase is, and that the door opens abruptly to the left, so that until you are right on the threshold you cannot see in at all; well, Bashan flung the door open and stopped short. Alice, Milly! over his face came the most awful, indescribable, wonderful change: he looked, as if he was turned to stone. Nothing short of the governor could produce that look on any of our faces, and he was down in the library.

"'What on earth is the matter?' I said, poking my grinning countenance round the corner; 'you look as if you had seen the dev—' There, within half a yard of my nose stood the governor! The old gentleman would have been an agreeable apparition compared with that. Do you know that the grin absolutel froze on my face; for a moment I stared, then turned tail and ran, Bashan after me. Half-way down the stairs I remembered the bill.

"'You must go back and give it him!' I said in an agony, and I pushed him back.

"Meanwhile papa was capering at the top of the stairs in a perfect fury, asking how we dared go to his room, what we wanted there, did we mean to break the staircase in with our confounded boots, etc. When Bashan went back with the letter, he tore it out of his hand, saw what it was, and then threw it at him! Bashan never stopped to pick it up that time, he ran in good earnest, so did I! To this day it is a mystery to us how he got up there, for we saw him go into the library."

"I know it all so well," says Alice, drying her eyes, "but we have had more amusing rows than that."

"Do you remember—" And here we slide off into a crowd of ludicrous reminiscences, that are very real and true, and ridiculous to us, but maybe would seem ... and unlikely enough to other people; perhaps they would not understand how we could laugh at all over such things, but, thank God, we have been able to find a silver-lining to our clouds, and it is better to bear our ills with a smiling countenance, is it not, than to turn bitter, and hard, and cynical, and rail against heaven?

CHAPTER VII.

We are feeding the gold and silver fish in the pool before the drawing-room windows, Paul Vasher and I. He is providing for the silver ones, I for the gold, or at least am trying to, for the former, if they have fuller backs, have for brighter wits than their orange-colored brethren, and get the crumbs oftenest. "Do you know," I say, as I drop my last bit deftly into the greedy maw for which it was intended, "that we are going to have something most charming and delightful?"

"And what is that?" he asks, as we pace along the terrace side by side.

"A ball!" I say, clapping my hands; "a real one, no make-believes this time! Will you ever forget that party at Charters?"

As the words leave my lips, he looks across at Silvia, who is for a wonder sitting alone hard by, seemingly wat hing us with listless indifference.

"I shall never forget that party," he says, quietly; "and so you like the prospect of this ball?"

"Yes, indeed. Will you believe that I have never had a real partner in my life but once, and that was when I danced with you?"

"Have you not? Then for the sake of that old dance, you will give me the first, will you not?"

"Yes; but you must not be angry if I bumps dreadfully; I never could dance well."

"Then why are you so pleased at the prospect of this party?"

"I shall like the music, and the fun, and my partners, and all that."

"And I suppose you are full of delight at having to choose a new gown and wreath?"

"Full of delight!" I stare at him blankly for a moment, then look away; he little knows what a gnashing-of-teeth business having a new gown in our family is. "It is not much of a pleasure," I say, with an odd smile; "it is far more of a misfortune."

"You are afraid of its not being becoming?" says Paul, looking puzzled, "have you decided on what it is to be?"

"I have not thought much about it yet; anything."

"Wear white," he says, with a man's fixed belief in the perfectibility of that colorless color, "black or white, or black and white, every man believes a woman to be well dressed when she is arrayed from top to toe in either, or both.

"There are so many whites," I say, considering—"white silk, white satin, white brocade, white muslin—the materials are endless."

"And what had you on that day I met you among the rye?"

"A white cambric," I answer; adding mentally, "or a clean boiled rag," as Jack calls it, and which the washerwoman knows as well as her own face!"

"If I tell you what to wear," says Mr. Vasher, "will you promise to have it?"

"So long as you do not put me in pink or yellow."

"Then you shall wear white of some glistening light fabric; and on one side you must have great bunches of gold wheat and scarlet poppies, with a little bunch of the same against your left shoulder, and a wreath in your hair."

"Not in my hair, please, Mr. Vasher! It was not so very long ago that it was almost red."

"I don't think you need to be afraid of the poppies," he says, looking at my untidy ruffled locks; "they looked well enough the other day."

"I only wore that wreath across the field out of sheer bravado," I say, laughing, "because I had been told not to."

"Who told you not to?" he asks, quickly; "who had the right to?"

"No one!" I say, turning my head away; "at least no one in particular."

"I have made up my mind," I say, briskly, "my gown shall be made of white gauze. It ought to be beautiful, ought it not?"

"Very."

He is not looking at me, but straight before him, and there is a thwarted vexed look on his face.

"Are you cross?" I ask. "Are you thinking how frivolous and senseless I am, thinking so much about my first ball?"

"No child! I was wondering if it were possible for one to meet with a girl who had never—"

"Never what?"

"Nothing."

A silence falls between us as we pace along the gravel-walks, the coolness of the late afternoon all about us the greenness of the earth at our feet. Overhead a sapphire carpet hangs royally over our heads; only the faint pure smell of an occasional wild flower comes to us on the air, for we are high up on the cliff now, and the gay garden flowers are too proud or too lazy to climb so high.

"And now soon will you be going back to Silverbridge?" asks Paul, his voice disturbing me in the midst of an agonizing calculation of how many yards of stuff an orthodox ample ball-dress requires.

"Not until the end of the month."

(Thirty! I should think it would take quite a yard!)

"I suppose you are in a great hurry to get back?"

"Not at all! why should I be? Jack is in town, Dolly at school; it is very dull at home just now. And I have not been here long days yet."

"But you have other friends at Silverbridge; there are some residents, are there not?"

"One or two." (I must have a pair of white satin shoes at Marshall's and long gloves with a great many buttons—I shall not stick at a button or two.)

"Tell me their names, for they will be my neighbors too very shortly!"

"We have neighbors, I do not visit them nor they us. Paps does not like them. We know only one family, and their name is—Tempest," I say, turning aside to pluck a modest spray of tuphrasy, and looking down on its purple-streaked petals.

"A large family?"

"No; only a father and son."

"And I suppose it was because you had seen so few people that you recognized me when we met in the field of rye?"

"Perhaps. I had never known but two men in all my life—young men I mean—until I came here, so I could not very well forget, could I?"

"And I am very glad of it," he says, heartily.

"Are you? I am not! I don't think one is able to judge whether a man is admirable or the reverse until one has seen a great many."

"Woman ought not to see too many men," he says, "it is bad for them."

"That is very hard upon us," I say. "Is it not the author of 'Guy Livingstone' who says that 'a man must see and admire many roses before he plucks the fairest of them all, his Provence rose, to lay in his breast?'"

"Is she always bound to take the first?" he asks, looking at me very keenly.

"Almost always," I say, with a heavy sigh. "Must it not be hard when some day, and all too late, a woman who has given away her life like that, ignorantly, meets with some other who would have suited her? Ah! what ugly words those are, 'too late!' They always make me think of Balzac and the dream that ran through his tolling bells in lieu of the tender woman's hands that should smooth the hair back from his weary brow and say: 'Poor soul, thou hast suffered!' They came to him at last, too late."

"Do you know," says Paul, "that you have the sad test face sometimes, child, that I ever saw?"

"Do I look like a girl who is going to have a miserable story?" I ask, stopping short; "do I look like a girl who is going to die young?"

He takes my two hands in his, and looks down with infinite goodness on my pale, scared face.

"God forbid!" he says, gently.

"Do not talk to me in a very great coward-dom despite me," I say, shivering; "but I so fear death. I have such bodily terror and shrinking away from it, not for what it brings, but because I so dread to go away, to be caught out of this warm, beautiful earth that I know, and away from all the people and things I love. I enjoy my life so keenly that I could not bear to let it go. Do you think I shall be punished? Is it implious to feel like this?"

"You sweet little soul!" he says, in his strong, tender voice, "you be punished for aught of your fair young life? I wonder what God would reserve for sinners such as I, then?"

"You are not a sinner," I say, stoutly, looking into his noble face—a face that gives so much more promise of grand things than he has ever worked in his life yet. "You are good."

I loose my hands from his, and we walk on again side by side.

"Do you know, I say, laughing (why does laughter often follow so quickly on the heels of sighs?) "that if you know you ought, you should become the most egotistical, maundering little person in Christendom? You just listen to my complainings; at no one ever does! Who was it said that there were two people in the world one should never trust one's self to talk about—one's self and one's enemy?"

"A foolish man, whoever he was," says Paul, "who knew nothing of human nature; for are not these two naturally the most interesting people under the sun?"

"I do not think I have at enemy," I say, considering; "have you?"

"No particular one that I know of, though there are plenty of people who dislike me, no doubt. When you are back at Silverbridge, Nell, I shall see you very often, shall I not?"

"If papa does not take a dislike to you."

"I shall be glad to be back there," he says, with a hearty content in his voice. "After a bit, I suppose, I shall settle down and grow fat!"

"I don't think so," I said, glancing at his clean length of limb. "A man need never do that unless he pleases; he has so many active exercises by which he can ward off stoutness.

"Then some day I may expect to see you of very comely proportions?"

"No, lean and haggard and ill-favored very likely, but stout never. I bother myself, too, much over everything for that."

"Your husband will take better care of you!" he says; then, bending his head to look into my eyes with those splendid dark ones, that send so sharp and quick a pain through my heart, "has it never occurred to you, child, that some day you will marry?"

"All people marry at some time or another, do they not? It is a solid, heavy pudding of which all taste in turn!"

"Except the old maids?"

"I had forgotten them; but they have probably had lovers in their time; and after all, the courting must be so much pleasanter than the hard and fast wedlock.

"I think your experience of married people cannot have been very fortunate," says Paul, looking amused. "Why should not people love each other after they are married as well as before?"

"They ought, but very often they do not! They begin very hot and end very cold; and I was wondering only yesterday whether, if one married somebody one did not care about, one would gradually get warmed towards him or her."

"It would be rather a dangerous experiment," says Paul; "were you thinking of trying it?"

I do not answer, and as at this moment we fall in with Fane and Milly, he has no opportunity of repeating his question.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is high noon, and we are six precious souls, and all agog, dashing along, the dusty, hot turnpike road, toward Beecham Wood. The sun knowing that his time is short, and that he will ere long sink from the proud overbearing tyrant into the mild, benevolent dull old luminary, is beating hard down upon us with broad level strokes, cleaving our parasols and tickling our faces, making us in short very uncomfortable, cross and miser ble. It is the sort of day when one longs instinctively for an open unoccupied space no living being near to touch one and nothing to do save to imbibe cooling drinks; therefore pity us O reader! in that I am shut up with three or four females in Milly's landau. Behind us follows a carriage similarly filled and we are en route for the vernal shades of Beecham and the society of the sportsmen with whom we are going for the first time to take luncheon. They have several times asked humbly enough for our society but with the first lust of slaughter upon them Milly judged wisely that they were best left to their own and the birds' company. They are somehwat sated by now, though, for to-day is the 16th of the month.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Work and Teeth.

A correspondent of the Oxford (Me.) Democrat throws a new illumination on the purchasing power of a day's labor, by recalling that in 1840, when he worked for Capt. James Staples for $10 a month or less, the captain and his wife each had a set of false teeth all round, which cost $110, wholesale rate—whereas the travelling dentist now advertises artistic and efficient and artistic grinders at $5 a set.

Some people look upon the truth as an invalid, who can only take the air in a close carriage, with a gentleman in a black coat on the box.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

FOR THE OLD AND YOUNG

Magnating was well as Daily Papers Contribute to Make this Department of Our Paper of General Interest.

Old Zion's Deacons.

Old Zion's Church is looking round to see what she can do,
In finding one who'll crowd the aisle, fill pulpit, stairs and pew.
For years we've toiled this world about, heard sermon's great and striking;
But none there were that we could find qualified up to Zion's liking.

So said good Deacon Brown to me when of his church reading,
And then he told me how it came they went out candidating.
Old Parson Jones had served us well some forty years in Zion,
But he grew old and prosy like and things were out of rhyme.

Just then there came a lecture man ablaze with frantic passion,
Who claimed the Cross, the Word of God were long since cast out of fashion.
Old Bible truths were swept aside like dust from off its pages,
While unveiled the true except seen through the light of recent ages.

The people then more restless grew and wished him for their pastor,
They felt he'd rouse them up to work and "gather in" the faster.
Then all we deacons met one night and after fervent praying,
Just told the pastor how we thought God would not bless his saying.

The good old saint then went about, for long he had intended
That nought but death could ever say on parson's work interfered.
So out we drove the saintly man, because his hair was hoary,
Then prayed that God would spare him long to tell the Gospel story.

When Sunday broke the church awoke and felt the drought was over.
No more was seen old pastures lean, but fields of clover,
Old Zion's Church was surely blessed and all things went on swimmin',
So Zion was out new man—especially among the women.

No more was preached in Zion's Church, ordaining or election,
But pretty smart this person was on temperance and perfection.
He loved to talk alike he said, sweet sister and dear brother!
And when we met in the shining shore we still would love each other.

Vague rumours soon went floating round that Sid old Zion stewing,
Nobody knew just what it meant, but felt the storm was brewing.
One said his name was something else; how fast their bumps did jingle,
Some thought he was a married man, none knew that he was single.

His very name became a wound for buzzing, flying creatures,
The same, he said, that always came to God's most faithful preachers.
But well he knew what all this meant, the buzz buz went on faster,
So he just fled the town one night and Zion had no pastor.

Since then we've rather been at sea, and can't forget that campus,
We want some one to take the helm, and sail on by the compass,
A man like Paul we wouldn't want, he dwells too much on reason,
And as for John, will he might suit just for a little season.

That other John, the Baptist one, perhaps would cost less money,
He dress's rather plain, they say, eats locusts most and honey.
Should he purchase desires held where storms are always blowing,
Just come with us all Zion's church and reap the deacons' sowing.

Snap Shots.

One of the department stores in Toronto has this sign conspicuously displayed: "Teeth Planted with Care."

A stationer says he can follow the progress of a love affair by the rapid improvement in the quality of note paper which the young man buys from week to week.

A negro, black as Erebus, but dressed in the height of fashion, and good taste, and wearing a monocle, attracted much attention on Jarvis street the other afternoon. He drove a brake and had another colored gentleman beside him. It takes a good deal of dignity to support a monocle properly, but he did it to perfection. Conjectures were offered that he was some original nabob on a visit to America and that he had acquired his air of fine breeding in London.

It was probably only an accident that a card advising passers by that "Pure Jersey Ice Cream" was to be had within was placed in a show window on Yonge street against a jam of gelatine.

In one of the public school buildings on the South side is a janitor whose real business in life is to keep the principal and teachers in a proper state of humility. When the day is done and he is off duty he tinkers at a locomotive which it has taken him several years to make with his limited time and primitive tools. It is now nearly completed and he claims that it will run fifteen miles an hour.

The Baggage Smasher.

"It's queer how people stand it," said the man with the baggy trousers as the hotel baggage wagon came up from the depot and passed the window.

"Stand what particular thing?" was asked.

"Permitting the railroad companies to smash their trunks as they do. There are two on that load which will have to go to the shop for repairs, and the owners will foot the bill and not say a word."

"Well, isn't that your way?"

"No, sir; and it hasn't been for a good many years. Last spring a baggageman threw my trunk off his wagon in front of a Boston hotel and burst it. He drove off singing as I stood looking at the wreck. Half an hour later I walked in on him at the depot and said:

"'I want $9 of you.'

"'What for?'

"'For smashing my trunk in front of the Continental.'

"'You get out!' Trunks are liable to be damaged and whoever heard of any one paying to pay for them?

"'I'll show you a case right off. You had no more license to bust that trunk than you had to bust my head. You either come down or I'll begin proceedings.'

"'What will you do?'

"'I'll sue you the first thing to-morrow. I'll not only sue you but I'll garnishee your wages. I'll make it cost you at least $20 to get out of it even if you don't pay for the trunk.'

"He blustered and defied me, said the man of the trousers "but before 10 o'clock he came to the hotel and offered me $7 to settle. I took a written promise on his part to handle all trunks with reasonable consideration thereafter, and closed the case. He admitted to me that he had probably damaged 5,000 trunks in his life but that no one had ever kicked before. He didn't suppose a trunk-owner had the slightest legal right on earth, and he probably did not get over looking pale for a week."

Fish of the Bottomless Pond.

The queer fish that, for a short time every season, inhabit the Bottomless pond, made their first appearance for this year last Sunday morning, writes J. Milford, Conn., correspondent. The pond lies in a deep ravine on the southeast side of the New Haven turnpike, only to miles from the village. A few minutes' walk from the post road, down a beaten footpath, through a dense growth of cedar and juniper, brings the wayfarer to the brink. He finds himself standing on the edge of a circular gulf some thirty-five feet across. The perpendicular walls are of green marble, beautifully shaded and mottled. About thirty feet below the level where the path terminates, the walls end at a fairly even shelf about twelve feet wide. On one step a series of ruddy cut steps afford means of descent to the level border of the pond. Long ago the green marble of this nighborhood was quarried by a company, but the quarry was abandoned owing to the difficulty of getting the marble to market. Its deep shaft was overflowed by an underground spring and the Bottomless pond was formed. Old Dan Buckley was huckleberrying near the quarry three years ago when he discovered the fish for which the pond is celebrated. As he approached the edge of the pond quietly, he saw about twenty good-sized fish lying motionless near the surface. He dislodged a pebble by accident, and at the sound of its fall the fish vanished as if by magic. Late year they appeared early in June, and several unsuccessful attempts were made to catch them. A New Haven fishing enthusiast took fishing tackle and a folding canvas boat to the pond one morning. His scheme was to snare the fish if they refused to notice his bait. He launched his boat safely and enjoyed the sensation of being the first man to drift out on the Bottomless pond. He let out fifty yards of trout line, well weighted, but he found no bottom. An attempt to catch the fish is to be made this season by a Yale professor and his friends. Their plan is to let a fine gill net horizontally across the pond at a depth of about three feet. They hope that the fish in riding will run into the meshes and be caught. All the fish are of about the same size—eighteen inches long and slender, like a dace in form, but almost a jet black. No scales are discernible, and their fins and tails resemble those of the common brook trout. When in repose they are only about three or four inches below the surface, and invariably face toward the north. The eyes are large and protrude from the head. It has been virtually proven that the fish are stone blind, for although they sink out of sight at the slightest jar or noise, they do not notice the waving of poles or leaves over the pond. The people here call the fish white eyes. If the pond is fed by subterranean streams of water, these fish, it is thought, may be visitors from an underground lake or from a distant river. There are only about two months in which to study their habits. At the opening of August the strange visitants disappear as suddenly as they come. Henry Tuttle, the expressman, was the first person to see them his year, and he says they look the same as ever, but are rather bigger than last year. A dozen or more persons visited the pond since Sunday and have seen the fish.

Origin of the Word "Trolly."

Most persons which use the word "trolley" probably do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to a contrivance by which electricity is conveyed from an aerhal wire. Twenty years ago the word was used to designate a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials and the like. This is the only definition of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848. In the edition of 1892 of the same work, three other definitions are added: 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or is drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kinds of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "(Electric railway). A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car." It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from its resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to this primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire, to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower surface of the wire.

Some Good Advice.

A justly celebrated New York physician says: There is always danger of sunstroke during hot "muggy" days; predisposing causes of sunstroke, are loss of sleep, excitement, use of stimulants and poorly ventilated sleeping rooms. People who are exposed to the sun are always liable to an attack, although persons who work in such places as laundries and other places where artificial heat is used are sometimes overcome. When exposed to the sun a light hat (light both in weight and color) should be worn; black absorb the heat. A wet cloth, sponge, or green leaf may be worn inside of the hat as a safeguard. Great care should be taken between the hours of 12 a.m. and 3 p.m., as the danger of sunstroke is always greatest during those hours. Upon the approach of a feeling of exhaustion, faintness, fatigue, and headache, lie down at once in a cool, shady place, and apply cloths wrung out of cold water to the head and neck. A person who is overcome by the heat should be removed at once to a shady place and the shirt, straps and waistbands be loosened. Cool drinks of water should be given and a doctor sent for at once. If the person is very faint, he or she should be laid upon the back and given a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a little cold water. Do not apply cold water to the body but rub the hands and feet until the circulation has been restored. When the skin is dry and hot the person should be quickly placed against the wall or other support (in a sitting posture), cold water poured over the body and ice applied to the head.

Wanted to Make Sure.

Mr. Nuwed (on honeymoon tour)—"My darling, we shall have to get out at once. The two front cars are telescoped and the whole train is on fire. Come, dear, come, before it is too late."

Mrs. Nuwed (determingly)—"No, dear. Not until you have told me once more that you love me."

So Exclusive, You Know.

Miss Keedick—"Blanche's efforts to be ultra stylish are very amusing."

Miss Gaskett—"What is her latest fad?"

Miss Keedick—"She says she fears she is going to have appendicitis."

Story of a Diamond.

One of the earliest doubts harbored by the youthful intelligence of the wisdom of its instructors is when it learns that neither black swans nor black pearls are especially rare. Had proverbial philosophy given its mind to the blue diamonds it would have alighted on something really rich and rare, since, although diamonds find their way into market, diamonds of an unmistakable blue are exceedingly scarce. The "Hope blue diamond," of which London has heard so much recently, in the course of the action brought by young Mr. Tasker against a firm of Bond street jewelers, is probably the finest gem of its kind known to exist. The blue is so deep as to be almost indigo—a tint unapproached even by the sapphire. The history of the stone is curious. It appears indeed, to be only a portion of a larger stone with a pedigree thus goes back some 250 years, or more. Tavernier, the famous French traveller, who has left such entertaining memoirs of his journeys, to the East in search of precious stones, bought it in India in 1641. In the rough it weighed 112½ carats; and in 1668 it was sold to Louis Quatorze, who appears to have had it cut. When, in 1715, the then almost moribund Rio Soleil received the Persian ambassador, he wore his diamond upon a ribbon around his neck. From this date until the revolution nothing more was heard of the gem. Then, among the French regalia deposited in the Garde Meuble, there was found a blue diamond weighing 67 1-8 carats, which, it is believed, would be a likely weight for Tavernier's stone after cutting. In September, 1792, the diamond was stolen and was for some years lost sight of. In 1830, however, a similar stone, differently, turned up. There is a good deal of mystery about its pedigree; but the experts seem to be satisfied that it was either a portion of the Tavernier diamond, or the identical stone reduced to 44½ carats by recutting. From the hands of the dealer who possessed it some years ago it passed to the late Mr. Hope, from whom it obtained its present name. He gave £18,000 for it, which was considered rather a low price. Now it appears to be "in chancery," and possibly before long it may have a new possessor.

The Aluminum Industry.

The largest aluminum plant in the world has just been completed at Oak Ridge, Mo. It will have a capacity of 100 tons of clay per day, giving a daily output of about 20,000 pounds of metal.

Perish the Thought.

Mr. Henry Clapp, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, declares it impossible to imagine Rosalind, or Portia, or Cordelia, or Juliet suffering from neuralgia or nervous headache.

At a quiet home wedding it would be perfectly proper for the bride to wear a dark traveling dress. If they are to go direct to the train the bridegroom would also wear the clothes in which he expected to travel.

DURYIA KHAN.

Clear through the heart Duryia Khan had driven the long, razor-edged Afghan knife—through and through until the needle-like point had pierced the white skin on the farther side.

Just as Bowen Sahib was passing through the doorway of the teahil (court house) had the tall, gaunt Afghan, with an evil look in his fierce, hawk-like eyes, stepped quickly forward, and, drawing the jade-handled blade from the folds of his white garment, driven it with a vengeful sweep of his powerful arm, hilt deep in poor Bowen's body.

Scarcely had the words of the teahil-dar, giving judgment in favor of Bowen as against Duryia Khan died out before that horrible cry of mortal dread rang out in the stillness of the court-room.

With a bound Duryia Khan was in the saddle, and before the horrified spectators could collect their senses his blood-like Beltchi mare was carrying him across the plains to the foot hills in a swinging gallop.

He got clean away from them, too; killed his man right in the open court, and sent back word to Grant, the young inspector in charge of the police at Sibi, to come and take him if he wanted him.

I was at Sukker when this occurred. It was in 1885, the year of the cholera, and the Russian scare, and divers other things, calculated to make her majesty's officers think that Sibi-jan himself was in league with her enemies.

Sukker is on the Indus, just where the Sahibs have thrown across the big iron cantilever bridge.

Quietly enough the mighty river was gliding down between its gray mud banks and under the derrick-like cantilevers and sweeping carressingly along at the very feet of the white-baked town, the morning I received orders to go and bring skelk Ahmed in. Time they was when the river gods raged and tugged at the iron feet of the bridge, planted so firmly there; when the waters swirled, and rushed, and seethed through the cramped gorge, like the rush of Niagara through the devil's cauldron. But that was when the snows melted on the everlasting Himalayas away on the farther side of the Pamirs.

Also had the Sahibs made the "railgharry," with its steel-shod roadbed stretching away across the Sibi-put (desert), straight as the red-winged flamingo fly, from Sukker to the Bolan—that cleft, or pass, through the Suelman mountains.

Flat as the Sahara, and as barren, is the Sibi-put, stretching its untilled waste from Sukker to the foothills, nearly 200 miles away.

And the "hawa chakar" (wind-wheel), the Cyrenian idolo of Kush-Kush grass, replying in the windows of the carriage in its trough of cooling water, that the Sahibs have made to temper the hot blast that sweeps forever and ever across the sun-scorched put.

And the windows of blue glass, closed tight, and the bottles of soda, and the barrel (five) that are of the Sahibs—all else is of the country, the Beluchis, and the devil. The swelled veins in the neck, and the throbbing temples, and the drowsy heaviness of brain—these are of the land also, and of apoplexy.

And thus it was as we ground through the sand and the darkness to Jacobabad and Sibi.

Duryia Khan was supposed to have come to Jacobabad. There was a time when all things came to Jacobabad, but that was before the "rail-gharry."

It was the Samarcand of more eastern Asia. Caravans of camels brought furs and dates and pomegranates, and other things for barter, and took back the products of the east to central Asia.

A beautiful oasis of tree-arched drives and flower-lit gardens of green is Jacobabad. Soft and springy, like green sward, the roads, thatched with elephant grass to keep the dust down.

Even this of the Sahibs—of our Sahib, old Jacob—he of Jacob's horse. Long had Jacob and his merry men rode and fought, but now the troopers, their gallant captain, are not—only the trees and the shaded town, and the white tombstone 'neath which old Jacob rests, are left.

But Duryia Khan had not come to Jacobabad, and so I pushed on to Sibi, generally known throughout the breadth of the land as "the white man's grave."

A boyl hface peered at me as I alighted from the hot, stifling carriage at Sibi, and a slim hand was thrust into mine with a "Glad to see you, old man." It was Grant.

"Hell has broken loose here," he added as we walked along the platform; "up in the Pass they are dying off like sheep. The government have 60,000 of them hemmed in there, the coolies working on the railway, and they don't let them out. If they were to escape and carry the black death down into India such a horror as the world has never seen would take place.

"A cordon of soldiers line either side of