POOR SPELLING.

There Have Been Some Very Famous People Who Spelled Poorly.

A little boy, examined before a magistrate, was asked to spell the sentence "I am grateful for the benefits I have received." He managed to spell it correctly except the last word, which he wrote thus "relleved." The magistrate pronounced this to be "fatal," and sent the lad to school. Enforce the same rule impartially all round, and where would be half the world's celebrities? Take two ladies first. Sarah Bernhardt cannot spell well, and one of our own most celebrated actresses does not always spell correctly. In a recent autograph letter of hers we find "occured." Then Bismarck never could spell. He, himself, has confessed to "a lack of diligence at school," as a consequence of which his letters contain many spelling errors. John Bright was another statesman somewhat weak in the same particular. Among literary men, a famous journalist is a conspicuously bad speller. A brief examination of his "copy" is generally sufficient to discover an error. In a short letter of his occurs the curious blunder "populer." But plenty of authors slip occasionally. Even Oliver Wendell Holmes makes a mistake in spelling the rather common word "indispensable," which he writes "indispensible."

He Had Noticed It.

"There is no doubt in my mind," mused Weary Atwrest, "that the world owes me a living, but," he added bitterly, "I am not surprised to find that Bradstreet's reports collections slow and unsatisfactory."

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Wife—Why the advertising pages are such excellent literature.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

[CONTINUED.]

ous, winsome, lovely woman, as to a flower, a picture, or anything else delightful to the eye? The very sense of pleasure it communicates to us makes us grateful to the cause, therefore we love it.

Yes, Silvia will have consolation offered to her, enough and to spare. She is altered, there is more expression in her face. She has suffered keenly, I think, since that night at Luttrell when I saw her last. She has her wish, but, if eyes speak truth, it has brought her little peace.

I pause in untying my bonnet-strings to think of how Paul and I would have spent this Sabbath morning if I had been his wife, he my husband. We should have walked to church, I think, across the glistening, fresh park and fields; we should have paused now and again to gather a flower or two by the way. We should have given each other lectures as to our deportment when we got into church; he would have put my bonnet straight, and made me tidy in the porch before he went in. In the Litany I am sure he would have kissed me, and in the Ten Commandments, I am sure I should have kissed him, and during the sermon—for there is nobody to see—I should have slipped my hand into his brown one.

I catch the reflection of my face in the mirror, and starts back; it warns me of what I am doing—thinking; and I have vowed that I will never look back—that I will keep my eyes fixed straight and steady on the monotonous level of to day.

"If you don't want to find the governor dancing a hornpipe on the dining room table, come down!" says Dolly, rushing in, and I follow her in hot haste.

Heavy as my heart is my heels are light enough. On Sundays, for some unknown reason, papa always seems to feel our numbers pressing more heavily upon him than any other day; he, so to speak throws our existences in our faces as a fact of which we ought to be deeply and abidingly ashamed, although what finger we had in the pie, and why our presence in this life should be set down to our determined and unaided obstinacy and vice, is rather more than we can understand. At these times the governor does not look upon us as decent responsible souls, but as so many mouths that he is bound to fill; and for my part I feel intensely ashamed of being obliged to eat at all, and that I should hold a very different position in his eyes if I could do without any such sublunary matters as food and drink and clothing. While he fulminates against the beef, the butcher, the carving-knife, the plates, and the round world and all that is therein, I speculate as to whom he might consider a suitable person to rear and maintain his family, reserving to himself the small rights of controlling our souls, bodies, looks words and actions. Clearly he thinks it no legitimate affair of his; but a man who will adopt ten children, and provide for them, is not to be met with every day. While as to Providence—whom he possibly regards as the person to blame—why, Providence, in providing us with a father, evidently considers it has done its duty, and there is an end o't. By the time the governor's plate is empty his angry mutters have ceased, and peace, dove-like and beef-inspired broods mildly over us.

The best of men is better full than empty, and the most rampagious of men is ten degrees less rampagious when he has eaten a good dinner; and, if I were going to keep house, I would not forget that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. I will give Dolly excellent advice on the subject when she marries.

At dessert a remark of papa's strikes me like a blow.

"Vasher is coming here this afternoon; I saw him yesterday, and made a point of it."

Fancy papa pressing anybody to enter his hospitable house—it sounds wonderfully like the spider and fly!

"Did he seem unwilling to come, then?" asks mother.

"Not exactly; but he hesitated in a queer way—said he never went anywhere. He inquired for you," continues the governor, nodding at me.

"Did he?" I say, with my eyes fixed on the apple I am peeling.

"You will call there to-morrow," he says to mother.

"Yes. And take the girls."

"I won't go," says Dolly, in an angry aside to me; "not if I am tied in a cart, like a pig going to market!"

"Supposing he comes now," I say to myself, "before I can get away!" and I sit in a restless misery until the familiar chuck of papa's thumb releases us.

"Mother," I say, in the drawing-room, "I am going out at once. I shall not come in until I think the coast is safe."

"May I come with you?" asks Dolly.

"Not now, dear," I say, kissing the soft cheek that has never blushed or paled for love of any man living yet; "we will go out together to-morrow."

As I go through the garden I press my hands hard upon my heart, and a mist creeps over my eyes, blotting out the garden, the flowers, and the sky. He is coming, here where his feet trod every nook and corner beside mine, here where we had our one perfect day of happiness and content; he is not coming to me—he will sit in the old familiar room where we sat together so often, and I shall be out here alone. We are both alive, and well, and strong, living in the same place; but between us lies a woman's plain gold wedding-ring. I hurry away to the orchard, and sit down under the very same tree where Jack and I sat so many years ago with our beasts and birds all about us. I wonder if the time seems as long to him as it does to me, or if I look as old as I feel? Jack's ridiculous old question of whether I would rather be a bigger fool than I look, or a bigger fool than I am, here comes into my mind and provokes a smile. Twenty-two next birthday is a considerable age, but, perhaps, if I were happy, it would not seem so much. How the bees are humming and buzzing all about the trees, as though they smelt the pink and white buds that are forcing their way through the dull brown boughs!

I leave my place and saunter along to a belt of trees that girdles round a dark, sullen pool, set with dank weeds, and ugly henbane and nightshade, lying in the far corner of the orchard. It is, in fact, an outlet to the meadows beyond, for behind the pool rises a low stone wall with a stile. I do not often come this way, for I hate the spot, and yet it fascinates me, and I pause to look down into the sluggish depths. A sudden tongue of sunlight pierces the close set trees, and trembles on the black water, and in the momentary illumination I see strange, loathsome, misshapen horrors, that writhe, and turn, and wriggle away into dark corners. This pool typifies to me a foul heart that conceals many an ugly secret, and slinks away from the light that reveals its deformity.

A step behind me makes me lift my eyes from its dark surface, and there, on the other side of the wall, stands Paul Vasher.

I had sometimes thought to put out a cool, friendly hand to him so easily (if ever we met), look at him with such careless, friendly eyes, and say, "How do you do?" to him so gaily. Why, then, do I stand silent, with uplifted hand, staring at him? I am dumb with pain—not love; I am looking at him in sorrow—not love. Oh! what have the last years held for him that they have altered face, look, and figure, so fearfully? You may be loved for your own sake, Paul Vasher, but never more will woman love you for your beauty. Gray, haggard, worn—who could believe that you had ever been proud, imperious, passionate? A bitter pain shoots through my heart as I recall the face that I saw in my looking glass three hours ago—pale it was, and a little fallen; but without such suffering writ on it as on his? No! After all it is he who speaks first, and my words used to be so much more frequent and ready than his!

"I was going to the Manor House," he says.

He is standing beside me now. We make each other no greeting.

"Let me look at you," he says, coming a step nearer; "I have not seen you for three years, remember."

He stands looking into my face, line by line, feature by feature, for a full minute; then he turns away.

"You can never have cared as I did," he says, "never to look as you look to-day."

"Hush!" I cry, starting aside; "we made our last farewell, spoke our last words on that Christmas-morning; in this present we are nothing to each other—nothing."

"And may we not remember?"

"Remember!" I repeat, turning pale. "Do you not see that there is the sin, there the wickedness? We must not remember—we will not!"

"Speak for yourself, child," he says, bitterly. "I am too old now to learn the meaning of the word forget. Have you learned it?" he cries, with the old jealous ring in his voice that I knew so well—and it turns me giddy and sick with the memories it brings.

"Why did you come back?" I ask, smiting my two hands together, "why did you do it?"

"Why did I? Because if I had not I should have gone mad, or died of longing to hear the sound of your voice, and for a look of your sweet face."

"Then do you not love her?" the erring words leap straight from my heart to my lips without my own volition.

"Love her?" He looks down at the pool at our feet, looks up at God's heavenly azure shining through the exquisite leaves. "This is my life with that woman"—he makes a gesture toward the black, foul waters—"that"—with a gesture toward the sky—"is my love for you. Tell me," he says, "tell me how have these years passed with you?"

"They have not killed me," I say, turning away my white face, "and" (with a little laugh) "they have not made me thin, but—"

Why do I lift my desolate, tearless eyes to those dark, weary ones, heavy with the love that must not, dare not be given to me?

He draws a deep breath and turns as pale as death.

Suddenly I step out of the shadow into the sunlight, and he follows me.

Half-way across the orchard I turn to him and speak.

"You have come back, Paul, which you should not have done without warning; and we have met, as we should not have done. But this is our last talk together: henceforth we are acquaintances and meet as such. If ever we fall into such words as we have fallen into to-day, I shall go away and never come back again while you are here. You will not drive me away, will you? Paul! Paul! you are stronger than I—help me to be strong too!" By which it will appear that my long night of fierce struggle with my unruly heart has availed me but little.

"Am I stronger?" he says, standing still. "Whether I am or no, you shall not have appealed to me in vain; have no fear—I will not drive you away."

A minute later and he is in the dining-room, and I am sitting in my chamber alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is a week since mother, sorely against her will, drove her fat gray ponies over to The Towers and left cards for Mr. and Mrs. Vasher. For a week we have gone out every afternoon immediately after dinner, lest in the very plenitude of audacity she should elect to return the visit. We might have spared ourselves the trouble, however; for her chariot-wheels have not turned in at our gates; and—somewhat to my surprise, I confess—I come to the conclusion that for once in her life her haughty spirit is abashed.

I am going to my pretty woodland this afternoon, alone as usual. Mother is in the village, Dolly invisible; and I am hunting for a basket to bring back my flowers in. Suddenly I bethink me of the one that contains mother's wools, and I cross the hall and enter the drawing-room to fetch it. What a noise those tiresome boys are making! I wish Papa was not so conspicuous by his absence. It is no use to box their ears, I say to myself with a sigh; they are altogether past that. The wools have got entangled round the handle of the basket, and—What is that noise in the distance? surely a bell rang? The door opens almost instantly, and Simpkins announces "Mrs. Vasher."

The room is a long one, and as she comes stepping across the space that lies between us I stand still, with my face turned toward her. When she is quite close to me she holds out her hand. I do not stir, but stand looking from her false face to her false hand, from her false hand back again to her face.

"What!" I say, very low. "You dare offer an honest woman the hand of a forger? Has not even your varied experience taught you the gulf that lies between the two? You do my father's house much honor, madam. But, since you are here, I will ask your permission to retire."

As I pass her she lays her hand upon my skirts.

"You shall not go," she says, quietly. "I came here to speak to you, and I will."

I cannot struggle with this woman, so I stand still perforce, scornful and silent, while she scans my face with an intentness that I can feel.

"You are very much altered," she says, slowly. "You are not very pretty now. What my husband saw in you I could never imagine."

In spite of my anger, I break into a hearty joyous laugh.

"It is very strange, is it not? For you really are a far better looking woman, and yet he preferred me." Some wicked spirit ever waits on me and informs me how best to irritate Silvia. Her eyes darken and flame under mine like those of a furious animal. I never saw so fair a face so apt at illustrating ugly passions. "If you have anything to say to me," I continue, contemptuously, "release me and say it; it won't trouble me."

For a moment she draws her breath hard, looks at me under her drawn brows, then releases me. "Perhaps you wonder at my coming here?" she asks, sinking into an easy chair.

"Very much," I answer, laconically. (What a nerve the woman has!)

"Your father made a great point of my coming. He does not know the relations that formerly subsisted between you and my husband, I think?"

"No, nor your share in the matter. You would not have been admitted within his doors if he had. We are honest folk, we Adairs."

"Indeed!" she says, with a faint sneer; "then deceit must be re-christened."

"Tell him your worst, madam; and to hear you talk about deceit is about as suitable as if the father of lies took to preaching morality. We know nothing here of such womanly accomplishments as spying, forgery, theft; in our part of the world we do not track men for years and marry them when they are mad. Our neighborhood should be the better for containing a lady who is so great a proficient in all these branches of a woman's education."

"Don't call the means I made use of to reach my ends by such hard names," she says, indifferently; "they served me well enough."

"Such ends as they are!" I say, quietly; "and such a reward as they have brought you!"

"Yes," she says, with her old slow smile, the smile of my dream, "they have brought me all I wanted. I was his first love, and now I am his wife, and the mother of his son, and you were never anything but his sweetheart."

"You were his first love," I say, slowly—"true; and he cast you aside like a soiled glove when he found out your real nature, nor could you win him back, though you stooped to the dust to bring him. You are his wife—but did you become a wife in any common, decent, honorable way? And you are the mother of his child. Yes. Does he love that child? Does he ever look upon him without remembering your immodesty, your perjury, your fraud? Trust me, Silvia, that innocent child will never be any link between you; rather is he a chain to drag you further and further away from the man you call husband."

"Yes," she says, deadly pale.

(Have I touched her at last?)

"But after all I have conquered, I am Paul Vasher's wife, and you are only Helen Adair."

"Yes," I say, slowly, "only Helen Adair; but she has a pure heart, an unseared conscience, a fair name and the entire perfect love of Paul Vasher in the past, in the present, and forever."

An infinite content fills my voice as I speak, looking up, with happy eyes, at the blue vault of sky beyond us.

"I am husbandless, childless, lonely; but do you think I would change places with you?"

"Take care," she says, with a low, wicked laughter lying under her sweet voice; "your good name, did you say? You are very proud and sure of yourself now; but take care you don't lose it some day! All things come to him who waits, you know; and I could wait a long while to see your pride brought low."

"You judge others by yourself," I say, with contempt; "but I know that honor is of small account in your eyes. Here we set some small store by the commodity."

"Are you not afraid of seeing my husband again?" she asks. "It must be very hard upon you, poor thing!"

"We do not find it so, madam."

"You have seen him!" she exclaims, thrown off her guard.

"Certainly. Is there anything so extraordinary in that?"

"Sooner or later you will burn your fingers," she says, rising.

"Thank you for your good advice," I say, taking up my basket, with alacrity; "but I should say you wanted it all for yourself. You cannot be expected to understand me—or Paul."

"By the way," she says, looking into the glass at her own exquisite person, "how did you hear my husband is not proud of my son? Servants' gossip?"

"No; I leave that to you. Have you your spy Jane at The Towers?"

"Yes; she is an excellent wretch. Well, I am going. I intended to see you, and I have done so. I'm glad to find your misfortunes have not broken your spirit. Tell your father I came," she says, from the door; "unless, indeed, you would wish to tell him the whole story."

I ring the bell, and she vanishes.

"Was ever such a woman?" I say to myself, as I sit down "no shame, no fear, no conscience. No wonder Paul and I were like wax in her hands. Her words cut me like knives, again and again. Did I wince under them, I wonder; I think I touched her once or twice; I am sure I tried hard enough."

I pick up my basket, innocent cause of my being caught, and go out into the garden, my heart beating, my pulses throbbing. How that evil, lovely face brings back to my memory that night at Luttrell when, though I knew it not, such happiness lay before me! Now the warning is fulfilled, and my lot in life is fixed. My adventures this afternoon are doomed to conclude in a somewhat ludicrous manner, for, in crossing the orchard, I find poor Dolly in a state of siege, standing on a pile of planks against the wall, whither she had been driven by our new and potent tyrant, the ram. He was installed in the orchard last Monday, and a very lively time we have had of it ever since; indeed it would be hard to say why he is here at all, unless the abundant abrasions inflicted by his horns on the family legs and shins find favor in the governor's eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

A month has passed since Silvia came to see me, and now we are in May—fragrant, blossoming, voluptuous May; and the world is covered like a bride with the month's white flower of flowers, that here and their melts odorously into faintest pink, or burns into vividest crimson and scarlet. You are very royal and sweet, you Mayflowers, but I do not love you so well as my

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength,"

and all the delicate army that your gorgeous coming has caused to fade away. They did not wait, like you, till the earth was warmed and pranked to receive you; they grew with the grass, and crept up through the cold, hard ground, braving the lingering chilly winds and night frosts to bring us beautiful messages from the busy, teeming earth-mother.

I have seen him twice, before all the rest. Fortunately, papa is not so far gone in madness and hospitality as to invite Mrs. Vasher to dinner, and as she has been here he is perfectly unsuspicious of the wheels within wheels; and long may he remain so, say I. He, mother, and I, have been invited to a dinner-party at The Towers (ye gods!) but, as papa has fortunately quarreled a l'outrance with every other neighbor invited, and as it might be awkward if he had to take his enemy's wife in to dinner, he has declined for obvious reasons. Mrs. Vasher has returned her visits as she received her visitors, alone, and the county to a man cries fie! upon Paul: and the county to a woman, with a spiteful though true instinct, takes the part of the husband, and calls fie on the wife.

Sometimes I think I never made a greater mistake than when I made Paul go back to his wife. Upon him I entailed a life of utter wretchedness; what his existence is his face tells plainly enough; and the tongue of scandal even has not been stopped, although my name has not yet appeared in the matter.

Footsteps come softly over the grass, and Simpkins appears somewhat unexpectedly before me. There are signs of hurry and discomposure on the ancient man's countenance, that nothing short of papa's agency could call up, and I look round hastily to see if that gentleman is harassing his rear.

"You are wanted directly, Miss Nell; Mr. Vasher is here."

"What has that to do with me?" I ask, reddening, as I remember the countless occasions on which Mr. Simpkins has seen us together.

"Mrs. Vasher is dying, Miss Nell;" and may he be forgiven, but a look of positive satisfaction overspreads his face as he makes the announcement.

"And what has that to do with me?" I ask again.

"Oh! nothing, miss, nothing!"

"I don't believe a word of it," I say, promptly. "What is she dying of?"

"Something in her inside, Miss Nell; her 'art, I think."

"Very well; I am coming. I don't believe one word of it," I say to myself, as I follow Simpkins toward the house. "It is only another of her tricks. Besides, if she were, why should she want to see me, of all people?"

In the drawing-room I find Paul Vasher alone.

"You will come?" he says, meeting me half-way across the room. "Deeply as she has wronged you, you will not refuse her?"

In his voice there is some strange, new feeling. Is it remorse?

"What is the matter with her?"

"Heart disease. Her mother died in just such an attack as the one I left her in just now. The doctor said she might die at any moment."

"Are you sure?" I ask, skeptically. "People may have heart disease for a very long while before they die of it. And I can't understand why she should wish to see me."

"Perhaps she wants you to forgive her," he says, in a low voice.

"Do not be angry," I say, after a few seconds' hard thought; "but I cannot go. I could do her no good; and I have a feeling, a conviction even that she is not so ill as you think. Remember her powers of dissimulation. If I go, harm will come of it; and I could not tell her that I forgive her—I do not."

"During the past hour," he says, slowly, "I have begun to feel for her what I never felt before—pity. If you had seen her face when she sent for me—"

"I will go with you," I say, quietly, and leave the room.

Mother and Dolly are to be found nowhere; so I fetch nurse, make her dress herself, and then go down with her to the carriage that is waiting at the door. It is a strange setting out to the house that I have never entered, and to which I was to go as a bride, and now I am going here to see Paul's wife, my bitter enemy.

Nurse's amazement distracts my thoughts during the short period that elapses between our leaving the Manor House and reaching Paul's door, where he stands waiting to receive me. He takes us through halls and vestibules, into an octagon-shaped room, looking out on to a gay flower-garden, and leaves us. A queer taste for a man's room; it looks far more like a lady's boudoir.

"Eh!" cries nurse, lifting her finger and pointing toward the man piece; "only look, Miss Nell!"

I start violently as my eyes fall on the picture, which represents a young girl with the first freshness of early youth lying on her lips and cheeks, looking with joyous, happy smile out of her veil of loose brown hair; upon her head is a wreath of poppies and woven flowers and grasses; she wears a white gown, and she is—Helen Adair, as she used to be.

"Nobody 'ud ever know it was intended for you," says nurse, impartially, "you used to look summut like it—but, Lord! the difference the paint do make to be sure!"

I look round the room: at the walls hung with pale-yellow silk with a deep rich border of poppies and corn-flowers running round; at the damask curtains, with the same border; at the white carpet, on which the same flowers are scattered in delicate knots. I know now why he uses this room; it was to have been mine. The sex of the occupier is shown by the massive writing appointments, the whips and driving-gloves, the half-smoked cigar on the table, and all the orderly litter of a man's favorite room. And this is my Eden that I have never entered, until I come to it as a visitor to his wife. I look up—Paul is standing at the door, and I rise to go to him, leaving nurse behind. At the door of the room where Silvia lies he leaves me, and I go in alone. The room is so darkened that, coming out of the broad daylight, I can barely make out the outline of Silvia's face against the pillows. As I approach her, an elderly woman by her side rises and passes out.

"You sent for me," I say, looking down on her, "and I am here."

Now that my eyes are more accustomed to the light, I see that she is mortally pale and her breath comes in quick, short pants.

"Do you know that I am dying?" she says, lifting her haggard, lovely eyes to my face. "I dare say you are very glad?"

Desperately ill I see plain enough that she is; something in her voice tells me that she is not dying, no, nor in immediate danger of death.

"Did you only send for me to ask me that? If so, I am better away."

"Are you so hard-hearted?" she asks, between her short pants, "Feel!"

She takes my hand and lays it against her heart, which seems to be leaping out of her body with every beat.

"Do you think that is shamming. Sooner or later it will kill me—not to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow, but sometime."

She looses my hand and sits up in bed, and her fleece of hair ripples all over her shoulders and the coverlid like a shower of molten gold.

"If I were dead you would forgive me, would you not?" "I would try to."

"If you knew that I could not live very long, you would forgive me?"

"Perhaps."

"Then say so now," she says, feverishly, with her hands clasped over her laboring heart, "that you do forgive me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paying for His Education.

Wool—So you have been sued for breach of promise, eh?

Van Pelt—Well, I expected my course in Belle's letters to cost me something.

Love can be depended upon to keep a woman out of politics.

To regard one's marriage as a mistake is to prove that it is.

ODD OCCUPATIONS.

Articulating Skeletons—Dog and Rat Catchers.

Every medical student in Philadelphia is more or less familiar with the little French perfumer and hairdresser who occupies his leisure time articulating skeletons. The Frenchman does a fair business in winter selling skeletons, or parts of the human form in the shape of skulls, bones of the arm, including the digits, the frail delicate bones of the face, like those entering into the formation of the nose and palate, which are valuable because rare; the peculiar, pretty little bones of the ear, shaped like an anvil, mallet and stirrup respectively. They are done up in cotton and bring a dollar apiece. An arm or leg, fully articulated, costs from $3 to $5, while a whole skeleton brings from $20 to $30, according to the degree of whiteness and hardness.

Monsieur's work room, with its ghastly melange of all kinds and shapes of bones, hanging on the walls, suspended from the ceiling here and there a skeleton sitting on a chair or standing uncomplainingly in a corner, a fitful light from the skull lamp casting grotesque shadows, is not the kind of a place to fill one with the joyousness of life. "Tony," the garbage raker of Seventh Street, is another curious character.

Tony looked askance when a reporter of the Times told him that he wished to accompany him upon his "trimming" expedition; as raking over ash barrels is called by the agreed. Every ash receptacle from box, barrel or dish pan, was inspected, the contents of each turned over and over with a long iron hook. Old play bills, rags, corks, bottles, all find their way into the bag slung over "Tony's" shoulder. Later the old paper is sold and made into pasteboard, or pressed into pulp, and appear before the public again in immaculate white sheets. Rags are disposed of easily, corks go to the costumer, who prepares them for the theatrical profession, bottles are sold and melted over again, the glassblower's art giving them a new form and color, and so on.

There are many engaged in refuse "trimming," yet it is not a lucrative business by any means, the average daily receipts rarely exceed $1, more often only 50 or 25 cents. The follower of the business makes a living out of it, however, and manages adroitly to find something in the turn to profitable refuse which he can subsequently account.

Aside from that of a fireman there is probably no occupation that attracts so much attention on the streets as a dog-catcher. Dog catchers work in pairs. One man looks after and drives the wagon while another prowls the street with stealthy tread, keeping an eye on unsuspecting canines sitting peacefully upon their owner's doorsteps. The catcher has a long net to the end of which a wooden handle is attached. He makes one sweep, a quick curve and the deed is done. Bow-wow is condemned without trial, dumped into the wagon with other dogs of high and low pedigree, and if not called for within 24 hours is asphyxiated. The dog catcher receives so much for each dog caught, so that every canine is in demand.

Apropos of dog-catchers, there are several men who earn a livelihood by rat-catching. One man has laid by a snug sum, so successful has he been in riding large mercantile, wholesale grocery and other houses formerly infested with rats. He is often seen on the streets carrying a peculiar shaped yellow bag upon which is painted in black letters his name and profession. There are different ways of catching rats. Some use ferrets, and others refuse to divulge the secrets of their methods. A form of net is sometimes used. Another man who does a thriving trade invented his own apparatus, which consists of an old stew pan with a long handle, lighted when in use by a short candle. Gloved, a wire mask over his face, a cage for the rats, and he is ready to start on a hunt. This man was for a long time the most famous "ratter" in America, and has had many thrilling experiences with his game. When on a "hunt" he insists upon being alone, or refuses to work, and naturally he will not tell the manner of capturing his victims.

As to prices they depend altogether upon the bargain made between catcher and customer. Sometimes they charge by time, again they charge so much for each rat caught. It is a curious and decidedly thriving business, though not full of pleasant suggestions to over sensitive minds.

A woman living in a Sixth Street tenement removes warts and pulls gray hairs, which is a profession recently introduced here from London. The gray or white long hairs are sold to hair-dressers for a fair sum, wigs and "switches" of white hair being scarce, and hard to imitate. Dog barbers are common, and so too, are those tonsorial artists who make a specialty of removing the hirsute adornments of their defunct customers. Literary bureaus are nothing new, but there is one which advertises: "Copyright titles of novels and plays bought and sold here." Dog and cat hospitals, doll hospitals and a lodg-

TREE-CLIMBING RABBITS.

Parrots That Eat Sheep, Sheep That Love Snails and Insectivorous Birds That Feed on Grain.

It seems almost a stretch of the imagination to think of rabbits climbing trees. Yet in Australia many rabbits have somehow acquired the tree-climbing habit, having been forced, on account of the persecutions of dogs and other animals, to drop burrowing and imitate squirrels. An Australian sent on to England recently the two front feet of a rabbit that had been killed on an acacia, three yards from the ground, and he wrote in this letter that this was not at all a remarkable thing, and he had often found them, or at least the traces of their claws, on the bark of trees four, five and six yards high.

For a parrot to eat sheep is another remarkable thing, and yet the kea of New Zealand has become a sheep eater, having changed to this article of food from a purely vegetable diet. The kea has proved a serious source of annoyance to the New Zealand herdsmen, and methods have been taken for the destruction of the species. These gay colored little birds will eat almost any kind of meat, but it is sheep that they prefer.

They have been known to kill as many as two hundred in a single night, and have done serious harm to the flocks. The tradition of the island is that at one time these parrots were unable to obtain their usual supply of vegetable food and that in desperation they invaded the "drying rooms" and ate whatever came to hand, finding sheep meat agreeable. In Iceland almost all the horses are fish eaters, for the reason that grain is scarce there and fish is plentiful. In England sheep are known who delight in snails. The observation of this fact is not new; it dates back 150 years.

It is well known that a large number of insectivorous birds become grain eaters whenever they find that they cannot procure their ordinary diet of insects.

Very Much out of Place.

No limit has ever been found to the uses of a small boy's pockets. One day at school a little girl put up her hand to attract attention.

"Teacher, Johnny's got a caterpillar!"

Johnny was of course called to the desk, made to surrender the cherished possession, and sent to his seat with a reprimand. In about two minutes the same small hand waved in the air again, and the same small voice complained:

"Teacher, Johnny's got another caterpillar!"

A second surrender of the caterpillar and a second admonition followed.

Hardly had silence once more settled over the room, when a frantic waving of the hand was followed by a perfect shriek of dismay:

"Teacher, Johnny's got a whole pocketful of caterpillars!"

This time the teacher's dismay equaled her pupil's and Johnny was promptly sent home with his brood of strange pets.

Through the Glass Darkly.

"Ha," cried the bold navigator, "Bring me a glass."

He scanned the horizon eagerly.

"Another glass. Ha!"

After the second glass he had no trouble whatever in discerning the outline of the sea serpent, which was signalling that its steering gear was not under good control.

Freddy Wrote a Letter.

There is a bright little boy of 10 on the South Side whose papa is a life insurance agent. Life-insurance agents, it is probably known, are early risers, as it is a tradition in the business that it is the agent who comes early and stays late—that is to say, camps out with his intended victim—who gets the policy. Freddy was nearly always asleep when his papa left for the city in the morning, so his papa got into the way of writing little notes of farewell and leaving them for delivery when he woke up. Freddy didn't answer these notes; although repeatedly urged to do so, because, in spite of the fact that he is a bright little boy—as will transpire—he is not, to use the current vernacular, "stuck on himself," and could never summon up courage enough to try his lead pencil at this style of composition. The other evening, however, the necessary inspiration came. His papa was called out on business, and mamma wanted to go with him. She thought he could write the policy better if she was with him. He thought he couldn't, and said so bluntly. He went away alone, but his wife knew where he was going, and joined him later, as both were well acquainted with the people to whose house he had gone. He has a bluff way of speaking, and what he said was not taken at face value by his wife, as the sequel showed. Freddy however, who hadn't known papa as long as mamma had, thought the matter over for a long half hour and then decided that the time had come for him to reply to the numerous communications that he had received. When papa and mamma returned he was fast asleep, but they found the following note, written in a little boy's sprawling hand, fastened to the pillow on the side where papa always sleeps:

"My Dear Papa: I have been wanting to answer your letters, but the way you talked to mamma at the dinner table to-night made me write at once. You know very well, papa, that you're in (the) wrong and I want you (to) promise me that you will not do it again. If you think it is nice to talk that way to mamma I don't. You should be good to mamma as she has been to us always, and I think you ought to beg mamma's pardon to-morrow morning before you go. These are the things I want you to promise me:

"Do not meddle with the Andry Jackson leage.

"Do not take anything bad for your kidneys.

"Do not smoke or except or buy any cigars.

"Don't meddle in any one's else's business and tend strictly to the insurance business and nothing else.

"Don't have any letters written by type-writers.

"Be good to mamma and we will all be happy. Your aff son, FRED."

Has Gray Whiskers and a Terrier.

A bicycle seems to call out a man's latent peculiarities with unfailing certainty, and there are always interesting examples of such development to be seen among the riders in the park or on the roads. A gray whiskered man rides up the boulevard almost every day with a small Skye terrier in a wire basket fastened to the front of the bicycle just below the handle bars.

He has been riding this way for several months and is never seen without the dog. The animal's expression is a curious combination of terror and ennui, and there is an alertness in his look which might be understood to indicate that he would jump out at the first opportunity. Other similar riders are to be seen on the road every day, but unfortunately all of them are not so harmless.

The Human Eye.

The apparatus for keeping the eye moist is complex and efficient. It comprises the lachrymal gland, which secretes the tears; the lachrymal caruncle, a small fleshy body at the inner angle of the eye; the puncta lachrymæ, two small openings at the nasal extremity of the eye-lids; the lachrymal ducts, which convey the tears into the nose, and the lachrymal sac, a dilatation of the canal.

35,000,000 Pages Per Year.

Shanghai boasts of the largest mission press in the world. In connection with it is a type foundry, where electrotyping and stereotyping are also done. The press has fonts for printing in many languages and every year sends out more than 35,000,000 pages.

NAUTICAL MAIDENS.

They Sail the Blue Seas Over in Duck and Serge.

"Ahoy, there, Marie, how did you like the sail? Choppy, wasn't it?"

"Well, I should think so. There was an awful squall and the boat spanked and pounded so we got drenched. Coming home we could not run, but had to tack, and came within an ace of running on the bar."

In bewilderment I listened to the approaching voices. What did they mean by talking in that fashion? Turning to look at them I saw two maidens fair, dressed in nautical garb and wearing the

TO RIVAL JACK TAR.

insignia of the Defender. The mystery was explained—they had gone to the races and were yacht crazy.

As I say, those two maidens fair were dressed in nautical garb. White serge formed the gown of one, made with skirt and jacket. A bright red shirt waist and a white yachting cap were worn with this suit.

The other gown was characteristic of the wearer. She was a bonnie girl, divinely tall, divinely fair. Her figure was too gracefully rounded to admit of any concealment and a tight-fitting bodice was her selection. The suit was a blue duck. An immense white sailor collar was edged with blue braid, and a blue silk tie was knotted in nautical fashion. A white sailor hat with blue ribbon covered the golden hair.

FASHIONS OF FRANCE.

The Newest Ideas and Designs in Parisian Modes.

In the work rooms of Paris are busy brains and tireless hands laboring ceaselessly at the problem of what shall be worn when the last balloon sleeve has been pricked by autumn's winds—if, indeed, it is to be pricked, for of all the vexed questions this of the sleeve is most vexing; and at this moment the dressmakers of the whole world are on pilgrimages to Paris, and there their days are spent from ten o'clock to four in said work rooms, where tentative models are passed and re-passed before them like magic lantern slides.

There they are dashing blindly at rouge et noir, and laying their money for luck, knowing not in the least what the end may be. They buy their models and take them home, but the ball will not cease rolling till frost-time and neither favor nor love can tell beforehand how many breadths will be accepted as correct in a skirt. Neither she knows that makes nor she that will wear.

The character of the dress is formed largely by the hat. It is wide in front, where it seems weighted with trimmings; it is wide at the sides where the trimming is built out to the edge and beyond; and it turns up high behind with the effect of an enormous Spanish black comb, and this comb has set flat against it a garniture of flowers. At times it seems to be the width that dominates and at others the weight of the front or the height of the back. Its analysis is subtle and evasive. There have been hats higher and hats wider; but there have never been any more surprising and complex. A part of its effect is due to its position on the head; it is worn tipped low over the face, so low that the brim cuts across the disc of the eyes. Then this high flowered back comb and the eyes glancing out from beneath the shade have an effect of extreme coquetry. The apparently modest produced by the really complex has resulted in the extremely piquant, and hereby it may be noted that the dressmaker's art has in nowise lost its grip.

A Peculiar Style of Hair Dressing.

A peculiar style of hair dressing has just been introduced. It is called the Botticelli, being named after the old master. The hair bulges out on each side of the head low down, growing wide as it descends, being either waved or plain, so that the face peers from between as well as from under, thus aiding the effect upon it of the hat. The face looks delicate and appealing. There is here an instance where mere arrangement of dress gives to every woman a grace and charm of expression that she does not possess by nature.

A beautiful or ugly face makes no difference to this sort of charm; for the senses hold to immediate phenomena, and the senses are entranced by this complex coquetry; if after analysis discovers that the woman is plain there will ensue no disappointment, but the additional flavor of surprise. The epicure finds olives much better than preserves, and a pink and white complexion is tame beside these subtleties. Here, indeed, is the triumph of art.

The Smallest Coin.

Which is at the same time the smallest coin and the coin of least value at present current in Europe? In the absence of a knowledge of any smaller and more worthless, I should be inclined, writes a correspondent, to award the palm to the Greek lepton, a specimen of which has recently come into my hands. The lepton is, according to the decimal monetary system current in countries belonging to the Latin union, the hundredth part of a drachma. Now, the Greek drachma is, while nominally the equivalent of the franc or the lira, at present worth less than six pence, the rate of exchange about a fortnight ago being 42.69 drachmas to an English sovereign. The lepton is, therefore, approximately worth about one-fifth of an English farthing.

Try brightening the rooms with fresh blossoms, and strengthening the plants by free picking.

Marie Antoinette Hood.

If there is no new dress under the sun, Aaron's linen coat being worn to-day by women and pantaloons having been found from the stone epoch, there are at least designs that re-appear like comets at such long intervals that they are new to some consecutive generations. Thus it is with a certain Marie Antoinette hood, part of a Marie Antoinette cloak, that has appeared and seems destined to a career. Not so very old in its design, it is so extremely odd and its career was so short in its day that it comes with all the effect of surprise. This hood is extremely wide and is hooped round the opening, and when on the head stands out like an inflated half balloon somewhat flattened on the top and leaving a wide space on each side of the face, that may be filled with hair or shadows. The width of this hood reaches out to that of the widest sleeve ever made. Attached to a long cloak it is bound to figure in evening wraps next winter, but forestalling the time they are occasionally seen on hotel piazzas at night and made of taffeta beruched or of satin lined with cloth; one or two travellers have worn them coming from Paris to the beach. The effect is truly marvellous.

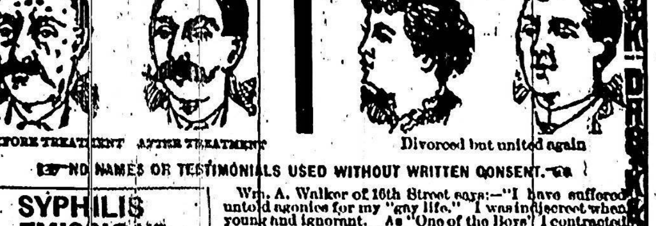
K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K-DRS-K&K

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH
LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD
MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRY. CHAS. FERRY.



BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

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Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my "gay life." I was indiscreet when young and ignorant. As "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. I have never heard of their failing to cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says:—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I learned a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhoea, Emissions were draining and weakening my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was a sad experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who restored me to manhood by their New Method Treatment. I felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

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Words of Weight and Wisdom

Canada's Well-known Railroad Contractor, Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, Ill.

Treated by Several Doctors and Tried Nearly Every Proprietary Medicine—Got Very Little Benefit—Was Influenced to Use South American Nervine—Found Immediate Relief—"The Nervousness Has Entirely Left My System"—"I Will Never Be Without It in My Home."

MR. J. W. DINWOODIE, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

Men of affairs usually weigh their words. They are not of that class of people who carry their hearts upon their sleeve. One of the best known men of affairs in Canada is Mr. J. W. Dinwoodie, the large railroad contractor, evidence of whose work is to be found in all parts of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to chain one section of our vast Dominion with another and bring its people into easy touch with each other through the medium of the iron horse, as Mr. Dinwoodie has in a short lifetime done, is a work of which any man may be proud. Hard and heavy labor, however, is necessary to success of this character, and the strongest constitutions are in danger of breaking down under the strain. It has been so with Mr. Dinwoodie. The great thought that he has had to give to his work, and the care and responsibility that it has carried with it rapidly told on his constitution, and he became a victim of nervous troubles, his liver and kidneys becoming seriously disordered.

Naturally he consulted a medical man. Comparatively no relief was obtained. He changed his doctor, and did not stop with one, two or three physicians but he got no better. Various proprietary medicines were recommended, and, as he says himself, "Tried them all, but got very little bene[fit] ... out, and I was ... ned to pick up ... paper ... advertisement for South American Nervine. I determined to give it a trial, and procured a bottle from the local druggist. After having taken but a few doses I found very great relief. The severe pain that I had been suffering in the small of my back left me and the nervousness that had rendered me, in a large measure, unfit for work, has as a result of the continued use of Nervine, become banished from my system. I am now able to enjoy refreshing sleep the night through. I keep South American Nervine always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

The important fact can not be too often emphasized that South American Nervine cures at the nerve centers, from which emanate all diseases. This being an undoubted scientific truth, fully and perfectly demonstrated by science, it is never an experiment to use Nervine, but in this remedy is always found a certain cure.

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