FEMININE PHILOSOPHY.

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It is easy to make up with a rival—if she isn't pretty.

The wisest woman is she who can say a timely "I won't."

The smiling woman may always be sure of a dentist's friendship.

A fresh rose may make an old hat look new—if the wearer thinks so.

Memory can only prove a true consoler when it brings no foolish regrets.

Day dreams born of the beauty sleep of contentment are always tangible blisses.

There is always a secret unsung lullaby in every mother's heart that only her baby understands.

It is the dangerous second bloom of a passe wall-flower that most debutants fear to observe.

Strange that the now-styled parted hair-bang should claim such undivided feminine attention.

The powder-puff removes more tear stains from the average female face than ever could sympathy.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"I cannot," I say, slowly; "it is all too sudden. I do not believe you; would you have me be a liar?" And you seem to have forgotten what lies between us—how can there be any shadow of friendship between us?"

"I do not ask for friendship," she says, sinking upon the pillows.

"How cruel I am—and lovely she looks! No wonder Paul found it in his heart to forgive him—poor Paul!—I mean, I do know," she says, opening her eyes upon you who should ask forgiveness of me, not I of you? Paul was right! I do not forget that, and he might have been mine again, if you had not tempted him; if I stole him from you, you stole him from me first. How differently I make him love you so well!" with a low wail; "whether with you or away from you, it was always the same—my very, the very apple of his eye. Men are usually so faithful to the ability of a beautiful woman who has been jilted! And all these years that I have been Paul's wife he has never spoken one word to me save before servants—never touched my hand in commonest friendly greeting. I came behind him once and put my arms around his neck; he started as though I had been an adder! Had he seen his face, there was murder in it; he left me without a word—and, for all of this I have to thank you, Helen Adair. Oh! it is pleasant to think that I have risen like a thief, in the dead of night, and hear him cry, 'Nell! Nell!' over and over again, and toss his outstretched arms into the air; often as I have watched him, I never yet heard Him whisper 'Silvia!'

A deep pity wells up from my heart as I look down on this passionate, sinful woman, between whose lips the fruits of evil doing have turned to such bitter dust and ashes. Has she not punished her heavily for her sin? Has she not forgiven my little impotent condemnation?

"If I had known how it would be I never would have rushed him into marrying me—no, I might that if I was his wife I should be rich and all my old empire over him would be as never withstood me yet. My one thought was to make him love me as I should have known how happiness is—the real—good, God! though I have always made the very name of death, I should not be sorry when he comes and I drind the old, narrow house, and the thought of the blind worms creeping over my breast—pah!

"Why, you look as if some of that medicine I sent the crazy doctor away; he was no good and I know the proper remedy. Take some! I mean, I will then just now to send me."

"Mamma! mamma!" says a gentle little voice outside the door which opens softly and on the threshold stands Paul's son, aged seven. A breathless calm binds instantaneously as he stands still for a moment looking, then comes on his little naked feet, straight across the room to Silvia, clinging up into my face with the same wilful, beautiful lower eyes. I do not stir, until, perched on my lap, dimpled hand and [illegible]—and the clinging [illegible] so strange, still now unaccustomed deep in my heart—I tremble, and a passion of new born love, fierce regret and sweet pain shakes me like reed, and I bow my head low over the innocent child's face. Nay, Silvia, it is you who have conquered, not I.

"Is the sun not a treasure, "fresh from God," you say, dear, my I. Through all my years of misery I have never once felt the force of my lesson as I feel it now, while my arms close round his son.

"You like children," says Silvia, as the boy slips away from me and chambers once the bed. "I love them.

"Pity mamma!" says the child, pulling at her loose hair, "pity mamma!" but he does not kiss her or lay his face against yours as does she hold out her arms to him. Silvia spoke the truth, she has no mother instinct whatever.

"And do you not love him?" I ask.

"No. I might have, perhaps, if he had been my child between me and his father, but he was the cause of growing misdemeanor for which my husband never forgave me. I was so jealous—so like a madman when he heard of it. I never hated but one person in my life, and that was Paul."

"Was there ever such a shameless woman?" I say to myself, looking at her. The depth of pity has left her face, her brooding [illegible] and the bluish tint of her lids is not gone, but a tinge of color. I look at the [illegible] and a beautiful pair. Silvia's other eyes, like mother's skin, her [illegible] boy, his father's mouth and chin, with a boyish trick of holding his head, that brings Paul before my eyes. Father and son—and father, how my heart flies to you! Dear—the consolation that the one is [illegible] the other, the love the other might give the child. Somehow the tenderness that Silvia's hands has smoothed out of my heart, I could not, if I would, speak such words to his mother as I did awhile ago.

"I feel better," she says, wearily; "I shall be better by this time, at any rate, tell me so—you do all will too forgive me."

"Yes, I will forgive you," (for the sake of my child, I say to myself.)

"Then will you leave me?" she says, sitting up; "you are not pleasant company."

"Why should I?" I ask, steadily; "are you afraid?" she says, dropping her eyes; "only I did not think you would living good by so long. And you will speak to me when I meet you, you will come to see me?"

"We are not likely to meet, and I will come to see your Friends we cannot be friends, Madam."

"Roses is an empty form of words," she says, taking back; "I need your help, I want it for it. Shall I tell you how I come to me the form of forgiveness, the spirit?" she asks, [illegible] "Shall I tell you why I want you here? Because I want to see your own heart."

"Acknowledge your sin and bliss?" and my good [illegible] and be not led astray, [illegible] I answer coldly: "Madam Vasher; I am no [illegible] what is due to [illegible] to meet him."

"Not often, perhaps, [illegible] will come here? You [illegible] open enmity?"

"I say, against my better [illegible] suddenly into her [illegible] quite certain that [illegible] shortage there has [illegible] you now mean fairly [illegible] and your husband? Is there any [illegible] of wickedness in your [illegible]?"

"Does a dying woman weave plots?" she asks, bitterly, as she turns away her eyes from mine. "Is there any further harm that I can work upon him, or myself? Your heart is not a stone, Helen Adair." For a minute I stand musing, and the child pulls at my dress; he is tired of the quiet room, and wants to go away.

"Wattie takes to you," she says, looking at him; "though he never liked strangers."

The change in her voice brings me back to commonplaces.

"Is that his name? I am going now. Good-by."

She stretches out her thin hand and lays it in mine; a queer sensation runs through me as I look down at it—the hand that worked my life's misery so deftly and well.

"You have promised," she says; "do not forget. You have promised to come here sometimes and see me and Wattie."

"I shall not forget."

She closes her eyes, and, as we pass out of the room, I pause to look at her, thinking that she looks more like a dead woman than a living one. In the corridor outside several servants are standing.

"That's Miss Adair," says one of them, in a very low voice, as I pass; "her as never's so sweet on."

"Have we any secrets from the detectives who are out? Take our wages, and do our bidding? Wattie rots along by my side, the nurse follows, at the foot of the stairs we meet Paul Vasher.

CHAPTER X.

Time, four o'clock. Scene, a level sweep of velvet smooth lawn before The Towers, upon which are pacing up and down and sitting about some sixty or seventy men and women of every size, make, age and appearance, and among them in festive raiment, like unto the rest, are—oh, wonder of wonders!—Dolly and I, sitting one on either side of Mrs. Skipworth. That lady, as a delicate compliment to the devouring heat of the day, wears a crimson-colored silk gown, that makes one glow freshly every time one looks at her.

"You here?" exclaims a young man, who is walking slowly by, but has now stopped short to stare at us. "Nell! Dolly!"

"Did you ever see us before?" I ask, rather tartly, "do you take us for ghosts?"

"Not exactly," he says, recovering himself, "only I did not expect to see you here."

He shakes hands with Mrs. Skipworth, and looks about for a chair, but, as the supply of seats by no means comes up to the demand, after a little search he comes back.

"Would you not rather stroll about than sit still, Nell?"

"I think I would."

"Will you come, Dolly?"

But Dolly, bearing in mind the excellent lines that set forth that "two is company, three is trumpery" declines the honor, so we depart without her.

"May I ask why you looked so astonished just now when you saw us?" I ask; "is there anything so very extraordinary in our coming here, pray?"

"Nothing!" he says, coldly; "only you had not told me you were coming, that was all."

"And how could I tell you, when I have not seen you for three whole days? I will tell you the truth," I say, suddenly, my voice falling; "I hate being here; I hate it, but I could not get out of it. Mr. Vasher asked the governor to let us come without my knowing anything about it, of course, and papa said 'Yes,' and told us he had accepted the invitation. Dolly declared she would not come, she is a good hater; mother got out of it in some wonderful manner, but all our manoeuvers were unavailing, and, here we are."

"It was a pity your father never knew the truth," says George; "it seems altogether wrong that you should be the guest of a woman who played you so vile a part."

"Hush!" I whispered, as his voice rises in his excitement, for we are in the crowd now, "and take care"—for with his head lifted skyward, and his thoughts busily engaged, he is taking no heed to his steps, which are encroaching on the train of a lady before us, who looks as though she had seized Fashion forcibly by the nose, and wrested a costume from her, so bizzarre and outrageous and eye-offending are its properties. If it be true that the test of a perfect toilet is that one does not know of what it is composed, although one is distinctly aware that the person in it looks charming then are those here present found seriously wanting, for the dress and the manner of it strike the beholder first, the wearer of it after.

"Do our men never have any hankerings after your lost double, hose, velvet cloaks and other smart trappings, George? I should if I were a man. Now, I have no doubt that blue would be as becoming to some of you as it would be fatal to others; that some particular color sets you off as well as it does particular women, and that the very ugliest of you might be furbished up into something uncommon-looking or picturesque."

"I can't say it ever bothers me," says George laughing; "but there is one thing I should like to have back, and that is the good old days when a pretty woman was a pretty woman, and every one knew it, and a plain one was a plain one, and every one knew that and the line between Madam Beauty and Madame Ugly was drawn hard and fast. It is all very different now. The plain women make themselves such excellent imitations of their lovely sisters with their dyed hair, painted cheeks, and artificial charms, that it is not always easy to separate the make believes from the really handsome people—in fact, the only difference between them at a distance is that the former wear veils and the latter do not. Our grandfathers were not obliged to look close into a woman's face to find out whether she was beautiful or only pretending to be; they gave hearty, honest admiration to the lass with ropes of yellow hair, and the skin of cream and roses, and kindly pity to the one who possessed but scant pepper-and-salt locks and a sallow skin."

"Well done!" I say, with much astonishment, as he pauses for lack of breath. "I had no idea you were such an acute observer, Mr. George. There is a good deal of truth in what you say, though, and there is a ghastly mixture of false and real beauty about; but for all that there is some contented ugliness wandering about the face of this earth, making no attempt at whitening itself."

"Mrs. Barcaeres is smacking her lips over something," says George—"Another reputation demolished, no doubt. Those old women are perfect emporiums of scandal and venom, out of which a story, rebounding to the discredit of every one present, may be fished at a moment's notice."

"I wander what mine is," I say, laughing.

"Heaven grant that they may never have a chance of making you the subject of their talk!" says the young man soberly—so soberly that I stare at him for a moment in surprise. He used not to be so grave and thoughtful, or think so seriously about people and things. His philosophy is touched with something more of bitter than it was three years ago.

A tat man and a lean woman vacate their chairs, so George and I promptly sit down on them and look about us. Several promising flirtations are in full swing; several lines are being thrown out by dexterous maidens to entice into their nets certain comely fish; there is a buzz of conversation, a flutter of fans, above which rises, sweet and clear, the music of the band hidden in the trees away to the left. In the assemblage the female sex, as usual, preponderates largely, and beholding the number of petticoats as set against the infrequency of the lavender and gray legs, I feel slightly snubbed and rather small, for is it not an unpleasant reflection that in Great Britain we are supposed to be three females against every male? No wonder men think so much of themselves; no wonder it is considered more honorable in a young woman to possess a betrothed lord, over so passe a girl, broken-winded, weak-kneed, soft brained a man, than none at all! And Fate, with her unfair fashion of lumping her favors, has a bad knack of giving two or three lovers to one girl who wants none of them, and never a one to another girl who would say thank you for any little mannikin.

"Dolly seems to be amusing herself very well," says George; and I look across to where she sits, soft and round and fresh as the pink roses that lie half on her brown hair, half on her white lace bonnet. Dolly has exquisite blue eyes, and out of them she is looking up, half shyly, half pleasantly, at a very tall, good-looking young man, whom one would, at a moderate guess, suppose to be a trifle shorter than Chang.

"He is a giant," I say, looking at the man, not Dolly. "Why, he must be near eight feet."

"Not quite," says George; "in fact, he is only six feet four and a half. He is Molyneux of the Fifty."

"I wish they would stand up; I should like to see what they look like together," I say with interest. "Dolly was measured yesterday, and she is exactly four feet eleven!"

"And she will bowl him over like a ninepin," says George; "those little bits of women always bewitch these big men."

"They would look very nice if they went to a fancy dress ball; he as Tom Thumb, and she as the Kentucky giantess, would they not? But I do hope that he will not be falling in love with Dolly."

"Why not?"

"Because," I say thoughtfully, "I have made up in my mind whom I should like her to marry."

"And who may that be? I did not know that Dolly had ever seen anybody!"

"George," I say, lowering my voice, "will you promise not to be angry with me?"

"Don't try me too far."

"Well, then, don't you think Dolly is a little like me, George?"

"Not a bit! No one would ever know you were sisters!"

"Oh!" I say, disappointedly. "Don't you think, though, that on the whole, blue eyes are prettier than green ones, and rosy cheeks than pale ones?"

"To some people's taste they may be."

"But not to yours?"

"No."

"Oh!" I say again, dismally.

"You have not told me yet what you are going to make me angry about?"

"I can't tell you," I say, slowly. "Yes, "Yes, I will, though; I only thought, George," (this in a prodigious hurry), "that—for she is very sweet, you know, and a hundred times as pretty as ever I was—that perhaps, after a bit, you might get to like her as well as you did me?"

"Did? Was there ever any past tense in my love for you? You remind me, Nell," he goes on, looking at me with half-sad, half-bitter eyes, "of a story I once heard of a man who proposed for a young lady to her father, and, on finding her to be already engaged, the suitor said he was not that particular, any one of her sisters would do just as well; it didn't matter a pin to him which he married. Do you think I am so accommodating? There never was but one girl in the world that I wanted, and as I can't get her I'll have nobody."

"Dolly would never forgive me if she knew what I had done," I say, my cheeks crimson with vexation, "and I have wounded you, too. I am very sorry, George;" and, forgetting the people all about us, I put my pale yellow hand into his straw-colored one, and give it a friendly squeeze; he holds mine for a moment, then I draw it away, and, looking up, see Paul Vasher standing before us.

"I hope you are not feeling dull, Miss Adair?" he says; and, cold as are our ways and looks to each other always now, his voice strikes me like an unexpected douch of ice-cold water.

"Not at all, thank you, Mr. Vasher."

He moves away among his guests, and George and I look after him silently; between us Paul's name is never spoken. Dolly goes by with her tall cavalier, giving me a saucy, sidelong look of triumph. She just reaches his elbow. Smiles follow them as they pass, but they are so taken up with each other that they do not see them. As the assemblage ebbs to and fro, scraps of conversation come to our ears. "Pity Adair marrels so confoundedly with everybody," issues from a knot of men discussing the people present (apparently), "for he has the prettiest family of daughters I ever saw."

And a minute later I hear a woman's voice exclaim, "That Helen Adair? Impossible! How she has gone off, poor thing!" George's eyes meet mine, and I smile.

"Hags!" cried George in a fury. "I should like to knock all their spiteful ugly heads together!"

"Am I so very much altered, George?" I ask, with a sharp pang. "I never was very pretty, you know; and if people say that, I must have grown absolutely ugly."

"You are altered," he says, scanning my face with his honest, tender eyes; "but you have lost none of your good looks; to me you are always sweet and lovely, Nell. You are very pale now, and you do not smile a bit as you used to do, but I don't think you need be afraid of growing ugly, Nell."

"I don't see how I could go off!" I say, laughing, "for that presupposes the possession of more than ordinary good looks at some period or other of my existence, and I never was anything to speak of, except to you, and—" I stop.

"Have you seen my roses?" asks Silvia coming up to us—beautiful Silvia, in a robe that is all gleaming yellow and blood-red knots of ribbon among her laces.

"No, not yet."

"Then will you come now, and Mr. Tempest?"

"I shall be most happy," he says, stiffly.

Silvia is his neighbor's wife; he cannot refuse to be her guest without folks wondering why so he comes, but between the pair there is a steady, strong dislike.

"Have you seen Wattie?" she asks, as we are coming away; "I heard him calling out for you just now."

Silvia and I rarely speak to each other on any sweet save the child; he is a link between us, and she knows it, but I think she often wonders with a certain playing scorn at my love for him. Very rarely now I entered her doors, always against my will, but bound by the promise I made her on the day Paul fetched me to her side, and he thought her dying. Well, she looks strong enough to-day, and sometimes I wonder if it was all a trick from the very beginning; and yet the illness could not be a pretense."

"We are going to the rose-garden," she says, tapping her husband lightly on the shoulder with her fan, as we pass where he stands talking to some gentlemen; "will you take care of Miss Adair?"

His face is very dark as he joins me, his wife and George walking on ahead. He does not speak, neither do I; then, for silence is often more dangerous than words, I say, lamely enough, "that the party is a pleasant one."

"Or rather, that you have been very pleasantly engaged," he says, with a sudden, swift, jealous glance out of his brown eyes that makes my cheeks paler than ever. I do not answer, and in another minute we are in Silvia's rose-garden.

"I always was so fond of roses," I say, nervously, as I lift my face out of a great golden splendor, with a breath as sweet as its own fairness. "Some people like lilies best, but I do not; they have only one scent, only one face always, and the rose has so many!"

"If you were dying," he says, "and had to choose the flowers to be laid in your coffin, which would you have?"

"Roses! I should like to be smothered in them! Don't you think dead people know the flowers are there, and smell them? I am sure I should. What made you think of my dying? You forgot that I was always a coward about that."

"I had not forgotten—but a strange thought was passing through my mind—of how some people got their flowers in life and some in death, and of how cursed is the man who causes the life's flower of another to wither."

"Only," I say, "gently, "it is God who sends the blight, no man."

I look round, Silvia and George have vanished; there is no one here but Paul and I.

"You will allow me to give you a bunch of your favorites," he says.

"Another time, perhaps. We will follow the others now."

"No, I will pick them this minute," he says; and while I stand a little apart, he gathers me a great, glorious bouquet of yellow, crimson, gold, and scarlet. Clearing the thorns from the stalks, he gives it to me and goes away, returning shortly with one snow-white stainless rose that has no fleck or flaw to dim its absolute purity. "Will you wear this one?" he says; and I take it from his hand and fasten it with my brooch against my throat.

"They are very lovely," I say, looking down on my roses. "We will take them and show them to Dolly."

"Nell," he says, "Nell! are you growing at last to care for that yellow-haired lover of yours?"

"Hush!" I say, holding up my hand and listening. A smile breaks over my face as a certain sound that I know well enough by now is heard in the distance—a scutter of little hurrying feet, a naughty little laugh of mischievous glee—and in another minute Wattie appears before us, his curls tumbled, his cheeks flushed, and the skirt of his frock full of daisies.

"Lallie! Lallie!" he calls out, and down we go on the grass side by side to make our daisy-chain; not the first we have made together by many means. The nurse, seeing that he is with me, goes away. His father does not turn on his heel and go away as he did that first time he saw us together (shall I ever forget his face when he caught sight of us?) he stands looking down on us—on the rapt, intent face of the child, as he hands me daisy after daisy, on my hands as I thread them. As I look up from the son to the father, the extraordinary resemblance between the two faces strikes me with fresh surprise.

"You love him" says Paul.

"Yes, I love him" Does he guess, I wonder, that I love his child above almost all things on earth?

"If you had been his mother," says Paul, jealously, "you would have loved him better than your husband."

"Should I?"

I bow my head over the child that he may not see my face; careless and impatient as I have been with children all my life, does he not know why I love his son so passionately, so deeply? The daisy-chain is round Wattie's neck now, and he is nearly throttling me with his kisses and vigorously clinging arms. Gently I set him down and whisper something in his ear, giving him a little push, he hesitates a moment, this little son of not yet three years old, who is worse than fatherless, motherless, then (for he is as brave as he is beautiful) he goes with his little, short, unsteady steps to his father.

"Papa! papa!" he says, in his childish, tender voice; and, no hand being held out to greet him, he clasps his arms round Paul's knees. Paul stoops and unclasps them without a word, setting him aside not roughly or hastily, but inexorably. A pitcous droop comes about the baby lips, and puckers up the baby brow, as Wattie stands alone, in disgrace, as he thinks (a child can not reason, but it knows when it is slighted and the tender little heart is grieved), then he runs across to me, and hides his head in my breast. Poor, little desolate son! how many repulses have you not had from him before you could understand his ways so well?

"God forgive you!" I whisper to Paul, with burning anger, as I lift Wattie in my arms and press my cheek against his, and so I carry him away through the blooming fragrant alleys, and leave Paul standing in the midst of his rose-garden alone.

CHAPTER XI.

"George!" I say, in a muffled voice.

"Yes!" he answers in another.

"Supposing somebody comes and sits down on us?"

"A little more or less could not make much difference!"

"I wish we had not let them do it. Does not your nose tickle horribly?"

"Rather. That's your fifteenth sneeze, Nell."

"Yes, you ought to condole with me over them, as the ancients did with each other when they were convulsed in like manner."

"I would if it prevented the repetition."

"I wonder when Dolly and Bashan will come back. Supposing they forget us altogether."

"We should become meat for pitchforks"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Butter tubs or jars, before used, even if new, should be scalded out with boiling water, or be subjected to a hot steam blast, and then immersed in cold water. They should be cold and moist when butter is packed in them.

ATHLETICS.

NEW YORK WON EVERYTHING.

New York, Sept. 21.—Never in the history of athletics has there been such a successful series of contests held in a single day, the world over, as the international games between the London Athletic Club and New York Athletic Club representatives at Manhattan Field this afternoon. Between the smashing of records, hair-raising finishes and above all the entire shutting out of the visitors from even winning first honors in any one of the eleven contests on the programme, the 15,000 spectators who gathered within the enclosure, thronging the stands and filling the bleachers, as well as every point of vantage, were kept in a continual ferment of excitement, which was only relieved at times by wild outbursts of enthusiasm. The heat was intense and the English athletes found it very enervating.

In the half-mile run, with which the games began, Kilpatrick and Lyons were selected to meet Horan and Lewis, the English representatives.

After a beautiful race Kilpatrick won by 10 yards.

When the numbers went up and the time announced, beating the world's record by a second, the crowd cheered wildly and argued that this was a good omen for the success of the American team.

The 100 yards dash was the second event, Bradley, the English champion, and Stevenson, represented England, while John V. Crum of Iowa and R. J. Wefers of Lowell, Mass., represented the American team.

When the pistol shot rang out Wefers was seen to be in front from the start with Bradley second, Crum third and Stevenson fourth. There was no change throughout the race, Wefers maintaining his lead to the tape by two feet, with Bradley second, about twelve inches ahead of Crum. When the time, 9 4-5, was put up, the audience again got to cheering, for the world's record, made by John Owen, jun., of Detroit, had been equalled, and the Englishmen convinced that ten flat could be broken.

In the mile run with Connell and Orton of the N.Y.A.C., and Wm. E. Luytens, the only representative of the L.A.C., the Englishman fell out and lay on the grass about 150 yards from the tape. Connell finished first in 4 minutes 18 1-5 seconds.

The 220 yards run brought together Jordan and Downer of England, and Wefers and Crum of the New Yorks. Wefers won by fully three yards from Crum, who was about a dozen yard before Jordan. Again a world's record had been broken, as the time was 21 3-5. Downer broke down after going 50 yards.

George R. Gray of Goldwater, Ont, the champion of the world, had a very easy time in the shot putting event and did not have to equal his record to win.

In the three-mile run Horan and Wilkins, Englishmen, ran against Connell and Kilpatrick. At the beginning of the third mile Horan led Connell by a yard, but he was showing signs of distress. Connell went past him at the club house and Horan stopped. Connell increased his lead to a hundred yards, and spurting in the home stretch beat the Englishman by 150 yards in 15 minutes and 36 seconds.

HIS UNPLEASANT DUTY.

He Did Not Make Very Hard Work of It After All.

Now the wild rush for home begins, and when one of the women, who have gotten to know each other very well, appears upon the porch of the country house or hotel, valise in hand, and while the impatient driver of the stage or carriage protests loudly and often, this sort of thing occurs:

"Good-bye, Miss Belms (kiss). Good-bye, Miss Jones (kiss). So sorry to leave you all! Good-bye, Mr. Brown; kiss your daughter for me. All right, driver; we're coming. Good-bye, Miss Jenks (kiss). Good-bye everybody. Come along, Katie; all right, driver. Where's Miss Burt? Oh, dear! I've left my umbrella, and it's bad luck to go back! Oh, thank you so much! All right, driver! I declare it's too bad to leave you all. You must call and see us, some time—Nowark, Ohio, you know. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

There's a flutter of handkerchiefs from the stage, a reply from the porch and the vehicle has turned the corner.

A quiet little man, who saw one of these performances the other day, said to his wife:

"Marie, must we do that sort of thing when we go to-morrow?"

"Why, certainly!" was the reply. "You wouldn't be impolite, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said he, earnestly, "and I will, too. I'll say good bye to the whole lot in a general way, same as the deacon said grace over the whole barrel of pork, but I won't go 'round in any such fashion as that."

"Then, they'll be very much hurt, and so shall I," said his wife. "You always do want to sneak out of everything and leave it for me to do."

"Oh, all right," he said, doggedly; "I'll do it."

So when they appeared on the porch the next day, equipped for traveling, the bus band laid his satchel in the bus, came back, seized the prettiest girl, gave her a rousing kiss, and said:

"Good-bye, Miss Fiold; I really hate to leave you."

Then he gyrated around like a humming-top, shook hands with the man, hugged the landlady, and kissed two more pretty women,—married, these—before their husbands could protest or his panic-stricken wife interfere.

Then he bounced into the omnibus, and said, as they were driven depotward:

"Well, Marie, that was one time I didn't sneak, did I?"

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.

The man what holds onto a thing, our hiz father did; ort to mo his wheat with a sickle, and rock his babes in a sap troff.

Tradition is good enuf in its place, but its place is 100 miles west by west from the west coast of Urup, and sixty fathums antipodeanically.

FIVE WARSHIPS.

For the Protection of British Residents in China.

FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL PAREJO.

Steamer Constantine Stove in—Italians Celebrating the Entry Into Rome—Edam's Passengers Interviewed.

London, Sept. 20.—The Foreign Office announces that Chili has renounced the commercial treaty between that country and Great Britain concluded in 1854. The treaty expires by limitation on Sept. 3, 1896.

The quality of the California fruit brought over by the steamer New York did not differ from that of the consignment of last week. The prices realized were about the same as the prices ruling in New York. The entire shipments of fruit thus far have failed to pay, but the agents are determined to make changes in the English methods, so that the fruit shall be retailed as soon as it arrives.

Count Emich of Alt Leiningen-Westerburgh, who, with a female companion named Olga Bauernfeind, was arrested about three weeks ago upon a warrant demanding his extradition to Germany on a charge of abducting a young girl named Lisette Schweishofer, was again arraigned in the Bow Street Police Court to-day. The Magistrate said that the German authorities had withdrawn their demand for extradition, and the prisoner was, therefore, discharged. As he was leaving the court room he was re-arrested on a charge of procuring.

LOSS OF THE EDAM.

Passengers Relate Their Experiences—Suffered From Hunger—Contradictory Reports of the Turkestan's Injuries.

London, Sept. 20.—Forty-nine survivors of the sunken steamer Edam arrived at Paddington Station at 5 o'clock this afternoon. They were received by the agents of the Netherlands-American Steamship Co., who provided them with food and saw them off by the night mail train en route for Holland. Men, women and children alike looked comfortable and contented. Some of them conversed with a reporter of the United Press, to whom they related the story of their adventures from the deck of the Edam to the moment of embarking on the boats so quickly that they had no time to look after their effects. The luggage of some of them was taken into the boats, but there was no room for it and it was thrown overboard. They were unable to take any food with them, and they suffered keenly from hunger until they reached Plymouth. No serious episodes occurred, and they were treated well by everybody. The number of residents of Plymouth went with them to the railway station and bade them farewell. Dr. Brackwell, the ship's physician, continues in charge of the crew of the Edam, who will remain at the Sailors' Home in Plymouth, as they will be wanted to testify at the legal inquest concerning the collision.

The steamer Turkestan, which sunk the Edam, has been examined at Cardiff. The plates covering the twenty feet of her stem are bent, but there is only a small quantity of water in her forepeak and water-tight compartment. The Turkestan was light and only drawing nine feet of water forward, which is supposed to account for the small damage she sustained in the collision.

Cardiff, Sept. 20.—The steamer Turkestan, which came into collision with and sank the Netherlands-American Line steamship Edam off Start Point yesterday morning, has arrived here. Her bows are badly stove. Her officers and crew declare that they did not see the Edam or any other vessel, the fog being so dense, and the first intimation they had of the nearness of the ship was the actual collision with the Edam.

BRITISH WAR SHIPS.

Five Vessels Started Up the Yang Tse Kiang River to Protect Residents of the Interior.

London, Sept. 20.—A despatch from Shanghai to a news agency here says that China expects to reoccupy Lao Tung in October, and that Russia is pressing Japan to immediately evacuate that territory.

The Globe prints a despatch from Shanghai saying that the British cruisers Aeolus, Spartan, Rainbow and Curaline and the sloop Daphne assembled unexpectedly at the outer anchorage here to-day, and subsequently proceeded up the Yang Tse Kiang River. The movement was made in consequence of threats having been made against foreigners residing in the interior of the empire. The Chinese officers, the despatch adds, are greatly excited over the action taken by Great Britain for the protection of her subjects.

Washington, Sept. 20.—The Chinese Government has withdrawn its opposition to the proposed investigation on the part of this Government of the missionary riots that occured at Cheng Tu, in the Province of Sze Chuen, Western China. The commission will start from Pekin at once. The members of the commission are:—S. B. Read, Consul at Tien Tsin; Commander Francis R. Harber, Naval Attache at Tokio, and Fleming D. Cheshire, interpreter of the United States legation at Pekin. The Chinese will also have a representation upon the commission.

Vienna, Sept. 20.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of The Neue Frie Presse says it is rumored that Russia will occupy Port Arthur with the approval of China.

REJOICING AT ROME.

Celebration of the Entry of the Italian Troops Into the City—Splendid Decorations—The Procession.

Rome, Sept. 20.—Buildings throughout the city are literally covered with decorations and the streets are crowded with people eager to witness the ceremonies of this the principal day of the series of celebrations commemorative of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. It is noticeable, however, that only the Embassies of the United States and England display flags. All of the other Embassies and Legations abstain from any participation in the fetes whatever. The Pope went last evening to St. Peter's, where he spent an hour in prayer. His Holiness will perform a similar act this evening and again to-morrow. The chief event of the day was the unveiling of a monument to the memory of Garibaldi on Janiculum Hill in the presence of 50,000 wildly enthusiastic persons. King Humbert and the royal family, all of the court dignitaries and Cabinet Ministers and numerous deputations of veteran Garibaldians, the latter with banners and bands of music, occupied the places of honor. Premier Crispi delivered an oration eulogizing Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi as the saviours of Rome from foreign tyranny. If Christianity would conquer the world without the aid of arms it was difficult to understand why the Vatican should desire a civil principality in which to exercise its functions. In no State, he declared, had the church so much liberty as in Italy, and Catholics ought to be grateful for this to those who had striven to unify Italy by making Rome its capital. Signor Crispi concluded by saying that if despite the advantages which the clergy enjoyed they should violate the laws or vituperate the country their punishment would be prompt and inexorable.

A procession of great length marched this evening to the open space about the Porta Pia. A thousand flags were carried by the parraders. At the head of the procession marched numerous delegates from the Provincial Communes. Next came pupils of the military schools and delegations from the Italian colonies abroad. These were followed by various bodies of Freemasons, after which came a long line of military, political and workingmen's societies. A feature of the parade which attracted much attention was a group of American riflemen, who carried Italian and American flags. The whole procession made a magnificent and imposing spectacle. As the paraders passed the Austrian Embassy there was some hooting by the men in line, which was caused by the fact that the Embassy, like the Embassies of France and Russia, displayed no flag in honor of the occasion.

DEEP WATERWAYS.

Canada will Co-operate with the United States in Investigating the Feasibility of a Deep Canal Between the Great Lakes and the Sea.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 22.—Secretary Flower, of the Deep Waterways Convention, to-day received word to the effect that Canada was willing to co-operate with the United States under the Vilas law, which provided for the appointment of a reciprocal commission to investigate and report upon the feasibility of constructing a deep canal between the great lakes and the sea. Mr. N. C. Wallace, who is to head the Canadian delegation to the convention here, is to be president of the commission, to be appointed by Canada.

ST. LOUIS DELAYED.

Something Wrong With One of the Engines—A Passage of Six Days, Seventeen Hours.

New York, Sept. 22.—The American line steamer St. Louis arrived yesterday morning from Southampton after a passage of six days seventeen hours and twenty-five minutes. She experienced moderate weather. The last twenty-four hours of the voyage was made under the port engine, as the starboard engine was stopped during that time. The officers were very reticent as to the cause of the delay, and declined to make any statement. The passengers also knew nothing as to the cause of the stoppage of the engine. Captain Randle, who met with an accident on the last east-bound trip of the St. Louis, has recovered from the effects of his injuries.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 22.—The Michigan Central station here was destroyed by fire this afternoon at 1 o'clock, also the Hickway bridge over the track on Sandwich street.

The Bohemian's Rudder Displaced.

Cornwall, Sept. 22.—(Special)—The R. and O. Navigation Company's steamer Bohemian is lying helpless at the foot of the Long Sault rapids, and within hailing distance the Cultivateur is aground hard and fast. The Bohemian went to Dickenson's Landing on Saturday morning, and started down the rapids in the wake of the Algerian. Her rudder became displaced at the head of the rapids, and she drifted down, first sideways, and afterwards stern foremost. At the head of Barnhart's island an anchor was dropped, and the eddy swung her into Murphy's bay, where she now lies. The steamer Cultivateur came up this morning to take the Bohemian in tow, but owing to the low water, went aground before reaching her. The tug Sarah Daly will endeavour to rescue both boats to-morrow morning. There were only three passengers on the Bohemian. About the only serious damage known of at present is the displacement of the Bohemian's rudder.

In Royal Favour.

The house of G. H. Mumm and Co., Reims, who ship the famous brand of Extra Dry Champagne, have been appointed purveyors to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, an honour much to be envied. This firm are now shipping to Canada the splendid vintage of 1889 (Extra Dry), of which they were one of the largest purchasers.

Killed on the Railway.

Welland, Ont., Sept. 22.—(Special.)—Mr. Abner Matthews, an aged and well-known resident of this place, was killed on Friday by being struck by a locomotive on the Michigan Central, near the diamond. He was walking on the track, and did not hear the approach of the train. Deceased was 67 years of age, and leaves a widow, five daughters, all married, and two sons.

The Chinese Massacres.

New York, Sept. 22.—A special to the World from Foo-Chow, China, says the investigation into the massacre of the missionaries at Ku-Cheng has been ended. The flag-bearer who gave orders to kill the women in