HONEST TEA IS THE BEST POLICY

LIPTON'S TEA

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

# Her Great Love;

## Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

Decima rose and went to the window. A weight seemed suddenly to have fallen upon her heart. The sun was shining on the little garden, but yet it looked dark and cold.

"He may come back soon," she said.

"He may," said Mr. Bright, with a sigh; "but Hobson does not think it likely. Why, the Hall is to be closed and only a few servants retained. I shouldn't be surprised to find that Lord Gaunt had gone to Africa, after all."

Decima drew a long breath.

"I hope he will be happy wherever he has gone," she said. She tried to keep her voice steady and to smile, but the voice shook, and her eyes grew suddenly dim.

Mr. Bright was too absorbed in his own grief to notice the effect upon her of his tidings.

"Well, I thought I'd come and tell you," he said. "Of course you will go on helping me, Miss Decima. You won't desert me as Lord Gaunt has done?"

"He has not deserted you," she said. "He has left you word to go on doing all the good and noble things he began. We you have no right to expect him to stay here, if he does not wish to. Why should he not go away?"

Bright sighed and reached for his hat.

"It's like you to speak like that, and you're right. He's his own master. But I feel anxious and worried about it. You see, I'm fond of him. Of course, I can't expect you to share my feelings. I'll go back to the Hall and see about closing it up. This will be a blow to the county and the neighborhood. And after such a splendid success as last night, too! Well, well! Good morning."

He got his hat, and sighed himself out of the room.

Decima stood by the window, looking straight before her. All the brightness seemed to have gone out of her life. She remembered that he had said "good-bye" last night—remembered the tone of his voice. It was significant enough now. It was evident that he had resolved last night to leave Leafmore. Why had he done so? what had happened? Had he learned bad news, or was he tired of the place, and of all his friends?

No answer was forthcoming. She went back to the table, but she could eat no more. She wandered about the house as if she were in a dream, and later on she put on her out-door things and went down to the village. The people were full of Lord Gaunt's departure, and she had to stand and listen to Mrs. Topper's lamentations, echoed shrilly by Mrs. Murphy. A cloud seemed to have fallen on the place and darkened all its brightness.

Decima went her charitable rounds with a dull aching at her heart. At the Leafmore gates, she stopped for a moment and looked down the avenue. Some men were taking down the fairy lamps which had been stretched from tree to tree; some grooms were exercising the horses; the men were talking among themselves, and she caught a few words. They were talking of Lord Gaunt's departure and the loss it would mean to them.

She returned slowly and heavily to The Woodbines. As she passed through the hall, the door leading to the laboratory was ajar, and she heard her father and Mr. Mershon talking.

She had not forgotten his proposal; it had oppressed her at the first moment of her waking—but Lord Gaunt's flight—for it was little else—had for a time driven all thoughts of Mr. Mershon from her mind; but now the scene with him in the conservatory rose before her, and she drew back with a little catch in her breath. Suddenly she heard her father utter an exclamation of dismay and a groan. She pushed open the door, and entered.

Her father was pacing up and down, his hands tightly gripped behind him, his head bent, his hair in wild disorder. Mr. Mershon was, as usual, seated on the bench; there was a big cigar in his mouth, also as usual, and he was regarding Mr. Deane with a half-cynical, half-curious expression.

Decima went straight to her father.

"Did you call, father? Did you want me?"

Mr. Deane stopped in his pacing to and fro, and regarded her with a vacant, troubled stare; then he pushed his hands through his hair and stifled a groan.

"No, no; I didn't call!" he said. "I'm engaged on business with Mr. Mershon. Go away, Decima."

Decima turned to Mershon.

"What is this business?" she asked, almost demanded. "What is troubling my father so?"

Mershon extinguished his cigar by jabbing it on the bench, and kept his small eyes fixed on the operation.

"I thought you knew," he said. "It's this Electric Storage Company."

"I do not know," said Decima. "What about it? Tell me."

Mershon glanced at her for a moment. "It's this invention of your father's," he said. "An awfully clever thing. There ought to be a lot of money in it, and I thought there was. You see I don't understand this kind of thing myself, and I relied upon Mr. Deane. He ought to know."

"If I do not know, who does?" exclaimed Mr. Deane, throwing out his hands with pitiful vanity.

"Just so," said Mershon, slowly, and shooting another glance at Decima. "If he doesn't know, who does? That's what I told them in the city."

"What is the matter?" asked Decima. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Well, yes; I'm afraid there has," he said. "The thing—the invention doesn't seem quite to work out somehow—"

"It does; it must!" broke in Mr. Deane wildly. "I will explain."

"I'm afraid it isn't much use explaining to me," said Mershon. "As I said, I don't understand anything about the invention, the machine; all I undertook was to float the company; and I should have done that right enough if it hadn't been for this hitch."

"Is it some mistake?" said Decima. "Can it not be put right?" She turned anxiously from Mr. Mershon to her father.

"I hope so, upon my soul, I hope so," replied Mershon. "I've sunk a lot of money in the affair. But that's nothing," he went on, quickly. "It won't break me if I lose it, every penny of it; but I'm afraid your father's gone in for it rather heavily."

Mr. Deane groaned.

"I—I have invested a great deal," he said.

It is very probable that he did not know how much, seeing that he had left the matter entirely to Mr. Mershon.

Decima was too young, too ignorant of the world to understand clearly and fully; but a sense of coming evil oppressed her. She laid her hand upon her father's arm.

"Perhaps it will all come right, father," she said.

"Of course it will," responded the inventor, with a kind of desperate courage. "I can't be wrong. It is the great idea of my life. It only wants explanation."

He grabbed at some drawings and unfolded them with a trembling hand. Mr. Mershon regarded them sideways with cynical dubiosity.

"Better explain them to the shareholders," he said. "I can't make head or tail of them." He recalled for his hat and looked at Decima as he smoothed it. "I should like a word with you, Miss Decima," he said, under his breath, and with a jerk of his head toward the door.

Leaving her father poring over the drawings, Decima followed Mr. Mershon out.

"I'm afraid your father's deeper in this thing than I thought," he said, flicking at a rose-bush with his stick and glancing up at her sideways. "I cautioned him not to go it too heavily, but he seemed so certain of the success of the thing that I shouldn't be surprised if he's sunk the greater portion of his fortune in it."

Decima regarded him with troubled eyes.

"And—and you think he will lose it?" she said in a low voice.

"I shouldn't wonder," he answered. "That's the worst of these inventions, there's generally a screw loose somewhere."

"What shall I do?" said Decima to herself.

Mershon picked a leaf off the rose-bush, examined it critically, then glanced up at her in his covert way.

"I'm afraid your father's a bit worried about your brother, Miss Decima, isn't he?" he said.

Decima stared at him.

"My brother?" she said.

"Yes," replied Mershon, picking the leaf to pieces with his long nails. "Seems to have been going the pace. Been writing to your father for more money again."

"Bobby!" exclaimed Decima. "I—I don't understand!"

"Oh, it's a way young fellows have when they go up to London," said Mershon. "I dare say it isn't serious, and he'll pull through. Good-morning."

Decima did not return the adieu, and he came back and glanced at her again.

"So Lord Gaunt's off!" he said. "Thought he'd cut the place all of a sudden like this. Gone to Africa, I hear."

The red flooded Decima's face for an instant, then left it pale again.

Mershon stood with his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You haven't forgotten what I said to you last night, Miss Decima?" he said. "Whatever happens, I stand by what I said—every word of it. Good-morning." He held out his hand, and Decima just touched it with her fingers; then she went back to her father.

"Tell me what all this means, father?" she asked.

Mr. Deane launched into a torrent of words to prove that his invention was impregnable; but it is needless to say that they carried no conviction to Decima's mind.

"And what is this about Bobby, father?" she asked, anxiously.

Mr. Deane paced up and down, and tore at his hair.

"I don't know; I don't understand!" he said, impatiently. "Your brother Robert keeps writing for money, and says that he has incurred debts which must be discharged at once. I have sent him all the money I can. Yesterday I had a letter from the banker's saying that I had overdrawn my account. Mr. Mershon has been kind enough to lend me a hundred pounds."

"Mr. Mershon!" said Decima, faintly.

"Yes, yes," responded Mr. Deane; "he is extremely kind. I don't know what I should do without him."

Decima stole out of the laboratory feeling faint and sick.

CHAPTER XXI.

That night she wrote to Bobby. There was not a word of reproach in the loving letter; she only begged him to come home, if only for a day. Not until five days afterward did she receive a hurried scrawl from Bobby, saying it was impossible for him to leave London just then, but that he would run down as soon as he possibly could. The letter was so unlike him—there was not a touch of Bobby's brightness in it—that it filled Decima with dismay and foreboding.

The days passed. It seemed to her as if there were forty-eight hours in each of them, instead of twenty-four. She felt so lonely, and as if something had gone out of her life. She grew pale and listless.

When she went for a walk, she avoided the gates of the Leafmore lodge, and if she were compelled to pass them, she would not glance up the avenue.

She tried to forget Lord Gaunt—not as one who had loved and lost, for she did not know that she loved him, would have been startled if the idea had entered her head for a moment—but she felt that, yielding to Mr. Bright's entreaties, she had done her insignificant best to keep Lord Gaunt amongst his people—and had failed.

But it was hard to forget a man whose name she was constantly hearing. The village people were always talking of him and deploring his absence. The county families were indignant at his sudden flight, and the local paper shed an inky tear over it.

Lady Ferndale, the Countess of Roborough, and several of their friends had called upon Decima, and would have welcomed her into their set, but Decima felt as if, like Lord Gaunt, she hated society. She shrunk into her shell, as it were, and the great ladies after awhile, gave up the attempt to woo her from it.

The only persons she saw were Mr. Mershon and Mrs. Sherborne. He came to The Woodbines nearly every day, and Mrs. Sherborne very often accompanied him and sat with Decima in the drawing-room, while her brother talked to Mr. Deane in the laboratory. Mrs. Sherborne was as constrained as ever, and she watched Decima, with a covert scrutiny which sometimes got on the girl's nerves and made her feel as if she must scream or rush from the room. She was beginning to feel as if a net were being drawn round her.

And yet she could not complain of Mr. Mershon. He was too clever to harass her with his attentions, and his manner toward her was one of the deepest respect and deference.

Sometimes Mrs. Sherborne brought a magnificent bunch of orchids from The Firs, and only sometimes she casually mentioned that Theodore had cut the blooms with his own hands.

Now and again Decima met Mr. Bright; indeed, he sought her as of old, and asked her advice and assistance in carrying out the benevolent schemes which he always declared she had started. And Decima tried to throw her heart into the work which she had begun so eagerly, but she seemed to have no heart to throw. Now and again she asked Mr. Bright if he had heard from or of Lord Gaunt, but he always replied in the negative, with a shake of the head and a sigh.

One afternoon she came back from the village feeling tired and listless. She took off her things, and then went down to a little room at the back of the house where she kept her pets.

It had grown into quite a small menagerie, for, in addition to the guinea-pigs and white mice she had brought with her, there were other pets which Lord Gaunt had given her. There were some Belgian hares, a rabbit-looking jackdaw, who was quite a linguist in his way, a tame hawk, and a couple of Norwegian rats, to say nothing of a tortoise and a case of green lizards.

Gaunt had given her these from time to time, bringing them up in his pocket, and stealing a secret joy in her girlish delight at receiving them.

As Decima fed and played with her pets, she remembered the happy minutes she had spent with Lord Gaunt in the room, how he had told her the history of each of the animals and had been coaxed by her into narrating some of his hunting stories. She could almost see him as he had leaned against the wall, smoking his cigarette, and smiling down at her as she knelt beside one of the cages. He had never been anything else but kind to her ever since the first day she had met him, now he was gone, and she should perhaps never see him again.

She sighed as she took the jackdaw on her hand, and stroked his black plumes, and the bird croaked as if in sympathy.

Suddenly the door opened, and looking round, she saw Bobby. She sprung to her feet with a glad cry, the jackdaw flying with a shriek to the ceiling, and flung her arms round Bobby's neck. Then, as she looked into his face, she drew back with a little cry of alarm and apprehension.

Was this Bobby, the bright, laughing-eyed boy whose every word was a jest—this pale young man with gaunt cheeks and black marks under his eyes?

"Bobby!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter—are you ill?"

The flush rose to his haggard face for a moment, and he averted the eyes which had hitherto met hers so straightly.

"I am rather seedy, Decie," he said. "It's—it's the London life."

He sat down on one of the cages, and she sat close beside him and got hold of one of his hands and pressed and dragged at it anxiously.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" she said. "And, oh, Bobby, you must be ill to look like that!"

"I didn't know until this morning that I was coming," he said, ignoring her comment on his appearance. "You're not looking first-rate yourself, Decie," he added; for the sudden flush of excitement had left her face and its pallor was perceptible.

"I am all right, Bobby," she said. "But tell me. Is anything the matter?"

He looked down at the ground and began to roll up a cigarette; and she could see that his hands were shaking.

"There is something the matter, Decie," he said. "You've got to know sooner or later; it can't be kept from you, and you'd better hear it from me than any one else. We're in trouble, Decie."

"Trouble!" Her lips formed the word; then her woman's courage came to her aid.

"Tell me all—everything, Bobby," she said. "Whatever it is, we must meet it and bear it."

He lighted his cigarette, but it went out again, and he flung it from him with a nervous gesture.

"It was Mr. Mershon wired for me," he said.

"Mr. Mershon? Why should he telegraph to you?"

"Because he thought I ought to know; that I ought to be here. He was quite right, of course. He met me at the station and told me all about it."

"All about it? About what? Is it—is it anything to do with this business—this company—of father's?"

Bobby nodded gloomily.

"Yes," he said. "That's it. The affair has come to smash."

Decima drew a long breath.

"To utter smash," he said. "I don't understand it all, even now, though Mershon tried to explain. There was something wrong in the invention—the patent wouldn't hold water. I don't quite know what is was. Mershon tried not to put the blame on the governor, but he let it out reluctantly."

Decima sat pale and silent for a moment; then she murmured

"Why did he join Mr. Mershon?"

"Honestly, I don't think Mershon's to blame," said Bobby. "He was led away by the governor's enthusiasm. Who wouldn't be? You know the way he talks. I don't think Mershon's such a bad fellow, after all. He—he is behaving very well about it. He has lost a lot of money in the affair."

"I am sorry," said Decima. "Very—very sorry. But Mr. Mershon is a rich man, and it will not matter to him. But it will matter very much to poor father; for we are not rich, are we, Bobby? But never mind"—she forced a smile—"we will meet it as best we can; we shall have to economize. You will only be able to smoke half as many cigarettes, Bobby."

She crept closer to him, and laid her head upon his shoulder. It was the only word of reproach she would utter.

Bobby looked down at her remorsefully, and then went away suddenly, as if he could not bear the sight of her brave smile, which touched him more than tears would have done.

"We shall have to leave The Woodbines, I suppose?" she said. She stifled a sigh. "Well, never mind. We can go into one of the new little cottages, and live very quietly and plainly."

Bobby's face worked, and his lips parted as if he were about to speak; but his courage failed him, and he got up quickly, his face averted from her.

"I'll—I'll go and change," he said. "We will talk about it after dinner."

He hurried out of the room.

Decima sat where he had left her, her hands clasped in her lap. Although she had not been altogether unprepared, the blow had fallen heavily. Presently she heard steps coming toward the door, and she thought it was Bobby returning; but the door opened, and Mr. Mershon's voice said

"I beg your pardon. Is your brother here?"

Decima rose and moved away slightly.

"He has just gone," she said.

Mershon came into the room, and stood looking at her.

(To be continued.)

### Poor Girl!

A young woman failed to pass her examination for appointment as teacher in the public school of a small town.

Her mother was terribly disappointed and decided to interview one of the examiners.

"I am sorry, madam," the man said, "that your daughter did not pass her examinations, but there is nothing I can do about it. You know, madam, that no one is to blame but herself."

"Sue to blame!" exclaimed the woman wrathfully. "Well, sir, perhaps you don't know that them examiners asked her questions about lots of things that happened years and years before she was born."

### Diet.

A young woman from the West was making a visit to an old seaport town. One morning, while driving with her host, she said:

"What is the diet of all these people?"

"Fish, mostly," responded the man.

"Why," spoke the Westerner, "I thought fish was a brain food. These are really the most unintelligent-looking people I ever saw."

"Well," replied the host, "just think what they would look like if they didn't eat fish!"

### Bedridden.

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry the Hobo, "I know I look like a strong man, but out of my forty years of life I've spent over sixteen years in bed."

"Why, you poor man," replied the lady sympathetically, handing him a quarter. "What has been the trouble—paralysis?"

"No, ma'am," said Harry, "jest a reg'lar habit of sleepin' eight hours a day, ma'am."

### You Have Heard Him.

"How long did Barker talk?" asked the Boob.

"About two hours," replied the Grouch.

"What was he talking about?" asked the Boob.

"I dunno," replied the Grouch. "He didn't say."

It's easy to fool the man who thinks he knows it all.

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# HOME

### Many Kinds of Toast.

**Baked Milk Toast.**—Trim the crust from slices of read cut about half an inch thick and toast to a delicate rown. Don't scorch it, whatever you do; and if this accident should happen, cut off the charred portion and throw it away. Spread each slice lightly with butter, sprinkle with salt, and arrange the slices in a deep dish. Pour over them enough milk to cover the toast, putting it on slowly, that it may soak into the toast. If you wish to expedite the work of preparation, heat the milk; but if you have plenty of time, you can put it on cold. When the dish is full cover it and set it in the oven and leave it there for twenty minutes. At the end of the time the contents of the dish should be soft and steaming hot. Remove the cover and leave the dish in the oven long enough to crisp the top layer—about ten minutes—and serve from the dish in which it was cooked.

**Cream Toast.**—This is a modification of the milk toast, intended especially for an invalid whose strength needs to be built up. Cut the crustless bread into rounds, toast it, and proceed as with the milk toast, making the milk half or two-thirds cream and cooking the toast in a small owl or deep dish.

**Tomato Toast.**—Make as you would the milk toast, trimming off the crust and toasting the bread lightly. Do not utter it dry, but dip each slice for a second into boiling salted water, spread butter on quickly, and sprinkle salt on it after you lay it on the dish. Make a good tomato sauce and pour this over the toast, lifting the slices with a fork, so as to let the sauce get in between them. Cover the dish and let it stand a few minutes before serving. If you like you can set it in the oven and bake for ten minutes—either way it is good—or you may pour over the toast the stewed tomatoes which you have freed from lumps and seasoned well, instead of converting the strained tomato liquor into sauce. This is easier and quite as effective.

**Oyster Toast.**—Put a half pint of oyster liquor over the fire and cook in it for three minutes a dozen oysters which have been chopped coarsely. In another vessel heat a cup of milk, thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stir until it is smooth, and put with it the chopped oysters and liquor. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and, if you like it, a pinch of mace or a grating of nutmeg. Have ready toast browned, dipped in hot water, buttered, and salted as for tomato toast, and pour the oyster sauce over it and between the slices. Set in the oven just long enough to heat through—all the ingredients and the dish should have been piping hot—and serve. This makes an excellent lunch or supper dish, is easily prepared, nourishing and wholesome.

**Clam Toast.**—For this the long clams should be used, the hard parts cut from them, and then they should be cooked just as you do the oysters. If you wish to make a little richer dish, beat an egg light and put it with the milk just before mixing this with the oysters and liquor.

**Giblet Toast.**—Stew the giblets of chickens until tender, putting a stalk of celery and a quarter of an onion in the water. Remove these, chop the giblets fine, thicken the liquid with a tablespoonful of browned flour, rolled in a tablespoonful of butter; season with salt, pepper, and a little kitchen bread, toast it lightly, dip each slice for an instant in boiling water, lay the pieces on a hot platter, and pour the gravy and giblets over them.

**Kidney Toast.**—Split lamb kidneys, taking out the core, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, roll them in flour, and lay them in hot butter in a frying pan. Cook for five or ten minutes, until tender, take them out with a fork and chop them coarsely. Add a cupful of hot water and one of gravy to the flour and butter in the pan, and stir until smooth, adding a little browned flour if the gravy seems rather thin. Season with a couple of teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, boil up once, put the minced kidneys back in the gravy, and as soon as they are hot pour over toast, which has been laid in a hot dish after dipping and buttering in the toast.

**Chicken Toast.**—This is another of the same kind. For this you may use any scraps of cold poultry of any sort, cooked in any way. Prepare a cupful and a half or two cupfuls of chicken soup, using some you have left over or making it from the bones of the chicken, or utilizing a 10 cent can of chicken soup, or diluting your gravy that may remain with stock or with milk. Season it judiciously with onion juice, celery salt, salt, and white pepper, and thicken it as directed for the other gravies already given. Put with it your chicken, chopped, taking whatever amount you have. Half a cupful can be used or twice as much or more, and if you are short on the chicken boil an egg hard, hop it, and put this or minced ham or tongue with the small portion of chicken, and stir all into the gravy. Prepare your toast as already directed and pour the chicken and gravy over it. If you wish you can use, instead of the toast, bread cut in slices and fried to a delicate brown in good dripping.

### Home Hints.

One cold chop will make a small dish of creamed or minced lamb. Cook the bone with it and simmer gently. Serve on toast and garnish with parsley.

White wings and quills can be very successfully cleaned by putting them into a box of cornmeal and shaking gently. Brush off the meal with a brush.

The dark stain on the inside of aluminum vessels can be removed by boiling a solution of water and borax and letting it stand for some time in the vessels.

When a cork has been pushed into a bottle it can be gotten out by making a loop of a strong string and carefully placing it under the cork, then pulling steadily.

After filling a rubber water bottle with hot water, press the sides before screwing on the cap. This presses the steam out and makes the wear and tear less.

Eggs will keep fresh for some time in the following way: Fill a box with ordinary salt, smear each egg over with olive oil and place it in the salt, pointed end down.

It is a matter of economy to have all the curtains in the house match. Then from time to time when some of them have worn those that are left can be matched together for bedrooms, putting the new ones in the living room and dining room.

It is best to heat the plates before putting hot pies on them when first taken out of the oven. If hot pies are put on cold plates they sweat, making the undercrust soggy.

If you want to bake potatoes quickly clean them and pour boiling water over them. Let them stand on the stove for five or ten minutes, then put them in the oven to bake.

Silver will remain bright much longer if after the articles have been cleaned they are rubbed with a soft flannel cloth dipped in linseed oil, then polished with a chamois leather.

When making angel cake add one teaspoonful of cornstarch to the sugar and sift five times. The cake will be tender and velvety. To keep it moist and tender turn a crock over it.

A good way to clean stains from the hands is to take half a cupful of coarse corn meal and one cupful of strong vinegar. Wash and rub the hands well in this, then rinse in warm water.

One teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen added to half a tub of water in which clothes are rinsed will act as a bleach. It gives a pure white color without any damage to the fabric.

Coarse coffee grounds added to soap-suds will clean water bottles and flower vases. Let the suds and the grounds remain in the bottle for an hour or two, then shake thoroughly and rinse.

Lacquered brass beds can be kept in good condition if after dusting them they are rubbed with a flannel cloth, dipped in melted paraffine. Polish with a chamois leather and they will look like new.

When lace curtains are badly torn they should be first washed and then the worst torn of them should be used to mend the others by cutting lace from the torn curtain to match the pattern of the curtain to be mended.

Sandwiches prepared in advance of serving time can be kept fresh as when made, by wrapping them in a napkin wrung out of hot water, then placing them in a cool place.

During the canning season, many women stand for hours stirring the fruit to prevent it from burning. If the preserving kettle is placed in a pail of boiling water it can cook all day without burning.

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### ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

**Horses Plainly Showed Their Appreciation of Melody.**

A unique musical experiment has been conducted recently in France. It was resolved to institute concerts for animals for the purpose of observing the effects of music upon them. The results of the observations made established the fact that disconnected tones on stringed instruments created no effect upon horses beyond causing some of the animals to manifest signs of impatience, but when a melody was played the horses turned toward the players, pricked up their ears, and showed plainly the pleasure they experienced, says London Tit-Bits.

An orchestral concert was given before the elephants in Le Jardin des Plantes. The animals became excited and impatient when passionate music was played, but calm when sustained, melodious and flowing style was adopted.

Dogs were found to be partial to the various instruments according to breed, but the dog that will show affection or even respect for bagpipes is not yet born. Dogs have marked musical likes and dislikes. Some have a liking for, others aversion to, the piano, violin and flute, but all became enraged when tunes were played at a very rapid rate. It was found also that dogs had frequently their favorite composers, and would prefer Handel to Beethoven, Mozart to Mendelssohn, Brahms to Schumann, Mascheles to Chopin, but none was discovered to show an appreciation for Wagner. The late Rev. R. Eastcote, of Exeter, once told the story of five choristers who, one Sunday evening, were walking along the banks of the Mersey in Cheshire. After a time they sat down on the grass and began to sing an anthem. A hare passing with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting stopped at about twenty yards' distance from them. She appeared to be highly delighted with the music, and as soon as the singing ceased returned slowly to the wood. When she had nearly reached the end of the field the choristers began to sing again. The hare stopped, turned round and came slowly to the same place, seemingly listening in the same manner and delight until the singing ceased when she returned to the wood.

### Shrimps Are Eating Cable.

In consequence of the great number of shrimps and other crustaceans in the French waters, it is necessary to reinforce the telegraph cable between Nice and Corsica and Naples to Palermo. The cable between Sicily and Tripoli is said to be eaten away by the shrimps, and the same way through which the cable passes between Naples and Palermo is said to be crowded with crustaceans, and it is necessary to destroy the cable.

### Never Know One Another.

The [illegible] that people who know one another under the same roof, and who eat and drink together for years, should be so severely reserved in the presence of strangers. The [illegible] of constant inter-course and the wear and tear of every day life. It is [illegible] to see how agreeable strangers become when manners that have become stale and jaded in our own circle become fresh and piquant in the presence of people who are not familiar with our peculiarities.

### Airing Her Domestics.

She [illegible] I am not [illegible] have a [illegible] H. W. when [illegible] Tuesday [illegible] Tuesday.

### What a Loss!

[illegible]

### Catch the Ash.

[illegible]

### Want!

[illegible]

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