A writer in a fashion paper says: "Girls do you want to know how to freshen up your old cashmere dresses preparatory to making them over? If so, I will tell you how. I first carefully ripped every seam and picked out all the threads, shook and brushed out the dust from pleating and ruffling and each sep arate piece of the dress. Then to one pailful of warm water (say eight or ten quarts) I added two ounces of aqua ammonia and sufficient bluing to make the water of a very dark blue. Should your dress be rusty you will need all the more bluing. Then take your basket of pieces and carry it out to your clothes-line, also your pail or small tub of water prepared as above. Take each piece separately, immerse thoroughly in the water, but do not wring it on any account, as it would have creases which it would be almost impossible to press out. Hold for a moment over the tub to drip, then pin on the line, being very careful to place the goods with the right side toward the line, so that the pins will press the wrong side, as sometimes an imprint is made which is hard to remove if made upon the right side. Go on thus till all the pieces have been thorough ly immersed (or "soused up and down." Bridget says). Then have a good fire with warm irons ready, and as soon as the pieces are partially dry, still somewhat damp, iron them in the following manner: Take your ironing board and told a thick woolen blanke so as to have six or eight thicknesses over your board; then take a dark woolen shaw and pinned it over the folds of the blanker tightly around the board, to keep all in place Never on any account use e aton sheets, as every wrinkle and crease shows, and leaves glossy mark on your cashmere. Now, if your pieces are of the right ampness (and it is better that they be too damp than too dry) and pressed very carefully on the wrong side, you will be surprised to see how nice and fresh they will look. An experienced dressmaker told me this method of restoring old cashmere, and said it was far letter than to have the goods redyed. I was so well pleased with my dress when it was finished that I did not get a new one, as I had intended. I bought a quantity of trimming velvet of good quality with it, for vest, collar, cuffs revers, and with a rearranging of ruffles etc., nearly every one thought I had a ne HOW TO GET A WIFE IN INDIA.

(Life in Bombay,) When a man in a decent rank of life wishes

to marry, and can prove that he possesses the means of maintaining a wife, it is customary for him to apply to the mistress of the Byculla School, state his wishes and qualifications, and inquire into the number and character of the marriageable girls. An investigation immediately follows as to eligibility; and if all promises satisfactorily, he is forthwith invited to drink tea with the schoolmistress upon an appointed even-ing, to give him an opportunity of making his selection. The elder girls are then informed of his intended visit and its purport; and those who desire to enter the matrimonial lists come forward and signify their wish to join the party. Frequently four or five competitors make their appearance on these occasions in the mistress' room. The gentleman, while doing his best to make himself universally agreeable, yet contrives, in the course of the evening, to mark his preference for one particular lady. Should these symptoms of budding affection be favorably received, he tenders his proposals in due form on the following morning. But it often occurs that the selected lady does not participate in the inamorato's sudden flame, in which case she is at perfect liberty to decline the honor of his alliance, and reserves herself for the next tea-party exhibition.

We have known an instance when an am-rous old gentleman from an out station presented himself three successive times at these soirees in the hope of obtaining a wife to cheer the selitude of his up country residence, but all in vain; the young ladies unanimously rejected him with the highest disdain, wondering "how such an ugly old fellow could have the impudence to think of a wife?" But a very different reception is given to the dashing young sergeant or smart-looking conductor : their attentions are never repulsed, and the announcement of the chosen intendeds." as Miss Squeers would say, is anticipated with the utmost impatience by many an anxious young heart. The wedding speedily tollows, the bride's modest being provided from the funds of the establishment, and every girl in the school cheerfully contributing her aid in the manufacture of the dresses.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF BRAN

The late Alexander Hyde, a well known agricultural writer, had a high opinion of the feeders has confirmed the opinion long held by men of science that in some essential elements of food it is much richer even than the pure kernel that it incloses. Mr.

The conclusion is irresistible that bran has not been sufficiently appreciated as food for stock in past times, and that Dr. Graham was right when he recommended unbolted flour as the best for bread making. Graham flour is especially adapted for children, as it furnishes the material for making bones and developing teeth. Some objection is made to the use of bran by farmers, as it has a laxative tendency. This is due to the mechanical, not chemical, influences, the coarse particles, when fed alone, often irritating the intestines especially at the first feedings, if given in a large quantity. This may be obviated by feeding bran gradually at first, and in con nection with hay. A slightly laxative condition of the bowels is far healthier than constipation; and if children are troubled with the latter, Graham bread is just what they

One great recommendation of bran as feed for stock is that it makes the manure pile so rich. A large proportion of the inorganic matter (ash) in bran is composed of the various phosphates, just what mest old soils need, those salts having been carried off in the milk and sold. We have seen wonderful changes produced on old farms by liberal feeding of cows with wheat bran. tures in a few years have renewed their Rve-bran is not quite so rich in ash as wheat but it makes an excellent food for producing milk, as it contains over 12 per cent. of proten compounds, just the thing for cheese making, and over 2 per cent. of fats. deed, dairy farmers generally give the preference to rye bran, and one reason is that it is finer and does not induce such a laxative

-Journalistic amenities in England are easily overstepped. The Labouchere-Lawson feud is an illustrative instance. And now Mr. Labouchere has fallen foul of another friend and brother. The distinguished editor of London Truth used to be more than an ally of the editor of the London World. But, then, recently Mr. Edmund Yates of the evening journal entitled the Cuckoo, on the model of Truth—but a long way behind the original in specimens of gossip-and thereupon Mr. Labouchero indulges in a little bit of his mind thus: "The journalistic Cuckoo seems to be running very much in the same lines as the bird of that name. The bird coolly takes possession of some other bird's poses. The journalistic Cuckoo adopts as its own the paragraphs appearing in other papers. Nature has not blessed the bird with sufficient intellect to enable it to make a nest I now see how appropriately the name Cuckoo was given to the new attempt at evening

- Secretary Windom was a tailor in his He learned the business of J earlier days. He learned the business of J. D. Burk, of Waterford, Ohio, and partly sup ported himselt in the Martinsburg Academy by making fine coats for the village

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THE GUEST CHAMBER

"The Master saith, 'Where is the guest

Where's the guest chamber?" Was no floor With tessulated pavement given? the sparkling founts, the flowers bright, Prepared to feast the King of Heaven? Id not the proud and mighty men Crave the lone stranger for a guest; To eat the passover with Him, To lean at supper on His breast?

An upper room," unmarked by fame "An upper room," unmarked by fame, War has not spared its sacred walls; Yet glories 'round that chamber shine, Which never yet graced banquet halls. He, who knew every heart that yearned TJ keep the feast, as eve grew dim, Remained, unasked—there were but twelve—And one a traitor—supped with him.

Where's the guest chamber?" Many a roof Where's the guest chamber?" Many a root Rising to heaven with glittering spire. Proclaims that in those sacred walls. Still burns the sacramental fire. 'Where's the guest chamber?" Many a room Where ears are closing on earth's din, And faithful watchers weep, until."
"Two shall pass out where one went in."

Sweet are the drops from Calvary's cross, Sweet are the children's crumbs that fall But is there no eternal lodge? Guest chambers feasting, one and all. Our feet are weary, and we faint; Darkness and damp our spirit chills, Yet 'mid the darkness and the damp, Glimmer the everlasting hills.

Courage, dear comrades, though we take
Our feast, as israclites of old,
In haste, with garments girt, yet soon
This desert sand shall turn to gold.
Surely we should not faint, who hear
Far down the years those words so true,
"Beloved, in my Father's house,
I'll dring new wine again with you." With us! Immanuel, make us meet

Thy heavenly board to sit beside.
Thine are the garments; deck us now
For the glad supper of Thy bride.
Where do the tempeste cease to roll?
Where do the trees immortal bear?
Where does the cross become the crown?
"Where's the guest chamber?" There, oh!

HARRIET ANNIE. A FAIR BARBARIAN.

By Francis Hodgson Burnett CHAPTER V.

In this manner Slowbride received the shock which shook it to its foundations, and it was a shock from which it did not recover for some time. Before ten o'clock the next morning, everybody knew of the arrival of Martin Bassett's daughter. The very boarding-school (Miss Pilcher's

select seminary for young ladies, "com-bining the comforts of a home," as the circular said, "with all the advantages of genteel education") was on fire with it, highly colored versions of the stories teld being circulated from the "first class" downward, even taking the form of an Indian princess, tattooed blue, and with difficulty restrained from indulging in war whoops which last feature so alarmed little Miss Big-bee, aged seven, that she retired in fear and trembling, and shed tears under the bedclothes; her terror and anguish being much increased by the stirring recitals of scalping stories by pretty Miss Phipps, of the first class-a young person who possessed a vivid imagination, and delighted in romances of a

"I have not the slightest doubt." said Miss Phipps, " that when she is at home she lives in a wampum." What is wampum?" inquired one of

tragic turn.

her admiring audience.

"A tent," replied Miss Phipps, with some impatience.

"I should think any goose would know what. It is a kind of tent hung

with scalps and—and—moceasins, and—lariats—and things of that sort."

"I don't believe that is the right name for it.' put in Miss Smith, who was a pert member of the third class.

"Ah!" commented Miss Phipps, "that

"He doesn't know much about it, if he calls a wigwam a wampum," interposed Miss Smith with still greater pertness. "I have a brother who knows better than that if I am

For a moment Miss Phipps appeared to be meditating. Perhaps she was a trifle discomfited, but she recovered herself after a brief

"Well," she remarked, "perhaps it is a wigwam. Who cares if it is? And at any rate, whatever it is, I haven't the slightest doubt that she lives in one."

This comparatively tame version was, how ever, entirely discarded when the diamonds and silver mines began to figure more largely in the reports. Certainly, pretty, over dresse weled bedecked Octavia gave Slowbridge abundant cause for excitement.

After leaving her. Lady Theoball drove home to Oldclough Hall, rather out of humor. She had been rather out of humor for some time, having never quite recovered from her anger at the daring of that cheerful builder of mills, Mr. John Burmistone. Mr. Burmistone had been one innovation, and Octavia Bassett was another. She had not been able to manage Mr. Burmistone, and she was not at all sure that she had managed

Octavia Bassett.
She entered the dining room with an ninous frown on her forebead. At the end of the table, opposite her own seat, was a vacant chair, and her frown deepened when she saw it.

Where is Miss Gaston ?" she demanded Before the man had time to reply, the door spened, and a girl came in hurriedly, with a somewhat frightened air.

"I beg pardon, grandmamma dear," said, going to her seat quickly. "I did not

know you had come home."
"We have a dinner hour," announced her ladyship, "and I do not disregard it." I am very sorry," faltered the culprit. "That is enough, Lucia," interrupted Lady Theobald; and Lucia dropped her

eyes and began to eat her soup with nervous haste. In fact, she was glad to escape so She was a very pretty creature with brown

eyes, a soft, white skin, and a slight figure with a reed-like grace. A great quantity of brown hair was twisted into an ugly coil on the top of her delicate little head, wore an ugly muslin gown of Miss Chickie's For some time the meal progressed in dead

silence, but at length Lucia ventured to raise

her eyes.
"I have been walking in Slowbridge, grandmamma," she said, "and I met Mr. Burmistone, who told me that Miss Bassett has a visitor - a young lady from America.' Lady Theobald laid her knife and fork

down deliberately.
"Mr. Burmistone?" she said. "Did I understand you to say that you stopped on the roadside to converse with Mr. Burmi-Lucia colored up to her delicate eyebrows

and above them.
"I was trying to reach a flower growing on the bank," she said, " and he was so kind as to stop to get it for me. I did not know

he was near at first. And then he inquired how you were - and told me he had just —During the six years between 1870 and heard about the young lady."

1876 there were 63,442 persons exiled to Siberia by the Government of the late Czar.

"Naturally!" remarked her ladyship, sardonically. "It is as I anticipated it would

elbows upon all occasions. And he will not allow himself to be easily driven away. He is as determined as people of his class man upon the whole. He was large, gracefully

"Oh, grandmamma!" protested Lucia, able for the coldness of their expression his with innocent for. "I really do not think he is—like that at all. I could not leisurely. help thinking he was very gentlemanly and kind. He is so much interested in your school, and so anxious that it should pros-

r. '' May I ask,'' inquired Lady Theobald, long a time this generous expression of his sentiments occupied? Was this the reason of your forgetting the dinner-

"We did not--" said Lucia, guiltily; " it did not take many minutes. I-I do not think that made me late."

Lady Theobald dismissed this paltry ex cuse with one remark-a remark made in the deep tones referred to once before.
"I should scarcely have expected," she observed, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spant half an hour conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slowbridge Mills."

"Oh, grandmamma !" exclaimed Lucia, the tears rising in her eyes; " it was not half an

"I should scarcely have expected, 'replied her ladyship, "that a granddaughter of mine would have spent five minutes conversing on the public road with the proprietor of Slow-To this assault there seemed to be no reply

To this assault there seemed to be no reply to make. Lady Theobald had her grand-daughter under excellent control. Under her rigorous rule, the girl—whose mother had died at her birth—had been brought up. At nineteen she was simple, sensitive, shy She had been permitted to have no compan ions, and the greatest excitements of her life had been the Slowbridge ten parties. Of the late Sir Gilbert Theobald, the less said the better. He had spent very little of his married life at Oidelough Hall, and upon his death, the widow had found herself possessed of a substantial, gloomy mansion, an exalted position in Slowbridge society, and a small marriage settlement, upon which she might make all the efforts she chose to sustain her So Lucia wore her dresses a much longer time than any other Slowbridge young gloves again and again; and her hats were retrimmed so often that even Slowhridge thought them old fashioned. But she was too simple and sweet natured to be much troubled. and indeed thought very little about the matter. She was only troubled when Lady Theobald scolded her, which was by no means infrequently. Perhaps the straits to which at time, ber ladyship was put to maintain her dignity embittered her somewhat.

"Lucia is neither a Theobald nor a Bar-old," she had been heard to say once, and she had said it with much rigor.

A subject of much conversation in private circles had been Lucia's future. It had been discussed in whispers since her seven-teenth year, but no one had seemed to approach any solution of the difficulty. Upon the subject of her plaus for her granddaughter Lady Theobald had preserved stern silence Once, and once only, she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the expression of a sentiment connected with the matter

" If Miss Lucia marriesa matron of reckless proclivities had remarked. Lady Theobald turned upon her, slowly and majestically.

" If Miss Gaston marries," she repeated. Does it seem likely that Miss Gaston will not marry?"

This settled the matter finally. Lucia was to be married when Lady Theobald thought

So far, however, she had not thought fit -indeed, there had been nobody for Lucia to marry—nobody whom her grandmother would have allowed her to marry, at least. There were very few young gentlemen in Slowbridge, was Miss Smith who spoke, of course. We may always expect information from Miss Smith. I trust that I may be allowed to say if such a thing should be mentioned—to if such a thing should be mentioned—to Lucia's, if she had known she had one, which she certainly did not.

CHAPTER VI.

ACCIDENTAL.

When dinner was over, Lady Theobald rose, and proceeded to the drawing room, Lucia following in her wake. From her very babyhood, Lucia had disliked the drawing room, which was an imposing apartment of great length and height, containing much massive furniture, upholstered in faded blue satin. All the girl's evenings, since her fifth year, had been spent sitting opposite her grandmother, in one of the straightest of the blue chairs; all the most scathing r proofs she had received had been administered to her at such times. She had a secret theory, indeed, that all unpleasant things occurred

in the drawing room, after dinner.

Just as they had seated themselves, and Lady Theobald was on the point of drawing gray woolen mittens she made a duty of employing herself by knitting each evening, Dobson, the coachman, in his character of footman, threw open the door, and announced " Captain Barold."

Lady Theobald dropped her gray mitten.

the steel needles falling upon the table with She rose to her feet at once, and met half way the young man who had en-" My dear Francis," she remarked, "I am

exceedingly glad to see you at last," with a slight emphasis upon the "at last."
"Tha-anks," said Captain Burold, rather anguidly. "You're very good, I'm sure."

Then he glanced at Lucia, and Lady

Theobald addressed her. "Lucia," she said, " this is Francis Barold, who is your cousin."

Captain Barold shook hands feebly. " I have been trying to find out whether it is third or fourth," he said.
"It is third," said my lady.

Lucia had never seen her display such cordiality to anybody. But Captain Francis Barold did not seem much impressed by it. It struck Lucia that he would not be likely to be impressed by anything. He seated himself near her grandmother's chair, and proceeded to explain his presence on the spot, vithout exhibiting much interest even in his

own relation of facts.
"I promised the Rathburns that I would spend a week at their place; and Slowbridge was on the way, so it occurred to me I would drop off in passing. The Rathburns's place, Broadoaks, is about ten miles further on; not

far, you see."
"Then," said Lady Theobald, "I am to understand that your visit is accidental."

Captain Barold was not embarrassed. He did not attempt to avoid her lady ship's rather stern eye, as he made his coo

reply.
"Well, yes," he said. "I beg pardon, but it is accidental, rather." Lucia gave him a pretty, frightened look. as if she felt that, after such an audacious confession, something very serious must happen; but nothing serious happened at all. Singularly enough, it was Lady Theo-bald herself who looked ill at ease, and as though she had not been prepared for such a

contingency.

During the whole of the evening, in fact, it was always Lady Theobald who was placed at a disadvantage, Lucia discovered. She could hardly realize the fact at first; but

be. We shall find Mr. Burmistone at our before an hour had passed, its truth was

built, and fair, his eyes were gray, and notice-able for the coldness of their expression his

leisurely.

As he conversed with her grandmother Lucia wondered at him privately. It seemed to her innocent mind that he had been every where, and seen everything and everybody without caring for or enjoying his privileges The truth was that he had seen and experenced a great deal too much. As an only child, the heir to a large property, and heir prospective to one of the oldest titles in the country, he had exhausted life early. He saw in Lady Theobald, not the imposing head and social front of Slowbridge social life, the power who rewarded with approval and punished with a frown, but a tiresome, pretentious old woman, whom his mother had asked him, for some feminine reason, to visit.

"She feels she has a claim upon us. Francis," she had said, appealingly.
"Well," he had remarked, "that is rather deuced cool, isn't it? We have people enough on our hands without cultivating Slowbridge

His mother sighed, faintly. "It is true we have a great many people to consider, but I wish you would do it, my

She did not say anything at all about Lucia : above all, she did not mention that a year ago she herself had spent two or three days at Slowbridge, and had been charmed

beyond measure by the girl's innecent fresh-ners, and that she had said, rather absently, to Lady Theobald: What a charming wife Lucia would make for a man to whom gentleness and a yielding disposition were necessary! We do not find such girls in society nowadays, my dear Lady Theobald. It is very difficult of late years t find a girl who is not spoken of as 'fast,' and who is not disposed to take the reins in her own hands. Our young men are flattered and courted until they become a little dicta torial, and our girls are spoiled at home. And the result is a great deal of domestic unhappi ness afterward—and even a great deal of scandal, which is dreadful to contemplate.

"Girls are not trained as they were in my young days, or even in yours," said Lady Theobald. "They are allowed too much Theobald. "They are allowed too much liberty. Lucia has been brought up immediately under my own eye."
"I feel that it is fortunate," remarked Mrs.

cannot help feeling the greatest anxiety in

seldom consider these matters until it is to

Barold, quite incidentally, "that Francis need not make a point of money."

For a few moments Lady Theobald did not respond; but afterward, in the course of the conversation which followed, she made an observation which was, of course, purely

incidental. " If Lucia makes a marriage which pleases her great uncle, old Mr. Dugald Binnie, of Glasgow, she will be a very fortunate girl. He has intimated, in bis eccentric fashion, that his immense fortune will either be here or will be spent in building charitable asylums of various kinds. He is a remark-

able and singular man." When Captain Barold had entered his distinguished relative's drawing room, he had not regarded his cousin with a very great deal of interest. He had seen too many beauties in his thirty years to be greatly moved by the sight of one; and here was on'y a girl who had soft eyes, and looked young for her age, and who wore an ugry muslin gown, that most girls could not have carried

"You have spent the greater part of your life in Slowbridge?" he condescended to say in the course of the evening.

"I have lived here always," Lucia answered. " I have never been away more than a week at a time.

have not found it dull." "No," smiling a little. "Not very. You see. I have known nothing gaver.' "There is society enough of a harmless kind here," spoke up Lady Theobald, virtuously. "I do not approve of a round of

gayeties for young people; it unfits them for he duties of life. But Captain Barold was not as favorably mpressed by these remarks as might have

en anticipated. What an old fool she is !" was his polite inward comment. And he resolved at once to make his visit as brief as possible and not to be induced to run down again, during his stay at Broadoaks. He did not even take the trouble to appear to enjoy his evening. From his earliest infancy, he had always found it easier to please himself than to please other people. In fact, the world had evoted itself to endeavoring to please him, and win his-toleration, we may say, instead of admiration, since it could not hope for the latter. At home he had been adored rapturously by a large circle of affectionate male and female relatives; at school, his tutors had been singularly indulgent of his faults and admiring of his talents; even among his fellow pupils he had been a sort of auto crat. Why not, indeed, with such birthrights and such prospects? When he had entered society, he had met with more amiable treat ment from affectionate mothers, from inno sent danghters from cordial naturnal narents who woted him an exceedingly fine fellow Why should he bore nimself by taking the with an old grenadier in petticoats, and

badly dressed country girl?

Lucia was very glad when, in answer to a timidly appealing glance, Lady Theobald

"It is half past ten. You may wish us good-night, Lucia."
Lucia obeyed, as if she had been half past ten herself, instead of nearly twenty; and Barold was not long in following her ex

Dobson led him to a stately chamber at the top of the staircase, and left him there. The Captain chose the largest and must luxurious chair, sat down in it, and lighted a cigar at his leisure.
"Confoundedly stupid hole!" he said,

with a refined vigor one would scarcely have expected from an individual of his birth and breeding. "I shall leave to morrow, of course. What was my mother thinking of? course. What was my mother thin Stupid business from first to last."

CHAPTER VII.

" I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE MORE OF SLOW-BRIDGE.

When he announced at breakfast his in tention of taking his departure on the midday train, Lucia wondered again what would hap-pen, and again, to her relief, Lady Theobald was astonishingly lenient.

"As your friends expect you, of course we cannot overrule them," she said. "We will, however, hope to see something of you during your stay at Broadoaks. It will be very easy for you to run down and give us a few hour now and then."
"Thanks!" said Captain Barold.

He was decently civil, if not enthusiastic, during the few remaining hours of his stay who took charge of him in obedience to her grandmother's wish. He did not find her particularly troublesome when she was away

out to him in her simple cotton gown and straw hat, it occurred to him that she was much prettier than he had thought her at first. For economical reasons she had made the little morning dress herself, vithout the slightest regard for the designs of Miss Chickie and, as it was not trimmed at all, and had only a black velvet ribbon at the waist, there was nothing to place her charming figure at a disadvantage. It could not be said that her shyness and simplicity delighted Captain

frem her ladvship's side. When ske came

uim, and this was really as much as could be expected. 'She does not expect a fellow to exert himself, at all events," was his inward com-ment, and he did not exert himself.

Barold; but, at least, they did not displease

But, when on the point of taking his de-parture, he went so far as to make a very gracious remark to her.
"I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in London, for a season, before very long," he said. "My mother will have great pleasure in taking charge of you, if Lady Theobald cannot be induced to leave

Slowbridge." "Lucia never goes from home alone," said Lady Theobald; "but I should certainly be obliged to call upon your mother for her good offices, in the case of spending a season in London. I am too old a woman to alter my mode of life altogether."

In obedience to her ladyship's orders the enerable landau was brought to the door, and the two ladies drove to the station with

nm. It was during this drive that a very curious incident occurred—an incident to which, perhaps, this story owes its existence, since if it had not taken place, there might, very possibly, have been no events of a stirring nature to chronicle. Just as Dobson drove ather slowly up the part of High street dis tinguished by the presence of wiss Belinds Bassett's house, Captain Barold suddenly ap peared to be attracted by some figures he dis overed in the garden appertaining to that nodest structure.

" By Jove!" he exclaimed in an undertone there is Miss Octavia." For the moment he was almost aroused to

display of interest. A faint smile lighted his face, and his colú, handsome eyes slightly brightened. Lady Theobald sat bolt upright. " That is Miss Bassett's niece, from Amer

a," she said. " Do I understand you know Captain Barold turned to confront her, evidently annoyed at having allowed a surprise to get the better of him. All expression died

out of his face.
"I traveled with her from Framwich to Stamford, 'he said. "I suppose we should have reached Slowbridge together, but that I dropped off at Stamford to get a newspaper and the train left me behind.

"Oh, grandmamma!" exclaimed Lucia, who had turned to look, "how very pretty

Miss Octavia certainly was amazingly so this morning. She was standing by a rose bush again, and was dressed in a cashmere morn-ing-robe of the finest texture and the faintest pink; it had a Watteau plait down the back jabot of lace down the front, and the close high frills of lace around the throat which seemed to be a weakness with her. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and showed to advantage her little ears and as

But Lady Theobald did not share Lucia's enthusiasm.

" She looks like an actress," she said, " If the trees were painted canvas and the roses artificial, one would have some patience with her. That kind of thing is scarcely what we expect in Slowbridge.' Then she turned to Barold.

" I had the pleasure of meeting her yesterday, not long after she arrived," she said.
"She had diamonds in her ears as big as peas, and rings to match. Her manner is just what one might expect from a young woman brought up among gold diggers and

silver-miners."

"It struck me as being a very unique and interesting manner," said Captain Barold.
"It is chiefly noticeable for a sang froid which might be regarded as rather enviable. She was good enough to tell me all about her papa and the silver mines, and I really found

the conversation entertaining." "It is scarcely customary for English young women to confide in their masculine traveling companions to such an extent," remarked my lady, gravely.
"She did not confide in me at all," said

Barold. "Therein lay her attraction. One cannot submit to to being 'confided in' by a One strange young woman, however charming This young lady's remarks were flavored sole y with an adorably cool candor. She evident did not desire to appeal to any emotion

And, as he leaned back in his seat, he still ooked at the picturesque figure which they had passed, as if he would not have been sorry

o see it turn its head toward him. In fact, it seemed that, not withstanding his usual good fortune, Captain Barold was doomed this morning to make remarks of a nature objectionable to his revered relation On their way they passed Mr. Burmistone' mill, which was at work in all its vigor with a whir and buzz of machinery and a slight odor

of oil in its surrounding asmosphere.

"Ah!" said Mr. Barold, putting his single eyeglass into his eye, and scanning it after the manner of experts. "I did not think you had anything of that sort here.

The man's name," replied Lady Theobald, severely, "is Burmistone."
"Pretty good idea, isn't it?" remarked
Barcld. "Good for the place, and all that

sort of thing."

"To my mind," answered my lady, "it is the worst possible thing which could have Mr. Francis Barold dropped his eyeglass dexterously, and at once lapsed into his nor-mal condition—which was a condition by no

means favorable to argument. "Think so?" he said, slowly. "Pity, icn't it-under the circumstances? And really there was nothing at all for her adyship to do but preserve a lofty silence. She had scarcely recovered herself when they reached the station, and it was necessary to say farewell as complacently as possible.

"We will hope to see you again before many days," she said, with dignity if not with Mr. Francis Barold was silent for a second

and a slightly reflective expression flitted across his face. "Thanks -yes," he said, at last. tainly. It is easy to come down, and I should like to see more of Slowbridge. When the train had puffed in and out of

the station, and Dobson was driving down High street again, her ladyship's feelings rather got the better of her.
"If Belinda Bassett is a wise woman," she emarked, "she will take my advice and get rid of this young lady as soon as possible. It

appears to me," she continued, with exalted piety, "that every well-trained English girl has reason to thank her Maker that she was "Perhaps," suggested Lucia, softly, " Miss at all -and it may be that -that she even

ed. "She is an impertinnt—minx !!"
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

She does not feel it at all," she announc-

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

As soon as the meeting opened Bro. Gardner bserved that the Hon. Standforth Jessup, A. 3., had arrived in the city from Montgomery, Ala., for the purpose of visiting the club, and that he was now in the ante room. The Reception committee at once escorted him in and having received a general introduction he said:

"I am proud of dis importunity to address

you, and as an honorary member of de club fur de last two y'ars I have been deeply interested in all your plans an' purceedins. De oder night on a freight train between Rich-mond and Washington I got to finking ober what progress de cull'd race of dis kentry had made in the last fifteen y'ars, an' I jumped from dat to de progress of de world. What did we have in dis world 100 y'ars ago w rth libin fur? Dar wusn't a grindstun, cider mill, nassradish grator, bootjack or street kyer to e found, an' sich a thing as a lemonade wid straw in it was not eben dreamed of. I tell you dis world am jumpin' 'long right smart. We has got about all dat any world wants,an' yit de wheels of genius, science an art am not gwine to stop. Fifty y'ars ago we all believed in ghosts. To day we believe in big bridges, long tunnels, immense ingines and fast trains. Twenty y'ars ago de howlin' of a dog at midnight would make a hull naybur-hood shiber wid fear of death. Let a dog open his yawp to-night an'a dozen men would riz from den beds to pelt him off de block wid taters an' clubs an' boot-jacks. Ten y'ars ago when a man entered a barber shop he foun' no one dar' but de barber. To-day he finds a boy to black his butes an' brush his coat an' talk pollyticks an' sing him outin a quarter of a dollar. Fifteen y'ars ago a mar ho etole a hors an' got away wid it was counted sharp. Nowadays we doan' flatter de pusson who can't cooper half de cash in a bank vault. Progress am on de jump, an' de cull'd man am pushin' clus up to de leadin' hoss. He's gwine to git second money, and doan' you forgit it. I simply say to you, keep yer eyes wide open; doan' let your feet grow at de expense of yer head; pay cash down as fur as ye kin; git up airly in de mornin', an' doan' leave de wood shed doah open when ye go to bed. You can't obertake de white man in dis race of progress, but you kin keep so clus to him dat he won't have no time to stop an' look around. Wid dese few remarks, frown off widout a palpable effort, an' intended to execute your harmonious feelings, I return my thanks and will expectorate to my

ELECTION.

Sir Isaac Walpole temporarily laid aside all other worldly cares and handed the bean box around with a grace that won him applause from every corner. The following candidates found to be pure as the driven snow Pinchback Marsh, J. Lively Smith, Bombo Jones, Enterprise Brown, Considerate Davis, Elder Horn, Colonel Dubar, Commissary White, Major Rainbow Dunn, and Proviso Hastings,

Elder Toots here arose and begged leave to

nquire whether the club had taken any action

of \$100 be voted from the treasury for that purpose. For about a minute Paradise Hall was so silent that the ticking of the clock sounded like a boy pounding on an empty bar-Then the President asked:

" W what Chicago fire?" "Wh7, sah, moas' of de hull city has bin burnt up. "Whar' did you git dat news?" "Right heah, sah," was the reply as the Elder held up a scrap book in which was pasted a newspaper account of the big conflagration of ten years ago. There was a general laugh and a wild uproar when the old man's mistake was realized, and after the excitement had subsided the President said: Frank is only 14 years of age. "Elder Toots, you am a good man on a apsot. Onless you desire to withdraw dat esolushun an' substitute one wotin money to

buy Adam a spring obercoat you'd better sot The Elder fell back in a lump and adjusted his spectacies for another wrestle with the old scrap book.

SHALL WE HANG?

"I has received," said the President, as he held up a manuscript, "a petition from 221 cull'd folkses of dis State prayin' dis club to use its influence wid de Legislachur to restore capital punishment. I shall gladly sign de paper, an' I hope it may receive designatures of all de members of de club. When one man kills anoder in cold clood de bes' use we kin make of de murderer am to break his neck an' tury him. Life must be held sacred at every cost, an' men who take it mus' be made an example of. De bes' example am to drop dem off a gallows. I not only go in fur capital punishment, but I want to makin it a penal offense fur any clergyman to stan' on de gallus 'longside of a cold blooded murderer an' tell him he's gwine straight to Heaben by de short cut. It am de basest sort men who have chopped up a hull family wid de ax am gwine to jump from de scaffold into de paradise created fur those who libe a life-

time of goodness."

NOT ANY. The Committee on Astronomy reported that they had made a thorough investigation of the planets without being able to discover that any of them had any influence on either the good or bad weather. Just at present Jupiter seems a little "off," probably from peing up late so many successive nights this winter, but a short rest would give him back all his nerve Mars was putting in some big licks just now for the benefit of his constituents, and Saturn had picked up two seconds on a half-mile track since the 1st of March. The committee leaned to the opinion that the club had better defer any action affecting the planetary system for at least another four weeks, and added that whilst the story of astronomy had its interesting features, the man who knew how to mix chicory and beans with coffee failed not to acquire honors and and amass ducats.

THE IMMORTAL G. W.

The Secretary announced a letter from Michigan City, from a colored woman, asking the advice of the club as to naming her baby George Washington Smith.

"It am my solid opinyon," answered the resident, "dat it am time fur our race to hang up on immortal names. I spee dar am about half a million George Washingtons, Thomas Jeffersons an' Henry Clays doin' Washingtons white washin' an' harbarin' in dis kentry, an' you can't strike a hotel whar' de dinin' room won't pan out at least two Abe Lincolns and one Gineral Scott. Wen I see a policeman trottin' Gineral Grant Jones or Benjamin Franklin Hooper down to de cooler fur steal-in' hens or pickin' clothes off de line, it convinces me dat his mudder got sick in her anxiety to hunt him up a name. If I had a lettle black baby an' didn't want to call him Jim, or John, or Mose, or Pete, I'd name him Nebakaneezer an' done wid it. an' de bigger name he had, de less I'd 'spect

BOYCOTTING. Giveadam Jones then arose and presented

the following:
Resolved, Dat ebery laborin' man ought to

have more wages dan any employer kin pay ;

Resolved, Dat if he doan' git em he mus'

strike; and Resolved, Dat any pusson opposin' said strike shall be boycotted; and
"Resolved, Dat while we have nuffin' to
advertise anyhow, we won't advertise in a
paper which opposes strikes; while we have
no cash to buy wid, we will still agree not to buy of any merchant opposed to strikes; although we borrow our neighbor's newspaper we will still resolve not to buy any newspaper not in harmony wid our sentiments; and "Resolved, Dat as soon as we kin force all employers to combine agin us, oblige all cap-italists to denounce us, shut up de factories, drive investors away an' force the rich to bank

their money instead of putting it into manufactures, we shall have heaps of money, nuffin' to do, an' lots o' time to air our sto' clothes; and "Resolved an' doan' you forgit it!" The resolutions were read a second time and laid on the table, and as the meeting adjourned Samuel Shin was heard saying that he was in favor of a low to compel every rich man to have his whole premises whitewashed twelve times per year.—Detroit Free Press.

THE LATE CZAR---HOW HETREATED HIS FRIENDS.

London Truth. The late Emperor of Russia was not only one of the handsomest men in his dominions, out one of the best, and his manners were always most courteous to all who were brought in contact with him. It is more than twenty years since I saw him. He then used frequently to call and take tea at the English Embassy. He was always under the impression that his intentions were not known be-forehand. But even then precautions were taken to insure his safety, and his coachmen, unknown to him, informed the Embassy of the contemplated visit some hours before it took place. He then had a worn, sad air, as though the Empire, if not life, were a trouble to him. His honest desire was that all under his rule should be happy. His own idea of happiness seemed to be to play at cards for small stakes with his cronies, and occasionally to kill a bear. Any one more utterly unfitted to reign as an autocrat never did reign as one. He was very steadfast in his friendships, and unfortunately has friends were a very greedy and corrupt set. They were perpetually getting into debt, and he was perpetually paying their debts. In one case, having handed over a great sum of money to a friend to free him from his credi-tors, be found that none of them had been paid On this he simply gave the same sum to a third person and requested him to settle with the craditors. I remember being once at a ball given by the Empress to the Emperor on his birthday. I was playing at peror on his birthday. I was playing at ecarte, when the Emperor, who was wandering about. came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. "Now," said the Emperor, "let us see whether you can turn up the king." I dealt, and then holding up the "turn-up card," said, "your orders, sire, have

A BOY'S MARVELOUS PRESENCE OF

been obeyed.' A dozen times afterward the Emperorasked me how I managed it, and he

never would believe that it was a mere haz-

ard, and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king. Why the Russian con-spirators should have killed this kind and

well meaning man is really difficult to under-

stand. His son and successor is a man of

far s erner stuff, as. I suspect, they will soon

discover to their cost.

Norwich, Conu., News. On the line of the New London Northern ailroad, about three-quarters of a mile above owards relieving the sufferers by the Chicago the West side depot, over the Yantic river, is a long iron bridge. When a train is crossing the bridge the only place of refuge for foot If no, he wanted to move that the sum passengers is a stringer, on the end of the ties, and running the entire length of the bridge. This stringer is but ten inches wide, and a person standing on it runs the risk of being knocked into the river below if a train is passing, he having to stand at an angle to avoid being struck. On Friday, March 18, Mrs. Mary Tarbox, a resident on Yantic street. at the falls, having occasion to call on her sister, who lives on the West side, decided to walk down the railroad, thereby saving about half a mile in distance. Afraid to cross the railroad bridge alone, she persuaded her brother. Frank S. Long, to accompany her, plain job of whitewashin', but when you neither saw nor heard any approaching train. tackle literature you am purty sartin to git They had hardly reached the center of the bridge when they were startled by the sharp shriek of the locomotive of Conductor Downer's train just coming upon the bridge. Mrs. Tarbox was struck with terror, and, being slightly lame, missed her footing, falling prostrate across the track. Frank, springing on to the stringer, seized the unconscious woman around the waist, and with a superhuman

> he ever witnessed. Mrs. Tarbox, in falling, struck her face with such violence on the ties that one of her teeth was forced clear through her lip.

effort dragged her from under the wheels of

the locomotive, the train dashing by at the

rate of forty miles an hour. As the last car passed he pushed her back on the track and

grasped the rails for support. Had he lost

his balance he would have fallen into the

swiftly running Yantic, and in all probability

was witnessed by a score of people from the streets above. Engineer Leach says it was

the most remarkable act of presence of mind

been carried over the falls. The

FURTHER DESTRUCTION OF BEES When March opened and bee keepers began to examine their stock they found, in some instances, as many as 30 or 40 per cent. of stock alive, and began to imagine that they would yet have bees enough to make a fair spring opening, but the last cold spell which lasted throughout March has destroyed all hope. Some have lost every skip, and others. with a beginning of forty or fifty down as low as two or three. One gentleman in the township of Saltfleet carefully prepared and put up into winter quarters 86 good healthy skips, and at present not more than two show signs of life. Some keepers imagined at first that it might have been caused by improper care, but when all were found to be alike, and those who were more experienced had lost as heavily as others, the true cause was inquired into. Bee keepers in Binbrook and vicinity who have a number of improved hives, and a large quantity of comb, which would soon become useless if not occupied constantly, are taking into consideration the dvisability of importing a quantity of stock from the south, where they are plentiful and

-Flocks of wild geese have been observed flying north. But then, only a goose would

-The enthusiastic fellows who drew young Kalloch through the streets of San Fran cisco after his acquittal of the murder of De Young, now propose to give the jury a benefit concert, admission fifty cents. This is because the jurors received no pay and were cut off from business for a week -Americans are of a pr ctical nature. When an Illinois farmer who had got rich was visiting Switzerland, they dilated to him of the beauty of the surrounding scenery. "Yes," he replied, "as scenery it's very good. But it strikes me the Lord has wasted a lot of space on scenery that might have been made level and good farming land." They wanted to

lynch him. HAVE you heard of the wonderful cures effected and benefits derived from the use of Edison's Electric Absorbent Belt? If not call on your druggist for pamphlet with testi-They are as food to the hungry, as vater to the growing plant, and as sunlight to nature. They cure nervousness and all stomach and liver.