

POETRY.

To Mrs. Carlyle.

I have read your glorious letters,
Where you threw aside all fetters,
Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely,
In your own dear native language.

And I fear my state's alarming,
For these papers are so charming,
That my heart lay before you—take it,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here thinking, thinking,
How your life was one long waking,
At poor Thomas' faults and failings,
And the undue share of blame!

There was nothing that's dominating
In those frequent times of cleaning,
When you recurred to me and humoured,
In such true housewifely style.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,
Playing your wits and wits,
Knows what else; you stilled all racket,
That might disturb your sleep's quietude.

Through it all from every quarter,
Gleams like sunshine on the water,
Your quick sense of fun and humor,
And your light, bewitching smile.

And I own, I fairly revel
In the way that you say "devel,"
'Tis so terse, so simple and so true,
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing
Just a little love and kissing—
Silly things, that help to lighten many a weary,
Tireful day.

Never a word you say to show it,
We may never know it,
You went quietly on without it—loyal
Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

I Want To Know.
There are several little things
That I much would like to know:
On what bones do angels wings
Sprout when it's time to grow?

Why do women on the floor
Sit while taking of their shoes?
Chair or sofa they ignore,
And the floor they choose.

Why do men who grudge a quarter
To their wives, when they're in need,
Let their wealth go free as water,
For a cocktail or a weed?

Why do women who are fat,
Who upon a street car ride,
Sit and squash all others flat,
By poking out the crowd?

How is this? A fish in water
Weighs five ounces when it's captured,
Fully three pounds and a quarter
In its weight, for quite unaptured.

When the sun is shining brightly,
And shows the time is half past ten,
Tell me some one, tell me rightly,
The hour by the clock watch then?

Why do women who are old,
Who upon a street car ride,
Sit and squash all others old,
By poking out the crowd?

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his family. To her broken engagement
is a subject of deep pain, but she regards it
as being irremediable as death, and, like
death, there is about it neither disgrace
nor dishonor; nothing but pure sadness.

This being the case, she goes to the
Mackivers without hesitation or doubt, and
receives a "chill."

Poor girl, her heart is sore for her own
sorrow and for the sorrows of others, for
by this time she is conscious of, and keenly
alive to, the complications which have
arisen in her brother's affairs; consequently
she is peculiarly liable to receive a
chill that is not designed for her.

Mary, young, strong sister, connects her
heart with you, without any of that
aggressive heartiness which is meant to show
the one for whom it is displayed that a
special call is felt to show it, but honestly,
with the same intention and expression as
has been seen in her heart and mind
for Dolly.

In his sister's estimation Ronald's conduct
is pitiful. That he should have shown
himself so weak and wavering to the girl
who loves him so as to compel her to
release him is a fault on his part which
she can find no excuse, and has
scarcely any toleration. If the young pair
had agreed to separate for a time, to defer
their marriage but still keep the betrothal
vows, until such time as Dolly's fortune
could be restored to her, Mary would have
applauded their wisdom and encouraged
them in their course. As things are, the
sister pities him, but finds something despicable
in him.

But the old people, grieved as they are
that affairs should have taken such a turn
as to necessitate the rupture of the engagement,
feel more sorrow than anger at their
son's part in it. According to their ideas
Ronald has acted prudently and Dolly sagaciously
in breaking off the engagement,
which was made when they all thought
that Dolly was the prospective wife of ten
thousand pounds. Now that they find these
thousands are invested in Irish property,
and that Dolly is not actually in possession
of ten thousand pounds, "circumstances"
they feel, "have been against the happiness
of the young pair, but do not actually feel
that it behooves the young pair to
make the best of dissolution of projected
partnership, and unquestionably," they
say to one another, "it will be unwise to
encourage anything like accidental meetings
between Ronald and Dolly, or hope on
Dolly's part."

The fact is Mrs. Mackiver holds rather
strong views on the subject of elective
affinity. According to her a girl is wanting
in modesty who loves a man unless he
thinks she has to do so, and the girl
becomes bold and almost unsexed herself,
if she does not drop all semblance of the
interest that is more than friendship in the
man to whom she has been, but is no longer
engaged.

So when Dolly makes her appearance
before them, full of sorrow and tenderness,
the well meaning but rather stiff old pair
harden themselves, and give her to understand
that evil minded people may construe
what she has done into "running after
Ronald."

This is not said to her in so many words,
but it is indicated and Dolly feels it.
"I'm going off to Ireland with Robert,"
she says, with a sparkle in her voice. She
has lost Ronald, but she has not lost every-
thing! Among other trifles she has not
lost her wit, and is trying to make things
pleasant for other people.

"I am glad to hear you are going away,
my dear," Mrs. Mackiver says, dolefully
kissing Dolly, and pressing the girl's hand
with a look that seems to say that she is
not sure whether Dolly is a criminal or a
victim.

"We are going to see about things at
Darragh," Dolly says, valiantly; "the
agent is unlucky enough not to be liked,
and Robert feels that if there is any risk
to be run or danger to be faced, he is the
one to run the one and face the others."

"Well!" Mrs. Mackiver says, meditatively,
"he's right in a measure. But it
seems to me that you're bearing the
brunt of it as well as your brother;
and though, of course, it's only just that
that you should be being so, and the property
that your money is invested in, still, I don't
like the idea of your being rash or foolhardy.
Couldn't you go away into some
nice, out-of-the-way English country
place, or even keep quiet in London for a
time?"

"Why should I do either?" Dolly asks,
in amazement.

"Ah! well, my dear, if you feel nothing
about seeing your friends and hearing their
remarks, I certainly am not the one who
ought to try and make you do so; but in
my young days, I used to speak of the man
who might have been her husband, but it
is not to be her husband, by his Christian
name; it is too familiar—it is not maidenly."

"We are friends still!" Dolly gasps.
She is shocked at the idea of a husband
conduct being imputed to her, but she is
much more shocked at the idea of being
severed so utterly from the one to whom
she is in heart so closely united still.

"Friends! there can be no friendship
between a young man and a young woman,
my dear," Mrs. Mackiver says, and her
husband endorses her sentiment by a wise
shake of the head.

"No friendship between us! Why, Ronald
will always be the dearest and best
friend I have, and what should I be if I
didn't give the warmest and most loving
friendship of which I am capable to the
man I once hoped to marry?" Dolly cries
out, with a disregard to conventional re-
servation on the subject that Mrs. Mackiver
is very sorry to see.

"That's just what makes it such a delicate
matter," Ronald's mother says, stroking
her black silk apron down as though she
were a regular doll. "In my young days, if a young
lady was unfortunate enough to be publicly
engaged to a gentleman, and anything
occurred to prevent the marriage, she and
her friends would do their utmost to put
mountains and streams between herself and
the man."

"There are not mountains, and streams
enough in the world to entirely separate me
from your son," Dolly says, gravely. "I
should despise myself if I could unlove in
such a fashion, and in your heart you would
despise me too; you would feel that I had
pledged myself readily to form the tender-
est ties with one whom I was ready to
tend and cherish as a father. I have not
been Ronald's wife, but I feel as if I were
his widow."

"And we love you as if you were our
daughter," the old mother, who is touched
in spite of her strong views of what is cor-
rect, says fervently to the Dolly, feel-
ing that she has melted her audience and
that she is on the verge of a breakdown
herself, takes her leave.

Poor child! It is hard for her to go out
of this house where she has been as a child
of it, feeling that Ronald's parents will not
allow that she is one of them any longer.
His father accompanies her to the door,
kisses her solemnly on her cheek, bowing,
and says—

"Good-by, my dear girl. This is a bitter
trial for us all, and it has been laid upon
us chiefly by my old friend's son—by the
brother who ought to have been your safest
guardian."

"It is a bitter trial, but the money is not
at the root of it," Dolly says, in tones of
full conviction. "Let us tell the truth,

Ronald has left off loving me, that is all;
he has not been mercenary and calculating;
the want of the money has not changed him
at all."

Then Mary comes quietly up and puts
her arms round Dolly, and presses the girl
to her good, strong heart.

"I am your sister still?" Mrs. Mackiver
says, with a smile that is as quietly—

"Yes; we can't undo that, happily."

"But for Dolly's own sake, for her
womanly dignity, and because of the eyes
of the world being upon her keenly just now,
she must keep away from us, and not seem
to be seeking Captain Mackiver. Mrs. Mack-
iver says, bustling forward in the hall.
The heart of the heart is full of kindly feeling
toward the girl who has to have been her
son's wife; but she likes things to be done,
not only decently and in order, but with
the view of looking well in the eyes of
decorous people and as she looks round to
nod a little farewell.

"Good-by, my dear, my dear, my dear,
see very much amiss in me for coming to
you," she says, affectionately. "And as for
Ronald, he will always be a friend to you,
and Mrs. Mackiver says, I'm most anxious
in the world; and by, and by, I will tell
her wife so, and she will be glad."

"My dear, you have no right to take it
for granted that Ronald will forget you,
and marry another lady," Mrs. Mackiver
protests, and says, "I will tell her wife so,
and she will be glad."

But Dolly only smiles at this, for she
knows what Darragh is, and how he loves
her.

There is a little confusion and distur-
bance in the household. Green streets just
now on account of a habit Mrs. O'Leary
has of being slack with her payments.
This broad minded woman has done every-
thing with an open hand in the way of
organizing and ordering the establishment,
but up to the present time she has forgotten
that Dolly was the prospective wife of ten
thousand pounds. Now that they find these
thousands are invested in Irish property,
and that Dolly is not actually in possession
of ten thousand pounds, "circumstances"
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us chiefly by my old friend's son—by the
brother who ought to have been your safest
guardian."

"It is a bitter trial, but the money is not
at the root of it," Dolly says, in tones of
full conviction. "Let us tell the truth,

the cause. Now, that's not like Darragh.
What has he done for me?"

"A love that is nearer and stronger than
that of country, I should say," Mrs. St.
John says, smiling a little maliciously.
Then she puts on a consoling air, and adds,
"Never mind, Arthur! If Miss Thynne
falls away for her own sake, you are still
loved by a woman who will make sacrific-
es for you which Darragh Thynne has not
the courage to make."

"Do you mean Mrs. O'Leary?" he asks;
and Mrs. St. John half shakes her head
and sighs.

CHAPTER XXIII.
FIGHT IN MOUNTAIN DARRAGH.

It is a glorious day, and the Hampshire
hills are alive with a gay and glittering
and, for a royal review is being held
between Darragh and Camberly, on Tarf
Hill.

The Queen is here, looking her royal
matronly best, in an open carriage drawn
by four superb bay horses, heralded by out-
riders in cowls, the Standard Bearer, and
forming her guard of honor, and the daughter
who is always with her by her side.
Close to her is the most distinguished-looking
woman in England—the beautiful
Princess who looks young enough to be the
sister of her handsome sons.

All the celebrated beauties are dotted
about in landsau or dashing little Victorias,
and each one commands her full meed of
admiration from the well dressed, fashion-
able throng who have given themselves the
hearty change of coming to see the march
past. But that on which the interest is
chiefly concentrated is the drag drawn by a
cheerful team full of pluck and pride
and beauty, and driven by the Marquis of
Portbank.

For on this drag is Darragh Thynne.
It is sorely against her will that she is
here, seeming to countenance the current
report which persists in giving her to Lord
Portbank. But the Thornes are her best
friends in these days, and their wishes and
prejudices have to be consulted. They are
not snobs, neither are they careless of
Darragh's tastes and wishes. Still they
have a prejudice in favor of the "upper
crust," and they think it rather idly capri-
cious of Darragh to wish to defer them to
the privilege of being driven by Lord Port-
bank, and seen by society on Lord Port-
bank's drag.

Strangely enough, too, Arthur Thynne
has been most urgent in his entreaties to
the girl to accede to the wishes of the
friends with whom she is staying, and show
herself on Lord Portbank's drag. "I can
see, because you are an Irish hand-
owner, and Mrs. O'Leary has an Irish
name," he says to her, "and if you don't
go Portbank will be glum, and poor Mrs.
Thorne will be robbed of half the glory
she is anticipating. Go, Darragh, go
with us, and you will think you're
engaged to him; but I know better, so
what does it matter?"

"I should have thought you would rather
people didn't think that, Arthur."

"Oh, I'm quite superior to any idle,
jealous, and spiteful practice," she says,
he says, laughing. "And I rather like to
see Portbank in the character of my
unsuccessful rival. In justice to Mrs.
Thorne, who has got a new dress for the
occasion, you must go."

(To be continued.)

HEIRS FOR MILLION'S MILLIONS.
Some \$228,000,000 in the Bank of
England Awaiting a Claimant.

Seventy five descendants of Hugh L.
Mosher, who emigrated from England to
America in 1630, and who died in 1778,
met at the Palmer House last Wednesday
to concert measures for obtaining
possession of their ancestor's vast estate.

They represented six hundred heirs, and
fifty of whom live in Chicago. Ex-Arch-
deacon B. W. Hanna, of Indiana, has been
retained as counsel.

The history of this estate, which is
valued at \$128,000,000, is full of interest.
Ezekiel Mosher lived in Manchester, Eng.,
in the sixteenth century, and acquired a
vast property by means of his trade.

He had three sons, John, Hugh and Daniel.
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A VETERAN BENEFACTOR.
His Past Life, Present Plans and What
He Has to Say Upon a Subject that
Astounded Him.
(New York Times.)

Nearly forty years ago a young man, of
unusual endowments, began to mould pub-
lic opinion upon a subject of vital impor-
tance. Like all pioneers, his early efforts
were unsuccessful, but his ability and the
value of his work soon won public confi-
dence, and to-day there is not a village or
hamlet in the country that has not been
benefited by Dr. Lewis. When,
therefore, it was learned yesterday that he
contemplated the establishment of a large
magazine in this city, the fact was deemed
so important that a representative of this
paper was commissioned to see him and
ascertain the truth of the rumor.

Dr. Lewis is a gentleman of 60 years
and 200 pounds, with snow-white hair and
beard, but probably the most perfect pic-
ture of health and vigor in the metropolis.
He is a living exponent of his teachings,
and notwithstanding the amount of work
he has already done, promises still greater
activity for years to come. He received
the interviewer most courteously, and in
reply to a question said:

"It is true I have come to New York to
establish a monthly magazine. I have
come here for the same reason that I went
to Boston 25 years ago. Then Boston was
the best platform in the country from
which to speak of education. New York
has now become most hospitable to pro-
gressive thoughts, and especially so to
movements on behalf of physical training.
I have reason to know the great and
abiding interest of the American people in
this subject. They have come to realize
that the future of our country pivots upon
our physical vitality, and especially upon
the vigor of our women. My new magazine
will be published monthly, and will be
devoted to Sanitary and Social
Science. I hope through its pages to
inaugurate a new departure in hygiene."

"Have you not written several books on
the subject?"

"I have written volumes, and some of them
like 'Our Girls,' published by the Harp-
er, have had an enormous circulation, but
the best work of my life I shall give the
world in the new magazine. Forty years
of skirmishing ought to conclude with ten
years of organized warfare."

"Do you wish the attention of this new
interest in health questions?"

"It has come through suffering, which
seems the only road to self knowledge. The
stomach, heart, kidneys or liver fall into
trouble, happiness is gone, and then people
give attention to their health."

"Which of these organs is most fre-
quently the victim of our errors?" asked
the reporter.

"Within the last few years diseases
of the kidneys have greatly multiplied. When
I was a child, I suffered from kidney trouble
forty years ago, serious disease of the kid-
neys was rare; but now distressing fre-
quently the victim of our errors?" asked
the reporter.

"To what do you attribute this great in-
crease of kidney troubles?"

"To the use of stimulating drinks,
adulterated food and irregular habits of
life."

"Doctor, have you any confidence in the
remedy which we hear so much now-a-
days, Warner's Safe Cure?"

"I believe in the value of prevention,
rather than in a ton of cure."

"But have you noticed the remarkable
testimonials of Warner's remedy?"

"I have and am amazed. The commen-
dations of medical men, the cures usually
obtained by unknown means, the cures in
back counties. But I see in our most
reputable newspapers the warmest praise
of Warner's Safe Cure from College Pro-
fessors, respectable physicians, and other
persons of high intelligence and character.
To that I give my testimony, and I am
professional, but it is unmanly. No physi-
cian can forget that valuable additions to
our Materia Medica have sprung from just
such sources. I was so impressed with
this cloud of witnesses that I purchased
some bottles of Warner's Safe Cure at a
neighboring drug store, and analyzed one
of them to see if it contained anything
poisonous. Then I took three of the pre-
scribed doses at once, and found there was
nothing injurious in it. I do not hesitate
to say that if I had my kidneys in serious
trouble, I should use this remedy, because
of the hopelessness of all ordinary treat-
ment, and because when a hundred intelli-
gent and reputable persons unite in the
statement that a certain remedy has cured
them of a grave and deadly disease, I
choose to believe that they speak the truth."

"But as you may know, my great
interest in life lies in prevention. For
forty years I have labored in this field.
One of the phases of my work in New
England was the establishment of the
Boston School of Physical Training. My
aim was to illustrate the possibilities in
the physical training of girls during their
school life. This institution became before
I left it the largest and most successful
Seminary for young women owned and
managed by a woman in this country. I
went out into all parts of the land to teach
to two hundred persons. The remarkable
results of this muscle training among girls
were given in my paper published in the
North American Review of December, 1882."

"Dear Sir, I have established the Normal
Institute for Physical Training in Boston,
and for ten years its President and Man-
ager. Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Thos.
Hoskins, Professor Leonard and others
were among its teachers, and more than
four hundred persons took its diploma and
went out into all parts of the land to teach
the new school of gymnastics. And now
the magazine to which I propose to devote
to the magazine which I have come here
to establish. It will be the largest
periodical ever devoted to this field.
It will contain the latest and most
interesting facts and one question of hygiene with the sim-
plicity of a child's talk. To this end all
so-called learning will be subordinated.
The magazine will be more or less illus-
trated, and will strive to reach a high place
in the confidence and hearts of the people.
In a few weeks our first number will
appear, and we shall fondly hope for it a
hearty welcome."

The facts above narrated are indeed
most important. It is gratifying to know
that the long experience of a gentle
man who stands without a peer in suc-
cessfully demonstrating the principles of
hygiene, whose heart has always been in
sympathy with the afflicted, and whose
brain has ever been active in planning
for the relief of the suffering, are given
through the pages of a magazine. And it
is especially significant and proof positive
of rare merit that a proprietary medicine,
even with such high standing as Warner's
Safe Cure is known to have, should be
endorsed and recommended by a man of
such reputation and of such national
repute as Dr. Dio Lewis.

Distant relatives are best off when
they keep distant.

IT HAS BEEN WELL SAID THAT
there is great waste of time and energy by
those reformers and philanthropists who,
to bring about many a good thing, neglect
the stomach. It is an elementary law govern-
ing all living beings, that the stomach and
Stomach are two neighbors who cannot afford
to be at enmity for any length of time, without
mutual detriment to both. It is a law of
nature, that the stomach and the brain are
two neighbors who cannot afford to be at
enmity for any length of time, without
mutual detriment to both. It is a law of
nature, that the stomach and the brain are
two neighbors who cannot afford to be at
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nature, that the stomach