Should folk come to see you their secrets to tell, And add, "Dinus say that I tell't you mysel", For it maunna gang far'er than you, you maun

Or there's nac sayin' how the bit matter may en';
As for me I may say it would injure me sair
To be mixed up in ony sic wretched affair "
If o' peace, joy and pleasure in life you are fond
Just send them at once to "the back o' beyond."

Chorus. It's a wonderfu' place "the back o' beyond,"
There are unco queer folk at "the back o' be-When clashers come near me, I canna count And I feel unco glad there's "a back o' be youd."

When folk wi'lang tongues come to your fire en', And deive you wi' clavers 'bout folk that they An' what they eat, drink and how they are dress'd,
While they in their hardships are sairly oppress'd,
How they saw Mistress So and so gey late at

and how she gaed on, and was sic a like sicht, And tell you they're sure that o' drink she is Just tell them to gang to "the back o' beyond."

It's a wonderfu' place, etc. Gin freens, as they're called-bonnie freens, l oft think—
Come in just to see you an' rest for a blink,
Hegin to advise you about your affairs,
Though, of course, they aye say, it's nae busi-

Though, or course, they also say, to have need of theirs;
But they think this or that 'bout you or your wife,
As' in roun'-about ways try to kindle up strife—
If you want to have peace, freens, I give you my hond. You must send them, quick march, to " the back

It's a wonderfu' place, etc.

Should tipplers come in wi'a dram to your house, An' ask you to join in a jolly carouse, An', lest you be frightened that some day they'll squeak.

They promise that of it they never will speak;
Don't listen, I pray you, to ocht o' their crack, For nae guid can come, freens, frae ony sic pack;
Just tell them at once the blue ribbon you've doned. And so they may gang to "the back o' beyond. lt's a wonderfu' place, etc.

Are keep the stracht road on your journey through life. through life.

For dangers are near and temptations are rife;
Deal juely an' kindly wi' woman an' man,
An' try aye to do a' the guid that you can;
Let truth be your watchword, an' scorn aye
to lee.

to lee. Wi' freen an' wi' neighbor aye strive to agree, Show gentle and simple that o' peace you are An' send snarlers a' to "the back o' beyond."

It's a wonderfu' place, etc.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS

Author of "Molly Bawn." "The Baby." " Air Fairy Lilian," etc, etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Billy, Billy!" I call eagerly, and at the top of my healthy lungs; but there is no reply. "Where can that boy be?" no reply. "Where can that boy be.
"Billy, Billy!" I shout again, more

lustily this time, and with my neck craned half-way down the kitchen staircase, but with a like result. There is a sudden movement on the upper landing, and Dors appearing above, waves her hand frantically towards me to insure attention, while she murmurs, "Hush! Hush!" with hurried emphasis. I look up, and see she is robed her best French muslin, the faint blue white of which contrasts so favorably with her delicate skin.

"Hush! There is some one in the drawing room," says my lovely sister, with the elightest possible show of irritation. Who?" I ask, in my loudest whisper feeling somewhat interested. "Not-not

Mr. Carrington - surely?" "Yes," returns Dora, under her breath 'and, really, Phyllis, I wish you would not

give yourself the habit of ____"
"What? Already!" I interrupt, with a
gasp of surprise. "Well, certainly, he has
lost no time. Now, Dora, mind you make a conquest of him, whatever you do, as, being our landlord, he may prove formid-

Dora blushes-it is a common trick of hers, and she does it very successfully—nods, smiles and goes on to victory. The drawing-room door opens and shuts; I can hear a subdued murmur of voices; some one laughs. It is a man's laugh, and I feel the growth of curiosity strong within my ing to

I am about to prosecute my search for him in person, when he suddenly appears, toward me from a totally unex peeted direction.
"What's up?" he asks, in his usus! neat

style.

"Oh, Billy, he is here—Mr. Carrington I mean," I exclaim, eagerly. "Dora and mamma are with him. I wonder will they ask him about the wood?"

"He'd be sure to refuse if they did," says

Billy, gloomily. "From all I hear, he must be a regular Tartar. Brewster says he is the hardest landlord in the county, turns notice, and counts every rabbit in the place. Dora won't ask any favor of him.'

I shift the conversation.
"Did you see him come? Where have

you been all this time?"
"Outside. There's a grand trap at the door, and two horses. Brewster says he is awfully rich, and of course he's a screw. If there's one thing I hate it's a miser.

"Oh, he is too young to be a miser," say I, in the innocence of my heart. "Paps says he cannot be more than eight-and twenty. Is he dark or fair, Billy?"
"I didn't see him, but I'm sure he's dark

and equat, and probably he equints," says Billy, viciously. "Any one that could turn poor old Mother Haggard out of her house in the frost and snow must have a squint."

But he was in Italy then: perhaps he didn't know anything about it," in, as one giving the benefit of a bare doubt.
"Oh, didn't he?" says Billy, with withering contempt. "He didn't send his orders, I suppose? Oh, no!" Once fairly started in his Billingsgate strain, it is impossible to say where my brother will choose to draw a line, but fortunately for Mr. Carrington's character, Martha, our parlor servant, makes her appearance at this moment and comes up to us with an all-important expression upon her jovial

face.
"Miss Phyllis, your ma wants you in the drawing room at oncet," she says. "The strange gentleman is there, and—."

"Wants me?" I ask, in astonishment, not being usually regarded as a drawing-room ornament. "Martha, is my hair tidy?

"'Tis lovely!" returns Martha. And, thus encouraged, I give my dress one or two hasty pulls and follow in Dora's foot-

A quarter of an hour later I rush back to Billy, and discover him standing, with bent head and shoulders, in a tiny closet that opens off the hall, and is only divided from the drawing-room by the very frailest of partitions. His attitude is crumpled. as he listens assiduously to all that is going

on inside.
"Well, what is be like?" he asks in a stage whisper, straightening himself as he sees me, and pointing in the direction of

'Very nice," I answer with decision, "and not dark at all-quite fair. I asked him about the wood when I got the chance, and he said we might go there whenever we and he said we might go there whenever we chose, and that it would give him great pleasure if we would consider it as our own.

There! And it was not he turned out old Nancy Haggard; it was the wretch Sim-

mons, the steward, without any orders; nd Mr. Carrington has dismissed him,

Here Billy slips off a jam-pot, on which he has been standing, with a view to raising himself, stumbles heavily, and creates an appalling row; after which, mindful of consequences, he picks himself up silently, and together we turn and flee.

CHAPTER II. I am 17-not sweet 17; there is nothing swest about me. I am neither fair nor dark, nor tall nor short, nor indeed anything in particular that might distinguish me from the common herd. hard upon me, as all the rest of us can lay claim to beauty in one form or another. Thus, Roland, my eldest brother, is tall, very aristocratio in appearance, and extremely good to look at; Dora, who is small and exquisitely pretty, in a fresh fairy-like style; while Billy, the youngest born, has one of the handsomest faces imaginable, with liquid brown eyes of a gentle, pleading expression, that smile continually, and utterly belie the character

Why I was born at all, or why, my creation being a settled matter, I was not given to the world as a boy, has puzzled and vexed me for many years. I am entirely without any of the little graceful kittenish blaudishments of manner that go far to make Dora the charming creature she is; I have too much of Billy's recklessness, mixed up with natural carelessness of my own, to make me a success in the family oircle. To quote papa in his mildest form, I am a "sad mistake," and not one easy to be rectified, while mother, who is the gentlest soul alive, reproves and comforts me from morning until night, without any result to

I am something over five feet two, with brown hair and a brown skin, and eyes that might be blue or gray, according to fancy. My feet are small and well shaped, and so are my hands: but as for seventee years I have borne an undying hatred towards gloves, these latter cannot be regarded with admiration. My mouth is of goodly size, and rather determined in expression; while as to my figure, if Roland s to be believed, it resembles nothing so much as a fishing rod. But my nose—that at least is presentable and worthy of a better resting-place; it is indeed a most desireable nose in every way, and, being my only redeeming point, is one of which I am justly proud.

Nevertheless, as one swallow makes no summer, so one feature will not beau tify a plain face; and in spite of my Grecian treasure I still remain obscure. It not ornamental, however, I manage to be useful; I am an excellent foil to my sister Dora. She is beyond dispute our bright particular star, and revels in that know To be admired is sun and air and life to Dora, who resembles nothing in the world so much as an exquisite little Dres-den figure, so delicate, so pink and white so yellow haired, and always so bewitch ingly attired. She never gets into a passion is never unduly excited. She is too pretty and too fragile for the idea, else I might be tempted to say that on rare occasions she Still, she is notably good-tempered and has a positive talent for evading s pleasant topics that may affect her own

peace of mind. Papa is a person to be feared; mother is not; consequently, we all love mother best. In appearance the head of our best. family is tall, lean and unspeakably severe With him a spade is always a spade, and his nay is indeed nay. According to a tradition among us, that has grown with our rowth, in his nose—which is ingularly large and obtrusive—lies all the growth. harshness that characterizes his every action. Indeed, many a time and oft have Billy and I speculated as to whether, were he suddenly shorn of his proboscis, he would also find himself deprived of his strength of mind. He is calm, and decidedly well-bred, both in manner and expres sion-two charms we do not appreciate, a on such frequent occasions as when dis grace falls upon one or all of the household the calmness and breeding become so ter

rible that, without so much as a frown, he can wither us beyond recognition. I am his particular bete noire; my hoy denish ways jar every hour of the day upor his sensitive nerves. He never tires of con rasting me unfavorably with his gentle elegant Dora. He detests gushing people and I, unhappily for myself, am naturally very affectionate. I feel not only a desire to love, but a times an unconquerable long openly declare my love; and breast. Oh, for some congenial soul to Roland is generally with his regiment, and share my thoughts! Where on earth is Dora is a sort of person who would die if Dora is a sort of person who would die it violently embraced, I am perforce obliged to expend all my superfluous affection upon our darling mother and Billy.

Strict economy prevails among us; more through necessity, indeed, than from any unholy desire to save. Our annual income of eight hundred pounds goes but a short way under any circumstances, and the hundred pounds a year out of this we allow Roland (who is lways in a state of insolvency) leaves up " poor indeed." A new dress is, therefore a rarity—not perhaps so strange a thing to Dora as it is to me—and any amusement that costs money would be an unhear of luxury. Out-door conveyances we have none, unless one is compelled to mention a startling vehicle that lies in the coach-house, and was bought no one remembers when and where. It is probably an heirloom, and is popularly supposed to have cost a fabulous sum in the days of its youth and beauty, but it is now ancient and sadly disreputable, and not one of us but feels low and dejected when, tucked into it on Sunday mornings, we are driven by papa to attend the parish church. I even re-member Dora shedding tears now and then as this ordeal drew nigh; but that was when the Desmonds or the Cuppaidges had young man staying with them, who might reasonably be expected to put in an an pearance during the service, and who would be sure to linger and witness our disgrace-

ful retreat afterward. Of course pape has his two hunters. We have been taught that no gentleman could possibly get on without them in a stupid country place, and that it is more from a noble desire to sustain the respectability of the family than from any pleasure that may be derived from them, that they are kept. We try to believe this—but we don't. We see very few neighbors, for the simple

reason that there are very few to see. This limits dinner parties, and saves expense in many ways, but rather throws us younger fry upon our own resources. No outsiders come to disturb our uninteresting calm we have no companions, no friends beyond our hearthstone. No alarming incidents occur to season our deadened existence; no one ever elopes with the wife of his bosom friend. All is flat, stale and unprofit-

It is then with mingled feelings of fear and delight that we hear of Strangemore being put in readiness to receive its master Mr. Carrington, our new landlord-our old one died about five years ago-has at length wearied of a foreign sojourn, and is bastening to the land of his fathers. So ran report three weeks before my story opens, and for once truly. He came, he saw, he —. No, we have all arranged ages ago—it is Dora who is to conquer.

"He is exceedingly to be liked," says

mamma that night at dinner, addressing papa, and alluding to our landlord, "and so very distinguished-looking. I rather this k he admired Dora; he never removed his eyes from her face the entire time he stayed. And mother nods and smiles approvingly at

That must have been rather embarrassing, says papa in his even way; but I know by his tone he too is secretly

room endeavoring patiently to copy that laugh of Dora's, with failure as the only

"And he is so good-natured!" I break in, eagerly. "The very moment I men-tioned the subject, he gave us permission to go to Brinsley Wood as often as ever we phoose, and seemed quite pleased at my asking him if we might; didn't he,

Yes, dear." "Could you find no more more that?" asked papa to discuss with him than that?" asked papa displeasure. "Was "Could you find no more interesting topic with contemptuous displeasure. "Was his first visit a fitting opportunity to demand a favor of him? It is a pity, Phyllis, you cannot put yourself and your own amusements out of sight, even on an occasion. There is no vice so detestable as

I think of the two hunters, and of how long mother's last black silk has bebest gown, and feel rebellious; but, long and early training having taught me to subdue my emotions, I accept the snub dutifully and relapse into taciturnity.

he turned out poor old It was not Mother Haggard after all, papa," puts in Billy; "It was Simmons; and he is to be dismissed immediately."

"I am glad of that," says papa, viciously 'A more thorough going rescal never dis graced a neighborhood. He will be doing a really sensible thing if he sends that fellow adrift. I am gratified to find Carrington capable of acting with such sound common None of the absurd worn-out prejudices in favor of old servants about him. I have no doubt he will prove an

acquisition to the county."

Altogether, it is plainly to be seen, we every one of us intend approving of our new neighbor.

'Yes, indeed," says mother, "It is quite delightful to think of a young man being anywhere near. We are being anywhere near. We are sadly in want of cheerful society. What a pity he did not come bome directly his uncle died and left him the property, instead of wasting these last

five years abroad!"
"I think he was right," returns papa, gracefully; "there is nothing like seeing life. When hampered with a wife and children he will regret he did not enjoy more of it before tving himself down irre-

An uncomfortable silence follows this speech. We all feel guiltily conscious that we are hampering our father—that but for our unwelcome existence he might at the present hour be enjoying all the goods and gaveties of life; all, that is, except Billy who is insensible to inuendoes, and never sees or feels anything that is not put before him in the plainest terms. He cheerfully puts an end now to the awkward silence. "I can tell you, if you marry Mr. Carrington, you will be on the pig's back," he says, knowingly addressing Dora. Billy is not choice in his expressions. "He has no end of tin, and the gamest lot of horses

in his stables to be seen anywhere. Brewster was telling me about it." Nobody says anything.

"You will be on the pig's back, I can tell you," repeats Billy, with emphasis. Now, this is more than rashness, it is madness, on Billy's part; he isignorantly offering himself to the knife. The fact that his vulgarity has been passed by unnoticed once is no reason why leniency should be

looks up blandly.

"May I ask what you mean by being 'on the pig's back?' he asks, with a suspicious thirst for information. Oh, it means being in luck, I suppose,

shown towards him a second time. Papa

returns Billy, only slightly taken aback.
"I do not think I should consider it a lucky thing if I found myself on a pig's back," says papa, still apparently abroad, still desirous of having his ignorance enlightened.

"I don't suppose you would," responds Billy, gruffly; and, being an Euglish boy, abhorrent of irony, he makes a most unnecessary clatter with his fork and

sweetly, coming prettily to the rescue. One of Dora's favorite roles is to act as peace-maker on such public occasions as the present, when the innate goodness of her disposition can be successfully paraded. "It is that he wishes you to see how unmeaning are your words, and how vulgar are all hack neyed expressions. Besides —running back to Billy's former speech—"you should not believe all Brewster tells you; he is only a

groom, and probably says a good deal more than—than he ought."
"There!" cries Billy, with wrathful triumph, "you were just going to say more than his prayers, and if that isn't a 'hackneyed expression,' I don't know what's what. You ought to correct yourself, Miss Dora, before you begin correcting other

people."
"I was not going to say that," declares Dors, in a rather sharper tone.
"Yes, you were, though. It was on the very tip of your tongue."

'I was not," reiterates Dora, her pretty oval cheeks growing pink as the heart of a rose, while her liquid blue eyes changed to steel grav.

"William, be silent," interrupts papa, with authority, and. so for a time puts stop to the family feud.

Ah! Love was never without The pang, the agony, the doubt.—Byron

CHAPTER III. The next day Mr. Carrington calls again this time ostensibly on business matters -and papa and he discuss turnips and other farm produce in the study, until the

interview becomes so extended that it occurs to the rest of us they must faint. Before leaving, Mr. Carrington finds his way to the drawing room, where Dora and I are seated alone, he, having greeted us, drags a chair lazily after him, until he gets within a few feet of Dora. Here he seats himself.

Dora is tatting. Dora is always tatting she never does anything else; and surely there is no work so pretty, so becoming to white fingers, as that in which the swift little shuttle is brought to bear. Nevertheless, though he is beside my sister, I never raise my head without encountering

never raise my head without encountering his blue eyes fixed upon me.

His eyes are very handsome, large and very dark, and wonderfully kind, eyes that let one see into the true heart beyond, indeed his whole face is full of beauty. He makes no unwise attempt to hide it, beyond the cultivation of a fair brown mounted that does not altogether agreed. moustache that does not altogether conceal the delicately-formed mouth beneath, the lips of which are fine and almost sensitive enough to be womanish, but for a certain touch of quiet determination about them and the lower jaw. He is tall and rather slightly molded, and has a very clean-shaped head. His hands are white and

thin, but large; his feet very passable.

"Do you know," he is saying to sympathetic Dora, while 1 take the above inventory of his charms, "I have quite an affec-tion for this house? I was born here, and lived in it until my father died."

"Yes, I knew that," said Dora softly, with a liquid glance. "And all yesterday, after you had left, I kept wondering whether you felt it very strange and sad seeing new faces n your old home." "Did you really bestow a thought upon me when I was out of sight?" he said

with mild surprise. "Are you in earnest?
Do you know, Miss Vernon, I begin to believe it is a foolish thing to stay too long away from one's native land—away from the society of one's own countrymen; a man feels so dangerously pleased with any little stray kind word that may be said to him on his return. I have been living a rather up-and-down sort of life, not quite so civilized as might have been. I fear, and should take the trouble to think about me." He says all this in a slow, rather

Here is an opportunity not to be wasted, and Dora instantly blushes her very best task is far from easy. blush; then becoming charmingly fured, lets her glance once more fall on her

tatting. "That is awfully pretty work you are doing," says Mr. Carrington, taking up the extreme edge of it and examining it with grave interest. "I like to see women working, when their hands are soft and white. But this looks a difficult task: it must have taken you a long time to master the "Oh, no. It is quite simple—just in and

out, you see, like this. Any one can learn it, if they just put their mind to it." "Do you think you could teach me, if I put my mind to it?" asks Mr. Carrington. And then their eves meet : their heads are close together over the work; they smile and continue the gaze until Dora's lids

droop bashfully.

I am disgusted. Evidently they regard me in the light of a babe or a puppy, so little do they allow my presence to interfere with the ripple of their inane conversa-I am more nettled by their indiffer ence than I care to confess even to myself, and come to the uncharitable conclusion that Mr. Carrington is an odious firt, and

my sister Dora a fool.
"When you left this house where did
you go then?" asks Dora presently, returning to the charge.

'To Strangemore—to my uncle. Then Ada—that is my sister, Lady Hancock—married, and I went into the Guards. You see I am determined to make friends with you," he says pleasantly, "so I begin by telling you all I know about myself.'

"I am glad you wish us to be your friends," murmured Dora innocently. "But am afraid you will find us very stupid. You, who have seen so much of the world, will hardly content yourself in country quarters, with only country neighbors." Another glance from the large childish

eyes.

Judging by what I have already seen," says Mr. Carrington, returning the glance with interest, "I believe I shall feel not only content, but thoroughly happy in my "Why did you leave your regiment?"

break in irrelevantly, tired of being left out in the cold, and anxious to hear my own voice again, after the longest silence I had

Dora sighs gently and goes back to the tatting. Mr. Carrington turns quickly to

"Because I am tired of the life; the

ceaseless monotony was more than I could

endure. So when my uncle died and I came in for the property, five years ago, I out it and took to foreign travelling instead.' he a soldier than anything." I say, with effusion. "I cannot imagine any one disliking the life; it seems to me such a gay one, so good in every respect. And surely anything would be preferable to being an

I am unraveling a quantity of soarlet wool that has been cleverly tangled by Cheekie, my fox-terrier, and so between weariness and the fidgets—brought on by the execution of a task that is utterly for have pointed my last remark. Dora looks up in mild horror, and casts a deprecating glance at our visitor. Mr. Carrington

laughs—a short, thoroughly amused laugh.
"But I am not an idler," he says: "one may find something to do in life besides taking the Queen's money. Pray, Miss Phyllis, do not add to my many vices one of which I am innocent. I cannot accuse myself of having wasted even five minutes since my return home. Do you believe

I hasten to apologize. "Oh, I did not mean it, indeed," I say earnestly; "I do assure you I do not. Of course you have plenty to do. You must think me very rude."

I am govered with confusion. Had he taken my words in an unfriendly spirit I might have rallied and rather enjoyed my riumph; but his laugh has upeet me. feel odiously, horribly young, both in man ner and appearance. Unaccustomed to the society of men, I have not had opportunities of cultivating the well-bred insouci ance that distinguishes the woman of the world, and therefore betray hopelessly the shyness that is consuming me. He appears cruelly cognizant of the fact, and is evidently highly delighted with my embar-

rassment. "Thank you," he says; "I am glad you exonerate me. I felt sure that you did not wish to crush me utterly. If you entertained a bad opinion of me, Miss Phyllis, it would hurt me more than I can say." A faint pause, during which I know his eyes are still fixed with open amusement

upon my crimson countenance. I begin to "Have you seen the garden?" asks Dora musically. "Perhaps to walk through them would give you pleasure, as they can not fail to recall old days, and the remem-brance of a past that has been happy is so sweet." Dors sighs, as though she were in the habit of remembering perpetual happy

"I shall be glad to visit them again," answers Mr. Carrington, rising, as my sister lays down the ivory shuttle. He glances wistfully at me, but I have not yet recovered my equanimity, and rivet my gaze upon my wool relentlessly as he passes through the open window.

CHAPTER IV.

It is four o'clock. There is a delicious hush all over the house and grounds, a hush that betrays the absence of the male bird from his nest, and bespeaks security. Billy and I, hat in hand, stand upon the door step and look with caution round us, prepastep and look with caution round us, preparatory to taking flight to Brinsley Wood Ever-tince my unlucky confession of having asked Mr. Carrington's permission to wander through the grounds—thereby betraying the pleasure I feel in such wandering -we Lave found it strangely difficult to

get beyond the precincts of our home.

To day, however, brings us such a chance of freedom as we may not have again, business having called our father to an adjoining village, from which he cannot possibly return until the shades of evening have well fallen. Our evil genius, too, has for once been kind, having forgotten to suggest to him before starting the advisability of regulating our movements during the hours

It is that sweetest month of the twelve, September—a glorious ripe September, that has never yet appeared so sweet and golden-brown as on this afternoon, that brings us so near the close of it. High in the trees hang clusters of filberts, that have tempted our imagination for some time, and now, with a basket slung between us, that links us as we walk, we meditate a

As with light, exultant footsters we hurry onwards, snatches of song fall from my lips - a low, soft contralto voice being my one charm. Now and then Billy's high, boyish notes join mine, making the woods ring, until the song comes to sudden grief through lack of memory when gay laughter changes the echo's tone.

At last the wood we want was reached; the nuts are in full view; our object is

attained.
"Now," asks Billy with a sigh of delight, at which tree shall we begin?"

All the trees are laden; they more than answer our expectations. Each one appears so much better than the other it is ifficult to choose between them.

"At this," I say, at length, pointing to one, richly clothed that stands before us. Not at all," returns Billy, contemptu-ously: "It isn't half as good as this one," naming the companion tree to mine; and, his being the master mind, he carries the day.
"Very good: don't miss your footing,"

effective tone, looking pensively at Dora I say anxiously, as he begins to climb, the while.

task is far from easy.
"Here, give me a shove," calls out Billy, impatiently, when he had slipped back to other earth the fourth time, after severely barking his shins. I give him a vigorous push that raises him successfully to an overhanging limb, after which, being merely hand over-hand work, he rises rapidly and soon the speiler reaches his prey.

Down come the little bumping showers if on my head or arms so much the greater fun. I dodge; Billy aims; the birds grow ervous at our unrestrained laughter. ready our basket is more than half full, and Billy is almost out of sight among the thick oliage, so high has he mounted.

Slower, and with more uncertain ain come the nuts. I begin to grow restless. It is not so amusing as it was ten minutes ago. and I loook vaguely around me in search of newer joys.

At no great distance from me I spy another nut-tree, equally laden with treasure and far easier of access. Low, almost to the ground, some of the branches grow. My eyes fasten upon it; a keen desire to climb and be myself a spoiler seizes upon me. I lay my basket on the ground, and, thought and action being one with me, I steal off without a word to Billy and gain the wished-for spot.

Being very little inferior to Billy in the art of climbing—long and dearly-bought experience having made me nimble, it is at very little risk and with small difficulty I soon find myself at the top of the tree comfortably seated on a thick arm of wood plucking my nuts in safety. I feel imnensely elated, both at the eminence of my situation and the successful secrecy with which I have carried out my plan. fun it will be presently to see Billy looking for me everywhere!

I fairly laugh to myself as these ideas flit through my idle brain — more, perhaps, through real gayety of heart than from any excellence the joke contains when, suddenly raising my head, I see what makes my mischievous smile freeze upon my lip.

(To be Continued.)

EASTER TOILETS. A Handsome Variety of Dress Navelties

-Vegetubles and Fruits on Hats. Dressmakers and milliners are " busy as nees" with silks, satins, velvets and laces, getting ready for Easter Sunday. There are a number of changes in dress goods, a well as innovations in models and the off tints. Skirts are worn considerably fuller Polonaises are still favored. This gracefu style of dress is generally considered equally becoming to tall and short figures. This garment is draped considerably high on the hips. There are two separate cuts, called Marie Antoinette and the Pompadour. The sleeves are full and high at the shoulder, a style that is greatly favored in Paris. A stout figure looks best in a long polonaise with very little looping. At the back the draping is disposed in loops graduating in depth. The burnous draperie

are very effective.

All wool plaided fabrics are once more fashionable and are combined with plain goods of the same hues, and those that are favored are marine blue and dablia-red, garnet and olive, with white neatly mixed in. Among the latest changes in colors there is one new tint that is called Naus Sahib : it is very like a dark tan, seen in a strong light, and at other times it is very nearly a blue gray with a tanlike shimmer The Nana Sahib cloth has a fine cord. This goods is all wool, and combines nicely with all the rich brocades and velveteens particularly with the "nonpariel" velve-teen. Fil a fil is a new kind of dress goods that is sure to find favor. A dress made of this material was lately finished for Easter wear. The skirt is made of the ivory-tinted fil-a fil; the pleats are laid engthwise, with three double box pleatsat the back; cown the front is a row of butto ns covered with the goods. The vest is cut of the same goods, but of an ecru tings, very pals. The jacket is short on the hips and out away to show the vest front. There are rows of small buttons, covered with the same fabric, that run on both sides of the

jacket and the vest is closed with these buttons. The straw hat that will be worn with this suit is of a dainty ecru; the high crown is encircled with a fold of velvet of the same shade as the skirt of the dress two long ostrich plumes are skilfully adjusted on one side, partially concealing a portion of the crown, the ends are prettily curled over each other and rest on the brim at the back, looking very like a huge rosette

By-the-bye, it is rumored that bangs are surely going out of fashion this spring, and that the hair will be worn brushed plainly back from the forehead. While bangs are not necessary for women who possess low, pretty foreheads, they are an absolute necessity for women who possess high, ugly foreheads. There can be no denying the fact that when the hair is arranged prettily and becomingly over the forehead t greatly softens the outlines of the face, and lends an additional charm to it. It is all nonzense for people to say that the most sensible women wear their hair brushed smoothly back from their brows. The most sensible women are those who know what is becoming to them. If they look well with their hair banged or curled they wear it so; if they do not they fail to follow the prevailing fashion, and dress their hair plainly. The Grecian knot has gone entirely out of fashion except for street wear. It is almost impossible to wear the hair on the top of one's head with the fashionable hat of the period. Very few ornaments are worn in the hair. Those that are worn are mostly silver or amber

DR. S. B. Brittan says: "As a rule, physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seidom curp the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special romedies are often required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the enfeebled powers of wemanhood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

The Opinion of All

Who have tried Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy, is that it is never-failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerviline stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10 cents, a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerviline at druggists.

"Ta, ta; I'll see you later," said Amy, taking leave of the high school girl the other evening. "You mean," replied the latter, "that you will ocularly observe me at a subsequent period, do you not?"

The Sting Within,

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Ex-TRACTOR is a never-failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

Overheard in a barber's shop, Modern Elijab (who is inclined to be facetious)—
"I'm getting to be pretty hald, ain't I? Guess you'll have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, ch? 'Tonsorial arthave to hunt for the hair

CURRENT TOPICS.

An ordinary Cabinet Minister soon sinks nto insignificance in England when he retires from office; even Mr. Milner Gibson, to whom the penny papers are under seeing that no one enormous obligations, did so much to repeal the paper duty, was scarcely known by name to the present generation until his death occurred last

Dr. BJORNSTROM, superintendent of lunatic asylum at Stockholm, introduced a printing press and some type into the establishment for the benefit of an insane compositor. The other patients became interested in printing, and the doctor soon gave them a more extensive apparatus The result is the recent publication of the doctor's book on "Diseases of the Mind which was set up, printed and bound by the patients, and is pronounced a very good piece of work in every respect. It contains 202 pages.

THE Hygienic Institute of Munich making elaborate experiments with what they call Dr. Jager's "normal clothing." It consists in having all the undergarments woven in one, and the two extremities are digitated. The affair is described as a very unlovely woollen skin. A sort of woolle bagis worn over it, and the coat and waist coat are buttoned up to the chia. No one knows why the costume is called normal, but every one laughs at it except the wearer; the latter is an employee of the institute, and insists that his health is constantly improving under the infliction.

BINNS, the new British Jack Ketch, who nanged Michael McLean, a boy of 18, at Liverpool March 12th, does not appear to give satisfaction, not even to those whom he hangs. McLean, to begin with, de-cidedly objected to be hanged at all, on the ground that he was innecent of the crime for which he was to suffer. Binus was very nervous, and when the execution was over the governor of the jail testified before the coroner that it was not done "scientifi cally." His view was that Binns "puts rope round a man's neck, and it's accidental if he hangs him." He gave his victims a drop too much -in this case 11 inches. Binns in defer as declared that a nis viotim was a light one he believed 'giving him rope enough," but the coroner's jury severely consured him in a verdict which says: He appears to have no scientific principle for going through his work, and we think this really requires a scientific man." Evidently Binns must give way to Prof. Tyndall or Prof. Huxley. At any rate Binns must gc.

Before publishing his book, " Study and Stimulants,' Mr. A. Arthur Reade sent circulars to a large number of literary men, asking about their habits with respect to the use of alcohol, tobacco, etc., while engaged in literary work. The writer received 132 replies. Mr. Gladstone found that his "glass or two of claret at luncheon, the same at dinner, with the addition of a glass of light port, especially necessary to him at the time of greatest intellectual exertion." Canon Farrar believed from experience that "work may be done more vigorously, and with less fatigue, without wine than with it." The editor says that no one of those who replied to his questions resorts to alcohol for inspiration. Thirty four abstained wholly from alcohol, 27 used wine at dinner only, 26 used tobacco. Of the latter, only 13 smoked while at work, one chewed and one took snuff. Mark Twain "required 300 eigars a month which he found sufficient to keep his constitution on a firm basie," and Mr. Ruskin expressed his "entire abhorrence of the practice of smoking." WITH reference to the early life of Osman

Digma, the Suakim correspondent of the London Times writes that he was orign ally a broker and trader, and princily a elave trader, in Suakim and Jeddan, where he received a severe financial blow when some six years ago, a British cruiser captured two slave dhows full of victims, on the way to Jeddah. Osman Digma's trade then fell from bad to worse, his house property in Suakim was all mortgaged, and he became hopelessly involved. Being of no great distinction by birth, his selection by the Mahdi to lead a religious rebellion is attributed to the accident that Osman Digma, in one of his incursions far south for slaves, met the Mahdi, who formed a high estimate of his ability and of his influence, acquired through successful trading. If this history be trustworthy, passions for other objects than holiness are the key note of Osman Digma's character and motives, and it is against all proba bility that he will cast his goods and his position into the broken bal-ance of battle. He is no ignorant fanatic, and he cannot himself believe the myths which he multiplies in order to control his followers.

PROF. MOHN of Christiana, Norway, having been employed by the Government to investigate the efficiency of the protection afforded to buildings by lightning rods. seems to have substantially settled the much debated question, at least for that region of country. His report shows that ighthouses, telegraph stations and other exposed buildings, which were provided with conductors, did not by far suffer as much as churches, which in most cases were unprotected. It appears, in fact, that of about 100 churches reported to have been struck by lightning, only three were provided with conductors; that of these three the first had a conductor in good order, and the building was uninjured; the second had a conductor of zinc wire, which melted, and, of course, left the structure without protection; the third had a wire which was rusty where it joined the earth, and the church was burned. More than one half the number of churches struck were totally destroyed. Mr. Preece, the English Government electrician, states that no damage has occurred since telegraph poles were earth wired.

BAKER PASHA is the son of a Gloucestershire 'squire, and is 54 years of age. He entered the army as a cornet in the Ceylon Rifles in 1848, was transferred to the Tenth Hussars in 1852, passed in the same year to the Twelfth Lancers, where he remained Hussars as captain, and became lieutenant colonel of that regiment, in which the Prince of Wales was placed under him for military education. He went thence to be assistant quartermaster-general at Alder shot, a position he held until, in 1875, the painful oircumstance occurred which com pelled his retirement. He is of unques tioned gallantry, served in the Kaffir war of 1852 53, and in the Crimean war, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was present at the desperate battle of the Tchernays, and led one of the storming parties in the final assault on the fortress. He wears a medal for the Kaffir war, and the Crimean clasp, and the Turkish war medal for his more recent services. He is very popular in the

In consequence of the enforcement of the Scott Act in Halton the druggists appear to be doing a very thriving business in that county. According to the returns brought down in the Dominion Senate, there are five druggists in the county licensed to sell liquor under the Act, but only three of ist (who is equal to the emergency)—"Oh, them have yet made proper returns. These no, sir; we always charge dcuble when we three filled orders for 5,270 bottles of liquor on doctor's certificates. Assuming

these to be the ordinary-sized whiskey bottle, that would show that it took six-teen and a half barrels of whiskey during the last eight months of last year to cure the invalids of Acton, Georgetown and Oak-ville. C. W. Pearce & Co., of Acton, seem to have had the lion's share of this trade for 62 out of the 80 pages of the repor are covered by the returns of liquors sold by this firm. A glance through these pages show that some of the Acton people seemed to have been sick pretty nearly all the time, and took their medicine with great regularity. One John Shaughnessy in particular, must have been very ill, judging from the great quantity of medicine it took to cure him. The return shows cine it took to cure him. The return shows that he used a bottle of whiskey daily from May 3rd to July 12th. He occasionally skip, ped a day, but always made up for this by getting two bottles the next day. On July 12th he seems to have been temporarily cured, for his name does not turn up in the list again for about six weeks. On August 25th, bowever, he again bobs up serenely for another bottle of rye. The relapse, however, does not seem to have been so serious as the first attack, for from that date to the end of the year John managed to keep body and soul together at an average of two bottles of whickey a week

Mrs. Partington says that there are few people now a days who suffer from " sugges tion on the brain."



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