

When I was a little lass, just sixteen,
Bonnie and blue, but I was not
Proud and saucy, and to take to please,
And wonderfully fond of taking my ease.
Folks did not mind me, and I was young—
The "canna be fashed" that was said on my tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" 'w' my looks at the school,
And now am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" 'w' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as good as any kind o' house-
And when mither said 'o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" 'w' was aye what I said.

But apt 'o' my laziness, spite 'o' my pride,
Young Elliott, the pride 'o' the country-side,
Cam seeking my love, and off for his sake,
As when 'o' fair promises I would make;
But when the time came the guide purpose was dashed,
"W' just the auld sang, "I canna be fashed."

"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was different 'w' the folk,
Folks must be fashed 'o' the getting 'o' me;
And thus 'a' his hopes and his pleasures were dashed,
With the wearisome words, "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summer day,
When the folk were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said, "Lassie, let's help them awhile,"
"O lassie, lead lassie, that words give me pain,"
And I looked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his only kind o' over-bill
And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had "fashes" enou since those happy days
"W' losses and crosses and wearis' ways";
I might have been well and happily wed,
If I'd kept it kind o' honest in my head;
But "I couldna be fashed" 'w' others, you see,
And fortune and friends ceased "fashin" 'w' me.

Sae, lassie, tak tent from the tale I hae told,
Dinna wait to be ceevil until you grow old.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lillian," etc. etc.

"Can she? But perhaps you fail in the cleverness also?"

"I think you are excessively rude and disagreeable," said Marmaduke, and getting up, moved with dignity towards the door.

"If you see Ashurst tell him I want him," called out Marmaduke as I reached it.

"Yes; and at the same time I shall tell him you said he was a dunce at college," I returned in a whisper to Marmaduke.

Marmaduke laughs, and dropping the precious gun, runs after me, catches and draws me back into his sanctum.

"I think Dora and Ashurst two of the most intellectual people I have ever been my good fortune to meet," he says, still laughing and holding me. "Will that do? Is your majesty appeased?"

"I wouldn't tell fibs, if I were you," return I, severely.

"Say lies. I hate the word 'fib.' A lie sounds much more honest. But I am really in earnest when I say I think Dora clever. I know at least twenty girls who have done their best to be made Lady Ashurst, and not one of them ever came as near success as she has."

"But she is not proposed to her yet." "It is the same thing. Any one can see that he has Dora on the brain, and I don't think (asking your pardon humbly) his brain would stand much pressure. I'd lay any amount she has him at her feet before his visit is completed."

"How delightful! How pleased mamma will be! Marmaduke, I forgive you. But you must not say anything of mine to me again."

"Blighting things of you, my own darling! Cannot you see when I say 'I only wanted to make you put and look like the baby you are. In reality I think you the brightest, dearest, sweetest, etc. etc.'"

Thus my mind is relieved, and I feel I can wait with calmness the desirable end that is evidently in store for Dora.

I am so elated by Marmaduke's concurrence with my hopes that I actually kiss him, and, re-seating myself, consent to take the but-end of the gun upon my lap and hold it carefully, while he rubs the barrels up and down with a dreadfully dirty piece of scarlet flannel soaked in oil.

"Do you think they would ever grow brighter than they are now?" I venture mildly. "If you rubbed them for years, Marmaduke, I don't believe they would be further improved; do you?"

"Well, indeed, they are right. I think they will do now," replies he, regarding his new toy with a fond eye; and then almost with regret, as though loath to part with it, he replaces it in its flannel berth.

By the bye, Phyllis, I had a letter from a friend of mine this morning—Chandos—telling me of his return to England, and I have written inviting him here."

"Have you? I hope he is nice. Is he Mr. or Captain Chandos, or what?"

"Neither; he is Lord Chandos."

"What! the lord? The real live lord at last! Now, I suppose, we will have to be very seemly in our conduct, and forget we ever laughed. Is he very old and staid, 'Duke'?"

"Very. He is a year older than I am; and I remember my mother telling me I was bordering on my second childhood, and come to think like it. However, in reality you will not find Chandos formidable. He has held his honors but a very short time. Last autumn he was only Captain Everett, with nothing to speak of beyond his pay, when he fell in the shape of an arrow through the air, and, having drowned one old man and two young ones, pushed Everett into his present position."

"What a romance! I suppose one ought to feel sorry for the three drowned men, but somehow I don't. With such a story connected with him, your friend ought to be both handsome and agreeable. Is he?"

"I don't know. I would be afraid to say. You might take me to task and abuse me afterwards, if my opinions differed. You know you think I am a very fascinating youth. Chandos is a wonderful favorite with women, if that has anything to do with it."

"Of course it has—everything."

"I have been thinking," says "Duke," "that as set to bed, and hospitalily we have received from the county, we ought to give a ball."

no one. But don't hate poor Blanche. What has she done to deserve it?"

"Nothing. But I hate her for all that. I feel like a cat with its fur rubbed up the wrong way whenever I am near her. She has the happy knack of always making me feel small and foolish. I suppose we are antagonistic so each other. And why do you call her 'poor Blanche'? I don't see that she is in any need of your pity."

"Have you not said she has incurred your displeasure? What greater misfortune could befall her?" says "Duke," smiling tenderly into my cross little face.

I relent and smile in turn.

"Oh, believe me she will not die of that," I say, "at all events don't you be unhappy, 'Duke,' putting his face so close, I shall never hate you—be sure of that."

And then catching up my train to facilitate my movements, I run through the house in search of Harriet and Bebe, to make known to them my news and discuss with them the joys and glories of a ball.

"It shall be a ball," says Bebe, enthusiastically, "such as the county never before attended. We will astonish the natives. We will get men down from London to see everything and the decorations and music and supper shall be beyond praise. I know exactly what to do and to order. I have helped Harriet to give balls ever so often, and I am determined, as it will be your first ball as Mrs. Carrington, it shall be a splendid success."

"My first ball in every way," I say, feeling rather ashamed of myself. "I was at several small dances before my marriage, and at a number of dinner-parties since, but I never in my life was at a real large ball."

"What!" cries Bebe, literally struck dumb by this revelation; then, with a little lady-like shout of laughter, "I never heard of anything half so ludicrous. Why Phyllis, I am a venerable grandmother next to you, Harriet, and Bebe, and you have just entered, 'just fancy!' Phyllis tells me she was never at a ball!"

"I dare say she is all the better for it," says Harriet, kindly, seeing my color is a little high. "If you had gone to fewer you would be a better girl. How did it happen, Phyllis?"

"No one in our immediate neighborhood ever gave a ball," I hasten to explain, "and we did not visit people who lived far away." I suppress the fact of our having no respectable vehicle to convey us to those distant ball-givers, and we have been so inclined to go. "I suppose it appears very odd to you."

"Odd!" cries Bebe. "It is abominable! I am so envious I can scarcely bring myself to speak to you. I know exactly what I would do if I were you. I would go to the most delightful anticipations. I can remember even now the raptures of my first ball; the reality far exceeded even my wildest flights of fancy, and that is a rare thing. Positively I can smell the flowers and the music, and the moment I think of it then I had so many partners—more, I think than I can get now; I could have filled twenty cards instead of one. Why, Phyllis, I am but two years older than you, and yet I had a pound for every ball I have been at. I would have enough money to tide me over my next season without fear of debt."

I sit down, and running over all my dresses in my mind, cannot convince myself that any of them, if worn, would have the desired effect of adding years to my face and form. My trousers, to be just, was desirable every way. How she managed it no one could tell, but mother did contrive to screw sufficient money out of papa to set me evening before the world. Still his eyes evidently robed seem youthful and girlish in the extreme as I call them up one by one.

After a full half-hour of earnest cogitation, I make up my mind to a grand purpose, and, stealing downstairs, move rather sneakily to Marmaduke's study. I devoutly trust he will be alone, and as I open the door I find he is.

He is busily writing; but, as he is never too busy to attend to me, he lays down his pen and smiles kindly as he sees me.

"Come in, little woman. What am I to do for you?"

"Marmaduke," I say, nervously, "I have come to ask you a great favor."

"That is something refreshingly new. Do you know it will be the first favor you have asked of me, though we have been married more than three months. Why do I and I swear it shall be yours, whatever it is—to the half of my kingdom."

"You are quite sure you will not think it queer of me, or—shabby?"

"Quite certain."

"With an effort—for this ball, I think, Marmaduke, I would like a new dress; may I send to London for it?"

When I have said it, it seems to me so disgracefully soon to ask for new clothes that I blush crimson, and am to the last degree ashamed of myself.

"Marmaduke laughs heartily.

"Is that all?" he says. "Are you really wasting a blush on such a slight request? What an odd little girl you are! I believe you are the only wife alive who would feel most about asking such a question. How much do you want, darling? You will require some other things too. I suppose. Shall I give you a hundred pounds, to see how far it will go? Will that be enough?"

"Oh, 'Duke' a great deal too much."

"Not a bit too much. I don't know what dresses cost, but I have always heard a considerable sum. And now, as we are on the subject of money, Phyllis, what would you prefer—an allowance, or money whenever you want it, or what?"

"I don't want to pay my bills, Marmaduke, I would like it best." I have never felt so thoroughly married as at this moment, when I know myself to be dependent on him for every shilling I may spend.

"Very well. Whatever you like. Any time you care to this arrangement, you may say so. But at all events you will require some pocket-money," rising from the table and going over to a small safe in the wall.

"No, thank you, 'Duke'; I have some."

"How much?"

"None," says Phyllis, "and angrily. "How absurd you are! One would think I was not your husband. I wish you to try to remember you have a perfect right to everything I possess. Come here directly, and I will show you a roll of notes and a handful of gold." "Promise me," he says, "when you want more you will come to me for it. It would make me positively wretched if I thought you were without money to buy whatever you fancy."

"But I never had fifty—never had ten pounds in my life," I say, half amused. "I won't know what to do with it."

"What are you laughing at?" I ask, teasingly, somewhat vexed.

"The picture you have drawn. At the idea of velvet and diamonds in conjunction with your baby face. Why did you not think of adding on the ermine? Then, indeed, with your height you would be quite majestic!"

"But can't wear it? May I—may I?" I ask, impatiently. "All my life I have been wanting to wear velvet, and now when I have so good an opportunity do let me."

"Is that your highest ambition? By all means, my dear child, grant it. Why not? Probably in such an effective get-up you will take the house by storm."

"I really think I shall look very nice and—old," I return, reflectively. Then, "Duke, have you written about Billy?"

"Yes; I said we wished to bring him on the 19th for a week; that will bring him in time for the slaughter on the 20th. I thought perhaps he might enjoy that."

"You think of everything. I know no one so kind or good-natured. 'Duke,' don't make a joke about that velvet. Don't tell any little I said, please."

"No, indeed. I will be silent as the grave. You shall burst upon them as an apparition in all your ancient bravery."

"That evening we dress early, Bebe and I, for no particular reason, that I can remember, and, coming downstairs together, seat ourselves before the drawing-room fire to read our completions and have a cozy chat about the other break in upon us. As we put the door at the end of the room is flung wide, and a tall young man coming in walks straight towards me.

The lamps have not yet been lit, and only the crimson flames from the blazing fire reveal to us his features. He is dark, rather more distinguished-looking than handsome, and has wonderful deep, kind, gray eyes.

"Lord Chandos," announces Tynon, in the next moment, as he enters the room, "after which, having played his part, he vanishes."

I rise and go to meet the new-comer, with extended hand.

"This is a surprise, but a pleasant one. I am very glad to see you, 'Duke,' I say, in a somewhat old-fashioned manner; but my hand-shake is warm and genial, and he smiles and looks pleased.

"Thank you; Mrs. Carrington, I suppose," he says, with some faint hesitation, "is very traveling over my dreadfully youthful form, the last evening she was usually obdurate to-night in its clothing of white cashmere and blue ribbons."

"Yes," I return, laughing and blushing. "Marmaduke should have been here to give you a formal introduction to each other, though indeed, it is hardly necessary. I seem to know you quite well from all I have heard about you."

A slight rustling near the fire, a faint pause, and then Bebe comes forward.

"How 'd'ye do, Lord Chandos?" she says. "I hope you have not quite forgotten me."

She holds out her hand and for an instant her eyes look fairly into his—only for an instant.

She is dressed in her flimsy black gown, that she wears close to her, and has nothing to relieve the gloom save one spot of blood-red color that rests upon her bosom. Her arms shine fair and white to the elbow; in her hair is another fleck of blood-red ribbon. It is the flickering uncertain light of my own candle that makes her face appear so pale.

Her eyes gleam large and dark, and the curious little black mole lying so close to her ear looks blacker than usual in contrast to her white cheek. But her tone rings all my evening robes seem youthful and girlish in the extreme as I call them up one by one.

I am puzzled, I scarcely know why. I glance at Lord Chandos, and—surely the firelight-to-night is playing fantastic tricks—his face appears flushed and anxious. I draw conclusions, but cannot make them. "I had no idea I should meet you here," he says in a low tone that is studiously polite.

Bebe laughs merrily.

"Then we are mutually astonished. I thought you were in Italy. Certainly, as on my mind that some one told me you were there."

"I returned home last week." Then, turning to me, he says, hurriedly, "I hope Carrington is well?"

"Quite well," I say. "Will you come with me to find him? He would have been the first to welcome you, but he has been very unwell, but we did not hope to see you until next week."

"I had no idea myself I could have been here so soon. I don't know how lucky, there was none to detain me, so I came straight on to throw myself upon your tender mercies."

We have now reached the library door.

"Marmaduke," I call out, opening it and entering, "I have brought you Lord Chandos. Now, are you not surprised and pleased?"

"Oh! more pleased than I can say," exclaims "Duke," heartily, coming eagerly forward to greet his friend. "My dear fellow, what good wind blew you to us so soon?"

When I return to the drawing-room I find the lamps burning cheerily, and most of our party assembled.

Lady Blanche, reclining on a low *cauteuil*, is conversing earnestly with Sir Mark Gore, who has come to see the same old friend. She smiles softly at him and motions him to a chair near her.

Dora, in her favorite white muslin and sweet demure smile, is holding Mr. Powell and Sir George Ashurst in thrall. She is reading the green part of her attention upon the corner, to the disgust and bewilderment of honest George, who looks with moody dislike upon his rival. Both men are intent upon taking her down to dinner. There is little need for you to torture yourself with the thought of the common rum, when the time comes it is without doing up your arm she will lay that little white pinking hand.

more than usually benign, willingly consenting and giving up. What will you do, love, when you go in for your approaching departure for India—with much sentimental fervor, and many tender glances directed openly to Miss Beatoun.

"Thank you," murmurs that young lady, when the doleful duty is finished, having listened to it all through with an air of sad admiration impossible to describe, and unmistakably flattering. "I know no song that touches me so deeply as that."

"I know you are laughing at me," says Chips, frankly, seating himself again beside her, and sipping his wine to whisper that he fondly but erroneously believes to be inaudible; "but don't care. I would rather have you to make fun of me than any other girl to love me."

Could infatuation further go? "Perhaps one might find it possible to do both," insinuates Miss Beatoun, wickedly; but this piece of flagrant hypocrisy proving too much even for her, she raises her foot to a level with her lips and subsides with an irrepressible smile behind it, while poor little Chips murmurs:

"Oh, no, indeed. That is more than any fellow would believe, you know," and grins a pleased and radiant grin.

Bebe, being asked to sing, refuses, gently but firmly; and when I have delighted my audience with one or two old English ballads, we give in, and think with animation of our beds.

In the corridor about I seize hold of Bebe.

"What has vexed you?" I ask, anxiously. "Why are you not friends with me? You must come to my room before you go to bed. Promise."

"Very good. I will come," I quietly disengaging my hand. Then before closing the door, "Indeed, Phyllis, I think you might have told me," she says, in a tone of deep reproach.

So that is it! But surely she must have seen his coming so unexpectedly was a great surprise. And is there a romance connected with her and Lord Chandos?"

I confess to an overpowering feeling of curiosity, but I don't know how to make haste than usual, and sitting in my dressing-gown and slippers, long for B-be's coming. I am convinced I shall not sleep one wink if she fails to keep this appointment.

I am not doomed to a sleepless night, however, as I find that she has not yet brought her beautiful hair loose about her shoulders.

"Now, Bebe," I exclaim, jumping up to give her a good shake, "how could you be so cross all about nothing? I did not know myself he was coming so soon. You made me wait the entire evening, and spoiled everything."

"But you knew he was coming some time; why did you not say so?"

"I forgot all about him. I knew no reason why I should attach importance to his presence here. I don't know whether I was quite ignorant of your previous acquaintance with him. Probably had he waited in London until next week, as he originally intended, it might have occurred to me to mention his coming, and so I should have spared myself all the cruelty and neglect and wicked looks so lavishly bestowed upon me this evening."

"You have yet to learn," says Miss Beatoun, who is, I think, a little ashamed of her pettishness, "that of all things I most dread to see a girl who is so much loved and adored; I don't recover myself for ever so long; and to see Lord Chandos here, of all people, when I believed him safe in Italy, took away my breath. Phyllis, I don't know how it is, but I feel I must tell you all about it."

"Yes, do, I am so anxious to hear. Yet I half guess he is, or was, a lover of yours. Is it not so? And something has gone wrong?"

"Very much wrong, indeed," with a rather sad laugh it will be a slight relief to my pride to tell you the story; but I can trust you, can I not? I am not fond of women friends as a rule—indeed, Harriet is my only one—but you, Phyllis, have exercised upon me some charms I do believe, when I am near you I forget to be reserved."

"That is because you know how well I like you."

"Is it? Perhaps so. Well, about Lord Chandos. My story is a short one, you will say, and so I will tell it in a few words. I met him first in the autumn of last year, and last year asked me to marry him. That is all; but you will understand by how little ambitious I was of meeting him again."

"And you—"

"Refused him, dear. How could I do otherwise? He was only Captain Everett then, without a prospect on earth; and I am no heiress. It would have meant poverty—scarcely even what is called 'genteel poverty'—had I consented to be his wife; and I was a quick shrewd girl, and I would rather be dead, I think, than endure such a life as that."

"Did you love him, Bebe?"

"I liked him well enough to marry him, certainly," she admits, slowly, "had circumstances been different."

"We went for a little time; then Bebe says, in a low tone.

"He was so good about it, and I deserved so little mercy at his hands. I don't deny I had flirted with him horribly, with cruel heartlessness, considering I knew all along, when he came to me, that he was a man who would rather be dead, I think, than endure such a life as that."

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CURRENT TOPICS.

ALTHOUGH the year 1884 has not yet entered its sixth month the number of lives lost as has been terrible. By the four large disasters which have already occurred 412 lives have been lost. These figures, of course, do not include the scores of lives lost in minor catastrophes.

The example long since set by the United States, and the more recent union movement among the Methodists of Canada, have not, it would seem, been without their influence in Australia. There the unhappy divisions which are characteristic of English Methodism still prevail. The union spirit, however, grows stronger and stronger; and according to our latest news the Bible Christians of South Australia and Victoria have declared in favor of union with the other branches of the Methodist family of churches.

The present ruler of Afghanistan boasts of his skill as a mechanic, a musician and a physician. In each capacity he believes there is no Afghan to equal him. To expect truth from an Afghan is like looking for water in the desert, says a writer in the London Times, but it is said that Abdurrahman is an accomplished liar and an adept in the art of chicanery. He is averse to the practice of making oaths, but when he does make one it is considered a sure sign that he has no intention of performing what he has promised.

A NEW Irish grievance has been discovered by Mr. Kenny. The honorable member intends to ask the First Commissioner of Works for what reason the public notice attached to the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey has been altered by the omission of all references to the legend, which generally admitted and recognized, viz. That the Coronation Stone of Scotland was first used for the coronation of the Irish kings and that it was only carried to Scotland by Fergus, the Irish King, who subdued that country.

An expert connected with the Pennsylvania geological survey estimates the amount of the coal still remaining in the anthracite region at 5,800,000,000 tons. Should the present rate of coal production be continued the supply will last about 250 years. Only 46 per cent of the volume of the coal in any given vein gets to market. The pillars left standing to support the roof take 35 per cent of the whole, and 24 per cent of the pillars are left standing, and only 27 per cent of the coal vein could be used. The pillars required 41 per cent, and 32 per cent was wasted.

PERHAPS the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian Corps of Skaters. It is composed of picked men armed with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be maneuvered upon ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the fastest runner. As the skates are of the speed at which they can go, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in 184 hours, over mountains.

The combination recently formed by the four leading propeller lines on the lakes to keep up freights to a certain standard will probably collapse before long. "Every one admits," says the Chicago Tribune, "that freights are low, but at the same time there are those who believe that the standard is to be gained by attempts to bolster them up so long as the present demoralization of railroad rates exists. Supply and demand necessarily regulate the freight market, and as present the supply of transportation facilities largely exceeds the demand. There is plenty of grain to go forward, but no one seems to want it very bad. The same may be said of lumber. The coal and ore trades are in healthier condition, but not sufficiently so to support the entire shipping of the lakes."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now fairly a rival candidate with Lord Salisbury for the leadership of the Tory party, Sir Stafford Northcote being in ill-health, and at the best (if we are to believe a London contemporary), too "nimby-pimby" for the time. Lord Salisbury has the advantage of being twenty years older, of having had a long career of having lately been in close contact with Lord Beaconsfield; but he is intellectually arrogant and unsympathetic, whereas Lord Randolph has an eminently sympathetic manner and voice, which are in winning contrast to the former's largely gloom and frigidity. When Lord Randolph was appointed to head, before a vast assembly at Birmingham, accompanied by his young and pretty wife, there was seen the perfect historical type of the aristocratic demagogue "qui a bien etude sa bette."

EVERY flower of any note in the woods or meadows in England is associated with the memory of some saintly man or epoch of earlier times. The snow-drop was understood to mark the feast of Candlemas; the Canterbury bells not only cured throat disease—hence called throat wort—but kept alive the holy memory of St. Augustine; the Lily of the valley was understood to have first sprung from the sprinkled blood of St. Leonard, slain in a wood near Hastings, where St. Leonard's has since been built. The harbell claims to be worn by none but those who are true. The black Soots on the leaves of the common acorn, "puoko-pink," or "wake-robin," are due to the same cause that colored the red heart's crimson orb or twisted the crows' bill's beak, for legends differ as to which of these two birds plucked out the nails from the cross.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, the 600th anniversary of whose death has just been celebrated in England, is believed to have been born in Yorkshire, England, about 1324. He died at Luttrewhic in 1384. It is now 500 years since his doctrines were condemned by the Synod of Divines assembled at Grayfriars Priory, London. In his writings he maintained that the authority of the Crown was supreme over all persons and property in England. He was opposed to the whole framework of the hierarchy and to episcopacy and endowments, holding that the clergy should be supported only by alms. He retained the ordinance of baptism, but without regarding it as essential to salvation, and the sacrament of the mass, but without the doctrine of transubstantiation. Some of his doctrines have of late been advocated by modern social reformers, notably his views on the land question, on which he held that private property in land was robbery.

AMONG the 86,000 non-commissioned officers and men constituting the British home army on the 1st of January, and including all young soldiers, there were under 5 feet 5 inches in height 10,924; between 5 feet 5 inches and 5 feet 7 inches there were 51,810, and nearly the same number, 49,499, 5 feet 8 inches or an inch under; between 5 feet 8 inches and 5 feet 9 inches there were 12,763; between 5 feet 9 inches and 5 feet 10 inches, 8,725; and between 5 feet 10 inches and 5 feet 11 inches, 5,373. Above that height there were only about 5,000 men, and one-fifth are in the Household Cavalry, of whom

665 are over, and 378 less than an inch under, 6 feet. In the Guards, notwithstanding the lowering of the standard from 5 feet 8 inches, there are but 505 men between 5 feet 7 inches, the new, and 5 feet 8 inches, the old, minimum. In the matter of chest measurement there were 2,376 under 33 inches and 5,434 between 33 and 34 inches. For each increased inch under 34 inches the respective numbers are 13,796, 16,303, 17,106, and 13,690. Above 33 inches the number is of course much less.

M. FARVILLE has discovered a new use for electricity, viz., to protect vines from the disastrous effects caused by any sudden fall in the temperature. It has hitherto been the custom in France to keep a person on the watch in the vicinity of a vineyard, and directly a cold wind arises to set fire to some combustible, such as tarred straw, and by means of the smoke arising from the fire to warm the air, and so counteract the ill effects of the cold wind. But as this watcher may not always be watching, and the combustible may not always be ready, M. Farville has discovered that by using electricity, this danger may be overcome. He would put one or more electric batteries in the vineyard, similar to the batteries used in the case of the wine-grower, and connected with the prepared combustibles. By a simple arrangement, whenever the thermometer falls very low an electric current is passed along the wires, lighting the fire on its way, and by filling the air with smoke protects the vines. The idea seems ingenious, and is stated to have been very successful.

THE fact that photographic portraits are so rarely good likenesses is attributed by a writer in Chambers' Journal to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colors their true shade of value. What is meant by this is that yellow to the eye is a brilliant color, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black; red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light, comes out black, and blue photographs perfectly white; such