He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find, Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising

He crept to a gateway and slipped betwixt The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;
"This world is much too narrow—a shocking coop Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising

"I should like to have Ideals. I should like to tread the stars, To get the Unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth and some other dwelling find,
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising

There's a place where ducks and pleasure-boats go sailing to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and another
world below."
The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink
inclined. They swallowed up the chicken with the enter-prising mind.

## PHYLLIS.

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

"He was very white, and his lips were tightly compressed. And I think there were—tears in his eyes. Oh, Phyllis" cries Bebe, passionately, rising to push her chair back sharply, and beginning to pace the room, "when I saw the tears in his eyes I almost gave in. Almost, mark you not quite. I am too well trained for that.' "Î think I would have relented."

"I am sure you would; but your education has been so different. Upon this earth, says Bebe, slowly, "there is nothing so mean or despicable as a woman born and bred as I am. Taught from our gradles to look on money and money's worth as the principal good to be obtained in life; with the watchwords, 'an excellent match,' 'a rich marriage,' 'an eligible parti,' drummed into our ears from the time we put on sashes and trocks. There is something desperately unwholesome about the whole

thing."
"Did you never see him since?" ask I, deeply impressed by her manner and the love-affair generally. "Never until to night. You may fancy

what a shock it was."
"And he didn't even kiss you before going away, as he thought, for ever?" I exclaim,

unwisely.
"Kiss me," severely. "How do mean, Phyllis? Of course he did not kiss me; why should he?"

me; why should he?"
"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it would have been unusual," I return, overwhelmed with confusion. "Only it seemed to me —I mean it is so good to be kissed by one "Is it?" coldly. "I am not fond of

I hasten to change the subject. "When he was gone, how wretched you must have

"I suppose I did. But I shed no tears: I was too unhappy, I think, for mere crying. However"-with sudden recklessness-"it is all over now, and we have lived through it. Let us forget it. A month after the scene I have just described, the old lord and his sons were drowned, and Travers Everett came in for everything. You see what I lost by being mercenary.

"I wonder, when he became so rich, he did not come back directly and ask you all over again."

He knew rather better than that, I take it." says Bebe. with a slight accession of hauteur; and for the second time I feel ashamed of myself and my ignoble sentiments. "He went abroad and stayed there until now. He don't look as though he had pined over-much, does he?" with a laugh. A broken heart is the most cureable thing I know. I thought I had never seen

"A man cannot pine for ever," I say, in ously, "I wonder when you will marry now, Bebe?"
"Never, most probably," kneeling down

on the hearth-rug. "You see I threw away my good luck. Fortune will scarcely be so complaisant a second time," says Bebe, with a gay laugh, laying her head down upon my lap; and then in another moment became aware that she is sobbing passionately,

tears rise thickly to my own eyes, yet I find no words to comfort her. I keep silence, and suffer my fingers to wander caressingly through her dark tresses as they lie scattered across my knees. Perhaps the greatest eloquence would not have been so accentable as that silent touch.

In a very short time the storm passes and Bebe, raising her face, covers it with her hands.

I have not been crying," she says, with wilful vehemence; "you must not think I have. If you do, I will never be your friend again. How dare you say I shed tears for

I did not say it, Bebe. I will never say ," I return, earnestly. She puts her bare arms around my neck

and lays her head upon my shoulder in such a position that I cannot see her face, and remains, staring thoughtfully into the "I know you will be very angry with

me," I say presently, "but I must say it. Perhaps you will marry him some time."
"No, never, never. Do you think it? I refused him when he was poor; I would not accept him now he is rich. How could you ever imagine it? Even were he to ask me again (which, believe me, is the most unlikely thing that could happen), I would give him the same answer. He may think me heartless; he shall not think me so mean a thing as that.

"If he loves you he will think no bad of you."
"You do well to say 'if.' I don't suppose he does love me now. He did once."
Her arms tighten round me, although I think for the moment she has forgotten me and everything and is looking back upon

the past. After a little while she says, again, "Yes, he did love me once." And does still. I am sure of it. His whole face changed when he saw you this evening. I remarked it, though I am not generally famous for keen observation. It impossible he can have forgotten you,

"Of course. There are so few pretty people in the world, 'with a smile. "The change you saw in him to night, Phyllis, was probably surprise; or perhaps disgust. at finding himself so unexpectedly thrown again into my society. He did not once address me during the evening."

" How could he, when you devoted yourself in such a provokingly open manner to that ridiculous boy, and afterwards allowed Captain Jenkins to monopolize you exclusively? I wish, Bebe, you would not."

"Indeed I shall," says Miss Beatour petulantly; "I shall flirt as hard as ever I can with every one I meet. He shall not think I am dying of chagrin and disap-

pointment. "And will you not even speak to Lord

Chandos?"

"Net if I can help it. So you need not say another word. If you do, I will report you to Marmaduke as a dangerous little match-maker, and perhaps marry Captain Jenkins. I have really met more disagree-

able men. And as for Chips," says Bebs, who has seemingly recovered all her wonted gayety, "that boy is the most amusing thing I know. He is perfectly adorable. And so handsome as he is, too! It is quite pleasure alone to sit and look at him Are you going away now?" seeing her

rise.
"Yes; it is all hours, or, rather small hours, and Marmaduke will be here in a moment to scold me for keeping you from your beauty-sleep. Good-night, dearest d forget what a goose I made of myself. Promise me." " I cannot promise to forget what I never

thought," I reply, giving her a good hug, and so we part for some hours.
"Still, I do not go to bed. Her story

has affected me deeply, and sets me pondering. I have seen so little real bona fide sentiment in my home life that probably it interests me in a greater degree than it would most girls of my own age differently reared. I sit before my fire, my hands clasped round my knees, for half an hour, cogitating as to ways and means of reunit-Lord Chandos has ceased to regard her with feelings of ardent affection is a thing I neither can nor will believe.

I am still vaguely planning, when Marmaduke, coming in, orders me off to my slumbers, declaring my roses will degene-arte into lilies if I persist in keeping such dissipated hours.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Billy is coming home to-day," is the first thought that occurs to me as I spring from my bed on the morning of the nine and run to the window. It is a glo rious day outside, sunny and warm and bright, full of that air of subdued summer that always belongs to September.

Soon I shall see him; soon I shall welcome him to my own home. Alas, alas!

that so many hours must pass before he can enter my expectant arms!

Bebe, who is immensely amused at my

impatience, declares herself prepared to fall in love with Billy on the spot the very noment she sees him. "I am passionately attached to boys,"

she says, meeting me in the corridor about half-past three (I am in such a rambling, unsettled condition as compels me to walk from pillar to post all day); "I like their society—witness my devotion to Chips and they like mine. But for all that, I shall be nowhere with your Billy; you have another guest in your house who will take "Whom do you mean?"

"Lady Blanche Going. I never yet saw the boy who could resist her. Is it not odd? Is she not the last person one would

select as a favorite with youth? "I hope he will not like her," I cry, impulsively; then, feeling myself, without cause, ungracious, "that is -- of course I do

not mean that—only——"
"Oh, yes, you do," says Miss Beatoun, coolly; "you would be very sorry if Billy were to waste his affection on her. So would I. You detest her; so do I. Why mince mat-But for all that your boy will be her sworn slave, or I am much mistaken. If only to spite you, she will make him her "But why? What have I ever done to

"Nothing; only it is intolerable somebody should admire you so much.

And with a mischiovous glance, Miss Bea toun disappears round the corner.
"Marmaduke," say I, seizing my husband by the arm as the dog cart comes round to the door for final orders, preparatory to starting for the station (it is almost five o'clock), "is William going for Billy? five o'clock), "is William going for Billy? I wish I could go. You don't think he will

xpect——" I heatate.

Marmaduke reads my face attentively for a minute, then ponders a little.

"You think he may be disappointed if

welcomed only by a groom?" he says with a smile. "Take that little pucker off your forehead, Phyllis; I will bring your Billy to you myself," and mounting the dog-eart, drives off to the station without another word.

At a quarter to six I run upstairs and get myself dressed for dinner-although we do not dine until half-past seven-hurrying through my toilet with the most exaggerated naste, as if fearing they may arrive before it is finished: and I would not miss being the first to greet my boy for all the world

contains. When I once more reach the drawing room it still wants five minutes to the promised time. Lady Blanche Going and one or two of the men are lounging here. She

raises her head as I enter, and scans m languidly. Do we dine earlier than usual to-night Mrs. Carrington?" she asks, with curiosity.
"No; not earlier than usual. It was a mere whim of mine getting my dressing

over so soon.' "Oh, I quite forgot your brother is coming," she says, with a faint smile, bending over her work again. She looks as though she were pitying my youthful enthusiasm.

I make no reply. A quarter past six. Surely they ought to be here by this. Twenty five minutes past six! I rise, regardless of comment, and gaze up the avenue.

On, if anything should have prevented is coming! Are not masters always his coming tyrants? But even in such a case ought not Marmaduke to be back by this to tell

me of it? I am just picturing to myself Billy's chestnut locks be dabbled with his gore, when something smites upon mine Surely it is the sound of wheels. I flatten my nose against the window-panes and

strain my eyes into the gathering twilight. Yes, fast as the good horse can bring them they come. A moment later, and the dog-cart in full swing rounds the corner. while in it coated to the chin, and in full possession of the reins, sits my brother, with Marmaduke—quite a secondary person—smilley beside him.

I utter an exclamation, and, flinging my book from me-blud to the smiles my guette cannot restrain-I rush headlone from the room, and in another instant have Billy folded in my arms. Surely a year

has gone by since last I saw him.
"Oh, Billy, Billy!" I cry, clinging to him, the tears in my eyes, while glad smiles fight for mastery upon my lips. "Is it really you? It seems years and years since last we were together. Oh,

how tall you have grown, and how goodooking ! "Oh, I'm all right," returns Billy, graciously giving back my kisses, warmly, it is true, but with none of the lingering tenderness that characterizes mine. "I don't think a fellow alters much in a month. Though really, now that I look at you, nou

appear very tall, too, and thin, I think. We had such a jolly drive over; never wanted the whip the whole way, except for the flies." "Yes. And are you glad to see me, Billy? Were you lonely without me? I was so lonely without you! But come upstairs to your room, and I will tell you everything.'

As I am drawing him eagerly away I catch sight of Marmaduke's face, who has been silently regarding us all this time, himself unnoticed. Something in his expression touches me

with remorse. I turn up to him and lay my hand upon his arm.

"Thank you for bringing him," I say, rnestly, "and for letting him have the earnestly, reins. I noticed that. You have made me very happy to-day."

"Have I? It was easily done. I am

glad to know I have made you happy for even one short day.' He smiles, but draws his arm gently from my grasp as he speaks, and I know by the lines across his forehead some painful

thought has jarred upon him. I am feeling self-reproachful and sorry when Billy's voice recalls me to the joy of the present hour.

"Are you coming?" says the autocrat, impatiently, from the first step of the stairs.

with about six bulging brown-paper parcels in his arms, that evidently no human power could have induced to enter the portnanteau that stands beside him. "Come he says again; and, forgetful of everything but the fact of his presence near me, I race him upstairs and into the bedroom my own hands have made bright for him.

own hands have made bright for him, while the elegant Thomas and the portmanteau follow more slowly in our rear.

"What a capital room!" says my Billy, "and lots of space. I like that. I hate being cramped, as I always am at home."

"I am glad you like it," I reply bubbling over with satisfaction. I settled it myself, hold a candle to you—to be emphatic."
"Wetl, here's a kiss for you," say I and had the carpet taken off, because I knew you would prefer the room without it But I desired them to put the narrow price all round the bed, lest your feet should be cold. You won't object to that?"

"Oh, no; it may remain, if you have any fancy for it." I am about to suggest that as it is not intended for my bare feet it does not affect me one way or the other; but, knowing argument with Billy to be worse than use-

less. I refrain.

"Have you any dress clothes?" I ask presently, somewhat nervously.

"No; I never had any dress-clothes in my life; where would I get them? but I have black breeches and a black jacket (like a shell jacket, you know), and a white shirt and a black tie. That will do, won't it? Langley says I look uncommon well in them; and you see when I'm dressed up and that, I'll be as fit as the best of 'em." "Far nicer than any of them." I respond. with enthusiasm; and he does not con

tradict me. When the garments just described have been laid on the bed, Billy discloses symptoms of a desire to get into them. I leave the room.

When, half an hour later, the drawing-

room door opens to admit him, and looking up I see my brother's well-shaped head and slight boyish figure, a strange pang of delight and admiration touches my heart. I introduce him to Harriet, who is nearest to me; then to Sir George Ashurst, then to Captain Jenkins; afterwards I leave him to his own devices. I am glad to hear him chatting away merrily to kind Sir George, when a voice, addressing him from

an opposite sofa, makes me turn, The voice belongs to lady Blanche Going, and she is smiling at him in her laziest

most seductive manner.
"Wont you come and speak to me?" she says, sweetly. "Mrs. Carrington will not find time to present you to every one, and I cannot wait for a formal introduction. Come here, and let me tell you I like Etonians better than anything else in the world.

Sir Mark's moustache moves slightly, just sufficient to allow his lips to form them.

sulficient to allow his lips to form themselves into a faint sneer; while Billy, thus summoned, crosses over and falls into the sest boside her ladyship.

"Do you, really?" he says. "But I'm awfully afraid I shall destroy your good opinion of us. You see, the fact is"—he goes on, candidly—"I have so little to say for myself. I foer in a your form minister. myself, I fear in a very few minutes you will vote me a bore. However, you are quite welcome to anything I have to say; and when you are tired of me please BAY BO ?"

"Oh, that your elders had half your wit l' exclaims her ladyship, with an effective but bewitching shake of her head. If they would but come to the point as you do, Mr. Vernon, what a great deal of time might be saved!" "Oh, I say, don't call me that," says my

on, I say, don't can me that, says my brother, with an irresistible laugh; "every one calls me Billy," I shouldn't know myself by any other name. If you insist on calling me Mr. Vernon I shall fancy you have found reason to dislike me." 'And would that be an overwhelming calamity?' "I should certainly regard it in that

light. I like being friends with-beautiful returns Billy, with a faint hesita tion, but all a boy's flattering warmth; and Here Sir James Handcock, wakening

from one of his usual fits of somnolence actually takes the trouble to cross the room and put a question to his wife in an audible whisper.
"Who is that handsome lad?" he asks

staring kindly at Billy. (He was absent when my brother first entered the room.) "Mrs. Carrington's brother," returns his wife, with a sympathetic smile. "A really charming face," says Sir James, criticizingly; "scarcely a fault Quite a face for an artist's pencil." And I

eel my beart warm towards Sir James When dinner is announced, Lady Blanche declares her intention of going down with no one but her new friend; and Billy, proud and enchanted, conducts her dining room; while Bebe casts s their backs. Indeed, so thorough are the fascinations she exercises upon him that before the evening is concluded he is hope-

lessly and entirely her slave. CHAPTER XXII.

anest.

It has come at last-the night of my first ball; and surely no girlish debutante in her first season ever felt a greater thrill of delight at this mere fact than I, spite of my " wooed an' married an' a Behold me in my room arrayed for con-

black velvet-though Mother and Harriet and Bebe all declare me a great deal too young and too slight for it—I persist in my determination, and the dress is ordered and sent down. It is a most delectable old dress,

rejoicing greatly in "old point;" and when I am in it and Martha has fastened the diamonds in my hair and ears and round my throat and wrists and waist, I contemplate myself in a lengthy mirror with feelings akin to admiration. Having dismissed my maid, who professes herself lost in pleased astonishment at the

radiant spectacle I present, I go softly to dressing room door, and, hearing him whistling within, open it quietly.

Standing motionless, framed in by the portals, I murmur, "Marmaduke."

He turns, and for a moment regards me "My darling!" he says then, in a tone of glad surprise, and comes quickly up to

me.
"Am I—looking—well?" I ask tremu lously.
""Well! you are looking lovely," returns he, with enthusiasm, and, taking my hand carefully, as though fearful of doing injury to my toilet, leads me before his

'See there," he says, "what a perfect little picture you make."
I stare myself out of countenance, and am thoroughly satisfied with what I see.

"I had no idea I could ever appear presentable," I say, half shy, wholly dedelighted. You shall be painted in that dress,' declares 'Duke, warmly," and put all those antiquated dames in the picture-gallery in the shade."

"Are not the diamonds beautiful?" exclaim I. "And my gloves such a good fit! And"—auxiously—" Marmaduke, are you sure you like my hair?" "I like everything about you. I never saw you look half so well. I feel horribly

provd of you." "Bestow a little of your admiration on my bouques, if you please. Sir Mark had it sent down to me, all the way from London, and his man brought it to me half an hour ago. Was it not thoughtful?"
"Very. I suppose"—with a comical sigh

-" all the men will be making love to you to-night. That's the worst of having a pretty wife; she is only half one's own." Then, abruptly, changing the subject, What dear little round babyish arms! stooping to press his lisps to each in turn. They might belong to a mere child.'

Sixty cigars for every man, woman or "And you really think I am looking child were downright pretty?" I ask, desperately, yet last year. child were consumed in the United States

up, offers me his arm.

withal very wistfully reading his face for THE LADIES' COLUMN.

among the well-favored people?
"I should rather think I do. Why, Phyl-Absurdity of Expensive Eatables at Evening Gatherings. "As—as pretty as Dora?" with hesita-tion. I am gradually nearing the highest

a reply. I do so ardently long to be classed

"Pshaw! Dora, indeed! She could not

standing on tiptoe to deliver it in the

exuberance of my satisfaction, feeling, for

once in my life, utterly and disgracefully

Marmaduke, however, appearing at this

in some way I have wronged her, and that but for me all these things she borrows

would by right be here, lend to her levishly

from all that I possess.

To-night, however, in spite of the bewitch-

ing simplicity of her appearance, I feel no jealous pangs. "For this night only," I

will consider myself as charming as Dora.

"Rather think it will be a severe season.

You hunt?" asks his Grace, in rather high

jerky tones, having come to the conclusion,

I presume, that he ought to say something.
I answer him to the intent that I do

not; that in fact—lowering to my pride as

it may be to confess it-I would rather be

He regards me with much interest and

Quite right; quite right," he says.

"Ladies are—ha—charming you know, of course, and that—but in a hunting-field—a

I laugh, and suggest amiably that he is

not over gallant.

"No-no? really! Have I said anything rude? Can't apply to you, you know, Mrs. Carriugton, as you say you have no ambition to be in at the death. Women,

as a rule, never are, you know; they are generally in a drain by that time and if a

man sees them, unless he wants to be con-sidered a brute for life, he must stop and

null 'em out. It takes nice feelings to do

that gracefully, and with a due regard to

proper language, in the middle of a good run. Charming girl, Miss Beatoun."

"Pretty girl, too, in white silk and the

"Indeed-indeed? You must excuse the

openness of my observations. I would never have guessed at the relationship.

Can't discern the slightest family resem

He says this so emphatically that I

inderstand him to mean he considers me

that I may be rid of him, more especially as I am longing, with a keenness that

belongs alone to youth, for a waltz or a galop, or anything fast and inspiriting.

with Lady Alicia Slate-Gore) and I are the

one among us has an appearance so hand-

"Myself. Is it not nice?" I ask, eagerly,

casting another surreptitious glance at my

outhful form as we move near a glass.

Don't you think it becoming?"
"If I told you all I thought," he exclaims,

ffort, and a rather forced laugh, continues

-" vou might perhaps read me a lecture."

nent and pleasure, as though nothing could

have power to annoy or vex me to-night.

lady—
She was the smallest lady alive
Made in a piece of nature's maduess.
Too small almost for the life and gladness

You remind me of Browning's little

"Am I the 'smallest lady alive?' Why,

see, I am quite up to your shoulder. You insult me, sir. Come, dance, dance, or

He passes his arm round my waist, and

Did I ever dance before, I wonder? Or is this some new sensation? I hardly

touch the ground; my heart-my very

pulses-beat in unison with the perfect

I stop, breathless, flushed, radiant, and

glance up at Sr. Mark, with parted, smiling

ips, as though eager to hear him say how

He is not enthusiastic; and I am dissat-

"You don't look," I say with inquisitive

reproach, "as though you enjoyed it one

A curious smile passes over Sir Mark's

in another moment we are waltzing.

"Not I; I am not in the mood for lec-tures. I feel half-intoxicated with excite-

our places. Marmaduke (who is

some or so distinguished as his.

dress yourself like that?"

The very music thrills me.

That overfilled her. You remember her?"

music.

thought.

isfied.

I will never forgive you."

delightful he too has found it.

face. "Don't I?" he replies quietly.

any one else in the room."

petter dancers among the people here.

Well, you might try to appear more contented," I say, with a last feeble

"I know you do. But I am a thankless

being; the more I get the more I want.

When a man is starving, to give him a little

only adds to the pangs he suffers——"
The last bars of the waltz died out with

a lingering, wailing sigh. A little hush falls. . . . Sir George Ashurst, coming

(To be continued

what I want I always look pleased."

"You mean my sister?"

afraid to do so.

approval.

mistake."

" Very.'

coral.

moment dangerously desirous of taking me

list of what earthly use is a mirror

you?

point.

conceited.

SOME ECCENTRIC TOILETTES.

Sunlight in the House a Necessity to Health and Happiness.

(Aunt Kate's Weekly Budget.)

into his arms and giving me a hearty embrace, to the detriment of my finery, l A Move in the Right Direction. I beat a hasty retreat, and go off to exhibit myself to mamma and Dora. His Grace the Duke of Chillington and In an interesting and useful article on Simple Entertainments" in Harper's Bazar, the writer wisely says: "As the supper, do away at once and forever Lady Alicia Slate Gore have arrived. The rooms begin to look gay and very full. His Grace—a well preserved gentleman, of with all those foolish gateaux which no one eats; those heavy meats and game pies unknown age-adjusts his glasses more which no one should eat; those fanciful carefully in his right eye, and coming over, spun sugar ornaments which are but requests from me the pleasure of the first quadrille. I accept, and begin to regard the dreams of a dyspeptic confectioner, and all those dishes and ornaments whose after fate is a mystery unsolved by any myself as an important personage. I glance at myself in one of the long mirrors that but the waiters, who must carry them to line the walls, and seeing therein a slender some limbo known only to themselves. Barley sugar spun into every possible device, and cloud-capped towers of nougat, figure, robed in velvet and literally flashing with diamonds, I appear good in my eyes, and feel a self-satisfied smirk stealing over make a table look very pretty, but they are not necessary to happiness. The hostess who would entertain simply and well my countenance.
I am dimly conscious that darling mother is sitting on a sofa somewhat distant from me, looking as pretty as possible and absoshould abjure all these ventionalities, and should determine to make her table pretty lutely flushed with pride and pleasure as she beholds me and my illustrious partner. by her own devices. A tumbler set in a soup plate, the whole hidden with moss, and a few flowers put in, say the primroses, or a growing basket of ferus, which may Dora, a little further down, is positively delicious in white silk and pink coral—the coral being mine. Her still entertaining be bought for a few dollars, is a pretty ornament for a centre-piece. Several of these can be placed on the table if one wishes to old grudge does not prevent he borrowing of me freely such things as she deems may suit her child like beauty; while I, unable to divest myself of the idea that make it very pretty, and ivy vines trained from one to the other make a lovely effect."

Sunlit Rooms. No article of furniture should be put in a soom that will not stand sunlight, for every com in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged that some time during the day a flood of sunlight will force itself into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly stimated. Indeed perfect health is near as much dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlights, so that the a veil

eyes are protected by a or parasol when inconveniently tense. A sun bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things can only be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air and sunlit homes, kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor which no money can procure. It is now a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupation deprives them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in the result, since the law applies with equal force to every animate thing in nature. It is quite easy to arrange an isolated dwelling so that every room may be flooded with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that many town houses could be so built as to admit more

light than they now receive. Green and Yellow with White Toilets. A New York letter says: By far the most fashionable colors to be employed by the modistes this summer in conjunction with the white toilets which are to abound far inferior to Dora. I begin to think his Grace an obtuse and underirable person, sadly wanting in discrimination. No doubt are pale green, Persian mauve, and the many shades of yellow, from deliatec primrose to deep ecru. White over palehe is thinking my plainness only to be equalled to my dulness. I wish impatiently the quadrille would begin and get itself over, plored slips will be very elegantly worn Transparent black dresses will be quite as popular, and the newest mode with these to line the bodies only with color, the skirts being all of black-the bright color of the bodice-lining appearing in the rib-bons which loop and hold the soft, full drapings of tunic and under-dress.

At last the band strikes up and we take A Continual Ecast. Soak one cup of dried bread-orumbs in only untitled people in the set. Nevertheless, as I look at my husband I think to one pint of boiling milk. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a cup of myself, with a certain satisfaction, that not into a tin pudding boiler and boil two hours. The quadrille being at an end, Sir Mark Gore instantly claims me for the coming waltz, and, as I place my hand very wil-Eat with sugar and cream.

Scoon out the inside of a sound notato. leaving the skin attached at one side of the lingly upon his arm, whispers:
"You are like an old picture. I cannot take my eyes off you. Who told you to hole as a lid. Mince fine the lean of a juicy mutton chop, with a little salt and pepper. Put in the potato, fasten down the lid and bake or roast. Before serving (in the skin) add a little hot gravy if the mince sceme too dry. This is called a "potato surprise."

Crusts left from brown bread can be made very palatable by breaking them in small pieces and covering them with boiling water. Boil until they have become a eagerly—then choking himself with an soft mush, stirring frequently and adding more water if necessary. Add a cupful of milk and a piece of butter, and let it boil again until thick. This dish is delicious when eaten with maple syrup.

To make a tasty dish for tea, pick some codfish, let it soak in lukewarm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good-sized lump of butter, and pepper and salt if it is necessary, then add the cod-fish, mix well, and bake in a buttered pudding dish, for from twenty five minutes to half an hour. Serve hot.

Prune Pudding .- A nice prune pudding is made by stewing a pound of prunes till they are soft, remove the stones, add sugar to your taste and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Make a puff paste for the bottom of a pudding dish. After beating the eggs and prunes together till they are thoroughly mixed, spread them on the crust. Bake for half an hour or until you are sure the pudding is well

cooked. Around the House. A hall window may be made very pretty by pasting on it stained glass paper, which can be purchased for a small sum of money

He is a little pale, I fancy, and answers my smile rather slowly.

"Yes, it has been more than pleasant," he says, divining and answering my and easily applied. Never wash in warm water before going out in the cold air. Such a practice will roughen the skin. Warm water should be used only before retiring.

To brighten the eyes for a ball or party, very harmless device is to eat a half hour before leaving home a lump of sugar on which is ten drops of cologne. This generally proves effective. "No. Decidedly the reverse even. Of course"—with a considerable amount of pique—"you could have found plenty of

Very pretty and inexpensive curtains can be made of cheese-cloth, and bordered with rick-rack or cheap lace, ruffled. The cheese-cloth wasnes nicely and should be stiffened "Perhaps I could; although you must with a little thin starch. Keeping one or two oysters or quarry

permit me to doubt it. I only know I would rather have you for a partner than shells in a teakettle almost entirely pre-vents its becoming incrusted. If a kettle is badly coated, it will nearly all scale off by I am not proof against flattery. A smile is born and grows steadily round my lips, until at length my whole face beams. drying and slowly heating it on the back of e stove. It must be turned from side to contented," I say, with a last feeble attempt at remonstrance. "When I get side as it cleaves off. Latest Fashion Notes. Embroidery on tulle and lace is the most

fashionable trimming for summer dresses It is used in flounces and for drapery, for covering the entire silk lining of the Full pleated overskirts are fashionably made with the front representing an outspread fan, and the back is laid in pleats

half its length and draped as a puff, with

a pleated ruffie below. The back widths of new walking skirts are very full and bunchy over the hips, and are worn over a cushion bustle or with

flounces of pleated crinoline inside to support them gracefully.

Blue promises to come into favor again shades as zinc-blue, telegral h blue, peacock, Indienne and marine. It is especially stylish when contrasted with deep copper browns and dull-red shades. Gold net, thin tissues and embroidered

materials are employed for the soft cap crowns of capotes. Lace in fluted ruffles or velvet shirrings cover the brim. Flowers in large and funciful designs, butterflier, fruits and mushrooms are the garniture. A new shape in hats is the "Dolly Doe. modification between the capote and a small scoop. It comes in pearl; also in a beautiful needle braid. These should be

trimmed with medium width ribbon loops,

caught down with insects. Epaulets of pleated race, bows of ribbon or clusters of satin or velvet leaves are fashionable, as they give the high-shoulder effect now in vogue. A triple cluster of large ostrich-tips is more fashionable than corsage bouquet, and is placed on the left side of low corsages.

Short dolmans with short backs, pleated small square sleeves and deep fronts are made for spring in tan-colored claths, figured brown or gray woollens, black or gray Ottoman silk, and various red stuffs, such as cloth, velvet, or brocade and trimmed with cheuille, jet fringe, or lace The Paris waistcoat is the name of a novel drapery of white crepe de chine or of red surab, striped with velvet ribbon and attached to the front of dark velvet or silk bodices. It is gethered to a point just below the neck, falls in loose drapery to the waist, and is bordered with Spanish lace. It is eaught back on the left side of the hips by a large resette or loops of

DON'T HAVE TO WAIT.

Your Photograph Taken While You ar Going as Fast as You than.

A portly man, with a luxuriant moun tache and a high round forehead, climbed up on a rotary platform in the middle of the big photo-hippodrome, at Broadway and Fifty fourth street, one sunny day last week, and ducked his head under the cloth that covered a photographic camera. A well-known broker wheeled his fleet roadster into the enclosure, and as the horse and sulky whirled past the platform had just time to exclaim, "How d'ye do, Mr. Rockwood?" when the luxuriant moustache reappeared, and the photographer replied, "Pretty well, thank you," and whisked a negative plate from the camera, with the trotter and rig and owner reproduced in miniature.

A young bioyclist rolled passed a few minutes later, and in just one fi(tieth part of a second he and his swift-going machine had been captured by the artist. To day the hippodrome will be formerly opened to

the public. Last night the artist stroked his big beard and discussed the new institution. Photographic art," he said, "has reached such perfection that the camera has caught the poetry of motion, and we can make a picture of the fleetest trotter, just as he looks when spinning on the road, and photograph the owner before he can say Jack Robinson. And this isn't all. It is a matter of only a few months at furthest when horse races, boat races and similar events can be instantaneously recorded, and the negatives transferred by certain chemical agencies upon metal plates which can be used in printing for illustrated papers. The whole work can be done in ess than two hours, and at a cost that will

be absurdly low."

The artist stepped to his bookcase as he spoke, and taking down a bundle, opened it and showed half-a-dozen metal pieces of different subjects, together with the proofs taken from them. The proofs looked like the proofs of first class wood cuts.

For and About Women

The Queen and Princess Beatrice will tay in Scotland till June 27th. It takes a long time for a woman to get into the thirties, but when she does get

there she stays.

Among the most recent articles of ornamentation for the bonnets of the fashion-able ladies of London are artificial lizards, toads and other reptiles.

Mrs. Gooding, the wife of a physician in

Cheltenham, committed suicide recently in her bath-room by stabbing herself to the heart with a surgical instrument belonging sugar and five beaten eggs. Mash two cups of nice canned peaches and stir in. Put have been mentally depressed of late. "Mary, I want a messenger to send down town," said a lady to her maid; "the sales-

lady has sent me the wrong bundle, and I want to inform the forelady of her carelessness. Is there any one disengaged? think not, ma'am; the chamber lady is busy with her rooms, and she kitchen lady has visitors-her mother, the washer lady, and her cousin, the ash gentleman, having called. But perhaps the foot gentleman or the coach gentleman is disergaged. I will

I knew that women wore various sorts of decentions and falsehoods, but I never had heard of a false back to the head, writes an English correspondent. When Maud was buying her bonnet there was a lady trying on ever so many. At last the wire of one of them caught in her hair and pulled off all the back part of her conflure, which we had been admiring, because it waved so prettily and fell in such dear little curls on her neck and round the backs of her ears. It was not as though she wore a false plate or

a chignon. This was, as we afterward heard, called a nuque, and exactly resembled the natural growth drawn up to the top of the head.

The most common headdress of the Norwegian women consists of a single kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled. folded over the head and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner, which hangs down behind, shows the embroidered pattern, and protects the neck and the back of the head. In the neighborhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate head-dresses are seen; the patterns are various, but they are all more or less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board; both the kerchief and the red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, worn over a white blouse and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder straps. Still more characteristic

they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilization.

and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen Province and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country

are still preserved, though in other parts

It often occurs that doctors do not care to tell patients the whole truth. An Austin doctor has a very neat way of encouraging the patient, and at the same time he doe deviate from the truth.

"Doctor, please examine my chest. There is something the matter with my lungs,' said a man far gone in consumption. The doctor examined the patient's chest and consoled him by saying:

"You just go home and don't bother about your lungs." "Is there nothing the matter with

"I don't say that there is nothing the matter with them, but they will last you until you draw your last breath, and you certainly will not have any use for them after that."

Women ornament their dresses behind because they like to have nice things said about them when their backs are turned.

What It Will De

Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure, never fails to give prompt relief in the following complaints:—Sprains, bruises, outs, tic douloureux, rheumatism, spinal pains, neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, sciatica. Buy to-day at any drug store a 10 cent sample bottle and test it in any of the above complaints. It never fails, for Nerviline is composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies in the world. Get a bottle at any drug store. You will be made happy. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A fashionable New York bridegroom of a month is charged with having pawned his wife's wedding presents.

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A counterfeit dollar of pure silver and over-weight is said to be circulating in

-No woman can live without some share of physical suffering; but many accept as inevitable a great amount of pain which can be avoided. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was invented by one who understood its need, and had the skill to provide a simple, yet admirably effective remedy.

The latest pawnbroker scheme is to have ignorant persons sign bills of sale under the belief that they are pawn-tickets.

The census report makes a very unfavorable showing for doctors, especially at the West. The average for the Western States and Territories is one doctor for each 524 of population, a proportion not equalled anywhere in the world

Prof. Goltz, of Strasburg, lately exhibited dog possessed of no part of that portion of the brain which some physiologists call the "motor tract," or the seat of power for voluntary motion. Yet the animal had perfect freedom of action, and knew how to effectually resist any interference with him at meal times. The printed volumes are many in which attempts are made to prove that such a thing is impossible.



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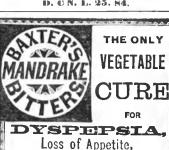
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