Help versel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa:
'Mang the simmer's sunshine an' the cheerless winter snaw; Never lippen to yer frien's, tho' they may loudly Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa'.

CHORUS-Aye work awa', my frien's, O aye work awa', Help yersel's whaure'er ye gang, an' aye work awa'.

Fortune favors them wha work aye wi' a busy haun', Folk'll ne'er win forrit if they at the fire-en' staun'; Look before ye tak' the loup in meikle things an' Tak' things in a canny way, but aye work awa'. CHORUS-Aye work awa', etc.

Dinna speak unkindly words about the folks ye keu, Never let a bitter ane anither's ear gae ben Lifeless folk are fau tless, but there's nane with-oot a flaw, Kindly speak o' neebors then, an' aye work awa'. CHORUS-Aye work awa', etc.

Never say that ye're ill-used, though prood folk pass ye by.
Want o' sense mak's witless folk aft haud their heids ower high;
Dauner on, ne'er fash yer thumb wi' sic like folk ava',
Warsel on fu' cheerily, an' aye work awa',

CHORUS-Aye work awa', etc. Keep a ca'm sough, never let yer tongue wag up Empty girnels are ave sure to gi'e the loudest When you hear o' ithers' quarrels, while they

Horape an' craw,
"'Mang them be't" be aye your word, an' aye
work awa'. CHORUS-Aye work awa', etc. Life a' through is jist a fecht e'en to the very

grave, Better life abune is promised to the leal an' brave; Let us fecht wi' faithful he'rts, and we'll owercome it a' -
Help yersel's whattre'er ye gang, an' aye work -awa'.

CHORUS-Aye work awa', etc. JOSEPH WRIGHT.

The Bride's Delay.

Sweet sister, leave me, let me muse A short space in our girlhood's hower— Out of the past I fain would choose. The sweetest, brightest, happiest hour, To seal upon my heart of hearts, As balm for future times of woe— If there be such-how my heart starts Now slow, now fast-now fast, now

What was the gladdest hour of all? What was the gladdest hour of all?
Down the long ranks and file I move;
All bear a look of sweet coutent.
All bear the finger touch of love,
But which is perfectest of all—
I fain would find one seeming best—
That I in tenderness might call
It forth forever from the rest.

Was it that hour, clear, calm and cold Was it that hour, clear, cam and con, Our mother robed us all in white, And at the chancels, white and gold, We knelf for confirmation rite?
'Mongst all the row of white-robed girls, None knelt with purer joy than I; I thrilled when on uny bowed head's curls There fell the blessing's mystery.

Or later, was it when we met,
My love and I, and through my soul
Thore disshed a something unknown y
Sostrange, so sweet, beyond control
Or was it when he told me all
Of his great love for me, and I
Relt all ny unless rise and tall Felt all my pulses rise and tall As to a bappy melody?

What was the sweetest? Hark! the chime What was the sweetest? Hark! the chi Of belle doth rouse the slumbrous air, My wedding belle—ah! sweetest time! Ah! music beyond all compare! Before the altar now he stands. I must away my love to greet, Oh soon to be united hands— Did bells o'er peal so clear and sweet?

Farewell, dear shelter of the past, Farewell, dear shelter of the past, Where all my girlish dreams were spun-All hours are fair—but this, the last—It is my life's suprement one.

Yos, sixter—have I paure I too long.
Hand me the book—lead on the way—The air seems full of light and song—Oh happy bour! Oh happy day!

Bonnie Maggie Gram

A bonnie, braw and winsome bride Was my sin Maggle Gram; How proud was I to set her doon In my auld Scottish hame. By auld and young it was allowed, In a'the country side, That no a lass in a' the land Could match my bonnie bride,

Though days and years bae flittit past, I mind it yet tu' weel, How in the wintry nights she'd lay aside her spinnin' wheel; And at a clean hearth-stane she'd sit, And sing wi' mickle glee The bounie songs that I lo'ed best. She'd sing them a' to me.

The auld Scotch sangs, the blithesome sang The sangs beyond compare, She'd sing them ower and ower again, And lighten a' my care. But days and years has come and gane, And my ain Maggie Graen Na mair will sing the auld Scotch sangs In my auld Scottish hame,

She's sleepin' sound in the kirk vard, And gane in a 'my gloe;
My aio true love, my chosen one
is ta'en awa' frae me.
My hopes, my joys are fled awa'.
My grief nae tongue can name;
The willews weep abune the grave
O' my ain Maggie Gram.

The Graybird.

Sweet bird of modest bearing,
And coat of sober hue,
Thou provest in thy being
Kind nature's purpose true—
Gitts to each work has given
Proportionally due,
And thine is ungic music
Which doth thy soul imbue,
And listening man its raptures
Drinke in, like grass the dew.

First to usher in the spring.

With rich melodious notes
Ualling on the woods and flowers
To don their verdant coats;
Pouring song from happy hearts
That well up in their throats—
Which through the balmy atmosphere
Harmoniously doats.

And who the last to leave us, Of all our songsters dear, When frost is on the meadow, And woods are red and sers, And drizzling cold rain falling Makes all things look so drear. When all his late companions Have fled in abject fear, 'Tis then the graybird's music Falls sweetest on our ear— The dying of the year.

O thou who so despisest
Her sweet impassioned song,
Which like the south wind rises
And softly floats along,
And seems from earthly angels
Who half to heaven belong— Who half to heaven belong— Find me near as sweet a voice in all earth's feathered thron

HARRY LAURIE.

COQUETTE. Because her eyes to me and you.
The brightest are and bluest.
Bhall storms arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me; my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow.
And yet the flower I gave to-night
She'll throw to you to-merrow.
Coquette is she; so say with me:
"Let him wto wins her wear her;
And fair—how ever tair she be. And fair-how ever fair she be. There's many a lassie fairer."

That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away,
And all your sighs unheeded.
We'll vow ourselves no hermit's vows,
We'll cross no foaming billow.
We'll bind about our distinal brows
No wreaths of mournful willow;
Rut show, in spite of her disdain,
We'yet can live without her;
And joining hands, we'll lauch again, ng hands, we'll laugh again And think no more about her

NAUGHTY, BUT NICE. Somebody's lips were close to mine, Thus tempted, I could not resist; Rosy and cosey, a sweet little mouth Was suddenly, softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned With such a reproving glance. "Are kisses so wicked?" I asked my pet; Then her eyes began to dance.

And smiling, the little maid answered, As I knolt down at her feet:
"I guess they're just a bit naughty,
Or else they wouldn't be so sweet."

-Luther G. Riggs, in California Maverick. Women love admiration. approbation. self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain, and frivolous. Ditto

MONICA:

"You should say, 'God bless her,' miss when ye give her the good word," says Mrs. the peloved bundle, and notes the distress

pretty solemnity, after which the mother's face clears, and sunshine is again restored

"I think she knows ye," she says to Monica. "See how she blinks at ye! Arrah! look, now, how she clutches at yer Will ye come to your mother now, darlin',-will ye? Sure 'tis. starvin' ye

"Oh! don't take her yet," says Monica,

creeping into the doorway at this moment, draws near the baby as if fascinated. It is paby's nurse—save the mark!

smiling at him with sweet encouragement; but Paddy stops short and regards ber

obdurate and declines to harken to the voice of the charmer, charm the never so wisely. There is, indeed, a sad lack both

of sweetness and light about Paddy. " An' what d'ye mane be standin' there, an' niver a word out o' ye in answer to the lady, ye ill-mannered canboque?" cries his mother deeply incensed. The laughter has all gone from her face and her eyes are "What brought ye in at all, ye aflame.

"I came to see the baby an' to get me dinner," says the boy, with hanging head, his silence arising more from shynesst han sullenness. The potatoes have just been lifted from the fire by Mrs. Moloney and

"Diokens a sign or taste ye'll get, then, if only to tache ye betther manners. Be off, now, an' don't let me see ye agin."

"I'm hungry," says the boy, tears coming into his eyes.

hungry, thin!" says the culprit's mother, with an angry voice, but with visible signs of relenting in her nandsome eyes. "Be off wid ye now, I tell ye!" This is the last burst of the storm. As the urchin creeps crestfallen towards the door-way her rage dies, its death being as sudden as its birth. "Come back here!" she cries incon-sistently. "What d'ye mane be taking me at me word like that? Come back, I tell ye, an'go an'ate something, ye crathur. How dare ye behave as it I was a bad

bonny head, smiles at her fondly but auda-

"Look at him now, the blackguard," says the mother, returning the smile in kind. "Was there ever the like of him? Go an' ate yer praties now, and thank yer stars Miss Monica was here to say a good word

Paddy, glad of his rescue, casts a shy glance at Monica, and then, going over to where his grandmother and the pot of potatoes rest side by side, sits down ouddled up to the old dame) to fill his little empty stomach with as many of those esculent roots as he can manage, which, in truth, is the poor child's only dinner from year's end to year's end. And yet, it is a remarkable fact that, in spite of the scanty fare, the Irish peasant, when come to man's estate, is ever strong and vigorous and well grown. And who shall say he hasn't done his Queen good service, too, on many a battle field, and even in these latter days, when and rebellion racks our land, has not his name been worthy of honorable mention

having made her eldest born out a villain, is now prepared to maintain he is a verit-

able saint. "You don't know him, faix, Sure, there niver was the like of him yet. He is a raal jewel, that gossoon o' mine, an' the light of his father's eyes. he'd die for Daly! There niver was sich a love betwixt father an' son. He's the joy o' me life, an' the greatest help to me. 'Tis he minds the pig, an' the baby, an' ould

an emphatic wink. "Eure, 'twas only to kape him in ordher a bit I said it at all, at

But his young he is yet, the crathur."
Very young. Oh, Mrs. Daly, look at
by! See how she is trying to get at my baby 1 hair !" Monios is beginning in a delighted tone—as though to have one's hair pulled out by the roots is the most enchanting sensation in the world—when suddenly her stares with great open violet eyes at something that darkens the doorway and throws

It is Desmond. Kit, feeling as guilty as though she were the leading character in some conspiracy, colors orimson and retires behind Mrs.

is standing there regarding her with eyes so full of life and love that the eleverest ghost could not ecoy them. But then she is not sillier than her fellows, for as a rule, all people, if you remark, say "Is that you?" or "Have you come?" when they are actually looking into your face and should be able to answer the question for

themselves.
"Yes, it is," says Desmond, with such an amount of diffidence (I hope it wasn't as sumed) as should have melted the heart of the hardest woman upon earth. Monica is

little anub nose. Why will she not look at What did he say to her last night that is so difficult to forgive? (an wrath be cherished for so long in that gentle bosom? Her face is calm as an angel's

surely There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple. "Ah, some in, Misther Desmond," says Mrs. Daly hospitably. "I'm glad 'tis company I have before ye the day. Maybe 'twill coax ye to come again. Where have ye been this week an' more? Faix, ya were so long in comin', I thought 'twas angry wid

woman like you," says Desmond saucily.
"Ob, now, hark to bict!" says Mrs. Daly laughing heartily.
"I wonder ye aren't laughing heartily. ashamed of yourself. An' is the ould Squire

him. How d'ye do, Kit? Won't you come and speak to me?" He has been atraid to shake hands with Monica up to this, but now she turns sud-

denly towards him and holds out to him one slender, fair hand, the other being wined round the baby. She does this mus-

He grasps the little snowy hand with almost senile delight and holds it for—as long as he dares. During this undefined period he tells himself what a perfect pio-

ture she is, with her clear, pale, beautiful face and her nut brown hair, and the ten der sweetness of her attitude, as she bende over the smiling baby. Could any vaunted Madonna be half as lovely? At this moment a growing contempt for all the great-est masterpieces of the greatest masters permeates his being and renders him weak

"Won't ye sit down, thin?" says Mrs. Daly. Being a woman she grasps the situa-tion at a glance and places a chair for him cose to Monica. "What's the matther wid own soul in all its strength. ye to day, Misther Desmond, that ye

neven't a word to give us?' "You ought to know what I'm thinking of," says Desmond, accepting the chair and drawing it even a degree closer to Monica.

"Faix, thin, I don't," says Mrs. Daly, junior, her handsome face full of similes. A love affair is as good as a saint's day to an Irish peasant, and here, she tells herself

glance at Monica, is one ready made to her hand. "I'm thinking what a lucky man Daly ," says Desmond promptly.
"Ob, git along wid ye now, an' yer blar ney I" says Mrs. Daly roaring with laughter, whilst even Mrs. Meloney the dismal, and

the old granny in the corner chime in mer-And then the visit comes to a close, and they all rise and bid Mrs. Daly and the others "good-bye," and Monica, mindful of from any pretty woman.
his late afflictions, bestows a soft parting "He is to be invited to Moyne—to spend

his late afflictions, bestows a soft parting word upon the subdued Paddy. And now they are all in the open air again, and, turning down the bor leads to the Daly's homestead, reach the road that leads to Moyne. It is Desmond's way as well as theirs, so he accompanies the girls without remark.

"What brought you to see the Dalys today?" asks Monica suddenly, without any ulterior meaning leyond the desire of mak-ing conversation; but, to Kit's guilty soul, this question seems fraught with mischief "Ou, I often go to see Daly. I want him to come fishing with me to-morrow; he's the best man about here for that, and trudges behind one for miles without complaining."

mond, very righteously aggrieved; "that is visiting the sine of the uncles upon the plaining." trudges behind one for miles without complaining."
"Poor Daly!"

"Well, I hope you enjoyed your visit to-day," says Kit blithely, glancing at him mischievously from beneath her broad hat. "There was a drawback," says Brian un-cinkingly. "I went there full of hope, thinkingly. "I went there full of hope, and, after all, she never offered me any of

your pudding.' Tableaux ! Kit's agon zed glance and Monios's ques toning eyes awake Mr. Dusmond to a know ledge of what he has done. "
"How did you hear of Kit's pudding?"

Kit, and then back (it, and then back again.
"On!—the pudding!" stammers Des-

"Tuere, don't commit yourself," says Monica in a tone that trembles. "Oh, Kit! Both culprits are afraid to look at her. Does the tremble mean tears, or anger, or what? Parhaps horror at their duplicity, or contempt. Is she hopelessly angered?

Then a suppressed sound reactes their cars, oreating a fresh panie in their breasts Is she positively choking with indignation Cautiously, anxiously, they glance at her, and find, to their everlasting relief, that she is convulsed with laughter.

"When next you meditate forming brilliant plot such as this," she says to Kit. I think I should look out a more trust worthy accomplice if I were you." "Catch me having a secret with him

again," says Kit now her fears are appeased, turning wrathfully upon Desmond,
"I quite forgot all about it, I did, indeed," exclaims he penitently. "Forgive me this time, and I'll promise never so do it the worst."

again. the chance," says Kit with fervor.
"Why was I to be deceived?" says
Monica. "I think I have been very basely why I was to be drawn into it. And it was a stunid arrangement, too : two is company. three trumpery. I know, if I had a lover, I should prefer-

Monica only laughs the more. "It is my turn now, you know," she

says.

"Kit had nothing to do with it, it was all on some one, let it be on me.'

Yes, give him a good scolding, Monica, recreant knight of yours-I mean mine- you the trouble."

at the point of death." good little thing she is, up a sloping bank and so into the fields beyond, until Desmond and Monics are as much alone as if a whole sphere divided them from their kind. Dear | f little Kit! When her own time comes may

she be as kindly dealt with! "You are angry with me still—about last set." "You are angry with me still—angulation night," says Deamond softly, "and, I own, with good cause. But I was miserable as I was passing—"
"You thought, Penelope; but I wish you There are other things when I called you a coquette, and misery makes a man unjust. I wrote to Kit this

morning—I was afraid to write to you—
and she was very good to use."

"How good?" plucking a leaf from a
brier, as she goes slowly—very slowly—
down the word down the road. "She brought me you. Do you know, Monica, I have been as unhappy as a man

can be since last I saw you-a whole night and part of a day? Is it not punishment enough?' "Too much for your crime," whispers she softly, turning suddenly towards him and letting her great luminous eyes rest says poor Mies Priscilla fiercely, though her with forgiveness upon his. She smiles sweetly, but with some timidity, because of the ardor of the glance that answers in tears of her causing. "Penclope, I meant hers. Taking her hand with an impulsive nothing, but I have heard something that

it away from him with shy haste, Monics zalka on in sileuce. ' If I had written to you, and not to her, would you still have been here to day?

" I thiuk not." "That is a cruel answer, is it not?" "Would you have me belie my nature?" asks she with quick agitation, "would you being has barpened during her drive to take have me grow talse, accret, deceitful? My Miss Priscilla's well-balanced mind off its have me grow false, secret, deceitful? My aunts trust me; am I to prove myseif un-

I am less to you, then, than your aunts' displeasure?"

and yet--o the present moment, and a recollection of the many reasons why she must not listen to his wooing. "Why should you believe

voice that quivers audibly.
"Ah, why, indeed?" returns he bitterly. There is such pain in his voice and fac-

voice. that her soul yearns towards him and she repents her of her last words.

"Yes," still lower.
"Then why cannot I be more to you? Why am I to be denied a chance of forwarding the cause in which all my hopes are centred? Monica, say you will meet

me somewhere—soon."

' How can I?" she says tremulously. Her voice is full of tears. She is altogether dit says Terence sullenly, "you yourself sug-ferent from the ecquettish, provoking child gested the idea and I let it slide, that was of last night. "You forget all I have just

that if you could you would."
There is a pathetic ring in his tone and tears rise to her eyes. Can anything be so Already a sense of crime of the blackest hopeless as this love affair of hers?

"Yes, I would," she says almost despar-

"Oh, darling-darling!" says the young man with passion. He holds her hands closely and looks into her troubled eyes and wishes he might dare take her into his arms, and, pressing her to his heart, ask her to repeat her words again. But there is something in the calm purity of her beautiful face that repels vehemence of any

"I have, at least, one consolation," he says at least, "ling to mind the quietude that surrounds Moyne and its inhabitants, and the withdrawal from society that has obtained there for many years. "As you obtained there for many years. are not allowed to see me-except on such rare occasions as the present, when the Fates are kind-you cannot, at least, see any one else—often, that is."
"Meaning——"

" Rvde." She laughs a little and then colors. "Aunt Priscilla has asked him to come to Moyne next Friday," she says, looking at

the ground, "she is giving an 'At Home on that day for him and Captain Cobbett She says she feels it a duty to her Queen to show some attention to her servants In her tone, as she says this, there is a spice of that mischief that is never very far

an entire day with you!" says Desmond, thunderstruck by this last piece of news. "Oh, no! Only part of it," says Monica meekly.
"It is just as bad. It is disgraceful!

Your aunts are purposely encouraging him to keep you away from me. Ob, why," wretchedly. "should this unlucky quarrel have arisen between our house and yours?" Well, that's your fault," says Monica. " Mine ?"

"Your uncle's, then. It is all the same," nriantly. I really can't see that," says Mr. Des-

east promise me you won't be civil to him.'
"To your uncle?" "Nonsense! You know I mean Ryde."

"I can't be rude to him. "You can. Why not? It will keep him rom calling again." No answer.

"Oh, I dare say you want him to call gain," says Desmond angrily. At this moment, the gates of Moyne being in sight and those of Coole long passed, Kit suddenly appears on the top of "How did you hear of Kit's pudding?" a high stone wall and calls gaily to Desaks Monica looking keenly from Brian to mond to come and help her to alight.

" And now go away, too," she says, " you are forbidden goods, must not be seen talking to you, under pain of death." "Good-bye," says Desmond with alacrity, who is, in truth, sulky and undesirous of further parley with his beloved. "Good-

bye, Miss Beresford. "Good-bye," says Monica shortly.
"We shall see you again soon, no doubt, says Kit kindly, in her clear, sweet treble.
"I toink it very improbable," returns be, raising his hat gravely and taking his

departure. wretched young man, Monica?" says Kit severely, standing still in the middle of the road, the better to bring her sister beneath

the majesty of her eye.
"Nothing. Nothing that any reasonable being could object to," declares Monica with such an amount of vigor as startles " But of all the ill-tempered, bearish Kit. detestable men I ever met in my life, he is

Which unlooked for explosion from the "And I'll promise you you shan't have gentle Monica has the effect of silencing Kit for the remainder of the walk.

CHAPTER XV. Munica. "I think I have been very basely reated. If you, Kit, desired a claudestine there decidedly clouded. Miss Priscilla, meeting with Mr. Desmond. I don't see who has returned from her drive just i moment before, is standing in the hall, gazing with a stern countenance upon the oldfashioned eight-day clock, in which two or three people might be safely stowed away "Monica!" says Kit indignaptly, but The clock regards her not at all, but ticks on loudly with a sort of exasperating obstinacy, as though determined to remind every

one of the flight of time. "Who has wound this clock?" demands my fault," says Desmond, laughing too. "If Miss Priscills in an awful tone. With a you must pour out the visls of your wrath thrill of thankfulness the girls feel they can answer truthfully, "Not I."
"Dear me!" says Miss Penelope timidly,

says Kit viciously, but with a lovely smile. advancing from the morning room, "I did. "I am going to pick some ferns for Aunt You were so long out, Priscilla, and I Pen, when I return I hope I shall find that teared—I mean, I thought it would save

Trouble in winding a clock! What At this she flits away from them, like the trouble could there be in that? And it is never wound until Saturday evening. For twenty years I have wound it on Saturday evening. A good eight-day clock nearly fifty years old can't bear being tampered with. Now, Penelope, why did you do that? You know I can't endure old rules to be up-

wouldn't think. There are other things

you ought to think of that you often neglect Now, Prizeilla, is that just? I think-I hope I seldom neglect my duty, and I must say I didn't expect this from you." Here Miss Penelope dissolves into tears.

to Monica's grief and dismay. "Oh, Aunt Prisoilla, I am sure Aunt Pen only meant to save you trouble," she says earnestly, putting her arms round Miss Penelope who sobs audibly on her shoulder "And who says I thought anything else? voice trembles with emotion; it is terrible to her to see her faithful friend and sister

am a wicked woman. "Oh, no, no," cries Miss Penelops. "My dear Priscilla, you will break my heart if you task thus. My good soul, come in here and tell me what has happened to distress

per on the best creature in the world. Alas

you.' In truth, it is quite plain, now, that some

bioges. "Where is Teronge?" she asks, looking from one to other of the group in the hall "Here," says Terence, himself coming leieurely towards her from a side passage.
"Come in here with me," says Miss Priscilla, and they all follow her into the morn

Terence with a pale, represental face.
"When I tell you I have just come from Mitsen, the coast-guard, and that I thanked yourself anything to me?" she asks in a him for having leut you his gun, you will guderstand how I have been grieved and paired to-day," she says, a tremor in her

> Terence is no longer unconscious, and Monica feels that her heart is beating like a ump of lead. "Oh, what is it, Priscilla?" asks Miss

" A tale of graft and ounning," says Miss Priscilla in a hollow tone. "Mitson tells me that he never lent him that gun. Ter-ence has wilfully deceived us, his poor aunts, who love him and only desire his good. He has, I fear, basely mystified us to accomplish his own ends, and has, indeed, departed from the previous truth."
"I never said Mitson did lend it to me,

"All! Is not prevarioation only a mean lie? Oh, Terence, I am so deeply grieved l

' Where did you get that gun from, Ter

Penelope

"I have told no lis, aunt," says Terence indignantly.
"Then tell your good Aunt Prisoilla who gave you the gun.'

Dead silence. "Are we to understand that you won't tell us, Terence?" asks Miss Priscilla

of the two old maids. Terence casts a hasty glance at Munica's

"Terencel" exclaims the usually mild Miss Penelope with great indignation, and is going to further relieve her mind, no doubt, when Miss Priscilla, throwing up ber hands, checks her. "Lat him alone. Panelope," she says

let us not press him too far. Obduracy is better than falsehood. Let us go and pray that Heaven may soften bis heart and grant him a right understanding."
With this the two old ladies walk slowly and with dignity from the room, leaving the

Monica bursts into tears and flings her arms round his neck. "You did it for me. know it—I saw it in your eyes," she says. Oh, Terence, I feel as if it was all my

is in a boiling rage. "Did you ever hear anything like her? And all about a patry thing like that! She couldn't behave worse if I had been convicted of murder determined I wouldn't gratify her. A regular old cat, if ever there was one."

'Ob, no! Don't speak like that. I am sure they love you-and they were disap pointed-and-They'll have to get through a good deal of disappointment," says Terence still fuming. "What right have they to make me out a Sir Galahad in their imagination? I'd perfectly nate to be a Sir Galabad: and so I tell shem," This is not strictly correct, the Misses Bake are out of hearing.

nothing. "Aunt Penelope was just as bad," says Kit. "I really"—with disnified contempt —"felt quite ashamed of her!"

Miss Priscilla keeps a diary in which she most faithfully records all that happens in every one of the three hundred and sixtyfive days of every year.

(To be continued)

the Face of His Wife's " Ma." A son-in-law once satirically remarked than one of the reasons why Adam and Eve however severe, have happily not yet driven the sterner sex to a universal vow of celi never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which enacts that a man shall never look upon the face r.ed, prevails amongst numerous savage peoples apparently widely sundered y geographical distribution and diftribes, and among many Polynesians, a act which some people assume to point to a common origin of these races, but which dom indigenous to each of these countries and the direct growth of individual experience. The custom being found in such

widely separated continents as Africa and Australia is considered as proving that it must have been suggested by some common necessity of nature, and reasons are not wanting to show why savages discovered it was better for a man not to look upon his mother in law. Primarily, says the supporters of this theory, because his mother-in-law was a picture in anticipation of what his wife was likely to be. Before marriage, a man's mind may not be open to the cold processes of comparison, but afterward he begins to consider what sort of a bargain he has made, and if his motherin-law has not improved with age, the ghastly possibility of his wife becoming like her rises before him. Hence these savage tribes prescribed the rule that never after marriage should a man see his mother-m-law, and this in time became a

Why She Wore Her Dream Low. What radically different notions of good onduct are held by girls living in separated bery of decollete companions, with herself covered to the neck, and on that occasion she had declared to him that she did not

regard their garb as modest.
"Why, how's this, Maria?" he exclaimed at the dinner. "I thought you didn't approve of this sort of costame, and had resolved never to wear it."

"So I did," was the reply. "This is the first time in my life that I ever appeared in a low waist. I don't like it now, but I had to put it on in self-defence. A story got going around that the reason for my invariably high necked dresses was that I had a brown patch as big as a plate on my shoul-

"And you have certainly made the evidence very broad and comprehensive, marked the cruel cousin .- From a New York Letter.

Poker Superseded.

Card players who have tired of progressive euchre and long for a change are becoming much interested in a game called "hearts," which is productive of much amusement. It is something like whist, except that the important point to be attained is to get rid of all the hearts you may have in your hand and have none in the tricks you capture. The full pack is used and the dealing is the same as in whist. A player must follow suit, but no trump is declared, the sols object in view being to get rid of the hearts dealt to you and to avoid taking any from the players. Therein lies all the sport. When the game is finished the player fewest hearts is entitled to take the pot, which is a chip for each heart, or thirteen

France, 2,000 oxen penned up in a field were stampeded by a band of roughs. The frightened animals rushed into the crowds at the fair, killing three persons and wound-20,000 france, besides rifling injured persons pocketbooks, watches and

in all.

Photograph Habit-Men's Seven Ages-apologizing Through Life for

Early Pictures. No doubt the photograph habit, when once formed, is one of the most baneful and productive of the most intense soffering in fter years of any with which we are fami-Some times it seems to me that my whole life has been one long, abject apology for photographs that I have shed abroad

toroughout a distracted country. Man passes through seven distinct ages it being photographed, each one exceeding

all previous efforts in that line. First he is photographed as a prattling, hald-headed baby, absolutely destinute of eyes, but making up for this deficiency by wealth of mouth that would make a negro minstrel clive green with envy. We often wonder what has given the average photographer that wild, hunted look about the eyes and that joyless sag about the kness. The chemicals and the indoor life have alone nor done all this. It is the great nerve tension and mental strain used in trying to phosadly. "Perhaps he has some good reason; tograph a squirming and dark red child with white eyes in such a manner as to please

ics parents. An old-fashioned dollar store album with cerebro spinal meningitis, and filled with piotures of half-sufficuted children in eavily-starched white dresses, is the first thing we seek on entering a home, and the last thing from which we reluctantly part.

The second stage on the downward road

is the photograph of the boy with fresh-cropped hair, and in which the suff and prosuberant thumb takes a leading part. Then follows the portrait of the lad, with strongly marked freckles and a look of hopeless melaucholy. With the aid of a detective agency I have succeeded in runuing down and destroying several of these pictures, which were attributed to me.

Next comes the young man, 21 years of age, with his front bair plastered smoothly down over his tender, throbbing dome or shought. He does not care so much about the expression on the mobile features, so long as his left hand, with the new ring on it, shows distinctly, and the jingting, jangling on his watch chain, including the cute little basket cut out of a peach stone, stand out well in the foreground. It the young man would stop for a moment think that some day he come eminent and ashamed of himself, he would hesitate about doing this. Soon after, he has a tintype taken, in which a young lady sits in the alleged grass, while ne stands behind her, with his hand lightly touching her shoulder, as though he might be feeling of the thrilling circumference of a buzz saw. He carries his picture in his posket for months, and locks as it whenever

ie may be unobserved. Then, all at once, he discovers that the young lady's hair is not done up that way any more, and that her hat doesn't seem to fit her. He then, in a fickle moment, has another tintype made, in which another young woman, wish a more recent hat and later coiffure, is discovered holding his has

in her lap. This using continues till one day he comes into the studio with his wife, and tries to see how many children can be photographed on one negative by holding one on each knee and using the older ones as a background.

The last stage in his eventful career, the old gentleman allows himself to be photographed. Sadly the thought comes back to you in after years, when his grave is green in the quiet valley, and the worn and weary hands that have toiled for you are forever at rest; how patiently he submit-ted while his daughter pinned the clean, stiff, agonizing white collar about his neck, and brushed the little flakes of "dander from the velvet collar of his best coat how he toiled up the long, dark, lonesome stairs, not with the egotism of a half can tury ago, but with the light of anticipated rest at last in his eye, obediently as he would go to the dingy law office to have his will drawn, he meekly leaves the outlines of his kind old face for those he loved and

may smile, but it is full of pathon, and eloquent for those who know him best. His attitude is suff and his coat bunches up in the back, but his kind, old heart asserts itself through the gentle eyes, and when he has gone away at last we do not criticise the picture any more, but beyond the old coat that bunches up in the back, and that lasted him so long, we read the history of a noble life. Silently the old finger marked album,

It is a picture at which the thoughtless

lying so unostentatiously on the gouty centre table, points out the mile stones from infancy to age, and hack of the mistakes of s struggling photographer is portrayed the laughter and the tears, the joy, and the grief, the dimples and the gray hairs of one man's lifetime.—Bitt Nye, in Boston Globe.

Inoculation as a Preservative Agains

M. Verneuil has lately published a letter to the editor of the Gazette Hebdamidaire M. Lereboullet, in which he proposes to set on foot an experimental inquiry into the possibility of finding some method of "astenuating" the presumed virus of tubercle, so as to make incoulation therewith practically useful against consumption, either as a prophylactic measure, like vaccination against smallpox, or as a means of cure, like Pasteur's inoculations in hydrophobia. Three thousand france have already been subscribed, and the respectable names of Cornil, Bouchard, Damas shino and Potain are mentioned among those who approve of the investigation It must, however, be remembered (1) that with the exception of hydrophoma, an exception still on trial, no human disease but smallpox is known which can be pre vented by inoculation; (2) that of epizoetic diseases, anthrax is only in certain cases guarded against by Pasteur's attenuated virus; (3) that the dependence of con-sumption on Koch's Bacillus tuberculosis is far from established; (4) that its fatality is very far below that of smallpox or hydrophobia, and its treatment far more successful. Consumption is the most important disease of temperate climates both by its prevalence, its mortality, and its incidence on young adults; so that the sacrifice of a few rabbits or cats for even a remote chance of controlling its ravages is well justified. But the chance is, we tear, remote. - Nature.

A Nice, Agreeable Welcome.

A German school-teacher was instructing his pupits how to act when the Grand Duke should pass through on the railroad an event which was to occur next day. "Remember, children," said the peda gogue, " that as soon as the train arrives on are to yell as loud as you can: 'Long ive the Grand Dake!' until he leaved! Next day when the Grand Duke acrived at the station, and graciously bowed from the planform of the special car, the schoolchildren made the welkin weary by yelling "Long live the Grand Duke until he

dut of the Erying Pan Into the Eire. "Hel'o" said a south end youngster to his chum. Your folks going to move? ours

leaves!

'So's ours. Dad says he won't live in th' old shell any longer."
"More neither. Where are you going to move?

"Into your house. Where are you?"
"Iuto your house." A physician in Wing's Station writes to

the Medical Record that a woman of that village, hardly past middle life, and now in good health, has given birth to twenty five ohildren. The same writer tells of three sisters in northern Vermont who have respectively borne twenty-five, twenty-two and eighteen children.

COUNTING WITH THEIR TOES.

How Barefooted Savages Fred to Recken

in the Days of Old. ' Why did the habit of counting by tens finally get the better in all orvilized socie ties of the still eather habit of counting by twentien? 'asks Grant Allen in an insuructive article in the current number of "Lippincoti's Magazine," "Simply, I believe, because civilized people tend more or loss to wear shoes, and shoes of viously inter-fere with freedom of accion in gesting as the human toes for purposes of calculation Barefooted savages naturally enough reckons by awenties, but booted civil: zation does its

penoil strengthen the decimal impulse, once set on lost, for you write with your flugers, not with your toss; and our calleren newdays, while they count on their flugers. their fingers with great phanimity, would probably be shocked and scandalized at the barbaric notion of anything so rude as counting on their feet."

was not more fearful than are the marks of skin diseases, and yet Dr. Pierce's "Golder Medical Discovery' is a certain core for all of them. Blotches, pimples, aruptions, pustuler, so dy inera-tatione, lumps, in-tlamed patches, salt-rheum, tester, boils, c r uncles, uncers, old sores, are by its use bealed quickly and permaneraly.

teachers of music in E-mira College, N. Y., has invented and patented a device for feeding and watering cattle while they are journeying in catalocars. Young and middle-aged men, suffer a

from nervous debility and kindred affer tions, as less of memory and hypothondric should enciose 10 cents in stamps for larg illustrated treasuse suggesting sure mean of ourc. Address, World's Descensary Medical Association, Buffsto, N. Y.

partly webbed fort, a int-black head and tong ivory-colored bill with a black tip. A taxiderment is probably preparing the bird for Miss Nichotl's Easter bonnes If you are bilions, take Dr. Pierce's

big as a Hamburg goose with a gray body

Pleasant Purgarive Pellets," the original Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists. At 9 40 the other evening a man in Denver began heating his wife, more than a mile from the potice station. At 9 44 the sergeant in the station heard of it: a. 9 50 the man and his wife were bunched into the police waskon; and at 10.05 he was behind the bars of a ceil. Denver this ke this speaks well for her new patrol system

The New Pain King. Polson's Nervilline oures flatulence, obillia, apaama, and oram; a. Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothacee, lumbago, and se

Nerviline is death to all pain, whether

external, internal, or local.

Sold by draggists and country dealers Dr. Phinson, in a German scientific purnal, advocates the general use of augur as an acticle of diet, not simply as a pleas-ing addition to tood. He affirms that during forty years he has easen as least a

Boyd Smith, an American capitalist, is to work the pho phase much on the K &



WEBSTER WEBSTER'S LIBEARY

DICTIONARY ITSELF IT IS THE STANDARD

> JUST ADDED A New Pronouncing GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD.

aining over 25,000 Titles, escribing the Countries, Citi Towns, and Natural Feature

C. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pubers, Springfield, Mass. 10 ON. S. 19 HG. Send for catalogue Frunt, Grain and Truck Farms in the centrest tha femous Peach Bel of Delaware, to DANYS

A SAMPLE FREE Worth 60 Cents.

THE PRINCE OF MENT WARDET FOR SI a collection of 130 packets of choice Flower Seeds—no two alike; best collection to constant blooming all funmer. Address A. W. POTTE; Newport, R. I.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto. DEBILITATED MEN You are allowed a free tried of thirty days of the us of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltage Beit with bleetrie Supensory Appliances, for the spready relief and per manent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Whatiy and Manthoos, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other discusses. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manthoos, restoration to Health, Vigor and Manthoos, restoration to Health, Vigor and Manthoos presentation. No risk is incurrent. Him

HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA. Adventures among the Awaris and Gorillas of the David Continent. Price 15c, copies 25c. W J. PLAYER, Nassaaweya, Ont.

HOME STUDY, Book-Resput, Business broughly tanger by midl. Girculare free address SRYANT'S BUSINESS OOLLEGE Fuffalo, N.Y.



THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN, AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS,

in her neighbor's eyes.
God bless her!" says Monica, with

entreatingly.

A little figure with naked legs and feet,

Paudheen, the eldest son of the house and Come nearer, Paddy," says Monica,

doubtfully. "Come, then, and kiss your little sister," continues Monica gently, but Paddy is still

ugly spalpeen, if ye came without a civil tongue in yer head?"

are steaming in a distant corner. Paudheen looks wistfully towards them.

"Oh, Mrs. Daly!" says Monica in a distressed tone.
"A dale o' harm it will do him to be

mother to ye?" The boy comes back, and raising his

on the plains of Tel-el-Kebir? I don't think he looks like a bad boy, Mrs. Daly," says Mouica reflectively, gazing at the liberated Paddy.
"Bad, miss, is it?" says the mother, who,

granuy there, an' everything. I'd be widout me right hand if I lost him." "But I thought you said—" begins Monica, mystified by this change from righteous wrath to unbounded admiration. "Arrah, niver mind what I said, acushfa," says the younger Mrs. Daly with

voice dies away into silence and she herself shadow upon the assembled group within.

Moloney. She lowers her eyes and is as mute as death. But Monica speaks.

"Is it you?" she says. Which, of course, is quite the silliest thing she can say, as he

not the hardest woman upon earth.
Still, she makes him no further speech, and Desmond begins to wonder if he is yet forgiven. He is regarding her fixedly, but she, after that first swift glance, has turned her attention upon the baby on her knee and is seemingly lost in admiration of its

"Nobody is ever angry with a pretty

"He's as well as even vou could wish

movement impossible to restrain, Desmond has grieved and disturbed me; so I must presses it rapturously to his lips. Drawing needs come home and avenge my ill-tem-

worthy of their confidence?

"You are less to me than my conscience, With a violent effort, that betrays how far her thoughts have been travelling in ing room.

Company with his she brings herself back Here she turns and faces the unconscious

"I am wrong. You are something to me," she says, in a tone so low that he can scarcely hear it. But lovers' ears are "You mean that, Monica?"

"At least tell me, then," says he sadly,

Penelope greatly frightened.

know not what to say to you. The scene is becoming positively tragical. and deepest dye is overpowering Terence. | valuables.

nce ?" asks Miss Priscilla sternly. 'Now, Terence, be calm," says Miss "Sit down, now, Terence, and collect yourself, and don't be untruthful

faintly. She is now much the more nervous

white face, and then says stoutly:
"I don't want to tell, and I won't.

criminal with his sisters.

'Fiddlesticks!" says Mr. Beresford, who I'm convinced." vicionaly, " it was all baffled curiosity that got up her temper. She was dying to know about that gun, and so I was

"And as for their love, they may keep it, if it only means blowing a fellow up for

INVISIBLE MOLHERS-IN-LAW. Where a Man is Not Permitted to Behole were so supremely happy in their terres trial paradise was that no mother in law existed in their day; and ethnologists and antiquarians both sustain the argument directly the mother in-law came into existence a train of miseries originated, which, bacy, says "Cassell's Magazine." To support the idea that moshers in law have of his mother in law after he is once mar ference of race. The custom ob-tains among the Caffres of South Africa, among several of the Australian others look upon as testimony of the existence of a natural law, as a piece of wisfor whom he has so long labored.

ocial law or custom.

classes of the same city ! To go to a theatre with a lover and no chaperone, even in bright light, would scandalize a Filth avenue belle: but she would quite inno cently expose herself in a bodice so scant that an Eighth avenue maiden's self respect would die of chill if so bared. But I am not going into discussion of a social topic already worn out. I simply desire to tell of a fair and fashionable creature who sat next to her male cousin at a dinner party. Her coreage was stylishly low. The relative had last seen her at the opera, in a

Of course, I had to refute such s

At a fair held in the Charente Inferiente, In the confusion the roughs stole BILL NYE'S TALK.

decorous counting by tens alone.

"Writing and the use of the slate and

The Braud on Cain

Miss Geneva Armstrong, one of the

Miss Jennie Nichoil, of Nashville, Tenn., has caught a here ofore uppeard of hird as

in polica.

Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent boatle of Nerviline, the great pain remedy.

quarter of a pound of sugar daily, not counting sugar-former substances taken at the same time, and has been benefited by

POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

thority with the U.S. Supreme Court: Gov't Printing Office, and is recomme the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States.

OF EVERY PART OF THE GLOBE

& MILFORD, DEI

Something for young men only. Send 15 cents nellver to pay postage and packing daisy sample. Donaldson & Co., London, Ont.

mg VOLTAIC BELTCO., Marshall, Mic

R. U. AWARE