How She Ironed Bis Shirt.

- I'm afraid you may think him a dandy, And mention it, to his disgrace, When I tell you the front was embroidered And the neck and sleeves trimmed with
- lace. But I ironed it with such a feeling
- But tenderly bending o'er this one, I said, "Bless his heart," and "Sweet boy!" And smoothing the lace on the neck-band, lingered a minute to toy I ingered a minute to toy
 With the frill as it lay on my finger,
 And, though you may think I was soft,
 I pressed two quick kisses upon it,
 And laughingly held it aloft.
- I know wives don't usually do this. then ironing shirts for their lords When ironing shirts for their lords,
 They're more apt to indulge in a tantrum
 Of spite o'er their ironing boards.
 But list, and I'll tell you the secret,
 And you'll sympathize with me, I know,
 As one woman will with another,
 If she the white feather will show.
- My little girl up to her grammy's
- My fittle girl up to the grammer,
 Was staying, the morning before,
 And while she was rummaging, childlike,
 "Midst some duds in an old bureau drawer,
 She captured a shirt which her papa,
 When he was a baby, had worn,
 And begged it to rig up her dolly;
 And as it was wrinked and torn,
- Returned home, she said, "Mamma, wash it," And so, as I did her behest,
 And thought how my terrible giant
 Within its wee size had been pressed,
 Do you wonder I said "Bless his heart," as
 My fancy presented to view,
 A miniature phase of the mouster,
 Who now measures just six feet two?

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF " PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN,

- "You must," returns he, and to his surprise, she makes no further resistance. Perhaps she is cowed by the authority of his manner; perhaps she doesn't like the
- Encouraged, however, by her submission to a further daring of fortune, he says, "You might have given Cobbett as turn,
- I think, instead of devoting yourself all day to that egregious ass." "He prefers talking to Hermia. I sup-
- pose you don't want me to go up to people and ask them to be civil to me? Some other fellow, then.'
- "You would be just as jealous of him, "I am not jealous at all," indignantly.
- " I only object to your saying one thing to me, and another to him."
 "What is the one thing I say to you?" This staggers him.
- You must find me a very monotonous person if I say only one thing to you
- 'I haven't found you so." "Then it-whatever it is-must be one of the most elequent and remarkable speeches upon record. Do tell it to me." " Look here, Monica," says Mr Dasmond cautiously evading a reply; 'what I want to know is—what you see in Ryde. He is
- tall, certainly, but he is fat and effeminate, with 'a forehead villainous low.' 'Your own is very low," says Miss Beresford. "If I thought it was like his, I'd make
- away with myself. And you listen to all his stories, and believe them every one. don't believe a single syllable he says; never met such a bragger. To listen to him, one would think he had killed every tiger in Bengal. In my opinion, he nevel saw one."
 "'Les absents ont toujours tort,"
- quotes she, in a low, significant tone. This is the finishing stroke.
 "Oh you defend him," he says, as
- savagely almost as one of those wild beasts he has just mentioned. "In your eyes he is a hero, no doubt. I dare sav all women see virtue in a man who talks as familiarly of rearing lions as maids of
- thirteen do of puppy dogs.'"

 "I don't think maids of thirteen, as a rule, talk much of puppy-dogs. I'm sure Kit doesn't," says Monica, provokingly And really, to do Mr. Ryde justice too. never heard him mention a roaring lion, Perhaps you are thinking of Artemus Ward s lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour somebody." She smiles
- in a maddening fashion. I am thinking of Ryde," says Desmond. " I am thinking, too, how mad I was when I thought you liked me better than him. I
- fumed like a milliner' and hasn't two ideas in his head." "I can't think where you find all your quotations," says Monica, who is now seriously annoyed; "but I must ask you not to worry me any further about Mr.
- You are madly in love with him," says Desmond, choking with rage. Upon which Miss Beresford loses the last remnant of her patience, and very properly turns her hack on him.
- The rain has ceased, but during its reign has extinguished the dying sun, which has disappeared far below the horizon. A great hush and silence has followed the petulant burst of storm, and a peace un-speakable lies on all the land. There is little glimpse of the ocean far away beyond the giant firs, and one can see that its waves are calm, and the fishing boats upon
- its bosom scarcely rook.

 The grass is bending still with the weight of the past rain, and a plaintive dripping from the trees can be heard—a refreshing sound that lessens the sense of heat. The small birds stir oczyly in their nests, and now and then a drowsy note breaks from one or another; a faint mist, white and intangible, rises from the hills, spreading from field to sky, until
- The earth, with heaven mingled, in the shadowy twilight lay,
 And the white sails seemed like spectres in a cloud-land far away.
- "Ah! you don't like me to say that," says Desmond, unappeased by the beauty of the growing night; "but——"
 "Do not say another word," says Monica, imperiously. The moon is rising slowly slowly-and so, by the by, is her temper "I forbid you. Here," throwing to bim his coat; "I think I have before remarked that the rain is quite over. I am sorry I ever touched anything belonging to you."
- Desmond having received the coat, and put himself into it once more, silence ensues. It does, perhaps, strike him as a hopeful sign that she shows no haste to return home and so rid herself of a presence she has inadvertently declared to be hateful to her, because presently he says, simply,
- if a little warmly-There is no use in our quarrelling like this. I won't give you up without a further struggle, to any man. So we may as well have it out new. Do you care for that—
- It you had asked me that before sensibly—you might have avoided making an exhibition of yourself and saying many rude things. I don't in the least mind telling you," says Miss Beresford, coldly, "that I can't bear him."
- 'Oh, Monica! is this true?" asked he, in an agony of hope. "Quite true. But you don't deserve I should say it."
- "My darling! My 'one thing bright' in all this hateful world Oh!" throwing up his head with an impatient gesture.
 "I have been so wretched all this evening! I have suffered the tortures of the-
- "Now, you musn't say naughty words," interrupts she, with an adorable smile. "You are glad I have forgiven you?"
 This is bow she puts it, and he is only too content to be friends with her on any
- terms, to show further fight. " More thau glad." "And you will promise me never to be jealous again ?' This is a bitter pill, considering his former declaration that jealously and he

- swallows it bravely.
 "Never. And you—you will never again give me cause, darling, will you?"
 "I gave you no cause now," says the darling, shaking her presty head obstinately. And he doesn't dare contradict her. " You behaved really badly," she goes on, re-proschfully, "and at such a time, toojust when I was dying to tell you such good
- "Good ?-your aunts-" eagerly, "have "Ob, no! ob, dear, no!" says Mis
 Beresford. "They are harder than ever
 against you. Adamant is a sponge in conparison with them. It isn't that; but Madam O Connor has asked me to go and
- stay with her next Monday for a week !-And me, too ?"
- "N-o. Aunt Priscilla made it a condition with regard to my going that you shouldn't be there." "The ——— And Madam O'Connor gave in to such abominable tyramy?"
- "Without a murmur."
 "I thought she had a soul above that sort of thing," says Mr. Desmond, with disgust. "But they are all alike."
- "Who?—women?" "You mean to tell me I am like Aunt
- Priscilla and Madam O Connor?"
 "Old women, I mean," with anxious haste, seeing a cloud descending upon the brow of his beloved.
- " And, after all, it is good news," says Brian, brightening, "because though I can't stop in the house for the week, still there is nothing to prevent my riding over
- there every one of the seven days."
 "That's just what I thought," says Monica, ingenuously, with a sweet little
- bluah. " Ah! you wish for me, then ?" She refuses to answer this in any more direct manner than her eyes afford, but
- says, quickly, doubtfully—
 "It won't be deceiving Aunt Priscilla, your coming there to visit, will it? She must know she cannot compel Madam O Connor to forbid you the house. And the knows perfectly you are an intimate friend of hers."
- "Of course she does. She is a regular o'd tyrant-a Bluebeard in petticoats; 'No, no ; you must not abuse her," says
- Monica : so he becomes silent. She is standing very close to the trunk fo the old beech, half leaning against it upon one arm which is slightly raised. She has no gleves, but long white mittens that reach above her elbow to where the sleeves of her gown join them. Through the little holes in the pattern of these kindly mittens her white arms can be seen gleaming like snow beneath the faint rays of the early With one hand she is playing some imaginary air upon the tree's bark.
- As she so plays, tiny sparkles from her rings attract his notice. "Those five libtle rings," says Desmond,
- idly, " always remind me of the five little pigs that went to market-I don't know They didn't all go to market," demurely.
- One of them, I know, stayed at home.' how it makes me feel like a boy again.' "Then, according to Hood, you must be nearer heaven than you were a moment
- ago."
 "I couldn't," says Desmond, turning, and looking into her beautiful eyes. "My heaven has been near to me for the last half-hour." If he had said hour he would have been closer to the truth.

 A soft, lovely crimen creeps into her
- cheeks, and her eyes fall before his for a moment. Then she laughs—a gay, mirthful laugh, that somehow prote sentiment to
- Go on about your little pig ," she says, glancing at him with coquettish mirth. "About your rings, you mean. I never took at them that I don't begin this sort of Here, seeing an excellent opporthing." tunity for it, he takes her hand in This little turquoise went to market, this little pearl stayed at home, this little
- emerald got some—er—cheese———"
 "No, it wasn't," hastily. "It was roast beef. "So it was. Better than cheese, any day. How stupid of me! I might have known an emerald—I mean, a pig—
- did think is, you know; but I am desilusionnee. It is plain to me you are infatuated about this fellow, who is 'per her lips part, and she bursts into a merry her lips part, and she bursts into a merry wouldn't like cheese.
 - laugh at the absurdity of the thing. She is such a child still that she finds the keenest enjoyment in it. "Never mind," with dignity, "and permit me to tell you, Miss Beresford, that open ridicule is rude. To continue; this little pearl got none. and this little plain gold ring got -he got-what on earth did the little plain gold pig-I mean, ring-
 - get ? "Nothing. Just what you ought to get for such a badly-told story. He only oried. Wee. "
 - "Ob, no, indeed. He shan't cry at all. I won't have tears connected with you in
 - She glances up at him with eyes half shy, half pleased, and with the prettiest dawning smile upon her lips.

 He clasps the slender fingers closer, as though loath to part with them, and yet
 - his tale has come to a climax. "If I have told my story so badly, perhaps I had better tell it all over again,"
 - he says, with a base assumption of virtuous regret. 'No. I would not give you that trouble for the world," she says, mischievously, and
 - then the dawning smile widens, brightens into something indescribable, but perfect. "Oh, Monica, I do think you are the sweetest thing on earth," says the young man, with sudden fervid passion; and then all at once, and for the first time, he puts out his arm impulsively and draws her to him. She colors-still smiling, howeverand, after a brief hesitation, moves slowly but decidedly back from bim.
 - "You don't hate me to touch you, do you?" asks he, rather hurt. "No, no, indeed !" hurriedly. "Only
 - " Oaly what, darling ?" "I hardly know what," she answers, looking bewildered. "Perhaps because it is all so strange. Why should you love me better than any one?—and yet you do," anxiously, "don't you?"

 The innocently-expressed anxiety makes
 - his heart glad. his heart glad.

 "I adore you," he says, fervently; and then, "Did no one ever place his arm round you before, Monica?"

 He finds a difficulty in even asking this.
 - "Oh, no," with intense surprise at the question, and a soft, quick glance that almost shamed. "I never had a lover in my life until I met you. No one except you ever told me I was pretty. The first time you said it I went home (when I was out of your sight," reddening, "I ran all the rest of the way) and looked at myself in the glass. Then," naively, "I knew you were right. Still I had my doubts so I called Kit and told her about it; and she,' laughing. "said you were evidently a
 - person of great discrimination, so I suppos she agreed with you." " She could hardly do otherwise." "Yet sometimes," says Monica, with hesitation, and with a downcast face, "I bave thought it was all mere fancy with
 - you, and that you don't love me really." " My sweetheart, what a cruel thing to say tome! say to me!"
 "But see how you scold me Only
 now," nervously plucking little buts of bark
 from the trunk of the tree, "you accused
 me of dreadful things. Yes, sometimes I
 - doubt vou." " I wonder where I leave room for doub!? Yet I must convince yet. What shall I sixty seconds have honestly expired.

 **Wear by, then?" he asis, hall laughing;

 "the chaste Diana up above—the lovers' seconds ago, and I should not have

- swear by her ?" " Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, lest that thy love prove likewise variable," quotes she, archly; "and yet," with a sudden change of mood, and a certain awest gravity, "I do not
- mietrustyou."

 She leans slightly towards him, and, unasked, gives her hand into his keeping once again. She is full of pretty tender ways and womanly tricks, and as for the best time for displaying them, for this she
- has a natural talent. Desmond, clasping ber hand, looks at her keenly. His whole heart is in his eyes
- why is should tall to the ground," says Miss Firegerald, warmly, who is determined to show herself off in a gown that has done Tell me that you love me," he says, in duty for "Madame Favart," and the "B.h.mian Girl," and "Maritana," many low, unsteady voice. "How can I? I don't know. I am not. sure," she says, falteringly; "and," shrink-ing a little from him, "it is growing very late. See how the moon has risen above a time and oft. "I have another idea," says Mr. Kelly, at this opportune moment.

" And your idea."

inner consciousness.'

angry?

generally.

" The Huguenots!"

with aggressive insolence; which question,

being considered as adding insult to injury,

is treated with silent contempt.
"I told you it was not to be done," says

Olga, petulantly, addressing everybody

"I can't agree with you. I see no reason

"I am misunderstood," says Mr. Kelly,

- "If it is as useful as your first, you may keep it," says Olga, with pardonable indigthe firs. I must go home." Tell me you love me first." " I must not love you : you know that." nation.
- " But if you might, you could ?" Ye-es. "Then I defy all difficulties—aunts and friends, and lovers. I shall win you in the teeth of all barriers, and in spite of all opposition. And now go home, my heart's delight, my best beloved. I have this assurance from you, that your own lips have given me, and it makes me confident
- of victory."
 "But if you fail," she begins, nervously; but be will not listen to her.
 "There is no such word," he says, gayly. Or, if there is, I never learn it. Good-
- night, my love."
 "Good night." A little frightened by his happy vehemence, she stands well away from him, and holds out her hands in farewell. Taking them, he opens them gently and presses an impassioned kiss on each little pink-tinged palm. With a courteous reverence for her evident shyness he then releases her, and, raising his hat sands motionles until she has sprung down the bank and so reached the Moyne
- fields again.

 Then she turns and waves him a second and last good-night. Returning the salute, he replaces his hat on his head, and thrusting his bands deep in his pockets, turnt towards Coole—and dinner. He is somewhat late for the latter, but this troubles him little, so set is his mind upon the girl who has just left him.
- Surely she is hard to win, and therefore -how desirable! "The women of Ireland," says an ancient chronicler, " are the coyest, the most coquettish, yet withal the coldest and virtuousest women upon earth." Yet, allowing all this, given time and opportunity, they may be safely wooed. What Mr. Desmond complains of bitterly, in his homeward musings to night, is the fact that to him neither time nor opportunity is afforded.
- She is a woman, therefore to be won :" but how is his courtship to be sped, if thorns are to beset his path on every side, and if persistent malice blocks his way to the feet of her whom he adores?
- He reaches home in an unenviable frame of mind, and is thoroughly unsociable to Owen Kelly and the old Squire all the evening.
- Next morning sees him in the same mood; and, indeed, it is about this time he takes to imagining his little love as being a papless prisoner in the hands of two cruel ogres (I am afraid he really does apply the term "ogres" to the two old ladies of Moyne), and finds a special melancholy pleasure in depicting her as a lonely captive condemned to solitary confinement and dieted upon bread and water. To regard the Misses Blake in the light either of ogres or witches required some
- talent; but Mr. Desmond, at this period of his love-affair, managed it. He would go about, too, singing-

thrust between her rose red lips.

permitted to occupy so exalted a position.

Are you a stone, Ronayne, that you can

face?" Mr. Ronayne is at this moment

gazing at Mes. Bohun with all his heart in

for mastery.
"Yes; now you are all to decide upon

" If we mean to get up tableaux,

"Try me," says Lord Ressmoyne, bending over her chair. He has only just come,

and his arrival has been unaunounced.
"Ab! thank you!"—with a brilliant

smile. " Now you do look like business."

beg lying basking in the suushine is look.

July day that every one has deserted the

nouse and come out to find some air-a

difficulty. They have tried the grass terraces, in vain, and now have congregated

beneath a giant fir, and are, comparatively

speaking, cool.

Just before luncheon Madam O'Connor

brought Monica home in triumph with her from Moyne, to find Desmond, handsome

He got it, and one to dinner likewise.

thetic face.

It is Monday, and 4 o'clock. Aghyohill-

anybody," says Olga in despair.

huge white fan.

- Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, taking immense comfort out of, and repeat ing over and over again, such lines as-
 - I sought her bower at break of day, 'Twas guarded safe and sure; this season are the dear, sweet faces of young girls who have not become prema-Her father he has locked the door, Ber mother keeps the key; But neither bolt nor bar shall keep Myown true love from me, turely old by society endeavors.
- until bars, and bolts and locks and keys, great men to rise from the point of a little CHAPTER XVIII.
- every-day tack. wish you would all attend," says "There are no honest burglars," Olga Bohun, just a little impatiently, looking round upon the assembled group, with brows uplifted and the point of a peneil serves the Detroit Free Press. This astonishes us. We presume they will say next that a man can 't be a murde rer and
- Thrice blessed pencil!" murmurs Mr. iconoclastic age.—Puck. Kelly, in a very stage whisper. "Man is the superior being, yet he would not be "Father," said Rollo, "what is meant by the intoxication of wealth ?" " Means that money is tight," replied Rollo's father, who had been shinning around all the afternoon with a piece of paper looking for an auto-
- regard the situation with such an insensate grach The Queen has ordered her equerry to his eyes. He starts and colors. "I can-not help thinking of that dear little song open a pircus for her especial benefit. How odd Her Majesty will look sitting on a about the innocent daisy," goes on Mr. Kelly, with a rapt expression. "But I'd two-inch board, munching peanuts and drinking red lemonade, with her feet, etc., choose to be a pencil, if I might be a dangling in mid air .- Boston Transcript.
- " Now do let us decide upon something," says Olga, taking no heed of this sally, and Hangry. frowning down the smile that is fighting
 - A Boston physician was called out of a sound slumber the other night to answer the telephone.
 "Helio! what is it?" he asked, little
- something at once," says Mr. Kelly, gloomily. "There is a difficulty about he right way to begin it, but it must be done; Mrs. Bohun says pleased at the idea of leaving his comfort-"Baby is orging, doctor; what shall I
- so. There is to be no deception. I shall do?" came across the wires.
 "On! perhaps it's a pin," suggested the say one, two, three, and away, and then every one must have decided; the defaulter doctor, recognizing the voice of a young mother, one of his patients. will be spurned from the gates. Now lone, two——Desmond," sternly, "you are not deciding!"
- "I am, indeed," says Desmond, most "Perhaps he has the colic." returned untruthfully. He is lying on the grass at Monica's feet, and is playing idly with her "You are not doing it properly. I dare say Miss Beresford is making you uncom-fortable; and I am sure you are trying to
- doctor, as a last resort. "On! I'll see," came across the wires; then all was still. The doctor went back break her fan. Come over here and sit by me, and you will be much happier." to bed, and was soon asleep again. About half an hour afterwards he was again "Penance is good for the soul. I shall stay here," says Desmond. awakened by the violent ringing of his tele-phone bell. Jumping out of bed and placing certainly ought to set about them at once," the receiver to his car, he was cheered by says Hermia Herrick, indolently.
 "There doesn't seem to be any work in
- Something About Scarlet Fever. During the late epidemic of scarlet fever in Peoria a writer in the Medical Monthly claims to have successfully used quinine to prevent apread of the disease in families as oon as a single member was attacked. ing its loveliest—which is saying a great deal. The heat is so intense on this sweet no instance, he save, has it attacked any other member of the family unless the attack came on in a day or two after commenoing the quinine. He gave two or three grains three times a day, according to the age of the child; then, after four or five days, the dose may be lessened, but the use of quinine must be kept up for
 - the family are fully recovered.
- and happy, on her door step, waiting with calm certainty an invitation to that meal. During a trial several days ago in Arkan "We have set our hearts on tableaux, but it is so difficult to think of any scene sas, an old fellow who had been arraigned for killing a man arose and said: "Jedge, thar ain's no us'n goin' on with these profresh and unhackneyed," says Olga, gazing plaintively into Lord Rossmoyne's sympaseedin's, for I shot Tobe, but that ain't lobody's bus'ness, for Le "Don't give way," says Mr. Kelly, tenderly. "It must be a poor intellect that couldn't rise superior to such a demand " If be was your friend, all right." mine.' replied the judge; " for a man has a right to take a few liberties with his friends. The people in this part of the country are becoming too particular. Turn the sociable as that. Given one minute. I believe even I could produce an idea as novel as it would gentleman loose, Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."—Arkansaw Traveller. "You shall have your minute," says

bad nothing to do with each other; but he friend-is in full glory to night; shall I objected," says Mr. Kelly, with an assured DR. GOULD'S ESTABLISHMENT. A Correspondent Pretends to Give the

Millionaire's Living Expenses Netd I say that every one is exceedingly Mr. Gould's mansion, on the northeast

corner of Fifth avenue and Forty seventh Ever heard it before?" asks Mr. Kelly, street, is a plain looking double stone bouse, the interior of which is literally palatial. There are half a million dollars' worth of paintings on the walls, and the furnishing and decorations are of the costliest description. The suite on the second floor, occupied by the heads of the family, consists of bed room, houdoir, dressing-room and bath-room, decorated shiefly in pale blue and silver. Acro.s the hall Miss Nellie, the only daughter, has a similar suite in pink and white. On the third floor there is a study and a large nursery for the three small boys, Edward, Frank and Harold, whose tutors are paid \$2 000, \$4,000 and \$1,800 a year respectively George Gould's apartments are on the same floor, while the servants occurs the door above. The butler receives \$1,000 butler's assistant, \$400; Mr. Gould's valet, \$600; head cook and assistant, mournfully, but with dignity. "I shall write to Miss Montgamery and ask her to make another pathetic tale about me. As \$1 500, and housekeeper, \$1,000 a year. Two laundresses, two chambermaids, a partor you are bent on trampling upon an unknown genius—poor but proud—I shall not make maid, two waiting maids, two lady and two kitchen girls are paid from \$15 to to \$20 each per month. The food in the servants' hall is entirely different from you acquainted with this last beautiful thought which I have evolved from my that of the family table. Mrs. Gould spends two hours a day with her younger boys, and they read only what has been inspected by her. Since she joined the Forty Scoond Street Presbyterian Church, " Don't say that ! do tell it to us," says Monics, eagerly, and in perfect good faith. She knows less of him than the others, and may therefore be excused for still believing several years ago, she has been liberal in religious benefactions. Miss Nellie, a graduate of Mme. Reed's famous school, is Thank you, Miss Beresford. You can soar above a mean desire to crush a rising power. You have read, of course, that perfecting herself in music at a cost of \$20 popular poem by our poet-laureate, called per lesson. She has an allowance of \$5.000 a year for her wardrobe. The Gould stable, on Forty-fourth street, is a handsome building of brick, with brown stone trim-mings and plate glass windows. Six horses are kept in it during the winter, and cloued carriage, a landau and two ccupas.

magnificent view. It has twenty rooms above the basement. On the second floor

is a fine art gallery extending the entire depth of the house. Mangold, the steward at Irvington, has been in Mr. Gould's em

ploy over twenty years, and receives a salary of \$2000. The lawn about the

house is ninety five acres in extent, and

the macadamized road leading to the

entrance is a quarter of a mile long. There are in the estate 510 acres, 200 of which are woodland. The live stock conflets of

twenty horses, as many cows, a drove of

fowls. Eighteen men are on the place

for his steam yacht Atalanta, and to run the same costs him \$750 a month for wages.

\$200 a month for coal, repairs, etc., and

\$800 a month for general expenses when he

is aboard with his family. Besides the

fifteen sailors and five officers, forming the

crew, there are four cooks and a baker at

\$40 a month each, with two waiters, a

valet, a lady's maid, and a parlor maid.

from 6 to 11; luncheon at 2; tea and ices

allowance before he attained the dignity of

partnership with his father was \$10 000 a

year. His younger brothers have \$5 a

cially with melons, they need to be planted

perfectly ripen their crop.

If ammonia is allowed to escape and

permeate through the stables it will render

the animals liable to disease, and also rot

will absorb it, and the use of those sub-stances will, therefore, not only assist in

avoiding waste of vegetable fertilizing ma

The Danger of Cold Ten.

nas been much talked about, and many

have declared that it was due to intoxica

tion. This conclusion, however, was only an inference. The popular estimate of Me

Booth is that of a dignified, accomplished

of his unsteadiness on the evening in ques

The statement of Mr. Booth

self clears away all suppicions and inpuen

does. He said to a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune the next day after the co

ourrence: "I can explain to you the whole

that I am to be pitied for my sudden ill

Bacchus. I drank some very strong tes

for supper; that was all-stroog, black

President Cleveland will marry in June

This will enable his wife to escape the spring houseoleaning. Nothing discour-

ages a bride more than to be obliged to best

carpets, whitewash ceilings and acrob the cellar stairs before the honeymoon has

passed its Arst quarter, -Norristown Herald,

Vons."- Baltimore American.

ness, and not branded as a votary

iroumstance, and I am sure you will admit

gaseous substances.

terial, but prevent annoyance to stock from

Orleans Picayune.

George Gould's

Southdown sheep and a lot of

Yes," says Monica, staring at him. "I mean the poem in which he has so faithfully depicted the way in which two escaped lunatios would be sure to behave if left to their own devices. Considered as a warning to us to keep bolts and bars on Colney Hatch and Hanwell, it may be regarded as a delicate attention. Dear The staff consists of a coachman, two footmen, two grooms and two stablemen, and their wages range from \$45 a month down. Tennyson! he certainly is a public benefactor. There is a scene in that remarkable The expense of keeping up the stable is Mr. Gould's country seat in Irvington poem which I think might suit us. You was considered by its original owner, George remember where, after much wild careering in the foreground, the principal idioss Dawson Merritt, the most elegant, attrac decide upon riding home together, pillion tive and thoroughly equipped summer residence in the country. Mr. Gould paid \$200,000 for the property in 1880, and it is now worth \$1,000,000 at a low estimate. fashion?' "I—I think so," says Monica, who plainly doesn't, being much confused. The house is Gothic in style, and is 3 000 feet from the Hudson river, commanding a " Then on his foot she set her own and

- climbed,'-and then she threw her arms around him in a most unmaidenly fashion. if I recollect aright; but of course mad people will be vehement, poor sonle la they can't help it. Now, supposing we adopted that soene, wouldn't it be effective? One of Madam O Connor's big carriage horses, if brought forward—I mean the one that kicked over the traces, yesterday-would, I believe, create quite a sensation, and in all probability bring down the house."
- "The stage, certainly," says Desmond.

 "Ah! you approve of it," says Kelly, with suspicious gratitude. "Then let us arrange it at once. Miss Beresford might throw her arms around Ryde, for example ;
- that would be charming."

 Desmond looking at this moment as if he constantly, and in summer the number is nearly a hundred. The hot-houses and conwould willingly murder him, Mr. Kelly is apparently satisfied, and sinks to rest with servatory cover a space of 900 feet long and 450 feet wide, and with their contents are his head upon his arms once more. No one valued at \$250,000 At a fair estimate it else has heard the suggestion. costs Mr. Gould \$380 a day to keep up his Irvington place. The taxes on it amount to \$250 a month. Mr. Gould paid \$100,000 (To be continued)
 - Things Solomon Forgot to Say.
- Orange blossom groves are more popular than potato patches now, but wait until after the honey moon. Strawberry growers will not meet in con-
- vention this season for the purpose of lowering the bottoms of their boxes. The rivers in the southwest are so high
- from the recent rains that the fish having their bed-rooms on the third floor have to use step ladders. The prettiest things in spring bonnets
- "Great men have often risen from small beginnings," says some one. This is undoubtedly true. We have known mary
- gentleman at the same time.
- The Doctor Was Right-The Baby Was
- "No," was the rep!y, "I'm su
- the doctor, with well-simulated solicitude.
 "No, I don't think so," replied the anxious mother; "he doesn't act that way."
 "Then perhaps he's hungry," said the
- the following mes age:
 "You were right, dootor; baby was hungry."-Boston Globe.
- three weeks, or until the sick members of
- Olga, pulling out her watch. "Now-Women are slowly winning their rights. gin——"
 "Time's up," she says presently, when An Iowa judge has decided that a man is in duty bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when he is away from

being second with 20 299. ACCORDING to the New York Morning Journal's new plutocratic thermometer, him there.

A SHOPKEEPER in London, wishing people to bear his place in mind, caused a metal bar and some other innocent looking apparatus to be set up outside his show-window, and connected it with an electric battery, so that anybody paneing to look in and resting his hand upon the bar received a considerable shock. The contrivance did selves to the interior of a shop whose pecutual in driving away trade.

JOHN BRIGHT, though now 74 is still regarded as the greatest orator, the Demoshenes, of the House. His wonderful voice still retsias in age much of its delightful music, and his periods are full of the same pure and vigorous English as those of Milton, on which he has founded himself, and a copy of whose "Paradise Lost" he carries, as the best-loved companion always with him. But, then, as he himself saye, Gladstone speaks without preparation as many elequent words in one night as he does in a whole session. He takes three months to prepare one of his orations. recites it carefully, like Macaulay, again and again, and studies every attitude and intonation.

MR. REDGRAVE, the Chief Inspector of Factories in Great Britain, takes a very encouraging view of the efforts that are being made for the prevention of accidents in the establishments under his charge. According to his annual report, which has just been published, not only is the record of disaster at its maximum but the time has arrived when we may reasonably look forward to its diminution.
Already there are signs that this satisfactory process has commenced, for the total umber of accidents last year shows a deorease of 1 341 when compared with those that cocurred in 1884. Still the list is a long one—much longer, Mr. Radgrave admits, than it ought to be. In all, during 1885, 7,623 acordents were reported, involving a loss of 379 lives.

Considerable interest attaches to the results attained by various American and foreign scientists in their attempts to ascertain, by careful and prolonged observations, the daily increase of the earth's mass from the falling upon it of meteors and cosmical dust. Briefly, these observations udicate that about four hundred and fifty thousand meteors fall upon the surface of the whole earth every hour, the average weight of these bodies being about five graus each, the total representing nearly five thousand pounds per hour, or a fraction short of sixey tons every twenty four hours. It is remarked that such an amount There are separate diving saloons in the yaoht for the family, the officers, and the servants and sailors. Breakfast is served of material falling thus daily is certainly oo small increase to the earth's mass, and for this increase the earth's attraction is considered responsible to the extent of 20 per cent.; the balance of 80 per cent., it is alleged, would be increased each hour by globe the size of the earth, even if it had no attraction.

week apiece for pocket money. - New

- Farm and Garden. The roots of the strawberry often reach out five feet from the main stem, and feet of wall.
- hence the plants should not be set out too thickly. The banana is the most prolific of all fruits of the earth, being 44 times more used in medicine. productive than potatoes, and 131 times more than wheat.
- One hour early in the spring will do nore to clean out a strawberry bed than cannot equal. three or four hours a month later, and at the same time injure the vines less.

 Early gardening lengthens the growing
- season, and permits, at times, of two crops on the same land, as turnips may follow re nearly indestructible. peas, and time is thereby gained for putting in late crops.

 One of the principal items in good farm-
- ing is, as much as possible, to increase the fertility of the soil, and this can only be At present it cannot be utilized, owing to the cost of the acid process. secured by turning everything of value as a fertilizer to the best advantage. Melon and cucumber seeds require high temperature to germinate, and yet, espe-
- stone are 208 in number : many stones are hirty feet long, four feet broad and three very early to have a season long enough to feet thick. Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney; sixteen bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide the harness. Plenty of dry dirt or muck
 - a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long. A patent for artificial stone has just been issued by which an improved artificial stone is made of slacked lime, sulphur, vulphuric soid, common salt, or other saline natter, and sand, mixed in stated propor-
 - sand will cover 31 require yards 1 inch thick, 41 require yards 3 inch thick, and 63 square yards 1 inch thick. One buthel of cement and 1 of sand will cover 21 grare
- and high minded gentleman, and there are yards 1 inch thick, 3 square yard, 3 inch few, if any, persons who would want to believe the rumors that liquor was the cause thick, and 11 square yards 1 inch thick. A bouquet-holder has been patented which is an ornamentally shaped fitted with an internal holder, the received as to hold the flowers while providing against water flowing out, there being s

Euglish breakfast tea, icod, and several Neuralgia is one of the most com non cups of it. I have not been feeling particuand distressing complaints incidental to this climate. It is not confined to any parlarly well of late, and that cold, strong ten instead of calming my nerves, went straight to my head and made me intensely nerticular season, for whilst most ganets ticular season, for whilst most general in the winter season, yet many suffer its excruciating agony in the heat of summer. In lare years this form of disease has One of the non-resident masters of become better known, and contequently the large school in England was made the means of relief have become greatly viotim at the end of last term of a schoolore used in numbers, as well as in efficiency boy joke. About 3 o'clock in the morning Among the most nowerful and penetrating combinations alread within the rath of he was disturbed by the ringing of his doo Scrambling out of bed, he threw the public for the relief of neuralkis, we oren the window, stuck out his bead, and can mention no remedy equal to or more asked what was the matter. "We only wanted to tell you one of your wildows is open," answered a voice. "Which one?" certain than Polson's Nerviline, power over pain 13 something wonderful, and we advise a trial for neuralgia, or any at xiously asked the master, who is proother painful complaints. N-rviline verbially nervous about burglars. "Why

> certain young ladies regard young men who receive meagre salaries as being entirely "too fresh."

CURRENT TOPICS.

QUEEN VICT. RIA'S deference to the Irish claims is shown by her bestowing at the christening as sponsor to her granddaugh-ter—the child of the Duke and Duchess of

Connaught -the name of Patricia. A PARLIAMENTARY Blue Book just issued states that the number of volunteers of all arms in Great Britain at the end of last year amounted to 224 012. Out of this number 218,217 are returned as efficient Of the countier, Lancachire stands highest with 26,176 of all arms enrolled, Middlesex

there are only about 64 men in New York whose fortunes reach the \$1,000,000 degree all below that figure are lumped under the ominous term, poverty. Mr. John Jacob Astor is on the top of the heap, a good \$125 000 000 millionaire, and it must make the shade of Vanderbilt tear his hair to see

fix notice, but its effect was not altogether desirable. People refused to trust themliarities, even upon the outside, were so marked, and a large and savage dog in the doorway would hardly have been more effec-

- A cord of stone, three bushels of lime and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic
- There are about 67 distinct elements A Hindoo loom, complete, is worth 68 sents, and weaves shawls, silks and mus-
- line which our most expensive apparatus An excellent marking ink for woollen packages is made by dissolving asphal in naphtha or oil of turpentine to a thin fluid. Tais dries quickly, and the markings
- It is claimed that every ton of iron ore in arginia can be converted into superior Bessemer steel by the Ress basic process.
- The largest of the Egyptian pyramids is 540 feet high, 693 feet on the eides, and its base covers eleven acres. The layers of
- and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in
- tions, and made in a apecial machine which The unfortunate fall of Mr. Edwin Booth subjects them to a pressure of one ton per on the stage in New York the other night One bushel of cement and 2 bushels of
 - having sponge or other absorbent material in the bottom and the holder being so fitted binged pin for attaching the receiver to a garment, a hat or bonnet

A Sure Remedy for Neuralgia.

sold by all druggiess at 25 cents a battle, the one you have got your head out of, also trial bottles at 10 cents. Professor," screamed a whole ohorus of

-The word salary comes from the Latin salarium, literally salt money, from sal, ealt, which was part of the pay of Roman soldiers. This will probably explain why

LONGSTREET AND DAVIS.

General Longstreet in His Grav Uniterm

Saluting Jeff room Davis. (Frank Burr's Atlanta Special in N. Y. World.) General Longstreet was clad in the full uniform of a Confederate officer, Mr. Davis, the most conspicuous figure of a very notable event-indeed over and above all else-General Lingstreet's appearance here illustrates the spirit of this vation to the Confederate ex President. He has been a Republican ever since the war, constantly filing more or less distinguished positions under the different national administrations. surrender at Appomattox he has been against the methods of his old-time Con-federate associates. For this he has been ostracized by the people for whom he fought so well and sacrificed so much. Therefore his appearance to-day at the ceremony was the most significant feature, not only of its proceedings, but of the past

and future welcome to Mc. Davis.
After the ceremony was concluded, Gen. Longstreet said to me: "Tois cocasion is a revival of a barmless but beautiful sentiment. The old soldiers wanted to get to gether again, and this was perhaps the best occasion for a meeting. It means no dis-respect to any other rection of the country, or is there an evidence of disloyalty in the display. We all recognize that the war is over, and that all the questions then submitted for decision to the sword are for ever settled. Mr. Davis, growing old, the people were anxious to see him once again and this was the best time to do it. Probably it is his last appearance among us. That is all this demonstration means, and the right to this celebration by both the young and the old will everywhere be acknowledged. It means nothing more than a reunion of old comrades and the revival of never-fading memories." There is much more that is interesting and pathetic in General Long-street's appearance and utterance upon this occasion. It is the one new and significant phase of all this welcome to Mr. Davis. Much as General Longstreet has suffered in a hundred ways at the hands of the people for whom he fought so ardenily he forgot it all to-day in the common respect for the civil head of the great revolution, in which he was a commander second only to Lie. It mattered not to him that he been shut out of their homes and had been negleoved and despised. He only saw the approach of the final windup of the old Confederate cause in the meeting of the soldiers who wore the gray. So he took down the old uniform he has not worn since the surrender at Appomattox, put it on, and appeared here to-day in the vary like ness of himself twenty years ago.

The Judge Had Been There. Justice-How's this? Mr. and Mrs.

simeord brought in here for fighting? Disgraceful How did it happen? Mr. impord-Well, your Honor, we thought we would have a pleasant evening at home and so we got out the checker board and decided to have a little game, when-Justice, interrupting—Ab 1 I see. You are both discharged. I understand. I have been married myself .- New York Grophic.

· Our Progress As stages are quickly abandoned with

the completion of railroads, so the buge drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are with the sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard eds, but composed of bighly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists. "Who shall decide when doctors dis-

will sink a great ship; and what at first pears to be a trifling ocush is apt to sulminate in consumption, if not properly attended to in time. For consumption, which is scrotula of the lungs, and for all

agree?" Alas! sometimes the undertaker

blood and skin diseases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal. By druggists. - Bonnets are worn at ladies' luncheon parties, or should be. Young and middle aged men suffering rom nervous debility and kindred affect ions, as loss of memory and hype

bould enclose 10 cents in stamps for large illu-trated pamphlet suggesting sure ours.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical
Association, Buffalo, N. Y. A suit for \$25 000 has been commenced

in Toronto against the American Watch Case Co., for boycotting. Britain's last year's drink hill would have found maintenance, at the rate of \$6 per week per family of five, for 7 901,845 persons. It is equal to a our of two Buil-ings per pound on the rotal income of the people of the United Kingdom.

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