The Girls That Are Wanted.

anubbed

Ernest.

he room in her stately way

said after her :

way !

claimed Eva.

The girls that are wanted are good girls-Good from the heart to the lips ; Pure as the lily is white and pure, From its heart to its sweet leaf tips. The girls that are wanted are home girls-

Girls that are mother's right hand, That fathers and brothers can trust to, And the little ones understand. Girls that are fair on the hearthstone

And pleasant when nobody sees ; Kind and sweet to their own folk, Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls That know what to do and to say; That drive with a smile or a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense Whom fashion can never deceive; Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare, what is silly, to leave.

The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost; Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts That are wanted for mothers and wives; Wanted to cradle in loving arms, The strongest and frailest of lives.

The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl, They are very few, understand ; But, on t for the wise, loving, home girls There's a constant and steady demand



"Indeed! you were unfortunate that afternoon. "Miss Ceswick," went on Mr. Plowden.

after a pause, "if I could find means to induce your sister to change her verdict. would my suit have your support?" Florence raised her piercing eyes from her work, and for a se ond fixed them on

the clergyman's face. "That depends, Mr. Plowden." "I am well off," he went on eagerly "and I will tell you a secret. I have bought the advowson of this living; I happened to

hear that it was going, and got it at a bar-gain. I don't think that Halford's life is worth five years' purchase." Why do you want to marry Eva, Mr Plowden ?" asked Florence, ignoring this

piece of information ; "you are not in love with her?" love; No, Miss Ceswick. I don't

think that sensible men fall in love; they leave that to boys and women." "Oh! Then why do you want to marry

Eva? It will be best to tell me frankly Mr. Plowden.' He hesitated, and then came to the con

clusion that with a person of Florence's penetration frankness was the best game Well, as you must know, your sister is an extraordinarily beautiful woman."

And would therefore form a desirable addition to your establishment?'

"Precisely," said Mr. Plowden. "Also,' he went on, "she is a distinguished-looking woman, and quite the lady. Florence shuddered at the phrase.

"And would therefore give you social status, Mr. Plowden?' conclusion

"Yes. She is also sprung from an ancient family." Florence smiled, and looked at Mr. Plow

den with an air that said more plainly than any words, "Which you clearly ar not. "In short, I am anxious to get married.

and I admire your sister Eva more than anybody I ever saw."

"All of which are very satisfactory. reasons, Mr. Plowden; all you have to do is to convince my sister of the many take her hand. advantages you have to offer her-and to win her affections." "Ah, Miss Ceswick, that is just the

point. She told me that her affections are already irredeemably engaged, and that she had none to give. If only I have the opportunity, however, I shall hope to be able to distance my rival." Florence looked at him scrutinizingly as

she answered : "You do not know Ernest Kershaw, o

you would not be so confident. "Why am I not as good as this Ernest?" he asked ; for Florence's remark, identical to handle. as it was with that of Jeremy, wounded his

vanity intensely. "Well, Mr. Plowden, I do not want to be rude, but it is impossible for me to con ceive a woman's affections being won away from Ernest Kershaw by you. You are so very different." If Mr. Plowden wanted a straightfor ward answer he had certainly got it. For some moments he sat in sulky silence, and then he said :

How hard we are upon your sins and weak "I never encouraged Mr. Plowden. Nonsense, Eva, you will not get me sses, how tender you are to ours ! Surely it will be a happy day for the believe that. If you do not encourage him he would not go on making love to you civilized world when, freed at last by the growth of knowledge and the increased Gentlemen are not so fond of being sense of justice, woman takes her place as

man's equal, no longer his vassal and the "Mr. Plowden is not a gentleman," exminister to his wants and pleasures only, but as his equal; when she brings her fine intellect and enlarged capacity to bear upon "What makes you say that ?' he questions which hitherto he has been

"Because a gentleman would not perse-cute me as he does. He will not take 'No' for an answer, and to day he kissed my hand. I tried to get it away from him, but pleased to consider his exclusive right, and her trained intelligence to their solution; when the social barriers are broken down could not. Oh, I hate him !" and she is untrammeled in the exercise of " I tell you what it is, Eva; I have Plowden is a very respectable man, he is a clergyman and well off, altogether quite her natural rights, except by the truer sense of virtue and the stronger sense of duty which even now elevate her far above our heads.

I am sick of Ernest! If he wanted to Poor Eval Yes, give her all your pity, marry you, he should not go shooting people and then running off to South but purge it of your contempt. It requires that a woman should possess a mind of unpeople and then running off to South Africa. Don't you be so silly as to pin your usual robustness to stand out against cir-cumstances such as hemmed her in, and cumstances such as hemmed her in, and this she did not possess. Nature, which had showered physical gifts upon her with such a lavish hand, had not given her that faith to a boy like that. He was all very well to flirt with while he was here; now h has made a fool of himself and gone, and there is an end of him." "But, Florence, I love Ernest. I think

"But, Florence, I love Ernest. I think most useful of all gifts, the power of self-I love him more dearly every day, and I defence. She was made to yield; but this was her only fault. For the rest, she was detest Mr. Plowden. pure as the mountain snow and with

"Very likely. I don't ask you to love r. Plowden. I ask you to marry him. heart of gold. Herself incapable of deceit. Mr. Plowden. it never occurred to her to imagine it in What have love and marriage got to do with each other, I should like to know? If others. She never suspected that Florence could have a motive in her advocacy of Mr people were always to marry the people they loved, things would soon get into a pretty mess. Look here, Eva, as you know, I do not often obtrude myself or my own interests, but I think I have a right to be Plowden's cause. On the contrary, she was possessed to the full with that idea of duty and self-sacrifice which in some women amounts almost to madness. The motion so cleverly started by Florence. that she considered a little in this matter. You have was bound to take this opportunity of giv now got an opportunity of making a home for both of us. There is nothing against Mr. Plowden. Why should you not marry ing her sister a home and the permanen protection of a brother-in-law, had taken a firm hold of her mind. As for the crue nim as well as anybody else? Of course, i wrong and injustice which her marriage with Mr. Plowden would work to Ernest you choose to sacrifice your own ultimate happiness and the comfort of us both to a it, strange as it may seem, never occurred to her to consider the matter in that light silly whim, I cannot prevent you, you are your own mistress. Only I beg you to disabuse your mind of the idea that you could She knew what her own sufferings were and not be happy with Mr. Plowden because you happen to fancy yourself in love with always must be; she knew that rather die than he false to Ernest hut

somehow, she never looked at the other side Why, in six months you will have of the nicture, never considered the matter orgotten all about him." from Ernest's point of view. After the true But I don't want to forget about him. "I dare say not. That is your abomin-able egotism again. But, whether you want womanly fashion she was prepared to throw herself under the hideous Juggernaut called duty, and let her inner life, the life of her to or not, you will. In a year or two, when

heart, be crushed out of her ; but she neve you have your own interests and your chilthought of the twin life which was welded "Florence, you may talk till midnight if with her own, and which must be crushed you like, but, once and for all, I will not marry Mr. Plowden," and she swept out of too. How curious it is that when women talk so much of their duties, they often think so little of the higher duty which Florence laughed softly to herself as she they owe to the man whose love they have won, and whom they cherish in their mis-

"Ah, yes you will, Eva. I shall be pin uided hearts! The only feasible explana tion of the mystery is, that one of the ideas ning a bride's veil on that proud head of yours before you are six months older, my that have been persistently drilled into the female breast is that men have not any question of time and cunningly-applied pressure. Eva yielded at last.

But there is no need for us to follow th her natural feelings and contracts hersel hateful story through its various stages. If by chance any of the readers of this history she deserts is generally the last person to be are curious about them, let them go and study from the life. Such cases exist considered. Poor wretch, he will, no doubt get over it. Fortunately, many do. around them, and, so far as the victims are concerned, there is a painful monotony in the development of their details and their

And so it came to pass that one afternoor in the early summer, Florence, coming in from walking, found Mr. Plowden and her The latter was very pale, and shrinking with scared eyes and trembling limbs up against the mantel-piece, near which she was standing. The former, looking big and They had an ox waggon and a span of six teen "salted" oxen, that is, oxen which will not die of lung-sickness, and in thi vulgar, was standing over her and trying to 'Congratulate me, Miss Florence," he

lumbering vehicle they travelled about wherever fancy or the presence of buck took them. Mr. Alston and his boy Roger said. "Eva has promised to be mine. "Has she ?" said Florence coldly. " "" Hov slept in the waggon, and Ernest in a little glad you must be that Mr. Jones is out of tent which was pitched every night along It was not a kind speech, but the fac side and never did he sleep sounder. was, there were few people in the world for whom Florence had such a complete con was a freshness and freedom about the life which charmed him. It is pleasant afte tempt, or whom she regarded with such in tense dislike as she did Mr. Plowden. The the day's shooting or travelling to partak of the hearty meal; and then comes th mere presence of the man irritated her beyond all bearing. He was an instrument pipe, or rather a succession of pipes. and the talk over the day's sport. And then, at last, up comes the splendid African suited to her purposes, so she used him, but she could find it in her heart to regret moon like a radiant queen rising from a throne of inky cloud, flooding the whole that the instrument was not more pleasant

came across a fine bulleland standing rubbing himself against a mimosa-thorn tree. A shot from his express, planted well behind the shoulder, brought the noble

beast down quite dead, and having laden the two Kafirs with them with the tongue, liver, and as much of the best meat as they could carry, they started back for camp. Meanwhile one of the sudden and tre mendous thunder-storms peculiar to South Africa came swiftly up against the wind heralding its arrival by a blast of ice-cold air; and presently they were staggering along in the teeth of a fearful tempest. The whole sky was lurid with lightning, the hills echoed with the continuous roll of thunder, and the rain came down in sheets In the thick of it all, exhausted, bewildered and wet to the skin, they reached the camp There a sad sight awaited them. In from

of the tent which served as a hospital fo Jeffries was a large ant heap, and on this ant heap, clad in nothing but a flannel shirt, sat Jeffries himself. The rain was beating on his bare head and emaciated face, and the ice-cold breeze was tossing his dripping hair. One hand he kept raising to the sky to let the cold water fall upo it; the other the boy Roger held, and by i vainly attempted to drag him back to the tent. But Jeffries was a man of large build and the little lad might as well have tried to drag an ox.

"Isn't it glorious ?" shouted the deliriou man, as they came up ; "I've got cool a last.'

"Yes, and you will soon be cold, po fellow !" muttered Mr. Alston as the hurried up. They got him back into the tent, and half an hour he was beyond all hope. He did not rave much, but kept repeating ingle word in every possible way. That

At dawn on the following morning he died with it on his lips. Ernest often wondered afterward who "Alice" could be Next day they dug a deep grave under au ancient thorn tree, and reverently laid him to his rest. On his breast they piled great stones to keep away the jackals, filling in the cracks with earth.

Then they left him to his sleep. It is a sad task that, burying a comrade in the lonely wilderness. As they were approaching the waggon

again, little Roger sobbing bitterly, for Mr. Jeffries had been very kind to him, and the first experience of death is dreadful to the young, they met the Zulu voorlooper, a lad called Jim, who had ben out all day watching the cattle as they grazed. H saluted Mr. Alston after the Zulu fashion by lifting the right arm and saying the word "Inkoos," and then stood still. "Well, what is it, boy?" asked M

Alston. " Have you lost the oxen ?' "No, Inkoos, the oxen are safe at the yoke. It is this. When I was sitting on the kopje yonder, watching that the oxer of the Inkoos should not stray, an Intomb

(young girl) from the kraal under the nountain came to me. She is the daughter of a Zulu mother who fell into the hands of Basutu dog, and my half-cousin.' ' Well ?' " Inkoos, I have met this girl before,

have met her when I have been sent to buy maas' (buttermilk) at the kraal." " Good !"

"Inkoos, the girl came to bring heavy news, such as will press upon your heart. Sikukuni, chief of the Bapedi, who lives over yonder under the Blue Mountains. as declared war against the Boers." "I hear."

"Sikukuni wants rifles for his men such as the Boers use. He has heard of the Inkosis hunting here. To-night he will send an Impi to kill the Inkosis and take "These are the words of the Intombi

"Yes, Inkoos, these are her very words. She was sitting outside the tent grinding ficate of election. imphi' (Kafir corn) for beer, when she heard Sikukuni's messenger order her father to call the men together to kill us to-night."

"I hear. At what time of the night was the killing to be?" (To be continued.)

How to Save the Apple Crop The State Entomologist of Illinois, Prof S. A. Forbes, says in a bulletin just issued

apple orchards with arsenical poisons show

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who Are Just Lifting Life's Curtain. PUNISHMENT SUSPENDED.

A 4-year-old miss of Main street, with serious air, said to her mother the other day: "Ma, I think I ought to get a panking." Mamma made an effort to ook her sharply in the eye, when the little one added : "I guess you needn't mind this time. I won't be naughty again."—Buffale Courier.

A LIBERAL INTERPRETATION.

In school. The teacher takes out hi watch.

"As we have a few minutes before w close, you can ask any question you wish. One little kid comes forward. 1 . 1 Teacher, what time is it, please San Francisco Chronicle.

ROBBY APPLIES & TEST.

Robby, aged 3, complained that his tea, the regulated milk-and-water article, was not to his taste. His mother, beside whom he was seated, said : "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose we change teas," suggested Robby.—From Babyhood

WANTED FULL CREDIT.

A benevolent young lady, who had for ong time sought to convey some lasting moral lessons to young boys at the North End who had been gathered into her class to young boys at the North while conversing with one of the youngsters recently, referred to the death of his brother, when he spoke up in a tone expres that ain't all the dead I got ; I had 'nother brother die awhile ago."—Boston Journal.

Foibles of Sundry Folks.

The Legislature of Alabama has elected woman for enrolling and engrossing clerk Saratoga, N.Y., has a woman bill-poster who handles the brush with the skill of an expert.

The Chinese have a custom of wearing two watches, because if "one makee sicl and die, other live."

A little girl recently entered the store of a Hamilton druggist with a slip of paper which read: "Please sell bearer one-halfpint of tepid water."

The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to survive must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a woman. "A man said to me the other night," re-

marked a clergyman, "' I would not have missed your sermon for \$50,' and yet, when the plate was passed round, that man put n a penny.

Nora Brown, of Owensboro, Ky., lying ill with a fever, startled her friends by suddenly saying that she saw an angel, said to her distinctly : "Thou shalt live another year." Her friends believe Nora. A Buffalo lawyer was under examination as a witness and had stated approximately the time at which something had occurred when he was sharply requested by the examining attorney to be more definite "You ought to know. It was about the time you collected my costs in that suit and kept the money," was the paralyzing reply.

A novel mode of deciding an election was recently adopted by two candidates in Crete, Neb., who had a tie for the Legislature. King and Fishburn were the parties interested, and they cast lots to see who should occupy the seat. King won and received the certificate. Fishburn afterward expressed dissatisfaction with the manner of the draw. King surrendered the certificate, and by mutual consent another draw was had, and resulted favor ably to Fishburn, who received the certiin a week.

It is said that whenever an eruption of the Bromo volcano, Japan, takes place, the natives, as soon as the fire (the molten lava no doubt is meant) comes down the moun-tain, kindle at it the wood they use as fuel ing, are out for holiday presents. The most successful gifts are for cooking. They keep in the fire thus made for years, and whenever it goes out through neglect or for any other reason they never kindle it anew from matches. York Mail and Express. but they get a light from their nearest neighbors, whose fire was originally obtained from the volcano. The fires in use up to the latest outburst in the native cookelaborate experiments made in the

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Girls Who Don't Want Expensive Presents -Advice for Young Men.

Some nice girls have taken the initiative n a very commendable fashion, and agree to accept no presents over a 50 cent limit. They say the custom of holiday presents is a tax upon society, and many of their friends who ought not to afford it dislike to feel their regard eclipsed by the expensive offerings of others. So all are given to understand that their regard is not to be appraised by the tribute brought, but riends may employ taste and fancy to devise just as pretty things as may be within the modest sum named. It is urprising, they say, what really pretty and valuable things can be found for 50 cents. One lady gives in her list at that price as follows:

auction for 10 cents, and covered

sefulness to the misshapen package. Per-

bloom

haps the most enviable things were

chiefs, scented box of embroidered

follows: Small scent jar filled with lavender flowers; a box from a little brother with 45 cents in postage stamps torn for use ; a plain box of good stationery, linen paper and envelopes in plenty for three months; a pretty fichu of lawn and lace; a crystal jar full of the clearest having been carried away as if by a cannor honey from one friend, and the mate to it filled with delicious homemade cream ball. drops and choice candies; a French photograph in a white frame; a copy of Tennyson's late poems, the paper cover taken off and rebound by a clever friend in parchment paper, with water color design and pen and ink head-pieces ; a volume of Murray's Receipts," covered with rosebud chintz; a fir pillow in soft gray linen,

with the usual embroidered fir branch and cones ; a low side-table covered with chrysanthemum cretonne by deft fingers, and ow chair to match, bought it must be confessed, much the worse for age at an was two feet seven inches. The corresponding limb of a very powerful man scarcely exceeds a foot in circumference. with the oright dark cretonne, fresh and ruffled, very cozy things for a housekeeper; pretty Japanese paper knife in bronze and

gilded inlay; one of the painted Russian bowls for confectionery or nuts; a Mexitiger much dreaded, especially in the case of those natives who do not possess flocks or herds. Indeed. when an Ênglishman ha can jar; a dresser candlestick, of ermine lacquered tin, you know, big, safe and artistic, and a lot of bijouterie from offered to kill a tiger whose lair was well known he has been requested not to do so. is the tiger did no harm and killed so many he 5-cent store, where a humorous friend laid out his 50 cents in conveniences—a deer that it supplied the neighbors with oasting-fork with long wooden handle, The tigress is much more to be meat wood-handled spoon, clamp, yardstick, reel, trellis—there was no end to the fun and dreaded as a man-eater than the male nimal

> Professor Proctor says "It is almost impossible to say under what conditions life is possible or impossible. Men of science have lately been taught this in a very striking manner. For, judging by what they know of the state of things at the bottom of the deep sea, they concluded that there could be no living creature there. They reasoned that the pressure exerted by the water would crush the life out of any known creature, which was unquestionably true. A piece of the hardest and densest wood sunk to those depths has the water literally forced into its substance, and the tremendous mail of the crocodile, or the thick skin of the rhinocerous, would be unable to resist a tithe of the enormous pressure exerted by the water at the bottom of the deep seas. Yet it is now nown that creatures not only exist down here, but that, notwithstanding the great darkness that must prevail there, these crea-tures are provided with the means of seeing. So unlike are they to all other creature owever, that they are unable to live out of their native depths, and when dragged up by the dredges they are burst asunder, and are killed long before reaching the surface. This should teach us that although it may be proved that in some inaccessible world like Venus, or any of her fellow-planets, the conditions which prevail are not such as would be convenient to terrestrial creatures, or are even such as no creatures known to us could endure even for a few minutes, life may nevertheless exist. It is, indeed, tolerably certain that if there be living creatures ably certain that it there be living creatures in Venus (as, for my own part, I little doubt), and if among these creatures there be any which possess reasoning powers such as ours (which is not so certain), it must appear to such reasoning beings in Venus at least as difficult to understand how our earth can be inhabited, as we find it to con-

the best proof of the great power of Polson's NERVILINE OVER every kind of pain is ob

ceive what nature of creatures they may be

A TIGER'S TERRIBLE BLOW

Crushing the Skull of an Ox at a Single

Stroke-Killed in the Jungle. man-eater which for six months had been the terror of the neighborhood had been traced down and was seen to creep

into a ravine, says the Rev. J. G. Wood in "Good Words." The beaters were at once ordered off, as they could not be of service and might be charged by the tiger, which had already been rendered furious by a wound. Unfortunately, these men are in the habit of half intoxicating themselves with opium before driving the tiger from his refuge, and one of them who had taken too large a dose refused to escape, and challenged the tiger, drawing his sword and waving it defiantly. In a moment the animal sprang upon him, dashed him to the ground with a blow of his paw, and turned at bay. After a series of desperate charges he was killed. The hunters then went to the assistance of the wounded man, but found that he was past all aid, the lower part of his face, including both jaws,

The terrific effect of the single blow indicates the power of the limb which struck it. Had the blow taken effect a few inches higher the whole of the head would have been carried away. By a similar blow a tiger has been known to crush the skull of an ox so completely that when handled the broken bones felt as if they were loose in a bag. The wonder at this terrific strength diminishes when the limb is measured The tiger which killed the foolhardy man was by no means a large one, measuring nine feet five inches from the nose to the tip of the tail; yet the girth of the forearm

Not until it becomes a man-eater is the

Are the Stars Peopled ?

ing plants in pots, common things, not common in their growth; winter stocks, red and velvety; wall-flowers, dark and velvety, filling the room with their spice. If any young man wants to know what to ist following: He may give her a rose-jar in pink or Aladan porcelain, one of those mantel urns with perforated second cover to let the scent escape. If filled with red rose leaves, which are sold by the druggists, or with potpourri the better. A box of handkerchiefs, embroidered awn, in white, black and white embroidery. solid pale blue, pink and buff worked in the same shade, cream silk and crape ker satin serge, which is the novelty for toilet boxes, portfolios and bookfindings. He might put the value of the whole in one lace kerchief but most girls would prefer the dozen of fancy lawn. A scent stand in silver and painted crystal or porcelain in gay flowery painting, holding four flowers of different perfumes. A porcelain, silver or bronze enameled swing glass for the toilet with candlestick to match. Silver buttonhook and slipper buckles. Gloves, tan, pearl gray, and noisette or palm-wood tints in perfumed box. These are all safe pre-sents, things that a girl won't have to force her feelings to be grateful for, that hit woman's tastes, and bring the giver pleasantly before the mind a good many times Perfumed mucilage is an addition to polite stationery, and is much better than bandoline for keeping crimps in place. Buttonhooks with long, ornamental handles all of solid silver, which allow a lady to button her boot without much stoop gifts are sure to be elegant things for the toilet or desk.-New

which exist in Venus.' Professor Blackie on "Vulgaw" Songs. Professor Blackie delivered a lecture on Those Who Have Tried it Say the "Love Songs of Scotland," at Gourock, on the 16th ult. He said the Scotlish lan-

CHAPTER XXIII. OVER THE WATER. Mr. Alston and Ernest carried out thei plans as regards sport. They went up to Lydenburg and had a month's wilderbeest and blesbok shooting within three days 'trek " with an ox-waggon from that cur ous little town. The style of life was quit new to Ernest and he enjoyed it much

wide veldt with mysterious light, and re veals the long lines of game slowly travel

rounde

The

"I suppose if that is the case, there i nothing to be done." "I never said that. Women are

frequently married whose affections are very much engaged elsewhere. You know how they win their wives in savage countries, Mr. Plowden; they catch them. Marriage by capture is one of the oldest institutions in the world." Well !'

"Well, the same institution still obtain in England, only we don't call it by that name. Do you suppose that no women are hunted down nowadays? Ah, very many are; the would-be husband heads the pack and all the loving relatives swell its cry

"You mean that your sister can be hunted down," he said, bluntly. "I I I mean nothing except that the persistent suitor on the spot often has a better chance than the lover at a distance

however dear he may be." Then Mr. Plowden took his leave Florence watched him walking down the

garden-path. "I am glad Jeremy shook you soundly," she said aloud. "Poor Eva !"

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. PLOWDEN GOES A-WOOING.

Mr. Plowden was not a man to let the Heaven. grass grow under his feet. As he once took the trouble to explain to Florence, he considered that there was nothing like boldness in wooing, and he acted up to his convic tions. Possessing no more delicacy of feeling than a bull-elephant, and as much consideration for the lady as the elephant has for the lily it tramples under-foot, he, figuratively speaking, charged at Eva every time he saw her. He laid wait for her round corners and asked her to marry him; he dropped in on her at odd hours, and insisted upon her marrying him. t was quite useless for her to say 'No, no, no," or to appeal to his better feeilngs or compassion, for he had none, He simply would not listen to her; but, encouraged thereto by the moral support which he received from Florence, he crushed the poor girl with his amorous eloquence.

It was a merry chase that Florence sat and watched with a dark smile on her scornful lip. In vain did the poor white doe dash along at her best white doe dash along at her best speed, the great black hound was ever at her flank, and each time she turned, came bounding at her throat. The idea of a chase, and a hound, and a doe took such a strong possession of Florence's saturnine imagination that she actu ally made a drawing of it, for she was a clever artist, throwing by a few strokes of her pencil a perfect likeness of Mr. Plowden into the fierce features of the hound The doe she drew with Eva's dark eyes, and when she had done them there was such a world of agony in their tortured gaze that she could not bear to look at them and tore her picture up. One day Florence came in and found her

sister weeping.

"Well, Eva, what is it now ?" she asked

"Mr. Plowden," sobbed Eva. "Oh, Mr. Plowden again! Well, my dear, if you will be so beautiful and encourage men, you must take the consequences."

ng to their feedin and even in the midst of her fear and misery Eva smiled, and thought to herself ridges of the rolling plain. that it was lucky for her hateful lover tha For a while, perhaps, after you take to bed, you lie so, your pipe still between you

Mr. Plowden turned pale at her taunt

omebody else was "out of the way." Poor Éva !

lips a gazing up through the opening of the little tent at two bright particular stars little tent at two bright particular stars shining in the blue depths above, or watch "Poor Eva !" you think to yourself, my reader; "there was nothing poor about her; she was weak; she was contemptible." ing the waving of the tall tambouki-gras Oh, pause awhile before you say so! as the night-wind goes sighing through it Remember that circumstances were against And then, behold! The cold far stars draw Oh, pause awhile before you say so near, grow warm with life and change t her; remember that the idea of duty, drilled into her breast and the breasts of Eva's eyes-if you have an Eva-and th her ancestresses from generation to genera-tion by the superior animal man, and fated and the sad whispering of the wind her and the sad whispering of the wind her voice, which speaks and tells you that she as often as not to prove more of a bane than a blessing, was against her ; remember that has come from far across the great seas to tell you that she loves you, to lull you to her sister's ever-present influence overshadowed her, and that her suitor's vulgar

your rest. What was it that frightened her so soon vitality crushed her to the ground. The rattling of chains and the deep lowing of the oxen, rising to be ready for the dawn "Yet with it all she was weak," you say Well, she was weak, as weak as you must expect women to be after centuries of It has not come yet, but it is not far off tyranny have bred weakness into their very See, the gray light begins to gleam upon th oxen's horns, and far away, there in the east, the gray is streaked with primrose nature. Why are women weak? Becaus men have made them so. Because the law that was framed by men and the public Away with dreams, and up to pull the shivering Kaffirs from their snug lair be opinion which it has been their privilege to direct have from age to age drilled into them the belief that they are naught but neath the waggon, and to give the good nags, which must gallop wilderbeste all to day. a double handful of mealies before yo chattels, to be owned and played with, ex isting for their pleasure and their passion and ranking in value somewhere between

'Thus shalt thou be."

Ah neu-yak-trek ! The great waggor strains and starts and presently the glori-ous sun comes up and you eat a crust of their houses and their oxen. Because men being the stronger animals, have crushed bread as you sit on the waggon-box, and wash it down with a mouthful of spirit and and forced them into certain molds, saying, Because men hav feel that it is a splendid thing to get up systematically stunted their mental growth and denied them their natural rights and

early. Then, about half-past eight, comes the that equality which is theirs before high Heaven. Weak! Women have become halt for breakfast and the welcome tub in weak because weakness is the passport to the favor of our sex. They have become the clear stream that you have been making or, and after breakfast saddle up the nags take your bearings by the kopje and off after that great herd of wilderbeeste. foolish because education has been with held from them and ability discouraged And so, my reader, day adds itself to day they have become frivolous because frivolity and each day will find you healthier, hap-pier and stronger than the last. No letters, has been declared to be the natural missio of woman. There is no male simpleton who does not like to have a bigger simpleton

no newspapers, no duns and no babies. Oh, think of the joy of it, effete Caucasian, and than he is to lerd it over. What would the empty-headed donkeys do if there were none emptier-headed than they to re-echo go buy an ox-waggon and do likewise. After a month of this life, Mr. Alstor their brays? Truly the triumph of the stronger sex has been complete, for it has came to the conclusion that there would now be no danger in descending into the low country toward Delagoa Bay in search of large game. Accordingly, having added to their party another would be Nimrod, a even succeeded in enlisting its victims in its service. The great instruments in the suppression of women and in their retention a gentle man just arrived from England in their present livel are women themselves. And yet, before we go home and bully our wives and daughters, or to the club and search of sport, they started, For the first month or so things went very well with them. But soon the luck turned. First, sneer at the weaknesses and failings of those of others, let us be for a moment just. their horses died of the terrible scourge o

all this part of South Africa, the horse-sick-Which is the superior of the two - the all this part of South Arrise, the notes and ness. They had given large prices for them, about seventy pounds each, as "salted" animals, that is, animals that, having alvoman or the man? In brute strength we have the advantage, but in intellect she is probably our equal, if only we will give her fair play. And in purity, in tenderness, in long-suffering, in fidelity, in all the Chris-tian virtues, which is the superior in these ready had the sickness and recovered from it, were supposed to be proof against its at-tacks. But for all that they died one after another. This was only the beginning o evils. The day after the last horse died things? Oh, man, whoever you are, think of your mother and your sisters ; think of the eyes that first looked love upon you and the heart that dreams it still; think of her the companion who joined them at Lyden-burg was taken ill of the fever. Mr. Jeffries, for that was his name, was a very reserved who nursed you in sickness, of her who stood by you in trouble when all others English gentleman of good fortune, some-thing over thirty years of age. Like most people who came into close relationship with Ernest, he had taken a considerable would have none of you, and then answer Woman, divinest of God's creatures, golden vessel turned to common uses, sweet fancy to him, and the two were, compara-tively speaking, intimate. During the first star made to serve as the drunkard's lamp and the profligate's plaything ; yes, plucked from your native skies to be worn alike by the fool, the knave and the self-seeker, and stages of his fever, Ernest nursed him like a brother, and was at length rewarded by seeing him in a fair way to recovery. On one unlucky day, however, Jeffries being so et faithful to them all ; to be trod into the dirt by the earthy brute and jeered at by much better, Mr. Alston and Ernest went out to try and shoot a buck, as they were he beardless cynic-how immeasurable i the injustice, how vast the wrong that has been and is daily being heaped upon you! short of meat, leaving the camp in charge of the boy Roger. For a long while they nan, how little of man's duty to woman! could find no game, but at last Ernest man, how little of man's duty to woman!

that an average of at least 70 per cent. the apples now destroyed or injured by the

odling moth may be saved to ripening by one or two spravings with Paris green made in early spring, while the fruit is not larger than a hazelnut. Taking one year with another, the codling moth is found to infest about one-half of the apples which set on the trees, and making all reasonable allowances, it is estimated that the general use of the spraying method must effect a saving to the State in the increased value of the apple crop of at least \$1,500,000 annually. The cost of application would be practically nothing, as the benefit to the trees and the crop resulting from the destruction of curculios, canker worms and other minor leaf and fruit insects must more than pay the small Observations and expense of spraying. Observations and analysis have shown that there is not the lightest danger to the consumer of th fruit from poisoning the trees thus early in the season when the apples are very small and before they have turned downward on their stem. The experiments show, how ever, that late poisoning is dangerous and furthermore, is without effect codling moth. Paris green was f upon th Paris green was found more effective than London purple or solution of arsenic and lime, which had no effect at all. The experiments on which these statements rest were made under widely varying cona painful difference. The Bairds had ditions during two successive years and on several varieties of fruit. The total number of apples examined was nearly 40,000.

A Host of Drunkards.

Judge Woods, though known chiefly as awyer and jurist, was a successful soldier He was a major general of volunteers and saw some hard service in Grant's Mississ ippi campaign.

The judge says that one of his most memorable experiences during the war was the sight of a host of drunken men. It occurred on the morning after the capture of Vicksburg. Great quantities of whisky were stored in the city and the victorious army was exceeding dry. They went for the liquor with a vengeance, and when Gen. Woods summoned a soldier to saddle his horse the soldier was too mellow to per form that duty. Another was called, and he also failed. After various vain attempts to find a sober soldier Gen. Woods gave up in disgust and saddled his own horse. He says that as he rode through the town he saw 50,000 men under the influence of whisky. Vicksburg is now the scene of one parts. of the liveliest prohibition agitations in the country.-Atlanta Constitution.

Evolution in a Circle.

First Chappie-I say, Smythe, old chap pie, howdy do? Second Chappie-Aw, don't call me

Smythe, y' know ; call me Smith. First Chappie-But, bah Jove, yer name

was Smythe. Second Chappie-Yeas, but I've changed it to Smith. Smythe is too doocid com-Mrs. Meredith ! mon, don'tcherknow.-Harper's Bazar.

An Infallible Remedy.

"How are you coming on, old boy ?"

"I'm not coming on at all. I'm going

"Hold up! I've got a fearful headache. and an awful taste in my mouth. Don't you know some remedy for the misery I'm

suffering from this morning?" "Yes. I know a good cure for it. Don't get drunk last night. Good bye."

Some very quiet young ladies do up their hair with a bang.

ing-places were all obtained from the Bromo eruption of 1832.

Adelina Patti's Little Friend.

When charming Adelina Patti was in the heyday of her triumph at St. Petersburg she lived at the Hotel Demuth, then a very stylish place. Next door to her lived the Bairds, great ironfounders, of Scotch-English family. The Bairds and Adelina were very intimate, and this intimacy continued after the diva's marriage to the Marquis de Caux. The youngest child in the Baird household was named for Patti, got their music from Paris. He classified and was a particular pet of here. Every day the baby Adelina was sent in to se ness. Some when in love were said to be love-sick; but when he was in love he was Patti, and often about 6 o'clock, which was the baby's bedtime. Patti would slip into her neighbor's house and, running into the nursery, give the little Adelina her good night kiss. The baby girl being astute he sung in Glasgow some time ago which made a sort of a row. (Laughter.) It was after the manner of her sex, found out that done quite innocently. (Laughter.) He confessed he was wrong, but he did not Patti could sing charming lullabies, so whenever she appeared the little Adelina think there was very much harm in singing song. It was nothing un would demand a common to see Patti in a splendid dinner ever, he was a bad boy, and he would not dress, holding her little namesake in her arms and singing her asleep. Years went do it again. (Laughter.) He said there was a -capital song entitled "The Kiss Ahint The Door," and that was the only on, Patti left St. Petersburg and her husband behind her. She had formerly proper place for a kiss. (Laughter.) After had great social success in London, but when she returned there in 1878 she found referring to other Scottish songs, the Pro-fessor concluded by singing "The Barrin' o

the Door." ndon establishment, and one of the first drives Patti took after coming to London was to the Baird house. She did not send in her card, but sent word for the little girl

delighted to see her old favorite and god mother, and the two had a long and affec-tionate interview. Although the Bairds to be deficient in the quality of humor that a man's dead relatives should be burned at the corners of the streets, to save did not resume their former intimacy with Patti, they put no obstacle in the way of gas-lamps; another, not two years ago lectured on the unhealthiness of boots in the two Adelinas seeing each other, and they are still the most intimate of friends bed rooms, and Mr. Manserg, at the close of a most sensible address to the Sanitary The little Adelina is now a young lady lately launched into society, and Patti is an Congress on water supply, brought in his ond and proud of her as ever. Every pirthday the diva remembers her god birthday told his audience that "systematic hotdaughter, and the beauty and costline water drinking had been proved in America to be destructive of the appetite for alcohol." We entirely believe him, and if her gifts are extreme.-N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Difference.

City cousin (at a ball, to country cousin -"Considerable difference betwixt this and a hop id the country, is there not ?" Country cousin—"Well—er—yes. Ye see, they wear clo'se all over 'em out in our

Justiflable,

Inebriated Man in a Street Car (who dinks to spite his wife)—Shay, strangr, don't you think a (hic) person's sometimes jus'fied in keepin' 'self tossicated ? Stranger—Certainly, if he is compelled to off alcohol, but to believe in the use of be in your company .- Texas Siftings. Spectator.

He Was Sorry He Said it.

Guest-You're not taking any dinner, " I see scientists all agree that the pro plem of perpetual motion cannot be solved. Hostess-Thanks ! I've had some of said Robin They ought to come down to our house

Guest-Well, that's not much !-Punch. they would find a solution there," growled Thompson.

Legal Tender.

Teacher-" If you were president of a county fair and wanted a gate tender, what would you do ?" Pupil---" Boil it."

Henry M. Stanley is remarkable for a broad head, very thick through the cheek bones. His hair is still dark and thick, covering the temples. He is of middle size, weighing about 180 pounds. He looks like a man of about 50 years of age. chance!

uage was infinitely superior to the Er as a singing language, and more beautiful than Greek or Latin, and more shame to them in Scotland if they did not study that language scientifically. There was a ten-dency among their west end people of Edinburgh and Glasgow not to sing Scotch songs because they were "vulgaw." (Great laughter.) These people had been de-nationalized and had lost their former state. They had brushed shoulders with some Duke or Duchess in Edinburgh, and now

the love songs of Scotland under two heads

-love songs of joy and love songs of sad-

not sick; he was very happy. (Laughter

and applause.) There was one song which

'Kelvin Grove " on a Sunday night. How

Hot Water and the Appetite.

One of them, some years ago, recommended

views on teetotalism in the oddest way. He

he extended the destructive effect to the

appetite for mutton chops, fruit, or wheaten bread, we should believe him also. But

why limit us to hot water, when tarta

emetic, ipecacuanha, unrefined cod liver

oil, and perhaps twenty other drugs would be at least equally potent? The old remedy of Rechab, total abstinence, is an

easier one than that, and as perfectly

effective as long as it is pursued. The

difficulty of the temperate is not to leave

leaving it off. They do not find that the

most perfect abstainers in the world, life

convicts, become better people.-London

Perpetual Motion.

"Oh! my wife says she's continually on

" How so ?"

the go."

boots in

tained by the use of a 10 cent bottle Nerviline requires no puffing ; every bottle tells its own story. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain. subduing remedies known to medical Nerviline is equally useful in cience. external or internal pains. Try the great emedy. Ten cent bottle at any drug store. Large bottles only 25 cents.

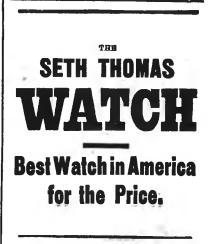
Ten thousand families in New York are said to make way with their vegetable refuge by burning it in the kitchen range. An effort is being made to extend the practice, range. An and if it is successful New York will pro-bably be the cleanest city in the world.

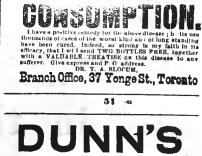
Seven Years

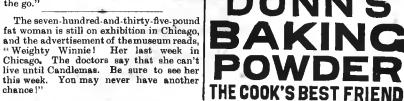
of suffering relieved is as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Pain-less Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe and painless

A bachelor of East Grand Forks, Dak. gave a dance. Among the guests were 20 unmarried young women. During the even ing the host proposed marriage to 15 of them. They all declined with thanks.— Chicago News. Mr. Jervey—Is Mr. Podgers at home?

about fifteen minutes ago. Ah-um, when will he return? He said he wouldn't be It is a specialty of sanitary reformers, who are among the most useful of the many intellectual nuisances in the world, back for several hours. Thank you. Will you please announce me to Miss Prodgers ?







every dish !