- Patience? Yes, that's the woman's game, The dull delight of solitude, Where rank on rank she tries to frame, And speech and laughter ne'er intrude.
- Night after night, beside the fire, When evening's lonely lamp is lit, Oppressed with thoughts that vex and tire, Among the cards her fingers flit.
- The woman's game! On some poor king The sequence of her play is built; The queen comes after, hapless thing! And next the knave with grinning guilt.
- Then all her treasures, one by one, Are thrown away to swell the pile; At last and least; when that is done, Begin again; the night beguile.
- A woman's game; to sit and wait; Build and rebuild, though fate destroy. Shuffle the cards, for soon or late There comes an end to grief and joy.
- A man may fight, or sow or reap, Divide the seas, or traverse the earth; She can but drudge, or pray or weep, What is her life or loving worth?
- She sits there when the day is dead, Lonely and listless. Do you dare Dony, when all is done and said, That woman's game is solitaire?

" Pastoral Poetry."

A minister may love his wife, From every ill protect her; But love her as he may, alas! At last he's only Rector. -Toledo Americas

And though she may quite rapid be, No race-horse going faster, She'll find, however wild and free, That he is always Pastor. —Railway Journal

They studied grammer in the school Together out in Carson,
And after they were both made one
She found him still a Parson.

-Yonkers Statesman

And though he boasts he feels as young

THE CHOICE OF THREE: A NOVEL.

"Oh, no, don't pity me. Everybody has his troubles—this is mine.

O Ernest, but you have been unfortu nate, and now your sight has gone; but perhaps Critchett or Couper will be able to do something for that."

"All the Critchets and Coupers in the world will never do anything for it, my dear. But you must remember that, where I only lost my sight, many others lost their lives, and it is supposed to be better to lose your sight than your life. Besides, blindness has its advantages; it gives you so much more time to think, and it have better to the control of what it is like, Doll. Intense, everlasting blackness hedging you in like a wall, one long, long night, even when the sunlight is beating on your face; and out of the night. voices and the touchings of hands, like the voices and touchings of the departed spirits. Your physical body is as helpless and as much at the mercy of the world as your spiritual body is in the hands of the Almighty. And things grow dim to you too; you begin to wonder what familiar faces and sights are like, as you wonder about the exact appearance of those who died many years ago, or of places you have not seen for years. All of which, my dear Doll, is very favorable to thought. When next you lie awake for five or six hours in the night, try to reckon all the things which occupy your brain, then imagine such wakefulness and its accompanying thoughts extended over the period of your natural life, and you will get some idea of the depth and breadth and height of total

His words struck her, and she did not know what to answer, so she only pressed his hands in token of her mute sympathy. He understood her meaning; the faculties of the blind are very quick.
"Do you know, Doll," he said, "coming

back to you and to your gentle kindness, is sheltered harbor after bearing the full brunt of the storm?" Just then a cloud which had obscured the sun passed away, and its full light struck upon his face. "There," he went on, "it is like that. It is like emerging into the sweet sunshine after riding for miles through the rain and mist. You bring peace with you, my dear. I have peace for years as I feel hold-

At that moment, a little girl, who was trundling a hoop down the gravel path, stopped her hoop to look at the pair. She was very pretty, with large dark eyes, but Dorothy noticed that she had a curious saw her run back toward an extremely tall and graceful woman, who was sauntering along, followed at some distance by a nurse with a baby in her arms, and turning occasionally to look at the beds lowers, hyacinths and tulips

which bordered the path.
"O mother," she heard her call out in
the clear voice of childhood, "there is such a nice blind man! He isn't 'old and ugly, and he hasn't a dog, and he doesn't ask for pennies. Why is he blind if he hasn't a dog and doesn't ask for pennies?"

Blindness, according to this little lady's

ideas, evidently sprang from the presence of a cur and an unsatisfied hunger for

copper coin. Sometimes it does.

The tall, graceful lady looked up carelessly, saying, "Hush, dear!" She was quite close to them now, for they were walking toward each other, and Dorothy gave a great gasp, for before her stood Eva Plowden! There was no doubt about it. She was paler and haughtier-looking than but it was she. No one who had once seen her could mistake that queenly beauty. Certainly Dorothy could not mis

"What is the matter, Doll?" said carelessly. He was thinking of other things. 'Nothing; I hurt myself." They were

quite close now.

And Eva, too, looked at them, and she too, saw the face she had never thought to see again. With all her eyes, and with her lips parted as though to cry out, she gazed at the sight before her—slowly, slowly, taking in all it meant.

ey were nearly level now. Then there leaped up into her eyes and face—the eyes and face which a second before had been so calm and statue-like, a wild light of love, and intensity of passion ate and jealous desire, such as is not often

to be seen on the faces of women.
"Ernest there, and Ernest blind, and being led by the hand of Dorothy, and looking happy with her!" How dared she touch her love? How dared he look happ with her? Those were the thoughts which flashed through her troubled mind.

She made a step toward them as though to address him, and the blind eyes fell upon her lovely face and wandered over it made her mad. His eyes were on her face,

and yet he could not see her. O God! Dorothy saw the motion and moved by an overmastering instinct threw herself

between them in an attitude of protection not unmixed with defiance. And so, for a second, their eyes flashing and their bosoms heaving with emotion, the two women stood face to face, and the blind pathetic eyes wandered uneasily over both, eling a presence they were unable to

It was a tragic, almost a dreadful scene. The passions it revealed were too intense for words, as no brush can justly paint a all the facility of an extemporary landscape made vivid by the unnatural the cherub gazed at this pale,

her arm, which was half-outstretched, and her arm, which was half-outstretched, and touched her lips with her finger as though to enjoin silence. Then a deep misery spread itself over her flushed face; her head sank low, and she passed thence with rapid steps. Presently the nurse with the baby followed her, and Dorothy noticed vaguely that the child had also a mark when his forehead. The whole thing had upon his forehead. The whole thing had not taken forty seconds.

"Doll," said, with a wild voice, and com-

nencing to tremble, "who was that passed

" A lady." was the answer. "A lady; yes, I know that - what lady ' "I don't know—a lady with children." It was a fib, but she could not tell him

then; an instinct warned her not to do so.
"Oh! It is strange, Doll, strange; but, do you know. I felt just now as though were very near me? Come, let us go home!"

Just then the cloud got over the sun again, and they walked home in the shadow. Apparently, too, all their talkativeness had gone the way of the sun. They

had nothing to say. CHAPTER XXXIX.

INTROSPECTIVE. Eva Plowden could scarcely be said to be a happy woman. A refined woman who has deliberately married one man when she loves another is not as a rule happy after ward, unless indeed she is blessed with a singularly callous nature. But there are degrees and degrees of unhappiness Such a fate as Eva's would have killed Dorothy, and would have driven Florence bad as she might otherwise be, to suicide or madness. But with Eva herself it was not so; she was not sufficiently fine strung to suffer thus. Hers was not a very happy life, and that was all about it. She had been most miserable; but when the first burst of her misery had passed, like the raving storm that sometimes ushers in a wet December day, she had more or less reconciled herself—like a sensible woman to her position. The day was always rather wet, it is true, but still the sun peeped out now and again, and if life was not exactly a joyous thing, it was at least endurable.

And yet with it all she loved Ernest in

her heart as much as ever; his memory was inexpressibly dear to her, and he regrets were sometimes very bitter. On the whole, however, she had got over it wonder-fully, better than anybody, who could have witnessed her agony some years before, when Florence told her the whole truth immediately after the wedding would have thought possible. The Sabine women, we are told, offered every reasonable resist ance to their outrage by the Romans, but before long gave the strongest proof of reconciliation to their lot. There was something of the Sabine woman about Eva Indeed, the contrast between her state of mind as regarded Ernest, and Ernest's state of mind as regarded her, would make a curious study. They each loved the other, and yet how different had the results of that love been on the two natures! To Eva it had been and was a sorrow, some times a very real ene; to Ernest, the destruction of all that made life worth living The contrast, indeed, was almost pitiable it was so striking; so wide a gulf was fixed between the two. The passion of the one between the two. The passion of the one was a wretched thing compared to the other. But both were real; it was merely a difference of degree. If Eva's affection was weak when measured by Ernest's, it was because the soil in which it grew was

poorer. She gave all she had to give.

As for Mr. Plowden, he could not but feel that on the whole his matrimonial speculation had answered very well. He was honestly fond of his wife, and as he had a right to be, very proud of her At times she was cold and caprictous and At times she was cold and caprictous and at times she was sarcastic; but, take it altogether, she made him a good and serviceable wife, and lifted him up many pegs in the social scale. People saw that though Plowden was not a gentleman, he had managed to marry a lady, and a very lovely lady too; and he was tolerated, indeed to a certain extent courted, for the sake of his wife. It was principally to sake of his wife. It was principally to attain this end that he had married her, so he had every reason to be satisfied with his bargain, and he was, besides, proud to be the legal owner of so handsome a creature. Eva often thought of her old lover though, except in the vaguest way, she had heard nothing of him for years. Indeed, she was, as it happened, thinking of him tenderly enough that very morning when her little girl had called her attention to the "nice blind man." And when she at ing your hand to-day." the "nice blind man." And when she at last, in a way which seemed to her, little short of miraculous, set eyes again upon "Oh, certainly, I will try." "Thank you." and she extended her his face, all her smoldering passion broke into flame, and she felt that she still loved him with all her strength, such as it was
At that moment indeed she realized how y noticed that she had a curious great, how bifter, how complete was the upon her forehead. Presently mistake she had made, and what a beautiful thing life might have been for her, if things had gone differently. But, remembering how things were, she bowed her head and passed on, for the time completely

crushed. Presently, however, two points became clear in the confusion of her mind, taking shape and form as distinct and indes putable mental facts, and these were—first that she was wildly jealous of Dorothy second, that it was her fixed determination to see Ernest. She regretted now that she had been too overcome to go up and speak indeed, her sick longing to look upon his

face and hear his voice filled her with Eva reached her home, after the meeting on the Hoe, just before luncheon-time. He husband was now acting as locum tenens for the rector of one of the Plymouth parishes. They had moved thus from place to place for years waiting for the Kesterwick living to fall vacant, and Eva liked the roving life well enough—it diverted her thoughts

Presently she heard her husband enter bringing somebody else with him, and summoned up the sweet smile for which she was remarkable to greet him.

In another instant he was in the room ollowed by a fresh-faced subaltern, whose appearance reminded her of the pictures of cherubs. Mr. Plowden had changed but little since we saw him last, with the exception that his hair was now streaked gray, and the whole face rather er. Otherwise the cold gray eyes stouter. were as cold as ever, and the countenance of Plowden was what the countenance of Plowden had always been-powerful, intel-

ligent and coarse-looking.

"Let me introduce my friend Lieutenant Jasper to you, my dear," he said in his full, strong voice, which was yet unpleasant to the ear. "We met at Captain Johnstone's, and, as it is a long way to go to the barracks for lunch, I asked him to come

and take pot-luck with us."

The cherubic Jasper had screwed an eye glass into his round eye, and through it was contemplating Eva with astonished ecstasy; but like most beautiful women, she was used to that sort of thing, and it only amused her faintly. Mr. Plowden, It too, was used to it, and took it as a personal

compliment.
"I am delighted," she murmured, and held out her hand.

The cherub, suddenly awaking to the fact, dropped his eyeglass, and, plunging at it, seized it as a pike does a little fish, and

shook it with enthusiasm. Eva smiled again.
"Shall we go to lunch?" she said, sweetly; and they went to lunch, she sailing down in front of them with the grace of

swan. At lunch itself the conversation flagged rather; that is, Mr. Plowden talked with all the facility of an extemporary preacher; wwell, Doll, why do you stop?" he said, mpstiently.

His voice broke the spell. Eva withdrew

nearing the conclusion of the meal, messenger arrived to summon Mr. Plowden to christen a dying baby. He got up at once, for he was punctilious in the performance of his duties, and, making excuses to his guest, departed on his errand, thus forcing Eva to carry on the conversation.

"Have you been in Plymouth long, Mr. Jasper?" she asked.

The eye-glass dropped spasmodically.
"Plymouth? oh, dear, no, I only landed

this morning."
"Landed? Indeed! Where from? I did not know that any boat was in except the Conway Castle."
"Well, I came by her, from the Zulu War, you know. I was invalided home for fever."

or fever."

The cherub suddenly became intensely nteresting to Eva, for it had struck her that Ernest must have come from there. "Indeed! I hope you had a pleasant passage. It depends so much on your

fellow-passengers, does it not?"
"Oh, yes, we had a very nice lot of men on board, wounded officers mostly. There were a couple of very decent civilians, too, a giant of a fellow called Jones, and a blind aronet, Sir Ernest Kershaw.'

Eva's bosom heaved.
"I once knew a Mr. Ernest Kershaw; I onder if it is the same? He was tall,

and had dark eyes." "That's the man; he only got his title a month or two ago. A melancholy sort of a chap, I thought; but then he can't see now. Jones is a wonderful fellow, though —could pull two heavy men up at once, as easily as you would lift a puppy-dog. Saw him do it myself. I knew them both out there.

"Oh! Where did you meet them?" "Well, it was rather curious. I suppose you heard of the great disaster at that place with an awful name. Well, I was at a beastly hole called Help Makar, when a fellow came riding like anything from Rorke's Drift, telling us what had happened, and that the Zulus were coming. So we all set to and worked like mad, and just as we had got the place a little fit for them. we had got the place a little fit for them, somebody shouted that he saw them coming. That was just as it was getting dark. I ran to the wall to look, and saw, not the Zulus, but a great big fellow carrying a dead fellow in his arms, followed by a Kafir leading three horses. At least I thought the fellow was dead, but he wasn't be held them. he had been struck by lightning. We let him in , and such a sight as there were you never saw, all soaked with blood from top 'Ah! And how did they come like

that ?" 'They were the only survivors of a volunteer corps called Alston's Horse. They killed all the Zulus that were attacking them, when the Zulus had killed everybody except them. Then they came away and the blind fellow, that is, Sir Ernest got struck in a storm-fellows often do out

Eva put further questions, and listened with breathless interest to the story of Ernest's and Jeremy's wonderful escape, so far as the details were known to Mr. Jasper, quite regardless of the pitiless fire that young gentleman was keeping on her-

that young gentleman was keeping on herself through his eyeglass. At last, reluctantly enough, he rose to go.

"I must be off now, Mrs. Plowden; I want to go and call on Sir Ernest at the hotel. He lent me a Derringer pistol to practice at a bottle with, and I forgot to give it back."

Eva turned the full bettery of her Eva turned the full battery of her

beautiful eyes upon him. She saw that the young gentleman was struck, and determined to make use of him. Women are unscrupulous when they have an end in "I am so sorry you must go, but I hope

you will come and see me again, and tell me some more about the war and the "You are very kind," he stammered "I shall be delighted."

He did not think it necessary to add that

he had not had the luck to see a shot fired himself. Why should he? "By-the-way, if you are going to see Sir Ernest, do you think you could give him a private message from me? I have a reason for not wishing it to be overheard."

"Oh, yes, I dare say I can. Nothing would give me greature heaven?"

would give me greature pleasure."
"You are very good." Another glance
"Will you tell him that I wish he would take a fly and come to see me? I shall be in all this afternoon."

A pang of jealousy shot through the cherubic bosom, but he comforted himself with the reflection that a fine woman like

"Thank you," and she extended her He took it, and intoxicated by those superb eyes, ventured to press it tenderly A mild wonder took possession of Eva mind, that anybody so very young could have developed such an astonishing amount of impudence, but she did not resent the pressure. What did she care about having her hand squeezed when it was a question of seeing Ernest? Poor, deluded cherub

CHAPTER XL. AFTER MANY DAYS.

Within an hour after the departure of ieut. Jasper, Eva heard a fly draw up at Then came an interval and the sound of two people walking up the steps, one of whom stumbled a good deal; then a

ring.
"Is Mrs. Plowden at home?"said a clear voice, the well-remembered tones of which ent the blood to her head and then back to her heart with a rush.

sir.'' Wait here, flyman. Now, my good girl, I must ask you to give me your hand, for I am not in a condition to find

my way about strange places." Another pause, and the drawing-room door opened, and the maid came in leading Ernest, who wore a curious, drawn look

'How do you do?" she said, in a low How do you do "she said, in a low voice, coming and taking him by the hand..." That will do, Jane. ?.

He did not speak till the door closed; he only looked at her with those searching

olind eyes. Thus they met again after many years. She led him to a sofa and he sat down. "Do not leave go of my hand," he said uickly; "I have not yet got used to talk

ng to people in the dark.' ing to people in the dark."

She sat down on the sofa beside him feeling frightened and yet happy. For a while they remained silent; apparently they could find nothing to say, and after all silence seemed most fitting. She had never thought to sit hand in hand with She looked at him; there was him again. no need for her to keep a guard over her loving glances, for he was blind. At length she broke the silence.

"Were you surprised to get my mes sage?" she asked, gently. "Yes; it was like getting a message from the dead. I never expected to see you again : I thought that you had quite pass

out of my life." "So you had forgotten me? "Why do you say such a thing to me? You must know, Eva, that it is impossible for me to forget you; I almost wish that it were possible. I meant that you had passed out of my outward life, for out of

my mind you can never pass."

Eva hung her head and was silent, and yet his words sent a thrill of happiness through her. So she had not quite lost him after it all.

"Listen, Eva," Ernest went on, gathering himself together, and speaking sternly enough now, and with a suppressed energy that frightened her. "How you came to do what you have done you best know. "It is done; do not let us speak of it. was not altogether to blame," she broke in

"I was not going to speak of it. But I was going to say this, now while I have the chance, because time is short, and I think and bill as embalming fluid.'

it right that you should know the truth. was going to tell you first that for wha you have done I freely forgive you."

"O Ernest!" "It is," he went on, not heeding her,
"a question that you can settle with your
conscience and your God. But I wish to tell you what it is that you have done. You have wrecked my life, and made it ar me which I can never have to give again you have embittered my mind, and driver me to sins of which I should not otherwise. have dreamed. I loved you, and you gave me proofs which I could not doubt that I had won your love. You let me love you and then when the hour of trial came yo deserted and morally destroyed me, and the great and holy affection that should have been the blessing of my life has

Eva covered her face with her hands and "You do not answer me, Eva," he said presently with a little laugh. "Perhaps you find what I have to say difficult to answer, or perhaps you think I am taking

"You are very hard," she said in a low "Had you not better wait till I have done before you call me hard? If I wished to be hard, I should tell you that I no longer cared for you, that my prevailing feeling toward you was one of contempt. It would perhaps mortify you to think that I had shaken off such heavy chains But it is not the truth, Eva. I love you now, passionately as ever, as I always have loved you, as I always shall love you. I hope for nothing, I ask for nothing; in this business it has always been my part to give, not to receive. I despise myself for it, but so it is.'

She laid her hand upon his shoulder 'Spare me, Ernest," she whispered. "I have very little more to say, only this: I believe all this I have given you has not been given uselessly. I believe that the love of the flesh will die with the flesh. But my love for you has been something more and higher than that, or how has it lived without hope, and, in spite of its dishonor, through so many years? It is of the spirit, and I believe its life will be like that of the spirit, unending, and that when this hateful life is done with I shall in some strange way reap its fruits with you."

"Why do you believe that, Ernest?"

"Why do I believe it? I can not tell you."

"Bethave it is rething but the

you. Perhaps it is nothing but the phantasy of a mind broken down with broading on its grief. In trouble we grow toward the light like a plant in the dark, you know. As a crushed flower smells sweet, so all that is most beautiful and expirition in human various called its life. aspiring in human nature is called into life when God lays His heavy hand upon us. Heaven is sorrow's sole ambition. No, Eva, I do not know why I believe it, certainly you have given me no grounds for faith, but I do believe it, and it comforts me. Bythe-way, how did you know I was here?

"I passed you on the Hoe this morning Ernest started. "I felt you pass," he said, "and asked Dorothy who it was. She said she did not know." "She knew, but I made a sign to her not

"Ernest, will you promise me some-thing?" asked Eva, wildly. "What is it?"

"Nothing. I have changed my mind-nothing at all." The promise that she was about to ask was, that he would not marry Dorothy. but her better nature rose in rebellion against it. Then they talked awhile of

Ernest's life abroad. "Well," said Ernest, rising after a pause good-by, Eva.' "It is a very cruel word," she mur-

"Yes, it is cruel, but not more cruel than the rest "It has been a happiness to see you.

Ernest. He shrugged his shoulders as he nswered; "Has it? For myself I am answered ; not sure if it has been a happiness or a misery. I must have a year or two of quiet darkness to think it over before I make up my mind. Will you kindly ring the bell for the servant to take me away?

Half unconsciously she obeyed him, and then she came and took hishand and looked with all her eyes and all her soul into his face. It was fortunate that he could not

"O Ernest, you are blind!" she cried. scarcely knowing what she said. He laughed—a hard little laugh. "Yes, Eva, I am as blind now as you have been

always.' "Ernest! Ernest! how can I live with out seeing you? I love you!" and she fell into his arms He kissed her, and then somehow, he

never knew how, found the strength to put her from him. Perhaps it was because he heard the servant coming. Next moment the servant came and led

As soon as he was gone Eva flung herself

on the sofa and sobbed as though her heart would break. When Dorothy saw a fresh-faced young officer, who had come up to see Ernest, mysteriously lead him aside, and whisper mething in his ear, which caused him to turn first red and then white, she, being a shrewd observer, thought it curious. But when Ernest asked her to ring the bell and then ordered a fly to be brought round at once, the idea of Eva at once flashed into her mind. She and no other must be at the bottom of this mystery. Presently the fly was announced, and Ernest went off without a word, leaving her to the tender cherub, who was contem plating her with his round eye as he had contemplated Eva, and finding her also charming. It must be remembered that he had but just returned from South Africa, and was prepared faut de mieux, to fall in love with an apple-woman. How much more then would he succumb to the charms of the stately Eva and the extremely fascinating Dorothy! It was some time before the latter could get rid of him and his eye-glass. On an ordinary occasion she would have been glad enough to entertain him, for Dorothy liked a little male society, and the cherub, though did look so painfully young, was not half a bad fellow, and after all his whole soul was n his eyeglass, and his staring was mean to be complimentary. But just now she had a purpose in her little head, and was heartily glad when he departed to reflect over the rival attractions of the two charmers.

(To be continued.)

Compromising With the Day. "No, Bobby," said his mother, "you

cannot go skating to day. It's Sunday, you "Well, ma," persisted Bobby, "can't I go if I'll just skate straight ahead and not try to do any fancy work?"—Puck.

Life in Utah. Mormon wife (to husband) - Are you goin

out, dear?
Mormon husband—Yes: I have an engagement with Miss Brigham. She is to give me her answer to-night.

The ancient Peruvians used to flatter their beads. In an old value belonging to O. O. Putney, a miner who was killed by an avalanche at Bay Horse, Idaho, were found some faded love letters, a few bones and a note saying, "I wish these bones buried with me.

A Dubuque, Prohibition Iowa, under taker recently ordered stock from a Michi gan coffin manufactory, and added this postscript to the order: "Put in one of the caskets a gallon of Old Crow whiskey THE LADIES COLUMN

jacket and on the front pleats of the skirt. Black silk hats are worn with these. Sad Fate of Old World Professional Beauties.

LATEST FASHION AND OTHER GOSSIP

How to Make Garments "Cling." According to a society writer, since Mis Eastlake, the actress, made her first appear ance in this country in her soft, clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, society has been on th qui vive to discover the secret and gain, if possible, a tithe at least of the swish and sway and rythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Helle instinct with life and motion. The secret has been discovered, and the reigning belles in tip top circles in New York are more capti vating than ever before. These picturesque gowns are made of some soft, clinging material, and worn over divided skirts, making the dress necessarily conform to the gait of the wearer. The secret is said to have been discovered by the costumer of Rosina Vokes and imparted to a select few of his customers.

The Fate of Professional Beautie Mrs. Langtry, before she disappeared from English society, had seen many other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct position of "professional beauty." There is hardly one of these ladies whos fate is not worthy of commiseration and whose confessions would not be valuable. Their reigns terminated in various ways. One offended by observing that a certain waist was not so thin as formerly; another, that a certain head of hair was not as thick as of yore; a third, in a festive moment, poured a teaspoonful of ice-cream down a royal shirt-collar; a fourth falsely and wickedly stated to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth and in fact it was bought out of the hard earnings of her husband's brain. The position of reigning favorite involved untold expenses, for to know the Prince involved knowing his set, who were numerous and thirsty, and for whose accommodation in a house often of the tiniest the friends of a lifetime had perforce to be discarded. Fulsome was the adulation poured upon ruisome was the adulation poured upon the beauty during her brief reign, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended, and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband and an infuriated father in-law. In such circumstances there is nothing for lovely women to do but to go and winter on the Riviera. The future of such a fallen star is dark indeed, unless, of course, her husband can secure election as member of Parliament, when she can get back into society by another door.—London Pall Mall Budget.

Whims of the Toilet. Japan ladies gild their teeth.

The ladies of the Indies paint their teeth Ladies in Greenland used to color their

faces blue and vellow. The ladies of Guzerat stain their teeth sable color which they think adds to their beauty.

The two best female violinists in the States are Miss Duke, daughter of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, and Miss Maud Tarleton, of Baltimore.

According to the New York correspon dents women are considered by publishers to be among the best judges of manuscript. Whether it be her critical judgment or her critical instinct, her conclusion as to whether an embryo book or magazin article will take with the public or not is pretty sure to be correct.

A new departure in the ways of women is the formation of a fire brigade. According to the London Fireman, this has been done by a thousand girls employed in a Liverpool cigar factory. They are well officered and drilled, and at a recent blaze in the factory turned out "to a man' did most effectual work in subduing the

flames. At a recent wedding in New York the bride wore a dress more than a century old. It was made for her maternal great grandmother in 1778 and worn at her wedding, when Alexander Hamilton was groomsman and General Washington and his staff were present as guests. worn for the second time by the bride's

mother forty-five years ago. Womenh allowed to hold office if she can be elected. According to the official register for 1887 three counties have Recorders who do not belong to the voting sex; ten counties have women Superintendents of Public Schools: a woman's name stands in the executive department of the official register; she forms one of the Board of Honored Curators of the State Horticultural Society, and has a seat among the Educational Examiners in Agriculture and Medicine. The Governor has recently appointed a woman visitor to the Insam The Governor has recently Hospital, and two of them act as trustees of the reformatories. Altogether Iowa women make a pretty good showing in public life, and the mere fact of not being allowed to vote ought not to trouble them

very much. This Week's Fashion Notes. The most fashionable fabrics for spring

wear will be of cotton. The skirts of almost all walking dresses are made quite plain, or with a very nar-row pleating set underneath the edge.

The stitchings on the backs of the fashionable four-button English gloves grow broader and broader and the buttons constantly increase in size. The favorite color s a reddish mahogany shade, with the

stitchings of black. Little visites of plush are worn for aftermoon calls and to the matinees, and at night to the play. They are of a shape to match the costume sometimes, but more generally seal-brown, which goes well with any costume. They reach only some two inches below the waist-line behind, and have sling sleeves.

Covert coats of light tan and mastic liv ery cloth, and with the lapped seams, are constantly growing in popularity. They are to be found ready made in the big drygoods shops. The collars are very high, and many of them button across with a little strap of the cloth; most of then single-breasted and with three pockets, one

of them high up on the left breast. There is in London a tendency to give of drapery in the newest costumes—a result of the Greek plays and tableaux in which many of the fashionable women took part. Some charming ones have been shown in white and daffodil-yellow China crapes that skilfully combine the beauties of ancient and modern dress.

A charming travelling costume worn by one of the early departures for Europe had a plain skirt of dark electric blue moire, draped with cashmere of the same shade the tight, round waist had handkerchief fronts crossing over a vest of the moire, and full sleeves gathered at the elbow to deep moire cuffs. The waist was belted with watered ribben. The long coat, reaching to the hem of the skirt, was of heavy blue camel's hair lined with brown fur, and the turban was of the same material trimmed

Nothing is prettier for little boys than the Eton suits, with kilt, vest and short Eton jacket, which slopes open from the throat to the waist line, is square cornered there and crosses to the back, where it is slightly pointed. A pointed vest of cor-duroy or pique covers the front of the waist of the kilt skirt, is lapped down the front and has pearl buttons set closely to-

gether. This is pretty in brown or blue serge and Suede-colored or white vest and braid, the color of the vest around the

Dresses for little girls are made with plain low, square-necked waists, slightly pointed in front, made of fine embroider or of cashmere, or India foulards. Tin pearl buttons in rows close together trim the revers. A single full skirt is worn with these waists. The strapped Cretchen waists, instead of having square openings, are made in a V to the waist in front and have merely a low square neck behind; embroidered edges, two inches wide; is turned down around the V front and square back and is slightly gathered in the arm

A feature of the new bead passementeries is the use of open meshes in the midst of otherwise solid designs. Points and long leaves with one straight edge are the newest patterns in gimps. A great deal of metal cord or gold bullion gimp is shown for wool dresses or coats, and there are cashmere-colored bead trimmings for silks and velvets, in dark, quiet colors that will not be consulcing. be conspicuous. For wool dresses are galloons and pointed braids made of narrow plaited mohair braid in open designs in one color, or two tones, or in contrast.

White gloves are becoming popular for evening wear. Tan are now worn in the twenty-button lengths only with the darker shades of evening dresses. Palest primrose, lilac and mastic are the most popular. and despite the frequent announcement of elbow gloves, well dressed women continue to wear them up to the shoulder. To hold them in place upon slim arms a little elastic is caught to the inside edge of the glove with a few invisible stitches. It is pest to add this even when the arm plump, as it keeps the glove smooth and aves the injury that frequent smoothing and pulling up causes.

Latest News Notes.

Rev. Mr. Judar, of Medicine Hat, will e the next rector of All Saints' Church in

Winnipeg. The reported excitement in Newfound land over the disallowance of the Bait Act

is said to be greatly exaggerated. It is proposed to add a "Victoria wing ' to the Guelph General Hospital in com memoration of the Queen's jubilee. The Boston Globe thinks the non-inter ourse Bill will be a good thing for Canada when the immigration boom commences in

April.
The London World says that Lady Rose bery's diamonds caused quite a sensation at the Calcutta State ball last month, at which were present many distinguished visitors. It is reported that Parliament will b

asked at the coming session to authorize an increase in the Northwest Mounted Police Force, and that each post will be supplied with a Nordenfeldt gun.

Warning has been given by the Imperial Privy Council that unless the losses which have occurred among animals carried on deck while crossing the Atlantic are reduced,

the carriage of animals on deck during the winter will probably be prohibited. An important motion is being argued at Osgoode Hall on behalf of the Ontario & Sault Ste. Marie Railway Company to restrain the Canadian Pacific Railway Company from constructing a branch line over the plaintiff's proposed route from Algoma Mills to Sault Ste. Marie.

Late Northwest News. A Winnipeg despatch says: The cases against Mr. Walker, charged with personating at the Dominion election contest, and Mr. Claugh, accused of forgery in connection with the Springfield Provincial voters

lists, have fallen through. A Chicago detective has arrived here to the Manitoba & Northwestern Road to the extradition of Trimacyco, the eek the Italian murderer.

Snowslides in the mountains have temporarily interfered with the moving of trains in that section. Coal is selling at \$20 a ton at Macleod

though it is only twenty-five miles from the Galt mines. A snow blockade is the cause. The national societies of this city are moving with a view to arranging for the proper reception of immigrants on their

rrival here. Advices from Montreal indicate that

the late rebellion, was commenced at Regina to-day, and resulted in a verdict of not guilty. In consequence of the retirement of Ma Brown from the Provincial Cabinet, Mr Norquay will resume the position of Pro-vincial Treasurer and Mr. Lariviere wil

again become Provincial Secretary.

Queer Things About Money, A woman who bought an old-fashione bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnat discovered a secret drawer which contains \$1,300 in gold and old bank bills.

Money was so scarce in certain countie of Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter that in some instance the skins of javelina hogs were used as circulating medium, and 'possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills.

'Squire Royal, the tax-collector of Taylor County, Pa., took out a well-worn overcoa to sell to an old clothes man, a few days ago, and found \$190 in bills rolled up in of notepaper. The 'Squire is confi dent that the money is his own, but he had no recollection of having placed it in the

The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain, of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor recently, and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cair thought nothing about the occurrence until one day last week, when she discovered that a roll of bills was missing from her bureau drawer. Then she put two and two together and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner of the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them

Florida fruit men say that the strawberry crop this year will nearly double that of last year.

Farmers who raise turkeys in Lehigh County. Pa., drive them to market as they would sheep. Sometimes flocks of 200 are thus driven along the public roads.

An Albany preacher, watching some of his flock as they were having great fun tobogganing, was asked by one of them why he did not take the toboggan for a text. He said that that was a good idea, and that next Sunday he'd preach on winter sports. He was as good as his word, choosing for his text the last four words of the first verse

of the twenty-sixth Psalm . One of several gamecocks that were being shipped to Portland, Ore., escaped from the coop and the baggage car, and all the efforts of the train hands to catch it were unavailing until a bright brakeman released another cock. In a moment the two had engaged in battle, and were easily picked

A clerk in Louisville invested \$50 in pork at a bucket shop the other day, and succeeded in running it up to \$5,000. Then he determined to make it \$10,000 and quit and get married. His \$5,000 and get married. His \$5,000 crept up almost to the desired amount, and then the market took a turn against him and in a few hours he didn't have even the original \$50. He will not marry this spring.

DEATH ON RATS.

How a Woman Solved a Vexatious Problem in Domestic Life. Mrs. Benedict's business is that of a rat-

catcher, a new profession now fairly opened to women, and one which Mrs. Benedict, at east, has made lucrative, says the New York Star. The business of rat extermina-tion is not strictly new, and yet Mrs. Benedict is fairly entitled to rank as its inventor, at least in an important sense. She has raised it to the dignity of a profession. It has always been easy for housewives who were troubled with rats to poison them, but the problem has been to induce them to die outside their haunts. They have usually preferred to retire to their inaccessible retreats in the walls as soon as they have felt the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the low state of sanitary science pre-valing in their communities is such that poisoned rats are never properly buried or incinerated by their associates. The prob-lem has been how to kill rats without bringing unpleasant odors into the house.

Mrs. Benedict has found out how to induce rats to die on the kitchen floor. Like many inventors, she is somewhat indebted to accident. She was engaged, it appears, in the domestic manufacture of plaster casts of various kinds. One of her devices was to mix wheaten flour with her pulverized plaster of Paris, so that the gluten of the flour might make the paste less brittle. One evening she had visitors who rang the door bell just as she was sifting the mixed plas ter and flour for the third time by way of mixing them intimately, as the chemist says. She had already set a dish of water says. She had already set a dish of water at hand, intending to make an experimental cast at once, and when the door-bell rang she hastily removed her apron and went to welcome her guests, leaving her materials upon the kitchen table. Her guests stayed until bed-time, and when they bade her adieu, Mrs. Benedict went in bed without returning to the kitchen. What happened in the night was this: A rat made his way in the light was the table to be way. up the legs of the table to the top, wherehe was speedily joined by others. The dish was speedily joined by others. The dish of flour and plaster was easily reached, and the rats ate freely and hastily of it, as it is their custom to do. It was a rather dry supper, and water being near each rat turned to drink. The water drunk first wet the plaster in the rats' stomachs, and then, in technical phrase, "set" it; that is to say, the plaster thus made into paste, is to say, the plaster thus made into paste, instantly grew hard in each rat's stomach and put an end to any exercise of that organ. The rats decided Mr. Mallock's question: "Is life worth living?" in the negative without quitting the table. The next morning thirteen of them lay dead in a circle around the water dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of making here fire dish. Mrs. Benedict, when she entered the kitchen for the purpose of making her fire, saw them and acted—that is to say, she screamed and climbed upon a chair. From that position she studied the scene and very soon saw the cause. Like a wise woman, she kept her secret and made profit of it. She undertook, for a consideration, to clear the premises of how pecifyhors of the prest. the premises of her neighbors of the pests and succeeded. It was not long before the town was as free of this sort of vermin as if the pied piper of Hamelin had travelled that way.

Late Railway News. A conference was held on Tuesday at Owen Sound between the Town Council and Board of Trade and Mr. Wragge, Chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk, at which the latter gentleman promised to report favorably to Mr. Hickson on the proposed extension from Tara or Allendale to Owen

Work will be commenced immediately on the railway from Winnipeg to the international boundary, arrangements for connection with the Northern Pacific Railway at the boundary having already been made.

An absolute denial is given at Winnipeg to the reported negotiation for the sale of

Sound.

Grand Trunk. The pay car of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now out on the Western division, was ditched near Medicine Hat on Tuesday and was badly damaged.

Mr. Pugsley, President of the Regina & Long Lake Railway, who arrived at Winnipeg from the East yesterday, said construction operations would be commenced as soon as the weather permits, and that the line will be built to the South Saskatchewan before the snow comes next fall

Fortune's Favorites Advices from Montreal indicate that Archbishop Tache continues in poor health and has, in consequence, abandoned his projected trip to Rome.

The trial of "Dressy Man," for the murder of Constable Cowan at Fort Pitt during the late rebellion, was commenced at Regina to-day, and resulted in a verdict of not guilty.

Are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and investigating the opportunities that are offered. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you, free, full particulars about work that you can do while living at home, wherever you are located, and earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. Send have earned over \$50 in a single day. All is new.

Customer (to boy in coal office-" A ton(of stove. How much is it?" Boy-"Six-fifty, an' 25 cents for puttin' it in." Customer Well, you will have to slate it." Boy-

"Slate it? That coal is half slate now, mister."—New York Sun.

A Wedding Present Of practical importance would be a bottle of the only sure pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—which can be had at any drug store. A continuation of the honeymoon and the removal of corns both assured by its use. Beware of imita-

tions. A maiden lady says that if single life is bad it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad. But ladies rarely understand

I had rheumatism four years in Michigan, and during four months could not move without help. I spent over \$1,000 without benefit. McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant cured me so I can work hard and enjoy good health.—George Ketchabaw, Bayham, Ont.

Paid \$5 for a Kiss.

Edouard Brisson, a barber, was fined \$5 yesterday afternoon by the Recorder for Angers. He explained to the Recorder that Angers. He explained to the Recorder that the style of the young lady as he passed her on Craig street the evening previous so for-cibly struck him that he involuntarily put his arm around her waist and kissed h the cheek .- Montreal Star.

Three years ago seventeen bachelors of Keystone, Dak., entered into a solemn compact never to marry. Eleven of them are already husbands and two of them are

recorded since 1873.

CONSUMPTION.

DCNL. 12. 87. DUNN'S BAKING **POWDER** THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

A Quebec despatch says the records of the Quebec Observatory show that there are actually 108 inches of snow on the ground there, an amount that has not been Branch Office, 37 Younge St., Toronto