Voices of the Fair.

- "Come on, now, good people! This way to the "They're fresh and they're juicy, they're ripe and "Oh, what are those things with the big whirring
- "Now don't go in there, girls; let's go see the "Seals."
 "Oh, isn't that sweet!" "Here's your pink lemonade!" "Take back that bananer; the darn thing's decayed!" cayou!"
 just see her face and the light on his
- hair;
 It's wonderfully painted." "Jane, git me a chair;
 Land sakes, I'm most dead!" "Here you are now, this way;
 A half dime! a nickel! just five cents te-day!"
 "She's the only lady with two distinct boads!
 Don't miss it!" "Oh, ma, what's that under them sheds!"
- "Here's all you can eat now for thirty-fiv
- "I see the balloon over there by the fence!"
 "I tell you there's no pork in these; not a bit!
 "Don't eat them, good people; you'll all have s
- nti"
 "Wby yours are all cinders; they're half raw,
 while mine—"
 "Come here for your pictures; I'll make you look
 "fine!" Oh, my ain't it crowded; I wisht I was
- Please give me a big cup of clear tea with "Oh, look! Oh, my gracious, suppose he should
- fall!"

 Just see him go up! Oh, my, isn't he small?"

 Just look, now; he's jumped!" "Horo's he coffee and tea!"

 I really suppose he's as scared as can be."

 That car's just chuck full; I must stand up

I vow I won't kill myself comin' next yesr." AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER VIII. SHARES LOOKING UP.

There were others who echoed her ladyship's words afterward, though they echoed them privately and with more cantion than my lady felt necessary. It is certain that Miss Octavia Bassett did not

certain that Miss Octavia Bassett that not improve, as time progressed, and she had enlarged opportunities for studying the noble example set before her by Slowbridge. On his arrival in New York, Martin Bassett telegraphed to his daughter and sister, per Atlantic cable, informing them that he might be detained a couple of months, and bidding them to be of good cheer. The arrival of the message, in its official envelope, so alarmed Miss Belinda that she was supported by Mary Anne while it was read to her by Octavia, who received it without any surprise whatever. For some time after its completion, Slow-bridge had privately disbelieved in the Atlantic cable, and, until this occasion, had certainly disbelieved in the existence of onle who received messages through it In fact, on first finding that she was the recipient of such a message, Miss Belinda had made immediate preparations for fainting quietly away, being fully convinced that a shipwreck had occurred, which had resulted in brother's death and that his xecutors had chosen this delicate method

of breaking the news. "A message by Atlantic cable?" she ad gasped. "Don't—don't read it, my ye. L—let some one else do that. Poor had gasped. -poor child! Trust in Providence, my love, and—and bear up. Ah, how I wish I had a stronger mind, and could be of more service to vou."

"It is a message from father," said Octavia. "Nothing is the matter. He's all right. He got in on Saturday."
"Ah!" panted Miss Belinda. "Are yo quite sure, my dear—are you quite sure? "That's what he says. Listen."

"Got in Saturday. Piper met me. Shares looking up. May be kept here two months Will write. Keep up your spirits. "MARTIN BASSETT."

"Thank heaven!" sighed Miss Belinda. "Thank heaven!"
"Why?" said Octavia.
"Why?" echoed Miss Belinda. 'Ah,

my dear, if you knew how terrified I was I felt sure that something had happened A cable message, my dear! I never re-ceived a telegram in my life before, and to

receive a cable message was really a shock."
"Well, I don't see why," said Octavia. "It seems to me it is pretty much like any Miss Belinds regarded her timidly.

"Does your papa often send them?" she aquired. "Surely it must be expensive." I don't suppose it's cheap," Octavia renlied. "but it saves time and worry. should have had to wait twelve days for

She broke off with rather a distressed shake of the head. Her simple ideas of economy and quiet living were frequently upset in these times. She had begun to regard her niece with a slight feeling of awe, and yet Octavia had not been doing anv. thing at all remarkable in her own eyes, and considered her life pretty dull.

If the elder Miss Bassett, her parents

and grandparents, had not been so thoroughly well known and so universally respected; if their social position had not en so firmly established, and their quiet is an awful possibility that Slowbridge might even have gone so far as not to ask Octavia out to tea at all. But even Ladv Theobald felt that it would not do to slight Belinda Bassett's niece and guest. omit the customary state teas would have been to crush innocent Miss Belinds at a blow, and place her-through the medium of this young lady who, alone, deserved condemnation-beyond the pale of all

It is only to be regretted," said her ladyship, "that Belinda Bassett has not arranged things better. Relatives of such an order are certainly to be deplored." In secret, Lucia felt much soft-hearted

calamity which had fallen upon her. It really did not seem probable that she had been previously consulted as to to the kind of niece she desired, or that she had in a distant manner, evinced a preference for a misee of this description.

An, well, she said, "I can give her some money, and she can buy some things for herself." Which she proceeded to do; and when, under her mistress' direction, Mary Anne purchased a stout brown making of this description. niece of this description.

"Perhaps, dear grandmamma," the girl in making it. entured, "it is because Miss Octavia "I wouldn' Bassett is so voung that-

"May I ask," inquired Lady Theobald in fell tones, "how old you are?" "I was nineteen in—in December."

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said her lady ship, " was nineteen last October, and it is now June. I have not yet found it neces sary to apologize for you on the score of

But it was her ladyship who took the initiative and set an evening for entertain ing Miss Belinda and her niece, in company bohea, thin bread and butter, plum-cake

and various other delicacies. "What do they do at such places? asked Octavia. "Half-past 5 is pretty

"We spend some time at the tea-table, my dear," explained Miss Belinda. "And afterwards, we—we converse. A few of us play whist. I do not. I feel as if I were not clever enough, and I get flurried too easily by—by differences of opinion."

"I should think it wasn't very exciting," said Octavia. "I don't fancy I ever went to an entertainment where they did noth-

It is not our intention or desire to be exciting, my dear," Miss Belinda replied, with mild dignity. "And an improving onversation is frequently most beneficial

to the parties engaged in it."
"I'm afraid," Octavia observed, "that I never heard much improving conversation.' She was really no fonder of masculine society than the generality of girls, but she could not help wondering if there would be any young men present, and if, indeed, were any young men in Slowbridge who might possibly be produced upon festive occasions, even though ordinarily kept in the background. She had not

heard Miss Belinda mention masculine name, so far, but that of the curate of St. James', and, when she had seen him pass the house, she had not found his slim black figure and faint ecclesiastic whiskers especially interesting.
It must be confessed that Miss Belinds

suffered many pangs of anxiety in looking forward to her young kinswoman's firs appearance in society. A tea at Lady Theobald's house constituted formal presentation to the Slowbridge world. Each young lady, within the pale of genteel society, having arrived at years of discretion, on returning home from boarding school, was invited to tea at Oldclough Hall. During an entire evening, she was the subject of watchful criticism. Her deportment was remarked, her accomplishments displayed, she performed her new "pieces" upon the piano, she was drawn into conversation by her hostess, and upon the timid modesty of her replies, and the reverence of her listening attitudes, depended her future social status. So it was very natural indeed that Miss Belinda

should be anxious. "I would wear something rather quiet and and simple, my dear Octavia," she "A white muslin, perhaps, with blue ribbons."

"Would you?" answered Octavia. Then, after appearing to reflect upon the matter a few seconds, "I've got one that would do if it's warm enough to wear it. I bought it in New York, but it came from Paris. I've

never worn it yet."
"It would be nicer than anything else, "It would be nicer than anything else, my love," said Miss Belinda, delighted to find her difficulty so easily disposed of. Nothing is so charming in the dress of a young girl as pure simplicity. Our Slowbridge young ladies rarely wear anything but white for evening. Miss Chickie assured me, a few weeks ago, that she had made fifteen white muslin dresses all after one simple design of her own."

one simple design of her own."
"I should think that was particularly nice myself," remarked Octavia, im-partially. "I should be glad one of the fifteen didn't belong to me. I should feel as if people might say, when I came into a room, 'Good gracious, there's another.'" "The first was made for Miss Lucia Gaston, who is Lady Theobald's niece," replied Miss Belinda, mildly.
'And there are few young ladies in Slow-

bridge who would not desire to emulate her example."
"Oh," said Octavia, "I dare say she is very nice, and all that, but I don't believe

should care to copy her dresses. I think should draw the line there." But she said it without any ill-nature and sensitive as Miss Belinda was upo the subject of her cherished ideas, she

could not take offence. When the eventful evening arrived there was excitement in more than one establishment upon High street, and the streets in its vicinity. The stories of the diamonds, the gold-diggers, and the silvernines had been added to, and embellished n the most ornate and startling manner It was well known that only Lady Theobald's fine appreciation of Miss Belinda Bassett's feelings had induced her to extend her hospitalities to that

lady's nieco. "I would prefer, my dear," said more than one discreet matron to her daughter, as they attired themselves,——"I would much perfer that you would remain near me during the earlier part of the evening before we know how this young lady may turn out. Let your manner toward her be kind, but not familiar. It is well to be on the safe side."

What precise line of conduct it wa generally anticipated that this gold-digging and silver-mining young person would adopt, it would be difficult to say; it is sufficient that the general sentiments regarding her were of a distrustful, if not

imorous nature.

To Miss Bassett, who felt all this in the very air she breathed, the girl's innocence of the condition of affairs was even a little touching. With all her splendor, she was not at all hard to please, and had quite awakened to an interest in the impending social event. She seemed in good spirits, and talked more than was her custom, giving Miss Belinda graphic descriptions of various festal gatherings she had attended in New York, when she seemed to have been very gay indeed, and to have worn very beautiful dresses, and also to have had rather more than her share of partners. The phrases she used and the dances she described were all strange to Miss Belinda, and tended to reducing her to a bewilder condition, in which she felt much timid amazement at the intrepidity of the New York young ladies, and no slight suspicion of the "German"—as a threatrical kind of dance, involving extraordinary figures, and

an extraordinary amount of attention from partners of the stronger sex.

It must be admitted, however, that by this time, notwithstanding the various shocks she had received, Miss Belinda had begun to discover in her young guest divers good qualities which appealed to her affectionate and susceptible old heart. In the lives not quite so highly respectable, there is an awful possibility that Slowbridge indeed, if she had been less unaffected she night have been less subject to sever comment. She was good-natured, and generous to extravagance. Her manner owards Mary Anne never ceased to arouse Miss Belinda to interest. There was no any condescension whatever in it, and yet it could not be called a vulgarly familiar

manner, it was rather an astonishingly simple manner, somehow suggestive of a subtile recognition of Mary Anne's youth and ill-luck in not having before her more lively prospects. She gave Mary Anne presents in shape of articles of clothing at which Slowbridge would have exclaimed in horror, if the recipient had dared to wear sympathy for both Miss Bassett and her them; but when Miss Belinda expressed guest. She could not help wondering how her regret at these indiscretions, Octavia Miss Belinda became responsible for the calamity which had fallen upon her. It "Ah, well," she said, "I can give her merino, she took quite an interest in her

> "I wouldn't make it so short in the wais and so full in the skirt, if I were you," she said. "There's no reason why it shouldn't fit, you know," thereby winning the housemaiden's undying adoration, and adding much to the shapeliness of the garment. "I am sure she has a good heart," Miss Belinda said to herself, as the days went

> by. "She is like Martin in that. I dare ay she finds me very ignorant and silly. often see in her face that she is unable to understand my feeling about things; she never seems to laugh at me, nor think of me unkindly. And she is very, very pretty, though, perhaps, I ought not to think of that at all."

CHAPTER IX. WHITE MUSLIN.

As the good little spinster was arraying herself on this particular evening, having laid upon the bed the greater portion of her modest splendor, she went to her wardrobe, and took therefrom the sacred bandbox containing her best cap. All the ladies of Slowbridge wore caps, and all being respectfully plagiarized from Lady or respectfully plagiarized non-respectfully plagiarized non-Theobald, without any reference to age, was sometimes a little trying. Lady Theobald's head-dresses were of a severe and bristling order. The of lace which they were composed was induced by some ingonious device to form itself into aggressive quillings, the bows seemed lined with buckram, the strings niether floated

nor fluttered. "To a majestic person, the style is very appropriate," Miss Belinda had said to Octavia, that very day; "but to one who is not so, it is rather trying. Sometimes, indeed, I have almost wished that Miss Chickie would vary a little more in her

designs.' Perhaps the sight of the various articles | rest and refreshment.

contained in two of the five trunks had inspired these doubts in the dear old lady's breast; it is certain, at least, as she took the best cap up, a faint sigh fluttered upor

"It is very large—for a small person, she said. "And I am not at all sure that amber is becoming to me." And just at that moment there came a

tap at the door, which she knew was from Octavia.

She laid the cap back in some confusion at being surprised in a moment of

weakness. "Come in, my love," she said.
Octavia pushed the door open, and came in. She had not dressed yet, and had on her wrapper and slippers, which were both of quilted gray silk, gayly embroidered with carnations. But Miss Belinda had seen both wrapper and slippers before, and had become used to their sumptuousness; what the had not seen was the trifle the girl held in her hand.
"See here." she said. "See what I have

been making for you." She looked quite elated, and laughed triumphantly.
"I did not know I could do it until I tried," she said. "I had seen some in New York, and I had the lace by me.

And I have enough left to make ruffles for your neck and wrists. It's Mechlin."
"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Belinda

Octavia laughed sgain. "Don't you know what it is?" she said.
"It isn't like a Slowbridge cap; but it's a cap, nevertheless. They wear them like this in New York. And I think they are

ever so much prettier."

It was true that it was not like a Slow-

pridge cap, and it was also true that it was prettier. It was a delicate affair of softly quilled lace, adorned here and there with loops of pale satin ribbon.
"Let me try it on," said Octavia, advancing, and in a minute she had done so, and turned Miss Bassett about to face hered!" in the glass. "There!" she said. herself in the glass. "There!" she said.
"Is that better than—well, than emulating Lady Theobald?"

It was so very pretty, and so becoming,

and Miss Belinda was so touched by the girl's innocent enjoyment, that the tears came into her eyes.

came into her eyes.

"My—my love," she faltered, "it is so beautiful and expensive, that—though indeed I don't know how to thank you—I am afraid I should not dare to wear it."

"Oh," answered Octavia, "that's non-sense, you know. I am sure there's no reason why people shouldn't wear becom-ing things. Besides, I should be awfully isappointed. I didn't think I could make it, and I'm real proud of it. You don't know how becoming it is." Miss Belinda looked at her reflection and

faltered. It was becoming.
"My love," she protested, faintly, "real
Mechlin! There is really no such lace in Slowbridge !"

"All the better," said Octavia, cheerfully.

'I'm glad to hear that. It isn't one bit too nice for you." To Miss Belinda's astonishment, she drew a step nearer to her, and gave one of the satin loops a queer, caressing little touch, which actually seemed to mean

something. And then suddenly the girl stooped, with a little laugh, and gave her aunt a light kiss on her cheek. "There!" she said. "You must take it from me for a present. I'll go and make the rufiles this minute, and you must wear

those, too, and let people see how stylish you can be." And without giving Miss Bassett time to speak, she ran out of the room, and left the dear old lady warmed to the heart, tearful, delighted, frightened.

(To be Continued).

From Penury to Afiluence. B. K. Jamison, the banker, whose wealth nobody exactly knows, went to Philadel-phia in his boyhood without money enough n his pocket to pay a week's board, says the News.

Director William S. Stokley knows what it is to make candy with his own hands and sell it over a little counter in his own shop. Postmaster-General Wanamaker began

his business life as a clerk in a Market street store upon a mighty small salary. He used to pay five cents for his daily dinner, consisting of a piece of pie and Frank Siddall, the great scap mauufac-

turer, and the owner of some of the choicest property on the Jersey coast, to say nothing of mineral interests in Georgia, for years kept a rather insignificant grocery store near Eighth and Callowhill streets.

John B. Gest, Vice-President of the Fidelity Trust Gompany, used to wait for law cases in a little office, generally in vain. George W. Childs worked for a long time in this city at such a salary that he only

paid twenty-five cents for his noonday meals by practicing rigid economy. Anthony J. Drexel, who is worth more than twenty five millions of dollars, was the son of a poor portrait painter and thought himself lucky when he got a

trifling stipend as a clerk in his father's ittle brokerage office. The Unnecessary Verbiage of Law. The world has outrun the courts and legal technicalities have outlived their use fulness. The progress of the people has been toward common sense methods in all things, and the lawyer's "whereases," "aforesaids," and "parties of the first part" must be relegated to oblivion. There is a demand springing up for plain, direct English. There is really no sound reason why, to a man of ordinary intelligence legal documents should be unintelligible The technical verbiage employed is a relief of the age when that which was mysterious and could not be understood was esteemed to be beyond the comprehension of the common herd. The use of uncommon English in purely business circles would not be endured. Why, then, should the transfer of a piece of property be a process so labyrinthine and so mysterious that a man of sound sense cannot fathom it? It has been estimated that the dropping of labour and the like has added to the world each year what is equivalent to the productive capacity of 500 able-bodied men. What would we not gain if from every legal paper and from every legal suit there should be removed that vast mass of super fluity, that antique verbiage, that bulk or repetition and solemn senselessness that now enwraps them as its shell enwraps the clam?

Life in Chicago.

Visitor (in Chicago)—I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this. Hostess—Burglars? Mercy, no. We don't mind the burglars. It's the police we're

afraid of. Of Two Evils Choose the Lesser. Mrs. Lumkins—Joshua, I am going to a dentist's to have a tooth pulled out. You mind the baby while I'm gone. Mr. L. (jumping for his hat)—Say, you mind the baby and I'll go get a tooth pulled,

Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before

you know.

marriage. Mr. S. M. Donaldson has accomplished the remarkable feat of riding his bicycle from Edinburgh to London, 394 miles. days, 6 hours and 50 minutes—less than 55 hours-over roads unfavorable from wet. ness. This is little more than 7 miles an hour, nclusive of time necessarily taken for

EGYPTIAN OHICKENS.

How They Are Hatched by Millions in Rude Touching Scene Brought to Light in the Incubators.

The Egyptian chickens are smaller than the American variety and the eggs are only about half as large as those laid by the speedled hens on Uncle Sam's farm. The tablishments of the country hatch out eggs by the millions every year. At a hatching establishment near the pyramids the farmers trade fresh eggs for young chicks, and the rate is two eggs per chick. Another artificial egg hatchery turns out 500,000 little chickens every season, and the oven crop of chickens in Egypt amounts, according to figures furnished me, by the Consulto figures furnished me by the Consul-General, to more than 20,000,000 of chickens a year. We have about \$200,000. 000 worth of money invested in the fowlindustry in the United States, an amount so large that all the money of Jay Gould could not equal it, and still we have to import more than 16,000,000 dozens of eggs every year. If America would adopt the Egyptian hatching system we could sell eggs in-stead of buying them, and our farmers might buy little chickens to raise at a price of 20 cents a dozen. More than 20,000,000 of little chickens are sold each year in this way in Egypt, and there is a regular business in chickens just about old enough to The incubators are rude, one-story build

ings, made of undried bricks, so arranged that the eggs are laid upon cut straw racks in rooms, around the ovens, which are kept fired in during the hatching season. The outside walls are very thick and are built so they retain the heat, and the only thermometer used is the blood of the boy or man who attends the fires. By long practice these men learn just how hot the vens ought to be kept, and they replenish the fires as the weather demands. A small amount of fuel is needed, and the tempera-ture of the oven is about that of 98 degrees above zero. The fire is built up for eight or ten days before the eggs are put in, to thoroughly warm the hut, and after this time it does not go out during the season, which is from March until May. The eggs re turned four times a day while hatchi The whole outfit of an establishment which hatches over 200,000 chickens a year does not, I am told, cost more than \$25, and one runs the whole machine, keeping the fires, buying and turning the eggs, and selling the chickens. There are, in this in-cubator, twelve compartments, each 70 feet long, 60 feet wide and 16 feet high, and each of these compartments will hold 7,500 eggs at a time, or 90,000 eggs in all. It produced last year more than 230,000 chickens and did the work of more than

20,000 hens. Earning a Million Dollars. What about the distribution of wealth Fortunes such as the world never saw sinc the days when "great estates ruined Italy" are growing up in the American Republic We have four or five men who are worth from one hundred millions to two hundred millions apiece, we have sixty or seventy whose fortunes are estimated at from twenty millions to a hundred millions, while as for simple millionaires they are far too numerous to be counted. Consider what the possession of a single million means. Consider how long it would take an American mechanic or American laborer—I will not say such protected American laborers as the coal miners of Illinois or Pennsylvania—after supporting himself and his family, to save a million dollars. How many lifetimes? For though he were to live to the age of Methusalah he could not save a million dollars. If you would get any intelligible idea of millions really mean, figure up how many workingmen's incomes—deducting of course the necessary subsistence of a man and family, for even the slave owner had to allow that to the tave—it would take to make such incomes as these fortunes re-

And look again. - While these monstrous fortunes are gathering in the hands of a few, one has but to read our daily papers to see how familiar we are becoming with condi tions that we once thought possible only in effete monarchies of the old world, and could not exist in the free air of our democratic republic—with tramps and paupers and beggars; with charities that show the starvation, with crimes and suicides caused want, or fear of want; with a struggle for existence on the part of great classes of he people that makes life hard, bitter and ofttimes imbruting—a struggle which grows not less, but more intense as these great fortunes go rolling up .- Henry George at Baltimore.

The Syndicate of Speculists,

The exposure of Graham's and of Brodie's fraudulent performances at Niagara Falls has had the unexpected effect of throwing the light of publicity upon a little syndicate of newspaper reporters in Buffalo, the members of which have been lending themselves to the schemes of imposters of the Brodie and Graham stripe. These reporters have acted as the correspondents of the papers in nearly all the large cities of the country, and it has been their duty to telegraph "specials" at rates which are considered highly remunerative. Their connection with Buffalo papers give them unusual facilities for news gathering and had they been content with the legitimate business they might have done very well after the manner of their brethern in other cities But they were too ambitious. They tried to establish a "corner" in news and it must be confessed that they were running matters pretty much as they chose, when to foist upon the world they tried to foist upon the world will explain. You wouldn't think that the story of Graham's adventure in the inflammable ends of matches were a in a barrel. It was a clever enough "fake" and paid the syndicate well and they did equally well with the Brodie story, but then came a reaction. It was soon proved that the reports were absurdly untruthful and the papers in other cities that had been duped by their Buffalo correspondents began to make inquiries. not long before the real facts in the case were discovered and now it looks very much as if another syndicate must go down before a burst of public indignation

The boys have been bright and enterpris ing and have seriously impeded the regular channel for news, but they made the mistake which many older men have made of not knowing where to draw the line .-Rochester Democrat.

Knowledge Costs Money.

Irate Patron-See here, sir, I dropped nickle into this machine, and nothing came out.

Agent-If nothing came out, that shows it's empty.
"But, sir, what do I get for my nickle?" "Information."

Self Preservation. Wealthy Old Gent-What! Marry my laughter? You are being supported by your father. Suitor—Yes, sir, but my father is tired supporting me, and I thought I'd better get

into another family. "Finy" Quantrell, the English jockey now riding for a stable in Pennsylvania. He is a little fellow, not more than four feet in height. He has had a wide experience in his calling. He has had mounts in hundreds of races in England, including spurs in South Africa, and has raced on every track in Australia. He has been in the Keystone State.

ROMAN GIRL AND DOLL.

Ancient Italian City. In May last the workmen who were digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus Egyptians are, however, far in advance of us in the science of raising chickens, says
Frank G. Carpenter, and the incubating establishments of the country hatch out age. made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, some brown leaves from the myrtle wreath with which emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death. On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with Filetus, the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch, in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins and a gold necklet with white small pen dants were lying about. But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that the legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet faintily cut, with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out n the most minute and careful way, the hair waving low on the forehead, and peing bound with a fillet. On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Iryphona Creperia, and a touching scene, toubtless faithfully representing her partng with her parents. She is lying on a low sed and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heartbroken father, who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly 18 centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so ten derly away their dearly beloved daughter with her ornaments and her doll. — Youths' Companion.

> Kissing on the Platform. "Bohemian" writes in the St. Thoma Journal: The railway stations are the great kissing marts of the world. It is

there you can see kissing in all its styles

and it is interesting to watch the people doing the kissing act. All the different varieties of kissing known to civilized and uncivilized men can be seen, and to witness the exhibition takes all the sentiment out of a kiss for the spectator. People in every walk of life go to the railway station to meet friends and relatives, and the styles of kissing to be found there are about as plentiful as the leaves that strew the brooks Vallombrosa. Some come together with a quick movement, a short, eport and break away again, the osculatory exercise being over before it had hardly begun. This is the ordinary kiss of greet ing between friends and relatives. The duration of time is that between husband nd wife. The husband for some weeks past has put in just a "miserable" time whilst wife has been rusticating with friends. The poor fellow has been out with the boys every night, playing whist, billiards, taking in everything in the shape of fun, and taken altogether has been having a very ruddy time. To tell the truth he is not sorry to see his "pardner" back, but he cannot for get what a "miserable" time he has been having, and he has to make out he is more pleased that she is back than he really is, and he makes a desperate attempt to kiss her as he used to in the old days before and just after marriage. But he has not the taying power and the kiss is only a counterfeit—there is not the cling to it there was what these fortunes of millions, tens of millions, scores of millions and hundreds of true lover's kiss is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. As soon as they get their eyes upon each other, these two souls with but a single thought fall upon each other's necks wind their arms around each other with a lock hitch at the back, their lips come to gether with a loud report, which gradually dies away like a distant echo, the lips are slowly drawn apart, the arms unwound and the clinging kiss is over. There is no persons in the wide world so oblivious to what is passing around them as a couple engaged is passing around them as a couple engaged in a clinging kissing bee, and they will stand right there and cling no matter if 300 persons are taking it in. A case of this kind was witnessed at the station the other day. A young dude waited around for several trains, and when no familiar face showed up in the crowd he would retire looking disconsolate. At last the party he was looking for appeared. She was a young girl of the dudine order. He could barely restrain himself until she came within reach As soon as he dared he made a dash and grabbed the object of his affection. "Oh, me dawlin!" he exclaimed, and their lips met in a clinging kiss. The brim of her big hat came down over the dude's little head and completely hid it from view Those behind them stopped to enjoy the sight, and a small boy fired a volley into them like this: "Break away there!"
"Come off the roost!" "Ain't we all in it?" But they paid no attention to the gags, and did not break away till they were good and ready.

Demoralizing Drinks. "Give me a great double barreled, centreire, back action drink of soda and phosphate," ordered a jolly customer at a drug store last night. "Do you know what this favorite of yours is doing for you?" asked the venerable druggist, as the customer drained his glass. "Killing the nausea in my stomach',' was the reply. "Yes, and it's killing your stomach, too. Some of these days you'll want it copper plated, and you'll want in vain. Phosphate is something that no one should take except after a full meal. Why? Well, I proper thing to eat, would you? But phosphate is derived from phosphorus, and if you used it to excess it will burn out your stomach just as alcohol would if used in excess. You feel benefited by it now, but you keep on the time will come when you will wish that you had never heard of phosphate. Of course, we sell it because there is a foolish craze for it, but I advise no one to use much of the fiery substance. 'Should no one use it at all?' " Ir moderate quantities just after a full meal it will not hurt any one; but beware of using it in excess or on an empty stomach for if you do that organ will need halfsoling and heeling some time."

Knowledge is Bliss.

Mrs. H. Arlem Flatte-I wanted to see that new play at the Downtown Theatre to-night, but the critics say the play is a failure, and the weather reports say it is going to rain. Mr. H. Arlem Flatte—Then let us go by

all means. The play will be charming and the weather delightful.

Luck. First Tramp - Some folks is born lucky. Rem'ber Bill Eoaks? Second tramp—Yep.
First Tramp—He got into Sweipier's brewery the other night an' was drowned

Patient Waiting No Loss. Confiding Son-Mother, what's the best | train. vay to propose to a girl?

Mother—When the right girl comes

along, my son, you won't need any advice. a number of Derbys. He has ridden in the Grand Prix at Paris, has plied the whip and is a stout man with a pock marked, weather Joseph Arch, the English labor leader beaten face, covered with stubby beard. His eyes are blue. When roused by excitethe west for sometime, and is making his | ment his chest expands, his voice roars way back to England, having got as far as and he exhibits the characteristics of an the grave. Undertakers' rings are all of angry lion.

CURRENT TOPICS.

On Saturday the city of London elected Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs. As an evi dence that the day of disabilities is over, i is only necessary to state that the now Lord Mayor is a Hebrew and a Jew, one Sheriff a Catholic and the other an Atheist.

It is said that a vast army of tramps is abroad along the entire length of the Pennsylvania Railway, and like a swarm of locusts is devouring everything edible in its track. Decent, peaceable people are alarmed at the invasion. Farmers are at the mercy of these tramps, railway cars are pillaged and train hands assaulted. The queer thing about the matter is that these tramps came from the mines, factories and foundries of Pennsylvania, the most highly protected State in the Union, and the men re the offspring of the over protected trades.

THE motto of the British Volunteers is "Defence, not defiance." They are wholly for home protection and cannot be sent abroad. The War Office has just elaborated scheme of defence and now every volunteer knows exactly where he is to be placed in a time of invasion, what is required of him and how he is to get to his destina-tion. It is noticeable that in the arrange ment Scotland has more volunteers than will be required in her defence. Having made herself all serone she will send to the assistance of England the two High-land and South of Scotland Brigades, with the guns of the Fife, Ayr, Galloway, Aberdeen and Inverness Artillery Corps, besides movable batteries of garrison gunners from the seven brigades, and garrison gunners of the second class from the Banff. Argyll, Caithness and Orkney brigades. Four days after the order for mobilization every volunteer will be at his destination. ONTARIO does not lack lawyers. Sometimes we are inclined to think there are too

many of them, but we cannot sympathize with the measures that are spoken of to reduce the supply. One plan is to compel the students to attend the Law School both norning and afternoon, thus discriminating against these who depend for support upor the salaries they earn in the offices. Another plan is to raise the fees for becoming solicitor and barrister from \$90 and \$100 to \$400 and \$500. These changes would simply leave the door open to rich men's sons, and close it against the poor. A far better scheme would be to raise the standard of qualification — to make the examinations harder. A head test is better than a pocket test. By the way, is it just the thing to let a company lawyers decide the terms upon which other men shall be allowed to practice law. or to let the doctors' guild fix the barriers surrounding the medical profession? The merchants have no such close corporation, nor have the editors, nor the carpenters, nor many other classes of workers, who, to put it mildly, require more brains than the lawyers to make a living. If the law-yers over-do the fencing out business, the public will be apt to help the law students o re-arrange the whole system.

WILKIE COLLINS, the novelist and dramatist, died Monday. Some weeks ago it was cabled here that Mr. Collins was dying, but he afterwards rallied and for a time seemed to improve. Death, however, has over-taken him at last, and with his life disappears one of the familiar literary figures of the 19th century. William Wilkie Collins was the eldest son of William Collins, the well-known painter of rustic scenes, and was born in London in January, 1824. After being educated at a private school and spending two years with his parents in Italy he was articled for four years to a firm in the tea trade, but he soon quit to study law. His first literary production was a biography of his father, published in 1848. From this time he devoted himself entirely to literature, and published successively "Antonina," 1851; "Basil," Levis Cash Book." 1852; Herald. cessively "Autonina," 1851; "Basil," 1852; "Mr. Ray's Cash Book," 1852; "Hide and Seek," 1854, etc. Soon afterwards he became a contributor to the Household Word, and his "After Dark and "The Dead Secret" are reprints of the tales which originally appeared in that periodical. In 1859 he published the "Queen of Hearts" and in 1860 his masterpiece, "The Woman in White." In 1862 "No Name" appeared, followed in 1863 by "My Miscellanies" and in 1866 by "Armadale." "The Moonstone," "Man to Wife" and many other works followed in rapid succession. Of late years he has contributed largely to Harper's Magazine.
Mr. Collins' works have been translated into almost every modern language and have run through several editions. He was a member of the Guild of Literature and first played in private at Tayletock Hone and afterward produced at the Olympic Theatre, "The Frozen Deep" was produced at Tavistock House by a company o amateurs, among whom was Charles Dickens. Mr. Collins dramatized "The Moonstone" in 1877.

Many Years a Bachelor.

Young lady (to middle aged gentleman at Saratoga)—Mr. Rivington, I suppose you are very fond of little children? Mr. R.—Yes, indeed; passionately fond of them.

Young lady-You have some of your own have you not? Mr. R.—Oh, no; I'm a bachelor. Young lady (innocently) — You don't nean it? How long have you been a

bachelor? Indisputable Evidence.

De Pole-Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole-I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing n that neighborhood.

"Hub! You don't take his word for it

do you?"
"No, indeed. We've found young trout in his milk." Fond Father-Sir, my daughter is the

apple of my eye. She shall continue under ner father's wings. Van Gall-Thanks. I was just going to speak about that. Can you give us the northwest wing? A TIMELY WAIL.

The season grows colder apace,
The winds begin to roar;
So, when you come into this place,
Please, mister, shut the door. It's most too warm for fires as yet. They'd open every pore; But frost has come, mankind to fret, So, mister, shut the door.

Don't leave it swinging while we sneeze, And christen you a bore; Unless you want to see us freeze, Why, hang it, shut the door! Don't make us shiver 'till we're blue

And hanker for your gore;
And hanker for your gore;
Look here, we've said all we're going to on this
subject, and the next thing you know we'll be
over there wiping the floor up with you
Unless you shut that door. Summer resort extremities. Mattie Bond (on the verandah of the Mountain House)-Here comes a man across the fields. Chorus of feminine shricks—Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!! A man! a man! Where?" Mat tie Bond-No, it's nothing but a scarecrow after all. Chorus—The mean thing! Mat-tie Bond—Well, you needn't get mad about

it. That's more than any of you have discovered so far .- Time. -Hotel guest (sitting up in bed, watch in hand)—Six o'clock and nobody comes to wake me. I shall be sure to miss the

A humane New York undertaker delayed a funeral the other day. The dead man had not paid for his first wife's burial, and once the undertaker got him in his grip he did not propose to give him up—dead or alive—until the bills were all paid. The matter was settled by the pall-bearers contributing enough to appease the under-taker, who allowed the corpse to proceed to IRBLAND AT PARIS

Magnificent Specimens of Art in Textiles One of the most delicate exhibitors of ong skilled handicraft, at the present French exhibition, is from the linen looms of Ireland, in the form of damask napkins out of a set of two dozen doilies, made for a jubilee gift to Queen Victoria by a Belfast manufacturer. These doilies are woven from the finest linen yarn which has ever yet been spun from flax fibre. The napkin is exhibited in its unbleached state. and also in its bleached and finished con and also in its bleached and finished condition. Upon each is a strikingly faithful delineation of the factory from which it comes. The building is photographed, as it were, in the linen web. One of these damask delies, about sixteen inches square, contains 3,060 threads of warp and 4,012 threads of woof, and these threads, injunctions would a sixteen as joined together, would extend a distance of more than two miles. Yet the napkin seems to be the merest figment of gossamer -a fabric of lightest gause, a thing one

might blow away with a breath.
The draughtsman was engaged for seven months in the preparation of the enlarged design—about twelve feet square—upon paper. This plan or map, so to speak, of the napkin was divided by fine machine rulings into 12,000,000 squares, each line standing for one thread of the web. On the damask work are represented 44 dif-ferent species of ferns, birds, butterflies and flowers. Irish lace, hand-made, at 100 guineas a yard, handkerchiefs at \$250 each, and many other samples of exquisite skill and patient toil, from the north of Ireland looms, are included in the display. In further illustration of this great indus-try, there is a display of flaxeeed, the flax plant with its blue flower, flax straw, scutched flax and flax spun into yarn and wound upon bobbins ready for weaving. There are also illustrated plans of the dif-ferent processes of making damasks, and the entire exhibit is appropriately sur-mounted by one of the most ancient specimens of an Irish flax wheel for spinning

The Burdens of Womanhood.

Thousands of women are silently suffering untold misery, simply because they shrink from consulting a physician in those numerous complaints arising from functional irregularities and disorders. Many a modest girl and woman prefers to bear her heavy burden in silence rather than to go to the family physician for advice. All sufferers from this class of disorders can, nowever, find prompt and sure relief in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a specific in such cases, and has brightened the lives of countless women by restoring them to perfect health.

Virtue in Good Coffee,

So extensive is the adulteration of coffee t is not easy to obtain the pure article, even although the highest prices be paid. The substance commonly used in adulteration are chicory, roasted grains, peas or beans.
The principal element of roasted chicory
is sugar. It is useful in coloring the decoction, but adds nothing to its virtues. As for the other substances, although they may be harmless, considering their use from an economic point of view, nothing is made in buying coffee which contains them, even if the price of the mixture be much under that demanded for the pure article. This is evident when it is known that not

Don't be Humbugged

with the foolish idea that Catarrh cannot be cured! The world moves, and medical science is progressive. The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at only 50 cents.

Life is Much What We Make it.

Take time; it is no use to run-or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, are broken and the door is still unopened. The chief secret in comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexations as you

will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it

frowns back. Angry thoughts canker the mind and disose it to the worst temper in the world that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become oriminals. Show your sense by saying much in

few words. Try to speak some kind word or do some kind deed each day of your life. You will

Set your work to song .- Washington Post Poison the fountain and the stream is impure; poison the blood, and its taint is rough the entire system-those innumerable veins and arteries carry disease and death instead of life and vitality. As a result, you have Headache. Scrofnla. Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Liver Com-plaint and General Debility. An inactive Liver means poisoned blood; Constipation means poisoned blood; Kidney disorder means poisoned blood. The great antidote for impure blood in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Acting directly upon the affected organs, restores them to their normal condition. "A word to the wise is sufficient." The "Discovery" is guaranteed to cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

The Same Thing. "I see," said Smith, laying down his paper, "that old man Skinflint has willed his property to Groggins, the saloon-keeper."

"How's that? I supposed that he left it all to his son, Harry."
"Well, he did, but that was only an in-

direct way of leaving it to Groggins

-Geese at the north will commence to fly southward when the fall storms break up the watering place society.

The Rev. Dr. Menzies, minister of Abernyte, has, on the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, been appointed Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, in room of the late Professor Crombie.

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