

A Ball on the Back of the Neck.

Each ball has its moments of pleasure and pain. That's how the ebb and the flow; Each soul has its portion of sunshine and rain, Hope dawns and sunsets of woe, But there's few other evils which flesh is heir to. That with sorrow your joy can so lack, And fill our whole being with so much despair, As a ball on the back of the neck.

A man's wife may tell him in tones low and sweet, Her wifery is coming to stay, He may tread a banana peel down in the street And swear in a dignified way, Somebody may knock a hole in your corn, But the one thing that makes him regret he was born Is a ball on the back of the neck.

The brooklet o' the sings in a sad undertone, The skies are all clouded with care, And nature's voice echoes a sad and mournful moan, The breezes come freighted with care, The future is naught but a desert of night, The present a miserable woe, Without a ray of light, For the man with a ball on his neck.

Cupid's Commercial Failure.

Negotiations now have ceased, the game is called a draw, Miss Caldwell with her millions failed to capture Prince Murat.

He brought to her a title of distinction to be sold, She was to buy the bauble and to pay for it in gold.

While there would be no limit to the title he would bring, He soon discovered all her gold was anchored to the title of "The Princess," which nobility holds dear. She wished him to bestow for just a paltry sum per year.

While she would bear the name which his nobility prides itself on, she would not be content with the bank account, as heretofore, would still be kept in hers.

An heirless who will titles estimate so very low Deserves to finally become plain Mrs. So-and-so.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

CHAPTER XXII.

LOUISE LANDSOWNE.

One morning in the following week, Mrs. Burnham sat herself in her second best black silk, and, leaving the Misses Burnham to their own devices, she stepped toward Olddough Hill. Arriving there, she was ushered into the blue drawing-room by Dobson, in his character of footman, and in a few minutes Lucia appeared.

When Mrs. Burnham saw her, she assumed a slight air of surprise.

"Why, my dear," she said, "as she shook hands, 'I should scarcely have known you.'"

And though this was something of an exaggeration, there was some excuse for the exclamation. Lucia was looking very charming, and several changes might be noted in her attire and appearance. The ugly twist had disappeared from her delicate head, and in its place were soft, loose waves and light puffs; she had even ventured on allowing a few ringed locks to stray on to her forehead; her white morning dress no longer wore the trade-mark of Miss Chickie, but had been remodeled by some one of more taste.

"What a pretty gown, my dear!" said Mrs. Burnham, glancing at it curiously. "A Watteau play down the back isn't it? A Watteau play, and little ruffles down the front, and pale pink bows. It is quite like some of Miss Octavia Bassett's dresses, only not so over-trimmed."

"I did not think Octavia's dresses would seem over-trimmed if she wore them in London or Paris," said Lucia bravely. "It is only because we are so very quiet, and dress so little in Slowbridge, that they seem so."

"And your hair!" remarked Mrs. Burnham. "You drew your idea of that from some sort of here, I suppose. Very becoming indeed. Well, well! And how does Lady Theobald like all this, my dear?"

"I am not sure that—" Lucia was beginning, when her ladyship interrupted her by entering.

"My dear Lady Theobald," cried her visitor, rising, "I hope you are well. I have just been complimenting Lucia upon her pretty dress and her new style of dressing her hair. Miss Octavia Bassett has been giving her the benefit of her experience, it appears. We have not been doing just as well. We had thought of having Lucia had come from Nevada to improve us?"

"Miss Octavia Bassett," said my lady, "has come from Nevada to teach our young people a great many things—new fashions in duty, and demeanor, and respect for their elders. Let us hope they will be benefited."

"If you will excuse me, grandamma," said Lucia, speaking in a soft, steady voice, "I will go and write the letters you wished written."

"Go," said my lady, with majesty, and having bidden Mrs. Burnham good morning, Lucia went.

If Mrs. Burnham had expected any explanation of her ladyship's evident displeasure, she was doomed to disappointment. That excellent and rigorous gentleman had a stern sense of dignity, and forbade her to descend to the confidential weakness of mere ordinary mortals. Instead of referring to Lucia, she broached a more commonplace topic.

"I hope your rheumatism does not threaten you again, Mrs. Burnham," she remarked.

"I am very well, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "so well, that I am thinking quite seriously of taking the dear girls to the garden-party, when it comes off."

"To the garden-party?" repeated her ladyship. "May I say who thinks of giving the garden-party in Slowbridge?"

"It is no one in Slowbridge," replied this lady, cheerfully. "Some one who lives a little out of Slowbridge—Mr. Burmiston, my dear, Lady Theobald, at his new place."

"Mr. Burmiston?"

"Yes, my dear, and a most charming affair it is to be, if we are to believe all we hear. Surely you have heard something of it from Mr. Barold?"

"Mr. Barold has not been to Olddough for several days."

"Then he will tell you when he comes, for I suppose he has as much to do with it as Mr. Burmiston."

"I have heard before," announced my lady, "of men of Mr. Burmiston's class securing the services of persons of established position in society when they wished to spend their money upon entertainments, but I should scarcely have imagined that Francis Barold would have allowed himself to be made a party to such a transaction."

"But," put in Mrs. Burnham, rather eagerly, "it appears that Mr. Burmiston is not such an obscure person, after all. He is an Oxford man, and came off with honors; he is quite a well-born man, and gives this entertainment in honor of his friend and relation, Lord Lansdowne."

"Lord Lansdowne!" echoed her ladyship, sternly.

"It seems rather singular to my mind that he should have known of this before."

"But how should we learn? We none of us know Lord Lansdowne, or even the marquis. I think he is only a second or

third cousin. We are little—just a little—set in Slowbridge, you know, my dear—at least I have thought so, sometimes lately." "That is not the case," said my lady, "that I have not regarded the matter in that light." "That is because you have a better right to—to be a little set than the rest of us," was the amiable response. Lady Theobald did not disclaim the privilege. She felt the sentiment an extremely correct one. But she was not very warm in her manner during the remainder of the call, and, inconspicuous as such a statement may appear, it must be confessed that she felt that Miss Octavia Bassett must have something to do with these defections on all sides, and that garden-parties, and all such swiftings from established Slowbridge custom, were the natural result of Nevada frivolity and freedom of manners. It may be that she felt remotely that even Lord Lansdowne, as the Marquis of Lansdowne, would have referred to the same reprehensible cause, and that, for Octavia Bassett, Mr. Burmiston would not have been educated at Oxford and come off with honors, and have turned out to be related to respectable people, but afterwards to have remained an obscure person. "I suppose," she said, afterwards, to Lucia, "that your friend Miss Octavia Bassett is in Mr. Burmiston's confidence, if no one else has been permitted to have that honor. I have no doubt she has known of this approaching entertainment for some weeks." "I do not know, grandamma," replied Lucia, putting her letters together, and gaining color as she bent over them. She was wondering, with inward trepidation, what her ladyship would say if she knew the whole truth—if she knew that it was the whole truth—that Octavia Bassett, who enjoyed Mr. Burmiston's confidence, had been the one to suggest it. "Ah," she thought, "how could I ever dare to tell her?" The same day Francis Barold snatched up to pay them a visit, and, as he was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in his more so cleverly; and she detected this place so anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say. He did not address her again, immediately, but turned to Lucia, drooping the eyeglasses, and resuming his normal condition. "You will go, of course?" he said. "I do not know, grandamma—" "Oh!" interposed Barold, "you must go. There is no reason for your refusing the invitation—unless you wish to imply something unpleasant—which is, of course, out of the question." "But there may be reasons—," began her ladyship. "Burmiston is my friend," put in Barold, in his coolest tone. "And I am your relative, which would make my position in his house a delicate one, if he has offended you." "When Lucia saw Octavia again, she was able to tell her that she had received invitations to the fête, and that Lady Theobald had accepted them. "She has not spoken a word to me about it, but she has accepted them," said Lucia. "I don't quite understand her lately, Octavia. She must be very fond of Francis Barold. He never gives way to her in the least, and she always seems to submit to him. I know she would not have let me go, if he had not insisted on it, in that taking-it-for-granted way." "Naturally, my dear, Burmiston's fête caused great excitement. Miss Chickie was never so busy in her life, and there were rumors that her feelings had been outraged by the discovery that Mrs. Burnham had sent to Hartford for costumes for her daughters." "Slowbridge is changing, my dear," said Miss Chickie with brilliant sarcasm. "Our ladies are led in their fashions by a Nevada young person. We're improving most rapid—more rapid than I'd ever have dared to hope. Do you prefer a frill or flounce, men?" Octavia was in great good spirits at the prospect of the gayeties to question. She had been in remarkably good spirits for some weeks. She had received letters from Nevada, containing good news, she said. She had heard that her father and her father had almost settled his affairs, and it would not be long before he would come to England. She looked so exhilarated over the matter, that Lucia felt a little aggrieved. "Will you be glad to leave us, Octavia?" she asked, in a changing tone. "I shall be sorry to leave you. You don't expect me to be fond of Slowbridge, do you, and to be sorry I can't take Mrs. Burnham home?" "Barold was present when she made this speech, and it rather rankled." "Am I one of 'the rest'?" he enquired, the first time he found himself alone with her. He was sufficiently piqued to forget his usual *hater* and discretion. "Oh, very much—very much—naturally," he replied, severely. They were standing near a rosebush in the garden, and she plucked a rose, and regarded it with deep interest. "I don't think I should have had such a good time if you hadn't been here. You have made it livelier." "Tha-anks," he remarked. "You are most kind." "Oh, I answered, 'it's true. If it were I, I should be glad to go. You, and Mr. Burmiston, and Mr. Poppleton have certainly made it livelier.'" He went home in such bad humor that his host, who was rather happier than usual, commented upon his grave aspect at dinner. "You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?" "Oh, nothing!" he was answered, sardonically; "nothing whatever—unless that I have been rather snubbed by a young lady from Nevada." "Ah! I should have guessed that," said Barold, "it's her, isn't it?" "It's her, isn't it?" said Barold. "It seems to be one of the customs of Nevada." In fact, he was very vague indeed. He felt that he had condescended a good deal lately. He seldom bestowed his time on women, and when he did so, at rare intervals, he chose those who would do the most honor to his taste at the least cost of trouble. And he was obliged to confess to himself that he had broken his rule in this case. Upon analyzing his motives and necessities, he found that, after all, he must have extended his visit simply because he chose to see more of this young woman from Nevada, and that really, upon the whole, he had borne a good deal from her. Sometimes he had been much pleased with her, and he had not been so much annoyed as he had been by her. He had often enough—in fact rather too often—she had made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Her manners were not what he was accustomed to; she did not consider that one man were not to be regarded from the same point of view. Perhaps she had not been so much pleased with her, and she had not been so much annoyed as he had been by her. 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perhaps grandamma would have been more satisfied with me. I have often wished I had been cleverer.

"If you had been a boy," replied Mr. Burmiston, rather grimly, "and had squandered her money, and run into debt, and bullied her, you would have been her idol, and she would have pinched and starved herself to supply your highness's extravagance."

When the garden-party rumor began to take definite form, and there was no doubt as to Mr. Burmiston's intentions, a discussion arose at once, and went on in every general parlor. World Lady Theobald allow Lucia to go, and if she did not allow her, would not such a course appear very pointed indeed? It was universally decided that it would appear pointed, but that Lady Theobald would not mind that in the least, and perhaps would rather enjoy it than otherwise, and it was thought Lucia would have to go home, if it had not been for the influence of Mr. Francis Barold.

Making a call at Olddough, he found his august relative in a very majestic mood, and she applied to him again for information.

"Perhaps," she said, "you may be able to tell me whether it is true that Miss Belinda Bassett—Belinda Bassett," with emphasis, "has been invited by Mr. Burmiston to assist him to receive his guests."

"Yes, it is true," was the reply. "I think it is a very nice idea. Burmiston is fond of her. They are great friends. Man needs a woman at such times."

"And he chose Belinda Bassett?"

"In the first place, he is on friendly terms with her, as I said before," replied Barold; "in the second, she's just what he wants—well-bred, kind-hearted, not likely to make rows, et cetera." There was a slight pause before he finished, adding quietly: "He's not a man to submit to be refused—Burmiston."

Lady Theobald did not reply, or raise her eyes from her work as she said she was looking at her with calm fixedness, through the glass he held in his more so cleverly; and she detected this place so anything else; perhaps because she was invariably quelled by it, and found she had nothing to say.

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"You look as if you had heard ill news, old fellow," he said. "What's up?"

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say well brought up, by the way, do you mean brought up like your cousin, Miss Galt?"

"That is a medium," said Barold, laughing. "I regret to say Lady Theobald has not hit upon it."

"Well, as you say," commented Mr. Burmiston, "I suppose there is a medium."

The alarming word she would make for a man with a position to maintain," remarked Barold, with a short and somewhat savage laugh.

"Octavia Bassett?" queried Burmiston.

"That's true. But I am afraid she would enjoy it—if you are supposing the man to be an Englishman, brought up in the regulation groove."

"Ah!" exclaimed Barold, impatiently. "I was not looking at it from her point of view, but from his."

Mr. Burmiston slipped his hands in his pocket and rubbed his keys slyly, and he did once before in an earlier part of this narrative.

"Ah! from his," he repeated. "Not from hers. His point of view would differ from hers—naturally."

Barold dimpled a little, and took his cigar from his mouth to knock of the ashes.

"A man is not necessarily a snob," he said, "because he is cool enough not to lose his head where a woman is concerned. You can't marry a woman who will make mistakes, and attract universal attention by her conduct."

"Has it struck you that Octavia Bassett would?" inquired Burmiston.

"She would do as she chose," said Barold, petulantly. "She would do things which were unusual—but I am not referring to her in particular. Why should I?"

"Ah!" said Burmiston. "Only thought of her because it did not strike me that one would ever feel she had exactly blundered. She is not so easily embarrassed. There is a *very* frigid about her which carries things off."

"Ah!" rejoined Barold, "she has *sang froid* enough and to spare."

He was silent for some time afterwards, and sat smoking later than usual. When he was about to leave the room for the night, he made an announcement for which his host was not altogether prepared.

"When the fête is over, my dear fellow," he said, "I must go back to London, and I shall be deeply sorry to do it."

"Look here!" said Burmiston, "that's a new idea, isn't it?"

"I have been thinking of it for some time, but I have been putting it off from day to day. By Jove! I did not think it likely that I should put it off, the day I landed here."

And he laughed, rather uneasily.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Contemporary Poet Whose Works Will Survive Our Time.

His Epigrammatic Wit—His Philosophy in the Garb of Dialect—A Horn Reform—One Whose Heart is Right.

The poetry of our language has been enriched not a little by the productions of that versatile bard James Russell Lowell, who now spends the declining years of his life at his lovely home, "Elmwood," at Cambridge, Mass. Perhaps his "Bigelow Papers" have done most to popularize him, in America, but meritorious as they are he has left numerous other works which will endure his memory to posterity when, the special circumstances and occurrences at which the "Bigelow Papers" were directed being but a reminiscence, they will cease to exercise the force they do on the minds of the present generation, many of whom were on the scene when the curse of legalized chattel slavery was wiped out of America. His is not the poetry that dies with the poet.

He was born at Cambridge, Mass., on February 22nd, 1819, and studied law there in his twenty-first year, admitted to the bar. The work was ungenial, although there are not lacking in his works evidences that he derived benefit from the course of study, and he soon abandoned it and turned his attention to literature. In 1841—when he was 22 years of age—the first of his published work, "A Year's Life," was given to the public. In the following year "A Legend of Brittany, and other Poems" appeared and did not fail to attract attention and evoke criticism. Since that time his name has been more or less prominently before the world of letters. He engaged with Robert Carter in publishing a magazine called "The Pioneer," but not even the pens of Poe and the gifted elder Hawthorne could aid him to success. In the first of the series of "Bigelow Papers" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" appeared and were well received. Everything he wrote at or about that period breathed the spirit of the abolitionist. Into that movement he put his whole heart and influence, often to his own great personal discomfort and disadvantage. He cared not how great was the odds against him, always exemplifying his belief that

such words, for Lowell has been prominently a man having the courage of his convictions, and as such he is universally respected. Presently the gray-headed man of middle-aged and unjust kind, when his pen was one of the most active in the advocacy of the abolition of slavery; but his history of motive has never been impugned. By the way, his "Fable for Critics" is a most interesting production—a real work of genius, whether viewed as a poem or merely as a jingling rhyme, but which space forbids further reference to here. But a glance at his "Bigelow Papers." How is this for dialect philosophy?

There you've got to sit up airy
If you want to take in God,
Taint your epplettes an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
Than my testamen' 's a poem o' wits
Will oxen you in His sight;
If you take a sword an' dror it,
As to stick a feller into a
Gov'ment t' answ'er for it,
God'll send the bill to you,
I dunno but what it's pooty
T'rain' round in bostal cast—
But t' curvus curv' folk's throats.
This 'ere strain he makes our philo-
sophical friend "Birdofreedom Sawin,"
remark on his Mexican war experience:
There's a stunner gits into my throat that makes
It hard to swallow,
It comes so natural to think about a hempen
Its glory—but in spite o' all my tryin' to get
I feel I'm o' in a cart aridin' to the gallows.
And how correctly he valued much of the
current political demagoguery of the age:
The side of our country most allers be took,
An' t' President Polk, you know, he is our country,
The angel that writes the our sins a book
Puts the debit to him an' to us the per centy
Wal, it's a marcy we've got folk to tell
The rights an' the wrongs of these matters I
God send country lawyers, an' other who follows
To start the world's wrong when it gits in a
slough.
For John P.
Says the world'll go right on he hollers out, Gee!
Lowell had had a good deal of experience
with "practical politicians" and certainly
never were those professionals more lam-
pooned than by him. He had seen that
Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally keep ill,
They're a cheery kind o' dust for the eyes o' the
world.
And that so far as the professional politi-
cian is concerned
A marvellous providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles avow.
Aint principle precious? Then who's going to
We've resk o' some chap's gittin' up to
abuse it?
He was early disgusted with the glitter-
ing generalities in which some alleged
statesmen delight ever to deal, and this is
how he expressed his feeling:
I'm willin' a man should go talkable strong
Agin' wrong in the abstract, for that kind o'
wrong
Is all the popular an' never gets pitted
Because it's a wrong no one ever committed;
But he mustn't be wrong on particular sins;
Cause then he'll be wrong on the other side.
His "Pious Editor's Creed" is a very
neat thing of its kind, but I must not pause
to quote. The temptation to do so is great
but space is limited. In sorrow's moods
Lowell's poetry holds the deepest feelings
in its sway. Who better could read his
poetry than Lowell's?

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAY I GO?

The very day after this, Octavia opened the fourth trunk. She had had it brought down from the garret, when there came a summons on the door, and Lucia Gaston appeared.

Lucia was very pale, and her large soft eyes were a decidedly frightened look. She seemed to have walked fast, and was out of breath. Evidently something had happened.

"What is it, Octavia," she said, "Mr. Dugald Binnie is at Olddough?"

"Who is he?"

"He is my grand-uncle," exclaimed Lucia, tremulously. "He has a great deal of money. Grandamma—," she stopt short, and colored, and drew her slight breath for a moment, and then she said, "Last night she came to my room to talk to me, and on this morning she came again, and—oh!" she broke out indignantly, "how could she speak to me in such a manner!"

"What did she say, Octavia?"

"She said I was a meddling body, with great spirit. 'It took her a long time to say them, and I do not wonder at it. It would have taken me a hundred years, if I had been in her place. I—I was wrong to say I did not understand her—I did—because she was so old and so young.'"

"What did you understand?"

"She was afraid to tell me in plain words, but she said she had been arranging my future for me, and she does not want to hear that I dare object. That is because she knows I am a coward, and despises me for it—and it is what I deserve. If I make the marriage she chooses, she thinks Mr. Binnie will leave me his money. I am to run after a man who does not care for me, and make myself attractive in the hope that he will condescend to marry me, because Mr. Binnie may leave me his money. Do you wonder that it took even Lady Theobald a long time to say that?"

"Well," remarked Octavia, "you won't do it, I suppose. I wouldn't worry. She wanted you to marry Mr. Barold, I suppose."

Lucia started.

"How did you guess?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, I always knew it. I didn't guess."

And she smiled ever so faintly. "That is one of the reasons why she loathes me so," she added.

Lucia thought deeply for a moment; she recognized all at once, several things she had been mystified by before.

"Oh, it is I!" she said. "And she has thought of it all the time, when I never suspected her."

"What a little angel!" Lucia sat thinking, her hands clasped tightly.

"I am glad I came here," she said at length. "I am angry now, and I see things more clearly. If she had only thought of it because Mr. Binnie came, I could have argued her more easily, but she has been arguing coarse plans all the time, and treating me with contempt. 'Octavia,' she added, turning upon her, with flushing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, 'I think that, for the first time in my life, I am in a passion—a real passion.'"

"Her delicate nostrils were dilated, she held her head up, her breath came fast. There was a hint of exultation in her tone. 'Yes,' she said, 'I am in a passion. And I am not afraid of her at all. I will go home and tell her what I think!'"

And it is quite probable that she would have done so, but for a trifling incident which occurred before she reached her ladyship.

WHERE MAMMA WAS.

Pathetic Incident of Travel on a Railroad Train.

It was on a Pennsylvania railroad train, coming north from Washington, says a writer in the New York Sunday Sun. All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby. The former was willing to follow the example of the majority, but the latter objected in a loud voice. Its cries awoke the other passengers, and some pretty strong language was heard. The young man got out of his berth and carried the baby up and down the car, trying to soothe it. But the baby was ailing and fretful, and its voice would not be stilled. Finally a gray-headed man, who was evidently an old traveler, stuck his head out from behind the curtain and called to the young man in a rather sharp voice:

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to his mother? She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants his mother."

"Yes, that's right," nodded half a dozen other irritated passengers.

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said in a quiet, strained voice:

"His mother is in the baggage car."

"There was an instantaneous hush for a moment. Presently the gray-headed man stuck his head out to the aisle again.

"Let me take it for a while," he said, softly, "perhaps I can quiet it."

Highlanders in Paris.

The Scottish games given at Paris, as a side show in connection with the exposition, appear to have been a grand success, and for the time threw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show into the shade. The sports appear to have been well contested, although there was evidently a great deal of hippodroming. The Highland dancing was received with unusual applause, and the men who were the heroes of the hour. Even the squad of Glasgow "bobbies," magnificent specimens of physical manhood as they were, did not command half the admiration that was so freely bestowed on the "great big barelegged Highland men." Lord Lytton, the British Ambassador, was present on one of the days, and had as a special guard of honor the whole squad of the Glasgow police. The climax of the proceedings was reached on the 18th inst. From behind the mountain scenery that forms the background of the Glasgow Wild West Show emerged a procession consisting of the pipers, the band and the main body of the Highland competitors. It was headed by Colonel and Mrs. White, the former attired in a uniform resembling that of the Gordon Highlanders, including the familiar red kilt and sporran, and bearing a sword; while Mrs. White wore a tartan costume. The kilted ladies as fine country could produce. The band, as it is called, consisted of the big arena, played the "Marschallaise" and "Scots wha hae"—airs which both evoked enthusiastic plaudits on the part of the Scottish and native spectators. The demonstration terminated with the British band playing "The British Grenadiers" at the centre of the arena. Colonel and Mrs. White having meanwhile taken up their position on the round pulpit-like platform from which Colonel Cody's spokesman is wont to announce to the audience the successive items for the Wild West entertainment.

Regulo.

The most fashionable color, at present, is the hue of health, and it will never go out of style. Its shades and tints are various, but all of them are exceedingly becoming. It is perfectly astonishing what a change is being, daily wrought by Dr. Cassell's Favorite Prescription in the looks of sickly women. Sufferers from any sort of "female weakness" or irregularity, backache or nervous prostration should give it a trial. All druggists.

All in a Name. / A new horse? What's his name? / Simpkins—Well, I call him Balaklava. / That's a deuced queer name for a horse? / Yes, you see the charge was '00, don't you know, '—Time.

"Regularity." / "Yes," said the Professor, "when I regulate my time-piece, I consult the best authority in town—the watchmaker's chronometer. In the same way, when I need a digestive pill, I invariably take Dr. Cassell's Favorite Prescription, because they are so accurately graduated to the needs of the system, that the system is left invigorated, the natural functions are resumed, my brain is clear for work, my spirits serene, and my appetite splendid."

A Personal Subject.

Editorial writer (for Democratic paper)—I can't think of a subject this morning to save me.

Proprietor—Well, you might administer a deserved rebuke to Baby McKee. We haven't said anything about her for two days.—Time.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient." / Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deathly evils in its train. Beware of the disease, the Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the stream becomes a resistless torrent. It is not a matter of life and death, but a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Senacherib Unearthed. / The results of English researches in Assyria the past year are said to be very valuable. Almost the whole of Senacherib's great palace at Konyunjik has now been cleared out, including the library and chambers, and the result is that some seventeen hundred new tablets, etc., have been secured for the British museum.

Acknowledged Her Ignorance. / Mrs. Gullible—Do you know, dear, John is just as boyish in his feelings as he ever was!

Mr. Kawler—Indeed? / Mrs. Gullible—Yes, why it was only last night I heard him talking in his sleep about seeing the elephant. The dear fellow had doubtless been to the circus.

In 1850 hatmakers got 1d. per day master carpenters, 3d.; carpenters, 2d.; master masons, 4d.; masons, 1d. and thatchers, 3d.; and laborers, 1d.

A Leeds firm has built the biggest lathe. It weighs 300 tons, covers 75 feet by 20, and bores a hole 40 inches in diameter through a 32-foot long ingot.

Under Certain Conditions.

"Do you like the Scotch?" asked one travelling man of another who was reading Burns.

"Yes," was the reply, "if its cold weather and the Scotch is hot enough."

—A new Krupp gun beats the world. The calibre is 13½ inches, barrel 40 feet in length, and its greatest diameter 4½ feet. It shoots 11 miles and fires two shots per minute, each shot costing between \$1,250 and \$1,500.

—Some things are so rocky that they need blasting.

Ever get shaved by a barber who wore glasses?

Ever get shaved by a barber who wore glasses? Just think over now, and see if you can remember any barber who ever wore glasses. I've been in the business 20 years, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, and I would be mortified to get such barbers than you. I don't believe that I ever saw more than three. A man who can't see well has no business fooling around another man's face with a razor. I went into a recruiting office once thinking I would get a good deal of interesting questions, but one of them being an inquiry about my business. I said I was a barber. The recruiting officer replied at once: "Then your eyesight is all right." I don't think I ever saw a cross-eyed barber in my life. As a rule, the barber's eyesight is better than any class or business or profession which you find.

Barbers Have Good Eyes.

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