While mothers are in every clime Extelled in verse from time to time, Who plods along with navy a rlyme Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night Beneath the mat, just out of sight, And in the hallway leaves a light? Your father, And when you seek the burlesque show And want a seat in the front row, Who got the last an hour ago? Your father.

Who goes along out to the track And puts up when for eash you lack, And with you cheetily walks back? Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat, Soon lays your self-esteem out flat, And wins with seven high heid pat? Your father.

And when your head begins to grow, Who is it warns you to go slow, And tells you lots you didn't know? Your father.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

"Indeed! I must go and see her when we go back to Worthington; the exodus is is already beginning; the first instalment of nurses and children went off this morning, and I only meant now just to come in and wish you good bye, but as usual I have been betrayed into gossiping?" Lady Worthington was quite an old

family friend of the Magnays, and since they had been left orphans, she had taken them specially under her protection. Claude owed a great deal to her; she was undoubtedly very fond of him, and after his sisters had gone to India, and he had been left to himself, she had spared no pains in helping him, constantly inviting him to her house, and what was better, really winning his confidence, and giving him almost a son's place in her affections.

Claude was by no means her only protege; she was genuinely warm hearted, and really wore herself out for other people when she liked them. She had, however, strong dislikes, as well, and when any one was not in her good books, she allowed it to appear in her manner quite as much as good-breeding would permit. This, added was now about eight-and-twenty, though good-breeding would permit. This, added

not particular favorities of hers. Worthington Hall, Sir Henry's country house, began rather hesitatingly to ask what had happiness and a rarely disturbed serenity.

Yet her life had been by no means an

And that is really her likeness? such

"I am afraid not," said Claude, smiling.

"But that you will see when you are at Rilchester. You do not think it a bad return for your kindness to me, that I bring you fresh 'oasss."

Lady Worthington leads?

Worthington describing Frances Neville's as the "ghostly" mission, and her own as the "bodily."

All this had not of course been attained without many struggles, nor was Frances ever entirely free from the land.

ittle girl if I can; but the deanery is a would not allow her to think even the most terribly unapproachable house. I wish I trifling thing immaterial, and laid down had known that young Monsieur de Mabillon; he must have thought me inconsiderate tinction between right and wrong, she was

Lady Worthington looked anxiously at entered her head she would not give it up. Her coachman, therefore, received orders to drive fast to the address which Claude had given, and being accustomed to her ladyship's freaks did not even grumble, though

was shown upstairs by the astonished land-done her? what good could she have done lady, who was fairly dazzled by such an them? The asked herself. Had not every unexpected advent as a carriage and pair, and a lady in seal-skin and sables. She opened the sitting-room door, and announced the visitor with delighted pomposity. Lady Worthington had just time to see Gaspard standing by the time to see Gaspard standing by the mantle piece, his face buried in his hands, he hurriedly raised his head and came forward, doing the honors of his shabby little room with a grave courtesy which pleased his guest.

She began to explain her reasons for

"I was so afraid you would think me I did not recall your name just now in Mr. Magnav's studio : neither my husband nor I had the least idea you were in London."

"We came over in March, madame, said Gaspard. "Ah! so long ago as that? I wish I had known before. Both Sir Henry and I

knew your mother, as, perhaps, you have heard. I hope you had other friends in town, though, or you must have had a cold welcome to England."
"We knew no one at first, madame; but my sister went to Rilchester in the summer to live with Dean Collinson, our unole,"

replied Gaspard.
"So Mr. Magnay was telling me; and I

thought perhaps I might come to see you, so that I might take the last accounts of you to your sister. We live only two miles from Rilchester, and I must certainly go to "A thousand thanks, madame, you are

very good; and Esperance will be very pleased, I am sure." Lady Worthington was in too great a hurry to waste words, she went straight to

her point.
"Now will you tell me candidly in what way you think I can be of any use to your sister? One might call for years at the deanery, and never learn really to know a

' Madame is very good. I think all that Esperance wants is to be loved. misses the home petting which she has always been used to."

face, softened as it was by love and Poor child! And that motherless happiness. household is the very worst she could have gone to. I will try to get at her, indeed. You must want her here sadly," and Lady Worthington glanced round the bare, com-

comfortable house, at least. The separation is of course hard to bear, but I shall feel happier about her now that I know she will have your kindness, madame."

Lady Worthington was touched by his

simple, unaffected way of speaking. She cessfully would gladly have seen more of him, but it "And was already so late that this was impossible. She rose reluctantly.
"This is a very short and unceremonious

visit," she said, holding out her hand to Gaspard, "but I hope when we are in town again, in the spring, we shall learn to know you well; and, meantime, I can at least tell your sister I have seen you."
Gaspard could only reiterate his thanks

and Lady Worthington, getting into her carriage, drove quickly home, trying to think of any means by which she might help the poor, proud, and apparently halfstarved Frenchman.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was quite six o'c'ock before her ladyship's tired horses reached Kensington. She herself was cold and weary, but in spite of it there was an alertness in her step as she ascended the broad staircase, which bespoke her indomitable energy. She opened the drawing room door, and gave a elieved exclamation to find within only

her younger sister, Frances Neville.
"I am home again, at last. I was so afraid you would have a whole roomful of visitors," she exclaimed, drawing off her visitors," she exclaimed, drawing on her gloves, and warming her hands by the fire.
"You have just escaped them," said
Frances, smiling. "I have had six editions, and Colonel and Mrs. Vigar have only been gone a few minutes."
"The unconscionable people to stay so late! Trings you put to reporchild. You

late! Tiring you out, t o, poor child. You look as white as a sheet. Is Henry in?" "I fancy I heard his step outside; but I am not certain. Tell me where you have

been, Katharine. You have had a long afternoon." "Yes, very. I will tell you all when I come down, but I must first speak to Henry if he is at home." And Lady Worthington

The two sisters were a strange contrast. to her carelessness of appearances, was no doubt the reason why she was often not so much appreciated as she ought to have been.

Claude knew that the Collinsons were not particular favorities of hers. Worth-instant Wall Sir Hann's country house. expressive of firm endurance. Her eyes ras only two miles from Rilchester, and were like Lady Worthington's, clear graywas, however, not sure how far Lady
Worthington cared for the intercourse, and
nature, with Frances they expressed patient

began rather hesitatingly to ask what had long been in his mind.

"Have you time and inclination to add one other to your long list of proteges? Because, is so, little Mademoiselle de Mabillon, is the porson of all others, who is in need. She seems quite miserable at the deanery."

Worthington. compassionately. "It must indeed be a knew her leaned unconsciously upon her, dreary house; tell me about her." dreary house; tell me about her."

"Perhaps this will tell you better than words," said Claude, bringing forward his picture. Accidentially her brother caught sight of that when he was here, and I wish you could have seen his face of grief and dismay! He says she used to be the brightest child imaginable."

"And that is really her likeness? and is the same throughout the same through the same than the same through the same than the same through through the same through through the same through through the same through through t could ever obtain. The two sisters, how-ever, worked very well together, each young face, and so utterly miserable! You recognizing her own peculiar calling; Lady have been exaggerating, Claude."

"I am afraid not," said Claude, smiling.

as the "ghostly" mission, and her own as

Lady Worthington laughed.

"It is like the story of the man who cured a lame dog, which, as soon as it was well, ran away and brought its lame friend. I shall be only to glad, though, to help this little pirl if I can; but the deanery is a would not allow her to think even the most wilding thing immaterial, and laid down

tinction between right and wrong, she was not to recall his father's name. Where does he live?"

"In some wretched rooms at Penton-ville," answered Claude, wondering if Gaspard, also, were to be adopted.

"I think I will drive round that way and himst rechime to work the work was not because the second to suit all parties. Lady Worthjust see him; he may have something to sint an parties. Havy worth seemed to suit an parties. Havy would see him; he may have something to ington liked having some one to nurse and seemed to suit an parties. Havy would see him; he may have something to ington liked having some one to nurse and truly overy four years. Course didn't know this, tend, and Frances, though not an actual or didn't care about it, and for 1,600 years does or he must be at home by this time. Then good-bye for the present, Claude; what was required. Her two romping you will let us hear from you, will you not? And remember that you must spend howish. Here was exactly in 1582 we'd borrowed ten days. Pope in fine for your new spring bonnet or tell him for your new spring bonnet or tell him that the coal is out or that "mamma" ordered October 5th, 1582, to be called And remember that you must spend Christmas with us at Worthington, if you can, but don't refuse a better invitation."

"Thank you, a thousand times," replied Claude, gratefully. "For me there could converted by the converted by

womanly tenderness in her little niece. When Lady Worthington left the room, something of the brightness faded, how-John's Wood. It was very much out of way to visit Gaspard de Mabillon, and her tired, and as she lay on the sofa with last day in town was, necessarily, a busy throbbing head and wearied limbs, the oftone, but now that the idea had once recurring question, which must have sugrecurring question, which must have sug-gested itself to so many, began to trouble

what good came of those calls which she had received that day? Had not her after-noon been wasted? She had intended to a bad fog was coming on, and the horses do so much—to finish some of her work were already far from fresh.

Arrived at the baker's shop, and having for the poor, to learn an accompaniment for Sir Henry, to go to afternoon church, ascertained that M. de Mabillon was at home, Lady Worthington hastened in, and succession of callers. What good had they one of her visitors probably regarded the call as a tiresome duty, and been only too thankful when their "ten minutes" or "quarter of an hour" was over, and they were free to go? And what had they talked of? The weather, the returns to town, the "Tiohborne" case, the latest marriages in high life, the music at some of the West End churches, and the recent publications. Was this worth all that it

nad cost her? She had only arrived at the conclusion that morning calls were necessary and right, but without having discovered any way for improving them, when her sister returned, followed by Sir Henry-a tall, handsome man, with iron gray hair, a very powerful face, and the bearing of one accustomed to command, tempered by the

most perfect courtesy.

Lady Worthington, distressed by her sister's pale, suffering face, hastened to arrange her cushions, tending her with an assiduity which might have been tiresome had it not been done with such grace and

with such loving anxiety.
"If I had only thought about it and come home sooner you would have been spared all this," she said, with compunction. "People seem to come back to town so much earlier than they used to do

-I can't imagine why."

"There has been less traveling this year," said Sir Henry; "that may, perhaps, account for it. The state of France has frightened people."
"Ah! your speaking of France reminds

me—whom do you think I met this after-noon?—a son of that Monsieur de Mabillon who married Amy Collinson."
"Monsieur de Mabillon!" exclaimed

Sir Herry, smiling; "my some time rival, whom I have been blessing ever since I—."
"Now, Henry!" interrupted Lady Worthington, coloring and smiling. He answered by stooping to kiss her on the forehead, and there was a moment's silence, while Frances, understanding it all, could not resist watching her sister's beautiful and still wonderfully youthful

"You met Monsieur de Mabillon, did you say?" asked Sir Henry, half abstractedly.
"No, his son," answered Lady Worthington. "He, poor man, was killed during fortless room, with its fireless grate, flaring the siege of Paris. Curiously enough, gas-burner, and uncurtained window.

A shadow crossed Gaspard's face, and he paused a minute before answering.

"I am glad she should be living in a recognized him. Afterward Claude told self at his rooms. It seems that he and his sister left France in the spring; she is now with the Collinsons, at Rilchester, and he trying for work here, but quite unsuc-

"And you, of course, adopted him at once, and said that I would find employ-

once, and said that I would find employment," said Sir Henry, smiling.

"No, not quite; I really was very
prudent; my precipitation in the case of
that young architect, the other day, has
taught me wisdom. I made no rash
promises; but seriously, Henry, I do wish
you could help the poor fellow in some way"

"I will bear him in mind then, but you
remember that I have two of your proteges
commended to my special attention ever

remember that I have two of your proteges commended to my special attention ever since June."

"Julius Wright, you mean, and that young Mr. Frankland, I wish we could get them disposed of. Certainly all the professions are very much overstooked."

"Why does not Dean Collinson help him?" asked Sir Henry.

"He has done so in a manner by taking the little girl to live with him, but I fanoy from what the poor boy said this afternoon, that it went sorely agains: the grain to take help from that quarter. And that reminds mo, Francer, we must really take the me, Frances, we must really take the deanery by storm as soon as we go home, and rescue little Mademoiselle Mabillon, who, from Claude's account, is very unhappy there."

"A rescue during a morning call!" said Frances, laughing. "I will go with you, if it is only for the pleasure of seeing your tactics, though I am afraid you will never bafile Mrs Mortlake."
"We shall see," said Lady Worthington, with a smile of anticipated success.

(To be Continued.)

The Strongest Known Animal. Some interesting results of a naturalist's Some interesting results of a naturalist's inquiries are sent us by Mr. J. Lawrence-Hamilton, M. C. R. S., Brighton, who says that, in proportion to its size, the limpet is probably the strongest of known animals, excepting the Mediterranean venus vertucosa, a cockle-like creature, which pulls 2,071 times its own weight when out of its shell. "At Folkestone, by meaning accurate appliances" says Mr. means of accurate appliances," says Mr. Lawrence Hamilton, "I found that the Lawrence Hamilton, "I found that the common sea shore lumpet, which deprived of its shell, weighed a minute fraction less than half an ounce, required, which pulled according to its plane of adhesion, a force exceeding 62 pounds to remove it from its powerful grip upon the local littoral lowtide rock, or upward of 1,984 times it own dead weight. The superficial area of the base of this individual limpet measured 2.4 Equare inches. Taking the atmospheric pressure at 14 7 pounds to the square inch this would even then only account for 35.28 pounds, or little more than half the power exercised in the air by this sea-snail, which, acting upon immersed objects in the water, would, of course, have pulled a much greater weight than that of 62 pounds. Thus in the air a limpet pulled up to 32 1 pounds, but subsequently, in spite of its previous fatigue, when covered over by the incoming tide, it then took upward of 54 pounds to remove it. I doubt when ther the limpet's adhesive force has anything to do with the question of atmospheric pressure. In other experiments even bits of rock came away sticking to the limpet's embrace. An ancient Greek author compared this animal's adhesion to the ardent attachment of an ugly old woman to a handsome youth. In carrying out my experiments upon the limpets I was ably assisted by the eminent practical scientific raturalist, the Hon. Walter Rothschild." The same correspondent says: "The force required to open an oyster appears to be 1,319½ times the weight of the shell less oreature."—Lon don Daily News.

Why 1900 Will Not be a Leap Year. Why 1900 Will Not be a Leap Year.

The question is often asked, "Will the year 1900 be a leap year?" It will not. When Julius Cwsar revised the calendar he appointed an extra day every four years, and his calendar lasted until A. D. 1582. Now the ordinary year is 11 minutes and 11 seconds short of being 3654 days in length, so that there isn't really a full sized extra day to be added to February every four years. Cwsar didn't know this, or didn't care about it, and for 1.600 years October 15th, and to square things, ordered that centurial years should not, as a rule

be leap years.

But if leap year is omitted regularly each hundredth year, we pay back nearly day too much; so Pope Gregory furthe ordered that every centurial year which could be divided by 400 should be a leap year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year from the future; more than pay our borrowings back by omitting three leap years in three centuries and finally square matters by having a leap year in the fourth centurial year. This arrangement is so exact that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in 3,866 years. Sixteen hundred was a leap year, 2,000 will be, but 1,900 will not be. Any centurial year that can be divided by 400 will be a leap year. -Hartford Times.

Early Rising Birds.

The thrush is audible about 4.50 in the orning. The quail's whistling is heard in the

voods at about 3 o'olock The blackcap turns up at 2.30 on summer morning.

By 4 the blackbird makes the woods

resound with his melody.

The house sparrow and tomtit come last in the list of early rising birds. At short intervals after 4.30 the voices o the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The greenfinch is the first to rise, and sings as early as 1.30 on a summer morning The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet, and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

To Obtain Sleep.

Among the various remedies for sleep lessness lately advised is that in which the subject, after taking a deep inspiration, holds his breath until discomfort is felt, then repeats the process a second and a third time, this being, as a rule, enough to procure sleep. A slight degree of asphyxia is thus relied on as a sporific agent, but the theoretical correctness of this method is somewhat open to question .- London

A Solemn Thought. The feeling you have for a dead man, the people will have for you after you are dead. You want a dead body out of your sight as soon as possible; that will be the feeling with reference to your clay. You are a morsel of earth yourself, like other people. You may think that your funeral will be largely attended; notice the funeral of a man in your walk of life, and you can count the carriages in your own -Atchison Globe.

Mother Knows. Mrs. Fangle-Lizzie, what time was it

when that young man left last night? Lizzie—about 11, mamma. Mrs. Fangle-Now, Lizzie, it was two ours later than that, for I distinctly heard him say, as you both went to the door.
"Just one, Lizzie." You can't fool your

FOR AND ABOUT THE LADIES.

Things Which Every Woman Cught to Know.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Frills, Fashions, Fancies, Foibles and Feminine Conceits.

HOW TO BECOME HANDSOME.

Superfluous flush troubles the minds of Diany persons in addition to its physical burdensomeness. How many women do we daily meet who would give all they have and stop at no inconvenience or sacrifice and stop at no inconvenience or sacrinos could they by doing so reduce themselves to the lines of grace and beauty. The Duchess of Marlborough, who lately returned to this country, has amazed those former American friends who knew her as Mrs. Hammersley. Then she was fatgreatly to her discomfort, not to say mortification. tification. Now she is as pretty and lithe a figure as one could hope to see.

How did she work the transformation? Well, according to an investigator, who has given the world the benefit of his or her investigations through the medium of the New York World, she offered an adipose specialist a fat fee to take her in training, and pledged herself to carry out minutely his commands. Here are some of them: Not a morsel of bread, cakes, rolls or

No tea, coffee, chocolate or sweet wine. No potatoes, peas, rice, carrots, turnips macaroni, cheese, butter, cream, custard, macaron, cheese, butter, cream, custato, jellies or sweets.

Not a drop of ice water.

No warm baths.

No flannel, and only enough clothing to

eep from taking cold. No bedroom heat.

Not a drop of any liquid food at meals. In place of bread she had fruit, a section of apple or orange, some fresh grapes, berries, cherries or stewed fruit being used when ordinarily one craves a bit of bread or a swallow of water. Her diet was limited to two meals a day—breakfast at 10 and dinner at 7—with the following bill of fare to select from : Rare, lean meats, game and poultry, soft-boiled eggs, sea foods, toast, lettuce, spinach, celery,

oresses, fruits.

She had half a gallon of hot water to drink every day, with lemon juice in it to take away the flat taste. Cold water was denied her, and alcs, frappes, champagne and claret strictly forbidden. She was even forced to forego the luxury of bathing in water, in place of which she had sponge and vapor baths. Every few days she took a fast, allowing the system to consume the adipose tissue. While no limit was put upon the pleasure of driving or riding, she was asked to select the roughest, rockiest roads, and to walk from

five to ten miles a day in the open air. This practice of self-denial the Duchess of Marlborough has persisted in for the last two years, and to day she is perhaps the handsomest woman of her age in New York society. She weighs about 140 pounds, her eyes are bright, her complexion is as clear and smooth as a school girl's; she has the carriage of a cadet and the health of a child of nature.

Suggestion for Wives. Here is a new wrinkle with regard to roasted duck that some good wife, fond and foolish and out of fashion enough to care about pleasing her husband, may enjoy serving up to him some night when he comes home a little more perplexed and annoyed with business than usual. Take the duck, which has been roasted in the ordinary way with sage and onion dressing. score it deeply with the carving knife, scatter into the furrows so formed salt and white or black pepper, and pour over it a glass or two of Burgundy warmed, not heated, so that it will not chill the duck. Baste the bird with the wine a few moments, cover it up, and let the seasoning soak well in, and when it is served to your lord and master it will be as much of a revelation to him as was the far-famed pie of "four and twenty blackbirds," which was set before the king. When this last juioy morsel is still lingering in his mouth, making life indeed worth living, then ask is coming for a nice long visit or that you must go and hear Patti, and see how he will rustle his angel wings and tell you out your wishes and supplying your wants and the only thing needful to perfect bliss

is a visit from his mother in law. The Lady Barber. The lady barber has come, and the hear of every young gentleman who thinks that his mustache will come up if only the ground be ploughed sufficiently, is glad within him. Happily, the lady barber is a noun of multitude, and it is likely enough that she will very soon add considerably to her number. At present her operations are confined to the sedate and decorous shades of Chancery Lane; but if it be true that to know the lady barber is to love her we may be sure that she will presently establish herself in the gay and giddy West End. Shaving is, at the best, an ordeal but if, instead of the coarse and lumpy hands and the iname politics of the male we can have the pretty fingers and the art less prattle of the feminine practitioner, most of us will hasten to Chancery Lane. The ladies are hair cutters as well, which is exceedingly nice, since it is obvious that the operation of hair cutting, which lasts close upon half an hour, is full of opportunities

for conversation.—St. James' Budget. Sympathy in Raising a Child. How many parents there are who are eadier to provide playthings for their children than to share the delights of their children with those playthings; readier to set their children at knowledge-seeking than to have a part in their children's sur prises and enjoyments of knowledge-attaining; readier to make good, as far as they can, all losses to their children than to grieve with their children over those losses And what a loss of power to those parents as parents is this lack of sympathy with their children as children. There are, nowever, parents who sympathize with their children in all things; and, as s result, they practically train and sway heir children as they will; for when there is entire sympathy between two persons, the stronger one is necessarily the controlling force with both.—Sunday School Times.

The Frizzy Bang Has Gone

An entirely new style of hair-dressing is threatened, says a fashion writer. Paris the frizzy bang has meekly subsided to give the Javanoise head dresses a chance. Fashion appears to have gone daft on those peculiar ornaments, and the great jewelers of the Rue de la Paix have been ordered to reset diamonds of more than one grande dame after the pattern of those flat metal ornaments. At the opera a few weeks ago a dazzling light in Parisian society appeared with her hair dressed perfectly flat to her head, on one side, right over the ear, an oarnment as large and as flat as an individual butter plate, composed of diamonds and pearls, and medallions as large as an English penny, of the same gems, going round to the other ear, across the forehead just at the line of the hair.

A Young Princess' Taste. The young princesses of Wales take after "Ice is too expensive, Mary. You must get along without it." "But how am I to keep the beef fresh and the butter and milk cool?" "You have a fan, haven't you?" Navy blue seems a favorite color with

them, perhaps out of compliment to their sailor brother. Redfern is building two neat dresses for the Princesses Victoria and Maud. They are of gray-blue tweed, interlined with threads of navy blue. The

skirts are very simple, depending for style on the way they are hung and arranged. inke business open on vests of navy-blue cloth. Altographer the gowns are quiet and unoblusive in the extreme, and yet are ncat, trim, and very good style.-London

Fixing the Hair,

There was never more freedom shown in the arrangement of the hair than to-day. More attention is paid to the contour of the hoad and face, and there is less anxiety to copy a set style. The two styles most prevalent for everyday wear are the full graceful coil of braids, which covers the back of the head from the crown to the nape of the neck, and the long English chatelaine of braids which hange low at the back of the neck. The front hair is generally dressed in a very slight, light bang, curved up a little at the sides, and a ourl is sometimes carelessly arranged in the centre, where the face will bear it. In the evening the hair is worn very high, in full loops in French styles.—New York To Decarate the Home

Here is the advice of a decorator in making over a house: Have your library dark and rich, your dining room bright in coloring and your sleeping rooms as near white or custard as possible, draping the windows with lawn, banishing carpets or upholstered furniture. If the rooms are very high a deep frieze will lower them, and paper on the ceiling will also bring them down. There are few floors that can-not be rubbed, polished and filled in fir or hardwood effects. The cost of wood carpet can be saved in doctor's fees. The cool, clean, bright, colonial effect is to be preferred above every other period for the drawing room or parlor. It costs money, to be sure, to appoint a house, but taste goes a very long way.

A Bleach for the Hands. There is an old fashioned preparation which our grandmothers made for whiten-ing the hands, says the New York *Tribune*. Two cakes of old time brown Windsor, soap, a wineglass of German cologne and a wineglass of lemon juice added. In a day or two the liquid became incorporated with the scap so that the mixture could be molded into a cake. Though old, this is an admirable prepara-tion or bleach for removing stains from the hands.

The Cut of French Underwear. The cut of French Underwear.

The greatest simplicity prevails in the cut of all French undergarments. Any attempt at elaboration of trimming or cut is considered in the very worst taste. Chemises are low and sleeveless, with a simple band around the neck; they are daintily trimmed with a deep fall of lace, or lace and insertion, meeting a full front finished with lace and insertion to the waist line.

Girls' Schools. In Paris there are five professional schools for girls. These have a course of instruction embracing modern languages, domestic economy, industrial designing, cutting and fitting garmente, and accounts. Each school is equipped with a kitchen and workshops for making corsets, feathers and other staple articles of trade. Girls are admitted at 14 years of age and remain three or four years.

A Royal Wedding Dress. The Empress of Austria has caused her wedding dress to be out up and made into a set of vestments for the Church of St. Matthew, in Peath. The dress was of white breezde with silver threads, embroidered all over with beautiful garlands of roses in silver. Her bridal wreath encircles an embroidered pioture of the virgin, which is to be hung up in the Loretto chapel of the same church, which the Empress selects for her devotions. The vestments will be used for the service in honor of the Virgin Mary in May.

Red is a Perfect Craze, There seems to be a craze for red this spring, and this lurid hue is observable in many branches of my lady's toilet. Red coats and jackets of box cloth are very fashionable for walking or driving, red cloaks are worn over evening gowns to ball or opera. I saw a girl on Twenty-third street the other morning in a gray gown with bright red gloves.—Chicago Hearld's New York Letter.

How the Brides Dr Here are the costumes of four brides at

fashionable weddings yesterday. A gown of white corded silk and duchesse lace, and a tulle veil caught with a cornet of crange, blossoms. The bouquet was of white roses and violets.

A gown of white brocade and point lace and tulle veil held by a half wreath of orange blossoms. The bouquet was of white A gown of white satin adorned with

feather trimming, and a tulle veil caught with diamond pins, her mother's gift. The bouquet was of white violets and orchids. A gown of white satin brocade and rare old point lace, and a long tulle veil caught with orange blossoms. The bouquet Fashionable Fancies.

The fashionable fad at present is for an-

liquities. A band of ribbon tied with a bow around the wrist is a new fashion. Some of the flowers seen on the new bon-

nets are an impossibility in nature. The tailor-made jacket and vest all in one has started in to be very fashionable. In light summer silks any one can see with half an eye that stripes will prevail.

Ornamented jewelry is having high favor, the most popular designs being flowers. About the only nautical feature of the

albatross tea gowns is the name of the material Orchid jewelry is the latest novelty and has created an immediate and decided

sensation. It is a peculiarity of the bonnets this season that the smallest are said to be the most expensive. Masculine fashions are adopted by the

women again this season, which is to be Straw hats and bonnets are already seen. There are already women who will get ahead of the season. Among the handsomest of the fans now exhibited for sale are those of natural col-

ored ostrich feathers. Ornamental hairpins now include bees and butterflies of the very natural looking kind that come only from Paris. There is a bewildering variety in sash ribbon this season and they are wide enough o come up under the wearers' arms.

In the Scotch tartan dress goods, the

small, inconspicuous patterns are held by the dressmakers to be the most elegant. Old fashioned silver pocketbooks in the form of a shell, such as our grandmothers used to carry, have come back again. The country house must now be far-

nished as near as possible in the India style, which is as useful as it is cool and ornamental. Mousquetaire gloves come in all the new

and beautiful shades, and the ones with the greatest number of buttons sell quickest. There are many so called Easter novel ties in leather goods, including the new leather chatelaine with leather ornaments. Special glass jars or vases are now made to hold violets. They are mounted in silver and are beautiful enough to find a place on some table in the drawing room.

More people are worried to death by kind-

UP IN THE CLOUDS.

Great excitement was caused at Croydon

The Awful Experience an English Aercnaut Passed Through.

on Saturday afternoon in connection with the ascent from the old fair field of Prof. Higgins, the parachutist, and for several hours doubts were entermined as to his safety. The balloon, which has been named "The Duke's Motto," and was of the capacity of 12,000 cubic feet, was fully charged by 5 o'clock. Higgins said the direction of the wind, which was notheast, would necessitate his travelling a considerable height, but he hoped to return to the field in about half an hour. When he gave the signal to the attendants to "let signal to the attendants to the go," the machine gradually rose and appeared to go in the direction of Norwood. Upon reaching an altitude of something like 4000 feet, the parachute between the parachute the parachute between the parachute came detached from the net of the balloon, which was evidently proceeding upward at a great rate, as the parachute was fully expanded, although inverted. It was now evident that something was wrong with the apparatus, and amid breathless excitement, the paracoute dropped from the balloon and fell into a garden in East Croydon. The balloon rapidly disappeared in the clouds. When darkness set in and no news had been received of the parachutist much anxiety was evinced as to his fate. Shortly after d'clock, however, all fear was dispelled by the receipt of a telegram stating that Hig-gins had landed safely near Tunbridge. Higgins and his balloon arrived at East Croydon by the 9,20 train.
In an interview with a correspondent

Higgins stated that he had experienced the most wonderful of all his acrial voyages. When he had reached a height of 4,000 feet he began to get into a strong current and the balloon twisted right around. The ourrent then caught his parachute, causing the wooden ring of it to catch him very tighly under the arms. The test cord which held the parachute then broke. Directly that happened he saw the parachute was hanging below him fully inflated and the pressure on him was so great that it was impossible for him to descend into the middle of the town with anything like safety. He therefore opened his penknive with his teeth and cut the parachute away. This caused the balloon to shoot up 6 000 feet higher, and on reaching that aititude he met another current, which brought him back and he saw nothing until he passed through some sleet and snow. He could hear, however, the sound of trains. All of a sudden he found himself in dark

ness, caused, he presumed, by the snow and the thick atmosphere. He was in this snowstorm for at least ton minutes and when he had passed through it the sun was shining beautifully. Below him he could see what appeared to be snowy mountains rising up and down for miles. He could see a distance of some 40 clear miles and was able to discern the sun glistening on the water at Brighton. It was evident to him that he was going towards Tunbridge Wells. He found the air getting very sharp and keen; icicles were hanging from his moustache and he had no sooner rubbed them off than others formed. For a few minutes he was quite deaf. He now seemed to be descending on the mountains of snow and he thought he was getting near Martine of Private and Private of Private Hastings or Brighton. He could smell the sea. Thinking he was coming down the sea. Thinking he was coming down he took hold of four of his guy ropes and pulled the balloon partly over on one side

to allow the gas to escape at the mouth.

The balloon then turned round three times, and he felt he was descending. He did nothing more to the balloon, merely eiting on his trapeze watching for terra At length he saw plowed fields, and close by there was what he took to be a large park with white roads across it. He then ravelled about five or six miles at a very rapid pace and saw more plowed fields, which he thought would be a suitable place to land on. When he was about 2,000 feet from the earth he prepared to descend by hanging by one arm to his trapeze rope as if ho were using his parachute. When his feet touched the ground the bal-loon, which was in front of him, dragged him for ten yards and then rebounded some 60 feet in the air between two trees. Two laborers ran from opposite directions and, in response to his signals, they arrived just he came down a second time and held the balloon until he let out the gas. He found that he had landed on a farm in the occupation of Mr. Nash, of Penshurst, about 30 miles from Croydon In reply to questions he said that one time he must have been five miles above the earth, the highest he had ever been. He added that the ball oon had no escape valve.

Don't Toy With Your Eyes.

Many people are troubled with itching yes and try all sorts of washes. The eye is one of the most valuable organs of the oody. Unfortunately for careless humanity, it is also one of the most delicate. It does not pay to trifle with it. The best way to treat itching is to use a cool, weak salt water wash every few hours. If this does no good, go to a physician who makes a specialty of eye diseases .- New York

Female Doctor in a Hurry.

Excited messenger - Mrs. Sawbones. come quick! A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death! Female doctor-All right. I'll be there as foon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my dark blue dress or that light violet colored one? The blue dress is more becoming to my complexion; but the other is so stylish.

Box-Office Receipts Not Mentioned. First Theatrical Manager-Well, you ought to have seen our audience last night

we hardly needed to turn on the electric lights, such a brilliant audience, you know. Ha! Ha! Second Theatrical Manager-Yes, I

understood that it was a very light house

An Authority.

Stranger (in western newspaper office)

Beg pardon, sir, but myself and friends need help to decide a bet. Have you a copy of Hoyle?
Oldreporter—No; don't need any. If

the dispute is anything about cards, go into that room across the hall and ask for the religious editor.—New York Weekly. Watches are worn by women more than

ever before; or rather there is more than the usual supply in the jewelry-box, on the side table, and among the articles unac-countably lost—for women never wear watches except on those occasions when they forget to leave them behind.—Judge. Tommy-Papa, what is a crank? Papa

Oh, we call a peculiar eccentric person a rank. Tommy—And a baseball crank is Papa-A baseball orank is a man who will not go to a game.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Something About the Famous Strand May-pole Erected in 1661. The custom of raising May-poles on the

rst day of May originated probably in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. It was quite general in Great Britain and other European countries for several hundred years, but after the advent of Puritanism it died out almost completely. The most renowned London May pole, and the one longest in existence, was that put the one longest in existence, was that put up in the Strand immediately after the restoration. The Parliament of 1644 had ordered the demolition of all May poles, and enforced the decree by heavy penalties. When the populace again gave way to their May-day jollity, in 1661, they determined to plant the tallest of these poles they could find in the most conspicuous part of the Strand. They brought it in triumph, with drums They brought it in triumph, with drums beating, flags flying, and music playing, from Scotland Yard to the opening of Little Drury Lane, opposite the Somerset House, where they erected it. The lane was afterward known as "May-pole Alley." "That stately cedar erected in the Strand," writes a contemporary author, "was considered as a type of 'golden days' about to return with the Stuarts." It was raised by scamen, expressly sent for the purpose by the Duke of York, and was decorated with three gilt crowns and other consuments. In 1718 it crowns and other crnaments. In 1713 it was surmounted by a globs, with a long streamer beneath it. Four years later this famed pole, having become decayed, was taken down and sold to Sir Isaac Newton. who used it as a support for a telescope.

The British Museum Open at Night.

Thirty years have elapsed since a select committee of the House of Commons recommended that the British museum should be open to the public between the hours of 7 and 10 p.m. Throughout three decades official passivity has successfully withstood innumerable efforts on behalf of the people to bring about this desirable innovation. At length, however, those in high places who emulate the conservatism high places who emulate the conservatism of Mrs. Partington, and cling as tightly to the "rest and be thankful" policy as that reactionary old lady did to her ocean spurning broom, have been compelled to comply with one moiety of the recom? mendation put forward by the Parliamentary committee of March, 1860. To the other—namely that the National Gallery should also be thrown over thrice. lery should also be thrown open thrice a week until 10 p m.—they will, in all probability, reluctantly accede thirty years hence.—Galignani's Messenger.

The Bank of England doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious memployed of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bul-lion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleepingrooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, let-ting every person in the establishment know of the their.—Exchange.

The two sons of an eastern merchant stated for India. Some months afterwards the father received this telegram: "Jim's dead." In reply he cabled: "Ship corpse." In due time a large box arrived which was found to contain the body of an enormous Bengal tiger. The parent again cabled: "Mistake made; tiger in box." To which his surviving son replied: "All right; Jim inside tiger." Mashers' Shirts.

Young Paris mashers are now said to wear colored shirts—pink, blue or red—in the evening. They are displayed with the regular low cut evening waistcoats, and to heighten the contrast they are fastened by large jet studs. The demand for such shirts is already so great that they cannot be made fast enough. The young Prince of Naples introduced the fashion.

Would Never Do.

"Your references are very satisfactory, but I cannot engage you. "May I inquire why not, madam?" asked the would be butler.

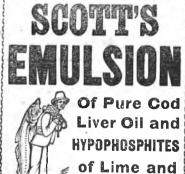
"Your hair is red and my dining-room is

decorated in robin's egg blue. Five of the persons injured by the explosion of balistite at Avigliano, Italy, have since died, making the total number of deaths nineteen. Three hundred workmen were present at the time of the accident. Thirty were seriously injured. This is the fourth explosion that has occurred in

the factory since 1873. George Francis Train has not shaken the hand of a man or woman for fourteen years.

D. C. N. L. 22, 90.

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