The Girl in the Gainsborough Hat. (Chanson Militaire.)

She wore a hat with a curving brim She wore a nat with a curving orim
And a gleaming plume of white,
That noddea and laughed o'er the dusky rim
Like foam in the morning light.
I gave one glance; 'twas enough—and more,
For my heart went away with that.
My comrades smiled as I watched from t The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

Her looks were as dark as the blackbird's wing,
Her lashes a fringe of jet;
Her eyes were the kind that the poets sing,
And a solder can never forget.
I leoked. I sighed. How should I begin
The game I would fain be at?
I knew by her mien no sigh would win I knew by her mien no sigh would The girl in the Gainsborough ha

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and so,
One twist of my long mustache,
And boldly I marched to meet the foe,
Where the darts of Cupid flash.
When a stammering lover grows dumb, they

say, A kiss is better than chat; nd that is the way I won, that day, The girl in the Gainsborough hat.

A Common Enemy. We know him well. We hate him all, We hand him as our common foe.
No tingue can tell
His awful gall,
The man who says, "I told you so!"

When things go wrong,
And troubles come,
He comes to help us bear the blow.
His face grows long,
And sad, and glum—
"You know," says he, "I told you so!"

We know he lies,
But that's not why
His sympathy augments our woe;
Though sad his eyes,
They're always dry
When he declares, "I told you so!"

We know him well, Confound his gall! We brand him as our common foe,
To dungeon cell
We'd doom him all,
The man who says, "I told you so!"

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES

"The very last think I wish. Of course we shall show him some slight attention, inst to avoid remark; he must dine here to-morrow, but beyond that, I do not at all wish to go.'

Cornelia left the room, out of patience with her sister's contemptible arguments.

Passing up the stairs, she found Esperance
in the deep window seat on the landing, busily engaged with paper and pencil. She looked up brightly.

"Only two hundred and ninety-two

minutes, and Gaspard will be here, Cornelia, just think!

" How absurdly childish you are," said Cornelia, vexed anew. "If you want to improve your arithmetic, why not master the rule of compound proportion which you were so dull over yesterday.'

Esperance shrugged her shoulders, glanced at the clock to see that now it was nly two hundred and ninety minutes, then followed her cousin to her study, and pored for some time over a slate and book, in the vain endeavor to find an answer to the question: "If £240 be paid for bread for 40 persons for 20 mos., when wheat is 48s. a qr., how long will £234 find bread for 91 sons, when wheat is at £2 16s. a qr.?

But her head was far too painful just then for the solving of such a problem, and she multiplied and divided with a vagueness attended by unhappy results, in which the ninety-one persons existed for forty months instead of two, and when Cornelia, in despair, showed her the absurdity of this answer, she would only reply that perhaps it was in time of siege. The idea of such a frivolous suggestion so angered Cornelia that she summarily dismissed her unpromising pupil, feeling that all the world was going contrary to her that morning.

Esperance, in spite of her aching head,

hurried off to the station in the very hottest part of the afternoon, her heart bounding at the thought of seeing Gaspard once more, and far too happy to think of being vexed with Mrs. Mortlake for having "for-

That was a rapturous meeting! Happier than the last, in many ways, for Esperance received no great shock as she had then done from Gaspard's appearance, being full prepared for it. Nor was he at all aware how very far from well she was, for her excitement and happiness had brought color to her cheeks, and given her temporary strength, so that the only change he noticed

was in her hair. ' Your mane is gone, then ? " regretfully.

Esperance laughed. "Yes, quite gone; if you very much wish, though, you might perhaps see it once more; I believe it is hanging up in the window."

pard, dismayed.
"You masculine mind! yes, indeed, how else did you think I had disposed it? It

You have out it off!" exclaimed Gas-

brought me five guineas." 'And you sold it for that wretched outfit of mine! Cherie, I don't know how to forgive vou. I wondered where you could have found the money for those garments you spoke of. You are like the girl in the fairy tale, who wove shirts of her own hair

er eleven brothers." 'No. she wove stinging needles," said Esperance, "which I would not promise to do even for you. Now do not begin to scold again about my cropped hair. I only told you because I was afraid you would talk of it at the deanery.

"Very well, it shall be as you wish, you are a wonderful little sister. But I wish we had known before of all the help that would come; I am afraid you have been tiring yourself with these preparations."
"Do you think I would have let others do everything for you, and sit contentedly

othing! But how good it was of Claude Magnay to help you.

Yes, he was most kind, most cenerous I could not have borne it from every one; but his manner of doing it was perfect. It will make a wonderful difference to us, and I shall be able to leave you something in hand when I go, besides being able to get on comfortably in my first six months in

Yes, I could not have borne to think of your starving yourself over there, when you would have hard work, too. And I am so glad Sir Henry Worthington was so kind.

When did you see him? ek, the day I wrote to you. He was more kind and considerate than I can tell you, and Lady Worthington, too; I am glad you know and like them, I shall feel bappier about vou."

Esperance turned a little pale at the reference to their parting, and made haste to change the conversation.
"See, that is the Spread Eagle on the

left-side of the street, though why, among all the hotels, you should have chosen the one bearing the Prussian emblem, I

Gaspard laughed. "'Tis the only decent cording to Claude Magnay. Are those bells ringing for service? "Yes, will you come? I want you to see

every one. You can speak to them after

Gaspard consented, and Esperance led

the way to the cathedral, but she was dis appointed to find Cornelia the only occur pant of the deanery pew. George Palgrave and Bertha had walked over to the Priory, and Mrs. Mortlake had chosen to prolong her drive that afternoon.

The service over, Cornelia, in spite of her shrinking from the meeting, hastened after her two cousins, overtaking them just as they reached the door, and greeting Gaspard as warmly as she could, though as she was almost ashamed to look at him, he could not think her anything but cold and

forbidding.

You will bring your brother home, will bear to leave her in such a place, to be coldly treated, snubbed, scolded! This

you not?" she said, turning to Esperance. There was no great profession of eager-ness to see him, and she could not bring herself to express any regert that the deanery was too full for them to take him r a minute Gaspard was almost inclined to give an excuse; this cold hos pitality seemed to him worse than nothing. However, Esperance seemed greatly pleased, and understood better what it meant from Cornelia, so the three walked back together, and by degrees Cornelia thawed, forgot her shame and the awkard ness of her position, and began to feel and

to show more interest in Gaspard.
Esperance was delighted to see her being thus won over. They sat in the purple drawing-room, and she watched Gaspard who looked delightfully incongruous in on of the ponderous arm-chairs, and listened contentedly to the conversation going on, perfectly happy as long as she was close by

Then some of the Misses Lowdell came in and tea was brought up, while Cornelia became more and more engrossed Gaspard, and Esperance was called upon to give Miss Grace Lowdell a full account of the battle in which he had earned his scar. This was delightful—she had scarcely

hoped to make others appreciate her hero At last Mrs. Mortlake returned, and entering the room wholly unprepared, could not belp starting with surprise and vexation when she caught sight of the thin olive complexioned, must sched stranger, who seemed quite established in the house and was handing about cups of tea with sort of careless case which annoyed her.

Esperance saw the start of dismay and could not help being amused by it, particularly when it was quickly followed by a prompt show of politeness, and a "charm smile.

" Monsieur de Mabillon! I am delighted

"Monsieur de Mabilion! I am delighted to see you! I was beginding to think there was a fate against our meeting. I was so sorry to miss you last month in London, but my little girl was claiming all my attention just then. You are well, I hope?" In spite of the silky voice, and the well-regulated smiles, Gaspard was by no means all with the summer of Claude's guarded. deceived; he remembered Claude's guarded description of the "would be charming whom it was hard to trust," instinctively felt a shrinking from her kindness. His autipathy was confirmed when, in a pause in his conversation with Cornelia, he overheard a low-toned remark

from Mrs. Mortlake to his sister, not intended, of course, for other ears.
"Your usual want of thought! You might have seen we should want another

oup. Just ring at once."

It was one of the difficulties of Esperance's situation that her duties were said a serial report find out what undefined she could never find out what was or what was not expected of her, and was constantly being brought to task, either for neglect or for forwardness and meddling.

To hear her scolded was so new, however, to Gaspard, that he even magnified Mrs Mortlake's offence. Her words were not so very severe after all, but her look and tone angered him, and hastily crossing the room, he intercepted Esperance on her way to the bell.

" Do not trouble, cherie, sit down. Allow me, Mrs. Mortlake '-thereby revealing that he had heard everything.

Mrs. Mortlake was vexed. She had wished to keep up appearances; she was

anxious that Gaspard should think well of her, and now he had overheard her speaking crossly and had humiliated her before Esperance. She hated him, but strove to ecover her place in his estimation.

"You gentlemen spoil us nowadays," she said, smiling graciously. "This is such a household of women, though, that we are used to waiting on ourselves."

"Oh, indeed!" said Gaspard, gravely.

She detected a sarcasm in his voice, and winced; then thinking that a little flattery might be of use, she continued more hopefully. "And Esperance is such a help to fully. us—such a very great help—we should miss ber so much. I cannot sell you how I, in particular, should miss her."

particular, should miss her."
"It is very good of you, I am sura," said
Gaspard, in that grave manner which made
Mrs. nortlake so uncomfortable. Of all
things the 'detested irony the most, and
there was, besides, an angry light in the
clear brown eyes confronting her, which haffled her even more. She would not give up, however, without one more attempt to win his good opinion.

"I am so vexed that we cannot give you a room here, it seems so very uncousinly but I am sure you will understand how it is It just happens to be one of our full times, otherwise we should have been most happy

to have had you with us."
There was something so very snake like in her manner, that Gaspard could not believe a word of this; he turned with relief to Cornelia's straightforward cold-

"I am very sorry, too," she said, gravely "but I hope it will not prevent your seeing as much of Esperance. You must run in here whenever you like; my study shall be quite at your disposal."

Gaspard thanked her warmly, and rose to Mrs. Mortlake, in despair, sent off her

last arrow. "Yes, pray come in as often as you like, and you will, I hope, dine with us to-morrow; we shall be delighted to see you."

"Thank you. I shall be very happy to come," and Mrs. Mortlake tried not to look up, but felt once more the searching look from those keen eyes. Esperance watched with amusement, while Gaspard shook hands quite a l'Anglaise, and followed him into the hall for a few last words.

To her surprise, the door was scarcely shut before he caught her in his arms kissing her again and again. "Cherie, you should have told me before

Does that woman always treat you so?' "How?" asked Esperance, surprised.
"Mrs. Mortlake, do you mean? She was only a little cross.
that I have you?" What do I care, now

"And you never told me what you had o put up with!" said Gaspard, reproach-ully. "It is a hard world, Esperance, very hard." "But happy for this one week," ahe said, smiling. "This must be our carnival. How I do bless Mr. Magnay for sending

you here! There is plenty of happiness in the world, after all, and kindness also. Cornelia was nice, too, this afternoon. "Yes, we will take advantage of her study, I think. I shall come to-morrow morning.'

"To morrow, yes; how we shall talk and, Gaspard, do not forget to send round all your socks; I must have a grand darning.

"You forget my new outfit." " No, but for the voyage, you extryagant bov : now don't forget, as early as you can

this evening. There! I must go; some one is calling. ne is calling.
"Bother them!" said Gaspard im-atiently. "I won't have you run off your patiently.

legs; you are as tired as you can be."

She let he her head rest on his shoulder just for a minute, then, as the call came again more impatiently, she started up. I must go. Enough treats for one day! Good bye, mon ami, and promise me to have a good dinner at the Spread Eagle."

She hurried away, and was greeted by expostulations on her slowness, in a voice Gaspard did not recognize, but which he fancied must belong to Mrs. Mortlake. As the speaker passed along the gallery, he could not avoid hearing the words, "If you don't know how to behave words, "If you don't know how to behave in other people's houses, you must be taught. No; don't quote Cornelia to me. While the house is fall of visitors—." He did not stay for more, but snatched up his hat and strode out of the house, slamming the door after him. To hear Esperance—his Esperance—spoken to in that way! It was maddening—intolerable! This terrible, oppressive dependence—what was it not costing her! How could be

week of his so-called "carnival" was too full of revelations to him to be a happy one. He walked back to his hotel in fierce inger, vowing impossible vengeance upon Mrs. Mortlake; but by degrees he grew more rational, and consoled himself by thinking of the time when he should be able to release Esperance and bring her to new home in Ceylon. Later in the evening his mind was set at

ing the coming week, and she, being on the watch for him, ran to the door to take it She was looking so quiet and herself. serene that he could not allude to what wan in his mind, and though she would only le him stay for half a minute, even that brief sight was enough to check his angry noughts, and made him feel ashamed o his impatience. She was bearing all in her right way, of that he felt sure; she was patient for herself—and he would strive to be patient for her. He thought of his mother's sorrow of his father's troubled life and death agony, of his own home in the lands of strangers, and of this humbling dependence on others in a foreign country, nysteries hard to bear and impossible to understand, but to be understood then, and interest.
each and all ordered with a special end. "What

And Esperance, too, as she sat that night her room, over her weary task, was trenethened by that very same thought "It is what I have always taken," said "It is what I have always taken," said in her room, over her weary task, was strengthened by that very same thought which Frances Neville had first given to her months ago. Was not this present pain and weariness, and separation, the fulfilling of that Will which is always best-to b

of that Will which is always best—to be taken on trust till the time came for "read ing the mystery right?"

Those night vigils, though they taxed her strength to the utmost, were by no means comfortless, and this particular evening she was full of the happiness of Gaspard's visit, and the prospect of the week to be spent with him.

Of darning and pieoing there was indeed The parcel of clothes proved to be nough. in a sorry condition, and Esperance, having spread them over her table till the room looked like a "rag fair," proceeded to divide them into three classes, "hopeless," "possible," and "good." Among the "good" she placed the less ragged garments, and the than an inch or so in diameter, and then set bravely to work, nor stopped once in spite of her growing weariness till much of any sleep at all.

But this was to be the last of her nights of work, for the next morning Mrs. Mort-lake called her aside, and in the voice of cold displeasure, which she disliked more than anything, asked, "Pray, what were you doing last night?" "Nothing, Christabel," she answered, innocently. "Nothing particular, that is;

innocently. "Nothing particular, that is part of the time I played bezique with George.

"I) in't evade my question in that way. I said last night; you know quite well what I mean." Esperance started, and looked a little vexed. "Ah! now you are fairly caught. I shall hear at once, please, what is the meaning of this? Do you think I shall allow candles to be wasted in this way? I hear that you burn one every night down to the very socket. I will have no more novel reading at night, so you had better understand at once. What were you doing?

" I had some needle work to finish, and "Sorry, indeed! I dare say; and what. was the all important work, pray? One of your dainty little vanities, I suppose?"

Esperance drew herself up.
"I don't see that it is any concern of

yours. It was work which had to be done."
"No doubt, in your opinion, but I should like to hear what it was, please, we have

"There has been no shuffling at all," broke in Esperance, passionately, "and I don't see that you have any right to question melike this. I won't allow that you have, but because I choose, Ii will tell you have he was for Gaspar."

"Indeed! it was very amiable of your tellow that the work was for Gaspar." "Indeed! it was very amiable of you to work for him at the expense of others."

Esperance, half scornfully. "But as you seem to think he would, of course I will not sit up again.'

smiles and graciousness, while Esperance burned out of the room, wondering what her consin meant by this last speech, and

injustice. The cathedral service quieted her, how ever, and she resolved that Gaspard should ever, and she resolved that Gaspard should these resolved that Gaspard should the resolved that the should not be concealed from him, but whenever it was possible to throw a veil over her ver it was possible to throw a veil over he day, in consequence, passed happily and satisfactorily, and in spite of Mrs. Mortlake's precision, and as the loud wild music grew netty sufferings, she would do so. The interruptions Esperance saw a great deal of Gaspard, thanks to the privacy of Cornelia's study. The evoning, too, went well, and though the dean evidently disliked Gaspard, yet he was quite civil, and George Palgrave good naturedly threw himself into the breach and managed to keep his uncle in a good humor when the ladies had left the dinner table. Later on, in the drawingroom. Cornelia tried to make up for the family coldness by drawing Gaspard out as to his prospects in Ceylon, and making to his prospects in Coylon, and making many really kind-hearted inquiries about headed by a tall young Scot, who had got ten himself up as a piper. From an umis previous life, and so far succeeded that he learned really to like her, and felt less inhappy in leaving Esperance at the

deanery. Cornelia's heart had been touched. Eve ince the day when traveling back from London she had witnessed Esperance's passion of love and sorrow, she had been oftened, had loved her little cousin, and taken a real interest in something outside the walls of her study. Harsh and sarcastic as she often seemed, she was really anxious to do what was kind and right; first her dislike of Esperance had never descended to meanness like Mrs. Mort-lake's, and now her good-will was real and hearty, though her natural reserve gave her, when she least wished it, an appear-

ance of coldness. Mrs. Mortlake, as she came to bid her sister good-night, unwarily alluded to the incident of the candles, whereupon Cornelia was at once up in arms. "You mean to say you had the stinginess

to grudge them to her?" "Mydear, it is not so much the expense I mind, but think what a bad habit for girl of seventeen to sit up night after night. No doubt she often dropped asleep over her work; it is a wonder we have not had the house burned down, I'm sure.

"You are very prudent, certainly," said Cornelia, with a saroastic smile; how does she mean to finish Gaspard's outfit ? "How should I know," replied Mrs.

will not finish it by candle-light, that is all

Mortlake, with affected carelessness;

"So it seems. Well, she shall at least have the opportunity of finishing it by lamp-light," said Cornelia, majestically. Mrs. Mortlake gave an inarticulate sound of annoyance; but Cornelia, with a cold good night, took her little reading-lamp in

attic without another word of explanation. To her surprise she found Esperance

her hand, and mounted the stairs to the

Esperance looked up with gratitude in

her tired eyes.
"How kind of you to think of it; I was wondering how I could get Gaspard's things done in time; I meant to get up

early."
"That would be better for you than sitting up," said Cornelia; "indeed you do not look fit for anything to night." And rest by one more sight of her; according to his promise, he carried to the deanery the work that was to keep her hands full during the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week, and she had a large of the coming week.

of work on her table, and Cornelia scrutinized the unsightly holes with an unpractised eye, and wondered if any skill

could really mend them.

"I almost wish I knew how to darn, she said, thoughtfully. "There must be more here than you will get through" "No, not if I wake in time," said Esper-

ance, confidently.
"I will fetch you my alarm," said Cornelia, and she hurried away, returning in a few minutes with a little French alarm " What time shall I set it for ? " Four o'clock, please; the sun will have risen by then," said Esperance, watching her cousin's movements with languid

What! four hours' work before break

Esperance. "The time goes so quickly when one works, you know." Cornelia did not know, for she rarely

touched a needle, but she was a good deal shocked when she heard of the length of those nightly vigils, and touched by the thought of the love which had prompted them.
"My dear,' she said, gently, "you will

promise me not to sit up again; get up to morrow morning if you like, and I will try o prevent your being interrupted in the ay; you can work in my study, you know.'
There was something almost laughable in the thought of Cornelia's sanctum being turned into a work room, but Esperance gratitude knew no bounds. She was so much pleased and surprised that her Eng-lish deserted her, and throwing her arms ound Cornelia's neck she exclaimed-" Ma nocks in which the holes were not more bien chere! but you are good, but you are thoughtful; how can I thank you enough How happy you have made me !

It was a rhapsody, no doubt, but in spite the tattered raiment was made wearable of its Frenchness it went straight to Coragain, and the crowing of the cocks, and the red glow of sunrise, told her that she must make haste to bed if she were to have the observatory, the door which stood opposite to Esperance's.
"My dear, just read this foot-note to me

will you; the print is too small for me. She took the book, but was obliged to brush her hand hastily across her eyes before beginning to read—for incredible though it seemed to her they were dim with

(To be Continued)

The Pipers. When I was in Edinburgh I used to g on Wednesdays to hear the pipers play in the Princess Street Gardens. These were irue Highland papers belonging to the "Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders," tationed at the Castie. There were sever of them and they were in Highland ous tume, of course, bare-kneed, and carrying a kn-fe or a dirk in their stockings. They were the Cameron tartan and the long

plaid was fastened by a brooch at the shoul

They always marched when playing, to sat up with it. I am sorry about the contra of these beautiful gar dens, and the spectators lined the way on cither side. I always took my station at one end of the "course" that I might see them advance and retreat the whole length When they started in the distance, the wild sweet notes of their pipes were but faintly heard; but as they advanced, louder and louder, wilder and wilder, they grew, and it seemed to me never was music

work for him at the expense of others."

So must the pipes have sounded, only with an added intensity, to the Scotch girl would grudge me a few candles," said
Esperance half geografuly. "But or your shall see the sounded of the sounded only with an added intensity, to the Scotch girl in the besieged city of India during the Sepoy rebellion when one day their familiar

music came to her listening ear, heralding

the approach of the rescning Highlanders

"Spare yourself needless protestations."
Whittier tells the story in his "Pipes of Lucknow."
The appearance of the pipes was almost as exciting as the music. With heads in, and Mrs. Mortlake was immediately all nimitable strut William Black has por trayed so accurately in his novels. The ribbons on their Glencarry caps and on their stockings, the numbe less tassels and ribbons decorating their they reached the end of the "course," they fainter and fainter, sweeter and sweeter you were not quite sure whether you were

in the trim, well kept gardens of Edinburgh or some heather clad Highland glen. This "strut" seems to be as peculiarly the piper's own as his pipes, and I believe none but a Scotchman can give a fair imi tation of it. The last thing by way o entertainment on the steamship Furnessia just before entering New York harbor, was a minstrel show in the saloon by some of the passengers. They entered in costume brella and a couple of canes he had manufactured his pipes, and his "strut" perfect, so perfect that in connection with the minstrels who followed-it was received not only with shouts but shricks of laughter from the crowded saloon, most of us being Scotch.-F. A. Humphrey in Wide

A Delicate Compliment.

Awake.

It was a Boston baby, and the prond mother and father were listening delight edly to the praises of their old friend. Now, who does he look like?'' remarked the visitor, meditatively; "it's strange, but the resemblance is singularly striking, and yet I cannot place it distinctly. Both the parents began to be visibly uneasy.

"Yes, certainly," remarked the indee with enthusiasm, after a pause. "I knew it, my dears. Why, the child is the exact picture of the bust of Socrates in the Greek And the smile on the two anxions faces

was so bright the roosters for half a mile around thought it was daylight and began to crow. - Philadelphia Times. Story of a Sword.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and brandishing it in the air, exclaimed: "Ah! gentleman, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first

inquiringguest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's rejoinder. -Philadelphia Record. A little roll of white paper inserted through the upper crust of a pie will pre-

"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an

vent the juice being forced out into the oven while it is baking. "Oh, I am just too late," she said, regretfully. "I thought, perhaps, you would like my lamp to work by. Christabel of age; and also that he was three times has just been telling me about this absurd wounded in the revolutionary war and fought under Jackson in 1812.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Americans Said to Have Houses But No Homes.

Le son in Walking-Salesladies and Servant Girls-Freaks of Fashion.

Home Life in American Families.

"Americans have houses but no homes, was the remark made by an English traveler resently. The remark, it not true, seems to be "founded on facts." It is be coming a serious question whether even in the most refined communities there is very much home life, especially in the venings.

A very attractive, home-loving womalately told the following story of her attempts to keep her husband and children at home in the evenings: She arranged everything about the house most carefully. so as to make the rooms cheerful and cozy, had plenty of light, pleasant fires in the grates, dressed herself attractively, and in every possible way made her home as much like the ideal as a woman possibly could. Immediately after supper her husband rose hurriedly, rushed into his overcost, and excused himself very ruefully, as he

looked about the cozy rooms by saying: "There, I've got to catch that car! promised Robinson to see him down at his house about that little transfer. Sorry to go, you look so nice here, but I don't see how I can help it," so he tore out of the house after the car.

The eldest daughter then said she must go upstairs and get ready for the concert to which she had been invited with two other young people. Very soon they came

and departed. looks almost too bad to be going like this all the time," she sait regret-fully as she went cut, "I wonder if I shall ever have an evening at home before long? She was hardly out of the house the two boys came in where the mother was sitting and said they must go to a committee meeting of their college literary society. They went out, and the third son and second daughter, after reading a few minutes, were called out by a neighbor to run over and have some sames with them. They went out and left the mother alone in the house.

"I sat there and cried," said this we man, "to think that, in spite of all I could do, I could not keep my family with me one evening in the week. The next night was a repetition of the first, and so on for the entite week. I have not had my hus-band and my sons and daughters all at home together in the ovening since the children were too small to get out. I cannot recall one evening for the last five years, except Sunday, when we have all sat down together to erjoy our own home

This is all wrong. Who is to blame for it? Let some wise woman or mother tell us. When the demands of society are stronger than the rights and pleasures of the home circle, it is time a protest was uttered against the tyranny which is de stroying the real home feeling even in our so called Christian families.—Youth's Com-

How Woman Should Walk. Walking parties are likely to be in great lavor this summer if the plans of the Ladies' Athletic Club of New York may be taken as an indication of feminine inclina The members of that organization, says the World, have arranged a schedul-

of long-distance walks for every day unti There is no doubt that this pastime pro perly indulged in it a saving grace to womankind. It is the simplest form of outdoor exercise, and yet the majority of American women don't know how to take it. They can't walk. They can't stand the fatigue, and if the truth must be told, they don't know how to go about doing it. Eight out of a dozen will put on an elaborate frock with skirts that lap inconveniently at every step, a tight bodice and tightly fitting high-heeled shoes. This is well enough for a short stroll, but if you're going to walk and enjoy it you require a different equipment. Wear a light-weight frock that has no pull-back arrangements, and see that there is no more than one skirt worn underneath Balbriggan tights are quite the best underwear for such occasions, if one does not wish to don a silk divided skirt, which is really the next easier to a pair of wings to get about in. Let the cords of your stays be loosened and wear

a bodice that is quite easy, and loose eleeved. Wear shoes that are entirely comfortable and have a somewhat broad, low heel. Let your gloves be loose also, and if you carry a sunshade, let it be very light in weight, and wear a hat which does not press down upon and bind your brow until it gives you a headache. Next, mind how you walk. Square your shoulders, expand your chest and look out for your chin. That is the pivot upon which depends the poise of the machine. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground first, so that you get the benefit of that beneficent little spring which Dame Nature built into your instep to save the rattle and jar to the whole sys

tem, which people who will walk on their heels inflict on their anatomy.

Don't exhaust yourself by a fearfully long tramp one day, and then lie on a sofa or in a hammock for a week to get over the fatigue. Begin with short stretches and increase the distance daily. Early morning and late afternoon are the best hours for walking. When you return to the house a sponge bath, a rub with alco-hol, followed by a liberal application of violet powder, a cool gown, a glass of milk, and a nap, are a treatment that will make you feel healthy, happy, and wise all through the summer days, and send you back to town an animated picture of vigorous womanhood in the autumn. Sensible Houskeepers of the Future.

I wish that it were in my power to per-suade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business tha is in the line of a woman's natural work There is great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands behind the counter al day than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages etter, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to day, sensible England girls who are a be taking coro of themselves and earning good wages, be taking care would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute and the doers of it bave taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions-not before.-Sarah Orne Jewett, in Congregationalist. Fashion Fancles.

Yellows in all their glories of tints, from canary color to the deepest maize, find

favor among the modistes and milliners of Paris in a great variety of combinations. Cuffs, collars, panels, revers and girdles are of contrasting colors, heavily braided with gold. These gowns are after a Russian model, and, as may be supposed, are ery expensive.

White headgear was never more promin ent or popular than this season for class day. For all gala occasions this summer white chips and white lace hats, with nodding ostrich plumes, will disport them

The Princess of Wales has adopted the

officer's cap, and hence all fashionable London will wear this unbecoming headgear the coming yachting season. Last season French women wore these little caps at the seashore, made of navy blue cloth or of white duck, but the English admirers of the lovely Princess, who sets the fashions, do not ask the origin of the styles she sets. Among the English fashions that have aken a strong hold on the popular fancy here are the shirred hats of Liberty silk t is astonishing to see how many different effects in shape may be produced in this simple sort of head gear. Young ladies wear them with their print gows on summer mornings, little children wear them with their dainty frocks of cambric and lawn : but they are not for maturer ladies. as they are essentially youthful in effect.

A dotted muslin parasol, with a wide frill of Valenciennes lace, makes a pretty accompaniment to a young girl's class day costume. Another very pretty parasol is made of alternate striped ribbon and lace insertion. This was also duplicated in black with watered ribbon and Chantilly inser-The stripes run around the parasol. Large bows ornament the top and handle On an ivory handle the monogram or cipher

is engraved. Dainty parasols made entirely of white lace, mull or muslin complete the gos-samer, dainty effects of the sheer white costume to be worn at class day and on other gala occasions. It is hard to see the utility of these filmy parasols. Transparent parasols are also found in black abrics such as lace, silk, muslin and grenadines, and are as delicately and as dressily made as possible. Golden and silver frames are used for these gossamer shades, and the white ivory handles, wrought or carved in an artistic manner, complete these costly articles of dress.

The officers' mass jacket is one of the most stylish little garments ever shown here, and it is not nearly so masculine as it would appear, as the cut is so short and the effect so natty. Of course, it is heavily laden with gold lace and buttons, without which it would have but little character. All around the open fronts and the back, and on the sleeves, at wrist and shoulder, one may see the gold tracery. Mess but tons edge the entire front, as they do not fasten, but are open to show the blouse or waistcoat underneath.

No prettier mode than the velvet bodies worn with lace skirts has been exhibited by the leading modistes for this season. These bodices are snugly fitting and sleeveless, so far as the velvet is concerned. The lace forms the sleeves. The wired Medici collar greatly enhances the beauty of this beautiful bodice. Velvet bows decorate the skirt on such costumes. The pointed bodice is better finished by a long looped bow behind and extending over the hips to a point in front.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

How the Famous Song About Trelawney, the Bishop of Bristol, Originated: The trial of the seven Protestant bishops which had not a little to do with the over-throw of King James II. of England, took place in June, 1688. Those who have read Macaulay's History of England " the splendid description which he gives of this important event, and particularly of the excitement of the people of Cornwall, caused by the danger in which Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, and one of the seven, was placed. This dignitary was the son of Sir Jonathan Trelawney, of Trelawney, in Cornwall, and his successor in the baronetoy. The bishop was extremely popular in his native district, and had he not been acquitted the people would have risen in arms. "A song," says a Cornwall histo-rian, "was made on the occasion, of which all the exact words, except those of what may be called the burden, were lost; but the whole has recently been restored, mod-ernized and improved by the Rev. Hawker of Whitestone, near Stratton." The original song was sung in every house, in ever street and on every highway of Cornwall. and it helped to work the people up to a high pitch of excitement. Of the modern version the best stanza and the one most requent'y quoted, or paraphrased, is as

follows:

Everybody has heard of Mme. Tussand

And have they fixed the where and when? And shall Trelawney die? Here's twenty thousand Cornish men Will know the reason why! Eventful Career of Mme, Tussaud.

and her collection of waxworks in London. This celebrated lady died just forty years ago to day. In her museum were many counterfeit representations of the persons who figured in the French revolution, but few of the visitors to her establishment in Baker street, Loadon, suspected that the flenres had been modeled from life. Mme fussaud actually lived among these men and framed their portaits from direct observation. It was her business one day o model the horrible countenance of the assassinated Marat, whom she detested, and on another to imitate the features of his beautiful slaver. Charlotte Corday and loved. Now, she whom she admired had a Princess Lamballe in her hands then a Robespierre. At one time she was herself in prison, in imminent danger of falling a victim to the all-devouring guillo-She had for her associates Mme Beaubarnais and her child, the grand-mother and mother of Emperor Napoleon III. Escaping from France, she led for many years a life of struggle and difficulty upporting herself and her family by making wax models. Once she lost her whole stock by a shipwreck on a voyage to Ireland, but she met adversity with a stout heart, and, being frugal as well as industrious, she was at length enabled to set up her models in London. There she had forty years of constant prosperity, and when she died, at the advanced age of 90, she left a fortune and a host of friends. She Judged Best.

Travis-I must tell you, Miss South navd, what a delight your music is! Do you not enjoy playing to others?"

Miss Southmayd (frankly)—Oh, yes, I suppose I could if I did not have to hear it

-Smithkins (indignantly)-This state. ment in the newspapers about me is a shameful lie. Johnson—Are you going to demand a correction? Smithkins—Well, I think not. The editor might print the

TORONTO'S FAKE SHOW.

St. Kitt's Opinion of the Toronto Carnival is that it was a Miserable, Mean Fraud.

There were thousands of disgusted peo-

ple in Toronto on Wednesday night. To read the Toronto papers one would think there was something going on there, and so there has, but of all the miserable, mean, absorbing (financially) frauds ever perpetrated on the public the Toronto Summer Carnival stands unrivalled. It knocks Barnum's humbugs out of sight, because there is not even an elephant to be seen, and Barnum generally had something. There is absolutely nothing attractive in the thing going on across the lake, but it is very attracting, judging from the presence of thousands of poor dupes who have been muloted out of their cash to pay the inflated hotel rates or buy a lunch at some of the gingerbread restaurants. If a crowd of people wandering aimlessly about the muddy streets of the most selfish city on the continent is a Grand Summer Carnival, then Toronto has got one. Some of the people in the shops which line a few of the main roads have hung out festoons of bunting, and there are four colored lights at one of the principal crossings, which give people passing under them a more sickly expression for the time being, and that's about the size of it. Why, the Toronto show is only a poor imitation of the little jollification up in Hamilton last year.
There was something honest about the
Hamilton affair; there is nothing in the Toronto concern but a big game of grab. If the St. Catharines people who have visited Toronto this week had chipped in the money they have spent for a demonstra-tion of some kind at home, they could have arranged a more creditable display and shown visitors as pretty a little spot as there is in the world. There is only one comfort in considering this humbug: so many outsiders will be disgusted that it may keep thousands away from the Toronto Fair, another circus performance run for the purpose of getting the rest of Canada to pay the taxes of the Toronto people. Toronto certainly knows how to boom Toronto, and the people join hands and shout lustily, but the day of tribute paying to the greedy monster will cease when the inhabitants of outside cities fully realize the extent to which they are being bled. The Toronto carnival, we again repeat, is a gigantic humbug.—St. Catharines Star

Cat With a Wooden Leg. Patrick McGrath, a resident of Wood-

ford, Kentucky, has a three-pawed cat that he thinks can do more business in exterminating vermin than any four-legged feline that walks the earth. The cat, whose name is Thomas, was born deformed, and, according to the usual custom, ought to have been drowned. Mr. McGrath, however, reared it with care, and after it is been weared provided it with a wood paw, which is now useful, ornamental and an object of envy to the other cats of the neighborhood. Thomas finds the ligneous appendage of much more value than a natural one. It supplements satisfactorily the action of its three companions, and also comes into use whenever occasion requires as a club, for instead of using its mouth to chew up rats and mice the artificially gifted feline stuns them with the wooden paw, which is used like a club. Thomas is one of the features of Woodford, and a visit to that place without a visit to Thomas will be no visit at all. All this is on the authority of the local Kentucky newspapers

Islands Which Cau Be Pushed With Poles in an Italian Lake.

Two or three weeks ago an account was given of the floating island in Sadawaya Lake, Vermont, but more remarkable are the three floating islands in Lake Solfatara-the bitumen lake near Tivoli, Italy, says the St. Louis Republic. foundations of these erratic islands are composed of sticks, grasses and bulrushes, firmly gloed together by the sulphur, petroleum and bitumen of the queer lake. In the centuries which have elapsed since the nuclei of these islands were formed, the sand and dust blown from whichever shore they happened to be moored has formed a soil twelve or fifteen inches thick, upon which several species of plants and trees have found lodgment. As the largest of these peculiar islands does not exceed fifteen rods in length, six or eight men provided with strong poles can float them in any direction desired.

For the Household. Continuous rubbing with chlore remove paint from black silk or any other material.

A chicken which passed its youth is better than one who died young and tender for oroquettes or a fricassee. To raise the pile of plush, hold it over

steam a few moments, wrong side down, and then pass it tightly across a hot iron. Then brush the plush with a stiff bristle A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, and thus carry out

A new way to restore old ivory is to leave it in cold water for several days, then tal-it out and brush it with lemon juice, which will make it quite white. Polish it with putty and water. Mrs. Harrison is said to like the air of

"Little Annie Rooney," and the Marine Band frequently plays it for her. D. C. N. L. 29, 90,

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