

Lovers who Are Not Happy.

From the Parishes.

or all that we have said, sweet.
—And all that we have done,
Our eyes are still afraid, sweet,
To face to-morrow's sun.
We know that this must be, love,
The hour when first we met,
And yet we cannot see, love,
How each may each forget.
To-morrow, then, we part, love,
And go our separate ways,
And under heart from heart love,
And under face from face,
And now what does it bring, dear,
This great love, at the end
A song for me to sing, dear,
Sad days for you to spend.

PHYLLIS.

BY THE DUCHESS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby,"
"Ary Fairy Litan," etc., etc.
"Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt."
—BYRON.

CHAPTER V.

I have wandered down to the river side
and under the shady trees. As yet, Octo-
ber is so young and mild the leaves refuse to
offer tribute, and still quiver and rustle gay-
ly on their branches.
It is a week since my adventure in the
wood—five days since Mr. Carrington's last
visit. On that occasion, having failed to
obtain one minute with him alone, the
handkerchief still remains in my possession,
and proves a very skeleton in my closet, the
initials M. J. C.—that stand for Marma-
duke John Carrington, as all the world
knows—staring out boldly from their cor-
ner, and threatening at any moment to be-
tray me; so that, through fear and dread
and discovery, I carry it about with me,
and sleep with it beneath my pillow. Looking
back upon it all now, I wonder how I could
have been so foolish, so wanting in inven-
tion. I feel with what ease I could now dis-
pose of anything tangible and obnoxious.
There is a slight chill in the air, in spite
of the pleasant sun; and I half make up my
mind to go for a brisk walk, instead of saun-
tering idly, as I am at present doing, when
somebody calls to me from an adjoining
field. It is Mr. Carrington. He climbs
the wall that separates us, and drops into
my territory, a little scrambling Irish terrier
at his heels.
"Is this a favorite retreat of yours?" he
asks, as our hands meet.
"Sometimes. Oh, Mr. Carrington, I am
so glad to see you to-day."
"Are you, really? That is better news
than I hoped to hear when I left home this
morning."
"Because I want to return you your
handkerchief. I have had it so long, and
am so anxious to get rid of it. It—It would
probably look nice." I say, with hesita-
tion, slowly withdrawing the article in ques-
tion from my pocket, "if anybody else had
washed it; but I did not want any one to
find out about that day: so I had to do it
myself."
Lingeringly, cautiously, I bring it to light
and hold it out to him. Oh, how dreadfully
pink and uncleanly it appears in the
broad light of the open air! To me it
seems doubly hideous—the very last thing a
fastidious gentleman would dream of put-
ting to his nose.
Mr. Carrington accepts it almost tenderly.
There is not the shadow of a smile
upon his face. It would be impossible for
me to say how grateful I feel to him for this.
"Is it possible you took all that trouble,"
he says, a certain gentle light, with which I
am growing familiar, coming into his eyes
as they rest upon my anxious face. "My
dear child, why? Did you not understand
I was only jesting when I expressed a desire
to have it again? Why did you not put it
in the fire, or rid yourself of it in some
other fashion long ago? So"—after a pause
—"you really washed it with your own
hands for me?"
"One might guess that by looking at it,"
I answer, with a rather awkward laugh;
still, I think it would not look quite so bad-
ly, but that I kept it in my pocket ever
since, and that gives it its crumpled appear-
ance."
"Ever since! so near to you for five long
days? What a weight it must have been on
your tender conscience! Well, at all events
no other washerwoman"—with a smile—
"shall ever touch it. I promise you that."
He places it carefully in an inside pocket as
he speaks.
"Oh, please do not say that!" I cry, dis-
mayed: "you must not say that as a speci-
men of my handiwork. Once properly
washed, you will forget all about it, but if
you keep it before your eyes in its present
state—Mr. Carrington, do put it in your
clothes-basket the moment you go home."
He only laughs at this pathetic entreaty,
and throws a pebble into the tiny river that
runs at our feet.
"Why are you alone?" he asks, present-
ly. "Why is not the indefatigable Billy
with you?"
"He reads with a tutor three times a
week. That leaves me very often lonely.
I came here to-day just to pass the time un-
til he can join me. He don't seem to care
much about Greek and Latin." I admit, in-
geniously; "and, as he never looks at his
lessons until five minutes before Mr. Cald-
wou comes, you see he don't get over them
very quickly."
"And so leaves you disconsolate longer
than he need. Your sister, Miss Vernon—
does she never go for a walk with you?"
"Ah! now he is coming to Dora,
"Dora? Oh, never. She is not fond of
walking, it does not agree with her, she
says. You may have noticed she is not very
robust, she looks so fragile, so different from
me in every respect."
"Very different."
"Yes, we all see that," I answer, rather
disconcerted by his ready acquiescence in
this home view. "And so pretty as she is,
too! Don't you think her very pretty, Mr.
Carrington?"
"Extremely so. Even more than merely
pretty. Her complexion, I take it, must be
quite unrivaled. She is positively lovely—
in her own style."
"I am very glad you admire her; but in-
deed you would be singular if you did not
do so," I say, with enthusiasm. Her golden
hair and blue eyes make her quite a picture.

I think she has the prettiest face I ever saw:
don't you?"
"No; not the prettiest. I know another
that, to me at least, is far more beautiful."
He is looking straight before him, appar-
ently at nothing, and to my attentive ear
there is something hidden in his tone that
renders me uneasy for the brilliant future I
have mapped out for my sister.
"You have been so much in the world,"
I say, with some dejection, "and of course
in London and Paris and all the large cities
one sees many charming faces from time to
time. I should have remembered that. I
suppose, away from this little village, Dora's
face would be but one in a crowd."
It was not in London or Paris, or any large
city I saw the face of which I speak. It was
in a neighborhood as small—yes quite as
this. The owner of it was a mere child—a
little country-girl, knowing nothing of the
busy world outside her home, but I shall
never again see any one so altogether sweet
and lovable."
"What was she like?" I ask, curiously. I
am not so uneasy as I was. If only a child
she cannot, of course, interfere with Dora.
"Describe her to me?"
"What is she like, you mean. She is
still in the land of the living. Describe her
I don't believe I could," says my companion,
with a light laugh. "If I gave you her
exact photograph in words, I dare say I
would call down your scorn on my besighted
taste. Who ever grew rapturous over a
description? If you cross examine me about
her charms without doubt I shall fall
through. To my way of thinking beauty
does not lie in features, in hair, or eyes, or
mouth. It is there, without one's knowing
why; a look, an expression, a smile, all gone
to make up the indescribable something that
is perfection."
"You speak of her as though she were a
woman. I don't believe she is a child at
all," I say, with a pout.
"She is the greatest child I ever met.
But tell me—Then breaking off sudden-
ly, and turning to me, "By the bye," he
says, "what may I call you? Miss Vernon is
too formal, and Miss Phyllis I detest."
"Yes," returned I, laughing, "it reminds
me of Martha. You may call me Phyllis
if you like."
"Thank you; I shall like it very much.
Apropos of photographs, then, a moment
ago, Phyllis, did you ever sit for your por-
trait?" He is looking at me as he speaks,
as though desirous of photographing me up-
on his brain without further loss of time.
"Oh, yes, twice," I answer, cheerfully;
"once by a travelling man who came round,
and did us all very cheaply indeed (I think
for fourpence or sixpence a head); and once
in Carston. I had a dozen taken then; but
when I had given one each to them all at
home, and one to Martha, I found I had no
use for the others, and had only wasted my
pocket-money. Perhaps"—diffidently—
"you would like one?"
"Like it!" says Mr. Carrington, with most
uncalled for eagerness: "I should rather
think I would. Will you really give me one,
Phyllis?"
"Of course," I answer, with surprise:
"they are no use to me, and have been
tossing about in my drawers six months.
Will you have a Carson one? I really think
it is the best. Though, if you put your
hand over your eyes, the itinerant's is rather
like a me."
"What happened to the eyes?"
"There is a faint cast in the right one.
The man said it was the way I always
looked, but I don't think so, myself. You
don't think I have a squint, do you, Mr.
Carrington?"
Here I open my blue-gray eyes to their
widest and gaze at my companion in anxious
inquiry.
"No, I don't see it," returns he, when he
has subjected the eyes in question to a close
and lingering examination. Then he laughs
a little, and I laugh too, to encourage him,
and because at this time of my life gayety
of any sort seems good, and tears and laugh-
ter are very near to me; and presently we
are both making merry over my description
of the wanderer's production.
"What o'clock is it," I ask, a little later.
"It must be time for me to go home, and
Billy will be waiting."
Having told me the hour, he says:
"Have you no watch, Phyllis?"
"No."
"Don't you find it awkward now and
then being ignorant of the time? Would
you like one?"
"Oh, would I not?" I answer promptly.
"There is nothing I would like better. Do
you know it is the one thing for which I am
always wishing."
"Phyllis," says Mr. Carrington, eagerly,
"let me give you one."
"I stare at him in silent bewilderment.
Is he really in earnest? He certainly looks
so: and for a moment I revel in the glorious
thought. Fancy! what it would be to have
a watch of my very own; to be able every
five minutes to assure myself of the exact
hour! Think of all the malicious pleasure I
should enjoy in dangling it before Dora's
jealous eyes! what pride in exhibiting it to
Billy's delighted ones? Probably it would
be handsomer than Dora's, which has seen
service, and, being newer, would surely keep
better time.
Then the delight passes, and something
within me whispers such joy is not for me.
Of course he would only give it to me for
Dora's sake, and yet I know—I cannot say
why I feel it—but I know if I accepted a
watch from Mr. Carrington all at home
would be angry, and it would cause a horri-
ble row.
"Thank you," I said mournfully. "Thank
you very much, Mr. Carrington, but I
could not take it from you. It is very kind
of you to offer it, and I would accept it if
I could, but it would be of no use. At home
I know they would not let me have it, and
so it would be a pity for you to spend all
your money upon it for nothing."
"What nonsense!" impatiently. "Who
would not let you take it?"
"Papa, mamma, every one," I answer,
with deepest dejection. (I would so much
have liked that watch! Why, why did he
put the delightful but transcendent idea into
my head?) "They would all say I acted
wrongly in taking it, and—and they would
send it back to you again."
"Is there anything else you would like,
Phyllis, that I might give you?"
"No, nothing, thank you. I must only
wait. Mother has promised me her watch
upon my wedding morning."
"You seem comfortably certain of being
married, sooner or later," he says, with a

laugh that still showed some vexation. "Do
you ever think what sort of a husband you
would like, Phyllis?"
"No, I never think of disagreeable
things, if I can help it," is my tart reply.
My merry mood is gone; I feel in some way
injured, and inclined toward snappishness.
"And from what I have seen of husbands I
think they are all, every one, each more de-
testable than the other. If I were an heiress
I would never marry; but, being a girl with-
out a fortune, I suppose I must."
Mr. Carrington roars.
"I never heard anything so absurd," he
says, "as such mature sentiments coming
from your lips. Why, to hear you talk, one
might imagine you a town-bred young wo-
man, one who has passed through the fourth
campaign; but to see you—you have
learned your lesson uncommonly well,
though I am sure you were never taught it
by your mother. And how do you know
that you may not lose your heart to a curate,
and find yourself poorer after your marriage
than before?"
"That I never will," I return decisively.
"In the first place I detest curates, and in
the next I would not be wife to a poor man,
even if I adored him. I will marry a rich
man, or I will not marry at all."
"I hate to hear you talk like that," says
Mr. Carrington, gravely. "The ideas are so
unsuited to a little loving girl like you.
Although I am positive you do not mean
one word of what you say, still it pains me
to hear you."
"I do mean it," I answer, defiantly; "but
as my conversation pains you, I will not in-
flict it on you longer. Good-bye!"
"Good bye, you perverse child; and don't
try to imagine yourself mercenary. Are you
angry with me?" holding my unwilling
hand and smiling into my face. "Don't; I
am not worth it. Come, give me one smile
to bear me company until we meet again."
Thus adjured, I laugh, and my fingers grow
quiet in his grasp. And when will that be?"
continues Mr. Carrington. To-morrow or
next day? Probably Friday will see me at
Summerleas. In the meantime, now we are
friends again, I must remind you not to for-
get your promise about that Carston photo."
"I will remember," I say; and so we
separate.

CHAPTER VI.

On my return home, to my inexpressible
surprise and delight, I find Roland. During
my absence he has arrived, totally unexpected
by any member of the household; and the
small excitement his appearance causes
makes him doubly welcome, as anything
that starts us out of our humdrum exis-
tence is hailed with positive rapture. Even
mother, whose mind is still wonderfully fresh
and young, considering all the years she has
passed under papa's thumb, enters freely
into the general merriment, and forgets for
the time being her daily cares.
"You see, I found I would be here al-
most as soon as a letter," exclaims Roland;
"and, as I hate writing like a nightmare,
I resolved to take you a little by surprise."
"Mother, radiant, is sitting near him,
regarding him with humid eyes. If dear
mother had been married to an indulgent
husband she would have been a dreadful
goose. Even as it is she possesses a talent
for weeping upon all occasions only to be
equaled by mine."
"How did you manage to get away so
soon again, Roly?" I ask, when I have em-
braced him as much as he will allow.
"I hardly know. Luck, I fancy—and
the colonel—did it. The old boy, you see,
has a weakness for me which I return by
having a weakness for the old boy's daugh-
ter. Mother"—laughingly—"may I marry
the old boy's daughter? She is an extreme-
ly pretty little girl, young, with fifteen
thousand pounds; but I would not like to
engage myself to her without your full con-
sent."
Mother laughs and passes her hand with
a light caressing gesture over his charming
face.
"Conceited boy!" she murmurs, fondly;
"there is little chance you will ever do so
much good for yourself."
"Don't be too sure. At all events, I have
your consent?"
"Yes, and my blessing, too," says mother,
laughing again.
"Thanks. Then I'll turn it over in my
mind when I go back."
"Roly," I break in with my accustomed
graciousness, "what brought you?"
"The train and an overpowering desire to
see Dora's young man."
A laugh and a blush from Dora.
"I met him just now," I say, "down by
the trout-river. What a pity he did not
come with me, to satisfy your curiosity
without delay!"
"Mother do you think it the correct thing
for Phyllis to keep clandestine appointments
with her brother-in-law? Dora is it possible
that you do not scent mischief in the air?
A person, too, of Phyllis's well-known at-
tractions—"
"What was he doing at the trout-river?"
asks Dora, with a smile. She is too secure
in the knowledge of her own beauty to dread
a rival anywhere, least of all in me.
"Nothing, as far as I could see. He
talked a little, and said he was coming here
next Friday."
"The day after to-morrow. I shall ask
him his intentions," says Roly. "It is most
fortunate I am on the spot. One should
never let an affair of this kind drag. It will
doubtless be a thankless task; but I make
a point of never shirking duty; and when we
have put our beloved father comfortably
under ground—"
"Roland," interrupts mother, in a shock-
ed tone. There is a pause.
"I quite thought you were going to say
something," says Roland, amiably. "I was
mistaken. I will therefore continue. When
we have put our beloved father well under
the ground I will then be head of this house,
and natural guardian to these poor dear
girls; and, with this prospect in view, I feel
even at the present moment a certain respon-
sibility, that compels me to look after their
interests and bring this recreant gallant to
book."
"Roland, my dear, I wish you would not
speak so of your father," puts in mamma,
feebly.
"Very well, I won't," returns Roly; "and
he shan't be put under ground at all, if you
don't wish it. Cremation shall be his fate,
and we will keep his precious ashes in an
urn."
"I don't believe Mr. Carrington cares a
pin for Dora," says Billy, irrelevantly. "I

think he likes Phyllis twice as well." This
remark, though intended to do so, does not
act as a bombshell in the family circle; it is
regarded as a mere flash in the pan from
Billy, and is received with silent contempt.
What could a boy know about such mat-
ters?
"I have a month's leave," Roland informs
us presently. "Do you think in that time
we could polish it off—courtship, proposal,
and wedding? Though," reflectively, "that
would be a pity, as by putting off the mar-
riage for a little while I might then screw
another mouth out of the old boy."
"Just so," I answer, approvingly.
"He is such a desirable young man in
every way," says mother, a propos of Mr.
Carrington; "so steady, well-tempered, and
his house is really beautiful. You know it,
Roland—Strangemore—seven miles from
this?"
"I think it gloomy," Dora says, quietly.
"When I—if I were to—that is—"
"What a charming virtue is modesty!" I
exclaim, sotto voce.
"Go on, Dora," says Roland, in an en-
couraging tone. "When you marry Mr.
Carrington, what will you do then?"
"Of course I don't see the smallest pros-
pect of it," murmurs Dora, with downcast
eyes; "but if I were to become mistress of
Strangemore I would throw more light into
all the rooms; I would open up windows
everywhere, and take down those heavy pil-
lars."
"Then you would ruin it," I cry indign-
antly; "its ancient appearance is its chief
charm. You would make it a mere modern
dwelling-house; and the pillars I think mag-
nificent."
"I don't," says dear Dora, immovably;
"and if ever I get the chance I will certain-
ly remove them."
"You won't get the chance, then; you
need not think it. Mr. Carrington has not
the smallest idea of marrying you," exclaims
Billy whose Latin and Greek have evidently
disagreed with him.
"It is a pity your tutor cannot teach you
to be a gentleman," retorts Dora, casting a
withering glance at our youngest born.
"Our dear William's temper appears
slightly ruffled," remarks Roland, smooth-
ly. "Evidently the gentleman of the name
of Caldwell was lavish with his birch this
morning. Come with me Phyllis; I want to
visit the stables."
I follow him gladly; and Billy joining us,
with a grim countenance, we sally forth,
leaving Dora to pour her griefs into mother's
gentle bosom.

CHAPTER VII.

Friday brings Mr. Carrington, who is
specially agreeable, and devotes himself a
good deal to Roland. There is a consider-
able amount of talk about shooting, hunt-
ing, and so forth, and we can all see that
Roly is favorably impressed. Dora's be-
havior is perfect—her modesty and virtuous
bashfulness apparent. Our visitor rather
affects her society than otherwise, but be-
yond listening to her admiringly when she
speaks, shows no marked attention. In the
country a visit is indeed a visitation, and
several hours elapse before he takes his de-
parture. Once finding myself alone with
him in the conservatory, I bestow upon him
my promised picture, which he receives with
open gratitude and consigns to his pocket as
he hears footsteps approaching.
Roland's presence has inspired us all with
much additional cheerfulness. We have
never appeared so gay, so free from restraint,
as on this afternoon, and Mr. Carrington
finds it hard to tear himself away. I myself
am in wild spirits, and quite outshine
myself every now and then; and Billy, who is
not at any time afflicted with shyness, thinks
it a safe opportunity to ask our friend before
he leaves if he will some day take us for a
drive in his dog-cart.
"Of course I will," says Mr. Carrington.
"How unpardonable of me never to have
thought of it before! But perhaps," speak-
ing to Billy, but looking at Dora and me,
"perhaps you would prefer four horses and
the coach? It will be a charity to give it a
chance to escape from the moths."
"Oh, I say," says Billy, "are you in ear-
nest?" and, being reassured on this point,
fairly overflows with delight.
Dora and I are scarcely less delighted, and
Roland's graciously pleased to say it will be
rather fun, when he finds the two Hastings
girls are also coming. Somehow nobody
thinks of a chaperon, which certainly
heightens the enjoyment, and proves what a
reputable person Mr. Carrington must be.
When the day arrives, and our landlord,
clad in a thick light overcoat, drives his
four bright bays up to our door, our enthu-
siasm reaches its final pitch. Imagination
can no farther go: our dream is fulfilled.
Mr. Carrington helps Dora carefully to the
box-seat, and then springs up beside her.
Billy and I sit very close to each other. Ro-
land takes his place anywhere, with a view
to changing it on the arrival of Miss Lenah
Hastings. The whip crackles, the bays
throw up their heads—we are off!
I kiss my hands a hundred times to mam-
ma and Martha and Jane, the cook, who
have all come out to the doorstep to see us
start; while Brewster at the corner of the
house stands agape with excited surprise.
Not that he need have shown astonishment
of any sort, considering our expedition and
the manner of it has been ceaselessly din-
ned into his ears every hour of the day dur-
ing the past week by the untiring Billy.
At Rylston we take up the Hastings, and
their brother, a fat, but well-meaning young
man, who plants himself on my other side,
and makes elephantine attempts at playfulness.
I do not mind him in the least; I find
I can pour out my superfluous spirits upon
him quite as well as upon a more compani-
able person—perhaps better; for with him at
least I have all the conversation to myself.
So I chatter and laugh and talk to Mr.
Hastings until I reduce him to a comatose
state leaving him all eyes and little tongue.
I have succeeded in captivating his fancy,
however, or else it is his usual mode to de-
vote himself for the entire day to whoever
may first happen to fall into his clutches;
as, when we descend to Carlton Wood to
partake of the lunch our host has provided
for us, he still clings to me, and outwardly
at least is almost lovelike.
Alas that October days should be so fleet!
A day such as this one might have had forty
hours without bringing *annus* to any of us;
but at length evening closes in—the time is
come when we must take our departure.
Regretfully we collect our shawls and move
towards the drag.
TO BE CONTINUED.

YOUNG FOOLS THAT MARRY.

A Rattling Lecture for the Benefit of Those So Inclined.

These sparkers are looked upon by parents
generally as a nuisance, and often they are
right. Nine-tenths of the sparring is done
by boys who haven't got their growth, and
they look so green that it is laughable for
the old folks to look at them. They haven't
generally got a second shirt, and they are no
more qualified to get married than a cow is
to preach. And yet marrying is the first
thing they think of. A green boy without
a dollar, present or prospective, sparking a
girl regularly and talking about marrying, is
a spectacle for gods and men. He should be
reasoned with, and if he will not quit it un-
til he is able to support a wife, and to know
whom he loves, and the difference between
love and passion, he should be quarantined
or put in a convent, erected on purpose for
such cases. Nine-tenths of the unhappy
marriages are the result of green human be-
ings allowed to run at large in the society
pasture without any yokes on them. They
marry and have children before they do
moustaches; they are fathers of twins be-
fore they are the proprietor of two pair of
pants, and the little girls they marry are old
women before they are twenty years old.
Occasionally one of these gosing marriages
turns out all right, but it is a clear case of
luck. If there was a law against young
galoots sparking and marrying before they
have their teeth cut, we suppose they would
evade it in some way, but there ought to be
a sentiment against it. It is time enough
for these bantams to think of finding a pul-
let when they have raised money enough by
their own work to buy a bundle of laths to
build a hen house. But they see a girl who
looks cunning, and they are afraid there are
not going to be girls enough to go round,
and then they begin to get in their work
real spy; and before they are aware of the
sanctity of the marriage relation they are
hitched for life.

The Building of Homes.

American Agriculturist.

Double doors—folding or sliding—are a
great social "institution." By them two
rooms may be thrown into one. A good
broad hall becomes in summer an extra
room. The air circulates. There is a freedom,
an openness about the house, which gives an
air of superiority to even very humble
dwellings. The superiority is real, too. If
we invite a few friends for the evening it is
not necessary to confine them to the "par-
lor," but the doors are thrown wide open,
our guests will fill parlor and hall, and sit-
ting room and kitchen, perhaps, and yet all
are one company, for the broad doors being
open the whole house is thrown together.
Music sounds through such a house delight-
fully, and people have a good time and love
to come, because it is so cheerful and social.
Another point in our home building which
we too often overlook is the exposure of the
principal living and sleeping rooms to the
direct influence of the sun. The effect of
the sunlight is best gained when the house
stands with its corners toward the cardinal
points, for thus the sun shines with consid-
erable power on all sides of the house every
clear day in summer, and yet his power is
broken, because at noonday the rays strike
two sides obliquely, and very soon leave the
southeastern side in the shade. We should
not forget that the sunshine is health giving;
dampness and shade, if slightly in excess,
injure the health of both men and animals.

One thing more is the importance of hav-
ing some provision for fire in the chambers.
We build for health and not for sickness,
and I do not hesitate to say that many a
family mourns the loss of a member simply
because the sleeping room could not be easily
heated.

The best mode of heating no doubt is by
an open fire of some kind. It is very easy
in building to make open fire-places in at
least three chambers through which the
chimney passes.

Of course open fire-places are not econom-
ical of fuel, but in the chambers fire is
seldom wanted, and stoves may be used, if
preferred. As to economy of fuel, builders
as well as architects and proprietors, either
frequently overlook one important fact, or
they do not look at it, that is, that the
warmest part of any room is farthest from
the floor; so if we make our room ten or
eleven feet high we must heat the air in all
that upper part before a person sitting at a
table begins to feel at all warm, unless he is
where he gets radiation from the stove or
open fire. Low ceilings effect the greatest
economy of fuel, and even make open fires
economical as compared with stoves and high
ceilings. Nine feet is, I think, an extreme
height for the ceiling of an ordinary country
house, say one in which the largest room is
not more than twenty feet square, or of
equivalent area.

Besides, there are other numerous consid-
erations which tend to the saving of fuel and
at the same time increase the healthfulness
and comfort of a home. Some of these are
the material of the walls, their impenetra-
bility to air and moisture, "deafening" of
the floors which adds greatly to their
warmth, good joiner work about windows
and doors, etc.

Monkeys.

Joe, r monkey of the London "Zoo," could
never be got back into his cage when once
he was allowed his liberty outside. But he
had one weakness—that of curiosity—and
the keeper, looking down a dark hole, at-
tracted the attention of the monkey, who
slowly approached him to find out the cause
of the investigation. Suddenly the keeper
would start back and the monkey's courage,
deserting him, he flew to the shelter of his
cage when the door would be shut. This
trick was successfully played on him month
after month, he never seeming to learn it.
Another monkey, "Miss Jenny," that came
from India, and parted her hair in the mid-
dle, smoked real tobacco, and would snatch
a half-smoked cigar from a visitor and finish
it. She would also hold a bottle of ale with
her hind foot and take long draughts be-
tween the puffs of smoke.

ACTORS playing before King Theebaw of
Burmah have to take off their boots, and
make their lowest salaams to the King,
every time they go on or come off the
stage.