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U. S. Income Tax Law Unconstitutional.

A despatch from Washington says:—The income tax law is declared unconstitutional in toto. The conclusions of the Supreme Court are:—First, we adhere to the opinion already announced that taxes on real estate being indisputably direct taxes, taxes on the rents or incomes of real estate are equally direct taxes. Second, we are of the opinion that taxes on personal property are likewise direct taxes. The decrees hereinbefore entered in this court will be vacated. The decrees below will be reversed and the cases remanded, with instructions to grant the relief prayer. The sections of the tariff law reating to the income tax are declared void specifically. The vote on the income tax resulted:—Five against the constitutionality of the law to four for the law. Those against the law were Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field, Gray, Brewer, and Shiras; for the law, Justices Harlan, White, Brown, and Jackson. Mr. Chief Justice Fuller delivered the opinion of the court in the income tax cases.

A VETERAN IN THE LATE W'R.

Cured of Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—It Always Relieves in Thirty Minutes and Thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. H.H. Musselman, member of the G. A.R., Weissport, Pa., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took ten bottles of sarsaparilla but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man." Sold by McFarlane & Co.

Most Fatal Hour of Work.

One of the inspectors of mines, with a view of testing the period at which accidents generally happen after the beginning of work, has hit upon the ingenious design of arranging all the fatalities for the year under the hour at which they took place. Out of forty-one accidents no fewer than nine are reported in the first hour of work—more than at any other hour—while in the sixth, seventh and eight hours there were eight, five and two accidents respectively. The figures seem to point to a lack of proper precautions before work is begun.

If I were sure God would pardon me and man would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.—Plato.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROSS, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relief in six hours the "Great South American Kidney Cure" This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by McFarlane & Co., Druggists.

LADY AYLMER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISTRESS OF HOLROYD.

Three days had gone and still Esther Brand had not arrived in London. Each day Dorothy got more and more impatient for her presence, because, although she had never once seen David Stevenson since that morning when she had almost walked into his arms in the Kensington High street, she was so afraid that he might be lurking about the neighborhood that she had never set foot outside her own door. If she had only known that he was safely down at Holroyd, dividing his life between riding hard from one point of the property to another, and sitting moodily staring into the empty fire-grate, his thoughts all busily occupied in cursing at fate! However, that phase of feeling did not last long with him; for one fine September morning he went over to the Hall and wandered round the quiet old garden—a good deal of its especial charm of quaint beauty "improved" away now—where she had spent her happy childhood.

"I'll have that bed done away with," he said to old Isaac, pointing out a small, neat bed cut in the velvet turf, just in front of the dining-room window; "it spoils the look of the lawn; dig it up, and we'll have it turfed over."

Old Isaac looked at him hesitatingly—the old man had felt bitterly his degradation from gardener to odd man, yet ten shillings a week is not to be sneezed at when its almost certain alternative is the the workhouse. He hardly dared to say what was in his mind; still the old feudal instinct, the habit of forty years was strong in him, and he ventured a timid protest.

"That were Miss Dorothy's own bed, sir," he began; "she dug it herself, and then she'd take a turn round and have another spell o' digging after. And then, in the Spring time, when the wiolets came she was wery proud o' the fust bunch she took to the mistress."

"H'm," muttered David, and moved away.

"Took it better nor I thought he would," mused old Isaac, rather elated at his own boldness.

But Isaac had counted his chickens too early, for later in the day the head gardener came round to him. "By-the-by, Isaac," he said, after mentioning one or two little matters, "the governor wants that little bed under the dining-room window levelled and turfed over—wants it done at once."

"I hear," said Isaac.

The old man was trembling as he turned away, and when the other was gone, he stood by the little flower bed as if it were a grave looking down upon it with tear-filled eyes. "Brute!" he ground out between his teeth; "brute!" "What be I to do wi' the wiolets," Bell?" he asked, the next time he came across his superior.

"Gov'nor said you was to chuck 'em out on the rubbish heap," Bell answered.

"Nay, I'll take 'em down to mine," said Isaac, in a quavering voice.

"As you like about that," said Bell, all unknowing of the tumult in the old man's breast.

And the day following that David Stevenson ordered his horse and rode away from Holroyd, through Graveleigh and past the old Hall to a large and prosperous looking farm, about a mile beyond the house where Dorothy's old friend, Lady Jane Sturt, lived. He turned in at the gates, and gave his horse into the care of a man who came running out. "Is Miss Elsie at home?" he asked.

"I believe she is, sir," the man replied; "but if you'll knock at the door, they'll tell you for certain."

A nice-looking country girl in a neat apron and cap came to the door.

Yes Miss Elsie was at home, the mistress had gone into Dovercourt. Would Mr. Stevenson come this way?

He followed her into a pretty enough sitting-room, though it had but few of the little touches which had made Miss Dimsdale's drawing-room so pretty and so restful. There were shades over wax fowers and a plaster of paris vase containing some artificial orange blossoms which had once adorned the wedding cake of the married daughter of the house, and there were white crochet-work rags over some of the chairs, and others with fearful and wonderful designs in crewels tied up with bits of gay colored ribbons. Yes, it was pretty enough, but not bearable to him after the quaint and dignified air which had pervaded everything at the Hall where she had lived.

In two minutes Elsie Carrington came in, a tall, wholesome-looking girl, with fair hair that was too yellow and cheeks that were too red, and as David's eyes fell upon her I am bound to say that his very soul seemed to turn sick within him. Not that he flinched—oh, no; David Stevenson was not of the kind that flinches.

"I've come on a queer enough errand, Elsie," he began.

"Yes?" she said, in a questioning tone.

"Yes. But it's no use beating about the bush; it's best to be honest and true, is'nt it?"

"Of course it is." She was very much flushed and puzzled, too, but as yet she had no idea of his meaning.

"You must know as well as I do," he went on, not attempting to go a step nearer to her or to take her hand, "that I've cared for Dorothy Strode all my life."

"Yes," said the girl, faintly.

"Well," standing up very straight and stiff, and with a face like marble, "that's all over now, and I want to get my life settled into shape. Holroyd wants a mistress, and I've kept the place open so long," with a piteous attempt at making fun, "that I hardly like to offer it to any one else. Well," finding she did not speak "what do you say, Elsie?"

She was staring at him in utter consternation, her light blue eyes filled with wonder, her white brow wrinkled, some of the color blanched from her cheeks, and her lips parted. "I don't quite understand, David," she said, at last.

He drew a long breath of impatience. "Look here, Elsie," he said, "I am young, rich, decent-looking, and not a bad sort as fellows go. But's its no use my coming and offering you the devotion of a lifetime; you wouldn't believe me if I did—you'd say it was a lie, and I don't want to begin by lying to you. But I can offer you all the rest of my life, and I swear I'll do my level best to be a good husband to you; I swear that."

Elsie fairly gasped. "You are asking me to marry you, David?" she cried.

"Of course I am," he answered.

There was a dead silence for a few moments. David, sore and hurt, desperately anxious to get his future settled so that looking back would be a folly and repining nothing short of a sin, stood waiting for her decision, while Elsie turned away to the window and looked out over the fields, a thousand bitter thoughts chasing each other through her brain. It was all over with Dorothy, and Dorothy had evidently chosen another, Elsie was sure of that, though David had not said so. And David had turned to her in his trouble—there was comfort in that. But Dorothy had his love still, she was certain of that. You could see it in his haggard face, his nervous manner; hear it in his defiant voice. Many and many a time she had pictured him coming wooing to her. She had let her hands fall idly in her lap, and her sewing lie neglected, while in fancy she had seen him turning in at the gate or coming in at the door, his mouth half smiling (as she had seen it for Dorothy's sake), his cold eyes lighted up with a tenderness as dear as it was rare; but in all her dreams Elsie had never pictured him coming like this, hrggard and drawn for the loss of Dorothy, nervous, brusque, impatient, brutally truthful and just, to ask her to make a bargain, in which love should be left out of the reckoning! To offer her his body, while she knew his heart was all Dorothy's! Oh! it was a dreary wooing, a hard, hard bargain for her to make or mar.

"Well," said he, after a minute or two "what do you say?"

"Is Dorothy going to be married?" she asked, suddenly.

He winced at the question, but he answered it readily enough. "Dorothy is married,' he said, steadily.

"Oh!" and then she gave a great sigh and looked at him with piteous, yearning eyes.

"Well?" he said; "I am waiting."

"I don't know what to say," she burst out.

"No! And yet I fancied that you liked me better than the other fellows round about."

His tone was half-bitter, half-reproachful, as if his last hope was leaving him. The girl was touched by it instantly, and turned quickly to him with both her hands outstretched. "Oh, David!" she cried, in a voice of pain, "you know that I have always—always—liked you—but—but"—

"But what?" he asked coldly, and without taking the outstretched hands.

Elsie let them fall to her side again.

"You have not said one word about caring for me," she said, in a trembling, timid voice.

David began to feel that this wooing, which he had fancied would be so easy, was going to prove more difficult than he had had any idea of. He had believed always that he had only to hold up the prospect of being mistress of Holroyd for Elsie to simply jump at the chance, and here, to his intense surprise, was Elsie demurring to take him because he had said nothing of love.

"If I were a liar," he said roughly, "I should have come and made love to you. I should have pretended that I had been mistaken in thinking I had cared for Dorothy, I should have sworn I have never loved anyone but you. And by-and-by you would have found me out, and then we should both be wretched. As it is, I came and told you honestly all that was in my heart, I—I—asked you to help me over this bad time, because I thought you loved me and would bear with me because of your love. As it is, never mind, there are plenty of women who will marry me willingly enough, to be the mistress of Holroyd."

"David!" she cried, as he turned toward the door.

He looked back, his hand still upon the handle. "Well?" he asked. "Is it not so?"

In that one moment a dozen thoughts seemed to go crowding through the girl's distracted brain—a vision of Holroyd, with its rich red gables, its stately avenue of horse-chestnuts, its pretty lodge, its velvet lawns, and wide-sweeping view across the great sheet of water running up from the sea; then a vision of Holroyd with a strange woman as mistress, a vision of that strange woman's children breaking the serene stillness of the place—ah! no, she could not lose him for the sake of the one thing wanting which would make her cup of happiness full—in time that might come—and even if it not, she would at least be spared the agony of seeing another woman reigning at Holroyd. No, whatever happened in the future, whatever might come to pass, she could not run the risk of losing the man she loved. In that brief space of time, the true instinct of feminine dignity which always lives in a woman's heart, called for notice, but in vain—it was stifled in the pangs of love which consumed her. "David, don't go!" she cried, in an appealing voice, as he turned the handle of the door. "I only hesitated because—because I have always loved you so, and—and I thought that I should break my heart"—She stopped short there, ashamed to end her sentence.

David Stevenson shut the door and came across the room to her side. "You thought what would break your heart?" he asked.

But Elsie shook her head. "Never mind," she said bravely. We won't talk about that. I will come to Holroyd, and—and help you to forget the past if I can."

"Then that's a bargain," said he, drawing a long breath.

He did not say a word beside, did not attempt to touch her, or act in any way different to his usual manner to her, excepting, perhaps, that he was less polite than ordinary custom considers necessary between persons who are not bound together by ties of blood.

"By the bye," he said, suddenly, "I have bought something to seal our contract. No, you need not look like that. I only bought it yesterday. I went over to Ipswich on purpose."

He had taken a little case out of his pocket, and now held his hand out to her with a ring lying upon the palm. It was a beautiful ring—diamond and sapphires—a ring fit for a princess.

"Won't you have it?" he asked, in surprise, as she made no effort to take it."

"Yes; if you will give it to me," she answered.

He took the ring in his other hand and held it toward her. Elsie took it with an inward groan, a wild cry rising up in her heart. "Oh! my God! will it be like this for always?" and then she put it on her left hand, whence it seemed to strike cold to her very heart.

"I must go now," David said after looking at her hand for a moment. "I'll come back this evening. I must go now. Will you tell your people, and then I'll speak to your father when I come? And I shall ask for an early wedding Elsie; the sooner it is over and we get settled down the better."

"Yes," she said, faintly.

There was none too much color in her cheeks now, poor child, and her blue eyes were dark with pain.

David looked at her uneasily. "I must get away for an hour or two and think it all over," he said half nervously. "I must have a clear story ready for your father."

"Yes."

"Then—good-by."

"David," she said, in an almost inaudible voice, "you have not told me that you are glad or anything. Have you not one kind word for me? Has Dorothy got everything still?"

He started as if he had been shot, but he turned back at once and took her in his arms and kissed her passionately half a dozen times. "Oh! my poor girl, it is rough on you," he said, regretfully. "I'm a brute to let you do it."

"No, no!" cried she, winding her arms about his neck; "no, no! I would rather be your slave than any other man's queen. Kiss me again, David."

And David shuddered. Why? With the perversity of love! The heart that beat against him was beating for him alone. The blue eyes looking so yearningly into his were pretty and true. The clinging arms were fond and loving, but they were not Dorothy's arms; it was not Dorothy's heart; and he shuddered. And the next moment he was on his horse again and tearing homeward, while Elsie lay in a frenzy of grief on the floor, just where he had left her standing looking mournfully after him.

Poor child: poor child! dimly and vaguely she realized what she had done. She realized that if she had held out firmly against him and had said: "I have loved you all my life, and as soon as you will come and tell me you really want me for yourself I will gladly come to Holroyd; but I will not marry any man whose heart is filled full of another woman—I would rather live and die alone than that"—that then she would have had a fair chance of winning his heart as entirley as even she could wish. She realized this without actually putting her throughts into language, and she dimly grasped, too, that by fearing to let him go she had made herself David Stevenson's slave forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THIN EDGE OF THE WEDGE.

Well, it happened the very day after this, that Lord Aylmer made up his mind that he would wait no longer in effecting an entrance into the little flat in Palace Mansions.

To do him justice, he never for one moment suspected that his nephew and Mrs. Harris were married. He imagined that the little establishment was kept up in a way which is not an uncommon one in London, and that now Dick was safely packed off to India, he could go and make friends with the loveliest girl he had seen for many a day, without any more difficulty than that of starting an acquaintance.

To tell the truth plainly, Lord Aylmer had seen Dorothy with Dick, several months before he carried out the plan which had got his nephew safely out of the road, and had left him, as he believed, poor, conceited, deluded, old man, a fair field; and, to tell the truth further and more plainly still, Lord Aylmer had fallen desperately in love with her! So desperately that he had put himself under great obligations to his old friend Barry Boynton, had set my lady's suspicions working, and had made Dick detest him more than ever, in order that he might possibly be able by hook or by crook to gnd favor in Dorothy's eyes. Poor, deluded old man! If he had only known all! Is he could only have listened to the young husband and wife discussing "the old savage," and have known all that had its home in Dorothy's faithful and tender heart!

But then, you see, he did not, and so I have a longer story to tell you than I should have had if all had gone smoothly and well with our young couple, and they had started their married life at the tail of a marching regiment, on an increased allowance kindly given them by a liberal and indulgent uncle.

The old lord had not found it an easy matter to effect an acquaintance with the young lady in Palace Mansions; and, really, when you think of it, it is not always an easy thing to accomplish, especially when there is no help on the other side! However, this morning, after having spent many hours reconnoitring the block of buildings called Palace Mansions, after having driven slowly up and down the High street, after making many more or less useless purchases in the High street shops, and after fretting his impatient old soul into a fever, he made up his mind that he would go boldly to the house, ask for "Mrs. Harris," claim a friendship with the departed Dick, and gradually work into a position of friendliness with the object of his present admiration.

This admirable plan was, however, destined never to be carried out—not because Lord Aylmer changed his mind, not a bit of it! He carried out his part of it so far as to order his carriage for a certain hour, and when that hour came to get into it and to give an order to Charles.

"Where to, m'lord?"

"Palace Mansions."

"An' I believe," murmured Charles to Barker, as they drove off, "that the old codger's done it at last. Palace Mansions is the order—that's where Mrs. 'Arris lives you know."

"Aye?" muttered the coachman, in reply. "And Mrs. 'Arris'll catch a Tartar in 'im, no mistake about that."

"They generally take care of themselves," said Charles, with a cynicism worth of his estimable master.

Coming events, they say, cast their shadows before, and Barker, who had been giving a small share of attention to Charles and gossip, suddenly pulled in his horses with a jerk. "Osses is enclined to be playful to day," he remarked.

"I dessay they know it is the wrong time of year to be in town," returned Charles, superciliously.

"Likely enough, 'Osses is as sensible as Christians, and sensibler than some," Barker rejoined.

As they got over the ground the "playfulness" of the horses did not subside; indeed on the contrary, it increased, and to such an extent that by the time they turned into the Kensington High street they were racing along at express speed, with the evident intention of boiting as soon as they had a chance.

Barker, however, knew his work and did not give them a chance at all, and by the time they reached the corner of the road for which they were bound, they were going steadily again. Unfortunately at that point, however, that terrible maker of mischief, the unforseen, happened—a little child with a balloon as large as a man's head suddenlet go the string with which she had held it captive; the balloon soared away and dashed into the near horse's face; the child screamed at the loss of her toy; the horse reared and plunged. Barker administered a cut of his whip, and the next moment they were dashing down the road, and an elderly woman was lying helplessly in a dead faint just where the carriage had passed.

"My God! we are over some one!" shouted Lord Aylmer. He was the kind of man, who, on emergency, always appeals to the Deity, whom in all his ways of life he utterly and systematically ignores. "Let me get out!" he cried.

Barker, who was pulling in the horses with might and main, had already checked their mad speed, and a moment or so later turned the horses, with a face like chalk and a dreadful fear knocking at his heart that the motionless figure lying in the road would never move again. He pulled up just where the crowd was gathering, and Lord Aylmer was out of the carriage before Charles could collect his scattered senses sufficiently to get off the box.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THREE NOTED EPISCOPALIANS

Who Have Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders, and in the Interests of Suffering Humanity Say How Much it Has Done for Them.

In the ecclesiastical history of Canada the names of the Right Rev. A. Sweatman, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Rev. John Langtry, M.A., D.C.L., stand out prominent, and within his own parish may be added to these the name of the Rev. W. R. Williams, Dr. Langtry's popular curate. These gentlemen believe in acting out the axiom of the Good Book, that having learned of that which has been a source of benefit to themselves, it is their duty to tell the good news to others. These three clergymen of the Episcopal church have each used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and found that for cold in the head and catarrhal troubles it is a great helper, and over their own signature they have said to the public that these things are so, that others may be likewise benefited and helped.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use it relieves in 10 minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

HOUSEHOLD.

By the Way.

A handsome and durable tea-cloth can be made from two or three damask towels, which are comparatively inexpensive at present. Large towels are joined together with lace insertion, or insertion crocheted from linen thread, and finished on the edges with lace to match. If crochted trimming is used, a tinge of color may be introduced in working, if desired. A pure white lace may be tinged or changed to a deep ecru by dipping in coffee or weak tea.

Pick-up work is the most suitable fancy work for warm weather. A new kind of spread is made of squares of blue linen embroidered in white flax and joined together like a patchwork quilt. These squares are so convenient for piazza work that the odd moments devoted to them can scarcely be tiresome.

If your russet shoes need cleaning, as they frequently do, dust them off and use a piece of lemon to remove the grime. When the leather is dry, polish well with a soft cloth. Thus treated, the light tan will be toned down into a neat Havana brown.

White satin jeans and white duck make excellent splashers and toilet mats. White Roman floss with short and long stitch embroidery, either in a design of leaves or flowers as a border, with the outer edges cut scallop fashion, or finished in any manner individual taste may fancy, finds much favor as a suitable decoration.

As for doilies and table mats, not only are they the fashion, but if not gotten up in too elaborate a manner for daily use, are quite an economical feature when it comes to keeping a dainty table with a saving in the laundering. A meat cloth and tray cloth are preferable to a napkin for concealing or preventing unsightly spots. Any simple style of decoration to designate that the article is intended to be ornamental as well as useful, is all that is really necessary. An outline in washable silk of some good design involves but little labor. Some ladies, however, seem so fascinated by the pretty things produced by their sisters that they indulge their fancy using lovely colors of silk, which, though guaranteed to stand washing, would certainly be ruined except by most careful handling. Cloths and mats may be fringed, but a worked edge cut out or a hemstitched or drawn border is newer.

Have you tried cheese cloth curtains for summer when you need something airy and inexpensive? Pale pink, yellow, or blue if you like, can be draped in soft folds or arranged with a valance at the top by cutting it extra long for the space you have to fill, and decorating it—wherever you may fancy to catch it up in folds—with a large rosette of the material. It lends itself to graceful draping very readily.

Rice water is one of the things recommended in washing challis. Allow one pound of rice to five quarts of water; boil and set aside until it cools to the tepid point, then wash the goods and pour off the water, using the rice as you would use soap. Strain the water and rub the challi with the sediment, then rinse in the water that has been poured off and shake out the material well before hanging it up to dry. Notice that no clear water is used for rinsing, the rice water serving for that purpose to give a modicum of stiffness.

A pretty fashion for marking your personal linen is to use your favorite flower as a token of ownership in all your belongings of this sort. A single violet, rosebud or daisy embroidered on the corner of a handkerchief is in better taste than a marking of black silk or indelible ink with the almost inevitable clumsy writing or an accompanying blot. Then, too, the flower device is quite a fad.

Five Recipes.

Bacon is an excellent breakfast dish and there is more than one way of serving it. The recipe for creamed bacon is a pleasant change. Put some slices of bacon in a pan and set in the oven to bake until it is brown and crisp. Put them on a hot platter; add to the fat in the pan a tablespoonful of flour, stir until smooth, add gradually a cup and a half of milk and cook two minutes or until smooth. Pour over the bacon in the platter.

Coffee cakes.—A subscriber sent the following rule which she says makes "great fluffy cakes." One quart of lukewarm milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one half a yeast cake and flour enough mixed in to make a dough soft enough to drop from the spoon. In the morning cut pieces out like pancakes and fry in hot lard.

Mock Cantelope.—Scald one pint of milk, add one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch moistened with a little milk. Cook until it thickens, add three eggs beaten light without separation, and cook for five minutes stirring all the while. Grease a melon mould and sprinkle with the grated rind of a lemon. Flavor the pudding slightly with lemon; turn into a mould and set away to cool. Serve with sauce or a compote.

Doughnuts.—Mix well together three cups sifted pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of mace. Beat one egg, add to it one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of melted lard and one half cup of milk. Mix with the dry ingredients, cut into rings and fry. This rule makes twenty.

Seed Cookies.—Beat in a mixing-bowl one egg lightly, adding gradually one cup of granulated sugar with a Dover egg-beater; add one-half cup of new milk, and before mixing add three and one-half cups of sifted flour and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir well, then add one-half cup of melted butter and one teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Stir until fine and white, then drop into a buttered dripping pan, pat out evenly with the hand, sprinkle with sugar and bake. When cold in the pan, cut into small squares and put where they will keep moist.

Wedded Bliss.

Friend—And you are very happy?

Bride—Very. Almost every day I hear of some other girl who would have jumped at the chance to marry my husband.

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THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

"My frens," said Brother Gardner as he sounded the gravel with one hand and unbuttoned his coat and vest with the other, "I hev bin given to understand dat sartin members of dis club am enthusiastic fur reform. Dey want, as I am told, reform in soshul customs, in pollyticks, in religun and other things. Dey want dis club to take de reformin' bizness in hand an' keep pushin' till de hull world am made better. I hev a list of de would-be reformers among our members an' it am headed by de name of Giveadam Jones. It am said dat Brudder Jones am so anxious to see de world made better dat he can't sleep nights.

"Two weeks ago to-day along in de arternoon I sot in my back doah an' saw a pusson keerfully surveyin' my truck patch ober de back fence. Dat pusson was Giveadam Jones. He looked and peeked an' squinted till he had located de exact spot on which six big squashes war growin' an' den he vanished from sight. At 9 o'clock dat eavenin' I went out an' sot down in de middle of dem squashes. I had a club in my hand. I wasn't waitin' fur cats, but fur Brudder Jones. At 9.30 de ole woman blowed out de candle and ten minits later sunthin' drapped ober de back fence an' cum sneakin' up to dem squashes. I war ready.

"Dat sunthin' was a pusson. 'Bout de time he laid hand on de nighest squash I riz up an' brung dat club down on his cokernut. He drapped to his knees, rolled ober, scrambled up agin, an' I got in two mo' whacks belo he reached de fence. I din't ax his name, an' he didn't hand me no keerd. When dat club cum' down I knowed by de feel of things dat it had lighted on Brudder Jones. He was around nex' day wid his head tied up and claimin' dat he run agin' a stone wall in de dark.

"Some fo' weeks ago my ole woman went to bed one night an' left de washin' out on de line. When we got up in de mawnin' my three shirts an' two pairs o' socks had disappeared. I looked fur tracks an' found 'em. Dem tracks led nightly close to de back doah of Brudder Shindig Watkins' cabin. Brudder Watkins am No. 2 on de list of would-be reformers. I went home an' didn't say nuffin' till Sunday cum'. Den I called Brudder Watkins out into de alley an' looked him ober fur one o' my shirts. He had one on to go to

"I RIZ UP."

church in. He explained to me dat it was a shirt which blowed ober into his yard one night last winter, but his knees war knockin' together as he talked. Sum' of yo' may disreckolect dat a story was flosin' around 'bout three weeks ago to de effeck dat Brudder Watkins had bin hit by a house. He was hit, but not by a house. I hauled off an' hit him on de chin wid my right, an' while he slept I took de shirt off his body an' walked away.

"De third name on de list an dat of Truthful Johnson. I had occashun to ax him a few queshuns one mawning last Summer. When I got up at sunrise an' went out to my henhouse, I found two chickens missin'. On a nail by de doah was a piece of ole blue shirt, an' when I put it to my nose I thought it smelt like Brudder Johnson. I took a walk ober to his cabin an' found de heads of two chickens at de back doah an' feathers in de washtub. I went in an' axed Brudder Johnson sum ledin' queshuns, which he answered wid de utmost blandness, but I diskibbered my chickens under de bed jest de same. Dar was a report around next day dat Brudder Johnson had been picked up by a cyclone an' kerried into de top of a tree 200 feet high, but it was a mistake. I jest picked him up an' slammed him around fur awhile an' den love him frew a winder. I am told dat he shed tears last night when talkin' wid sum of de members of dis club about Ananias an' Captain Kidd.

"De fo'th name on de list am dat of Samuel Shin. Samuel has offered to do mosa' of de hard work in reformin' his fellermen an' has a resolushun all ready to interduce at de proper time. Let's see. It am 'about six weeks ago, as nigh as I kin reckolect, when I got up at midnight an' went to de back doah to see if de moonlight was too strong fur my cowcumbers. I was just in time to find Brudder Shin totin' a kittle of soft soap outer the woodshed. When I fit on him, he claimed dat he was walkin' in his sleep. Mebbe he was, but he didn't walk dat way no mo' dat night! When he walked around de cabin an' out of de gate an' up de street, he was wide awake an' tryin' to dodge my right fut. He didn't go to work fur de next three days, an' I believe he claimed dat he wrenched hisself tryin' to lift a street kyar back on de track.

"My frens, I hev but a few words to say on dis matter of reform. Fustly, de world am good 'nuff as it am. Secondly, de pusson who gits de ideah of reform in his head nebber includes hisself. Thirdly, if reform could be accomplished, it would simply turn de bar'l ober an' bring another set of rascals on top. Lastly, dis Limekiln Club could not consistently demand reform. I am not entirely innercent myself. Widin de last six months I hev picked up an ax in de alley without inquarin' fur de owner; worked off a dozen counterfeit nickels on de street kyar conductahs, put a stone in de paper ragbag to increase de weight an' made my whitewash mighty thin on 75-cent jobs. We will let de subjick drap right yere an' go hum."

Vaccinated Before Married.

In Brazil parents and guardians of minors may, before consenting to the marriage of the latter, require a medical certificate from the bride or bridegroom, certifying that he or she has been vaccinated.

In Norway, and Sweden, before any couple can be legally married, certificates must be produced showing that both bride and bridegroom have been duly vaccinated.

In Norway, girls are ineligible for matrimony until they have earned certificates for proficiency in knitting, baking and spinning.

In Waldeck, there is a law that no license to marry will be granted to any individual who has the habit of getting drunk, and, once identified with the habit, a drunkard must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warrant his receiving the license at any future time.

Russian law allows a man to marry only four times, and he must marry before 80 or not at all.

It is a custom in Hungary for the groom to give the bride a kick after the marriage ceremony to make her feel her subjection, while in Oratio the bridegroom bores the bride's ears.

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