THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

But Georgie either can't or won't say it; and Dorian's heart dies within him.

"Am I to understand by your silence that you fear to pain me?" he says, at length, in a low voice. "Is it impossible to you to love me? Well, do not speak. I can see by your face that the hope I have been cherishing for so many weeks has been a vain one. Forgive me for troubling you; and believe I shall never forget how tenderly you shrank from telling me you could never return my love."

Again he presses her hand to his lips; and she, turning her face slowly to his, looks up at him. Her late tears were but a summer shower, and have faded away, leaving no traces as they passed.

"But I didn't mean one word of all that," she says, naively, letting her long lashes fall once more over her eyes.

"Then what did you mean?" demands he, with some pardonable impatience. "Quite the contrary, all through!"

"N—ot quite," with hesitation.

"At least, that some day you will be my wife?"

"N—ot altogether."

"Well, you can't be half my wife," says Mr. Branscombe, promptly. "Darling, darling, put me out of my misery, and say what I want you to say."

"Well, then, yes." She gives the promise softly, shyly, but with the faintest touch of any deeper, tenderer emotion. Had Dorian been one degree less in love with her, he could have hardly failed to notice this fact. As it is, he is radiantly in a very seventh heaven of content.

"But you must promise me faithfully never to be unkind to me again," says Georgie, impressively, laying a finger on his lips.

"Unkind?"

"Yes, dreadfully unkind; just think of all the terrible things you said, and the way you said them. Your eyes were as big as half-crowns, and you looked exactly as if you would like to eat me. Do you know, you reminded me of Aunt Elizabeth!"

"Oh, Georgie!" says Branscombe, reproachfully. He has grown rather intimate with Aunt Elizabeth and her iniquities by this time, and fully understands that to be compared with her hardly tends to raise him in his beloved's estimation.

There is silence between them after this, that lasts a full minute,—a long time for lovers freshly made.

"What are you thinking of?" asks Dorian, presently, bending to look tenderly into her downcast eyes. Perhaps he is hoping eagerly that she has been wasting a thought upon him.

"I shall never have to teach those horrid lessons again," she says, with a quick sigh of relief.

If he is disappointed, he carefully conceals it. He laughs, and, lifting her exquisite face, kisses her very gently.

"Never," he says, emphatically. "When you go home, tell Mr. Redmond all about it, and to-morrow Clarissa will go down to the vicarage and bring you up to Gowran, where you must stay until we are married."

"I shall like that," says Georgie, with a sweet smile. "But Mr. Branscombe—"

"Who on earth is Mr. Branscombe?" asked Dorian. "Don't you know my name yet?"

"I do. I think it is almost the prettiest name I ever heard.—Dorian."

"Darling! I never thought it a nice name before; but now that you have called me by it, I can feel its beauty. But I dare say if I had been christened Jehoshaphat I should, under these circumstances, think just the same. Well, you were going to say—?"

"Perhaps Clarissa will not care to have me for so long."

"So long! How long? By the bye, perhaps she wouldn't; so I suppose we had better be married as soon as ever we can."

"I haven't got any clothes," says Miss Broughton; at which they both laugh gayly, as though it were the merriest jest in the world.

"You terrify me," says Branscombe. "Let me beg you will rectify such a mistake as soon as possible."

"We have been here a long time," says Georgie, suddenly, glancing at the sun, that is almost sinking out of sight behind the solemn firs.

"It hasn't been ten minutes," says Mr. Branscombe, conviction making his tone brilliant.

"Oh, nonsense!" says Georgie. "I am sure it must be quite two hours since you came."

As it has been barely one, this is rather difficult to endure with equanimity.

"How long you have found it?" he says, with some regret. He is honestly pained, and his eyes grow darker. Looking at him, she sees what she has done, and, though ignorant of the very meaning of the word "love," knows that she has hurt him more than he cares to confess.

"I have been happy,—quite happy," she says, sweetly, coloring warmly as she says it. "You must not think I have found the time you have been with me dull or dreary. Only, I am afraid Clarissa will miss me."

"I should think anyone would miss you," says Dorian impulsively. He smiles at her as he speaks; but there is a curious mingling of sadness and longing and uncertainty in his face. Laying one arm around her, with his other hand he draws her head down upon his brast.

"At least, before we go, you will kiss me once," he says, entreatingly. All the gayety—the gladness—has gone from his voice; only the deep and lasting love remains. He says this, too, hesitatingly, as though half afraid to demand so great a boon.

"Yes; I think I should like to kiss you," says Georgie, kindly; and then she raised herself from his embrace, and, standing on tiptoe, places both hands upon his shoulders, and with the utmost calmness lays her lips on his.

"Do you know," she says, a moment later, in no wise disconcerted because of the warmth of the caress he has given her in exchange for hers,—"do you know, I never remember kissing any one in all my life before, except poor papa, and Clarissa, and you."

Even at this avowal she does not blush. Were he her brother, or an aged nurse, she could scarcely think less about the favor she had just conferred upon the man who is standing silently regarding her, puzzled and disappointed truly, but earnestly registering a vow that sooner or later, if faithful love can accomplish it, he will make her all his own, in heart and soul.

Not that he has ever gone so deeply into the matter as to tell himself the love is all on his own side. Instinctively he shrinks from such inward confession. It is only when he has parted from her, and is riding quietly homeward through the wistful gloaming that he remembers, with a pang, how, of all the thousand and one things asked and answered, one alone has been forgotten. He has never desired of her whether she loves him.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Love set me up on high; when I grew vain
Of that my height, love brought me down again.
* * * *
"The heart of love is with a thousand woes
Pierced, which secure indifference never knows. * * *
"The rose aye wears the silent thorn at heart,
And never yet might pain for love depart."

—Trench.

When Mrs. Redmond, next morning, is made aware of Georgie's engagement to Dorian Branscombe, her curiosity and excitement knows no bounds. For once she is literally struck dumb with amazement. That Dorian who is heir to an earldom, should have fixed his affections upon her governess, seems to Mrs. Redmond like a gay continuation of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." When she recovers her breath, after the first great shock to her nervous system, she lays down the inevitable sock she is mending, and says as follows:

"My dear Georgina, are you quite sure he meant it? Young men, nowadays, say so many things without exactly knowing why,—more especially after a dance, as I have been told."

"I am quite sure," says Georgie, flushing hotly. She has sufficient self love to render this doubt very unpalatable.

Something that is not altogether remote from envy creeps into Mrs. Redmond's heart. Being a mother, she can hardly help contrasting her Cissy's future with the brilliant one carved out for her governess. Presently, however, being a thoroughly good soul, she conquers these unworthy thoughts, and when next she speaks her tone is full of heartiness and honest congratulation. Indeed, she is sincerely pleased. The fact that the future Lady Sartoris is at present an inmate of her house is a thought full of joy to her.

"You are a very happy and a very fortunate girl," she says, gravely.

"Indeed yes, I think so," returns Georgie, in a low tone, but with perfect calmness. There is none of the blushing happiness about her that should of right belong to a young girl betrothed freshly to the lover of her heart.

"Of course you do," says Mrs. Redmond, missing something in the voice, though she hardly knows what. "And when we are to do without you, I can't conceive, no one to sing to us in the evening, and we have got so accustomed to that."

"I can still come and sing to you sometimes," says Georgie, with tears in her eyes and voice.

"Ah, yes,—sometimes. That is just the bad part of it, when one has known an 'always,' one does not take kindly to a 'sometimes.' And now here comes all my governess troubles back upon my shoulders once more. Don't think me selfish, my dear, to think of that just now in the very morning of your new happiness, but really I can't help it. I have been so content with you, it never occurred to me others might want you too."

"I will ask Clarissa to get you some one else nicer than me," says Georgie, soothingly.

"Will you? Yes, do, my dear; she will do anything for you. And, Georgina,"—from the beginning she had called her thus,—nothing on earth would induce Mrs. Redmond to call her anything more frivolous, — "tell her I should prefer somebody old and ugly, if at all bearable, because then she may stay with me. Dear, dear! how Cissy will miss you! And what will the vicar say?"

And so on. She spends the greater part of the morning rambling on in this style, and then towards the evening dispatches Georgie to Gowran to tell Clarissa, too, the great news.

But Clarissa knows all about it before her coming, and meets her in the hall, and kisses her then and there, and tells her she is so glad, and it is the very sweetest thing that could possibly have happened.

"He came down this morning very early and told me all about it," she says, looking as pleased as though it is her own happiness and not another's she is discussing.

"Now, what a pity!" says Georgie: "and I did so want to tell you myself, after the disgraceful way in which you tried to wed me to Mr. Hastings.

"He could not sleep; he confessed that to me. And you had forbidden him to go to the vicarage to see you to-day. What else then could he do but come over and put in a good time here? And he did. We had quite a splendid time," says Miss Peyton, laughing: "I really don't know which of us was the most delighted about it. We both kept on saying pretty things about you all the time,—more than you deserved, I think."

"Now, don't spoil it," says Georgie; "I am certain I deserved it all, and more. Well, if he didn't sleep, I did, and dreamed, and dreamed, and dreamed all sorts of lovely things until the ady broke. Oh, Clarissa,"—throwing out her arms with a sudden swift gesture of passionate relief,—"I am free! Am I not lucky, fortunate, to have deliverance sent so soon?"

"Lucky, fortunate;" where has the word "happy" gone, that she has forgotten to use it? Clarissa makes no reply. Something in the girl's manner checks her. She is standing there before her, gay, exultant, with all a child's pleasure in some new possession; "her eyes as stars of twilight fair," flashing warmly, her whole manner intense and glad; but there are no blushes, no shy, half-suppressed smiles, there is no word of love; Dorian's name has not once been mentioned, except as a secondary part of her story, and then with the extremest unconcern.

Yet there is nothing in her manner that can jar upon one's finer feelings; there is no undue exultation at the coming great change in her position,—no visible triumph at the fresh future opening before her; it is only that in place of the romantic tenderness that should accompany such a revelation as she has been making, there has been nothing but a wild passionate thankfulness for freedom gained.

"When are you coming to stay with me altogether?—I mean until the marriage?" asks Clarissa, presently.

"I cannot leave Mrs. Redmond like that," says Georgie, who is always delightfully indefinite. "She will be in a regular mess now until she gets somebody to take my place. I can't leave her yet."

"Dorian will not like that."

"He must try to like it. Mrs. Redmond has been very good to me, and I couldn't bear to make her uncomfortable. I shall stay with her until she gets somebody else. I don't think, when I explain it to him, that Dorian will mind my doing this."

"He will think it very sweet of you," says Clarissa, "considering how you detest teaching, and that."

While they are at tea, Dorian drops in, and, seeing the little yellow-haried fairy sitting in the huge lounging-chair, looks so openly- glad and contented that Clarissa laughs mischievously.

"Poor Benedick!" she says, mockingly; so it has come to this, that you know no life but in your Beatrice's presence!"

"Well, that's hardly fair I think," says Branscombe; "you, at least, should not be the one to say it, as you are in a position to declare I was alive and hearty at half-past twelve this morning."

"Why, so you were," says Clarissa, "terribly alive,—I mean only on one subject. By the bye, has any one seen papa lately? He had some new books from town to-day,—some painfully old books, I mean,—and has not been found since. I am certain he will be discovered some day buried beneath ancient tomes; perhaps, indeed, it will be this day. Will you two forgive me if I go to see if it is yet time to dig himout?"

They forgive her; and presently find themselves alone.

* * * *

"Is it all true, I wonder?" says Dorian, after a little pause. He is holding her hand, and is looking down at her with a deep fond smile that betrays the deep love of his heart.

"Quite true; at least, I hope so," with an answering smile. Then, "I am so glad you are going to marry me," she says, without the faintest idea of shyness; "more glad than I can tell you. Ever since—since I was left alone, I have had no one belonging to me,—that is, no one quite my own; and now I have you. You will always be fonder of me than of anybody else in the world, won't you?"

She seems really anxious as she asks this.

"My darling, of course I shall. How could you ask me such a question? And you, Georgie, do you love me?"

"Love you? Yes, I suppose so; I don't know,"—with decided hesitation. "I am certain I like you very, very much. I am quite happy when with you, and you don't bore me a bit. Is that it?"

The definition of what love may be, hardly comes up to the mark in Mr. Branscombe's estimation.

She has risen, and is now looking up at him inquiringly, with eyes earnest and beautiful and deep, but so cold. They chill him in spite of his efforts to disbelieve in their fatal truthfulness.

"Hardly, I think," he says, with an attempt at gayety. "Something else is wanting, surely. Georgie, when I asked you to marry me yesterday, and when you gave the promise that has made me so unutterably happy ever since, what was it you thought of?"

"Well, I'll tell you," says Miss Broughton, cheerfully. "First, I said to myself, 'Now I shall never again have to teach Murray's Grammar.'"

"Was that your first thought?" He is both surprised and pained.

"Yes, my very first. You look as if you didn't believe me," says Miss Broughton, with a little laugh. "But if you had gone through as many moods and tenses as I have during the past week, you would quite understand. Well, then I thought how good it would be to have nothing to do but amuse myself all day long. And then I looked at you, and felt so glad you had no crooked eyes, or red hair, or anything that way. And then, above all things, I felt how sweet it was to know I had found somebody who would have to look after me and take care of me, so that I need never trouble about myself any more."

"Did you never once think of me?" asks he, in a curious tone.

"Of you? Oh, no! You are quite happy," says Georgie, with a sigh. "You have nothing to trouble you."

"Nothing! Of cours[illegible]" [illegible] her, he takes her [illegible] tween both his hand[illegible] and earnestly into her [illegible] eyes. How gladly w[illegible] time of eg and soften beneath his gaze. "Now let me tell you how I feel toward you," he says, smoothing her soft hair back from her forehead.

"I don't think I am a bit [illegible] with my hair pushed back," she says, moving away from the caressing hand, and, with a touch restoring her [illegible] locks" to their original position. She smiles as she says this,—indeed, ill temper, in any form, does not belong to her,—and, when her hair is once more restored to order, she again slips her fingers into his confidingly, and glances up at him. "Now tell me all about it," she says.

"What am I to tell you?—that when I am away from you I am restless, miserable; when with you, more than satisfied. I know that I could sit for hours contentedly with this little hand in mine" (raising it to his lips), "and I also know that, if fate so willed it, I should gladly follow you through the length and breadth of the land. If you were to die, or—or forsake me, it would break my heart. And all this is because I love you."

"Is it?"—in a very low tone. "Does all that mean being in love? Then"—in a still lower tone—"I know I am not one bit in love with you."

"Then why are you marrying me?" demands he, a little roughly, stung to pained anger by her words.

"Because I promised papa, when—when he was leaving me, that I would marry the very first rich man that asked me," replies she again lifting her serious eyes to his. "I thought it would make him happier. And it did. I am keeping my promise now," with a sigh that may mean regret for her dead, or, indeed, anything.

"Are you not afraid to go too far?" demands he, very pale, moving back from her, and regarding her with moody eyes. "Do you quite know what you are saying?—what you are compelling me against my will, to understand?"

She is plainly not listening to him. She is lost in a mournful reverie, and, leaning back in her chair, is staring at her little white fingers in an absent fashion, and is twisting round and round upon her third finger an old worn-out gold ring. Poor little ring, so full of sweet and moving memories!

"It was fortunate," she says, suddenly, with a smile, and without looking up at him, being still engrossed in her occupation of twisting the ring round her slender finger, — "it was more than fortunate that the first rich man should be you."

(To Be Continued.).

GOLDEN LOCKS.

Though women do not at present upholster their heads with locks that obviously grew somewhere else, hair is still an important feature of commerce. In fact one of the great New York importers say that the trade is as large now as it ever was.

"I suppose it is due to the growth of the country," said he, "and the extension of fashionable luxuries into the byways and hedges, but on the whole our business is as valuable now as when the women wore chignons. The theatrical world is bigger than it used to be, and after all they are the great hair-buyers.

"New York imports four or five tons of hair annually, and London twice that amount. English women have never depended upon their own hair for adornment as Americans do. They have finer suits generally, but like to see the head overloaded with puffs, braids, buns, etc.

"The big hair crops come from Germany and France. It is handled by the agents of a Dutch company who visit America annually for orders.

"Black hair is fashionable just now, but there are certain golden tints that always bring the highest price; for example, certain shades of light hair that fetch as much as a dollar an ounce. The peasant women of Brittany and Southern France supply most of the dark hair in the market, and from one to five francs is paid per head. The average weight of a single growth is one pound and agents refuse as a rule to handle less than that amount unless the hair is naturally curly or of a rare color. The peasants are obliged to wash it before the sale, and indeed as hair-growing is a business with them they learn that it pays to keep it clean. The dealers are careful to attend all the fairs and merry-makings in the fall of the year, in following up the trade.

"I attended one such sale when visiting in France lately. The girls come up to be sheared just as they would to peddle cabbage, each one's hair hanging down her back. By the side of every shearer was a long basket into which was thrown every successive crop of hair, tied up in a sheaf by itself. The women wear close caps, shorn or unshorn, so there is not much lost or gained in their personal appearance.

"The most beautiful hair, the long, silky, curly tints of a rare color, go generally into theatrical wigs. Miss Rehan, by the way, is said to possess the finest collection of wigs in this country.

"Curly hair has a high value of its own as no way has been found to treat it so that it will stay curled. A fortune waits for the man that can do it. And yet it is only twenty years or more since dealings in naturally curly hair developed as a special feature of the trade. This evolution had the curious effect of bringing continental Jews into the hair-growing business. They are the only people who can be looked to with any confidence to supply the market.

THE IMPORTANT ITEMS.

Does a bicycle cost much? asked the inquisitive man.

No, was the reply. A bicycle represents a comparatively small expense. The brake and bell and lantern and accident insurance and other incidentals are the things that compel you to save up your money.

JAPAN'S GREATEST DOCTOR

PROFESSOR KITASATO IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SCIENTISTS.

A Tokyo Expert in the Cult of the Bacillus Which he Studied Under Prof. Koch—How the Serum is Secured.

Professor Kitasato, of Tokyo, an ex-pupil of Professor Robert Koch in Berlin, is Japan's greatest medico. He has an income of $15,000 from the Japanese Government and has established great hospitals in Tokyo.

Cholera is one of Prof. Kitasato's pet subjects, but he has also studied typhus and is always on the hunt for bacilli.

Of a visit to the Japanese scientist's great establishments a correspondent speaks in the following terms, treating especially of the various experiments conducted in injecting various kinds of virus into animals:

THE REGISTER.

"Ram No. 3, first injection, one centigramme of diphtheria virus, made January 9, 1895. February 9 the injections had reached 10 grammes; March 2, 15 grammes; April 9, the maximum of 50 grammes."

Each animal has its temperature taken twice a day, a veterinary surgeon of approved skill being constantly in attendance. Up to December 20, ram 3 had received fifty-eight injections. After three injections of the maximum quantity, blood began to be drawn from the veins in the forelegs, the [illegible]um of which [illegible]n, ram No. [illegible]ctionately [illegible]ad no less [illegible] virus injected into its veins, and being an exceptionally large and fine animal has yielded an unusual quantity of serum.

A horse, or rather pony, was then brought forward. The register showed that cholera virus has been injected (one centigramme) for the first time on Jan. 2, 1894. Up to March 11 the dose had been increased little by little to ten grammes, whereupon, the horse exhibiting strong febrile symptoms and great weakness, the injection went back to one gramme on March 22. July 7 the register again showed ten grammes; August 8, forty grammes; August 20, fifty grammes; December 16, no less than sixty grammes.

The horse was then brought into the operating room and firmly strapped in a standing position, between four pillars—a dark, shaggy pony, with intelligent eyes, but looking fairly well. A giant syringe, then containing fifty grammes of bacilli infected serum, was brought in, and the whole amount injected rapidly just a little on one side of the lumbar vertibrae.

The horse winked as the big needle entered the flesh, but that was all. After being unstrapped it walked quietly back to its stall, seemingly none the worse for the operation. On the left under part of the neck a clean shaven place was shown. Here blood was withdrawn about twice a month.

"At first," remarked the doctor, "I inject pure virus; later on, cultivated bacilli only."

THE STABLES.

We then walked through the stables and inspected the large paddock where the animals take their exercise. Here were twelve horses, all injected with diphtheria virus except a nine mare—No. 11—whose serum was specific for tetanus; and No. 12, a pretty roan filly, the offspring of No. 11, whose serum yielded tuberculin.

Another stable had ten sheep; five of these gave diphtheria serum; two, tetanus; two, tuberculin, and one, abdominal typhus.

Ten goats were yielding the cholera specific. Then another long stable, with sixteen horses, fifteen being injected with cholera bacilli and one with tuberculosis.

"Six of these," observed the scientist, "are stallions, and were given me by the War Department. They have been through the whole w[illegible] China, even going on to Formosa from Manchuria. Now their blood will save hundreds of men like those they bore so well."

But I could not help thinking that these sturdy little animals deserved a kinder fortune and an honored old age, secure from bacteriological experiments and experimenters.

A short walk brought us to the hospital for consumptives. Before entering the doctor pointed out a large hall for social meetings, where professional story tellers and musicians are nightly engaged in enlivening the spirits of the patients; also a fine billiard room, and the small though pretty garden.

HE MAKES TUBERCULIN.

Everything was bright and cheery, and nothing bore the stamp of the fell disease with which the doctor here wages his successful war. On entering we were received by a crowd of bowing assistants—of whom there are eight, three being graduates of the Imperial College of Medicine—and nurses, who with the other attendants number thirty all told.

There were one hundred and fifty patients under treatment in the hospital. Going into the doctor's private study, a warm, cozy room, the doctor produced a small two ounce bottle.

"This," he explained, "is tuberculin made in the establishment we have just left. A similar quantity would cost me $8 in Germany, and much more to lay down here. I make it up for about $1.50, which is a tremendous saving."

Then into the operating room, where more than sixty patients were injected with doses of varying strength.

"I never let any one make an injection for me," observed Dr. Kitasato. "This department is peculiarly my own."

On going thereafter through the wards one could not help being pleased by the rigid sanitary precautions observed, as well as the scrupulous neatness. There was none of that well known sickly "hospital smell" which is so annoying to most persons.

"I use very few medicaments," he continued; "tuberculin is generally all I need."

SOME APPLY TOO LATE.

There was a little stir on passing one room, and the attendant nurses paused. Here was a serious case, evidently. Entering we found a man greatly emaciated and evidently in the last stages of phthisis. With an eager eye he extended his bony hand to the all healing physician. The pulse was felt, and a few rapid questions put.

We then withdrew; but so soon as we got out of hearing I asked:—"Surely you cannot hope to save that poor fellow?"

A shade of vexation passed over the doctor's face as he replied, "Of course not. That man hasn't a week's life left him. I don't want such cases; but they are hard to refuse. He hasn't any lungs left worth speaking of. Tuberculin would be of no avail."

After a prolonged inspection, we drove back to the Government Bacteriological Institute and Hospital for Diphtheria. Here again Dr. Kitasato reigns supreme most of the expenses attendant upon keeping up the establishment coming out of his own pocket.

We went directly into the microscopical laboratory, and there had various ugly bacilli shown us. The erysipelas bacillus, looking like minute attenuated wedges, the leprosy bacillus, not unlike a distoma in appearance, with a well developed head; the tetanus bacillus, tiny tennis rackets in shape, with short stubby tails for handles; and among scores of others, the tuberculosis bacillus, looking very much like a small crescent.

A VERY GREAT SCIENTIST.

It was all deeply interesting, yet the uninitiated beholder could not help feeling nervous in the midst of these "parlous" brutes—though some needed to be magnified six hundred times before becoming visible. Heaters stood around the rooms, all filled with narrow-necked bottles, wherein colonies of the most virulent bacilli were being bred.

They were one and all covered with a white, cream-like scurf, or scum, representing countless millions of the pests. Some tiny white mice were seen dragging themselves around a small glass case.

"Yes," said the doctor, "tetanus virus has done that, but they are being immunized to it."

On the lower floor was a large collection of animals, all marked, and all the subjects of various experiments—dogs, cats, monkeys, lop-eared rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons, rats and various birds. I noticed some scrawny-looking langshans in the court yard, and asked if the doctor kept these as pets. "I do, indeed," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I should not advise their eggs as a steady diet. They are all inoculated with diphtheria and cholera."

On taking leave Dr. Kitasato added: "I must say that I have succeeded in inoculating for leprosy. That disease is now definitely curable. That is my latest discovery, and one that will, I believe, prove of world-wide importance. I have not yet published the result of my experiments, but you are at liberty to announce this much." And so another laurel will have been added to the great scientist's wreath.

Dr. Kitasato is short, stout and near-sighted. He possesses great physical strength. He speaks fluent German, but no English. He is now thirty-nine years old, and is most happily married, two children, a son and a daughter, being the offspring of this union. He is justly regarded as the foremost medical scientist of Japan, and I predict that the world is yet to hear much of him.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

If the United States had as great a relative population as Japan it would have a population of 960,000,000 people.

A woman arrested in a Paris suburb for illegally setting off fireworks said in court that she was merely celebrating the anniversary of her husband's death.

The courts of Missouri decided that a teacher has control over a child from the time it leaves the parent to the time of its returning, including the time to and from school.

A set of triplets twenty-four years old are living in the town of Inez, Ky., where they were born. They are finely-built men and remarkably alike in appearance in every respect. Two are married.

Two Milwaukee brewers who have recently bought 60,000 acres of timber land in Mississippi are going to build industrial schools on it for the children of the colored people who will be employed by them.

The Armenians believe that the wise men of the east, who followed the Star of Bethlehem to find the young Christ, came from Armenia, and that the star first appeared in the heavens not far from Mount Ararat.

The United States postoffice department now uses over 3,000 railway cars on 150,000 miles of road, and keeps 6,000 clerks on the move, traveling in crews 140,000,000 miles a year, during which time 9,000,000,000 pieces of mail matter are handled.

A truly good christian woman, Mrs. Porter, of Hillsboro, Ore., announces in the local newspaper that her "umbrella was changed in the Congregational church two Sundays ago, and, although she got the better umbrella, she would be glad to change back again."

It is calculated that a modern gun, throwing a 2,200-pound projectile with an initial velocity of 1,970 feet per second, develops 24,000,000-horse-power. This, however, is for less than 1-100 second at each discharge, and as the gun is ruined by 100 shots, the total period of active work of this terrible engine of destruction is one second.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Mental pleasures never clog; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.—Coltop.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.—Bacon.

Take heed of jesting; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer, too; which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended or expected.—Fuller.

I have from the beginning, and I hope I shall to the end, pursue to the utmost of my judgment and abilities one steady line of conduct for the good of the great whole.—Washington.

All beings have their laws; the Deity has its laws, the material world has its laws, superior intelligences have their laws, and man his laws.—Montesquieu.

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride, no caverned hermit rests self-satisfied, who most to shun or hate mankind pretend, seek an admirer or would fix a friend.—Pope.

In the pursuit of knowledge, follow it wherever it is to be found; like fern it is the produce of all climates, and like coin its circulation is not restricted to any particular class.—Colton.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand. In literature cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, genius and sense than by humor.—Coleridge.

Experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness; how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing and the heart from breaking.—Thomas Hood.

O! he's as tedious as is a tired horse, a railing wife; worse than a smoky house; I had rather live with cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far, than fed on cates, and hae him talk to me in any summer house in christendom.—Shakspeare.

BECOMING APRONS.

The stout woman should, if she wears white aprons, make them as she does her skirts with a narrow pointed or rounded yoke, so that the fullness comes well below the waist line. White aprons for slender women are also more becoming if the fullness about the waist, especially in front, is lessened by shirring it down with from four to six narrow rows of shirring. A pretty apron after a new pattern has the fullness attached to the rounded yoke as suggested. In front there is a bib gathered into a narrow space at the waist-line, but broader at the top. This bib, which is nearly two-thirds the length of the waist, has fastened to it at each corner wide revers that spread out over the shoulder and are continued in the back. Well below the shoulder-blades these collars or revers each terminate in a strap. The straps cross each other and are fastened to the belt under the large bow made by the strings. The apron, made of white muslin, with embroidered frills at the bottom and on the revers, is becoming when an elaborate apron is desired. Deep muslin cuffs with a frill at the top add a somewhat coquettish, somewhat matronly effect to the apron.

A Remedy for Black Eye.

There is nothing to compare with the tincture or strong infusion of capsicum annum mixed with an equal bulk of mucilage or gum arabic, and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the bruised surface with a camel's hair pencil and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as the injury is inflicted, this treatment will invariably prevent blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic sore or stiff neck.

YOUNGEST MAN IN PARLIAMENT.

Lord Milton an M. P. at 22—Follows His Ancestors' Footsteps.

The William Pitt of the British House of Commons is Lord Milton, who was elected to parliament at the age of 22. His extreme youth for such an important position stands out all the more prominently because of the fact that this body has been called "the middle-aged Parliament." The contrast between him and the "father of the House" is marked. Charles Pellham Villiers is not less than 70 years of age.

Lord Milton, as a scion of the Fitzwilliam family, should not feel strange in having been returned at such a youthful age. His father was exactly his age when he took his seat as a Commoner in a representative capacity to Westminister. Not only is this true, but true also is the more remarkable coincidental election of his grandfather, the Earl Fitzwilliam, at precisely the same age. The grandfather was made an M. P. for Malton in 1837. The singular history of this family does not stop here. The great-grandfather of this young lord was a member of the House of Commons at the unusually early age of 21. The Fitzwilliams, thus from sire to son, have the record for early election to the House.

Lord Milton is a bright young man and his friends predict a good record for him.

SOME QUEER INVENTIONS.

NEW DEVICES THAT PUZZLE A PERSON TO OPERATE.

An Electrical Oven—Combination Plow and Cannon—A Luminous Cat—Musical Chair—Cannon Motor—An Automatic Gallows, &c., &c.

One of the useful articles on which a patent was issued recently is an electrical oven. It is composed of a metallic box-like structure wound about with wires, asbestos being interposed between the oven and the first layer of wires and between the successive layers of wires. The whole is surrounded by a protecting casing—a suitable opening being left for the introduction of articles of food. The inventor claims that if a turkey or any other article of food were placed in the oven and the electric current turned into the wires the turkey would cook from the center outward. In other words, the cooking would commence within the body of the turkey and proceed gradually outward until the skin would brown. The only explanation given is that the oven is so wound with electric coils that the lines of the different magnetic fields all converge at the center, thereby so disturbing the normal conditions as to generate heat at that point. The heat is also generated by the usual resistance of the wire to the passage of the electric current.

Of a newly patented combination plow and cannon the inventors say: "This plow is constructed in the usual manner, except that the beam, which is of metal, is bored and formed into a cannon. As a piece of light ordance its capacity may vary from a projectile of one to one of three pounds. Its utility in the twofold capacity is unquestionable, especially when used in border localities. As a means of defense in repelling surprises and skirmishing attacks on those engaged in peaceful avocations

IT IS UNRIVALED,

as it can be immediately brought into action by disengaging the team. In times of danger it may be used in the field, ready charged with its deadly missiles of ball or grape."

The principal feature of "an eccentric bicycle" is the rear wheel. This, to gain, leverage, the inventor claims, is journaled eccentrically—that is, with its axle out of the center of the wheel. The consequence of this peculiar construction is that the rider rises and falls as he rides, with a sweeping, gliding motion similar to the ocean's swell. If he tires of the long steady swell he can get a short choppy sea by increasing his speed.

There is also a dog bicycle, which, in construction is slightly larger than usual. The rider's seat is placed over the rear wheel. The front wheel is of sufficient size to accommodate two good sized dogs, and is built on the order of a treadmill. It much resembles the wheel of a squirrel's cage. The dogs are chained within this wheel, and in their endeavors to run forward turn the wheel, at least so the inventor explains.

People who now tolerate mice or rats in the house certainly must be blind to the fact that a luminous cat, which costs little to secure and nothing to keep, has been invented, and can be placed in any dark corner or nook to scare away such pests. This cat is struck or stamped from sheet metal or other like material. It is painted over with phosphorus, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of flame.

People may expect, in the future, upon entering a friend's parlour and taking a seat, to be greeted with the strains of some popular opera. At least, this is made possible by a recently patented invention for

A MUSICAL CHAIR.

This chair has the appearance of an ordinary one, and to all intents and purposes is, except that under the seat is concealed a music box. The seat proper is flexible, so that, when sat upon, it will be simply depressed. This depression operates a catch and releases the drum of the music box.

A stream man is an intricate piece of machinery. His legs are operated by suitable levers, cranks and steam cylinders so that when hitched to a carriage he has every appearance of an ordinary man drawing a coach behind him. He is supported in an upright position by the shafts of a coach. A pipe protrudes from his mouth and the smoke and steam are discharged through the same, making it appear that he is enjoying a smoke while dragging his heavy burden along the street. The levers, cranks and other parts are, of course, hidden by suitable clothing or livery.

A cannon motor, to the mind of one inventor, is the ideal method of generating power. This motor consists of an endless chain carrying teeth and projections, the chain being supported on suitable wheels for transmitting power. The power is derived from two cannons arranged on opposite sides of the machine and fired alternately against devices that engage the projections on the chain, one cannon being reloaded while the other is discharged.

An automatic gallows is the subject of a recent patent. With this device no special person can be pointed out as the man who sprung the trap sending the unfortunate convict to his death. The device is set and the trap is sprung by a time catch.

The body of a new toy cow is formed of either wood or metal and is an exact representation of an ordinary Jersey as she stands while being milked. A suitable tank is arranged within the body and can be filled with milk from the outside. This tank is provided with suitable nipples, which are operated in exactly the same manner as in milking the real everyday article. This movement of milking the Jersey also transmits motion to her pivoted jaws, and it thus appears that she is chewing her cud while being milked.

PLENTY OF NOTICE.

Mrs. Winks—The paper says a cold wave has developed in Montana, and is expected here within a week.

Mr. Winks—Well, send word to the plumber that our pipes have burst, and then he and the cold wave will get here about the same time.

THE HOME.

WHOLESOME DESSERTS.

Snow Cream.—Beat the whites of 4 eggs until foamy, then add gradually 4 tablespoons powdered sugar, beating all the while, then beat until stiff enough to stand alone. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and stir in carefully 1 pint whipped cream. Serve in small glasses. Enough for 8 persons.

Quaker Pudding.—One cup grated bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons rice flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 quart milk, 4 eggs and little grated nutmeg. Put the bread crumbs into a bowl, beat the eggs, sugar and rice together till light and add them to the milk. Then pour this over the crumbs, add the nutmeg, mix well and pour into a greased mold or pudding-bag. Put in a pot of boiling water and boil continuously 1 hour. Serve with cream sauce.

Fig Pudding.—Half pound of figs, 1-4 pound bread crumbs, 1 teacup milk, 2 1-2 oz sugar, 3 oz butter, 2 eggs. Chop the figs fine and put in the butter, sugar and eggs. Butter a mold and sprinkle with flour and steam three hours.

Tapioca Fruit Pudding.—Soak 1 cup tapioca over night, cook soft in water, then add 1 pint preserved raspberries and cook thoroughly. Cool in a mold and serve with sugar and cream.

Rice Cream.—Wash 1-2 cup rice and cover with 3 cups milk, steam until soft, add 1 pint milk, 4 tablespoons sweet cream and the yolks of 3 eggs beaten with 1-2 cup sugar. Put all in a double kettle and let it cook 10 minutes. Pour into an earthen pudding dish, frost with the beaten whites of two eggs, to which are added 4 spoons of sugar and 1 teaspoon extract of lemon. Place in oven a few minutes.

Prune Pudding.—Scald 1 lb prunes and let them swell in hot water till soft, drain and extract the stones, spread in a dish and dredge with flour. Take 1 gill from a quart of milk and stir into it gradually 8 tablespoons sifted flour, beat 6 eggs very light and stir by degrees into the remainder of the quart of milk, alternating with the batter. Add the prunes, one at a time, stir the whole very hard, boil 2 hours and serve with hard sauce or cream.

Tapioca Pudding.—A small cup of tapioca, 1 quart milk, 1 teacup sugar, piece of butter size of an egg and a little nutmeg. Pour the tapioca into the milk, placing it in a pan of water on the stove until it thickens. Beat the eggs with the sugar, reserving the whites of 2, to which add a little sugar to be used as a frosting. Butter the dish well, turn in the mixture and bake 1 hour.

Rolled Apple Dumplings.—Peel and chop fine tart apples, make a crust of 1 cup of rich buttermilk, 1 teaspoon soda and flour enough to roll. Roll 1-2 inch thick, spread with the apple, sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon; cut in strips 2 inches wide, rolling like jelly cake, set up the rolls in a dripping pan, putting 1 teaspoon butter on each, put in a moderate oven and baste them often with the juice.

Carrot Pudding.—Take 1 pint milk, 1-2 cup carrot pulp, 1-2 cup sugar or less if too sweet, a little salt, 4 eggs, piece of butter size of a walnut, grated rind of 1-2 orange. Strain the carrot pulp through a colander, mix in the sugar, butter and orange rind, add the hot milk, the eggs well beaten, reserving the whites of three for the meringue. Bake placing the dish in a pan of warm water till the pudding is firm in the centre. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of 3 eggs, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, a little grated orange rind, and brown delicately.

Rice Snowballs.—Boil 1 pint rice until soft in 2 quarts water with 1 teaspoon salt, put in small cups, and when perfectly cold place in a dish. Make a boiled custard of the yokes of 3 eggs, 1 pint sweet milk and 1 te