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In March.

The avenue!
A maiden who
Is sweet and young, plays her!
I pause—
To mean myself
In honor I feel concerned her.

I note her form,
Her charming grace,
Without unduntily staring.
She looks at me!
I think I see
She likes my courtly bearing.

A sudden gust!
A grain of dust!
Content and mate of matter!
It makes me blink,
And makes her think
I'm rudely winking at her.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

SPREADING THE NET.

If Mrs. Aspline's dinner had been successful in its pleasure-giving power so was that at the Dower House, which was larger and more inclusive. It took in all the former guests and some half dozen more, among whom where Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde. Estelle would not go. She had been asked, of course, but in her self-elected state of quasi-widowhood she had preferred the solitude of home, where she might think of her distant and ever-adored Charlie, and carry her renunciation as so much sacrifice to the memory of their interrupted love. And as Mrs. Clanricarde was only cruel when the "sacra fames" was gnawing too fiercely at her vitals, she let her daughter indulge her somewhat wayward humor and forego the dinner, which perhaps, the mother reasoned, a girl could not be expected to enjoy. Had it been a dance, she might have insisted; but a dinner to a girl who prefers bread and butter to anything else, and calls "a la Soubise" onion sauce—that was of the nature of pearls cast before swine; and Mrs. Clanricarde disapproved of waste.

For herself, she went to the Dower House as a matter of duty; so she said. It was only right to cultivate neighborly feelings, and to help the Kingshouses when they took the trouble of entertaining such people as the Asplines. She had heard—who had not?—of this new rich man who had suddenly descended as if from the skies on the Asplines—like Jove in that shower of gold which neither ancient nor modern Danaes can resist. As yet she had not seen him. She was not on visiting terms with the Asplines—she wished now that she had been—Anthony had not shown at church as a good citizen and sound Churchman should have done; and the weather had been too bad for walking out.

With the secret determination to fascinate this new-comer, whom yet she spoke of with not so much judicious reserve as prepared hostility, Mrs. Clanricarde dressed herself with more than ordinary care—and she was never negligent of her appearance. The result justified the means. She looked superb, and she knew it. She had that indescribable *chic*, that look of foreign distinction, which no daughter of Albion can imitate.

"How handsome you look to-night, Louise!" said that unlucky George, seeking to propitiate his tart-tempered goddess, as well as sincerely stirred to unwonted admiration.

He laid his hand on her white, plump arm with a caressing, half-timid touch.

"It is a wonder that I have any looks at all after your conduct," was her cold reply, drawing away.

At dinner Mrs. Clanricarde was seated next to Anthony Harford; and on her, as on every one, his wonderful manner of reserve and dignity made the sharp impression of a new experience. That odd combination of the wild West "scout" with the English gentleman gave him a flavor as of cultivated wild fruit. And he, though seated next to Lady Kingshouse, was not unwilling to divide himself between the two. The vivacity of this striking-looking woman, with her dark bright eyes and prematurely white hair dressed *a la Pompadour*, amused and interested him. He did not know, but he half believed, that he was in love with Lady Elizabeth. For all that, he was not sure, for he felt for her differently from what he had ever felt for any woman in his life before; and he was not quite able to analyze his own sensations. Nor did he know her mind. She was sweet and friendly and gracious as a wingless angel might be. But how about the woman? He fancied that her cheeks had taken a deeper color when he came upon her suddenly in the lane; that her eyes looked both brighter and softer when they met his; that, when he entered the room this evening, that inner kind of smile which tells of secret pleasure had come over her face like so much sunlight. He fancied all this; he did not know. The reserve of a modest English girl makes divination difficult. Anthony was no fop, and he was afraid to think that these shadowy signs meant more than so many accidents with which he had really no vital connection. And how beautiful she looked to-night! Not with the beauty which stirs a man's senses or mounts like strong wine to his brain; but with the beauty that calms while it inspires, that brings the glory of heaven down to the earth for sweet sustenance and illumination. Anthony thought her again and again the lovelist lady he had ever seen, and wondered with increasing wistfulness what she thought of him, and whether she liked him below the surface, and not only just upon it.

Thus the dinner passed.

When the gentlemen came into the drawing-room, Anthony went straight to where Lady Elizabeth and Mrs. Clanricarde were sitting together, discussing Shakspeare and the musical glasses with apparent interest and real flatness—Lady Elizabeth thinking of Anthony Harford with pleasure, Mrs. Clanricarde with unrest. As he joined them, what was dark to Anthony was clear as daylight to Mrs. Clanricarde, and she read in a glance what he had not spelt correctly after long looking.

"She is in love with him," thought Estelle's mother; "and I will conquer."

Something stirred her as if it had been a sword drawn from its scabbard. The passion of the fight, love of intrigue, desire of conquest, all leaping up in a sudden flame in her heart. Born for the kind of warfare as she was, how seldom had her talents been utilized here in this old Sleepy Hollow—this Noah's ark kind of society! But now had come the hour—and the man; and Mrs. Clanricarde consecrated herself to the struggle as fervently as ever a young squire consecrated himself to the laws of his new knighthood.

"Will you come and see me, Mr. Harford?" she said, in her blandest way. "I have a few old Japanese curios that are very rare. They are fine, are they not, dear?" to Lady Elizabeth.

"Beautiful!" answered that guileless Asiaqa. "Quite worth seeing," she added.

"Thank you. I will go with pleasure," said Anthony.

He had not the faintest notion who Mrs. Clanricarde was, nor where she lived, but Delight would tell him, and perhaps accompany him. She was a very amusing and vivacious lady—that was all he knew and all he cared for at the present moment.

"When will you come?—to-morrow?" she asked. "How long do you stay at Hindfleet? Perhaps, in any case, you had better come to-morrow."

"Yes, I will call on you to-morrow," he answered. "I am not staying many days longer. I have outstaid my time as it is."

"I am sure you will admire my curios," she repeated.

"I am coming for you, not for your old relics," he said, bluntly.

And Mrs. Clanricarde's heart gave a throb like a girl's. If this stranger were so easily charmed with her, what would he be with Estelle? And what a splendid-looking creature he was! really a conqueror among heroes! How far had he gone with Lady Elizabeth? Not very far, she thought. She was as astute as any human being could be, not to have more than the normal sense, and she did not see any indications of an express understanding between them.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, with the briskness of a sour ferment, when he told her of his engagement; "that's in the wind, is it?"

"What's in what wind?" he asked.

"Well, you have fallen into the hands of the Philistines, that's all," she answered. "This Mrs. Clanricarde is the best maneuvering woman in Kingshouse. She is like a spider with flies. You are done for, Anthony, if you do not see through her."

He laughed.

"I am not afraid of her," he said, blithely.

"It would be better if you were," said Mrs. Aspline, sharply. "Pride goes before a fall, Anthony, and you are not the first man who has fallen into a trap."

"Don't see the trap," he returned.

"And I do," said Cookey, with a certain vicousness by no means usual to her.

"And then she is so proud," said Anne, laughingly; "and what of, I should like to know? They are ruined, and every one expects to hear of their being sold up—any day. Why should they be proud?"

"Then you too don't like them?" asked Anthony.

"I? Like them?" she answered, quite quietly. "I seldom dislike any one—do I, mother? But if there is one person in the world that I hate, it is Mrs. Clanricarde. I wish she was dead!"

Anthony looked at her in amazement.

"What queer causes women are!" he thought to himself.

What was the meaning of all this? What corn of poor, fat, good-natured Cookey's had this quasi-Bostonian trodden on? Where had sleepy, stupid, unpractical little Anne been pinched? What tempest in a teapot had shaken these atoms into antagonism, and what was the solution of the mystery?

All that, however, was their affair. He had nothing to do with it. As a gentleman he must keep his promise to this vivacious French-marquise-like woman.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS FATE.

The next day Anthony prepared to go to Les Saules, as agreed on. Mrs. Aspline had evidently forgotten the engagement, for she proposed that her guest should drive with her and Anne to see the Fairy Howk, which was one of the "points" of the place, and which would be so lovely to-day! There had been a two days' sharp frost, and the icicles would be now beautiful—really something worth seeing.

"You will come, of course?" she said, with a flushed face and rather quick voice.

"Where is your Howk?" asked Anthony.

"In what direction?

"Through Kingshouse, and on the Lancaster Road."

"Anywhere near Les Saules?"

"Les Saules!" Mrs. Aspline spoke in a tone of surprise. "Oh dear no! What have we to do with Les Saules?"

"Well, I have, if you have not," he returned. "I am going to see Mrs. Clanricarde to-day."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Aspline, crisping her lips. "So you persist, do you?"

"Persist in keeping an appointment?" he laughed. "Why, of course, I do."

"Then you'll repent it," said Mrs. Aspline, turning coldly away, as one turns from a son of perdition finally abandoned to his evil ways.

It was all very inexplicable to Anthony, and he exhausted conjecture in vain. He finally came to the conclusion that the vivacious half-foreign-looking woman was a runaway wife, whose little slip society had agreed to condone in a half-hearted way—strict sisters, like that virtuous and astute Cookey, holding aloof no matter who drew near. He was sorry to offend his hostess, but an engagement is an engagement; and Anthony was not the man to allow his actions to be influenced by any one, man or woman, and woman no more than man. Meanwhile he would go round by the Dower House, and see that dear Delight, whose presence always brought him the sense of spiritual harmony and mental rest.

But Lady Elizabeth could not help him. All she could give him was the rather bald bit of information, "They do not like each other."

"But why?" asked Anthony, who knew the fact and wanted the reason.

"I do not know, except that Mrs. Clanricarde did not call on the Asplines when they came," she answered.

"But why?" he asked again.

"Mrs. Clanricarde is very proud, and has great ideas of birth and all that," said Lady Elizabeth, reluctantly.

She did not like to allude to Mrs. Aspline's industrial origin to her friend and guest.

"Because she was once a cook?" said Anthony, bluntly, cutting the Gordian knot with one blow.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the answer.

The Americanized Englishman laughed.

"Good Heavens!" he said, with that kind of mirth which has in it more gall than honey. "As if it signifies a red cent whether she were a cook or not, if she knows how to behave herself, and bore a good character before and after! I should have thought that lady—Mrs. Clanricarde—had more sense than to stumble into this hole. Also," he added, looking at Lady Elizabeth, with eyes as soft as satin, "I should have thought that what Lady Elizabeth Inchbold patronized might pass muster with all the world besides in Kingshouse."

Lady Elizabeth smiled with the pretty faint embarrassment she so often showed when with Anthony Harford. Pleasure, which from any one else was especially displeasing to her, from him was delightful.

"But there is nothing against either the one or the other?" he asked again. "My old friend Mrs. Aspline, I know, always conducted herself like a lamb. Has Mrs. Clanricarde as clean a record?"

"Quite," was the answer. "It is only a personal feeling. Perhaps, as mothers, they are as mutually jealous of their daughters."

"Daughters? Has Mrs. Clanricarde a daughter?"

"Yes; Estelle; a very pretty girl, and a very dear one."

Lady Elizabeth spoke warmly. She dearly loved Estella—and she pitied her as much as she loved—which gave a certain flavor of tenderness exquisitely charming.

"Why did she not come here yesterday?" was Anthony's next query.

"She is not very well," answered Lady Elizabeth. She did not say, "She is broken-hearted because her lover has gone away."

"Oh! now I see it all," cried Anthony, with sudden illumination. "Why, of course. How dense of me not to have seen it before! Jealousy. There it is. Well you women do beat creation for that!" he added. "You are jealous among yourselves, and that's a fact! We men are nowhere compared to you."

"I think you do pretty well, however, in that line," was Lady Elizabeth's laughing reply; but Anthony, with emphasis, repeated his assertion, and declared that women were the most jealous beings on earth, and that all creation hollow, let what else would make the running.

Then he arose to leave, and holding Lady Elizabeth's hand just a moment longer than necessary, he said, looking at her again with his satiny eyes, "But you are above that trash, I am sure! I should as soon expect lightning from a rainbow as jealousy from Lady Elizabeth!"

"I hope I should never be so poor-hearted or mean-spirited," was her answer, made gravely and with earnestness.

"The loveliest lady in England" was Anthony's unspoken thought, repeated two or three times, as he went on his way to Les Saules—"just the loveliest! She has a heart as pure as crystal and a mind as bright as silver. I wonder if she could ever be brought to love me? She is worth trying for. With such a wife as that all my unrest would be over—all my fever would be quieted

He turned into the gate of Les Saules, and soon found himself in the room where Mrs. Clanricarde was alone.

She received him graciously, with just that amount of cordiality which keeps on the right side of gush, and is as far from niggardliness as from excess. She said she was glad to see him, and, she did not ask after his hostesses. She spoke of the pleasant dinner they had had yesterday evening, and called Lady Elizabeth a dear soul. But she greatly lamented her want of practicality.

"In what way is she unpractical?" asked Anthony, feeling as if his lance were in rest and the bugle had sounded.

"She is too good," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a soft smile. "As if any one can be too good! I suppose I ought to say that we are all too bad for her." She said this with the nicest little air of apology and self-accusation. She was really a wonderfully charming woman!

"To be too good is not a very general fault," said Anthony, answering her smile. "For me, I think Lady Elizabeth just perfect."

"She is indeed delightful," returned Mrs. Clanricarde. "It is a pity she belongs to such a family."

"What of them?" he asked, gravely.

"Do you not know?—there is madness among them," she answered. "Some of them are now, I believe, in a lunatic asylum. It is that which makes me regret the dear love's decided eccentricity as I do. If her family history were not darkened by this terrible scourge, she might be as odd she as liked, and one would only love her all the more, and say it was her way, and, being here, beautiful! But now come and look at my curios, Mr. Harford. I have really a very notable collection."

She had, however, taken the edge out of him for the moment, and he could think of nothing but the terrible shadow on the path of his sweet friend. And for a while Mrs. Clanricarde thought she had made a mistake and done more harm than good by her false information. She recovered her lost ground with infinite pains, and only after a time. Her vivacity was infectious, and Anthony could not resist the contagion. He handled her queer little squat figures and dislocated monsters with wry necks and shaven heads, pronounced them interesting and thought them hideous.

Then, as Anthony, having exhausted the outside world as represented here in the drawing-room at Les Saules, was beginning to take leave, she stopped him by saying, as a kind of after-thought—a kind of minor and even minus attraction—"Oh, by the way, I must introduce you to my daughter before you go. She is upstairs painting. She is so fond of art—and is really not a very despicable artist; as least, naturally, I think so."

"Oh yes! your daughter. I should like to see Miss Clanricarde," said Anthony, who had forgotten her existence.

Mrs. Clanricarde rang the bell and asked the servant to beg Miss Clanricarde to come down.

In a few minutes the door-handle turned and the door opened. Framed as in a picture—checked by the momentary surprise of finding a stranger where she expected to see only her mother—Anthony saw a tall dark-haired girl, with soft brown eyes and a pale flower-like face, dressed in a quaintly fashioned gown of clinging material and indeterminate color—neither blue nor green, but between both; a girl whose beauty was great, but whose charm was greater—that subtle, nameless charm which belongs to the fateful and fatal women of men's passion and destruction; the charm which Helen and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart had to their sorrow, and the sorrow of those who loved them. Her eyes were worlds in which the soul was lost. Her smile was a net wherein the senses were entangled. Her dark and curling hair was like the perfumed tendrils of a dusky vine. Her lithe and graceful figure had in it the sense of melody and rhythmic harmonies in every line and every gesture. She stood there as she might have been the blessed damozel against the golden bar of heaven; and Anthony caught his breath as at a vision seen in the twilight. It was as if the whole meaning of his life had suddenly been made clear, as if he had looked into a magic crystal and seen the hidden secrets of fate and the future.

In the brief moment while Estelle stood there and he looked at her, he seemed to live years, and to go through the experience of a lifetime. Something woke up in him that had been dormant for all his life, and he came suddenly to the possession as of another sense, to the full inheritance of his soul. Then the spell shifted, it did not break, as Estelle, letting the door fall from her hand, came slowly into the room and was formally introduced. And Anthony, who had adopted the American habit of shaking hands on an introduction, was afflicted with a sudden, and to himself an incomprehensible shyness, and felt as if he dared not touch that long white graceful hand, no more than an ordinary knight dared have touched the San Graal had he seen it.

After this he lost count of time. He could never remember how long he stayed, nor how he tore himself away. He only knew that he found himself at last at Hindfleet, in his heart, as it were, a bird singing, a fountain playing, a garden blooming, and the dull winter evening changed to an infinite glory of great gladness which yet was akin to tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE KINGSHOUSE ARMS.

The position was undoubtedly awkward. Anthony Harford was the guest of Mrs. Aspline, who hated the Clanricardes, and irresistibly attracted by the Clanricardes, who did not visit the Asplines. What was to be done? Anthony would not leave Kingshouse just yet, and he could not stay at Hindfleet if he intended to improve his acquaintance with the Clanricardes, as he certainly would. For what else could he remain here at all? Even Lady Elizabeth, sweet as she was and delightful as he had found her—just on the brink, too, as he had been; just on the brink, looking for her face in the magic fountain—even she could not have kept him; nor could her people, nor could his present hostess. But that tall dark-haired girl, with her fatal charm—ah! that was another matter. To see her again and often—to get to know her and to prove her—to win her to himself, and wear her on his heart for all his life, as his flower of love and jewel of his treasury—yes, for Estelle he must stay and could not go. And yet he could not stay at Hindfleet.

Wherefore, so far a clean breast of it, he told Mrs. Aspline what was on his mind as relating to her and "those people at Lissols," as she called them; and how impossible he felt it to accept her hospitality while using his time in visiting a house which was shut against her, and which now she would not visit were it opened to her.

"I am sorry for you, Anthony," said Mrs. Aspline, flushing a violent crimson passing into purple. "You are the first man that maneuvering old cat has caught and you will not be the last. I thought you had more sense. You are old enough, I am sure!"

"Old enough to know my own mind?" said Anthony, gravely. "I hope so."

"When you say the Clanricardes, you mean Miss," continued Mrs. Aspline. "I do not suppose you care much for that fool of a man who is next thing to a natural, or for Mrs. Clanricarde either, with her pride and her finery. At her age dressing as she does to look like a picture! I have no patience with such vanity! It is not decent; and so I tell you."

Anthony was silent. It did not come into the programme of his duty, as he conceived it, to defend Mrs. Clanricarde's millinery. He did not think again, as he often before, "What queer causes women are when they come to loggerheads among themselves!"

"Take our advice," said Anne, putting on a little maternal air that was both becoming and entertaining; "go home to Thrift, and keep out of danger. You will repent it if you stay here. We know all about these people better than you do."

"I do not suppose there is much harm to know of them," said Anthony, even graver than before. "Well, I don't know what you call harm," said Mrs. Aspline. "It right and left, and Tom, Dick, and Harry's no harm, then there is none, I suppose. But I know I would have been sorry enough if any daughter of mine had been hawked about all over the place, as Mrs. Clanricarde has hawked hers!"

Anthony's bronzed face became strangely livid, as well as stern. It seemed to suddenly act like so much metal, and to become rigid as iron.

"I reckon there's not much chance of hawking any girl about in such a God-forsaken old place as this," he said, with forced quietness.

"Then isn't there just!" returned Mrs. Aspline. "First that Mr. Charlie Osborne, who has a cough like a church-yard, and not a penny-piece to bless himself with; and then that moon-calf up at Redhill yonder, that Caleb Stagg, that I declare I would not touch with the end of a mop-stick. That woman there flung her daughter at these two, and would have given her sure for either. The way she went after that young Stagg was when I call a disgrace. And all the world knows it as well as I."

Anthony drew his lips close together, as people do when they are deeply moved, and yet wish to keep their self-command. Could he have ever liked this woman—this vulgar tradness of that exquisite vision? Mrs. Aspline took a new face and form and meaning for him. She was no longer the kind old Cookey of his boyish days, still less the improved, hospitable, almost lady-like woman of this latter time. She was a vulgar scold, and his heart sickened against her.

She saw that she had made a mistake.

"Well, there! I am wrong to put myself about like this," she said, with a forced laugh. "You are old enough to know your own mind, as you say, Anthony, and you have seen enough of the world by now to find your own way about. And I dare say I am prejudiced against this Mrs. Clanricarde and all her kith and kin."

"It is as well to know all sides," said Anthony, speaking with difficulty. "They stoned the saints once on a time, and they keep up the practice yet."

Mrs. Aspline flushed scarlet as before; Anne bit her lips; but both kept silent, and chewed the bitter cud with decorous resignation. It seemed to them little blasphemy to compare the Clanricardes—Estelle or her mother—to saints; but Anthony Harford was—well, he was a Harford, and the Harford mouth was hard.

"I reckon," he said after a moment's pause, "I shall be doing the square thing if I clear out of this and make new tracks. It is not going to see for myself what these ladies are like, and calculate to be pretty near half my time at Les Saules, it will be better for us all if I take rooms at the hotel, where I shall offend no one, and be in no one's way."

"That, of course, is as you like yourself," said Mrs. Aspline, with the dignity of displeasure. "You are not in our way here, Anthony, and I hope we have not shown that you were. I hope we have made you comfortable, and let you see that you were welcome. We have done our best."

Here the poor dear woman's voice a little broke, and her eyes grew red. The rain threatened after the thunder had growled.

"You have been just as kind as ever you could be," said Anthony. "There's nothing to be said on that, and I'm ever so much grateful to you. But I reckon it will be the squarest to clear out now, and most likely to keep us good friends."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Aspline, curiously lachrymose and indignant at one and the same time.

"Perhaps you are right," said Anne.

Vexed to see her mother so moved, she took a tone as hard and cold as an iron rod, as acid as so much lemon juice. For all her vague dreams, she had not dreamed herself in love with Anthony Harford.

"Then that is all fixed and straightened out," said Anthony, with a sense of relief.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Aspline; and "Certainly," echoed Anne.

Which ended the matter and clamped the proposition into its final affirmative. So that night saw Anthony Harford installed at Kingshouse Arms, where he intended to remain for at least some weeks.

He could not go back to Thrift! How cold and gloomy and desolate that fine old place looked in his memory!

Every one was glad to hear that Anthony Harford had moved into the town.

A curious tide warmth spread over Lady Elizabeth's heart when she heard the news; and her fair face took the color of her feelings.

As for Anthony, had he been there he would no longer have noticed whether the fair cheeks flushed or paled, whether the soft eyes brightened or were abashed. These signs were signs to him no more.

"What can Harford be staying for at such a place as Kingshouse?" said my lord when he heard the news, like a man unable to see through a millstone.

"For society. I dare say his own place is dull," said my lady, like a woman having a reason always ready.

"I should not think the Kingshouse Arms a very lively lookout," he returned.

"But he has not to find companions."

"And he seems so much interested in astronomy," said Lady Elizabeth, with unconscious diplomacy.

"So he does," said her father; "and now that we have the frost again we will ask him to dinner, and we can make a night of it up aloft."

"You will freeze yourself to death some night up aloft," said the countess, with a point of querulousness—of quasi grumbling—mingled with what else was care and consideration.

"Oh, we have wraps and mufflers, as you know," was her husband's reply.

Both he and Lady Elizabeth were in riding costume.

"We will ride round by the town, and leave a message at the Arms," continued the earl. "I do not suppose he is engaged anywhere else."

"I should think not," said Lady Elizabeth, who was anxious he should be asked.

"Why, to whom should he be engaged?" asked her mother in surprise. "Society is not so numerous here as to ask him every day to dinner."

"He might be at the Asplines," said her daughter.

"Or the Clanricardes," said the earl. "He seemed monstrously taken with Mrs. Clanricarde the other night; and upon my soul she looked uncommonly handsome! I never saw her look better. She might have been one of her own ancestors at the court of the Grand Monarque."

(To be Continued).

NEW SHADES.

Complete List of the New Tints to be Seen This Spring.

The "Domestic Monthly" for March gives the following list of the principal colors of the season and their description:

Empire green—Light yellowish green.
Reed—Shade lighter than empire.
Dragon—A bluish green.
Esterhazy—A foliage green.
Chambre—Faint tone of green.
Printemps—Light lettuce shade.
Soutelle—Faint grass green.
Lime or linden—The inner side of the linden leaf.
Garzon—Turf green.
Roseau—Grayish reed green.
Reseda—Mignonette.
Vert de gris—Dark green.
Florentine—Dark bronze green.
Snowball—Whitish green.
Willow—Shade of a willow tree leaf.
Nile—Pale green twilight evening wear.
Lincoln and Robin Hood—Positive green.
Yew—A deep green.
Chartreuse—Yellow green.
Water cress—A clear faint green.
Ivy—Pistache—Marjolaine.
Canna—Dark green shade.
Vandyke—Is reddish terra cotta.
Bois de rose—Rosewood shades.
Francillon—Dark old rose.
Aurore—Deep pink.
Beige rose—Dull fawn red.
Sappho—Light rosewood shade.
Scabieuse—Purplish red.
Vernis—Golden red.
Etrusque—Brownish red.
Vernose—Deep rich shade of red.
Azalea—Evening shades of pink.
Burnt rose—Bright ashes of roses tint.
Shell gray—A pinkish gray.
Steam—Light though dull gray.
Granite—Blue gray.
Oxide—Dull silver gray.
Columbe—Dove gray.
Heron—Whitish gray.

The list describes 14 brown shades, with all of which we are quite familiar, and eight blue shades, including the new peacock, which is a grayish blue. On the French color cards there are eight shades of green, eight of blue, sixteen of green, twelve of red, seven of brown, five of pink, six of yellow, four peach shades, four of white, three prune tints and a new yellow white. Many lovely tints are produced from these. Yellow will be a favorite color during the summer.

Why Widows Are Wily and Winsome.

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascinations, and Weller's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony, to "beware of vidders," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetries are perfected, not in the experimental and undeveloped state of the debutantes, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of his sex. She knows how to give delicious little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think indulgently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not insist on his dancing in perpetual attendance on her. She does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theatres and new german figures. She follows rather his lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flattery in eyes and face while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self-centred, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties—it is only grace and art that teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief claims of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed; but the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed, with a gentle melancholy that shows that she too has suffered—it is like the soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man she knows how most effectively to mourn with one.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

T. GRAINGER STEWART, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease, says: "Dyspnœa (difficult breathing) is frequently met with in the inflammatory and cirrhotic forms of the disease and may be independent of any local lesion, being probably a result of uræmic poisoning." And it is well known that uræmic poisoning arises from kidney disease. So much known, it remains to recognize the fact that, to remedy or affect the cause must be removed, and it is universally acknowledged that Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable remedy for kidney disease.

His Excuse.

Lady (to drunken beggar)—Are you not ashamed so peg?

D.B.—Yes, ma'am, but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar.

Mr. Lewis, solicitor for the Parnellites, has secured Richard Pigott's diary, and will produce it before the Parnell Commission.

King Alexandris of Servia is 18. The heiress of King William of the Netherlands is 9. King Alfonso of Spain is almost 3. "Rockaby, baby, on the tree top; when the wind blows the cradle will rock," and "when the bough breaks the cradle will fall."

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM.

It is a privilege every newspaper reserves to itself to criticise, adversely if needs be, for the public benefit, anything in which the public is deeply interested.

It is the custom of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the renowned Kidney and Liver Cure, better known as "Warner's Safe Cure," to flood the country with medical pamphlets. The writer has taken the liberty to examine one of these marvellous little books and subjected to criticism, but, before indulging in it, will give our readers some quotations therefrom, from the highest medical authorities, which we believe worthy of consideration. Under the head of "No Distinctive Symptoms Apparent," we find:

First—More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption.—Thompson.

Second—Deaths from such diseases are increasing at the rate of 250 per cent. a decade.—Edwards.

Third—Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity.—Roberts.

Fourth—In the fatal cases—and most cases have hitherto been fatal—the symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in extremely different organs of the body as stated above.—Thompson.

Fifth—Only when the disease has reached its final and fatal stages may the usual symptoms of albumen and tube casts appear in the water, and will great pain rack the diseased organs.—Thompson.

Sixth—Bright's disease, which usually has three stages of development, is a universal disease in England and America.—Roberts and Edwards.

Thompson is authority for saying that more adults are carried off in this country by kidney disease than any other malady except consumption. Under Warner's "Safe Cure" article on Consumption, we find a paragraph claiming to be a quotation from a publication issued by Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, which states that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Dr. Herman Brehmer, an eminent German authority, also says that Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, because of bad blood.

Medical science can no longer dispute the fact that the kidneys are the principal blood purifying organs of the human system, and if they are diseased and thus fail to expel the uric acid poison or the waste matter of the blood, as the blood passes through these two great organs, the "Safe Cure" claim is correct, and the reasoning of its proprietor holds good.

There is no doubt but that in too many instances the medical fraternity doctor for symptoms, instead of striking at the root of the disease, and that under this form of treatment many patients die.

Risking Health for Fashion.

The time is now at hand when the average girl goes in for getting pneumonia; the sun shines, and she thinks there is no reason in the world why she should not wear her cloth gown without a wrap, thus showing the pretty curves of her figure. American women are Parisians in this. It cannot be denied that a very well fitting bodice, drapery arranged to look sufficiently full and yet not to be cumbersome, a lace scarf or a bow thrown around neck and breast, is, after the wearing of a long winter coat, very attractive, but it can be mentioned that it is to nobody's advantage except to the doctor's and the apothecary's. A few women who will dress this way, who will look their best on the street, follow it up by the very sensible treatment of what they get all sorts of things is to say, they are rubbed either with alcohol or cod liver oil, and then rest a couple of hours. It takes a deal of courage, this being rubbed with cod liver oil, and yet it is one of the fashionable fads. You may use no end of perfume in the effort to make yourself sweet after it, but the scent of the oil—by no means oil of roses—will cling to you most persistently, and in addition will do everything in its power to perfume everything belonging to you. However, if the fashionable maiden determines that this odor shall be counted smart, be very certain that before Lent is over she will be declaring it the most delicious, the most healthful and the most altogether delightful of sweetnesses. Systematic scrubbing at the Russian bath may, it is possible, remove the oil, but it is very certain that a mere hot bath will only seem to make it come to the surface more and to make one more conscious of being a fresher and redder edition of an image on a dime museum on the Bowery.—*New York Cor. Chicago Herald.*

Plants in Witchcraft.

Occasionally when the dairymaid churned for a long time without making butter, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain ash, and beat the cow with another, thus breaking the witch's spell. But, to prevent accidents of this kind, it has long been customary in the northern counties to make the churn-staff of ash. For the same reason herd boys employ an ash twig for driving cattle, and one may often see a mountain ash growing near a house. On the Continent the tree is in equal repute, and in Norway and Denmark rowan branches are usually put over stable doors to keep out witches, a similar notion prevailing in Germany. No tree, perhaps, holds such a prominent place in witchcraft lore as the mountain ash, its mystic power having rarely failed to render fruitless the evil influence of these enemies of mankind.

To counteract the spell of the evil eye, from which many innocent persons were believed to suffer in the witchcraft period, many flowers have been in requisition among the numerous charms used. Thus, the Russian maidens still hang round the stem of the birch tree red ribbon, the Brahmans gather rice, and in Italy rue is in demand. The Scotch peasantry pluck twigs of the ash, the Highland women the groundsel, and the German folk wear the radish. In early times the ringwort was recommended by Apuleius, and later on the fern was regarded as a preservative against this baneful influence. The Chinese put faith in the garlic, and, in short, every country has its own special plants. It would seem, too, that after a witch was dead and buried, precautionary measures were taken to frustrate her baneful influence. Thus, in Russia, aspen is laid on a witch's grave, the dead sorceress being then prevented from riding abroad.—*By T. F. Thiselton Dyer, in the Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Kind Deeds Appreciated.

All the friends of the late Deputy Reeve Martin who attended him during his sufferings bear testimony to the great care and attention shown the wounded gentleman and indeed all the sufferers by Dr. Kitchen, of St. George. His residence since the accident has been transformed into a hospital and all that medical skill, money, care and forethought could do for the inmates was done in the kindest and most open-hearted manner. Dr. Olmsted, of Hamilton, who was not only a physician but a nurse to Mr. Martin—attending him constantly during his illness—will also be gratefully remembered. The people of St. George have by their kindness towards the sufferers placed hosts of friends of the sufferers in all parts of the country under lasting obligations to them.—*Woodstock Standard.*

Tale of the Festive Grasshopper.

When a Kansas editor makes an affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high, in an effort to carry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the richness of the soil of the State. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper and use him to hunt rats.—*Huntsville (Ala.) Mercury.*

The Old Men's Views.

City Lover—Do you think your father will look with favor on my suit?

Rural Belle—I'm afraid not. He hates store clothes.

"Barney's Dyspepsy has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

The first of the 110-ton guns for the British war ship Victoria is now ready, it is reported, to be placed on board the ship at Chatham.

For the effectual protection of woollen goods against moths the use of cedar wood boxes and closets is insufficient, and it is stated that there is no other means of protection against the ravages of the insect but in perfectly tacless the woollens in materials which is not attacked by the moth, such as cotton cloth. Woollen goods brushed clean from dust, folded together and put into cotton bags which were well tied, have been found perfectly intact when taken out at the change of the season.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following Bills were read a third time and passed

To give representation in the Legislative Assembly to the District of Nipissing.—Mr. Hardy.

Respecting steam threshing machines.—Mr. Drury.

To protect the beaches and shores of the Province against depredation.—Mr. Drury.

The Bill to amend the Public Health Act (Mr. Gibson, Hamilton) was read the third time. It provides that in the unorganized districts the stipendiary magistrates may act as *ex officio* medical health officers, and that the health board may, subject to the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, appoint sanitary inspectors. The Bill has been framed to meet the exigencies of an epidemic in Nipissing.

The Bill to amend the Free Libraries Act (Mr. Ross, Middlesex) was read the second time. It empowers Free Library Boards to establish evening classes for the instruction of mechanics, etc.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) introduced a Bill to amend the Ontario Insurance Act.

Mr Whitney's Bill to amend the Election Act came up for a second reading. He explained the object of the Bill, which was to amend the present law in the direction of adding punishment by imprisonment to that of the money penalty already inflicted for offences of bribery, intimidation and undue influences. According to his proposition persons found guilty of bribery should be fined $200, as at present, and also be liable to a term of six months' imprisonment or more. He was very strongly of the opinion that the pecuniary punishment alone was quite inadequate. It also provided that persons receiving bribes should be liable to a term of imprisonment in addition to the existing fine. Persons using undue influence at elections should also be subject to imprisonment. He said that the present fine of $200 for bribery was a mere public farce, and there was a great deal of corruption taking place during the general elections. His experience had proved conclusively that the punishment imposed by the present law was entirely inadequate to the magnitude of the offence. The present law had not decreased bribery and corruption, and it was within his knowledge that many men consented to have elections voided and a new election ordered to save further revelations. The proposed Bill would act more as a deterrent than the present law.

Hon. Mr. Mowat, in replying, said that his difficulty was that he was afraid the proposed Bill would do more harm than good. The present difficulty was in getting a conviction, even when the punishment was merely pecuniary. If the defendant was liable to imprisonment as well as money fine his friends would be all the more anxious to shield him, and the difficulty of convicting would be augmented. He would be delighted to find a way to lessen the amount of bribery done, but he was satisfied that the view of his honorable friend to increase the punishment of it was not one which would be of any good. In the Dominion law they had imprisonment provided for bribery at Dominion elections, and there was more bribery at the general elections than at the provincial. He thought that this addition was not one which would serve its purpose, besides it was too late in the session to consider a Bill of such magnitude in all its details.

Mr. Meredith followed in support of the Bill. He said that something must be done in the way of inflicting a term of imprisonment in addition to a money fine. The reason why the Dominion Act had not operated as it was intended was that judges had not seen their way to enforce the law harshly at present. More than one judge, however, had stated that in future persons convicted of bribery need not expect to escape as easily as on previous occasions. It was an anomaly that men should be punished more severely for impersonation, a comparatively minor offence, than for wholesale bribery.

The motion for a second reading upon being put to a division was lost.

YEAS.—Messrs. Clark, H. E. (