The Trysting-Place.

Westward over the pale-green sky
The rosy pennons of sunset fly;
Eastward slowly the great rocks lie,
With purple and violet blending;
The bushes blend in a vagueness dark,
And the further trees stand tall and stark;
I hear the rushes whisper and shake,
As a flutter of wind begins to wake.
And louder grows
In the quick repose
The sound of the river's lapping.

Still half an hour, by the abbey chime!
I come to the tryst before the time;
I hearkend the river's rippled rhyme,
And the sedge's rustled greeting;
And I cheat my heart with feigned fears,
And sigh as I wait (for no one hears),
To make the joy more rich and vast
When I feel his lips on my own at last
And hear no sound
As the world goes round
But the throb of our two hearts meeting.

Preferences and Treasures.

I'd rather drink cold water from the brook
Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice;
I'd rather sleep on straw in the shepherd's hut
Than lie awake and restless in a palace.

I'd rather earn dry bread in lusty health,
And eat it with a sense of wholesome pleasure,
Than feed without the zest of appetite
Off gorgeous plate and unavailing treasure.

I'd rather have one true, unfailing friend
Than fifty parasites to crave my bounty;
And one poor lass who loved me for myself
Than one without a heart who owned a county.

Nature is kind if our desires are pure,
And strews rich blessings everywhere around us;
While Fortune, if we pant in her pursuit,
Too often grants her favors to confound us.

Fresh air and sunshine, flowers and health and love,
These are endowments if we learn to prize them;
The wise man's treasures, better worth than gold,
And none but fools and wicked men despise them.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"I am not afraid of my share," she said, after a pause; "I don't think the town-people would blame me. Master Charlie had been as my own, as one may say, and I cared for him as my own. There was no harm in helping him with money to marry the young lady he fancied; and I was not bound to send back Mrs. Harford to her husband. No one will say that. Queer as it may seem that a poor servant like me should be called on to provide, down to her very slips and shoe-leather, for the rich Squire Harford's wife, still no one will blame me; and I can go to jail because I helped my betters, as many a one has gone before me for no worser crime than that."

"You are a brazen hussy," said Mrs. Clanricarde, who could not get over the pain of knowing that she had been cheated for all these years of her rightful income after Mrs. Latimer's decease, and who, failing restitution, thought she ought to have revenge. "You are a brazen hussy, and you ought to be on the treadmill."

"Maybe," said Mary, speaking rapidly; "but before I go I'll tell this truth, and I warn you. They shall hear it all from the beginning. Master Charlie's death, that was never a death; and the back word come on Mrs. Harford's very wedding day itself, and no one man enough to tell her, and how she came to me for shelter when she found her old jo was alive; how me and mother took her in and kept her and Master Charlie for months and months, did we, and Squire Harford there at Thrift, rolling in golden guineas, as one might say—I'll not be a word go for want of telling. I'm ready if you are."

"Leave the room, woman!" said Anthony, sternly. "By George, you tempt me to forget myself!"

And Mary, knowing that her case was gained, with a significant glance at Anthony Harford's crutches, as one should say, "Who's afraid?" hurried from the room, and went down into the kitchen. And when there she partially opened the front of her dress and felt her stays, which crackled under her hand, lined as they were with bank-notes and bankers' vouchers.

"Them's safe," she said to herself, with a sigh of satisfaction; "and I'll get more out of them skinflints, or I'm a Dutchman. They've got to bribe me to hold my tobgue. I'm not afraid of what they can say of me. Mr. Harford who's as proud as Lucifer, would he like to have it known that his runaway wife was hiding here under his very nose in his own house, beholden to such as we? That old she-cat may screech as much as she like, she can do nothing. I've no call to be afraid of her."

And she spoke the truth. Circumstances compelled them to adopt, so far, a conciliatory course, and let this arch-offender go. She was free to depart when she would—she and her boxes. Her boxes, by-the-way, were rigidly overhauled, but not "so much as a candle-end," as she said, was found in them; and, for want of documents, no trace of money received by the sale of bronzes, china and the like, and safely invested in secure shares, forth coming. All was a blank, save the huge lump sums set down in Mrs. Latimer's day-book, where the house-keeping expenses were ridiculously small and the subsidies granted to Mr. Charles Osborne as monstrously large.

"And this," said Mary, holding out a purse in which a florin, a bent shilling, and crooked sixpence were all the coins it contained—"and this is all the reward I am to have for all I have done?"

"You have that and an escape from jail," said Anthony Hasford, sternly.

"And you, and Mrs. Clanricarde, and the whole lot of you, that of the story not coming out in the papers," said Mary in reply, defiant to the last. "But I have not enough to pay my railway fare; and at least my wages are due."

"Here!" said Anthony Harford, flinging her a bank-note as one flings a bone to a dog.

She took it and curtesied; the conventional action recalled the conventional manner. Then with a saucy "good morning" all round, she went off with her boxes in her cab, and no one asked or knew where.

"I am glad that mother has gone, poor soul," she said, as she sank back in the corner of her railway carriage and wept genuine tears—the strain now relieved. "She'd never have faced it—never; she'd have broken down as sure as eggs is eggs; but I have more grit in me than she had, poor soul; and I am glad that she was spared."

So she passed into darkness as black as that of interstellar state, and no one ever recognized in the sober, well-conducted Mary Dance—Sunday-School teacher of the Methodist chapel on the outskirts of—the county town—the woman who had acted for 10 years and more a living lie, and whose mother had personated a dead lady to draw her income and make it into sufficient annuity for her daughter's life-time.

"She ought to have been prosecuted," said Mrs. Clanricarde, when the thing was over and done with.

"She's best left alone," said Anthony Harford.

"And she was kind to my poor Estelle," chimed in that foolish George.

"And it would have been better for every one if she had not been," snapped Mrs. Clanricarde, her shrill voice at its highest pitch.

Her husband looked at her with a strange expression of mingled fear and aversion. Anthony's face showed only the aversion without the fear.

"Let the dead bury their dead," he said, sternly. "If truth could be measured like land, perhaps some of our acres would not fetch much. Now that you have your income, Mrs. Clanricarde, perhaps you could afford to be generous to the victim you yourself made."

"If I made her you took her, victim or not," retorted Mrs. Clanricarde. "You hold yourself high, Anthony Harford; that poor uncouth Caleb Stagg towers head and shoulders above you!"

With which Parthian shaft she swept away, even as Mary had done, and this history knows her no more.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

The peculium of human life beats with constant regularity, and the sum of happiness and misery is pretty equally maintained if not evenly distributed. On one side we have sorrow, madness, death—on the other, fulfilled ambition, radiant hopes, delighted love, a brilliant future. By the average—that most disappointing of all the equations made by facts and figures—those who have drawn blanks have nothing to complain of, seeing that their neighbors hold the prizes—that those prizes are of sufficient quality and number—and that thus the general verage is maintained.

There were the Smythe Smiths, for instance. What a handful of prizes they had drawn! and of what a fine unclouded blue their sky was painted. The marriage with Lady Venetia put the coping-stone on the pleasant edifice of their fortunes. It gave just the clamp and mortar they wanted to consolidate their holding, and clasped them to the Upper Ten as by adoption, if not by inheritance. It was the culmination of their hopes, and the last fortress they had set themselves to win. What more remained to be conquered would be revealed in time. For that truth, so well known to mountain climbers, of ever-receding peaks, still forever revealing themselves as this and this are gained—is as true to the ambitious, whose last attainment is only a stepping-stone to another endeavor.

The wedding had been a gorgeous affair, for the bridegroom had been generous and the bride's parents were not too sensitive. If money be the chief factor in a transaction, what folly it is to pretend disinterestedness and act coyly! And to do the Lacklands justice, they did not err on that line by a hair's-breadth, but accepted relief proffered by their future son-in-law as graciously as it was offered, and liked him all the better for his munificence. After the wedding the young people had gone off for a tour round the world in the famous yacht of former days, which once had borne away poor Charlie Osborne. She had been redecorated and overhauled from keel to topmast, and was now one of the best and safest and most comfortable of her kind. And as, fortunately for every one, Lady Venetia was a good sailor and not a coward, the trip had been a success, and no regrets were added as foot-notes to the text.

A year had passed since this bright chapter had been written in the Golden Book of Upperfold—a year which had been to Anthony Harford one of blackest gloom, now beginning to shade off into a lighter but still sufficiently dismal tone. Lady Elizabeth had not been to Thorbergh since the catastrophe of Estelle's death, and no event of any importance had broken the monotony of his dull days. Still, he lived on with a kind of undefined hope at the back of his consciousness, as one who sees a ray of light—unformed, but always light—at the end of a dark alley. He knew that life had not exhausted all its joys for him, and that Fortune would not always be the jade she had shown herself of late.

The honeymoon had repeated itself twelve times, and the month had lengthened out into a year, when Lawrence Smythe Smith and his young wife returned to England—to cast anchor for a time at Upperfold until they had decided on their own special mooring. The rejoicing over the return of the son and heir were to be of the most resplendent kind; and the programme, as drawn out by the London organizer hired to give form to the feelings of the Smythe Smiths, was eminently satisfactory. Our cousins across the Atlantic put this tangible shaping of their feelings in a very crude form, "How much are you sorry for?" in the subscription list of a charity has its analogue in the "How much are you glad for?" in the outlay of a welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad for a very large sum indeed, and the neighborhood would be the gainer. Games, shows, all sorts of diversions in the park, would please the trivial minds of the simple and unnutored. A tenant's dinner would appeal to their more solid appreciation? A children's tea, with useful gifts for wear and toys as the lighter fringes, would be a fair bid for a generation of popularity; and the fireworks at night would delight all alike. In the house a stately banquet was arranged for friends and guests of equal standing, to be followed by a ball and an illuminated garden. It was a programme that did infinite credit to the organizer all through, and it was sure not to be marred by injudicious economies. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe Smith were glad of their son's return by a very handsome sum, indeed, and, never parsimonious, they were now truly regal in their output.

Among those to be asked as intimates, and of course, were the Kingshouses. The days were passed when this intimacy had been the bluest of all their blue ribbons to the Smythe Smith's; but they still cherished a warm and kindly feeling, just edged with by-gone gratitude, for the family which, first of all their then social superiors, had stretched out the right hand of fellowship to them, and treated them as autochthones, not sojourners. There was, perhaps, the finest shade of difference in their tone toward them; but it was very fine, very delicate, and the Kingshouses were not susceptible. So Mrs. Smythe Smith wrote a warm and pressing letter of invitation, feeling that if Lord Kingshouse would come on their side he would match Lord Lackland's and Lady Venetia's, and keep the balance equal. My lady too, colorless and important as she was in person, would be of value in name; and Lady Elizabeth was always a safe card to play. She had been "booked" from the beginning—Mrs. Smythe Smith having always her eyes fixed on probabilities. She remembered certain things which made her see ulterior chances, and she was all the more confirmed in her belief by Lady Elizabeth's persistent abstention from Thorbergh since Estelle's death. Wait till the year was out, and then—

Since Estelle's death Lady Elizabeth had neither visited the Smythe Smiths nor seen Anthony Harford. Something as indefinite as the hope lying at the back of his conscience had held her from coming to Thorberg during this first year of his widowerhood. She had kept up a kindly and continuous but not frequent correspondence with him, which had given her thoughts occupation; but he had never said he wanted to see her until now, when the great *fete* day was fixed, and he knew that she was coming to Upperfold. Then he broke out into a curious little dithyramb of joy at the prospect of meeting her again, and even added the hope that she would stay a long time at Upperfold—for his sake. He missed her, he said, out of his life more than she could possibly imagine, and he was looking forward to the pleasure of her society with a school boy's delight. A year was a long time for the separation of two faithful friends—and faithful friends they had been from the first and would be to the end. But for the painful memories hanging about Kingshouse, but for his abhorrence of one of the people at Les Saules and his contempt for the other, he would have gone over long ago to see her, Lady Elizabeth, the Delight of his Long ago; but as things were, the effort would be too great, and even he was not given to needless self-tortune. It would be all right when she should be here and they were able once more to talk face to face, as in the happy days of their first acquaintance.

And when Lady Elizabeth read this letter she first blushed for joy, and then for shame of that joy; and hid it in her bosom with a strange feeling of sacred possession and a sense of divine secrecy, like some great splendor of thought shared between her and God. But alas for that second blush! When she went to bed she took the letter out of her bosom and kissed it with a passion, a self-abandonment, which no one who knew her only from the outside would have recognized as her characteristic at all.

"I know that I love him," she said to herself. "I always have. I should be ashamed to confess this—but I am not ashamed! I cannot feel sorry for myself. It is so natural to love him! Now that he is alone—poor, poor Estelle!—there is no sin in it. There was not at the first, and there is not now. Ah, if he could care for me so that I might make him happy and build up his home again! Ah!" she said aloud, and her voice broke into audible sound, "would that I could!"

So far Lady Elizabeth proved herself no child of this strange, cold, calculating generation. She was not ashamed to still love, having been so far cheated by appearances in the beginning as to have imagined herself sought when she was only observed. She had not been sought. Anthony's path had branched off from hers, and he had followed another not herself. Nevertheless, she still stood where she had been when he had left her for Estelle, five years ago now; and the love she had given she had never recalled. It had been covered down and hidden out of sight while Estelle lived. For one moment of self-betrayal it had broken out, to be damped down as vigorously as before, when its unlawful passion stung too sharply. But now when there was no sin in the feeling there was no shame in the confession. And Lady Elizabeth was too sincere not to know herself, and too strong in her essential purity to be afraid of the truth.

The fickle skies of our untrustworthy summers were for this once favorable to concerted plans, and no day could have been more lovely than this of the young people's *fete*. The heaven was cloudless save for a few white and opaque of vapor that softened the glare, and the south wind that stirred the leaves and made them "sweet to hear," like those oak leaves on Helvellyn, brought the sense of freshness which prevented the summer heat from becoming too oppressive. It was just enough, too, to lift the flags away from the masts, and shake them into life and movement—to carry the scents of the rarer and sweeter flowers in gusts of special perfume, that were as the high lights in a picture—the dominant notes in a melody—the accentuation of a scheme of color. The whole thing was pure perfection; and man and nature met in strangely complete harmoniousness. From the one, sorrow seemed to be surely banished for evermore—to the other, storm [illegible] come again. It was a day wherein to live was good—a day when no one ought to weep or die.

The park was thronged with holiday-makers in their hundreds. They had come from all parts of the county and beyond, determined to enjoy themselves after the manner of the British Philistine—God save his rude and thick-skinned soul!—not abashed by sentimental regard for æsthetic rules. Loud laughter, louder cheers, broke through that indescribable hum of human voices heard from afar—so like and yet so unlike the hum of bees within a hive or in the lime blossoms overhead. Spots and stripes and lines of color moved across the grass, or wound in and out the clumps of trees set in groups about the park; and distance gave the gay gowns and ribbons of the women a chromatic value not to be found on nearer view. Little children played and ran, and fell like balls indued with will; and not the least interesting of the various parts composing the living picture were these small creatures given up to enjoyment like so many birds or lambs. Here a spangled juggler flashed his knives in the sun, or sent up his golden balls as quick as showers of light; there a Punch's show squeaked the old deathless drama and rattled out modern tunes on the Arcadian pipes; here a group of fine-limbed acrobats showed their strength and muscle; and there a merry-go-round tried the stability of heads and whose could longest resist dizziness and sea-sickness. And here again come with appetites sharper than the rest had found a convenient dining-room somewhere in the shade, and were emptying their handkerchiefs and lightening their baskets with the gusto of the hunger that is born of pleasure.

Lady Elizabeth and her father were standing on the terrace that dominated the garden and looked over to the park. Lady Kingshouse was within. Not even on such a summer's day as this did she venture much into the open air, and her embroidery had become to her by now what all hobbies become—her very life.

"I suppose Anthony Harford will come over?" said Lord Kingshouse suddenly.

He and his daughter had been standing quite silent for some little time, both apparently watching the scene, and each thinking of something else.

"I suppose so," answered Lady Elizabeth.

Her cheeks flushed just as much as if a handful of monthly roses had been held near them and the sun had thrown the reflection of their color on her face.

"Ah, that marriage of his was a blunder," said my lord, with a sigh for the one part, a shrug for the other.

"It was a pity," she answered.

"That poor misguided girl!" he continued. "I was deuced sorry for her all through."

"Yes," said Lady Elizabeth; "she suffered as much as any; perhaps more than any."

"If we had not had that dinner, Delight, it might never have come to pass," said the earl, meditatively. "I have often thought how strangely great things come about by small causes. That dinner to have ruled the destinies of three people!"

"Yes," she said. And she said no more. She found the conversation difficult.

Just then they saw a horseman come along the park road, which ran along the garden wall. It was a cross kind of road, made for the convenience of the family when their business lay to the east and not to the south or west. It was the road which gave into the highway leading on to Thrift.

"That looks uncommonly like Harford!" said the earl.

"I think so, too," said Lady Elizabeth, who knew that it was he.

And then the horseman, seeing them, took off his hat and settled the question of his identity. In a few minutes more they heard his voice in the room behind them, talking to Lady Kingshouse and expressing his pleasure at seeing her again.

The earl stepped back out of the sunshine into the cool shadow of the room. Lady Elizabeth turned half around in the attitude of a person expectant but not to avoid—with a welcome ready when claimed, but not thrust forward with too much instance. Her lips were parted into a smile which had in it the crisp lines of pain as well as the frankness of pleasure, and her eyes were dilated till their tender gray was transformed to black. Anthony shook hands with Lord Kingshouse, and repeated the cordial phrases he had used to the countess, but he saw only Lady Elizabeth as she stood on the terrace, half in profile and all in sunlight, her eyes turned to the park, while her heart and her senses were in the room. Then, the rightful amount of attention bestowed upon the authorities, Anthony came out on to the terrace, the hands of the two friends met, and his eyes looked on her with that long searching look which seemed as if it would scan her very soul and never be weary of what it saw.

It was not Anthony's way to be hilarious or boyish. Let his mirth be ever so strong, it was deep rather than broad, and always more quiet than demonstrative. Those who knew him best would have seen most clearly how he enjoyed all the circumstances of the day, while ever maintaining his ordinary demeanor of self-restraint and the repose which goes with dignity. He went out of his way more than once to show the Smythe Smiths the sympathy of a neighbor and a fellow-landowner with all they had planned and done; and he congratulated them on the success of their fete, and even carried the beauty of the day to the good of their account—as if the skies had been swept clear by their bosoms and the south wind had been blown through their hollows. He was the very some of amiability, the very perfection of kindly courtesy; and every one said how brave Squire Harford looked to-day—the first day, indeed, that he did not seem to be haunted by his poor wife's ghost.

He did not laugh; he did not joke; he did not make sly grimaces expressive of his ebullient spirits; but he impressed them all with the sense of his hidden joy, and Mrs. Smythe Smith, for all her preoccupation with her own concerns, said once to her husband, in a meaning whisper, "What has come to Anthony Harford? He looks as if he met an angel by the way!"

"Perhaps he did," said her husband, who knew as well as she how things stood.

So the glad day passed, and then Anthony left for the hour, and more, that it would take him to ride back to Thrift and return to Upperfold clothed as a Christian gentleman should be for a dinner and a ball. No word had been said, but Lady Elizabeth's heart was full of that half-confessed joy which has its other name in fear. He had looked so much—he had made her feel so much; and surely he was not the kind of man to wilfully mislead and cruelly betray! He had made her feel that he loved her—that she could give him back his lost happiness, and replace the absent in his heart. And what more does a true woman ask than to be of good service to the man she loves? He had deceived her once unwittingly, or rather she had deceived herself; but this time surely she was not following a marsh light! Surely he loved her, and would prize her love for him! She was no longer the naive childish *ingenue* who does not realize her own sensations. She was a woman who understood life—save in such forms of vice and vileness as come but rarely into a good woman's province to understand it all.

The dinner passed as such functions always do—in enjoyment for the sympathetic; in excitement for the young; in bliss or despair for the secretly loving as they chanced to be placed and mated. To Anthony and Lady Elizabeth it was a time of pleasure beyond the reach of words, for they were together—and that was enough.

As the evening wore on the ball began; the garden was illuminated, and the fireworks flung up columns of flames which came down in showers of stars. All the guests left the ball-room and gathered on the terraces looking at the glow-worm-like lamps among the flowers, and the splendor of those artificial asteroids falling like golden rain from heaven. Many a word was whispered (in that balmy, moonless, perfumed night) that should never have been said in the day; and many a rash caress was given, for weal or woe, as the chance of fortune might prove.

Under the shadow of the thick trellis that led to the rose garden Anthony and Lady Elizabeth stood as they had stood on that fateful day in his study, by the table where he had laid his revolver. His arms were round her waist; her hands were on his shoulders; but his face was closer to hers than it had been then, and his voice was sweeter, as he asked, with a lover's inestimable insistence: "Tell me again, oh Delight, that you love me."

"I do," she said, gently. "I always have."

He pressed her to him fondly.

"At last the long night is over," he said. "The day is breaking, and our sun of happiness has risen."

THE END.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MRS. MATILDA SHELLY, of Millersburg, Pa., applied for a pension some years ago but the case hung fire so long that she sought other means of support, and some years or three weeks ago remarried. Just three days after her marriage she received a letter granting the pension, with $6,875 arrears. Owing to her marriage the valuable paper had to be returned to Washington.

THIS is a large world and there is room enough for all, remarks the New York *Herald*, while discussing speculations as to the future of the race. Thinking does no harm if only it is really thinking. It is not the Day of Judgment of which we need to be afraid, but the days of no-judgment. Stick to your common sense, don't go up in a balloon, avoid being a crank, and within those limits entertain what opinions you please.

THE Compulsory Education Law passed by the Illinois Legislature compels children between the ages of 7 and 14 to attend school at least sixteen weeks each year. Parents are liable to fine for not seeing that the law is obeyed. Attendance is allowed upon private schools teaching reading, writing, arithmetic and United States history, if approved by the Board of Education. The appointment of truant officer is provided for.

IT will be remembered that Lord Dudley and other noblemen were recently arrested for gambling at the Field Club in London. They were discharged by the Police Magistrate who laid down the *obiter dictum* that "it would be absurd to fine gentlemen of wealth and position, such a sum as six shillings and eightpence." Since that two boys caught playing "pitch and toss" have been fined each seven shillings and sixpence with seven days' imprisonment at hard labor.

A PHILADELPHIA soap man, who himself made a fortune on clear advertising, once told the writer of this paragraph that it would pay half a dozen papers of big circulation to take up any pauper from the street, establish him in any business under the sun, it didn't matter what, and give him a column of advertising free every day for a year. Then, he said, these papers would show by a practical object lesson to advertisers the tremendous effect of advertising, because the pauper they took off the streets would by that time be a millionaire.

THE Shah of Persia will reach Buckingham Palace from Brussels on July 1st. He will cross the channel on one of the Royal English yachts. He will be met at Charing Cross by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge and other big guns. During his stay in Great Britain he will visit Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle and York. He will be entertained at Invercauld by Sir Algernon Borthwick some time in July, and will examine Scottish life and scenery under the direction of his host, Sir Drummond Wolff.

THE English clergy seem to have a leaning toward large families and small incomes. Among the cases of distress lately reported to the Clergy Corporation are these: "A curate with eight children under eight years of age, and a stipend of £126 a year; a vicar with five young children, and and an annual income of £100; a vicar with six children under 15 years of age, and an annual income of £134 and a house; a vicar with eight children under 18 years of age, and £117 annual income; a curate with six young children, and a stipend of £120; a vicar with eleven children under 15 years of age, and an annual income of £189."

MR. EDISON is reported, in a conversation with a reporter who solicited his ideas on the subject of the projected world's fair in New York city, as saying that he would take an acre of space in such a fair and completely cover it with his inventions, of which he has no less that seventy now under way. "One of the most peculiar, and now promising good results," said Mr. Edison, "is what I may call a far-sight machine." By means of this extraordinary invention, the *Electrical Review* says, he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage. That," he added, "would be an invention worthy a prominent place in the world's fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892."

PROFESSOR BRYCE, who has been writing so brilliantly on American institutions, is regius professor of civil law at Oxford, fellow and member of the governing body of Oriel College, a barrister-at-law, now, at least up till recently, one of the lecturers at the inns of court, and M. P. for South Aberdeen. His multifarious duties and appointments have necessitated the appointment by the university of a reader in Roman law to lecture on the subject he is supposed to teach. The professor does, of course, deliver the statutable number of lectures in Oxford, the hours he selects being late on Saturday afternoons and early on Monday mornings. It is needless to add that he is an advanced Reformer, but it is necessary to remind people that the Aberdeen member, the London barrister and the Oxford professor are one and the same person. He is a native of the granite city.

AN electric motor adapted to propelling vehicles upon streets is said to have been successfully invented at Indianapolis. It has long been the belief of many who have given the subject consideration that some method would soon be in use for propelling pleasure carriages along the streets and boulevards by mechanical means in lieu of horses, and numerous efforts have been made in that direction. We published some time ago an illustration of a carriage moved by steam generated by a small supply of naphtha or similar liquid carried under the seat, but this device, which appears to be used with some success in Germany is evidently open, in some degree at least, to the objections of danger and noise. A cart propelled by electricity has been operated in London, but it does not seem to have been a success owing both to the insufficiency of the battery power and the liability of derangement. The Indianapolis inventor claims that he can furnish a vehicle with electric motive power sufficient to run twenty-four hours without recharging and so arranged that the speed can be graduated as desired. Electricity has accomplished such wonders of late that it is easy to believe that it will be harnessed up for the service of man so as to safely and noiselessly propel his pleasure vehicles along the streets and highways.

ENTERTAINING the Shah means something, as with him are to be entertained his doctor, seven generals (aides de camp), seven chamberlains and three members of his Cabinet, not to speak of fourteen domestic servants, cooks, bearers, etc., all of whom must be looked after as the royal Persian's suite.

M'LLE D'ORIAN, a Russian princess, died in Philadelphia last week, and, at her request, her entire wardrobe was packed in large trunks and sent to Johnstown. There were finely-woven silk hose, French-heeled slippers, silk underwear, silk, satin and plush costumes, and fine women's wear of all descriptions. This noble young woman's heart was undoubtedly in the right place, but the articles will not be handed out by the distributing committee for some time yet.

THE statistical person of the New York *Sun* says that the number of qualified voters in the city of New York now exceeds 300,000, which is more than the total vote cast at the last Presidential election in either Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont or West Virginia.

A PROCESS for electric deposition on glass or porcelain is ascribed to M. Hanren, and the medium used is a solution of chloride of gold, or of platinum in sulphuric ether, which has received a sufficient quantity of sulphur dissolved in a heavy oil, to bring the whole, after being gently boiled, to a consistency which permits it to be painted on the glass, etc., with a brush. The plate is then slowly heated in a furnace until the sulphur and chlorine are driven off, leaving the gold or platinum adhering to the surface.

A WEEK'S work in the cotton mills of England is 56 hours; in the mills of Massachusetts, 60 hours in France, 72 hours; in Germany, from 66 to 72 hours; in the woolen mills in Germany, 72 hours; in France, 72 hours; in Massachusetts, 60; in Great Britain, 56; in Huddersfield and Dessbrg, 64. The productive capacity of one operative in the United States, Great Britain and Germany, taking 100 as the unit, is: In the United States, 100 in cotton, wool and silk; in Great Britain, 67 in cotton, 77 in wool, 81½ in silk; in Germany, 27½ in cotton, 60 in wool, 68 in silk.

An ingenious contrivance is about to be brought out by Captain Woolward, of the Royal mail steamer Don, by which it is proposed to do away with oars as a means of propelling ships' lifeboats. It consists of a hand-power screw propeller, which enables the boat to be driven by any one in it, though unacquainted with rowing. This, Captain Woolward points out, will obviate the chance of passengers who may get away from a stranded ship finding themselves in a boat without oars or having them without any one skilled in their use. The machinery takes up little room, and seems to be both efficient and simple.

IT is said that the largest and costliest private mansion in the world is that belonging to Lord Bute, called "Montstuart" and situated near Rothesay, Scotland. It covers nearly two acres, and is built in gothic style; the walls, turrets and balconies are built of stone. The immense tower in the centre of the building is 120 feet high, with a balcony around the top. The halls are constructed entirely of marble and alabaster; all the rooms are finished in mahogany, rosewood and walnut; the fireplaces are all carved marbles of antique designs. The exact cost of this fairy palace is not known, but it has never been estimated at less than $8,000,000. The immense mansion is one of the sights to be witnessed by those who enter the Clyde on the Glasgow steamers by daylight.

IN a most interesting medical libel suit of Dr. Tibbetts against Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers, tried before Mr. Justice Denman recently, Dr. Lauder Brunton showed how ill-founded are some popular notions about the functions of our organs. From time immemorial the spleen has been considered as the source of bad temper; and the learned Dr. Johnston, in his dictionary, gives the weight of his authority to this view, for he defines the spleen as the seat of anger and melancholy. Dr. Lauder Brunton stated that he had observed animals which had been deprived of their spleens for purposes of experimentation were universally bad-tempered, though otherwise apparently well, and thought that therefore the spleen was, contrary to the general received ideas, the seat not of bad but of good temper.

THE *Popular Science News* recently offered a reward for the most correct answers to certain stated scientific problems. Among others was one old "conundrum," Which weighs the most, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead? Of course, a pound is a pound, no matter of what substance, and when the simple or thoughtless person answered that a pound of lead is the heavier, everybody laughs. Mr. Charles Pitt, in answering this question, claims that the pound of lead would weigh the heaviest because the feathers would be buoyed up by a weight equal to that of the amount of air they displace—just as a cork is buoyed up in the water. In future, therefore, we must refrain from laughing at the fool's answer, as practically it is correct. Of course, if weighed in a vacuum a pound of any two substances would weigh alike.

TWENTY English literary women dined recently in London, and appeared to have had a very cheerful time, enjoying themselves and asserting the right of the weaker sex to have small sprees of its own. The only men present were the waiters, who were kept very busy. The menu was substantial, and cigarettes followed coffee, just like a regular man's debauch. Mrs. Mona Caird was in the chair, and talked, of course, about marriage, taking the ground that that institution is not a contract in the legal sense of the word, but, on the contrary, a sort of goes-you-please journey through life, liable to sudden interruption when one or the other feels inclined to leave the track. Dinner was late, and one bell, which indicated that a waiter was wanted from outside, was going industriously until after 11 o'clock, and, in all respects, this first attempt of the sort in London was a success. Dresses were remarkably plain, most of the women running to simple blouses. Champagne was the only wine drunk.

MANY New York ladies are lending their aid in the formation of working women's clubs. A woman of leisure or wealth, or both, gathers about her a number of working girls to talk over the organization of a club. If the girls favor the idea they and the leader each invite friends to join with them, and a club is formed. One evening in the week is a social evening; the others are divided, as the members decide, into classes for cooking—always one of the most popular classes—dress making, plain sewing, reading, writing, arithmetic and physical culture. The programme varies according to the decision and finance of the club. The club devotes one evening to practical talks. On this evening health, management of money, duties of women, dress and the thousand other subjects that grow out of living in a world where conditions are constantly changing are discussed. All take part in the talks that follow the little lecture, and the subjects are usually chosen or suggested by the working members.

AT a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr. A. D. Mackenzie read an epitome of a paper prepared by him on the "Risk of Fire from Steam and Hot-water Pipes." The result of experiments made by him was that, under ordinary circumstances, wood, wool, cotton, paper and such like substances would not fire under or even at the boiling point of mercury (680 deg.); and very probably the temperature at which they would ignite readily was nearer 600 deg. than 700 deg. The highest temperature he was able to get on a high-pressure hot-water pipe was 500 deg., and he got that only by very hard firing, and by loading the safety valve. The usual high pressure apparatus seldom reached 400 deg., and, therefore, he concluded, that under ordinary circumstances those pipes could not originate a fire. Mr. Proctor said that mice, attracted by the warmth, often made their nests in close proximity to the pipes, and thus collected quantities of highly combustible material from which fires might originate.

The Old Crank.

Twelve men on one side of street car.
Seven females on the other.
Eighth female bounces in and stands in centre of car in expectant attitude.
Expects at least four men to bob up, of course.
Seven women criticise her from head to heel, especially the set of her bustle.
Conductor looks in and is amazed that the twelve men don't come piling out to ride the rear brake.
Eighth female glares around and wonders if this is the 19th century.
"You women hitch along there!" says the old crank, pointing across the car. "There's room over there for four more like her."
They glare at him and thirst for his life.
"Then sit down on top of some of 'em!" he continues as he settles back.
Then there is a flutter—a hitch, and a space of five clear feet is made in the centre, and the eighth female sits down in the centre of it in a gingerly way and wish a look of pain.
Not one of these seven will ever, ever take an introduction to her on the face of this earth, so help them Davy Jones!

PROF. WM. H. THOMPSON, M. D., University of New York, New York city, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." This shows that Dr. Thompson considers kidney disease a frightful malady. He also says, "Bright disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." The reason why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many different diseases is that by curing symptoms, which are called diseases, it strikes at the roots of disease itself.

A New Word.

We are indebted to the *Baptist Courier* for the new word, "authordox." It was, probably, a misprint, but it is a good word, nevertheless. When a man sets forth his own vagaries he is the author of the views presented, and so they are "authordox," though they be far from orthodox. "Authordox," yes, it is a good word, and will come in well to describe many books, essays, articles and speeches.—*Louisville Western Recorder.*

Custa Daley, aged 18, son of John Daley, and Harry McIlride were drowned off Digby, N. S., on Thursday afternoon by the swamping of their sail boat. The bodies have not been recovered.

STARVING THE TEETH.

Foods That are Good for Them and Foods That are Not.

Teeth are just as easily starved to death as the stomach. In one way it is a blessing to have been born of poor parents. What food the poor give their children is of the variety that goes to make strong bones and teeth. It is the outside of all the grains, of all cereal foods, that contains the carbonate and phosphate of lime and traces of other earthy salts which nourish the bony tissue and build the frame up. If we do not furnish to the teeth of the young that pabulum they require, they can not possibly be built up. It is the outside of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and the like, or the bran so-called, that we sift away and feed to the swine, that the teeth actually require for their proper nourishment. The wisdom of man has proven his folly, shown in every succeeding generation of teeth, which become more fragile and weak. These flouring mills are working destruction upon the teeth of every man, woman and child who partakes of their fine bolted flour. They sift out the carbonates and the phosphates of lime in order that they may provide that fine flour which is proving a whitened sepulchre to teeth. Oatmeal is one of the best foods for supplying the teeth with nourishment. It makes the dentine, cementum and enamel strong, flint-like and able to resist all forms of decay. If you have children never allow any white bread upon your table. Bread made of whole wheat ground, not bolted, so that the bran which contains the minute quantities of lime is present, is best. To make a good, wholesome, nourishing bread, take two bowls of wheat meal and one bowl of white or bolted flour, and make by the usual process. Nothing is superior to brown bread for bone and tooth building. This is made out of rye meal and corn meal. Baked beans, too, have a considerable supply of these lime salts and should be on the table, hot or cold, three times a week. In brushing the teeth always brush up and down from the gums instead of across. Brush away from the gum and on the grinding surface of the teeth.—*American Analyst.*

Latest Scottish News.

A Dundee man recently forced open the door of a house, undressed and went to bed, under the impression that he was in his own house, and has been fined 40s.

Professor Blackie and Rev. David Macrae, Dundee, are to be the principal speakers at the unfurling of the flags on the field of Bannockburn on June 22nd.

Sir James King, Bart., Lord Provost of Glasgow, on the 31st ult. laid the memorial stone of the buildings in course of erection in Partick road for the Anderson's College Medical School.

It is probable that the Duke of Portland will be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness, in succession to the late Earl of Caithness. The Duke is one of the largest landowners in the county.

Mr. Lewis Graham, a prominent Forfarshire teacher, who for many years led the psalmody in the Parish Church of Craig, near Montrose, of which he was an elder, has died of paralysis, in his 52nd year.

Dr. Marcus Dods was on the 28th ult. elected Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College of Edinburgh by 383 votes, against 165 for Mr. Cusin and 115 for Professor Salmond.

The Braid Hills, purchased by the Edinburgh Corporation from the Cluny Trustees were formally opened on the 29th ult. as a public park by Lord Provost Boyd, in the presence of the Magistrates and Council.

During May there were launched from the shipbuilding yards of the Clyde twenty-four vessels of 34,419 tons, being thirteen steamers of 25,885 tons, four sailing ships of 8,430 tons, and seven yachts of 114 tons. This total is largely in excess of any previous month this year.

The funeral of the Earl of Caithness took place in Edinburgh on May 29th, a special funeral service being conducted in St. Giles' Cathedral. The interment took place at the Chapel-Royal, Holyrood, where several members of the Sinclair family are buried.

The Countess of Haddington died at Tynninghem, Prestonkirk, recently. The Countess was Helen Catherine, second daughter of the late Sir John Warrender, and sister of Sir George Warrender, Bart., of Lochend. She was married to the Earl of Haddington in 1854, and six children have been born of the marriage.

For Best Results in Butter Making.

It is generally conceded that for best results in butter making, where the milk should be placed in the creamer as nearly as possible at the temperature at which it is drawn from the cow, there being a considerable loss of fat in skim milk if the milk is allowed to cool to any great extent before being set. Of late there has been considerable controversy as to whether it is advisable under any conditions to warm the milk before setting, and as to the limit of temperature beyond which it is not safe to go.

Mr. I. P. Roberts concludes, as the result of investigations at the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, that, first, there is a loss of butter when the milk