"Not Lost, but Gone Before."

(From Whittier's "Show Board.")

What matter how the night behaved
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench one star in yonder glow
O Time and Change—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems with so much gone
Of life and love to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide world o'er,
Those vacant places smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the blades of corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

A GHOSTLY CONFESSION.

It was one bitter December night that for some few hours I did duty for the night inspector of the Maynard Street Police Station.

This police station is built in an old stable yard, the rooms or offices I have mentioned opening from the wide arched passage way that led from Maynard street into the yard itself; the inspector's office was the first door on the left as your turned under the archway, the other door was on the right a few feet farther down. An inner door of the first office led to the entrance passage and other rooms of the building.

What a bitter night it was, pitilessly dreary and dark; the ghostlike flakes falling fast and silent, whitening housetops and window ledges and roofs alike, and glistening into dazzling whiteness where the gaslight shone upon it. Sounds were muffled as only snow can muffle, and there was not a soul in sight. Who would be out such a night and at nearly 1 o'clock unless compelled?—yet the next moment some one did come along, plodding his way, a gentleman in a furred ulster, a rather handsome, but forbidding looking man, I thought. He said as he passed, "Detestable night, isn't it? no cabs for love or money. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," I answered, and watched the retreating form, wondering vaguely who he was, whence he came, and if he were homeward bound. I noticed that as he walked each footstep was instantly obliterated by the falling snow, and then I went back to the charge-room and the fire. About half-past one two of the usual kind of night charges were brought in—a bedizened woman as drunk as could be and a ruffian caught with burgling tools on him, hiding by a jeweler's shop; both were locked up. And afterthat all was quiet again, even, toward 3 o'clock, I may say terribly still, and oh, how bitterly cold. So deadly still as to be awesome in the sense of that silent white world outside—so intensely, strange cold, that she even set reading by the fire I felt as if an icy chill were striking into my very flesh and blood—and then that curious, indescribable sensation crept slowly over me which some of us have felt, of not being alone, of being watched by eyes that followed every movement, every breath drawn. With a shiver I rose up and forced myself to turn toward the door, and look over the high railed desk table which rose like a counter half-way between fireplace and entrance. I turned, then, and was so startled that for a moment I stood absolutely still as if frozen.

I was not alone. I had heard neither opening nor closing of that door, but I was not alone and the door was still shut. On the other side of the official desk stood a young and handsome woman wrapped in a costly fur cloak, with the hood partially drawn over her head; she stood motionless, her white hands clinched on her breast, looking at me—through me, I felt as if pleading to my inmost soul, with such unutterable horror in her burning eyes and ghastly face as God send I may never see again. Who was she? What was she? There was a wedding ring on her finger, but that was nothing; there was not a flake of white on her sables either. Had it ceased snowing, then, or had she come in a carriage or cab? She must, such a night. She did not look insane either. And how had she entered so silently? All this flashed through my mind in a second, and then I said kindly, for I pitied her;

"Will you take that seat, madam, and tell me what you want. I am the inspector in charge."

It seemed as if my speaking broke some spell; perhaps it gave her courage. She moved a step forward, but neither sat down nor for one second dropped that weirdly horror-struck gaze; whether I lowered mine or looked at her I felt her gaze all the same watching me as mad people do sometimes.

"I want," she said, "to make a confession of blackest guilt and give myself up to justice."

It was not the mere statement or words that went through me with an absolute shock—we often hear such "statements," especially after any great crime—it was the manner and voice. I saw the bloodless lips moving and every line on the quiver, yet the voice sounded as if it came from a distance, strangely muffled and afar off—low, deliberate, painfully laboured in intonation, as if under tremendous suppression, and for all its level tone, instinct with a passion of terror that vibrated in each word. Outwardly I did not start or move a muscle, but internally I felt a slow horror creeping over my whole being; there was something inexpressibly awful about this woman and her grim errand, here in such an hour and night.

Instead of opening the proper book I took a large sheet of paper upon which to take down her statement—why I never could quite have told.

"Yes," I said quietly, in a matter-of-course, official manner, as if nothing in the world could startle the coolness of an experienced police officer—I am sure nothing ought, all things considered, if any experience can quite make a stock out of a man. "I am all attention, madam. What is your crime?"

She answered in exactly the same strange voice and way;

"Murder. I killed him six hours ago and then went back home before I was missed by the servants, and my husband was out at his club I knew." She paused as if waiting to be questioned, or too torn with horror and remorse to go on without some aid.

"Who is it you have murdered, then?" I asked, fully expecting the reply I got.

"My lover. He grew tired of a secret intrigue, madly jealous of my husband, and swore at last that unless I fled with him he would betray my guilt. I knew he would do it, too, and as I loved the wealth and worldly position for which I had married a thousandfold more than any human being, it was only a question of which of us should fall—which strike the blow. I would not perish, so he must. And he has," she said, raising her hands clutching at the far. But my pity was gone; the woman was a heartless devil. There was little of shame or remorse in this coming to give herself up—as she was acting under the frightful, half-mad excitement of horror following the deed. She went on herself:

"I bought a long knife—pistols make a noise. I feigned to yield, and bade him meet me one evening in the old rendezvous."

"Where was that?" I said as she paused again.

"Where we lived. We shut up the house in winter and the gardens are let to run wild. I never went about the old, unused mansion hidden by overgrown; it is deep in the side of a dell. I found it out, but no one else knows it—no one; so the body will never be found. I took care of that."

"And you made your lover meet you near this place, then?" I said, looking steadily at his pale, set, yet shuddered.

"Yes," came these far-off repressed tones that were getting almost unbearably terrible to hear. "I made him kneel as in jest to kiss my left hand, and then, as he bent his head, I stabbed him downward—downward, to the heart. I dragged the body into the ice-house when I had made sure he was quite dead, and threw in the knife, shut the door, re-arranged the bushes, and went back home, getting in with my pass-latch key. I felt only the relief from danger at first, but when it grew later—later—and I was alone in my room, it came upon me—seized me in the throes—the horror of the bloody deed I had done. My God! The hideous guilt and terror," she said, wringing her hands. "But he forced me to do it! He drove me to it! Fool, to think I could be false to him more than gold, and position, and the world's praise."

"I implore you to remember, madam," I said abruptly. "Who was the murdered man?"

The woman answered in the oddest way, as if suddenly oblivious of her own horrible confession and the fact that I was about to question on that subject for the second time.

"Only an obscure gentleman, with no friends who even knew where he was; he will never be missed or asked after and never be found. I am safe from even suspicion."

Was she, after all, some half-mad creature under a fearful hallucination? Somehow that idea would not hold me—the grim reality of her confession did—despite the strange, even weird, unreality shown by appearance here and characterization. I said, quietly, keeping a scrutinizing eye to her movements, though escape from pursuit was impossible

"Answer me three questions, please, madam. Where is the scene of the murder? what was the victim's name? and what is your name and address?"

She gave such a violent start that she quite staggered back a step and flung out her hands.

"My God!" she said in a hoarse whisper, "what an awful dream!"

With that fast word I strode round the desk to prevent her leaving, and in that second, recled back against the wall with a smothered cry—there was nothing there! The woman, the form, was gone as suddenly, as mysteriously as it had come. I wrenched open the door and sprang to the arch going on the street so swiftly that nothing of flesh and blood could possibly have been many paces in either direction, but nothing was in sight; it had left off snowing, but there was not a footprint anywhere in the snow, nor track of a wheel in the roadway.

I turned back to the room and sat down. I was staggered and thoroughly shaken, I confess, and it was some minutes before I could pull myself together. Then I read again the confession I had taken down, word for word, and folded it carefully away in my pocket-book, thankful I had not written it in the useful book. For I resolved at once to fathom the mystery, if possible, and unearth the crime so strangely revealed to me, by, I had not the least doubt, the murderess herself, not in the body, but whether spirit from beyond the grave, or "similitude" I care little just now to think. That a frightful murder had been this night committed by the real self of the unreal visitant I had spoken with I felt as certain as of my own existence, but how to find that actual personality, that handsome woman who, false to her husband, assassin of her paramour, lived in the world yet, and passed, doubtless, as one honored, admired, praised of men. I felt I must discover and unmask her, but where was the clue to find her? Nothing was possible save the hope of seeing her somewhere. I would hunt all thoroughfares and public resorts when off duty, I thought at length.

We "tece," like other folks in their linos, often get our blood up over a difficult piece of work that puts a fellow on his mettle, and I did in my, at present self-imposed task. My only confidante was my wife, for Rose would keep her pretty mouth as close as the grave, and besides I wouldn't for the world have had her feel neglected by my constant absence off duty, after six months' absence, too. So I told her all.

A week passed without any result from my peregrinations after the unknown murderess, but then she might not even live in London. I wondered if we ever met—both in bodily form, whether her spirit that had seen me would recall my face, whether she would then fear that her "awful dream"—if sleeping her real self had been—was more than a dream, and that she had in the perturbed spirit actually betrayed the hideous secret of her double guilt to, of all people, a detective. I thought she would, if occult students were right.

One evening I was passing along Portman Square when ahead of me a carriage and pair pulled up, perhaps to take its owners to a dinner party or theatre. It was still as bitter frost, but rather curious to see who came out, I paused. In a few moments the hall door opened emitting a flood of gaslight across the dry white pavement, and a gentleman and lady came out and crossed to the carriage. I saw both plainly and caught my breath. The man was the very gentleman who had passed at the police station a week ago and exchanged a word. And the lady my strange visitant, but her real self, here in all the glow of life and beauty. I saw her face plainly under the garish light, no horror in it now, no passion of terror about its lines or smiling lips, and yet—I felt a positive thrill of most triumphant gladness that I had found her, and with her the clue to bring her to justice. I could have pitied her, wished to spare her if she had sinned from the oft-told less heinous motive—but this!—it was devilish, and I was merciless.

I carelessly asked a postman who came by as the carriage swept off, "who that handsome couple from 99 were?"

"Oh, that's Gascoigne," he said, "he's a banker, I believe; and ain't the missus just good, always gives us a sov. for Christmas box. I've heard she's wonderful charitable."

He hurried on and I went my way. So that was her game, was it—one of her vanities; she posed as a dame charitable then, as well as a woman of social status, fond helpmeet, friend to the friendless!

Now indeed I set myself quietly to work to find out all about the Gascoignes, and in a few days had ascertained that Mr. Claude Gascoigne, sleeping partner in a certain large banking house, had been married five years. His wife's maiden name was Ward—a beauty, but poor. He was much attached to her, and indulged her every wish that gold could gratify. She was fond of him (I knew better than that) and bore exactly the couple the postman had said. She was held in highest esteem and liked by every one, rich and poor—always attended her parish church regularly, and so on. She forgot no part of the mask, clearly.

They had a cottage ornee at Highgate, in a lovely hilly spot somewhat apart, the garden large and, to please madame, left rather wild and rural. In the summer they often went there, but in the winter it was shut up with only one old caretaker. You may imagine my next steps. I visited the place one day, outside, took the bearings and part of the paling where I could best effect entrance to the deserted grounds before dawn, lie perdu till daylight enough to see, and then search for the ice-house—the tomb of the murdered man.

A grim enough search it was too, I tell you, in the cold gray of the first streaks of the winter dawn, but I found the "dell"—and after careful search I found the right bushes among the many that grew, found the hidden door which was bolted as the murderess had left it, and I feared might make a noise—being rusted in by the ten days' damp—so I did not attempt to open it. Indeed, from this point, both duty and caution required a responsible witness. Besides, in truth, I was trespassing; we should, strictly speaking, require a warrant to search the premises. I returned, therefore, to Scotland Yard, went to my superintendent as soon as I could, and told him the whole extraordinary story.

As I had expected, he absolutely stared and demanded: "Were you dreaming, Overbury?—ghosts—similitude—what bosh! it's absurd. And Mrs. Gascoigne too!"

But I stood unmoved—steadily persistent in my story and facts which were posing. He was staggered, I stood so high as a man of probity, capability and superior education. I clinched his wavering by my common sense—"Let us quietly get the warrant, sir, take the surgeon and go to-night to search that ice-house. If a murdered corpse is not there I'll admit that Charles Overbury is a dreaming fool—and leave the force. If it is there—well, we get a warrant to arrest the woman on suspicion. You can hold me to my words, sir."

"By jove, you've beaten me, Overbury!" he exclaimed. "Your earnestness forces itself on me, strange though your belief seems. You shall do as you wish—we'll go, but I don't know her such a queer story will scare a man in a matter-of-fact law court.

Well, that night we three went, the superintendent, the surgeon and myself, absolute secrecy being necessary at present lest the least whisper should reach Mrs. Gascoigne. She was the very woman to take poison if she could not escape.

I got that door of the old icehouse open and stepped in first, holding high the lantern.

There it lay at our feet—with the loathsome creeping things of the horrible vault above, below, on the walls—the rigid, half-frozen body of a murdered man!

* * * * * * *

"Is Mrs. Gascoigne at home?"

At 3 o'clock the next day I asked that question of the footman, who answered my ring at 99 Portman square.

He looked curiously at me and my companion—these scents to my cab. I was well dressed, like any ordinary gentleman; my subordinate wore a rougher cloth and had no pretence to pass for gentility.

"Yes, sir, she is at home, but she and Mr. Gascoigne are still at the breakfast table."

I stepped into the hall, however, my man following at once.

"Give your mistress this card," I said quietly, "and say I wish to see her on business."

And so I was shown into the dining-room and went into the dining-room. My companion sat down on the hall chair.

I heard her voice—could I ever forget it? though now its sounded natural, near, and level or full of repressed horror—only in easy surprise, so secure was the woman of her safety.

"Mr. Charles Overbury. I don't know such a name; what is he like, Josephs?"

"Very gentlemanlike, ma'am; tall, fine-looking, I should say, ma'am, and maybe about 40."

"Does he look like no imposter?" said the master's voice, with an amused tone. "My dear Olivia, your charities draw such folk."

"No, sir, he is nothing of that sort, I'm sure," returned Josephs.

"Well, show him in here."

I was shown in a handsome dining-room, but as I entered I saw Mrs. Gascoigne, who was seated by the hearth, change color, and I am certain she held her breath; but in the look she gave me there was puzzlement as well as a flash of apprehension—or fear.

"I merely bowed and then turned to Mr. Gascoigne, who looked hard at me, evidently not quite sure of recognition, as I said.

"May I ask, sir, to speak to Mrs. Gascoigne a few words alone—first."

"Poor man! if he had only been out, to be spared the shock so suddenly.

"Pardon me, Mr. Overbury," he answered me stiffly, "my wife has no business she minds my hearing. By the bye, I think, yes, I am sure now, that I have seen you before—the night of the snowstorm, ten or twelve days ago! You were standing outside the Maynard Street Police Station."

I saw his wife start slightly, but I replied deliberately to him.

"Yes, sir; I am a detective inspector."

I paused; a very painful duty was made doubly hard by his presence. Why would he not be spared the revelation of her double guilt and his dishonor before the face of a stranger.

"Well," he said, impatiently, "and what is your business here, then, with my wife?"

"This, sir," I said—and walking straight to his wife, lightly touched her shoulder. "You are my prisoner, Mrs. Gascoigne, charged with the murder of Ambrose Hartland."

With such a cry as might break from a stricken wild animal more than human lips, she fell back in a chair, and her husband gripped my left arm.

"What the devil do you mean?" he said, fiercely; "what monstrous mistake are you under in identity, man?"

"For your sake, sir, I wish to heaven I had made a mistake," I said, gently releasing my arm, and he fell back a step, gazing almost wildly from me to his wife's deathly face, as she now slowly lifted herself, recovering somewhat in very desperation perhaps—audacious after that first shock.

"It is some absurd mistake, of course," she said, moistening her dry, livid lips. "Show your warrant, please?"

I produced it, read it, and warned her to take care of what she said.

"I have nothing to fear or say, except that I know nothing."

"I must know more of this, though, before my wife is touched," interposed Mr. Gascoigne, sternly. "Who was this Hartland said to be murdered on the 5th of this month? My wife knows no such person, and if she had why should she murd"—he stopped.

"Because, unhappily, sir, on your wife's own confession to me about 3 in the morning of the 6th, at Maynard street station, that man was her lover, and threatened to tell you unless"

"By heaven! you dare to face me with such a black lie as that!" he cried, lifting his clenched hand, but I caught it. I was a powerful man and held him easily.

"Gently, sir, and read this. I don't want to call you to account in."

His hand dropped—he was ashen pale, but he never moved as he took the fatal confession herself in the spirit truly had made. As he read I coolly took the knives off the table, and put them away from her reach. I had seen her look at and read it.

Then I came near her again.

When Mr. Gascoigne gave me back the paper and turned to his wife, I think I never saw so terrible a change in any man; he might have grown years older in those minutes.

"That was the very hour," he said, slowly, "that you woke up with a start that aroused me too, and cried out those very words—'My God! what an awful dream!'—but would not tell me what you dreamed. Was it this, Olivia! Speak, in heaven's name! I will know the truth, for your silence is terrible. Have you been faithless or true to me? Answer."

She sprang to her feet like a tiger at bay.

"It is all false," she cried fiercely; "that paper is a forgery. I was sleeping at your side! How could I be at that man's police station? I was at home all that evening. I never knew any Ambrose Hartland"—

"Stay, madam," I interposed. "The body was found in the ice house last night, the knife by it. On the body identified to-day by his late landlady, we found papers and letters of yours, and the last arranging that fatal meeting"——

She suddenly sprang at me and tried to grip my throat—maddened, I verily believe—but I caught her hands and bore her back to the chair in almost convulsions.

* * * * * * *

I scarcely remember a greater sensation than that trial of Olivia Gascoigne made in the world, the more that a few whispers got about of something uncanny at the bottom of its discovery. Link by link the evidence was put together, and she was condemned. That night she died. She had managed to choke the windpipe with her own fingers. Mr. Gascoigne went abroad.

The Deacon's Wooing.

Deacon Sharp, who lives in the Buckeye Valley, has never married. He made the attempt once, but his humility and piety worked against him. He was the same long, solemn-visaged chap then that he is now, with what is known as a "gift of prayer." In season and out of season he was ready at any moment to flop down on his knees and tell all he knew of spiritual grace. There were those who said he liked to hear himself talk.

On this occasion he asked Jenny Price to be his partner for life, and Jenny, who was a prim little school teacher, consented.

Then the deacon flopped. He began in his usual strain by invoking forgiveness for his sins. He was everything that was vile, and, as he enumerated the crimes laid down in his own imagination, Jenny began to fidget. At last she touched the deacon on the shoulder.

"You needn't pray any more on my account," she said. "I wouldn't think of marrying such a wicked sinner. If you are only half as bad as you say you are I wouldn't have you. I hope you will repent before it is too late."

And she left the astonished deacon to his own reflections upon matrimony and grace.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Agreed With Him.

A young man with a broad-brimmed straw hat on the back of his head and a lock of forgiveness for everybody on his face entered a suburban car at a South Side depot yesterday afternoon, examined the few passengers who had gone aboard, and took his seat by the side of a pretty black-eyed young woman half-way down the aisle, according to the Chicago *Tribune*.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with an engaging smile. "The car isn't full yet, but it soon will be, and I think one runs less risk of getting an undesirable seat-mate if one makes the selection one's self. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir, I do," she replied, rising up at once and taking a seat by the side of a white-haired old lady on the other side of the car.

A great many who try to act the prodigal can find too late that they acted the calf footed.

Bobby—There are no flies on you, anyway, Mr. Keller. Keller—What do you mean, Bobby? Bobby—The adhesive paper you are sitting on hasn't been in the chair long enough to catch any.

Hopper—Did Midgley really die of heart failure? Priddy—Yes, he proposed to Miss Galley, and as she failed to say, "Oh, this is so sudden!" the shock killed him.

"I want my rights!" fiercely shouted the bare-voiced woman from the platform at the woman suffrage meeting. "You can have 'em," piped the husband's timid voice from a far-away corner. "Here's the twins, and I'll go to the neighbors and gather up the other six."

Rewlie—It's funny that some men get so rattled when they propose that you have to help them out. Grace—Yes, but sometimes one has to help them out also.

CHINESE AS KITE-FLYERS.

A Display Which Delighted a Crowd of Americans.

The other afternoon three or four Chinese were seen on the Washington Monument in Washington, evidently out for a frolic, and for about an hour they were the centre of a wandering crowd of Americans, who enjoyed the most fantastic piece of kite-flying that is often the lot of a good Yankee citizen to see. Two of the Celestials were attired in faultless tailor-made clothes, but the other two still clung to the flowing costume of the East, though their light silk tunics and embroidered shoes were of richer material than one often sees aside from the members of the legation. Their kite was of the famous dragon pattern, and from the ground looked the exact counterpart of a huge red and white lizard twenty or thirty feet long, with a staring head, blue whiskers and a waving tail of flaming red cloth that lashed about in a wildly excited way. The monster cut all sorts of strange antics. For a while it would lie still, straight and rigid except for the ceaseless movement of the red tail. Then it would begin to undulate like a great water-snake, and, darting about the sky, strain at its tether, threatening to crawl down the chimney of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and then, changing its mind, mount away heavenward again with a snaky quiver throughout its whole length.

The little Chinaman in a lilac silk shirt, who was engineering the ground end of the kite-string, seemed to have some occult understanding with his strange pet, in virtue of which it obeyed his slightest motion. A slight turn of his slender, brown wrist would send the creature mounting upward into space, and at a sweep of his arm it would go through a whole aerial circus act. It pulled like a demon, too, and after capering around on his feet with it for half an hour in the stiff breeze, the *Post* says, its master was glad enough to sit down on the big ball of string on the ground and let his arm have a rest.

But the most remarkable part of the performance came when one of the kite-flyers produced a light bamboo frame covered with rice paper, which unfolded in the shape of a butterfly. A pack of fire-crackers was attached to it, and when it was hung on the string of the kite it crawled steadily upward till within a few feet of the dragon's head, when the crackers went off with a bang and the framework folded up and slid back down the string.

When finally tired of their sport, the Orientals hauled in the monster, and as it lay on the ground its construction could be clearly noted. It had a grotesque face, with a gaping mouth and windmill eyes that blinked with a rotary motion. The body was made up of twenty or thirty of the lightest discs of rice paper, varying from ten to three inches in diameter, and stretched on delicate bamboo hoops and hitched tandem, but far more apart. The whole was wonderfully light, but when extended presented a surface to the air that made it float like a bird.

Its owners said that this was not their feast of kites. That came on Sept. 9th, and there would probably be more dragons aloft in the sky. They were merely out for a good time, and, as one of them remarked with a friendly grin, "This makee lil'e fun, anyhow."

Why he Wished to Marry.

The old fellow hustled up to the desk of the marriage license clerk, and without any formality or preliminaries he began:

"Give me a marriage license," he said, "and give it to me quick."

"Who for?" asked the unpromantical clerk.

"For myself, of course."

The clerk gave a long whistle of surprise.

"How old are you?" he inquired, opening up his book.

"Seventy-five."

"Ever been married before?"

"No; this is my first offence."

"What the mischief does a man of your age want to marry for?"

"Because he can."

"I isn't such a difficult thing to marry, is it?"

"May be not for some folks," said the aged applicant, hurriedly, "but it seems so for me. I made my first attempt when I was 20, and for fifty-five years I've kept steady at it, but I never could get a woman to say 'I will' until last night, and I'll be swizzled if I know how this one happened to, and I don't care. It's enough if she did, and now I want to get that license and have her clinched before she backs out. I've got her outside in my waggon, with a policeman watching her, and I want you to hustle with the license. The preacher's waiting, an' if there's no preventing Providence, you bet I'll not fill a bachelor's grave. Here's your money. Good-by," and the happy man grabbed his license and ran for the waggon.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Gaelic Speaking in Scotland.

According to the Scottish Census the largest proportion of Gaelic speaking persons are found in the northwestern division of the country, where 35,853, or 21.45 per cent., of the population speak Gaelic only, and 81,521, or 48.78 per cent., both this language and English, and in the northern division, where 1,191, or 16.08 per cent., speak Gaelic only, and 16,09 per cent., both languages; while in the southern division no person is found speaking Gaelic alone, and but 515, or 0.25 per cent., of the inhabitants, who may be supposed to understand that language. In Ross and Cromarty, among the counties, 18,576 or 23.87 per cent. of the inhabitants speak Gaelic only 37,437, or 48.11 per cent., both it and English; in Sutherland 1,115, or 5.09 per cent., speak Gaelic only, while 14,786, or 67.53 per cent., speak both languages; in Inverness 17,276, or 19.34 per cent., of the inhabitants speak the one only, and 44,084, or 49.36 per cent., speak both. Argyll is the county which comes next, with 6,042, or 8.09 per cent., of its population speaking Gaelic only, but 36,720, or 48.96 per cent., both Gaelic and English. In every county in Scotland Gaelic is apparently understood by at least a few of the inhabitants. In five counties over 20 per cent. of the inhabitants speak Gaelic, while in twenty-three counties those able to do likewise are under 5 per cent.

Did as He Pleased.

Kickwood (to his old classmate, whom he has met by chance)—Come right into the house, old man. Here's the bottle. Have a drink.

Bunker—Does your wife let you drink?

Kickwood—Why, of course! Have a cigar, won't you?

Bunker—Thanks. Does your wife (puff) allow you to smoke (puff, puff) in the house?

Kickwood—Certainly! We'll have dinner, and then we'll go around to the club and meet some of the boys.

Bunker—Does your wife let you go to the club?

Kickwood—Why, of course!

Bunker—Um—where is your wife?

Kickwood—She is visiting relatives in the country.

How About Cigars?

Not one man in ten can select a good cigar or tell a five from a fifteen-center. If a weed burns even, makes a good ash and does not produce nausea they vote it a good cigar. It smokes and that is all they know or care about it. It is not a fact, as many people appear to believe, that cabbage leaves are used in the manufacture of cheap cigars. Tobacco can be raised as cheaply as cabbage and works up much better, so there is no incentive for such adulteration. But much of the tobacco used in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of smoking tobacco has been gathered out of the gutter in the form of cigar subs.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Important Nautical Discovery.

Little Gertie—Oh, papa, I've just found out what makes the yachts go up and down so.

Papa—What is it, my child?

Little Gertie—It's that horrid man at the wheel, pa; he keeps stirring it up behind with a long pole.—*King's Jester.*

"Miss Budd's heart is like a volume in a circulating library." "How is that?" "Not to be kept longer than two weeks."

It is reported that William Black has announced that Andrew Carnegie will be the central figure of his forthcoming novel.

An Atchison girl of whom it is predicted that she would surely marry a king, is in Colorado supporting her husband by keeping boarders.

Father—Everything I say to you goes in one ear and out the other. Little Sen (thoughtfully)—Is that what little hole has two ears for, papa?

"It is not the dancing, but the hugging, that is improper," says the preacher. This complicates the matter most painfully.

There is a village on the Northern Pacific Railroad which has fifty-four inhabitants and two churches, both Presbyterian.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

A Woman's Day.

A hurry to the kitchen, a drive with pot and pan,
A tempting little breakfast set for a hungry man;
A row of fresh washed dishes put back into their place,
A row of children sent to school, each with a shining face.
A whirl of sheets and pillows, of dustpans and of brooms,
A set of smooth and snowy beds and neatly aired rooms;
A rather rapid toilet, within the glass a peep,
A tidy housewife setting forth with market-basket deep.
A little rest and reading, a noonday lunch to get,
A rush of school-free children—a hungry, hugging set;
A trim and tasteful street dress, a little hat of brown,
A solemn "Shakspeare Circle," and a little jaunt downtown.
A most delicious dinner, served up with love and fun;
A chat—a yawn—a pillow—and then her day is done.

Forty-nine per cent. of the days in London are wet.

Mars still glows like a locomotive headlight in the south.

The man who is blunt of speech is not apt to make cutting remarks.

Mr. McFad—By jove I've burst my suspenders. Mrs. McFad—Take mine. I will use your sash.

Angels can tell about how much religion you have by the amount of rain it takes to keep you at home from prayer meeting.—*Rose's Horn.*

It is estimated that in London nearly 100,000 tons of sulphur are annually thrown into the air as a result of the consumption of coal.

Gaswell—I am determined to live to be a hundred years old. Dukane—Indeed! Gaswell—Yes; I'll do it, or die in the attempt.

Whittier's broad religious belief was indicated in one of his most beautiful and touching verses:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Sick wife—I feel that I am dying, George. But there is only one regret on my mind. Broken-hearted husband—What is it, darling? Sick wife—That it isn't some other member of the family. Black is so becoming to me.

Willie—Mr. Dashaway, what is a thoroughbred? Dashaway—A thoroughbred, Willie, is a fellow who is game for anything. Willie—Then you must be one. Dashaway—Why? Willie—Sister says you are game for her.

"Henry," enquired the anxious wife, "what doctor shall I call?" "Send for Dr. Squinine," replied the sick husband feebly. "He's courting old Bullion's daughter and old Bullion is chairman of the life insurance company I'm insured in."

German student logic: If there were no brewers we would have no beer, and then we could not drink so much. If we did not drink so much, we would not be so giddy and waste so much money. Then we might become wealthy; and when we should have become wealthy we could—well, we could drink a great deal more.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"What is the meaning of the saying that a man shall earn his bread in the sweat of his brow?" asked a boy in a New York school. "Have you never observed a man working on a warm day?" "No, sir; don't think I ever saw one." "What does your father do on a hot day?" "He goes out bathing at Coney Island." "What is your father's business?" "He is a walking delegate."

Dr. Keneen had been called to see Mr. Squildig, who was complaining of a variety of pains. After a preliminary examination the physician asked Mrs. Squildig: "Are your husband's habits regular?" "Oh, yes, doctor," she replied. "When he's able to go out he leaves the house just as soon as he's through his supper, as regular as can be, and goes down town to spend his evenings with the boys."

Sheets and pillowslips made with hemstitched hems and an embroidery of the interlaced initials of the maiden name of the bride elect are now the proper presents for girl cronies to offer the fortunate one of their set. The girl who is married while this pretty custom continues in vogue will be sure to have a variety of embroidery designs in the collection of exquisitely fine bed linens which is now included among the essentials of a fashionable trousseau, for each of her friends will contribute one set.

Every woman should strive hard to avoid morbidness and melancholy. Never imagine yourself neglected, for in order to have other people think well of you you must think well of yourself. An under-valuation implies discontent with yourself, want of courage, and it is simply a timidity that should be corrected. Right here a word in regard to jealousy is apropos. Every time you are in the least inclined to be given over to its pangs, remember that jealousy is practically an acknowledgment of inferiority, and is not therefore consistent with your scheme of thinking well of yourself.

The bust of the Queen, upon which the Princess Louise has been engaged for some months, and which Her Royal Highness has, with Her Majesty's consent, promised to send to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair, is now complete. It is a notable example of the Princess' skill, and, standing in the Queen's boudoir at Osborne, it has attracted much attention among members of the Royal Family. The Princess has also been at work upon some pictures which are intended for Chicago, and these, it is said, will after the exhibition be sold, the proceeds being given to some of the charitable institutions in this country in which she takes so much interest. Of all the daughters of the Queen Princess Louise is the best artist, though she is closely run by Princess Beatrice.

All respectable and refined men and women unite in deploring the popularity of the prize ring, but there is no denying the wide-spread human interest in the result of Wednesday night's contest at New Orleans. Apropos of this truth, the New York *Times* editorially recalls an incident preceding the Heenan-Sayers fight over thirty years ago. It is the tale of an assemblage of English clergymen, in session at that time, who were so much more interested in the event of the forthcoming prize fight than in the ecclesiastical considerations proper to the occasion as to scandalize the archbishop, who reprehended their interest in so vulgar and debasing a contest, adding that, for his own part, he had never entertained any doubt that, from the extraordinary endurance of the man Sayers, he would conquer the American.

Wife (impatiently)—This new dress doesn't set well, and I know it. Husband—What makes you think so? Wife—It's too comfortable.

A long first joint of the thumb shows will power; a long second joint indicates reasoning power; a thick, wide thumb indicates marked individuality.

Clerk—How shall I mark these goods? Old Tapeyard—Just figure out 50 per cent. profit and add seven odd cents, so the women will think it's a bargain.

She—Oh, Charley! that mosquito has come from your hand to mine. He—Aw—beautiful thought! that your blood and mine—aw—mingles in the same mosquito.

The Queen of England has selected the designs for the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence. The Empress of Austria has presented the marble from which it will be cut.

"It's no use, mamma," protested the tired and sleepy little girl at church. "I can't hold my eye open another minute longer. He's only got to "finally my brethren."

When Francis E. Willard returns from England she is going to bring with her William T. Stead, the founder of the *Review of Reviews*, whom she regards as the greatest living journalist.

She—I hinted to papa that you were likely to propose, and I half suspect he is going to put a check to our prospective marriage. He—That's encouraging. I hope the check will be a liberal one.

She—I knew her intimately for several years, and saw her in every condition of life. She was delightful—absolutely without peculiarities. Another She—Is it possible? What a peculiar person she must be.

Woman's sphere is being enlarged in England. In the British Medical Association the rule declaring women ineligible for membership has been rescinded, and a woman is to speak at the next meeting of the Church Congress.

The following mortuary advertisement is taken from an English paper:

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lay the hardiest of the Lion;
His son Agrippa on this hundredth year
Resigned his state to the Royal Mr. Weir.

Old Friend—Your husband used to be so tough and profane, and now he's so gentle, and refined, and courtly, I hardly knew him. Mrs. Minks—Yes, I've noticed the change. I'll bet a cookie he's got a copper-writer girl in his office.

The man who need to say of sir Walter Scott that he "had no pride about him," has just died at the age of 93 years. John Douglas, of Selkirk, was a contemporary and acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd.

Wall Street Broker (benevolently)—Let me see. I believe you are the boy I bought a paper of yesterday when I didn't have change. I owe you three cents. Here it is. Newsboy (who isn't the boy)—Never mind, mister. Keep it for y'r honesty.

"My boy is awfully smart," said Newpop. "He's only 3 years old, but gosh, how he can count! He counted his blocks the other day up to 25; and by Jove, do you know, when I came to count 'em to see if he was right, they came to exactly 17!"

"May I ask if that was your maiden effort?" inquired a Chicago *Tribune* reporter at the women's rights convention, edging his way around to the fair orator who had just sat down amid loud applause. "It was not, sir," she replied emphatically. "I'm a widow."

When "melancholy days" come round and leaves get brown and red,
When one is shocked, and when you add a blanket to your bed,
When apples, pared and quartered, are set in the sun to dry,
This is the time you smack your lips and think of pumpkin pie.

This pumpkin pie's a tempting dish to almost any fellow,
So sweet and tender, luscious (rum!) and then withal so yellow,
You stir up eggs and milk and spice and sugar and cream,
And then you add the pumpkin and that makes the pumpkin pie.

A doubt's been growing in my mind and I've been thinking why,
With eggs and sugar, milk and spice, we call it pumpkin pie,
For pumpkin by itself is naught—'tis cow—and by jing
Eggs, sugar, milk and spice will make a pie with anything.

How like to pumpkin are some men who are lauded in these days,
Somebody does the work for them and they usurp the praise.
Henceforth, I'll make a metaphor when such an one I espy,
And every false usurper I'll call a pumpkin pie.

The gold cure puts the drinker on his metal, as it were.

Before a man has begun to think a woman has begun to talk.

Attalie—What was the original sin? Travers—Eavesdropping.

To stare at a pretty girl is an insult; to stare at a homely one is a compliment.

"Mamma," said little Johnny, "if I swallowed a thermometer would I die by degrees?"

He—What! Reading a yellow backed novel! She—Of course. You can't expect me to read any other kind with a black dress, can you?

HIS END.

The Indians had worried him; the Japanese had bombed him; the Southern mule had curried him, but under this he thrived.

The cannibals had pickled him, had bound him and had tickled him; a silver man had nickeled him, and yet he still survived.

A tariff crank had heated him; a Brooklyn man had treated him, and poker had depleted him and swept away his pile.

A cyclone swiftly had sifted him; a Boston girl had wilted him; a Hartford girl had jilted him, yet only made him smile.

But when one night the marched within a nightshirt that was arched within because it was so starched within, he tried to catch his breath.

But when he rolled around in it, his curses made no sound in it. Next day the woman was found in it. He'd kicked himself to death.

Young Mr. Dolley—How lovely those fleecy white clouds look lying against that blue sky. Miss Flypp—Yes, indeed. They look like delicious ice-cream on great blue saucers. Dolley—Y-e-s—ah, would you like some cream, Miss Flypp? Miss Flypp—Don't care if I do. How kind of you to suggest it, Mr. Dolley.

"If you lost the nomination because you refused to buy the delegates," observed the sympathizing friend, "you have nothing to reproach yourself with. You did right to refuse, and it is better to be right than to be President." "Yes, I know," said the disappointed aspirant, "but it hurts like thunder to be right and then get left."

My mother-in-law never understands a joke," says a correspondent. "I finish a good story, and she always looks up and asks, 'Well, what did the other man say?' As she can't appreciate wit, I was surprised to receive a letter from her a few weeks ago. In my letter I had swallowed a farthing, in which the last words were, 'Has