The Human Auction.

Ho ! here are lives by the score to sell ; Up to the platform, gents, and bid ; Make me an offer, they'll pay you well-All of 'em ripe for the comin lid. Here is a woman, pinched and pale, Plying her needle for daily bread ; Give me a shirt for her-more on sale, Dying ! gentlemen-dying !-dead !

A family, six in number, here, Fresh from a cellar in Somers Town; Mother her sixth confinement hear, Father and brats with fever down. 'Twas Pecstlence spoke then, was it not? "An open sewer.'' I think he said; Well, his offer shall buy the lot, Dying! gentlemen—dying!—dead!

Now, good customers, here's a chance : A thousand men in the prime of life, Wielders of musket, sword and lance, Armed and drilled for the deadly strife. General Warfare lifts his hand— "A bullet for each," cries the gent in red, No offer but his-fast flows the sand, Dying ! gentlemen-dying !-dead !

A body of toilers, worn and weak, Clerk and curates and writing a A Clory of Abress, work a writing men-Look at the flush on each sunken cheel Mark the flusers that grasp the part Mark the flusers that grasp the part Come, good gentlemen, can't wo deal ? Has Drudgery's even for bargains flod Hooffors, at last, the price of a meal-Dying ! gentlemen-dying ! deal -GEORGE R. SIMS

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

The letter was as follows :

your husband. "He wishes me to add that he has sent

all clothes, jewels, and personal effects belonging to his daughter Nea Huntingdon, now styling herself Nea Trafford, to the anclosed address, and he has directed his manager, Mr. Dobson, to strike Mr. Trafford's name off the list of colerks. Any attempts to open any further correspondence with Mr. Huntingdon wil be useless, as all such letters will be returned or destroyed.—I remain, madam

your humble serverant, SISTER TERES." Enclosed was a cheque for two hundred pounds and a little slip of paper with a few pencilled lines in Sister Teress's hand-

iting. ' For the love of heaven do not send on come-it would be worse than useless, he is nearly beside himself with anger; your maid interceded for you with tears, and has been sent away with her wages. No one dares to say a word." Oh fathers! provoke not your children to

wrath. It was that hard, cruel letter that changed Nea's repentance to unrelenting bitterness. Instinctively she felt the iron of her

rock as expect forgiveness. Well, she was aright. his own child, her will was strong too, and in the arguish of her despair she called upon her pride to support her, she leant her fainting woman's heart upon that most fotten of reeds

He had disinherited her, his only child, he had diamierted her, his only ond, he had diamierted her, his only ond, well, she would defy him; and then she re-membered his ill-health, their projected tripto Pau, their happy schemes for the future, till her heart felt almost broken, but for all that she stood like a statue, crushing down the pain in the very stubbornness of her pride

Ah, Nea, unhappy Nea! poor motherless, wilful girl; well may she look round her with that scared, hunted look. Was this her future home, these poor

rooms, this shabby furniture? Belgrave House closed to her for ever. But as she looked round with that fixed miserable glance, why did the tears suddenly dim her eyes

Her glance had fallen on Maurice, still sitting motionless with his hands before his eyes-Maurice, her husband; yes, there he sat, the man whom her own wilfulness had dragged to the brink of ruin, whose faith and honor she had tempted, whose honest purpose she had templed, whose honest purpose she had shaken and destroyed, who was so crushed with remorse for his own weakness that he dare not look her in the face; and as she gazed at him, Nea's whole heart yearned with generous pity over the man who had brought her to poverty, but whom she had lo ed and would love to her life's end.

And Maurice, sitting crushed with that awiul remorse, felt his hands drawn down face smiling at him through her tears, felt the smooth brown head nestle to his breast, and heard the low sobbing words-

For better, for worse, for richer, for

pride, always her chief fault, came as a sumbling block in her way; she could not bear to go into the world and face strangers. And Maurice on his side could not endure with me. Maurice is dying. My husband the thought that his beautiful young wife should be exposed to slights and humilia-tions; so Nea's fine talents wasted by

Still, even these scruples would have faded under the pressure of severer needs, had not children come to weaken Nea's strength and keep her drudging at home. Nea had never seen her father or heard inything from him all this time. Maurice, t was true, had humbled himself again, and again, but his letters had all been eturr

But when her boy was born, Nea's heart oftened by the joys of maternity, yearned assionately for a reconciliation, and by er husband's advice, she stifled all feelings softened by the state of the st

hild! To her he was a miracle, a evelation. Nature had opened a fount of onsolation in her troubles. She would lie, atiently for hours on her couch, watching patiently for hours on her couch, watching her baby in his sleep. Maurice coming in jaded and weary from his work would" pause on the threshold to admire the picture. He though his wife never looked so beautiful as when she had the boy in

so beautiful as when she had the boy in her arms. And so the years passed on. Maurice worked, and struggled, and pinched, till his face grew old and careworn, and the hard racking cough began to make itself heard, and Nea's fine color faded, for the children were coming fast now, and the days were growing darker and darker. By and by there was a baby girl, with her father's eyes, and beautiful as a little angel; then twin boys whom Nea kissed and fondled for a few weeks, and then laid in their little coffins; then another boy who

in their little coffins; then another boy who only lived two years; and lastly, after a

only lived two years; and lastly, after a long lapse of time, another girl. But when this one was born the end was fast approaching. Mr. Huntingdon had been abroad for a year or two, and had just returned to Belgrave House—so Mr. Dobson informed Nea when he dropped in one evening on one of his brief visits— and he had brought with him a young widowed piece such ber boy

widowed niece and her boy. Nea remembered her cousin Erle Hunt-ingdon and the dark-eyed girl whom he had married and taken with him to Naples;

Instinctively she felt the iron of her father's will enter into her soul. In a moment she understood, as she had never done before, the hardness and coldness of his nature, the inflexibility of his purpose; as well might she adas herself against a rock as event forgiveness. Well, she was aviet.

"Try again, Mrs. Trafford," he said, holding out his hand as he rose; "humble yourself in the dust, for the sake of your children." And Nea took his advice, but she never had any answer to her letter, and soon after that their kind old friend, Mr. Dobson, died, and then everything went wrong. Maurice's employer gave up business,

and his successor, a hard grasping man found fault with Maurice's failing health and dismissed him as an incompetent clerk; and this time Maurice found himself without

For a little time longer he struggled on. hough broken in heart and health. They left their comfortable lodgings and

took cheaper ones, and sold every article of furniture that was not absolutely necessary and the day before the baby was born, Nea, weeping bitterly, took her last relic, her mother's portrait, from the locket set with pearls from her neck, and asked Maurice to sell the little ornament.

All through that long illness, though Heaven only knows how, Maurice struggled Ill himself, he nursed his sick wife with

patient care and tenderness. Nea and her little ones had always plenty of nourishing food, though he himself often went without the comforts he needed ; he kept the children quict, he did all and more than all a woman would have done, before, worn out at last in body and mind, he laid himself down, never to rise again.

And Nea, going to him with her sickly baby in her arms, saw a look on his face that terrified her, and knelt down by his side, while he told her between his paroxysms of coughing what little there was to tell. She knew it all now; she knew the poor, here the here advant here here the poor.

She knew it all now; she knew the poor, brave heart had been slowly breaking for

in the next he would have moved on had she not caught him by the arm. "Father," she sobbed; "father, come with me. Maurice is dying. My husband is dying; but he says he cannot die until he has your forziveness. Come home with he has your forgiveness. Come home with me; come home with your own Nea, father," but he shook off her grasp, and began to

descend the steps: "Here, Stephen ;" he said, taking some gold from his pocket ; "give this to the woman and send her away. Come, Beatrice, I are wordt." am ready." Merciful Heaven! had this man a huma

heart, that he should disown his flesh and blood? Would it have been wonderful if she

blood? Would it have been wonderful if she had spoken bitter scathing words to the unnatural parent who was driving her from his door? But Nea never spoke, she only turned away with a shudder from the sight of the proffered gold, and then draw-ing her thin clock still closer round her child, turned wearily away. True, she had sinned ; but her punish-word was a hundled times treater than

something that felt like an iron claw woul leave off gripping her heart, she coul almost have felt comfortable. Mauric must die, she knew that, but something els had died before him. She wondered if were this same heart of hers; and the were this same heart of hers; and then she noticed her baby's hood was crooked, and stopped at the next lamp-post to put it straight, and felt a vague sort of pity for it, when she saw its face was pinched and blue with cold, and pressed it closer to her, though she rather hoped to find it dead when she reached home. "One less to suffer and to starve," thought Nea.

hought Nea. Maurice's wistful eyes greeted her whe

she opened the door, but she only shook her head and said nothing; what had she to say? She gave her half-frozen infant

into a neighbor's care, and then sat down and drew Maurice's face to her bosom, still speechless in that awful apathy. And there she sat hour after hour, till he

died peacefully in her arms, and his last words were, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." *

When she had ceased to wish for then

riends came around her in her trouble and ninistered to her wants. Kind faces followed Maurice to his last sting-place, and saved him from a pauper'

grave The widow and her children were clothed in decent mourning, and placed in comfor

able lodgings. s. roused from her silent apathy. Nea never roused from her silent apathy, ever looked at them or thanked them. Their kindness had come too late for the provide the set of the s

er, she said to herself, and it was not until ng afterwards that she knew that she wed all this consideration to the family their kind old friend Mr. Dobson, b) their kind of the purse of her cousin Beatrice Huntingdon, who dare not come in person to see her. But by and by they spoke very firmly and kindly to her. They pointed to her children—they had placed her boy at an excellent school—and told her that for their sakes she must live and work. If the back backed larger in that suffer vork. If she broaded longer in that sullen lespair she would die or go mad; and they prought her baby to her, and watched its

feeble arms trying to clasp her neck; saw the widow's passionate tears rain on its innocent face—the tears that saved the poor hot brain—and knew she was saved; nd by and by, when they thought she had

regained her strength, they asked her gently what she could do. Alas! she had suffered er fine talents to rust. They had nothing ut impoverished material to use ; but at last they found her a situation with two naiden ladies just setting up a school in he neighborhood, and here she gave daily

And so, as the years went on, things ecame a little brighter. Nea found her work interesting, her

ittle daughter Fern accompanied her to the school, and she taught her with her

other pupils. Presently the day's labor became light to her, and she could look forward to the evening when her son, fetching her on his way from school, would escort her homehumble home it was true : but when she ooked at her boy's handsome face, and Fern's innocent beauty, and felt her little one's caresses, as she climbed up into her one's caresses, as she climbed up into her lap, the widow owned that her lot had its

mpensations. But the crowning trial was yet to come Nøt long after Maurice's death, Mr. Huntingdon made his first overture of

your father suffered, and-and," with s

your faint suiters, "you see for yourself there is no mention of me in that letter. Belgrave House is closed to your mother." "Yes, I know, and it is an awful shame, "Yes, I know, and it is an awful shame, but never mind, mother, I shall come and see you very often ;" and then when the lawyer had left them to talk it over, he dilated with boyish eagerness on the advantage to them all if he accepted his grandfather's offer. His mother would be saved the expense of his education, she would not have to work so hard; he would be rich himself, and would be able to help them. But at this point she stopped him.

him. "Understand once for all, Percy," she

"Understand once for all, Percy," she said with a sternness that he had never seen in her, " that the advantage will be solely for yourself; neither I nor your sisters will ever accept help that comes from Belgrave House; your riches will be nothing to me, my son. Think again before you give up your mother." He would never give her up, he said, with a rough boyish caress; he should see her often—often, and it was wicked, wrong to talk about refusing his help; he would talk to his grandfather and make him ashamed of himself—indeed there was no end to the glowing plans he made. Nea's heart sickened as she heard him, she knew his boyish selfishness and restlessness were leading him astray, and some of the bitterest tears she ever shed were shed that pitterest tears she evershed were shed that

night. But from that day she ceased to plead with him, and before many weeks were over Percy had left his mother's humble home, and, after a short stay at Belgrave House, was on his way to Eton with his cousin Erle Huntingdon. Percy never owned in his secret heart

Herey never owned in his secret heart that he had done a mean thing in giving up his mother for the splendors of Belgrave House, that the thought that her son was living in the home that was closed to her was adding gall and bitterness to the widow's life; he thought he was proving himself a dutiful son when he came to see her so often, though the visits were scarcely all he wished them to be.

all he wished them to be. True, his mother never reproached him, and always welcomed him kindly, but her lips were closed on all that related to his home life. She could speak of his school-fellows and studies, but of his grandfather, and of his new pony and fine gun she would not speak, or even care to hear about them. When he took her his boyish gifts they were quietly but firmly returned Even poor little Florence, or Fluff as they called her, was obliged to give back the blue-eyed doll that he had brought for her. Fluff had fretted so about the loss of the doll that her mother had bought her

nother. another. Percy carried away his gifts, and did not come for a long time. His mother's white wistful face seemed to put him in the wrong. "Any other fellow would have done the same under the circumstances," done the same under the circumstances," thought Percy, sullenly; "I think my mother is too hard on me;" but even his conscience misgave him, when he would see her turn away sometimes with the tears in her eyes, after one of his boast-ing speeches. He was too young to be hardened. He knew, yes, surely he must have known? that he was grieving the have known? that he was grieving the tenderest heart in the world, and one day he would own that not all his grandfather's

wealth could compensate him for being traitor to his mother. (To be continued.)

Care of Preserved Fruit. Keeping fruit or any provision depen

n three things. It must be sound to begin. on three things. It must be sound to begin. A speck of decay or acid change will de-velop ferment in a kettle of fruit. Second, the jars or cans must be air-tight. The object of steaming the fruit is to expel the air and arrest the change in the juice, which would naturally proceed to ferment. Air penetrates in finer ways than we can dis-cern, and needs much less than the crevice of a hair or pin's point to enter and spoil

of a hair or pin's point to enter and spoil the contents. Glass that is free from the contents. Glass that is free from cracks or air bubbles, well-glazed stone-ware, free from flaws, yellow ware, or strong, dark earthen jars, will keep the fruit from the air, provided it is sealed with wax, putty, or bladder, soaked and left to shrink on the mouth of the jars. Cans with screw tops and rubber rings are apt to have slight defects, which prevent perfect sealing, and cannot be depended on without wax.

slight defects, which prevent perfect sealing, and cannot be depended on without wax. Third, the jars must be kept in a dry, dark, cold place, very little above freezing. A shelf in a furnace-warmed cellar or store-room opening from a kitchen is not the place to preserve fruit. It may be put up in the best manner, and yet spoil through keeping in the light or where it is not cool. Glass cans should be wrapped in paper, buried in sand or sawdust or kept in a dark

CURRENT TOPICS

RINGLETS flourished in 1846. In thos days accomplished girls "twanged the

light guitar" and accompanied themselve Infit guisar and accompanied themselves in the most sentimental of songs. They liked sitting dreaming in the moonlight alone, or *en tete-a-tete*. They read unlimited novels and had no sense of humor. They never awoke to the realities of life until they married and wore their hair in bands. If you put a girl in ringlets what can you expect? Certainly nothing practical or energetic. It is well known that the slight. expect? Certainly nothing practical of energetic. It is well known that the slight est exertion takes the ringlets out of curl Let us hope that fate will never be so crue as again to make them fashionable.

THE Empress of Austria is very proud o the produce of her fine Schochbrunn farm

She recently sent a fine ham, weighin twenty-two pounds, to her sister, address To the Countess of Trani at Baden, from her sister the Empress of Austria," but the certificate of origin which should have accompanied it was forgotten, and the customs officers at Limbach detained the parcel, and sent to the Inspect detained the at Vienna a printed form, which, filled up read as follows: "A parcel is lying at the customs addressed to the Countess d Trani. Please inform us if the sender, the Empress of Austria, resides at Vienna and is a pork butcher by trade." A satisfac tory answer was returned.

THE biggest missionary enterprise ecord has been accomplished by Rev George Muller, founder of an orphanage a Bristol, who has just returned from

preaching tour round the world. The indefatigable evangelist has been absent te years, during which time he has travelle over 130,000 miles, extending through th United States, New Zealand, Australia, th Malayan Peninsula, China, Japan and th ourney home through Europe. What nakes the feat really extraordinary is that Makes the really extraordinary is that Mr. Muller is now 82 years of age, and is reported to have finished in splendid con-dition. His united congregations during the tour amount to over a million persons A peculiarity of the veteran's methods of collecting money for his archeorage is the collecting money for his orphanage is that he never asks for it. He merely tells his story of how he has been sustained in the past, and the wealth comes rolling in. Never disappoint a woman. As Con

greve says, "Hell has no fury like

woman scorned." The other morning oman in New York city committed suiide because her husband would not permi her to spend the day in the country. He foolishly insisted that she should stay at home with him and assist him in his drink. ing saloon instead, and in her disappoint ment she took her life. An even more striking instance of the inability of some women to endure the frustration of their plans is reported from Kansas City. Mrs. amieson, a wife and mother, had arrange o go on an excursion with her family, but rainstorm interfered. The love of a levoted husband and the claims of three young children were not sufficient to star the woman's suicidal hand, and she deliberately swallowed a fatal dose of chlor-oform. A more senseless and cruel act was never committed. Surely the nature of of six or seven breadths of twilled silk gathered to a velvet standing collar. They are without sleeves, but the front breadths are doubled from the foot up and the arms pass out between the doubled fronts; a ribbon belt attached to the two back seams oman passeth all understanding M. P. LECLERChis propounded a theor

that odor is, like light and sound, a pho-

nomenon of undulation. He cites in sur port of his view that many substances, like sulphur and copper, do not emit odors unti they are rubbed, and it is more reasonable suppose that the rubbings cause undula ons than that under that condition th ubstances emit matter which cannot h detected except as a smell. Again, arsen ious acid when thrown upon a burning coa gives thick gray fumes and an odor o garlic. In the solid state it has no smell and no more in the vaporous state if no chemical change takes place in volatilizing it. But when it is thrown upon the hol coal a reduction takes place to arsenic, that s volatilized and then reoxidized on con ng in contact with the air, and we have smell accompanying the chemical action the same as in many other cases we have light or heat in connection with it. M Leclerc, continuing his experiments with rather imperfect instrument, claims to hav produced interference of odors analogou with the interference phenomena of ligh

silk facing, or in gray blue with dark navy blue silk. They reach to the heel and wholly protect their garments underneath MANY people do not know how easil they can protect themselves and their children against the bites of gnats and ther insects. Weak carbolic acid sponged in the skin and hair, and in some cases the other ins or gray and white stripes, stripes of fawn clothing, will drive away the whole tribe.

THEIR NAME WAS WADDELL Strange Meeting of Two Brothers Who

Queer Features Roof Life in Cro Had Never Seen Each Other. A portly, prosperous looking gentlema

SEEN ON TH

OUSE-TOP

Parts of New York City.

From the editorial rooms of the Mail

nd Express the roofs of hundreds of house may be seen spreading on all sides, some high, others low. Amid the wilderness of smoking chimneys, flapping clothes hung out to dry and interwoven telegraph wircs

nto the street, or upon the roof of a hous

public parks, the roofs serve as playgroun for the poor. Workingmen gather

for the poor. Workingmen gather in groups to smoke their pipes, or play dominoes, and checkers. Women sit together chatting, while their children run

about in play or sprawl at their mothors knees. Every feature of park life at 1, j, l may be seen excepting the green trees at d the fountains. On some housetops little

gardens have been carefully cultivated

Late Scottish News,

Swam across the Clyde between Kirn en the Cloch, a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The Bishop of Argyll was recently prested in Algiers as a supposed spy, and letained for a few days.

A long continued draught has caused

great scarcity of water in various towns

The Culblean and Kinnord sections of the

Marquis of Huntly's Aboyne estate, 9 500 acres, have been sold to Mr. C. H. Wilson, M. P. for Hull, for £45,000.— At the Glasgow Circuit Court, of the 28th ult., the young man Hugh Abersethy.

who attempted to murder a young woman

with whom he had been keeping company, was—some mitigating circumstances having been allowed—sentenced to imprisonment for twelve months. Kinblethmont House, five miles from

Arbroath, the residence of Lindsay Car-negie, was totally destroyed by fire on the 26th ult. Most of the furniture at d the plate were got out of the burning manison,

although not without suffering injury, but

£15,000. In the Circuit Court, at Aberdeen on the

near Huntly, put in a plea of guilty of cul-pable homicide, and this being accepted he was sent to penal servitude for inclusivy years. - An Aberdeen solicitor named fin-

jears. An About ayson was sentenced to fifteen and imprisonment for forgery. On the 27th uit, a bronze tablet, bearing the inscription "Here dwelt John Galt at his death, 11th April, 1839," was rflixed to the wall of the building at the northwest corner of Blackhall street and West Burn street, in Greenock. The idea of this street, a few years' ag

street, in Greenock. The idea of this memorial was suggested a few years ago on the visit to Scotland from Canada of

Sir A. T. Galt, son of the novelist, and carried out after some delay by some ad-mirers of Galt's works. The tablet was executed by John C. Wilson & Co., Glas-

Sanitary Value of Hot Tea.

Tea taken hot is certainly more whole-ome than ided tea. This is well shown by he enormous population of China, which

ould never have increased to its present

practical sanitation is of more value than

PRO CONFESSO

lst instant, Alexander Stewart, who charged with the murder of a wen

notwithstanding, the loss is estima

and villages in Scotland.

On the 25th ult. a man with only one leg

between the flower beds, where the p walk in the evening.—New York Mail

A point, prosperous-looking gentleman sat in a Sixth avenue elevated car on Mon-day evening. The conductor had just shouted "Umteenth street" and banged the gate. Another portly gentleman came in and sat down. There was a re-markable resemblance between the two men. A journalist nudged portly party number one and said : "Beg pardon, sit. Do you see your counterpart situing sir. Do you see your counterpar

sir. Do you see your counterpart sitting opposite?" "By Godfrey, he's the image of me." Then leaning over he tapped the image on the knee with the Evening Sun: "Excuse me, sir. You are my double. Will you oblige me with your card?" The image looked up, seemed bewildered for an instant. "I haven't a card with me, sir, but my name is Waddell, of Murray, Idaba."

out to dry and interwoven telegraph wires is enough rubbish to fill in an acre of swamp land. Old kettles, broken bottles, bricks, shoes, boots, tomato cans and gar-bage make up the conglomerate hear. The low-roofed houses seem to be the dumping ground for the tenements of higher buildings. In the tenements base districts the condition of things is much worse, for the people habitually throw the ashes and garbage out of their high windows upon the roofs of the adjoining houses. The tet.-dency so natural in simple country fok to the roots of the adjoining houses. The ici.-dency so natural in simple country folk to toss their rubbish over a neighbor's file has come to be a practice with the city po-ple also. The countryman, however, has one advantage over his city brother; he can remedy the injury done him by tossing the rubbish back, whereas this is hardly practicable in the city. The only recourse left the injured citizen is to shovel it off into the street, or upon the roof of a house Idaho "Waddell, eh? Where is your native

place?" "Manchester, England, sir."

"Your father's name James?" "Yes, sir. Oblige me with your name

'Certainly, Jimmy. You don't know

me, do you? "You look like a Waddell. 'Are you my "rother Smallwood?" "That's what I am."

stairs arm in arm and a moment later wer

Into the street, or upon the roof of a house lower than his own. Roof life in New York is a curious and instructive study. Few know how many thousands of people do their work on the housetops, unobserved by passers in the streets. From the Mail and Express windows at least one hundred men and women may be seen on neighbor-ing houses busy with their various occup and tions. On one roof several women are st Thetwo brothers shook hands for abou The two brothers shook hands for about a minute, exchanging inquiries. An explanation revealed the fact that the elder brother, Smallwood, had left England two years before James was born. He had been in Peru thirty-two years and had not heard from home in twenty years. James was in business in Murray, Idaho. They climbed down the Twenty-third street stairs arm in arm and a moment later ware tions. On one roof several women are at their washing tubs, while others are hang their washing tubs, while others are hang-ing up clothes to dry. On hundreds of roofs long lines of clothes are flapping in the wind. The washing of this city is done upon the housetops. Besides the washerwomen scores of telegraphic line-men are mending their wires. At night time they swarm with human beings. On the east side, where there are few or 10 nublic necks the roofs serve are playmoud. elebrating their meeting with a bottle of Roederer.—New York Evening Sun.

with

Express.

Latest Ladies' Fashion Notes.

A new idea in Jerseys is a low-necke nd short-sleeved one Another fabric very popular at the sea-side is a heavy quality of wrinkled cheese cloth in delicate evening shades. They are trimmed with numerous rows of narrow watered ribbon, and produce good effects

in draping. Point d'esprit is much used for summe

shirt of white flannel.

orms them into the waist.

evening gowns, not only in white but the new colored sorts that come in shades of green, heliotrope, porcelain blue and old pink. The narrow watered ribbons is a avorite trimming on these frocks also. For wearing to the beach for the morn

ing bath gowns easily put off and on are selected. A pretty one is of soft, light weight, cream colored flannel, simply draped and trimmed with wide Hercules braid. The bodice is a loose belted waist

of flannel, with fine blue lines through it

A novel design for cloaks for travelling of

coaching is copied from the cloaks of the Irish peasant women and envelop the wearer from head to foot. They are made

These cloaks are shown in brown, gra

or navy blue silk, striped with hair lines of eru or red, and are shirred into the velvet

collar. Thin silks made waterproof are made up in this design for rain or dust cloaks. Other travelling cloaks of gray camel's hair or serge are made up with a

much closer shape and are trimmed with three rows of dull silver galloon. Dark,

cross-barred homespuns in shades of ecr and brown are made up as ulster an

and brown are made up as ulster and travelling cap for use in ocean voyaging. The tenors are making coats for use in yachting and coaching of soft, loosely woven woollens with herring-bone stripes like chuddah. These have loose fronts

held by a band or girdle fastened with a silver clasp, while the back is adjusted in long pleats, beginning at the collar. A cape or hood is worn with these garments; they

are made up in fawn color with heliotrope

Travelling dresses for summer journeys by rail or steamer are made of lustrous

by rail or steamer are made of lustrous mohairs, either in shades of French gray

and white, blue and white, or solid dark

nade with a sailor collar opening o

poorer, till death us do part, have I not promised, Maurice ? take me to your heart and comfort me with your love, for in all years, and had given way at last; she knew what he had suffered to see the woman he loved dragged down to the level of his poverty, and made to endure such bitterness of humiliation ; she knew, when the world I have no one but you-no one but you !'

CHAPTER X. IN DEEP WATERS. Let our unceasing, earnest prayer Be, too, for light, for strength to bear Our portion of the weight to care, That croshes into dumb despair One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity ! O ve afflicted ones who lie O enamine, so in minor in the second second second second second second Longing, and yet atraid to do, . Patient though sorely tried ! I pledge you in this cup of grief, Where floats the formel's bitter leaf ! The lattic of your life is brief. The alarm, the struggle, the gelief : Then sleep we side by side. Longfel Longfell

Nea had to learn by bitter experience that the fruits of disobedience and deceit are like the apples of Sodom, fair to the sight, but mere ashes to the taste, and in her bitter mood she owned that her will not refuse me."

punishment was just. Slowly and laboriously, with infinite care and pains, she set herself to unlearn the lessons of her life. For wealth she had Neakissed the drawn pallid face without a word, tied on her shabby bonnet, and took her baby in her arms—it was a puny, sickly creature, and wailed incessantly, and she could not leave it—then with the toil; but in all her froubles her strong will and pride sustained her; and though she suffered, and heaven only knew how she suffered ! she never complained or murmured until the end came

For her pride sustained her, and whe nat failed, her love came to her aid. cious of the driving sleet that pelted her

ce with icy particles. For her heart felt like a stone : Maurice How she loved him, how she clung t For her he him in those days, no one but Mauri vas dying; but no! he should not die: with her own hands she would hold back knew ; in her bitterest hours his words had from her pain. When it was possible, she hid her troubles from him, and never her belowed from the entrance to the dark valley; she wold minister to his fainting soul the cordial of a tardy forgiveness, though she should be forced to grovel for it at her father's fect. And then all at once added to his by vain repining and regrets. But in spite of Nea's courage and Maurice's patience, they had a terrible hard life of it.

hear

she suddenly stopped, and found she was clinging, panting for breath, to some area railings, that the baby was crying miser-ably on her bosom, and that she was looking through the open door into her At first Maurice's efforts to find another clerkship were in vain, and they were compelled to live on the proceeds of the cheque; then Nea sold her jewels, that they might have, something to fall back father's hall. There was a carriage standing there, and a footman was shivering as he walked up and down the pavement. No one took

But presently Mr. Dobson came t

He had a large family, and could not d notice of the beggar-woman as they thought her, and Nea, moved by a strange impulse and desire for warmth and comfort, -crept a few steps nearer and looked in. There was a boy in a velvet tunic sliding up and down the gilded balustrades; and a much, as he told them, sorrowfully; but he found Maurice, with some trouble, a small clerkship at eighty pounds a year advising him at the same time to eke our their scanty income by taking in copying

work of an evening Indeed, as Maurice discovered many time in his need, he did not want a friend as long as the good manager lived. And so those two young creatures took up the heavy burden of their lives, and

teps higher. carried it with tolerable patience and courage; and as in the case of our first parents, exiled by a woman's weakness from the fair gardens of Paradise, so, though they

reaped thorns and thistles, and earned their ad by the sweat of their brow, yet the his way. bitter-sweet memories of their lost Eden abode with them, and in their poverty they And so, under the gas-light, with servants

atching them curiously, Mr. Huntingdon | and Fluff.' tasted many an hour of pure unsullied

an hoar of pure unsullied watching them curiously, Mr. Huntingdon and Fluff." and his daughter met again. One who stood near him says an awful pallor, like the pallor of death, came over his face for an instant when he saw her standing before him with her baby in her arms, but love. For they were young, and youth's courage is high, and the burden of those days was not yet too hard to be bo

His niece, Beatrice, had died suddenly nd her boy was fretting sadly for his nother.

Some one had pointed out to Mr. Huntgdon one day a dark-eved handsome boy n deep mourning, looking at the riders in Rotten Row, and had told him that it was is grandson, Percy Trafford. it was too late, that the man was crushed under the consequences of his weakness, that his remorse was killing him; and that he would seal his repentance with his life. And then came from his pale lips a Mr. Huntingdon had said nothing at th ime, but the boy's face and noble bearing

time, but the boy's face and noble bearing haunted him, he was so like his mother, when as a child she had played about the rooms at Belgrave House. Perhaps, stiffe it as he might, the sobbing voice of his daughter rang in his ears, "Come home with your own Nea, father;" and in spite of his pride his conscience was beginning to torment him. whispered entreaty that Nea shuddered to " Dearest," he had said, when she had

"Dearest," he had said, when she had implored him to say what she could do to comfort him, "there is one thing; go to your father. Yes, my darling," as she shivered at his words, "go to him your-self; let him see your dear face that has grown so thin and pale; perhaps he will see for himself, and have pity. Tell him I am dying, and that I cannot die in peace until he has promised to forgive you, and take care of you and the children. You will do this for me, Nea, will you not? you know how I have, suffered, and will not refuse me." to torment him. Nea smiled scornfully when she listen to the lawyer's overtures. Mr. Huntingdo was willing to condone the past with regard to her son Percy. He would take the boy, educate him, and provide for him most liberally, though she must understand that his nephew, Erle, would be his heir, still on every other point the boys should have equal advantages. Had she ever refused him anything

And Belgrave House, the home where my boy is to live, will be closed to his mother," asked Nea, still with that delicate torn on her face. The lawyer looked uncomfortable

" I have no instructions on that point Mrs. Trafford; I was simply to guarantee that he should be allowed to see yo tears blinding her poor eyes, she walked rapidly through the dark streets, hardly feeling the cutting wind, and quite unconfrom time to time, as you and he wish it."

"I cannot entertain the proposal for a noment," she returned, decidedly : but a his strong remonstrance she at last const that when her boy was a little older, matter should be laid before him; bu doubt as to his choice crossed her mind Percy had always been an affectionate child; nothing would induce him to give up is mother. But she became less confident as th

days went on ; Percy grew a little selfish and headstrong, he wanted a man's will to dominate him; his narrow, confined lift and the restraints that their poverty enforced on them made him discontented

One day he encountered the lawyer wh had spoken to his mother—he was going to her again, with a letter that Mr. Hunt ingdon had written to his daughter—and as he looked at Percy, who was standing idly on the doorstep, he put his hand on shoulder, and bade him show him th

way. Nea turned very pale as she read the letter It was very curt and business-like; it ross on her white neck, swept through the hall in her velved freesand rebuked hine The boy laughed merrily and went a few would be well not to refuse his term

"Beatrice and the young Erle Hunting-don," said Nea to herself. And then a tall thin shadow fell-across the doorway, and, uttering a half-stifled cry. Nea saw her father, saw his changed face, his gray hair and bowed figure, before she threw herself is his way. sitation, Nea placed in her boy'

eyes sparkled with eagemess and excite-ment. "I call that splendid; I shall be a rich men one of these days, and then you will see what I shall do for you, and Fern,

mine and your father's too.'

buried in sand or sawdust or kept in a dark closet. Packed with plenty of chaff, oats, dry sand or sawdust, or dry sifted ashes, most preserves will stand freezing weather without injury, but each can needs at least

six inches of non-conducting material about it on all sides, for protection. A pit on one side of the cellar, dug below the reach of frost, and lined with boards, with traw or ashes between them and its walls, will keep preserves from heat or freezing A pit dug in the cellar, four feet below the

level of its floor, well drained and lined as above, will prove the best place for keeping small quantities of preserves, enough for single family.

Chicago Fifty-three Years Ago.

Capt. F. McCumber, of Burlington, Wis. who is said to be the oldest lake captain now living (he is 82), says in a recent letter to the Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago : "I came to Chicago in July, 1834, in com-mand of the schooner Thomas Hart, of Carthage, on the Genessee River; there was

to harbor then, and we lay one mile from the mouth of the river and discharged ou argo with a scow at the forks of the river -mostly Indian goods. There were many Indians at Chicago at that time. We wen rom Chicago to St. Joseph; got into the iver, and discharged the rest of our cargo here—Indian supplies—shovelled in sand or ballast, and left for Buffalo. I think the

for schlass, and fer for bulant form. Lake Michi-gan was made in that year. The wheat was stored at St Joseph. I tried to get it; went up the river to Cassopolis on the steamer David Crockett, to find the owner, ut he had contracted with one of Oliver

Newberry's vessels, the Marengo, Capt Dingley, master, who died the same year of holera at Detroit. This is about all the information I can give you. I am 82 years old and my memery is failing. I am here on a little farm quietly waiting the eqd."

Nothing New Under the Sun.

Shakspeare seems to have been very well up in most of the slang phrases of the resent day, In "Henry VIII." we have 'too thin;" in "King John," "come off!" ind "you are too green and fresh;" in "A Winter's Tale," "What, never?" and Winter's Tale," clamation rats! we have in "Hamlet," "A rat! a rat!" which is pretty near it. John unyan used the phrase, "it is a cold day

onnection with adversity, so it would seem that Solomon was not far from the truth when he said, "there is nothing new ander the sun," or words to that effect.— Boston Courier.

A Connecticut postmaster has received from some enemy of his doubtless) a letter addressed : "Please hand to the most Haven, from 18 to 24 years old, and who moves in the best society, unopened." He meets the emergency by proclaiming that

"Laura," said Mrs. Parvenu, on the hotel piazza, to her daughter, "Laura, go and ask the leader of them orchestras to hotel of Germeter for the formation of the state of the state of the state hotel of the state hotel of the state hotel of the state hotel of the state hotel of the state of

great many children and not a fe adults are tormented throughout the whole summer by minute enemies. We know persons who are afraid of picnics and even their own gardens on this account clothing is an imperfect protection, for we ave seen a child whose foot and ankle had y that for days she could not wear a eather shoe. All this can be averted ac cording to our experience, and that we believe of many others, by carbolic acid judiciously used. The safest plan is to keep a saturated solution of the acid. The solution cannot contain more than 6 or 7 per cent., and it may be added to water until the latter smells strongly. This may readily and with perfect safety be applied

with a sponge. We have no doubt that horses and eattle could be protected in the same way from the flies, which sometimes nearly madden them, and it even seems possible that that terrible scourge, the African Tsetse fly, might be kept off in the same manner same manner.

A CABLE special to the New York Pos says : "Sir Allen Young, and not Baron

in at the elbow with five rows of narrow Nordenskjoeld, as 'has been reported, will probably command the expedition to the south pole which Australia is preparing to send out." Sir Allen Young, then an unpink moure ribbon The English girls are wearing frocks o The English girls are wegring frocks of white organdy and sheer mull, made with voluminous draperies and all the edges hem-stitched. These frocks have big bishops' sleeves, which come down full nearly to the waist and held there by a band of ribbon, a full frill falling about the waist. The neck is cut half low, with a wide frill of lace gathered on the edge and falling downward after the fashion of our itled captain in the mercantile marin was the volunteer sailing master of the expedition of McClintock in the yacht Fox 1857-1859, to the cost of which he was a ontributor. This was the expedition contributor. This was the expedition which finally settled the question of the fate of Sir John Franklin's party by finding a record left by them on the shore of King William's Land. In 1875 he commanded an expedi-tion fitted out particular to an expedifalling downward, after the fashion of ou mothers' "berthas." Around the throat English girls wear with these dresses a tight necklace of amber or gold beads or them Land. Land. In 1875 he commanded an expedi-tion, fitted out partly at his own expense and partly at that of Lady Franklin, in search of further relics of Sir John's party, but was compelled by the ice to turn back before reaching his destination. His vessel was the Pandora; which, having been sold to James Gordon Bennett, had her name changed to the Jeannette and carried De Long's ill fated party on its expedition and sank in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia. mitation pearls immediately beneath th chin. This, however, is only becoming t hose who have very round, full throat hat are not too long.

I asked her if it was possible for a you I asked her if it was possible for a young woman to care for a man much older than herself. "Yes," she replied, "if a man is honorable and occupies a good position in the world; if he is kind, considerate and attentive; if he can take care of a wife Song a mrace party on its experimental and sank in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia. Captain Young, in 1876, had command of a yessel which carried a supply of provisions to the Arctic regions for the Alert and Dis-covery, under Sir George Nages, but which those vessels did not find, owing to their and is affectionate to her, the husband com mands the respect of the wife, and upon this foundation the structure of a substan-tial and lagsing life is builded."—Louisville failure to land at Littleton Island on their way home.

The Syracuse Standard tells a pretty Among the queer names in the Chicag story of a little girl, who was recently re directory for 1887 are the following : Wog-gow, Smrz, Smalrkivoiez, Smuczynski, Hop, Wow, Yshick, Yskia, Zwierzchouska, Szelmochowski and Trjnak. did not think became her. The little one, who took refuge in the nursery to shed her tears, was shortly afterward overheard in

dulging in a soliloquy. "Mamma is real mean," she said, " and I don't like her any more. No, I don't. If she didn't live here "—[with emphasis on the first person, singular number—" shouldn't invite her

In St. John County, Fla., a few days ago

play that 'Sympathy from Meddlejohn' over again. It's such an awful favorite of

e. Some of these dresses are braided h picot braid in flower patterns, while others have only stitching. Some of these mohair travelling gowns, made for June brides, have been trimmed with the many ows of narrow moire ribbon so popula ust now. With them are worn little, clos just now. With them are worn little, close bonnets of gray straw, trimmed with Rus sian tulle and clusters of red carnation forget-me-nots or bluettes. That cobwebby Indian silk fabric that

could never have increased to its present numbers if epidemics had ravaged that em-pire as they have those of the West. In spite of overcrowding to a degree else where unknown, and indescribably filthy suc-ronndings, the Chinese have remained healthy. The only sanitary redeeming feature of their lives is the almost universal use of tea as a beverage. That is to say, of water that has been boiled. This lesson in practical sanitation is of more value than gauze" is re-introduced under the name of "sunshiny" and comes with the edge lined with five or six rows more closely woven than the rest. This is torn off in lengthwise stripes and serves, un-hemmed, for the founces. A presty black dress of this gauze had a full, plain skirt anything brought forth by our runnerous boards of health, National, State or muni-cipal. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever or dyscatery, the wisest precaution to take against infection would be to boil all fluids used for drinking

When Sh Cares for an Old Man.

dress of this gauze had a full, plain skirt with the stripes running lengthwise about it. Another full skirt over it was draped a little, and in the back was a sash of the palest pink moire, the ribbon sixteen inches in width. The waist was laced up the back, and pointed both back and front, was half low in the neck and lined with folds of pale pink crepe lisse; the sleeves were un-lined and were filled at the arm-hold, held in at the elbow with five rows of parcor. purposes.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Whoso writes delightful story, True and touching, full of lore, Shall in human nature's longing Hold a place for evermore. All the docks and mossy harbors, Where the sea-ships come and 40, Still rehearse that spell and pleasing Of the pages of Defoe.

Eldorado 2-still we wonder Can there any Island lie In the yest of life's attaining, Where our prime might never die

St) in secret dopths of feeling We escape Time's onward spi For the youth's remote tran Stirs the pulses of the ma A CONNETSOLO.

Oh for a gun with a seven-inch bore. All carefully londed, and set. With its muzzle in front of the sleepless youth Who tortures the, brass cornet.

Oh! for a club, and a stout one, The biggest that man could get, To knock the breath clean out of the youth Who fortures the brass cornet.

A Consultation Necessary

A consultation Accessary, Physician (to anxious, wife) — We have held a consultation, madame, over your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, I think. hink.

Anxious Wife-Will one be enough- doe tor, or would you advise a consultation of ministers?-Life:

He Was Notto Blame,

Tramp-Say, boss, won't you please help poor veteran of the war, an old, one armed oldier? Southerner-What! Help a man who fit

agin us Tramp-I didn't fit, boss. I run .- The

udge.

Emotional New York Janitors.

A tenant falls out of a fourth story win dow and his brains are spattered all over the yard. Says the janitress to her hus-band: "Ain't it too bad? We had just cleaned the yard so hicely!"

Hereafter tavern, shop and other signs n Alsace Lorraine must bear inscriptions n German only.

Miss Marietta Holley (Josiah Allen's A 3-year-old negro boy-in St. Augnstine wile) received \$11,000 for the manuscript of Fla., was handcuffed and sent to jail for stealing four plums from a garden.

On Jubilee day Birmingham gave a ntertainment to 72,000 school childre Blackburn to 17,000, Bradford to 23,000 Leeds entertained 20,000 poor adults and 80,000 school children, Manchester gave a reakfast to 80,000 children, Nottingham easted 50,000, Portsmouth gave tea and medals to 23,000 and Sheffield feasted and gave medals to 50,000.

When it comes to keeping cool an ever temper is better than a ton of ice.

her new book, "Samantha at Saratoga."

