A "Fresh" Movement in "A" Sharp.

Somebody begged for a kiss one day.
She couldn't refuse; then, too,
'Twas naughty, anyway, so they say,
Or would—if they only knew.

But they didn't know, what's naughty's nice,
And so—oo, oh dear, oh dear!
Eyes pleaded no, they needed no voice,
Lips were so dang'rously near.

Ye gods take pity! look not in scorn,
Ancient and modern maidens!
'Twas the first offence of maid forlorn,
And closed like blissful cadence.

For those who don't know how cadences close,
I will just try my best to explain.
They are "lento," with "legato" repose,
And create feelings something like pain.

She wouldn't be human, and a maid,
If she didn't—when all was o'er—
Exclaim: "Sir, how dare you! now, indeed,
Never do that any more!"

—NESTA.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.

A glorious sunset floods the latticed panes of the bay-windowed dining-room—the vicar and his guest are still sitting over their wine and the magnificent dessert; the former has not been so pleased or excited this many a year, and the latter, having spent all the season in London, finds the country a paradise, incomplete, however, at this moment without its Eve, whom he suspects to be lurking in the garden. Yes, in the distance, behind yonder tree, he is certain that is the flutter of a white skirt. He is dying to propose an adjournment to the garden, but his host seems so happy sipping his port and leisurely enjoying his grapes, that John Brandon, who is the best-natured man in the world, has not the heart to disturb him. Fortune, however, which is always doing one person a good turn at the expense of another, favors him. The capricious goddess takes the form of the excellent and homely Susan.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," she says, in a low voice to her master, "but they don't think Widow Jones can last the night, and she keeps on asking for you."

In an instant the vicar has risen from his chair.

"I will go at once," he answers. Then, turning to Brandon, he adds, "I know that in so solemn a case you——"

"Of course, of course," assents the other heartily.

"Ask my daughter to come down at once," utters the vicar, hurriedly; but Brandon, rising, says:

"I see Miss Wentworth in the garden, and will join her there."

As he walks across the lawn through the balmy, flower-scented air, a sense of pleasure steals through his veins. The heavens are still aglow with the glory of the vanished sun—a great, perfect peace is on everything; for a moment it crosses his mind to wonder how men can prefer the din and tumult, the loaded air, the feverish unrest of life in cities to the delicious calm, the repose-ful happiness of the country. He has not time to remember that it is not always summer even here, and that one is not always hastening to join a lovely young woman who inspires an ardent interest in one's breast.

He comes upon Vanessa standing midway down the path looking at the gorgeous sunset. She has not heard his footsteps on the grass, and starts as he comes up to her. He first answers the questioning look in eyes, which says, "Where is my father?" and then adds on his own account:

"Why did you deprive us of the pleasure of your society at dinner?"

He speaks with the peculiar modulation of voice that men use toward a woman whom they either love already or feel themselves capable of loving; and Vanessa, who all these years has been dreaming of lovers and heroes and knights, recognizes the intonation at once with a little thrill of pleasure. Perhaps John Brandon is not much like a hero, but he is a decidedly well looking gentleman, and—he is the first man who has ever stood to Vanessa in the position of a possible lover. His words, and, more than his words, the tone of them, bring a smile to her lips and a light to those lovely eyes which at this moment are aflame from the red glow in the heavens.

"I thought," she says, developing in a moment the instinct of coquetry inborn in her sex—"I thought I might be in the way. You and papa would have so much to talk about." Then, with a look direct into his eyes, which are level with hers, and with a half-restrained eagerness in her voice which is immensely flattering to him, she utters, "It is not really true that papa and you were at college together? You cannot be as old as he is?"

For the first time in his life it occurs to John Brandon to regret his age, and to wish that he could take ten, nay, fifteen years off it.

"I am afraid," he answers, smilingly, that there is but a few months' difference, a year at most, between your father and myself." Then returning to his caressing inflection of voice: "Will you, after that confession, banish me to the limbo of fogydom, and cease to feel the slightest interest in me?"

"Oh, no," answers Vanessa, with one of her beautiful smiles, thinking to herself meanwhile that, though he is really so unfortunately old in years, still in heart, even in looks, he is quite young enough for—for anything.

"Forty-three," resumes Brandon, in a melancholy tone. "And the worst of it," with a smile hovering about his lips—"the worst of it is that I do not feel old; indeed, until this moment I don't believe I ever realized the dreadful fact of my age."

"Oh," says Vanessa, looking quite pained and embarrassed, for she is exceedingly sensitive and sympathetic, and would consider it a crime rather than a blunder to wound any one's feelings, "I am so very sorry. I did not mean—I——"

"You flattered me," returns Brandon, gallantly, "by what you said. What greater compliment could you pay to me than by refusing to believe my age? And I am quite young enough," dropping his voice, "not to be proof against beauty and charm."

He is not altogether pleased with himself when he has said this. He feels a burning desire to make love to the beautiful creature at his side, and yet he is distinctly conscious that he ought not to treat her as he would one of the many young girls he meets in society who are open to a flirtation at a moment's notice. Therefore not pausing to let his last words make their point, he hurries on, changing his voice to a matter-of-fact tone.

"And so, your father tells me, you have lived all your life here in this quiet country spot."

"Yes," answers Vanessa, sensibly disappointed at his change of tone; "I have never been away from it."

"Now, do you know," pursues Brandon, "it is almost impossible for me to realize my position. Some one who has lived in India all her life; has never seen the sea, nor been to a play, nor witnessed a circle of any kind whatever, nor even read a thousand persons collected together—"

"Yes," interrupts Vanessa, eagerly, "but I have read about them as well as if I had seen them; I live in books, and then I know everything to

"you said you knew him."

"Only slightly," returns Brandon. "I have met him once or twice at the houses of mutual friends in town."

"He is a horrid, disagreeable, stiff, pompous old man," says Vanessa, candidly. "We hate him."

"Does we include his granddaughters?"

"Oh, they hate him much more than I do. Them," naively, "they see so much more of him."

The after glow has passed into twilight, and now the moon is rising and making lovely lights and shadows in the vicarage garden.

"Let us sit here," says Brandon, pointing to a rustic bench, and Vanessa complies. This is certainly the pleasantest evening she has ever spent—the novelty of the situation increases the delight of it; after all her dreams, she is really sitting here with a man beside her—a man who tells her plainly with his eyes, in a language which she understands by intuition, that he derives the keenest pleasure from her presence, and that he finds her fair.

"So, then," he says, regarding her with an expression of deepest interest, "you are only half Arcadian. You know all about the world and its doings, though only by hearsay."

"Yes," she answers, with a touch of conscious pride, "Edith and Mabel tell me everything."

Brandon smiles, wondering to himself how much that everything comprises.

"But now," he says, "would you not like to see all these gay doings with your own eyes? Would you not like to take part in them yourself?"

"Ah!" utters Vanessa, with a long-drawn sigh. She does not even know herself how much that sigh expresses.

"Suppose," says Brandon, his eyes kindling a little as certain rapturous thoughts strike him—"suppose I were to persuade your father to bring you up to stay with me in town?"

"Oh!" and Vanessa looks full in his eyes with some such an expression as a slave might wear whose master offered her freedom.

"Would you like it?" he asks, and again his voice fails to that tender intonation.

Would she like it? Her face tells him that, but her voice is choked by the beating of her heart. Then suddenly the light dies away from her eyes, and she utters mournfully:

"He would not be persuaded—I know he would not."

"We shall see," says Brandon, confidently enough. "Here he comes. I will not broach it to-night, because, after his sad errand, perhaps——"

And here the vicar joins them.

Susan, as she brushes her nurseling's locks that night, is all eagerness to hear about "the gentleman." With the inherent passion of her sex for match-making, she already sees in him a suitor, a possible husband for her young lady.

"Did you find out if he was married, my deary?" is almost her first question.

"Why, of course he is not," returns Vanessa, superbly, who, from her inner sense of the fitness of things rather than from her own knowledge of the world (as derived from Edith and Mabel), is perfectly certain that no married man looks at women other than his wife with such eyes nor talks to them in such a voice as Brandon has used.

"No," says Susan. "He hasn't got the look nor yet the ways of a married gentleman."

For, in Susan's day, bonds set less lightly on wedded folk than to-day.

"He seems a very nice gentleman," tentatively.

"Yes," answers Vanessa, half lost in reverie. "Susan!" starting up suddenly and forgetting that her nurse has hold of her by the hair until painfully reminded of the fact, "what do you think?"

"Lor', my dear," cries Susan, "whatever do you start up on a sudden like that for? Why, you've made me tear out a handful!"

"Never mind," returns Vanessa, indifferent to pain in her excitement; "he said," her face all aglow, "he said he would try to get papa to take me to London to stay with him. Oh, Susan!" marching up and down the room, "I shall die of pleasure if I go, and," suddenly flinging herself on the bed, "I shall die of disappointment if I don't."

"Well, I never!" cries Susan, wrought by sympathy to an almost equal pitch of excitement. "But there," with the triumph of successful prophecy, "I always said it. Mary Ann knows it—she can prove my words—I always said 'The first gentlemen as ever claps eyes on Miss Nessa,' I says, says I, 'he'll be carrying of her off.' Ask Mary Ann if them was not my very words."

"Susan," interrupts Vanessa, sitting upright on the bed, laughing but radiant with pleasure, "don't be an old goose!"

"I see it all," continues Susan, the mantle of prophecy still draping her; "you'll go, and then you'll marry him and be one of the grandest and handsomest ladies in London. You'll go to Court, and you'll take the shine off the squire's granddaughters and a good many more of 'em. I'm sure he's a great gentleman—he looks it even though he is plain Mister, but it isn't always the titled folk as is the best families."

If Vanessa affects to chide her nurse, she is not the less pleased, not to say dazzled, by her predictions.

Sir Bertram, who at this moment is coldly drawing out the details of her future life (should he see fit to put into execution the idea that has stricken his imagination), would be very much surprised and disgusted if he could be aware that the very day which has given him this inspiration about extending the sceptre to her has also, by a strange coincidence, brought a rival into the field—a rival who has succeeded, too, in taking what in Sir Bertram's eyes is of no account, the fancy of the young lady. Fancy! "The bow-string and sack for women with fancies," the old Turk would have ordained could he have had his cruel will. Indeed, from his idea about women, there is no doubt Sir Bertram ought to have been a disciple of Mohammed.

She stands at the window, her glorious hair making a gold mantle over her white dress; unconscious as Juliet of a love lurking in the garden. Brandon, not accustomed to early hours, had asked permission of his host to stroll another half hour in the air with his cigar, promising to look to the bolts and bars on his return.

"We do not trouble about those," the vicar has told him smiling—"we have no thieves here, and no treasure to steal."

Brandon has finished one cigar, and finding the night so exquisite, can yet not make up his mind to leave it, when, in the distance, he sees Vanessa's figure at the window. Stealthily he creeps from tree to tree, until he is beneath the shadow of one near enough to let him see distinctly her upturned face. Could any man with a spark of poetry in him behold a beautiful woman standing by moonlight at a window and not think of Juliet?

She cannot see him, and he leans against the tree's trunk and looks his fill.

"Ah, my poor fellow!" he says, presently, apostrophizing himself between smiling and sighing, "at forty-three one is past playing the part of Romeo—not because one is past feeling it, Heaven knows, but because it becomes ridiculous. An elderly Romeo! Twenty years ago I could have done it well. I should like to do it now, but what an old fool she would think me! After all, though," turning his eyes away for a moment from the picture of a lovelist and looking faraway as one does when deep in thought, "does a man love better at twenty-three than forty-three? His blood is hotter; that would make him a better lover; but I think forty-three loves stronger and deeper, and so might make the better husband. Yes, Romeo must be young, but——"

Brandon turns his eyes wistfully back to the lattice, and leaves his sentence unfinished. He has been going about the world for five-and-twenty years—he knows as much of it as priest, doctor and lawyer all in one, but he has a simple, honest, straightforward nature, and in spite of all he has heard, read and experienced, believes in God, and does not despise women. He is unmarried, not from contempt and hatred of that state, but because he was rejected by the only woman he had ever, up to this moment, cared to marry. Twenty years ago would have fain played Juliet, she was, he remembers now, something in the style of Vanessa, not near, not near so lovely—more and portly dame now, who has a daughter this season. Truly life is the best of it in this world; they are all Juliet when they are twenty-three, forty-three, and so on up to seventy-three.

He breaks off his reverie, determined to utilize advantage, and bent on asking the vicar to bring his daughter to London. The earliest train next morning he gayly resolves he will take.

"Wentworth," he says, in his cheerful voice, "now that I have enjoyed your hospitality, you must come and taste mine. Miss Wentworth and I have hatched a little cons-

spiracy to carry you off to London, and only think, my dear fellow, what an opportunity for you to go to the British Museum, and get valuable references for the great work!"

Brandon sees the hand of the presiding genius, stretched at this moment toward the sugar basin, tremble; sees the faint color flit through her cheek, and her eyes dart an eager look at her father.

"What!" says the vicar, half smiling, half perplexed. "Why, my dear Brandon, you are joking!"

"We shall settle it all for you," answers Brandon, gayly—"you shall have no trouble. I will leave you a whole week to turn it over in your mind, and then I shall come back for your answer."

Half an hour later he is bidding host and hostess farewell at their gate, as he has to be in London that night. He gazes for a moment into Vanessa's eyes as he bends from his saddle to take her hand once more, and there is a fire in his eyes that makes them tell even more tales than they told last night—tales eminently pleasing to the fair maid who reads.

She has betaken herself to that bower in the garden where first he saw her, and thither, a few moments later, comes the vicar, hurrying. He is unusually excited; an open letter in his hands.

"Read this, my dear," he says, and Vanessa with some wonder takes it from him and obeys.

"DEAR WENTWORTH" (she reads)—"Will you and your daughter give me the pleasure of your company at dinner to-night at 8 o'clock precisely. I am here alone. The brougham shall bring you and take you home.—Yours very truly,

"BERTRAM ORFORD."

CHAPTER IV.

Father and daughter exchange glances—there is, indeed, a look almost of consternation upon both their faces—too much honor is sometimes overwhelming to those upon whom it is thrust suddenly.

Vanessa has been to the Hall now and then to dine with the squire's granddaughter in the middle of the day, on which occasions his august majesty has never deigned to be present; and, now and again, the vicar had been invited to dine during Mrs. Vaughan's stay. There had been no sending of carriages, however, to fetch either of them; thus this sudden condescension is felt by both to be not only startling but embarrassing.

"I suppose we must go," says the vicar, looking doubtfully at his daughter.

"But I have nothing to wear," exclaims Vanessa, her feminine instinct triumphing at once, over every other thought.

"Sir Bertram will not expect any very great display of dress, I dare say," answers the vicar, in a nervous, flurried manner, "and we must not run the risk of offending him since he is so kind. I will go and write an acceptance."

Vanessa is quite excited. A new era seems to have commenced in her life. She has retired to this bower to dream about Brandon; to recall his looks and words; to feast on the thought that a being from the outer world has seen her—a being who lives habitually in the sight of beautiful and well-born women, and has yet not despised her; to dwell with rapture on the thought of going to visit the great city; but this command to dine at the Hall drives everything else out of her head for the moment, and she hastens to seek Susan and to consult with her upon her toilet for the evening.

Susan is in a jubilant and triumphant frame of mind; she is no longer surprised at anything—she indulges in an innocent kind of self-glorification at her own sagacity, and reiterates at intervals with ever-increasing emphasis that she knew how it would be all along. She even goes so far as to consider herself the humble instrument of this honor, for she says:

"If I hadn't thought of getting you to go up to Mary Ann, why, you wouldn't have met the squire, and, if you hadn't have met the squire, he couldn't have been so took with you."

But this allusion to her shame and suffering of yesterday is unpalatable to Vanessa, and she hastens to change the subject.

A more beautiful creature than the girl who, in her simple muslin dress, with the knot of white roses in her hair, enters the Hall drawing-room that evening would be hard to find. She trembles and feels agonizingly shy, but it is with the graceful shyness of modesty, not the shyness of awkwardness. Sir Bertram recognizes and approves it; personages, I am told, are gratified by seeing that they inspire awe, and are far more pleased with timidity in subjects than undue confidence. Here, at all events, Sir Bertram is autocrat and king of the castle. It pleases him to live in semi-state at the Hall; therefore, though he almost invariably dines alone, the appointments of the table are as imposing as though he were entertaining a party—the silver stands in array on the sideboard, rare flowers ornament the table, the finest fruits the hot-houses produce are served for their master.

This morning Sir Bertram has requested Mrs. Marter to be particularly choice in her menu, and to direct her attention especially to the sweets.

"Young ladies," he observed, and his features actually relaxed into a smile, "think more of that part o dinner."

At this, Mrs. Marter, making mention of the interview later to her sister, described herself as being reduced to that state of moral and physical weakness when a feather would have been sufficient to prostrate her. But she, who was as quick at seeing through a milestone as Susan, drew her own auguries at once.

Vanessa experienced a kind of enchantment of the senses as she sat at dinner, surrounded by beautiful and luxurious objects; flowers such as she had never seen before massed together in profusion, and wafting new and delicious perfumes towards her. From the broad windows stretched the wide and lovely view—the sky was one golden glory. The squire had insisted on her tasting his champagne, and even the few dainty sips she had indulged in had sent a pleasant exhilaration through her veins; made her eyes sparkle, and dispersed her first shyness. Was it a dream or a reality? The squire, monster and ogre of all her previous thoughts, transformed into a genial, courteous host; talking to her without a trace of condescension or patronage in his manner, and exerting himself to amuse and interest her!

The vicar, most absent of men, accustomed to eat in unbroken silence, was lost in abstruse reflections, and the squire was therefore at liberty, without discourtesy to the father, to confine his attentions to the daughter. And, without Vanessa being aware of it, he was watching her narrowly; observing her every action, scanning her every feature, weighing her graces and beauties in his cynical mind, and, strange to say, not finding her wanting. To say that he was falling in love with her would be inappropriate—so soft an emotion had no part in Sir Bertram's nature; such sense as he had she stirred; the possession of her beauty would be flattering to his pride; she had all the elements of a charming and lovely woman whom wealth and rank would set as silver sets diamonds, bringing stray stones together into a superb ornament. Whilst they yet sat at dinner he resolved that Vanessa should be Lady Orford.

That young damsel, as he held the door open for her when she repaired to the drawing-room, was not without some intuition of the impression she had produced on the squire, and a sense of power made a certain triumph tingle in her veins such as the first taste of it gives to those who love and are born to wield it. And Vanessa, though circumstances had placed her in so lowly and isolated a position, had the instincts ascribed to a young empress. She threw herself into a low chair near the window, and looked out over the terrace and across the park. She would have liked to fly to the housekeeper's room and pour her wonder, surprise and admiration into the sympathizing ears of Mary Ann, but something told her that a gulf divided her from yesterday; that now she was Sir Bertram's guest she could not be Mary Ann's—at all events, whilst the squire was at home.

And now, leaning back in the luxurious chair, her face fanned by the soft, west wind, her eyes fixed on the last paling cloud that crewhile was so vivid a red, her thoughts turn again to Brandon. If he were but the squire! If! Why not if? Life were paradise at once! What pleasure would run through John Brandon's veins if he knew how Vanessa was thinking of him! But later he would have reflected, "I am the only man she has seen—she wants to love—it is the emotion that charms her—therefore the first man she meets with the smallest pretension to pleasing a woman would succeed in fixing her fancy. But how about afterward when she sees other men?" That is what John Brandon would have said—what later on he did say to himself, and his estimation of the situation was [illegible]

"Poor Mr. Mills is so sympathetic. I think." Dolly—What did he do? "Took my hand." Nell—Why, he sat with his eyes closed on the car [illegible] the ladies stand up."

reply. "I was wishing that you were Mr. Brandon," we may forgive her for not adhering to the truth on this occasion.

"I was thinking," she answers, "how lovely this view is, and how nice it must be to live up so high instead of down below."

"Do you think you would like to live here?" says Sir Bertram, in so meaning a tone that Vanessa's cheeks and throat are flooded with crimson in a moment. To hide her embarrassment she almost turns her back on her host and exclaims, with unnecessary eagerness:

"There is the moon coming up behind the trees. How lovely!"

"Shall we take a turn in the garden?" asks Sir Bertram. "Your father has found some wonderful book in the library, and is lost to everything else."

Vanessa expresses her willingness, and the squire proceeds to ring the bell.

"I am going to send for your hat and shawl," he says, but she tells him that she has not even brought any. He, however, not being animated by the recklessness of young folk, but having, instead, a rooted mistrust of the climate of his country, puts on his hat, hangs a light coat over his arm, and, thus prepared, steps out on the terrace where Vanessa is waiting for him.

Sir Bertram talks pleasantly to her; tells her much about the world, especially those vanities and trivialities of it which he knows to be so pleasing to the female ear, and, before they return to the house, he has made a proposal to Vanessa which causes her eyes to glisten and her red lips to part with an exclamation of delight. How would she like to drive over to B——, that seaport town which she once before visited in company with Edith and Mabel? The squire, it is to be supposed, is like the rest of the world, a little sensitive on some points—he does not speak of these young ladies to Vanessa as his granddaughters. The weather promises to be fine—if it is so he will send on horses to-morrow, and, on the following day, they will start at half-past ten to drive over. He is confident the vicar will not make any objection.

Vanessa went home full of triumph and excitement, entirely shared by the faithful Susan. When she fell asleep she dreamed that she was up at the Hall again, but the squire had turned into Mr. Brandon. She could almost have cried for disappointment when she awoke to find it was only a dream—it had been so transcendently delightful.

Saturday came and brought lovely weather. Punctual to a moment the squire's barouche, with its fine black horses, rolled up to the Vicarage door, and Vanessa and her father mounted into it; she obeying Sir Bertram's gesture and taking the seat of honor beside him, although she would fain, from a sense of duty, have relinquished it to her father. The radiance of happiness added fourfold to her beauty; she had a delicious sense of importance as she drove through the village and saw the wondering stares of the courtesying and bobbing folk. The swift motion through the air and the swing of the luxurious carriage were new and agreeable sensations; the fine liveries of the servants and the footman's powdered head pleased her eyes and gratified her pride. Sir Bertram, watching her quietly, read her like a book, and thought what an easy bird a pretty woman is to catch. Then, you see, he knew nothing about John Brandon; nor did he further know that Vanessa was one of those women who, though they delight in pleasure, excitement, and the vanities of life, would no more be induced to marry a man they did not love than to sell themselves to the powers of darkness. If such women can feel the intensity of love, they suffer in an even greater degree the intensity of repulsion, and would almost rather endure death than submit to an embrace from a man they do not love.

If Vanessa, as is quite probable, had her little suspicions that the squire's amazing kindness was not entirely disinterested, she had no more idea of encouraging his suit than of being born her own grandfather instead of Edith's and Mabel's; but that was no reason why she should not enjoy the favors which, just at present, he seemed inclined to shower upon her.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when they drew up with a clatter at the door of the principal hotel, where the landlord, apprised of their intended visit, stood on the steps to receive them with becoming honor. As she descended from the carriage there flashed upon Vanessa like lightning the memory of the letter which occurred on the only occasion when she had ever been in B——. She had driven over with Edith, Mabel and their maid some three years ago in the waggonette, and as they reached the door a gentleman was standing on the steps smoking a cigar, which, as the young ladies advanced, he removed from his mouth. Vanessa, looking up, beheld a being who presented so remarkable a likeness to a picture of St. George which she had always been desperately in love with in default of a living hero, that in her admiration and surprise she almost lost her one step, and would have fallen but that he sprung forward to assist her. His eyes met hers as he just raised his hat, having helped her to regain her balance, and they certainly expressed as much admiration intentionally as hers did unintentionally. She did not see him again, but ever afterward he did duty in her imagination for every hero, knight or prince of whom she read. To-day she half expects to see him standing there still, but there is only the landlord, with a couple of satellites in somewhat shiny black raiment.

To be Continued.

YOUNG BLOOD.

Youth No Longer a Barrier to Success in the States.

A young man launches out to-day at a time when every chance he can desire is given him. The old-time hesitancy to trust anybody under 40 years of age with a large position of responsibility is gone. Youth and honors are as familiar now as age and honors were a generation ago—honors everywhere, too, in government, art, literature, and pre-eminently business, remarks the New York *Ledger*.

Merchants controlling huge concerns positively place a premium on young men of good capacity, and the demand is greater than the supply. Orators are "wagging their jaws" in pulpits, as the Scotch have it, at an age that would have been heterodox in Jonathan Edwards' day. Paul said: "Let no man despise thee because of thy youth." Same modern tendencies would have it read, "because of thy age."

Properly guarded, the recognition of young men is excellent. It needs a careful selection to choose them, and we younger boys must not arrogate to ourselves a monopoly of gifts and graces.

Of course, no young man can succeed who does not work and work hard. An elderly man can afford to be leisurely in his movements. Not so his juvenile brother. The clerk who always has one eye on the clock and the other on the ledger will ever be a clerk and nothing more. Indeed, not always that, maybe. Assuming honesty (for what earthly need is there to tell an aspirant for success he must be honest?), no parent need be anxious concerning the future of a lad who has average ability and principles of business.

More than this: Should he prove himself in any way an expert, his powers will have a more cheerful recognition and ample reward in the United States than in any other spot on the face of the earth. The problem of "The boy, what will he become?" is easier of solution here than anywhere else.

HIGH-HANDED METHODS.

Col. Denison and Inspector Stephen Mulcted in Damages.

A Toronto report says: The principal item yesterday before the Assize Court was that of Gordon against Lieut.-Col. Denison and Inspector Stephen. Detective Slemin was the first witness, and told how he arrested Gordon. A series of questions on the case were submitted to the jury. The questions were virtually: Was the Magistrate actuated by improper motives, and did he exercise care and due consideration in issuing the warrant, or did he act in good faith, believing that the plaintiff in this action was a material witness and would not be likely to attend? What damages are due by the Magistrate for his conduct in ordering the arrest and after the arrest was made? Was the search, examination and imprisonment ordered by Inspector Stephen made from an improper motive? Was such search, examination and imprisonment reasonable under the circumstances? What damages should be paid by the Inspector for the search, examination and imprisonment? Counsel on both sides made very able addresses, particularly that of Mr. Osler. Mr. Justice Ross charged rather strongly against the officers. The jury were out an hour and a quarter, and returned a verdict against the Magistrate for $1,500, and against Inspector Stephen for $500.

VANILLA POTTERY THE LAST NOVELTY OUT

Among the 2 cent. toys which are just now being sold on the sidewalks along the landing streets is one of unusual interest. It is a flexible stick, not unlike a piece of yel-

WOMAN'S GAY WORLD.

Insight Into the Art of Evening Dressing, Neatly, But Inexpensively.

What Makes Like and Dislike—Varied Types of Dancers and How to Spot Them—Great Novelty in Magic Tea-Sets—Tall Story of a Precocious British Boy.

LONDON, Jan.

IN winter the fashion of dressing for dinner has double the value and charm it possesses in summer. It is delicious after a cup of good tea to get out of the heavy day-dress, and, after having revelled in hot water and some favorite perfume, to don a light (of weight) gown and make oneself look one's best to do honor to the social meal of the day and those met at it. One puts on a different mood with the refreshing change of garb, and the men, returning from outdoor pursuits of business or pleasure, enjoy seeing the women of the family in pretty coiffures and becoming gowns. Even when there are no men to please, women rarely neglect this pleasant duty. They have too much self-respect and enjoy looking nice for its own agreeable sake.

ART OF EVENING DRESSING.

Apropos of women's evening dress a man recently made a complaint which is worth recording as it possesses the merit of being sensible, which is more than most complaints of the opposite sex. "I wish all your girls," said the complainant, would not wear black so unanimously in the evenings. I called in at a house the other evening and went into the drawing-room. You've no notion how bright and pleasant it looked. One of the girls had a red silk gown on—it looked so much cooler. Another was in some soft maize colored stuff, with a shiny belt. One girl wore black, but it was livened up and done off with bunches of green and pink ribbons. Can't you all manage to fix yourselves up like that?

There is certainly something in this complaint, for black is such very convenient wear for dinner, and is so pleasantly undatable that it is universally popular. White and pale colors soil so readily with gas and dust from coal fires that only those who enjoy very liberal dress allowances can indulge in many gowns of these festive tints. Red is a capital wearing color, but it does not suit everybody. It nearly always, however, sets off the gray-haired to advantage. Why middle-aged women do not more frequently wear it it is difficult to surmise. They enshroud themselves in black when their sons and daughters would ever so much prefer to see them in colors, to say nothing of their husbands.

DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN WIFE.

Husbands too often neglect to notice the dress of middle-aged wives. Not all of them, nor by any means all; one or two instances have occurred of late, but none so amusing as that which happened after a dinner party not long ago. The guests were scattered about the double drawing-rooms, the inner one of which was oblong, so that those sitting in the front room could only see about two-thirds of it. A lady was talking about British manufactures and deploring the fact that English silk-weaving had so seriously declined from its once prosperous estate.

"There, General," she said, "look at that exquisite brocade that we can just see inside the folding doors there. Spitalfields could turn out as good as that, but we may be perfectly certain that that came from French looms, if we only knew."

"By Jove," said the General, "it's a lovely piece of stuff. Looks expensive, too."

"Oh, about 25 shillings a yard," said the lady, when the wearer of the brocade rose and walked into the room, showing herself to be the General's wife. He had never noticed what she wore, which showed a very inadequate sense on his part of his marriage vows. No man can properly love and cherish a woman if he is careless as to what she wears. Too often he heeds only the bills, and heeds them too much.

INEXPENSIVE BUT STRIKING.

A very pretty gown which attracted attention recently was of a fancy material of dark green diagonal stripes, having lines in copper metallic tint through each line. The skirt was quite plain, but of the new shape, standing well out all round, and finished with a thick band of dark green velvet. The sleeves were in puffs of the striped material to the elbow, whence were long puffs of dark green velvet. There was a sort of corselet formed of lines of narrowest dark green velvet ribbon round the bodice, tied in front in a series of lilliputian bows. The top portion was a little full, with revers of dark green velvet falling back prettily over the fulness. The plain but well-cut and well-fitting collar was also of green velvet. The wearer was a tall, slight girl, and the dark, rich coloring and good style of the gown suited her particularly well. Her good looks were of a brunette type, and the combination of green with the suggestion of copper was soft and warm enough to be in harmony with her complexion.

WHAT THE MALE SEX LIKE.

Men like big sleeves, they don't know why. They are not even sure about its being the sleeves that they admire, but they do. Standing near a group of men the other evening in a room where some up-to-date reception gowns were worn, one could not help overhearing their criticisms.

"There's what I call a nice dress," said one. It was a white brocade with large white satin sleeves and a deep lace collar.

"I think that woman's a downright dowdy," said another, "that woman" being attired in ruby velvet, exquisitely embroidered with ruby jet and gold, falling over the shoulders.

"That's a scrumptious dress," was the delighted exclamation of a very young man. His taste was exemplified in a gown of ivory satin, made quite plain in Princess style and laced up the back. There were huge satin sleeves, and a deep collar of ivy-geranium pink velvet, embroidered with pearls and crystal and fringed with silver and crystal. "Is it the imposing sleeves they like?" whispered a friend, and truly it was.

DEMON DANCERS IN VARIED PHASES.

Dancing is regarded from many points of view, and is performed in widely varying methods. At a Cinderella the other evening, first was the man who was plainly dancing for exercise. He waltzed away with a will, and dragged such of his partners with him as were not so energetically inclined as himself. His expression was solemnly conscientious. That of his partners varied according to their appreciation of his performance. There was the little man who carefully selected women of his own size to dance with. He was unblushingly in love with his own dancing. He hugged his partner up in what looked an uncomfortable fashion, put his head sentimentally close to hers, and proceeded to move in funeral rhythm to the music, his expression intended no doubt to be beautifully rapt, but in reality rather vapid and lost. Then there was the light-hearted man usually middle-aged, who is so gay and festive that he takes advantage of the dance to wave his legs about and to skip in the waltz like a playful lamb, with a cheery, well-pleased look on his face, not invariably repeated on the features of his partner, especially if she happened to be one in whose ethics of waltzing skipping has no part at all.

THE CURVE OF AFFECTION.

The man who will traverse and the man who cannot steer are too well-known as ball-room bug-bears to require description. There is the boy who is bored and who moves so languidly and apparently against his will as to give his partner the appearance of dragging him. There is the automatic man, who seems to do his dancing on "put a penny in the slot" principle. He starts all in a hurry, stops suddenly and gives his partner a series of electric shocks by his spasmodic action, and with the most stolid look on his steady-going features which are fortunately not so spasmodic as their owner. But of all the men who are most irritating to watch in the mazes of the waltz are those who dance for effect. Luckily they are few, but for affectation of the unabashed type they are wonderful. They attitudinize and languish until the impulse of the onlooker takes shape in a perfect ache to box their ears, if the onlooker is a woman, or to kick him if a man.

VANILLA, NOT LOVE, MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

Men like big sleeves, they don't know why. They are not even sure about its being the sleeves that they admire, but they do. Standing near a group of men the other evening in a room where some up-to-date reception gowns were worn, one could not help overhearing their criticisms.

"There's what I call a nice dress," said one. It was a white brocade with large white satin sleeves and a deep lace collar.

"I think that woman's a downright dowdy," said another, "that woman" being attired in ruby velvet, exquisitely embroidered with ruby jet and gold, falling over the shoulders.

"That's a scrumptious dress," was the delighted exclamation of a very young man. His taste was exemplified in a gown of ivory satin, made quite plain in Princess style and laced up the back. There were huge satin sleeves, and a deep collar of ivy-geranium pink velvet, embroidered with pearls and crystal and fringed with silver and crystal. "Is it the imposing sleeves they like?" whispered a friend, and truly it was.

DEMON DANCERS IN VARIED PHASES.

Dancing is regarded from many points of view, and is performed in widely varying methods. At a Cinderella the other evening, first was the man who was plainly dancing for exercise. He waltzed away with a will, and dragged such of his partners with him as were not so energetically inclined as himself. His expression was solemnly conscientious. That of his partners varied according to their appreciation of his performance. There was the little man who carefully selected women of his own size to dance with. He was unblushingly in love with his own dancing. He hugged his partner up in what looked an uncomfortable fashion, put his head sentimentally close to hers, and proceeded to move in funeral rhythm to the music, his expression intended no doubt to be beautifully rapt, but in reality rather vapid and lost. Then there was the light-hearted man usually middle-aged, who is so gay and festive that he takes advantage of the dance to wave his legs about and to skip in the waltz like a playful lamb, with a cheery, well-pleased look on his face, not invariably repeated on the features of his partner, especially if she happened to be one in whose ethics of waltzing skipping has no part at all.

THE CURVE OF AFFECTION.

The man who will traverse and the man who cannot steer are too well-known as ball-room bug-bears to require description. There is the boy who is bored and who moves so languidly and apparently against his will as to give his partner the appearance of dragging him. There is the automatic man, who seems to do his dancing on "put a penny in the slot" principle. He starts all in a hurry, stops suddenly and gives his partner a series of electric shocks by his spasmodic action, and with the most stolid look on his steady-going features which are fortunately not so spasmodic as their owner. But of all the men who are most irritating to watch in the mazes of the waltz are those who dance for effect. Luckily they are few, but for affectation of the unabashed type they are wonderful. They attitudinize and languish until the impulse of the onlooker takes shape in a perfect ache to box their ears, if the onlooker is a woman, or to kick him if a man.

VANILLA POTTERY THE LAST NOVELTY OUT

Among the 2 cent. toys which are just now being sold on the sidewalks along the landing streets is one of unusual interest. It is a flexible stick, not unlike a piece of yel-

JUST PULL of improvements—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. To begin with, they're the smallest, and the easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child is ready for them. Then, after they're taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, easy, and natural way. There's no chance for any reaction afterward. Their help lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're put up in glass vials, which keeps them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

And they're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

low whalebone, twisted into a kind of true lovers' knot. You light one end of it, and as it smolders slowly away a scent of vanilla, not agressively strong floats through the air. This is one of the "good ideas" of the street hawkers, especially as vanilla is one of the perfumes which are popular almost with everybody. A few fad-dists have it that vanilla, used as a flavoring, is intoxicating, but those are only the people whom a piece of underdone steak makes tipsy, and to whom green vegetables give all kinds of complaints.

On rome parts of the European continent a small piece of vanilla is put into the teapot together with the tea. The flavors are said to blend well, just as in Russia you take your tumbler of tea with a slice of lemon instead of milk, and, as in France and Germany, you add a teaspoonful of arrack or rum to your thimbleful of after-dinner coffee. But there is yet a dainter way of taking your vanilla-flavor with your tea. And this *ruffin* manner is British and not Continental. When the tea or coffee service is being made vanilla flavor is added to the china when it is in the potter's hands, and thus it is baked into every article of the set. Whenever, afterwards, the tea things get hot, as they are being used, they exhale a faint aroma of vanilla, which, to the fastidious, may be preferable to the actual infusion into beverages of the piece of the square stem of the *vanilla aromatica*.

A MAN'S STORY?

What are children coming to? is a question often asked, but a tale told the other day seems a little too tall even for ostrich-like mental digestion. It goes that two little boys, the elder of whom was 6, were laughing very much over something that one had disclosed to the other. The small lad's mother asked what was amusing him. He said, "Something Claudie told me." "Well, what was it?" queried the other. "Oh," said he in a very superior way, "it's a man's story," whereupon that parent retired discomforted.

They Got It At Last.

For many years scientists tried to concentrate the blood, flesh and bone making qualities contained in the Norwegian cod. They only partially succeeded. But by new chemical processes, rendered feasible by electrical forces