A Simple Question.

"What is true happiness?" I asked,
But no one made reply;
The question was so simple that
I greatly wondered why.

"Is it," I asked, "in married life?"
Only universal groan—
Soprano, alto, tenor, bass,
Came through the telephone.

"Is it in constant, active toil?"
I queried, and a cyclone
Fierce as a mighty whirlwind, made
A negative reply.

"Is it in idleness and rest?"
I asked next, but a "No"
Emphatic was the answer made,
Although the voice was low.

"What then," I asked, "is happiness?"
But no one made reply;
And yes the question seems so plain,
I greatly wonder why.

The Black Maria.

Huddle them in! Huddle them in!
One after another, with grass and grin;
Creatures of every sort of crime,
Degraded by sin and deformed by time,
Starving and desperate, handcuffed and bound,
Jeered by the crowd as it rallies around,
For spite of their pleading and spite of their prayers,
When they're once inside of that van, who cares?

Huddle them in! Huddle them in!
With the reek of whiskey, the fumes of gin!
"For they all must go," cries the old Court Crier—

"For they all must go in the Black Maria."
Huddle them in! Huddle them in!
They've not a penny, no home, no kin;
They cannot come, or go, or stay,
Once the whip, driver, and take them away!
What is a pauper good for at best
But to furnish a dishe a crucial test;
To keep a young doctor awake in his chair,
A knife or two bright or a saw in repair!
The Potter's Field with its mounds of green
Says: "The grave is the only quarantine
For suffering, woe, disease and crime
And all the trouble that fills our time."
The stoop wheels say as away they roll:
"Here goes the hearse of the living soul."

Huddle them in! Huddle them in!
To the tune of the street player's violin.
But to think as they go, sixscore—defiled—
That each of these things was once—a child!

THE : DOCTOR.

CHAPTER III.

"A DEAD WOMAN'S JEALOUSY BLIGHTING A LIVING LOVE."

The green turfs were neatly placed over the new-made grave; the little church-yard on the hill was empty again; the sunlight singing in the shadow of the parsonage garden, and nothing round about spoke of the new-comer to that abode of the dead.

Pauline Grey, the beauty, had died out of the brilliant London world years before, and been buried and forgotten. Pauline Leonnard, wife of the country doctor, was laid in the earth to-day, but whether she was to be forgotten or not remained to be seen.

The young widower returned home, and for the first time learned that his late wife left a will behind her. When or where she had made it he did not stop to ask, but this secret act of hers seemed to cry out even from the new-made grave, that he had never been trusted.

"Miss Elizabeth Leigh," the lawyer asked, looking round the room; "is she present?"

Dr. Leonnard said she was not; and the lawyer coughed once or twice as he leisurely untied his papers, and curiosity was vividly depicted on every face present with the exception of his who might have been supposed to be the most interested in the matter. That curiosity gradually deepened as the reading proceeded, and when the lawyer's voice ceased, there was a general flutter and stir throughout the room.

Miss Elizabeth Leigh was declared whole and sole heiress of Mrs. Leonnard's fortune.

The doctor's face went a shade paler, and a slight tremor ran round his well-shaped mouth—signs of agitation that did not pass unnoticed. Perhaps the conclusions drawn from them were no nearer the truth than such conclusions usually are.

The old man, in the little cottage a few perches from the sea-shore, when he heard of his daughter's good fortune, was no longer old. He was upright, elastic, juvenescent. He walked and spoke as he had walked and spoken five-and-twenty years before, ere yet Miss Letty, his daughter, was dreamed of, when he had married an heiress; and with the stately strut and aristocratic drawl of that period came back his old passion for the sins and follies of a town life.

No man knew better than he that they were sins and follies; few, perhaps, knew as well how much they cost in the long run; for we have said he had played the game of life in cities, and lost it; but such knowledge was as a withe of flax to his ever-mastering desire to taste of them once again. He is ever so much a sip, before he had lost all his relish for them.

So, when the little cottage had been refurnished and beautified to his satisfaction, Mr. Leigh went to London on a visit—a necessary one he called it; and from thence he sent home a lady housekeeper, to be at once a companion to his daughter and a mistress over the servants—for the humble little nest now boasted of three.

If this sudden step up in the world gave the pleasure which such a step might be expected to give to the fortunate heiress, she had, to say the least of it, an odd way of showing it. Not that she grew pale, and drooped and faded like a fragile flower. She was fragile enough, but she was no flower. She was a sensitive, loving woman, with a warm, throbbing heart, that had great power of feeling pain, and, like all hearts worth owning, great power of bearing it.

She went about, and smiled, and talked, and received calls, and returned them, as heiresses of the present day are bound to do, in common gratitude for being better off than other people. Her new dresses, and mantles, and hats—for Letty detested bonnets—were of the very best quality, the very newest fashion, and the most becoming style that she could procure; and in them all she took, and openly showed, a natural girlish interest; but, withal, she was not thoroughly happy in her new state. The money seemed to have brought a weight with it; and the girl in her was fast dying out under the burden.

Then, again, Letty was foolish enough to remember and still cling lovingly to the few friends she had possessed when she was humble Letty Leigh; and not all the new ones which the shine of her guineas brought her could compensate for them; and upon them, at her father's express command, she was obliged to turn her back.

One out of them all, and only one, was still declared fit to be her friend. That was Dr. Leonnard; but he had turned his back upon her. Some people hinted that spite was the real reason of this sudden coldness on his part; others and they were mostly very young ladies with a lurking tenderness or the handsome young widower, proponned it his extreme grief for the loss of his wife that made him unable to bear as yet the society of her friend.

Curious reasoning this; but some people, and particularly very young ladies, have the gift of seing so deep into things, that their commoner neighbors cannot follow them.

But ere the spring had come round again, before the crocuses had cropped up about his young wife's grave, the doctor was summoned in his medical capacity to the cottage of the Leighs. Mr. Leigh was back then from London—pompous and grand, and stately, but anxious withal, for Letty lay moaning and tossing on what might prove her death-bed, if speedy relief did not come.

It was a fever, a bad case of typhus, Dr. Green had said; and at the word the servants had taken the alarm and left. Mrs. Atherton, the lady housekeeper, was at her wits' end; we fancy she would have left, too, but that her keen, worldly eye had fastened upon the rich, silly old man as a likely prize for her to win. The fact that Letty, and not Mr. Leigh, was the rightful owner of the lavishly scattered guineas, she quite ignored, for she had seen enough to convince her that her father's will was law to the motherless girl, and she meant to make her will law also at some future date. Very excellent plans, no doubt, and tolerably feasible; but the planner of them was scarcely fitted for the post of sick-nurse, and so Dr. Leonnard saw. He did not see the real reason, but he saw enough to convince him that Mrs. Atherton was inclined to neglect her charge, and spend her time in the tiny drawing-room, mouthing oily consolation to that charge's papa.

It was late in the afternoon when the summons reached Dr. Leonnard; later still when he stood at the door of the Leighs. It was open, and he went in, and into the little sitting-room. No one was there, and, rather annoyed, he rang the bell smartly. In answer to it Mr. Leigh himself appeared, and presently Mrs. Atherton. Paying little heed to her sobbly uttered but incoherent lamentations over the shameful ingratitude of the servants and her own painful position, he requested to see his patient.

Letty was in a high fever; her cheeks a burning crimson, her gray eyes flaming and flashing, her long, thick hair tossed back over the pillows. She did not know the doctor; she knew no one; and her shrill voice went on without pause or stop, but her words were meaningless; she was delirious.

"How long has she been like this?" was his first question. What medicine has she taken?" his next.

It seemed the answer to neither pleased him, for he gave a little anxious frown, and, emptying the glass that stood half full on on the table, he asked for a clean one, and then prepared a fresh potion, and held it to the sick girl's lips. She drank it eagerly; it was acid, and she liked it.

When it was drained to the last drop, and Mrs. Atherton had left the room to attend to his directions, the doctor, standing by the bedside, laid his cool hand on the girl's hot, throbbing brow. At his touch the bright, dreamy eyes unclosed, and the red lips smiled gratefully.

"You are kind," she said. "I like you. Don't go away again—don't leave me. They all hate me, everyone hates me now, you know; for she cursed me, and the curse has never left me. Never."

The eyes closed again wearily, and the little hand that had been raised to touch his sunk down. The potion was doing its work.

The doctor sat quietly by the bedside and waited for Mrs. Atherton, inwardly chafing at the delay. Every now and again the gray eyes would open to see if he was still there, and then close, content that he was.

As he sat and looked down on the pale, young face lying within a yard of his own, and met the trusting, loving gaze of those dry eyes that had never so met his in health, a vague, half-blissful, half-painful thought grew in his brain; and yet it was scarcely a clear thought, only a suspicion, a wondering surmise; but faint as it was, it made him think with yearning pity of the slight hold that young life had on this world. When at length Mrs. Atherton come back he left his directions with her, and returned to his own home to puzzle and wonder over this strange fancy that had seized upon him, and which he could not shake off.

Every visit showed Dr. Leonnard more clearly that no attention was being paid by Mrs. Atherton to Letty. He had pronounced her illness fever of the brain, and not infectious, and on his word the servants came back, but that did not mend matters as far as he was concerned; indeed it made them rather worse; for when Mrs. Atherton sat and talked for the hour together to Mr Leigh, he let himself enjoy her flatteries with an easy conscience, thinking that one of the servants was watching by Letty. Instead of that the doctor often found her alone, and parched with thirst; and at such times he always attended to her wants himself, in perference to seeing Mrs. Atherton about her. Once, coming early in the forenoon, he found her sitting up in bed, her hair pushed back from her face, and looking so pale and collected, that he thought on the first glance that the fever had left her. As he went forward to the bed he saw that she held an old shoe in her hand, which she was turning over and examining eagerly.

It was a woman's shoe, very small, very dainty altogether, and had once been a pale drab color. It was far too small ever to have fitted Letty's foot, and the interest she showed in it puzzled the doctor.

"What is that, Letty?" he asked, gently touching her hand to attract her attention. She looked up at him, no spark of recognition in her eyes.

"It is a little, little bit of the curse she left behind her on the sands, the night she followed us, the night I heard her sobbing breath all round me in the air. I found it in a puddle on the shore; the earth wouldn't hide it, the sea wouldn't swallow it, because, you see, it was a part of her curse, and I deserved it. I didn't think so then; but I know now I did. I knew it as soon as ever he gave over noticing me; he would not look at me, he never spoke to me; and I did so love him."

The wild, bright eyes were brimmed with tears as she repeated over and over again that mournful plaint—"I did so love him I did so love him!"

"Heaven help me," thought the doctor, as he turned away from the wistful eyes, "is love of me always to bring a blight?"

He drew the shoe tenderly from her clinging fingers, and, laying back her head upon the pillow, strove to soothe her into quiet. But still her cry was the heavy curse that lay on her, stopping her breath, crushing out her life, killing her.

"It is heavy on us both," said the doctor, softly, as he stooped and kissed her hot cheek, and then went out to seek her father.

Thanks to that interview the poor girl was no longer neglected. Dr. Leonnard was not one whose word, when he gave it, might be lightly disregarded, and now he spoke out more freely than was his wont. The consequence was Mrs. Atherton bestirred herself, and made an anxious watcher on the instant; but trusting very little in her, the doctor sent down old Judith, and made her shift herself with her niece. Perhaps he thought that faithful servant, close-mouthed and cautious, the fittest to listen to such words as he had listened to that day. Perhaps he knew that their meaning might be penetrated—for he by no means underrated the woman's shrewdness—they would be as safe with her as with himself.

Miss Leigh recovered but slowly, and Dr. Leonnard still continued his visits. He came as a friend now—as more than a friend; the bright and sudden flushing of Letty's cheek hinted that he was welcome; but then the doctor was not bound to see that. He read poems to her; he took her out on sunny afternoons to look at the sea from a seat in her little garden. He bent over her, and watched over her like a mother might over an ailing child, but he never forgot that she was the heiress of his dead wife.

Letty never forgot it either. She thought of it with an icy thrill each time her heart told her, as it sometimes did, how dear he was to her; the memory of that, and of the fearful look that had shone over his wife's face that morning months and months before, when she had said she would live to curse them, rose up between her and every hope of one day being his acknowledged darling.

Dr. Leonnard did not dream that it was anything but friendship that drew him so often to that quiet little cottage, but its shy young mistress did; still as she seemed, she knew it was love.

Does not every woman know when a man passes the rubicon of temperate friendship, and enters the fiery land of love? We think she does. We think she must, if she would only acknowledge it candidly. Letty knew. Her warm woman's heart rose up with a glad throb when he was by, and her keen woman's eye did not fail to see an answering love gleam on the pale, cold face that only unbent to her, and that rarely. She drew a new life from this knowledge, and brightened and strengthened day by day. But when the weeks slipped by, till the sea lay still and glowing under the June sun, and this love, that she knew was in his heart, never rose to his lips, she began to feel, with a keen, misery-able appreciation of its nobleness, the real reason of his strange silence.

Letty began, for the first time, to understand, and to tread around, with bleeding, stumbling feet, the hard road a woman's jealousy had mapped out before her. As the heiress of his wife, no nun in her convent cell could be farther removed from the hope of winning him than she. And a horrible conviction that he was right in this, and that no matter how strong his love, he would never own it, pressed upon her. A shuddering sense of a dead woman's jealousy blighting her living love, closed round her day by day; and again the wail that had broken from her dry lips in the fever broke from them now: "It was part of her curse and I deserve it."

Part! It was all. It was the open translation of those mysterious fits of seeming friendliness and real watching. It told why she chose the girl she thought her rival to inherit her money. As none but the brain of the woman could have planned and raised such a barrier between an honorable man and the hapless girl she bound in her golden fetters, so none but the heart of a woman could fully feel its power. Letty felt it. She saw now why the wife, thinking her husband loved her, should leave her money to her, knowing that the doctor as an honorable man would be kept from ever seeking her in marriage by that very fact.

And the doctor, seeing this also, and losing head and heart together in the neighborhood of this shy, wayward girl, would strive to regain both by telling himself, over and over again, that he could not marry the same fortune twice. While the young girl dreamed and sighed, and the strong man played with the fire, Mr. Leigh was looking out for a husband for his daughter. To find one that suited him proved rather difficult. Those who might have sought the hand of the heiress, in time and opportunity had been granted them, the old man looked upon with utmost contempt. He was no miser. He did not want gold to mate gold. He wanted a gentleman for his child, and, to find one, he went to London. That city was the universe in the eyes of Mr. Leigh. His brilliant youth and doubtful manhood had been passed among its glories; and, in his age, its charm was as great as ever for him. So he went, and Mrs. Atherton remained in charge of Letty.

The corn was ripening for the sickle; the low, marshy grounds were putting on their autumn garbs of purple and deep, rank greenery, and the little cottage was in a glowing tangle of blooms when its master returned. He came alone, and he looked haggard and anxious; but he would be cheerful, and he told them that he expected company following him.

Mrs. Atherton was all complacency. She was overjoyed at her dear master's safe return; she was pleasantly excited over the coming guests, and delighted with everything.

Not so Letty—the girl was tired out; the new hats, and dresses and gaudy summer mantles had been worn again and again; the gushing young lady friends had sunk from patronizing colonials into positive bores. The novelty of being an heiress had worn off, and she sickened at its monotony; and that the life of an heiress, be it lived in town or country, is monotonous, let no one deny. Her money had opened for her the gates of many long-coveted pleasures, but it had barred the only one she cared very much for entering. It found for her many new friends; it lost for her one old one; and with the tenacity of a woman and the waywardness of a child she turned her back on them all, to grieve and cry out for the unattainable.

Dr. Leonnard was everything a rich lady patient could expect or desire, but something—what she could not tell—had changed him at once and completely. He never called her Miss Letty now; he never ceased to come as when the delicious twilight was dropping down over the heat and hurry of the long summer day; he never walked out with her; he never sat in the shady little parlor and read favorite bits from his favorite authors, as he had done in those first, never-to-be-forgotten days of her convalescence.

So, wanting all this, the girl had grown tired of everything, and of herself above all; and there were times when, if she could have gone and laid this heavy weight of gold in the hand that had dropped it as a curse at her feet, she would have done it. At others she tried to think of the pleasures it had procured, and would still procure, her father, now getting to be an old man; when she tried to look bravely out on a lonely, barren, life-track, where her one star should be the faint glimmer of her father's love, her only solace the attendance of him.

Some women seem not so much women as heroines; such tread the hard path spread before them with unflattering step, and trample down the thorns under their feet unhesitatingly. They live in the mouths of men; their names make a light about them on the pages of history. But Letty Leigh was not one of them. She was passionate, and loving, and tender-hearted; and the only light she was fitted to cast about her would be on the faces of little children in the heart of a quiet home. For courage, read love; for endurance, faithfulness; for heroine, woman; and you have the picture of Letty Leigh.

Altogether it was not much wonder that the thought of strangers just at that particular time was the reverse of welcome to her, but that she kept to herself, and began to lavish her love on her father, in the vain hope that the more she loved him the less she would grow to love Paul Leonnard.

Almost the first question of Mr. Leigh had been:

"Where's Doctor Leonnard?"

Mrs. Atherton explained that since Mr. Leigh had left for London there seemed to be no attraction for the doctor at their quiet little cottage, and he had ceased to call attendance of late. She looked up under her lashes at Letty as she spoke, and Letty, meeting the glance, flushed crimson.

"I wanted to see him," continued Mr. Leigh. "I must get him and Captain Hanker, and Wilkinson, and Dodd, to meet my friends when they come."

These mysterious friends, whose coming made such a commotion in the village, proved to be two exquisites of the first water—London water, to be understood. That they were very great gentlemen, indeed, no one could doubt, seeing their sparkling rings and fashionable coats and trousers (excuse mention of them), which were surely cut from that famous pattern that was designed, so the great artist who made them explained, to walk about in and nothing else. By no means might the wearer sit down in them.

The curious ones who watched these gentlemen walking arm in arm through the village in company with Mr. Leigh, were completely dazzled by such fashionable excellence, and retired in-doors, mutely wondering at the grandeur of Mr. Leigh's connections. Letty herself, standing in the porch, her straw hat in one hand, her trailing dress and the folds of her lace shawl caught up in the other, felt utterly abashed and shamefaced, as she knew herself under the observation of a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, ostensibly surveying the flowers, but in reality levelled at her; and her heart palpitated stormily as she submitted to two soft butterfly pressures from pale, straw-colored kids and felt a nameless odor of distilled waters floating about her as the gentlemen passed.

Letty knew her father was angry with her by the cold, measured way he spoke as the little party turned in-doors, apologizing for his daughter's appearance in delicate, half-tinted words. She had known all along that they were coming that afternoon; she had known, too, that her father expected her to dress her best and look her best, and she had intended to do so purely to please him; but a trivial, simple thing served to change the current of her thoughts, and prevented her doing either or the other.

That morning, standing in the garden looking over her flowers, Letty had raised her head suddenly to find Dr. Leonnard watching her a short way off up the road. He was riding slowly when she first saw him, but, urging his horse into a canter, he came straight on and stopped at the gate.

Letty's face flushed rosily, and her small hands, not brown now, but like sun-burnt lily leaves, if such could be imagined, flung down the flowers she had gathered, and began eagerly to unfasten the gate.

For an instant the grave doctor leaned forward in his saddle, his stern mouth twitching, a patch of burning red on each swallow cheek. If the girl had looked then, she might have drunk in such a draught of love from the fathomless dark eyes bent upon her as would have quenched the thirst of her heart forever; but she did not; she only raised her face, still flushed when he spoke.

"You need not trouble to undo the fastening, Miss Leigh, for I have not time to come in this morning. I should scarcely have ventured on stopping if I had not seen you in the garden as I rode by."

The young face darkened at once, the clear eyes grew troubled, as you might have seen the depths of a tiny lakelet change under the shadow of a storm-cloud.

"Your visitors have not arrived yet," he remarked, as he saw she would not or could not speak.

"No," replied Letty; "but they are coming to-day, and papa expects you will dine with us."

"Yes, I know he does," said the doctor, looking away from her towards the sea; and I am not sure whether I can come or not."

"He will be very disappointed if you cannot," said Letty; she might have added with truth, "and I, too, shall be cruelly disappointed if you do not."

"Well, tell him I will do my best to get here," said he; "but a doctor's time is not his own, you know, that he should use it for his pleasure."

He spoke lightly enough and pleasantly, but he did not smile, and Letty did not.

"I shall be still more pressed for time next month," he continued. "Doctor Green thinks of going over to Paris for his autumn trip, and I shall have a good number of his patients to look after in addition to my own, while he is away."

"And when will you go away?" asked Letty.

"When I feel I want a change," he replied; "not before. I am as well and happy as I hope or wish to be in my own quiet way."

He was looking down on her, half-sad, half-smiling, watching the deepening color in her cheeks and the restless movement of her fingers. A strange look, it went to her heart, and made her feel sick and faint under the noonday sun, for, as her eyes met his, she knew that her closely guarded secret was being ruthless looked into; she felt it through every quivering nerve, but she would not submit—she would not cut her little useless role of indifference to the last.

"I am glad you are so content," she said. "It is not everyone, he they high or low, who can say with truth that they are as happy as they wish to be."

"Surely," said the doctor, "you are among the few who can say so?"

"I am not," she replied, steadily; "and I don't ever expect to be. I am only a woman—and women, you know, are always wishing for something more than they have got."

"Well," said Dr. Leonnard, "the next best thing to being perfectly content is to be wisely ambitious."

He did not look at her as he spoke, but she felt the warning was meant for her, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"I hope you are wise in your ambitions, Miss Leigh," he continued.

"I do not pretend to be ambitious—I am only fanciful," she replied, coldly.

"Only fanciful?" repeated Dr. Leonnard, musingly; "perhaps that is so. Well, keep to your harmless fancying, Miss Leigh; it is the safest."

Raising his hat, he then wished her a good morning, and rode off, and Letty had answered with a stiff "good morning," as she turned and went into the house.

All that forenoon, we are sorry to say, Miss Letty was in a very bad temper—so bad that, instead of putting on her most becoming dress, and doing up her thick, glossy hair, as is made, to receive her father's guests, she donned a simple muslin, and leaving her hair twisted up in its usual rich negligence, she put on her hat and went off for a walk, and it was on her return, as she stood tired and flushed in the porch, that she met those formidable strangers. She knew she looked rustic and hot, and everything she should not, on the moment of introduction, and she knew her father was angry with her for so doing—not very angry, she hoped, for Mr. Leigh was in the habit of getting into furious passions now and then.

It was said once, when his first wife, the heiress, was living, Mr. Leigh struck her down in the garden with one blow, and left her there, because she angered him by refusing to let him have more money. That was many years ago, and Letty, of course, knew nothing of it, but she knew enough to feel that it would not do to cross him too much. So she went to her room, and making a hasty but most becoming toilet, descended to the rather late dinner, looking so fair and fresh that the old man's brow relaxed, and the young gentlemen favored her with a steady stare while they stood up to receive her.

(To be Continued.

LINES FOR LOVERS.

Men Who Are Not in Love—The "Right One."

This clever essay concerning "Men Who Are Not in Love" is condensed from the *Young Ladies' Fashion Bazar*:

"I would give anything in the world to know whether he is in earnest or not," is the thought that passes through the minds of most young girls when they have received a good many calls from some handsome *beau ideal* who seems to just suit their fancy.

"But how can I ever find out?" they cry, despairingly.

Let me tell you, my dear, how to discern whether a young man is really attracted toward you or not.

When a young man has to be urged to call on you—when you have to make opportunities to see him, or find excuses to write to him, depend upon it you are having your trouble for your pains, for believe me, he's not particularly attracted toward you—he's not in love.

If he calls irregularly, and not often, he is not troubling himself about whether or not any one else may step in and win you from him. Love always makes a man fearful that he may by any slip of destiny lose his treasure, and he never feels safe until after he has won the object of his adoration.

When a man is eager to have you invite your neighbor's pretty daughters to help entertain him when he calls he is not in love with you, for the eyes of a lover are shut to all smiles and glances but those of her whom he has called to see.

If you are 25 years old, and he is thrown in contact with young girls, and you see his eyes restlessly wandering toward the girl of 16 summers, you may know then as one who however bright and witty you may be he is not for you.

A gentleman should do all the wooing, for, though he may come to see a girl once or twice, who plainly shows "she'd like to have him," he never comes the third time, for, to correctly be been said that—

"When a woman throws herself at a man's head. She'll soon find herself at his feet."

For if the girl has to make advances the man is not in love. When a man is remiss in his attentions he is not in love.

When he neglects to perform any little act of kindness that falls in his way he is not in love.

When he puts off his engagements he is not in love. Of course, in urgent cases, he may not be able to keep it, but if it is at all possible, word should always be sent, or he cannot be called in love with you. As Rosalind says in "As You Like It":

"The man who comes one minute late is not in love."

Swimming.

Swimming is an athletic exercise that has not received sufficient attention from those interested in physical culture for women. It is not only a delightful amusement, but is said to be far more valuable in expanding the chest and developing the muscles than almost any gymnastic exercise that is known. Comparatively few women, even among those who at the seaside enjoy a daily bath in the surf, are expert swimmers. They are entirely at the mercy of circumstances in case of sudden danger. The expert swimmer learns to be courageous and energetic in the water, and her skill may be the means of saving her own life or other lives. Swimming is usually taught in a large swimming bath, such as are connected with some gymnasium.

Almost any bathing dress is suitable for swimming. The prettiest and most useful bathing dresses this season are made of English storm serge. This material does not lose its rich blue color though dipped repeatedly in the salt water brine." It is the only colored fabric which is proof against the alkaline effects of the sea. Such a dress is very pretty trimmed with rows of white braid, which has been previously shrunk. There have been some charming bathing dresses made up recently of white serge finished with a sailor's collar and cuffs, and trimmed with bands of blue serge. Flannel is softer than serge, but it shrinks every time it is wet and does not retain its color after a dip in sea water.

The Honors of War.

Philadelphia *Record*: "War is murder," says James Russell Lowell, in the "Biglow Papers"; and certainly the war which is now being waged in Chili is, of any conflict of modern times, the most savage and horrible. Every instinct of humanity seems to have been blotted out; rapine and plunder are finishing what sword and bullet began, and women and children are treated as if they were in the hands of the most brutalized denizens of Africa. It will evidently be many years before the Chilians shall again be fit to come within the pale of civilization.

Settled at Last.

Cape Cod Item: "I saved a lady from being run over by a runaway horse to-day, and the spectators gave me three cheers and a tiger."

"The lady, I suppose, was rich and beautiful, and will marry you. Who was she?"

"I don't know. She disappeared while I was getting the ovation. In short, I lost the lady and got the tiger."

Financiering.

Mr. Jason—I have half a notion to sell that corner house. I can't make it bring more than 6 per cent. to save me.

Mrs. Jason—Why don't you cut the price of it down one-half? Then it would bring in 12 per cent.

Bad for the Dog.

Harper's Bazar: *Jaysmith*—Lock here, McCorkle, your dog bit me just now.

McCorkle—I'm glad you told me. I'll give the poor fellow an antidote right away.

106 Agnes St., Toronto, Ont., May 23, 1887: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the fact of my mother having been cured of a bad case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and this after having tried other preparations without avail." WM. H. MCCONNELL.

—Alcide Vadoro, an Egyptian, just arrived in New York, had $2,000,000 and youth. The youth is left, but the two millions have been squandered, and Alcide is looking for any means not beyond his strength to earn a livelihood.

The New York woman who established a home for cats has a German rival, who advertises as follows: "Wanted, by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably-dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day." Formerly it was the cats that amused the children.

Carrying the war into Africa with a vengeance is the sending of Moslem missionaries to England to convert that country. Liverpool is the headquarters of the propaganda, and an English attorney is the representative of the prophet.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The following bills were read a third time:

Respecting the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States—Mr. Meredith.

To provide for the consolidation of the debenture debt of the city of London, and for other purposes—Mr. Meredith.

To incorporate the Niagara River Railway Company—Mr. Tait.

Mr. Ross moved the House into committee to reconsider the bill respecting the profession of stenography. He consented, on the earnest representation of the hon. member for London, to limit the time of practice required before stenographers can become members of the Chartered Stenographic Reporters' Association to six months instead of five years, as originally proposed. The bill was reported as amended, and received its third reading.

Mr. Ross moved the House into committee on a bill consolidating and revising the High school law. Amongst other amendments made was the limiting of the number of High school trustees in cities and towns to eighteen, and the restricting of High school examiners' duties to the district instead of the county as formerly.

Mr. Fraser moved the House into committee on a resolution introduced on Friday last, asking for an additional grant of $150,000 for the construction of the new Parliament buildings. He desired to amend the resolution by asking for $200,000 extra, instead of $150,000, which would make the entire cost a million and a quarter dollars. He had no doubt the building would be fully completed for that sum.

The amendment was carried and the bill was read a second time.

Mr. Mowat moved the House into committee on a Bill respecting the settlement by arbitration of accounts between the Dominion of Canada and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec and between the said two Provinces.

The following Bills were read a second time:

Respecting settlement duties by purchasers of lands from the Crown and the issue of timber licenses—Mr. Hardy.

For the settlement of questions between the Governments of Canada and Ontario respecting Indian lands.—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Mowat moved the House into committee on a bill respecting disputes under the drainage laws.

Mr. Meredith thought that the powers proposed to be conferred upon referees under the bill were of too burdensome a nature, and too extensive to be properly discharged by one man.

The House went into Committee of Supply and passed the items of charges on Crown Lands amounting to $120,859, refund account $24,963.87, miscellaneous $52,962.

The House in concurrence carried a number of the items in the estimates passed in Committee of Supply.

Mr. Mowat moved the House into committee to reconsider the bill respecting disputes under the drainage laws. A few amendments were made limiting the powers conferred upon referees under the Act.

The following bills were read a second time:

Respecting truancy and compulsory school attendance—Mr. Ross.

To amend the Industrial Schools Act—Mr. Ross.

To amend the Ontario Joint Stock Companies' Letters Patent Act—Mr. Gibson (Hamilton).

Mr. Meredith called attention to the fact that several committees would meet to-morrow morning it would be inadvisable that the House meet at 11 a. m.

The following Bills were read a third time:

To amend the Act to prevent the spread of noxious weeds and of diseases affecting fruit trees—Mr. Wood (Brant).

Relating to railways—Mr. Fraser.

Mr. Mowat moved the second reading of a Bil for detaching from the Chancery Division of the High Court one of the judges thereof. The Chancery Division had four judges, and the other courts but three, and the hon. member proposed to reduce the number all round to three. At the time when the fourth judge had been appointed there had been an exceptional amount of work, but this was not the case now, and he proposed to detach the fourth judge and have him discharge judicial duties in any of the courts as directed.

Mr. Meredith was doubtful as to the power possessed by the Legislature to make the changes proposed.

The following bills were read a second time:

To regulate the charters to loan companies—The Attorney-General.

Respecting certain duties, powers and liabilities of trustees—The Attorney-General.

To amend the election laws—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Ross moved the House into committee on a bill consolidating and revising the law respecting the Education Department.

The House went into committee and passed the following bills:

To further amend the Acts relating to the erection of new provincial buildings—Mr. Fraser.

To amend the Act respecting County Crown Attorneys—The Attorney-General.

Respecting settlement duties by purchasers of lands from the Crown and the issue of timber licenses—Mr. Hardy.

For the settlement of questions between the Governments of Canada and Ontario respecting Indian lands—The Attorney-General.

Mr. Gibson (Hamilton) moved the House into committee on a bill to amend the Ontario Insurance Act. The only amendment upon it; it is death and destruction to the hair and not good for the scalp. If there are obstinate spots of dandruff, rub in a little vaseline and brush that place well the next morning.

What Men Like in Woman.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil, of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.—*Roseleaf.*

Companies Incorporated.

Notice of the incorporation of these companies will be gazetted to-day: The Wingham Temperance Hall Company, with a capital stock of $1 000; The Pine River Slide & Improvement Company (limited), with a capital stock of $40,000; The Ontario Gas & Oil Company (limited), composed of Stratford parties, with a capital stock of $3,000; The Dannville Natural Gas Company (limited), with a capital stock of $5,000; The Parkhill Telephone Company (limited) with a capital stock of $3,000; The T. Eaton Company (limited), with a capital stock of $500,000, composed of Timothy Eaton, Edward Y. Eaton, Mrs. T. Eaton, Miss J. S. Eaton and Mrs. C. Burden, all of Toronto.

A Tobacco Smoke Consumer.

A gentleman whose lungs are not strong enough for him to enjoy the fumes of tobacco after a dinner party, took with him to a friend's house a little lamp which he set on a table when the cigars were lighted. Over the flames of this little lamp was a ring of platinum which became red hot in a very few seconds, and which consumed the smoke of a dozen cigars as fast as it was made, so that the atmosphere of the room was as clear as it would have been had there been no smoking going on at all.

—Have men more pride than women? Joe Howard says that "It is an interesting race question raised by the fact that while white women very often marry black men it is very rare that a white man marries a black woman."

It is stated in an apparently authoritative manner that Blaine will positively refuse to be a candidate at the Republican convention.

At a meeting of the congregation of the Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, last night it was decided to extend a call to Rev. Daniel Spencer, F. R. G. S., of London, England. The pastorate was rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. A. H. Munro. Rev. Mr. Spencer is at present on a visit to Canada, and is pastor of the Baptist Church at Teddington, Eng.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE MAYOR AND THE ORGAN GRINDERS.

He Gives Advice to English Girls Who Have Married Them.

Mayor McShane this morning gave two young English girls who have married Italian organ grinders a severe reprimand for marrying into what he termed slavery. Three Italians, with two of their wives, English girls, called to get a reduction of their license, which is $50. The mayor, after eyeing the women, said: "You're not Italians?"

"No," replied the tallest. "We are English."

"Then how did you come to marry these Italians?"

"We met them on the boat coming over," was the answer.

"And you married them?"

"In Quebec," said one.

"Can't you do any better than grinding organs? Could your husbands not do any better? It is terrible to encourage you. Could you not induce your husband to do something else and you go and keep house? This organ grinding business is becoming a regular nuisance. These Italians ought to work like other people. It is a pity to see young women like you grinding organs."

The Mayor next turned upon one of the men: "Would it not be better for you to go and work?" he asked.

"But organ grinding is my trade," was the answer.

"Are you aware that your trade is a nuisance?" the Mayor asked.

Then addressing the women again the Mayor said: "It is a pity for women to marry men to enslave them. In England women are not married to slavery, and why did you marry into slavery in this country? There was no need for it. I would rather try and get work for the men.

"Make your husband support you at home, and do not go organ grinding any more," said the Mayor as he signed an order to have their license reduced from $50 to $25.—*Montreal Star.*

Dutch Courtship.

In certain parts of Holland, when a young man thinks he has found his affinity, it is customary for him to ask for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's house. This little subterfuge is intended to arouse the parents of the girl to the fact that something is in the wind.

If a second call with a similar object is made soon afterwards, no doubt is left of the young man's intentions, and the parents proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents, with a view of ascertaining his eligibility as a member of the family. When he calls the third time, always for a match to light his cigar, they are prepared to give him an answer.

If his suit is regarded with favor, he is politely requested to step inside for the first time, and is served with a light. If he is not accepted, he is refused a light, and the door is shut in his face without further ceremony.

But, having prepared for this contingency, the downcast suitor will, in all probability, light his weed with a match from his own box, and walk away musing on the transitory nature of all earthly things. When the accepted suitor is invited to enter the house, he, as a matter of course, smokes the parents which of their daughters has captivated his fancy.

When this is settled, the young man steps forward, and they join hands. While the engagement is by no means a settled fact even at this important stage, yet it is stated as a truth that when, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his *inamorata* has offered him a second cigar, and he has smoked it in their house, the engagement never has been cancelled.

How to Wash the Hair.

For washing the hair, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, a small piece of kitchen soap put in very hot water until a thick white suds is achieved, is best. Use this first water to cut out the dust, and, after that, wash the soapy water out of it thoroughly with clear water that should be very hot, holding your head over a basin and letting it be poured from a small pitcher. Dry the hair first with towels, and then do not braid it while it is damp, but have it either fanned until it is dry, or if possible, stay in your room and let it hang loose until it is free from all moisture. Do not be induced under any circumstances to use a fine comb

THE ARTLESS MAIDEN.

It is Now Her Inning as Against the Mannish Girl.

The artless young woman has come into fashion once more. A few years ago it grew to be the correct thing for a girl to know a great deal about the world and its ways. Society became filled with tender maidens who could talk horse and dog like stable boys, who would take a hand in a stiff game of poker, and confess to depending upon the invigoration of cocktails in the morning. This type enjoyed a reign of several seasons, but, like all things in society, it grew monotonous, and a change was required. It has come in the old, family liar, artless girl who was in vogue before the supremac