

lusty human voices indicated some unusual excitement in the hamlet.

"Is it a fire?" said Henry Loring, stepping to the end of the terrace and looking in the direction of the village.

"There's no smoke. Perhaps it is a marriage."

"They don't marry at this hour of the day.—Hi! you fellow!" he shouted to a man who dashed past on horseback in the direction of the stables. But the man took no notice.

"Does he belong to the establishment?" demanded the embryo master indignantly.

"Let us go in and get another cigar, and some brandy-and-water, and we will walk down as far as the gates to inquire what is going on."

They were proceeding down the wide avenue presently, when a warning shout was raised behind them. They had barely time to leap out of the way and escape being run over by the Priors Loring carriage, driven at a headlong speed by the ancient coachman in his best livery.

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Mr. Arthur, when he recovered his speech, "it's about time that somebody was master here. I should like to know who gives these people their orders?"

"By this hour to-morrow, my boy, you shall have the right to ask that question, and to get an answer. 'Bide your time.'"

They proceeded slowly down towards the great gates, which they saw standing wide open. The ancient female in charge of the post was out in the middle of the highway, gazing with eager interest in the direction of the village. The bells were ringing, and the cheering of many voices came nearer and nearer. They could hardly be three hundred yards away, round a bend of the road.

"Woman! what does this mean?" demanded Henry Loring angrily. It was curious how angry he was, and how ugly his anger made him look.

"Eh?" she answered; "just wait a bit, and we'll see."

It was upon them before further question could be asked.

"Whatever they are," cried Loring, "they shan't enter here!" and he sprang at one of the heavy gates to shut it. For the second time he had a close and ignominious escape; this time it was two farmers mounted on heavy cart-horses that almost rode him down. He had to leap aside out of the way; and then the mob, with a deep and hoarse hurrah, burst through the gates, dragging after them the carriage containing young Arthur Loring and his bride.

We must be excused the task of following the gradual and grievous process by which those two injured men recovered from that stunning experience. They found their way by private paths to the station, and thence to London: for like wise men they wasted no time in doubting the evidence of their senses, which demonstrated to them too plainly that they were irretrievably defeated. By what means it mattered not now; the result was far too overwhelming to leave them any interest in its explanation.

The mutual sympathy of rascals in the moment of misfortune is a touching trait of human nature. Each sought his own solace in the contemplation of the other's case. They had reached this interesting phase of feeling before leaving the railway carriage.

"You will want all your philosophy, Arthur," observed his father pathetically, "to bear you up after such a loss. Bride and wealth both gone—Heaven knows how, but the young Squire is the winner, beyond a doubt. Nor do I overlook the blow to your young affections."

"My philosophy is all in order sir," said Mr. Arthur with an amiable grin. "I have as much as I had yesterday, minus the expectations, which don't count as a commercial asset, you know. I am a little anxious about your balance, though. I shall have to leave you to manage the Annuity as you can; and I am afraid, from what has taken place, you may not find all quite satisfactory at home."

"What do you mean?" Henry Loring demanded, turning livid.

"She has defied you, has she not? That means that things are on another footing in Cadogan Square. I'm afraid that your prospects, private and public, are uncommonly unpropitious to-night."

And the first realisation of the fact was brought home to Henry Loring outside the station, when his son coolly stepped into aansom and drove away by himself.

Hi! Ralph Loring at the same hour, attired in his old clothes and slippers, was indulging in deep joy over the draper's shop in Chelsea. He had managed it well, if he only knew how well! The telegrams he had despatched to Mr. Harding the agent, and the old vicar, touched most inflammable material;

and Maud, blushing red with pleased surprise, heard the bells ringing her welcome to Priors Loring before the train stopped at the little station.

In a month after the marriage, Priors Loring was free of mortgages, and this happy relief, coupled with the new mistress's eyes, which he worshipped, brought back his youth to the faithful old agent. "There has never, that I am aware of," he observed confidentially to the vicar, "been so much wealth in Priors Loring—long may they live to enjoy it!" There was more than Mr. Harding dreamt of, when the grave and gentle American mother came down and made the Hall her home.

Maud's mother never spoke of Henry Loring and his son, and these worthies passed out of sight, no one knew whither. Arthur, more just than his namesake intended to be, paid over to the Annuity the money which the estate owed them.

On bank holidays Ralph comes down to see the young people; but he is wedded to his old life, and will go on unchanged to the end. Mrs. Hornby, through somebody's gratitude, has become owner of the shop in King's Road, and Ralph's landlady; and she dominates over the old man. He strongly resented new slippers which she had worked for him, but was compelled to wear them. "It is nearly as bad as being married," he says.

[THE END.]

A Clever Female Sharper.

A few days ago, as a well known man of Vancouver, British Columbia, was sauntering down a street in Ottawa he was accosted by a neatly dressed woman, rather prepossessing in appearance, somewhat refined looking, and to all appearance a lady. She was in half mourning, and had a short veil covering the upper half of her face. This woman pointed out to the man (who, by the way, is one of Vancouver's well-known business men) that there was a little knot of men standing in front of the Y. M. C. A.'s new building. Would he be so kind as to permit her to walk down the street with him, as she was afraid to go past there? Without a moment's hesitation the man consented. The lady apologized for asking him, and after his assuring her that he was only too happy to be of service to her, they started down street together. They had not gone very far beyond Abbott street, when a large, well-developed man stepped up in front of them.

"Where are you going with my wife?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, George, I didn't mean any harm, I really didn't," answered the woman quickly, at the same time beginning to sob.

The Vancouver man attempted to explain to the irate husband that there was nothing wrong, that his wife had merely asked him to walk down the street with him as her protection in the dark. But he was cut short with the ejaculation: "Oh, yes; it's just the same story."

The woman's sobs grew louder and the husband's wrath more intense, until the third party began to get frightened. He realized the fix he was in, and when an offer to compromise the matter was made, in order that it might not get into the newspapers or the Police Court, the Vancouver man at once accepted. He planked over two \$20 gold pieces and then retraced his steps homeward, a sadder, madder, and wiser man. Since then the same game has been worked twice more. Each time the victim selected has been a prominent man who has a reputation at stake and would rather pay a few dollars unjustly than have any noise made about it.

Just Like Them.

"His mother's eyes, his mother's brow,
His mother's lips, 'tis plain to see."
"He is his father's self again."
That is what people say to me.

I wonder which of them is wrong!
For how can both of them be right?
Could one small boy be like the two,
If he should try with all his might?

Like papa? If I overgrow
To be as strong and tall as he.
How learned, and how brave and true
And generous I ought to be!

And mamma—gentle, loving, kind,
And sweet and beautiful and good—
Of course a boy would like to be,
Well, something like her, if he could.

So, if I should begin to-day
And do the very best I can,
Perhaps what people say to me
May turn out true when I'm a man.

She (carefully questioning): "Are you a married man?" He (carefully answering): "I don't know. My latest telegram, from Chicago says that the jury is still out."

England's Census.

Once every ten years John Bull performs a remarkable feat. It is the taking of the census of the United Kingdom, and it is accomplished with a nickel-in-the-slot rapidity that challenges even the admiration of a shrewd hustler from America. The method of taking the census possesses great interest for the people of the United States, as offering a striking comparison with the slow and unsatisfactory methods of enumerating the American people.

On Sunday night last, the Britons passed through the turnstile of their tenth decennial classification. The next morning the record was delivered to Somerset House, to be assorted and labeled, and all the work was effected with marvelous perfection of organization by which Great Britain is made to stand still for a minute and be photographed. So consummate is the skill with which was planned that all-embracing machinery, that at one and the same moment, all over the United Kingdom, the recording pen caught and set down every man's status.

The United Kingdom was divided up into 40,000 districts. It is estimated that the total cost of the work was less than \$700,000, while for the same work in America nearly \$7,000,000 was appropriated by Congress.

The census was intrusted by the home secretary, Mr. Matthews, to persons in authority in the different parts of the United Kingdom. In England and Scotland the duty devolved upon the English and Scotch registrars general; in Ireland to a royal commission presided over by the Irish registrar general, and in the islands—which consist of two groups, the Isle of Man in the Irish sea, and the channel islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Heron, Sark, Jethou and Brechou—the enumeration was made under the superintendence of the respective lieutenant governors, according to instructions issued by the registrar general of England. In England and Wales the census staff consisted of the employees of the general registry office, the superintendent registrars in their districts, the registrars and the enumerators. There are 626 superintendent registrars' districts in England and Wales, each having a local registrar of births and deaths.

THE DIVISION INTO SUB-DISTRICTS.

While the boundaries of the parishes or townships were taken as the basis upon which to frame the division into sub-districts, strict attention was paid to the various local sub-divisions, so that the number of their houses and inhabitants could afterward be readily and accurately ascertained. Where a parish or township was sufficient to form of itself a distinct enumeration district, it was assigned to one enumerator; and, as a general rule, it was assumed that where the enumerator would not be required to travel more than 15 miles in visiting a smaller number of houses in the country, the district is not too large.

The enumerators were required to be intelligent and active, able to read and write well and have some knowledge of arithmetic; they were not to be younger than 18 years of age or older than 65; they were to be respectable persons, likely to conduct themselves with strict propriety and civility in the discharge of their duties, and well acquainted in the district in which they were to act.

The enumeration in Scotland was carried on in the same manner, under its own registrar general. In Ireland the enumeration was effected altogether by the officers and men of the constabulary force, whose local knowledge rendered them particularly well suited for the undertaking.

COUNTING IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Public institutions, such as county jails, convict prisons, reformatories, workhouses, hospitals, barracks and lunatic asylums, whose inmates exceed 200 persons, were treated as separate enumeration districts, and the governor or principal resident officer was appointed the enumerator. The smaller institutions were treated as ordinary houses, and the particulars regarding their inmates obtained by the district enumerators in the usual way.

The enumeration of persons on board merchant vessels, fishing smacks and other craft in the ports, docks, creeks and rivers was accomplished by the officers of Her Majesty's customs. Schedules, duly filed by the masters, were obtained in the case of the vessels in port on the census day; and on the arrival of every home-trade and coast-trade vessel within the ensuing month, inquiries will be made in order to ascertain whether the census has been given in any port in the United Kingdom, and if not, the master will be requested to fill up a schedule. All

the returns collected by the officers of her majesty's customs in England will be transmitted direct to the Central office.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

The information about seamen and others on board vessels in the royal navy, at home, were supplied pursuant to instructions addressed by the lords of the admiralty to the officers in command of her majesty's ships and vessels. A return will also be made, under directions of the commander-in-chief of the British army distinguishing officers from non-commissioned officers, and rank and file by the commanding officer of every regiment or battalion of the British army, at home or abroad, showing the ages, county of birth, and whether single, married or widowers; also the numbers and ages of the wives and children of soldiers.

In order to secure the enumeration of persons on board boats, barges and other craft in inland waters, not within the jurisdiction of the officers of customs, such vessels were visited on the census morning and the required particulars obtained from the master or person in charge, either by the ordinary enumerator or by a person specially employed for the purpose.

The enumerators were directed to make diligent inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining the number of persons not in any dwelling house on the census night, but sleeping in barns, sheds, caravans, tents, etc., or in the open air, and to enter such particulars as could be obtained respecting them in a form provided for the purpose.

Death Sweet to Them.

News has reached Santa Fe of the double suicide of two young women, at White Oaks. They were Mrs. Howard Doyle and Miss Jessie Ridgely. Mrs. Doyle had been separated from her husband for some time and was an intimate friend of Miss Ridgely. Mrs. Doyle was despondent and prevailed upon Miss Ridgely to commit suicide with her.

The bodies of the two women were found in a lonely part of the town. Over the heart of each was a bullet hole. They were clasped in each other's arms and between them was Miss Ridgely's revolver. Their hats hung on a post near by and their cloaks had been neatly folded and served as head rests. To each cloak were pinned notes to various friends. One expressed the desire that they should be buried in the same grave. None of the letters gave any reason for the act, except the sentence: "Death is sweet and we prefer it to life."

Mrs. Doyle came to New Mexico two years ago to serve as governess in the family of Mrs. Goodwin Ellis. At the end of a year she married Howard Doyle, brother of Mrs. Ellis and a well-known young ranchman. Their bridal tour took them back to Missouri, and there they met an old friend of the bride's, Miss Ridgely, who, upon their recommendation, was subsequently employed to succeed Mrs. Doyle's as governess in the Ellis home. Doyle and wife lived together less than a year, and for some cause or other separated. On Sunday Mrs. Doyle went to White Oaks for a visit to her friend. It ended in their suicide.

Self-Examination.

Let not soft slumbers close my eyes,
Before I've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet marked out their way?
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard—from all I've seen?
What know I more than that's worth the knowing?

What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I sought that I should shun?
What duties have I left undone?
Or into what new follies run?
These self-enquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

—[From the Greek of Pythagoras.]

It is fashionable just now to say that women are wanting in politeness in public places, and true also. Mr. Jones was discussing this subject the other day, says the *Washington Star*.

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." So seems to think the beautiful English woman, Eveline Neal, who up to date has succeeded in inveighing forty-three men to marry her by advertising herself as a wealthy widow. This marrying on paper while the other is alive, having been confined principally to the lords of creation, may now take a turn for a little, while the women give the men a dose of their own medicine. It is stated that the irresistible charmer has been arrested and as far as Eveline is concerned the game is probably up.