

DORIS AND I

CHAPTER II.

A moment dwell on that period; it lies in my memory more like a hideous dream than any weeks and months of actual life, and like a dream, there are only portions of it which stand out from the shadows—adventures, incidents, scraps of scenery, seen in clearer moments. It is enough to say that I came around gradually, and began to see things as they should be seen. But the hate was all gone, and love alone was left. Love was left, though badly hurt, and I got accustomed to the living of Doris as one who was dead and yet living, and very lovable while, even as Beatrice was to Dante.

So a year passed on, and left me minus some thousands of dollars. I had found my way into Colorado, and was a miner at one of the great joint-stock claims which have taken the place of the old-fashioned diggings. The rough work suited my humor, and there was life and go in the town and much distraction in the game of Pharaoh, of which more in its place. For nine months I had not heard from Canada, and had ceased to think of the place. My father had taken kindly to his new life, which was all I needed to know. I went to be, and was a solitary in the world, though I mixed much with men, finding more isolation in a crowd than in lonely places. But I was beginning to be restless again, and to wish for another change, when something happened which I had not looked for, but which makes me always thankful I played Pharaoh that night, at Midvale's.

It was nothing more than a quarrel and a whipping out of revolvers, and then a sudden lane of rough figures looking on while the two fired from either end. I heard the loud thud of the bullet as it struck Black Jake, and I caught him in my arms as he fell backward with sudden limpness and whining face. I had only seen him once before, and he had made me look again at him, wondering what it was about him that was so familiar. He had been at one of the far tables, or perhaps his speech would have given me the cue. Now, as he opened his eyes and stared up into mine, he turned his lips and said: "God forgive us—it's Master Sedley."

"That's so. Take a pull at this, and tell me who you are," said I surprised at my own name. The liquor was of little use; for his heart was slowing every moment; but it brought a flicker to his face and a word or two more to his lips. "Gie me yer ear-closer," he whispered. "Bob Hilton—Ranton postman—ay, you know me now, they was me—want me for robbing the bags. Tell 'em death has got me; an' tell young doctor chap as I hope to—He learned me the beggin'—he—Yore letters—Miss Doris—I stopped 'em—His money. Hope no harm done, sir—I—Christ save!" His eyes glazed, a tremor went through him, and he slipped off without another word, leaving me staring at the dyed whiskers and dissipated features with ringing ears, and a thousand thoughts and feelings all set loose together, to the overwhelming of my wits, which seemed quite undue.

Long after they had carried him away, and the noise and confusion were spent, I stood leaning on the bar counter, staring vacantly through the smoke of the saloons seeing and hearing nothing, but conscious of a growing fiend within me, and a tightening of my teeth as I reckoned things up and saw in all its clearness the perfidy that had come between us. The letter—was not that a part of it? Could Doris from her heart have written such a letter at all? It was a forgery, a trick, and I had been a fool to be duped by it—nay, a villain in very truth; for I had doubted Doris and given her pain and misery perhaps a thousand times worse than my own.

Yet the letter was clear enough, said the ghost of Doubt; it was in her own characteristic handwriting, said Memory; and there was no forging that, put in Doubt again. Then a resolution came to me, and I walked out into the open air, and breathed it in with a long inhalation, as men do at sudden relief, or when stirred with new purpose. There were evil things in my heart; but there was one little corner where hope still red, as if after a long sleep. I could feel it as I looked up to the heavens, where the stars were twinkling down at me, as if they knew a thing or two, having seen Doris only a few hours ago.

Next morning I started for New York, and in four more days was on the Atlantic, gazing at the last point of Sandy Hook as it sank lower and lower, till the horizon was an unbroken line and America nowhere.

But as we sped eastward through the long days and nights, as I drew nearer to Doris and him and the truth, the fiends grew busier within me, and gave my little babe of hope such a hustling that I well-nigh lost sight of it in the tumult. I had been away eighteen months, and what might a man do in that time with an impressionable young girl who had the best evidence that her lover was unfaithful? They were cousins, and had been together in earlier years; he was highly educated, and, contrasted with me, a brilliant, perhaps a fascinating man. He had secured his diploma; but the arduous study had broken him down, and to recruit himself, he had left his London home to pass some weeks among the breezy hills of Worcestershire, the guest of his father's sister, the daily companion, no doubt, of Doris. He had seen her beauty, her young susceptibility to the influences about her, and he had wormed his way into her heart and cankered it, as grubs do roses. So hatred totted it to the hotel, where I had no business to do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us.

It was past midnight when I arrived after ten days at Worcester. The old city was slumbering, and the great cathedral was watching over it, and telling out the hours to its deaf ears as the fly rumbled noiselessly to the hotel, where I had no business to do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us. I was past midnight when I arrived after ten days at Worcester. The old city was slumbering, and the great cathedral was watching over it, and telling out the hours to its deaf ears as the fly rumbled noiselessly to the hotel, where I had no business to do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us.

I lay on the bed half-dressed, listening to the quarters as they chimed through the silence one after the other, and each time the familiar sounds crossed the current of my thoughts they swung me out of the morrow to other days which their ringing brought back irresistibly, till by-and-by I allowed memory to have its way entirely, and I lived again in the halcyon sunshine of bygone years. I closed my eyes to look at it all, and allowed it to float dreamlike and as it would, till patches of grayness came, and a fading of color and form, and I was fast asleep.

But as I lay like any log, and the hours went on, till all in the city but myself could hear the cathedral clock striking them out, some part of my brain woke up, and finding reason still a sluggard, started straight way a-drawing. It was a queer

medley for the most part, and no better than other fantasies of the sort; but to this day I remember it more as a real thing than a trick of the brain, if such it was. There in the darkness of the parlor was the deep red rose that Doris had worn once, borne by an army of fireflies, in whose united radiance the flowers lay on a hammock of golden threads and fitted before me mockingly while I stumbled in chase of it. Ay, it was the rose, and it blushed in the embrace of Doris's own hair. I had seen it alight so at sundown when the light got in, and made its luminous wings a gold net in its own, as the grass blades send shafts of emerald fire when the dew-worms are among them. The phantasm rose and fell in the blackness, while the hundreds of little light points made a shifting circle round. On, on they flitted, ever gliding me as I stumbled along till there was a sudden flash of bells, when the vision dissolved into a kind of crimson and golden atmosphere, in which I laved myself with beating hands, while it widened more and more, lighting all things round, till I saw that I stood in a crowded churchyard in the soft sheen of a summer's morning. I rubbed my eyes as the people moved about, some towards the wooden porch, some taking places on the path, till there was an avenue of smiling faces and one slim figure, followed by hot maids, wending slowly through all.

It was Doris, all white and beautiful in bridal vestments; but her golden hair was bent, and there was heaviness in her step. As if she were entering some prison-house, never to know liberty again, she paused at the porch, and looked long and wistfully back into the sunshine. And then I saw the thin face and the pain deep down in her eyes, knowing all the meaning of her long look, but unable to move, as she passed in and out of my sight. Then the clanging of the bells died away into a melody of old time, which they quaintly chimed, while the people thronged into the church, leaving me alone among the headstones. The aged was too much, I wrenched from my voice and shrieked her name—and awoke, still hearing the chiming, but realizing gradually that it came from the cathedral tower, which I could see in the morning sun over the housetops, and its clock pointed to three minutes past nine.

Now I never believe in dreams; but I sat down to my breakfast uneasy and without appetite, looking in at that despairing white face, with a growing sense of its omniscience, and chafing mightily that there was no train to take me on for another two hours. "Paper, sir?" I heard the waiter say as I trifled with the toast. I dropped my eyes mechanically on the folded sheet; but only looked vacantly at it, or rather a headline, which standing out from the rest, took my eyes, being definite, as the fire in the darkness, or a candle flame, which we gaze at without noting. There was the name of my own village staring me in the face, and for a full minute I never saw it—Ranton-in-the-Vale. It was all a flash, as was my eagerness as I snatched up the paper and read the local items: "Bellringers' Dinner—Fire at the Hall—The Approaching Marriage of Dr. Robinson."

I remember the sense of paralysis, the rush of darkness to the eyes, and then the sudden return of light as I jumped to my feet and stood a moment irresolute, with my watch in my hand. Quarter past ten—the ceremony was at eleven—three parts of an hour to do fifteen miles. A wave of helplessness swept over me, and then of hot strength—nothing less than the strength of despair, and, thank God, it carried me through.

I shall never forget that ride. The horse was fresh—the pick of the best posting stables in Worcester—and I had much to do to keep it in while we breasted Redhill to the level of the London Road. Then I gave it its head and a tip from the heels, and away we shot like two men of things. Seeing nothing but the yellow road before me, I counted every spring of the animal as he skimmed along, scarcely seeming to touch the ground with his light hoofs, and flying faster and faster as he warmed to it and heard my cries of encouragement. For half an hour I let him go, till we came to a stiff hill not three miles from Ranton. Here I pulled him up and made him walk before the final rush in. He was impatient to get on, so was I, for from the top of the hill I knew I could see the church, and maybe some of the gathering people; but I held him in and took out my watch. My heart sank it was two minutes to eleven. I eased the reins with a shout, and in three bounds we were at the hill-top and away again. I could see the church now across the valley, and the flag at its tower, and the pigmy forms moving about the yard. But there was still hope, still a chance to snatch Doris back from her peril—for such was my purpose, and my dream had made me desperate. I set my teeth and let the good horse go.

It was all over in ten minutes, and it was Doris's doing as much as mine. She could not keep it, maybe, and it was rather sudden to jilt a man just as the vicar was asking whether she would have him or not. But so it was; and I had no sooner shown myself at the vestry door by which I had entered than she saw me, and with a "Oh, Jack, Jack!" stumbled towards me, and fell limp in my arms, and lay there like a cut lily and as speechless. I had carried her into the vestry, and was bathing her temples with the parson's drinking water before the wedding party could realize what had come to them. He was the first to rush in, as was natural perhaps.

Now I would not have harmed him just then, for all his worldly spleen, if he had not laid rough hands on me as he tried to force me from my place. But when the beneficence of his touch went through me, I laid Doris' head down for one moment while I sprang to my feet, and catching him by the collar and the small of the back, pitched him out of the open door with such good-will that he fell on the grass a dozen yards away and lay there, a huddled heap of blackness on the green.

When I turned round, Doris was opening her eyes and looking up at her mother, asking where she was. I knelt and looked down at her; she stared while you might count three; and then her arms were round my neck, and I raised her in mine. "He declared his love here at this wicket, as you had, dear, before him."

"But the letter?" I said. "Oh, how could you believe it, Jack? The letter was my second refusal, sent a week after he had taken to his practice. He must have forwarded it to you in the cover of one of mine. How cruel and wicked of him! And you!" She looked up, and there was such reproach in her eyes that I turned mine away, not daring to meet them. "Jealousy made a fool of me, Doris. How can I tell it you? You see, the letter was so worded, that, coming after your silence and on top of my knowledge that he was still at Ranton, I—"

"Who told you he was still here? I avoided the subject for your sake."

"I'll never travel fast; but don't let us speak of it. He allowed the parcel to reach

you—what did you think when you opened it?" "When I was able to, I wrote you, asking what it meant," she said simply. "And I never answered?" "No." "I gazed at her nearly choking. What had my suffering been to her?" "And oh, I was so wretched, Jack," she went on in her naive way; "and when he came a third time, full of sympathy, and offering to relieve poor mother of the debts which had nearly brought the old home to the brink of breaking—I—I said, yes, feeling that I had no way that it was a duty thrust upon me. But it is all past now, isn't it?" Gladness made her sigh, and I could feel her sweet breath as she looked up at me. "Do you forgive him, then?" said I, looking away, and thinking of his abject figure as he writhed under my whip an hour ago.

"Yes, yes, Jack! and you must too. You have punished him enough, and he has promised to go away. Let us forget him—let us look upon it as a bad dream. Oh, Jack, my heart nearly runs over with its gladness—surely yours has ought else in it now." "God bless you!" said I. "And you, Jack?" said she. "And then we joined hands and turned to the house, becoming one in love and charity." "Doris and I." [THE END.]

Mr. Spurgeon's Successor.

The question of a successor to the late Charles Spurgeon, the great Baptist preacher of the city of London, has been discussed in religious circles all over the world. Mr. Spurgeon will have no successor, says a correspondent, and the sooner the people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle clearly understand that the better will it be for them and for the great work that will surely go on. Mr. Spurgeon did his work so well that it will live independently of him, and that is the highest honor that can be made him. So far as the pastorate of the church at Newington is concerned, the question of Mr. James Archer Spurgeon, the brother of the dead preacher, becoming pastor has never been very seriously considered. Charles Haddon and James Archer were sons of the same household, but they served to illustrate the truth that the same family often presents the widest diversities of disposition and character. The very elements of character that make Mr. James A. Spurgeon so successful as the pastor of Croydon Church are the elements that would probably unfit him for the pastorate of the Tabernacle. Nothing will be better for the church at the Tabernacle than a distinct and radical change. A feeble copy of the past would be sure to end in weakness and failure. Next to the church itself the Pastors' College may be regarded as the most important of all the institutions of the Tabernacle. During the May meetings the annual conference of the Pastors' College has been held, and matters of the first importance have been earnestly discussed and most happily settled. The Pastors' College was very dear to the heart of its founder. With rare sagacity and equal unselfishness he had the trust deeds drawn so that the whole Baptist denomination should have the honor and responsibility of its future.

The church at the Tabernacle, the men who have been educated there, and the whole Baptist denomination are in honor bound to keep this institution in good working order, and they will do it. The traditions and the inspirations will always be linked with its founder's name, and it will be for many years a living monument to his memory. It was a foregone conclusion that Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, had been elected president of the college, and he has been vice president so long. No more fitting man could be found for the post and with the enthusiastic support of students and constituents Mr. Spurgeon may well look forward to a career of growing usefulness and honor. Already 803 students have passed through this college, of which number 227 are engaged in the active ministry. Seventy-four young men are now preparing for service at home and in the mission fields abroad. The income for the year reached the handsome sum of \$12,495.

The presidency of the Pastors' College is settled, but the pastorate of the Tabernacle is somewhat deeply involved. For a year past Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, has occupied the pulpit of the Tabernacle to the great delight of all concerned, and there can be little doubt that, all things being in order, Dr. Pierson would have a unanimous and enthusiastic call. But Dr. Pierson is not a Baptist. To be baptized now in order to put himself in a position in which he would be eligible to become pastor of the Tabernacle is, of course, wholly out of the question. As a matter of fact, as the trustee does not stand Dr. Pierson could not be a member of the church, much less its pastor. The practice of the Tabernacle is that which is known as "open communion." But only believers who have been immersed as a profession of their faith in Christ can be members of the church. It seems, therefore, that such as many would desire, Dr. Pierson cannot be the pastor of the Tabernacle, says the *Chicago Post*.

Both the sons of the late Mr. Spurgeon, Charles and Thomas—who are twins—are preachers. Charles is pastor of a church in Greenwich, and a few years ago paid a visit of appreciation in Chicago. Thomas has been for the last six or seven years preaching in Australia. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon is now on the way home, and will occupy the Tabernacle for three months; but not with any thought of the pastorate.

A Budding Financier. Master Tommy, a boy of four, has developed an early fondness of pennies and although he seldom asks directly, wherever he goes the air is full of hints. There is an old lady living near Tom's home who is very fond of him, but who is also extremely careful of her small change, so that none of it ever finds its way into the pockets of the little financier's trousers. Tom had nearly exhausted ingenuity in hinting, and at last, by a fortunate hit, succeeded. He went over there the other morning in a penniless condition, and leaned affectionately against the knee of his old friend, who at once possessed herself of one of his chubby hands and began to fondle it. "I would give a hundred pounds to have such a nice little boy as you for my own," she said, petting him. "How much is a hundred pounds?" asked Tommy, with wide-open eyes. "It's a great deal of money," said the old lady, with a sigh. "Am I worth as much as that if papa would sell me?" inquired the young speculator.

"Yes, dear, and a great deal more," said his friend. "Then," Tommy, with a cherubic smile, "don't you think it's worth a penny just to hold my hand?"

Green Peas will soon be ripe in country gardens. Green peas are usually served in but one way, that is, boiled, and a great many people do not know that there is any other way to serve them. Yet they make a most delicious puree soup, and are excellent served in cream.

To make the soup, take a pint of green peas, add a quart of white stock, a small onion, two sprays of parsley and one of

FOR THE LADIES.

One Woman's Love. Dolly not, holy father, by my couch, I may not give my thoughts to God. My life has been a pure one all my days; to evil have I done no way, willingly; But Heaven's fair gates shall never swing for me. Unless you take my lover in; and he died years ago, with blood upon his hands, shed to avenge my honor foully wronged. Murdered they called him. So he was. But can he groveling ever trust for me. And shall I now desert that noble heart? Who only fault was rash impulsiveness. Somewhere he waits outside the pale of God! Somewhere, forlorn, with none to comfort him. And that I straightway join him there. And share his lot, however terrible. Is all I ask, and all that I will have.

The Prettiest Waist of All. The prettiest of all summer waists is made as follows: Take as the receipt books say, a sufficient amount of silk, percale, lawn, or even zephyr, say four yards of silk, and the rest accordingly. Make the back of the waist with three plaits on each side the center, turned toward each other, and about one and one-quarter inches broad. Let these plaits fall well at the bottom of the waist. Gather the waist in front at the neck, not in the shoulder seams, and again at the bottom of the waist, and finish it down the front with a bias ruffle one and one-half inches wide. Make full sleeves, like those on small boys' shirts, waists, or turned-back cuffs ruffled, and a round ruffled collar also ruffled. These should be worn outside the blazer or jacket, and when made in striped material are particularly pleasing.

Blouses and Bonnets. The women who have been economical and kept their old dress skirts have reason to rejoice now, as any old skirt will come into play with a blouse waist, which may be made of light wool, of satin, gingham or silk. It is anything but a new fashion for blouses are so varied that it can be according to the cloth, and only about three yards is needed to make a full waist without the frill, over which one can wear the fashionable Swiss belt. Nothing is more comfortable for summer wear than a plain, light skirt and a loose, cool blouse waist.

The fashions of the present hour in millinery prove more conclusively than ever that it is in the effect the bonnet has on the head more than any new shape or fancy that counts. Everything and anything can be worn provided it is becoming. The trimming is put on the back; it is put on the front; it is put on both back and front on the same bonnet or hat; it is high; it is low; it is anything but the taste and fancy of the wearer prefer. Some of the most elaborate hats and bonnets are retimed, and no one would ever guess they were not the latest style, and, if the truth were known, there are not a few pretty bonnets of even earlier date coming out as good if not better than new this summer. It all depends upon the taste and ingenuity and economy of the maker. A hat that looks older than the one who knows its age is admired as new after a few fresh touches, by the outside observer. The stiff and awkward upstanding bows are still favored by the conventional and inartistic miller, and worn by young women who do not realize their ungracefulness.

A Parisian Toilet. 1. A tropic bath of twenty minutes' length and a shower bath of five. 2. A rest of thirty minutes. 3. Face, throat and neck subjected to a gentle friction of elderflower water mixed with half a goblet of warm water. This removes all impurities from the pores and gives the surface a clear, rosy glow. 4. Scented oris powder rubbed in the hair and brushed out again, being careful to remove all traces of it from the temples and nape of the neck. 5. A delicate cream, similar to cold cream, the juice of lettuce being the chief ingredient, laid over the face, neck, and hands. After ten minutes remove with a fine linen cloth. This is said to obliterate the traces of the contraction and wrinkles of the features incident to society or stage life. It is a delicate operation neither to roughen the surface or make it red. It should leave the complexion polished and whitened. 6. Veloutine, a mixture of rice powder and bismuth, the latter giving permanency to the former delicacy to the preparation, applied with great care, producing a clear alabaster whiteness, with a trace of luster, yet showing no sign of a foreign substance. 7. The eyebrows are smoothed with a small soft brush, leaving a trace of soft Indian, and with a leather estampe a soft shadow is laid under the eyes to increase their brilliancy.

To follow the foregoing directions literally, under all circumstances, would be difficult. It is quoted here to give some idea of the manner in which age is concealed by people who have made concealment a fine art.

To a practical person this may be simplified. We know that a bath is to refresh as well as to cleanse the person. A sponge bath, with a little bay rum or alcohol added to the water, will both cleanse and refresh. The shower bath creates a glow; this can be obtained by the sudden application after the bath of a large towel wet with cold water, followed by friction and gentle exercise. Some people are too delicately organized for heroic treatment. The half-hour rest is no inconsiderable factor in the restoring process, and deserves special attention. If rightly taken it is a magic rejuvenator.

The Corner Cupboard. The corner cupboard is one of those delightful pieces of old-fashioned furniture which has been revived in the last decade. There is nothing prettier for a china closet than one of these closets, fitted with plate-glass shelves and a full glass front, so that it displays the china to the full extent. Nor is such a closet beyond the limits of a moderate purse, for a very pretty closet of this kind framed in oak may be bought for \$15. Such closets are exceedingly effective in upper rooms for clothes presses. In that case it is a simple corner closet with a wooden door, and matches the other woodwork of the room. It should not extend to the top of the ceiling, however, but the top should be at least two feet below the ceiling, making a convenient place for a bust or a richly colored china plate. A carpenter will build such a closet for \$3 or \$4, and it can be painted or finished like the other woodwork of the room.

Green Peas. Green peas will soon be ripe in country gardens. Green peas are usually served in but one way, that is, boiled, and a great many people do not know that there is any other way to serve them. Yet they make a most delicious puree soup, and are excellent served in cream.

To make the soup, take a pint of green peas, add a quart of white stock, a small onion, two sprays of parsley and one of

ery, a teaspoonful of salt, and a half teaspoonful of pepper. Let the soup cook for half an hour simmering slowly. At the end of this time, try one of the peas and if it is thoroughly done strain the soup through a puree sieve, rubbing the peas through. Let the soup boil again for ten minutes, stirring it often. Then add a cup of boiling cream and salt and pepper to the taste. Stir a teaspoonful of butter in the soup, just before serving it.

Boiled peas are very often served in French kitchens in a cream sauce, made with half a cup of cream thickened with a teaspoonful of butter and a scant teaspoonful of flour. Still another is to beat an egg yolk into two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and add to the boiled peas after they have been drained. Three tablespoonfuls of boiled peas is a delicious addition to almost any kind of soup in which vegetables are used, and when any boiled peas are left over they should be saved to add to the next day's soup. No vegetable loses more sweetness when stale than peas. To be served in perfection they should be picked in the dew of the morning and cooked the same day. They should never be shelled until just before the time of cooking. They should after picking be kept in a cool, dark place until ready for shelling. If there is any delay in cooking them after they are shelled, cover them with a damp cloth.

Gowns That Were Presented to the Queen. A great many pretty gowns were worn at the recent "drawing-room," if we may credit English newspapers. The *Country Journal* describes the leading characteristics of these elaborate dresses. The sleeves were wide and full on the shoulder, often ruffled and fitted the arm closely at the base. The train was of distinct material to the rest of the dress, as a rule, and fell in slight folds or braces or Watteau plaits from the shoulders. The bodices were often divided in the centre, the upper portion being of one material, the lower of another, and richly embroidered. One notable gown had a corselet bodice matching the skirt, the upper portion of this material over pink silk. It was studied with jewels. Many women wore a short wreath of flowers on the upper portion of the train of the same color as the brocaded train, while others were made of thin gauze with full frillings of the material. These seemed to puzzle the Queen's pages when they were thrown down, and most of the women wearing them, turned back wistfully to see that they were floating in the right direction, ere they entered the throne-room, the trains were often lined with a contrasting material, which was sometimes brought over to the outside, as, for example, a white brocaded train, lined with green velvet, had a band of the same appearing on each edge. Shot velvets were very pretty, a beautiful train of a peach and gold shot velvet was worn with gray.

Rhubarb. Here are some good ways of preparing one of the most healthful and least expensive of materials for desserts and sweetmeats. RHEUBARB JAM.—Peel and cut the rhubarb into nice-sized pieces, and to every quart give one pound of good, moist sugar; put the sugar over the rhubarb and leave it twenty-four hours to draw out the juice. The sugar sinks, but does not dissolve. Boil the sugar and juice together for twenty minutes. After it begins to boil put in the rhubarb and boil slowly for twenty minutes longer. If only allowed to simmer gently it will not require to be stirred, and the pieces of rhubarb will thus remain separate. This will keep good a year if kept in a cool, dry store-room. In making rhubarb jam, orange peel pared thin and free from the white, gives it a most agreeable flavor; by preserving one quantity of the rhubarb with lemon peel, and another with orange peel, two different jams can be produced out of the same material.

RHEUBARB AND BLACK CURRANT JAM.—Eight pounds of rhubarb, four pounds of black currants, twelve pounds of sugar; boil slowly until done. RHEUBARB AND APPLE JELLY.—Peel and cut up one good-sized bundle of rhubarb; peel, core, and quarter three pounds of apples; the thin rind and the juice of half a dozen lemons; put all together into the preserving kettle with one and one-half pints of soft water. Boil until reduced to a pulp, strain the juice through a jelly strainer, weigh, and allow one pound of loaf sugar to every pound of juice, add the sugar, boil, skim well, and when it jellies on the skimmer, pour into jars, and when cold, seal down with the pulp, stowed with white sugar, can be used for jam puddings, or is very nice to put into a glass dish, covered thickly with sugar, then a layer of thinly-sliced sponge cake, and a nice custard poured over all.

RHEUBARB WITH FIGS.—Take six pounds of rhubarb (weighed after being cut and peeled), one pound of figs, and a quarter of a pound of candied lemon peel; cut the figs and lemon peel small, place them over the rhubarb, cover all with five pounds of moist sugar, and let stand until the next day; then boil slowly one hour. RHEUBARB AND BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Prepare the rhubarb as for a pie; cover the bottom of a pudding dish with slices of bread and butter; cover with a layer of rhubarb cut in short pieces; sprinkle thickly with sugar; put on another layer of bread and butter, and so on until the dish is full. Cover and steam for half an hour; then remove the lid, and bake until nicely browned. RHEUBARB TART.—Do not peel the rhubarb, merely wash it and wipe it dry. Line a pie dish with puff paste, fill it up with very small pieces of the rhubarb, add the necessary amount of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, the grated peel of half a lemon, and the juice of two oranges. Bake rather slowly. STEWED RHEUBARB.—This is best cut in short lengths, stewed in sugar and a very little water, and served with boiled rice around the dish. A little good sweet cream added gives it a very delicate taste.

SELECTION OF STALKS FOR PRESERVING.—The late supply of rhubarb is the best for all preserving purposes, as grown during the heat of the summer it requires less sugar than the spring supply. Care should be taken to select good stalks, brittle and full of juice. Mrs. Brown.

Air Pressure at the Cannon's Month. Experiments, our correspondent says, were made during the last trial trip of the armed cruiser *Bowulf* to determine the air pressure at the mouth of the gun at the moment of discharge. Rabbits were placed near the muzzles of the guns, and shots fired. In every case the animals fell dead at once. In order to test the probable effects of the enormous displacement of air upon human beings, figures made of straw were used. These were torn to pieces in every instance. The trials were made with long-bored twenty-four centimeter ring guns. [London News.]

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has. [Epictetus.]

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Small electric wagons, for the delivery of groceries and other light articles of merchandise, are novelties in London. Lord Bradford backed his horse, Sir Hugo, two years ago to win the Derby at £100 against £10,000. He won in all about £24,000.

In England there are 30,000 miles of telegraph lines. The number of messages received in London last year was 60,000,000. Live fish have been safely sent in the mails from India to the British Museum. Nearly 20,000 horses are imported into England every year. Nearly 60 per cent. of the property of England is insured. There are 10,000 parishes in England with only Church schools.

Mr. W. Brown, a Manchester manufacturer, has purchased 100,000 acres of land in Mexico for fruit farms. Siam has just sent over to England twenty-seven youths, all belonging to the Siamese aristocracy, to complete their education. The heat prevailing at Bombay is abnormal, and the death-rate has risen to over 40 per 1,000 per annum, being the highest figure attained within twelve years. Literary ladies in England have achieved a great step in progress. They dined last year together as the "Literary Ladies." This year they have modified their title to that of "Literary Women."

The Governor of St. Helena reports affairs there as being in a wretched state. Work is scarce; revenue is short of expenditure; business is declining, and there is great poverty and suffering among the inhabitants. A church in St. Ives has for 325 years kept up the custom of an annual raffle with dice for Bibles. Dr. Wilde left £250 as a fund for the purpose of buying six Bibles annually and paying the vicar a small sum for a special sermon. Since 1884 loans of more than £40,000 have been made out of the Sea and Coast Irish Fishing Funds and the Inspectors report as follows: "It will be a satisfaction to your Excellency to have brought thus before you the fact that the bad debts on these large transactions are so small. In so far as they relate to loans made by us, they constitute, in our opinion, a remarkable evidence of the honesty of the Irish fisherfolk."

There is a fasting alligator at the Crystal Palace, London, which has not tasted food for more than eighteen months, and is still fasting. Crocodiles and alligators are apt at first to refuse food in captivity, and at the menageries by which they are introduced it is the habit to prise open their jaws with a handspike or iron bar, and ram home blocks of meat. This fasting is the result of sulkeness. A mass meeting of agricultural laborers in Yorkshire adopted these resolutions: "That this meeting of agricultural laborers deeply regrets the present degradation of their class, caused by low wages, and believes that the chief cause of their poverty is insufficient pay, unsanitary cottages, and inadequate opportunities of obtaining a share in the cultivation of the land." A further resolution was adopted: "That a meeting be called to consider the remedy for the condition of the farm laborers of the country lies in their own hands—namely, by legitimate combination, by means of which they may secure by legislation or otherwise substantial improvement in condition."

A fashionable London clergyman thus addressed his congregation not long ago: "I hear that the incumbent of a certain very 'fashionable' church administered last Sunday in severe terms on the subject of the offertories of his congregation, while the flocking parishioner had excited the indignation of their pastor. 'I am often congratulated,' exclaimed this divine, 'upon having a rich congregation, and, looking to the general expenditure upon dresses and establishments, they should, indeed, be wealthy; but looking to the amounts given by them in the church, they could only be regarded as genteel paupers.' There is a decent liberality which midway between beggarly meanness and imprudent generosity." It may be hoped that the incumbent's forcible remarks will produce satisfactory financial results.

Wonders in Photography. A maker of these "test plates" named Webb many years ago made for the Army Medical Museum at Washington a specimen of microscopic writing on glass. This writing consists of the words of the Lord's Prayer, and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1.244 by 1.441 of an inch or an area of 1.129,654 of a square inch. The lines of this writing are about as broad as those of the test plates, which are 1.50,000 of an inch apart. They are, therefore, about as wide as average light waves. Now, then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing. There are in the Lord's Prayer 237 letters, and if, as here, this number occupies the 1.229,654 of an inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 29,431,458 such letters similarly spaced. Now, the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains but 3,566,480 letters, and there would, therefore, be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of the glass. In the same manner as the words of the Lord's Prayer have been written on this specimen. Such a statement, without doubt, staggers the imagination, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe. It also furnishes an interesting suggestion in a very different subject. It has been often stated that a physical basis of memory may exist in permanent structural modification of the brain matter constituting the surface of the furrows. In a highly developed brain this surface amounts to 340 square inches, and it would, therefore, appear that the entire memories of a lifetime might be written out in the English language on such a surface in characters capable of mechanical execution, such as those of the Webb plate at Washington.

Funny things happen, too, even in the staid and stately Episcopal Church. One of them occurred upon the last Sunday in June, when a young man came to church late, slipped into an unoccupied seat and sat down directly on top of a high silk hat belonging to a man in the next pew. The hat gave way with a loud crack, and just then the clergyman's voice arose in solemn accents, reading the first verse of the Psalter for the day: "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising."