Right Kind of a Fellow.

...of a fellow is modest and mellow,
...ous and brave and benign;
...apparent, and clear and trans-
...
...gentle reader and mine.

...verbosity, no tongue tortuosity,
...never is boastful and loud;
...entle and quiet and plain in his diet,
And never gets mad in a crowd.

...and majestic, yet meek and domestic,
...his evenings at home;
...searcher for all kinds of virtue,
...the perpetrator of this "pome."

...play the fiddle, part his hair in the
...middle,
...like an angelic dude;
...he goes to a party with Meigs or McCarty
...never is noisy and rude.

He lives with frugality and sweet hospitality,
And eats a pie but two times a day;
He never eats onions nor treads on your bunions,
Nor growls when you get in his way.

He is wise and he's witty, persevering and gritty
And has a magnificent head;
He's all light and sweetness, he's thorough completeness,
He's perfection, in short—*but he's dead!*

—*Orchard Lake Howitzer.*

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The days passed by with terrible swiftness, and when the Sunday was over, Esperance found it hard to make the most of her present happiness—her thoughts would turn to the parting which was in store for her on the Wednesday. Gaspard had arranged to meet Mr. Seymour in town on Wednesday evening, and they were to travel down to Southampton together, their ship sailing the next day.

Unfortunately, Tuesday was the evening of the militia ball, and Esperance foresaw a time of hurry and bustle, when she would most have wished for quiet. Sorrow was making her very patient, however, and though she was bent upon finishing Gaspard's mendings in time to pack for him that afternoon, she bore her ceaseless interruptions quietly.

Never had Cornelia's room been invaded so ruthlessly. First, Bertha appeared, with cheeks flushed rosy red, and a happy light in her usually languid eyes.

"Esperance, you must help me just for a moment. See! George has given me these beautiful pink azaleas for to-night, so I must wear my white net instead of the blue, and here is the kilting all in ribbons."

Esperance looked in dismay at the torn skirt, which had been very roughly treated at some dance.

"No one will mend it so beautifully as you," said Bertha, persuasively, "and, indeed, all the servants are so busy this morning; can you spare just half an hour for it?"

Esperance could not refuse; she put down Gaspard's sock with a stifled sigh, and submitted to being half smothered by the folds of white net. Her dainty little fingers soon set matters right, and as she worked she could not help wondering when the very obvious attachment between George Palgrave and Bertha would be declared. Perhaps it might be that very night; Bertha would look very beautiful in the white dress and the azaleas, and there would be music, and bright lights, and excitement. Ah, well! it was a good thing that some people could enjoy such things, and the little French girl knew well enough that they were enjoyable, but she was too ill and sorrowful even to wish for "distraction" just now.

She had just finished Bertha's dress when Mrs. Mortlake came in.

"You are always out of the way when you are wanted," she said, crossly. "The idea of shutting yourself up here when every one is so busy! I want you to come and see to Bella."

Esperance folded up her work with a heavy heart, and hastened away to the drawing-room, where she found Bella making herself a general nuisance.

"There, just hear her reading, will you," said Mrs. Mortlake, handing over her troublesome charge willingly enough. "She must be here because the other rooms are engaged—keep her quiet."

This was more easily said than done, as Bella was in high spirits, and much more inclined to torment good-natured Mrs. Lowdell, with rough, teasing play, than to attend to her lessons. For at least half an hour such a battle as the following went on:

"Now, Bella, c—a—t; you know quite well what spells!"

"C—a—t," droned Bella, stupidly. "The light is in my eyes, cousin."

"Then move; now then!"

"C—a—what is Miss Lowdell singing for?"

"Don't talk; go on!"

"C—a—t—Oh! there's a wasp on the window."

"Bella, go on!"

"Will you give me a chocolate if I say it right?"

"No, certainly not; now quickly!"

"Mamma always does," said Bella, with an ominous drooping at the corners of her mouth.

"Are you going to read this word or not?"

"No; you're only French, and you don't know a bit how to teach me," whined Bella.

Whereupon Esperance shut the book and carried her provoking little pupil to the corner, where she roared with all her might.

"A very difficult child to manage, I should think," said Mrs. Lowdell, with a commiserating glance, as she hastily left the room to be out of the sound of Bella's screams.

Esperance, heartily ashamed that her pupil should be driving people away by her naughtiness, longed to take her up to the nursery; but this was against Mrs. Mortlake's rules, and Miss Bella's two hours down-stairs were apt to make visitors beat a hasty retreat to their bedrooms.

She screamed on without the smallest *diminuendo* for some minutes, and Esperance sat down despairingly with her hands clasped over her forehead, half distractedly by the double noise of crying and singing.

On and on it went like some frightful nightmare.

"'But men must work and women must weep'"—from Miss Lowdell.

Roar, roar—from Bella.

"'Though storms be sudden and waters deep.'"

"She was very inattentive and rude," said poor Esperance, looking down.

"Rude, indeed! it is your ridiculous pride which is so ready to take offense; she is never rude to any one else, and I'm not going to have your French system of punishment brought in; so please remember, no one punishes Bella but myself. Nothing tends more to make a child deceitful than constant punishment; your national character is quite accounted for."

Then, as Esperance would have begun an indignant remonstrance—

"No, no, I will not have arguing before Bella; you have wasted quite enough of my time already; the best think you can do now is to leave the room, for the child can't bear the sight of you. I wish, instead of sitting up at night burning other people's candles, you would learn to make yourself useful by day. You think so much of French manners; but for my part——"

Mrs. Mortlake broke off in dismay, for looking round she saw Gaspard standing in the doorway, and from the expression of his face, she knew he must have heard most of her angry speech.

Esperance turned, too, and with a cry of relief ran to him.

"Gaspard! Gaspard!" and she clung to him as if for protection.

He put his arms around her holding her closely, deaf to all Mrs. Mortlake's greetings, and only growing more and more angry as he felt how Esperance was trembling. As soon as he could trust himself to speak he turned upon Mrs. Mortlake, but Christabel with an instinctive dread of what was coming, tried to intercept his speech.

"Good-morning; you are later than usual to-day; have you come to take Esperance for a walk?"

Her cool, clear voice so angered him that he dared not speak to her. He just bowed an assent.

Christabel fairly trembled before that calm, dignified anger, and she never forgot Gaspard's look—the clear, unflinching eyes, the proud, sensitive mouth, and the whole face rigid with repressed indignation. She gave a sigh of relief when he turned away, and led Esperance from the room.

When they had reached Cornelia's study, however, Esperance had recovered herself; and, indeed, though unable to help a feeling of relief in having Gaspard for a protector, she was very sorry that he had heard one of Mrs. Mortlake's scoldings; and tired out as she was she roused herself, trying to talk lightly of the morning occurrences, and to laugh him out of his anger.

"You see, *mon ami*, it is a busy day people can't help being a little cross; there is to be a ball to-night, you know."

"It was not crossness, it was downright insolence," said Gaspard, angrily. "You may be patient for yourself, *mon cœur*, but I can't be patient for you. It is unbearable to think of leaving you with such people."

She stooped down and kissed his forehead.

"I think it can be borne, when we believe that in three or four years it may perhaps be all over."

"Three or four years! yes. But till then?"

Esperance could not answer; she turned away to hide her quivering lips, till Gaspard, ashamed of his despondency, hurriedly rose and drew her toward him once more.

"Cherie, I have been a wretch! you who have the heavier burden to bear are preaching courage to me. We must, we will endure, darling, and the waiting may not be so hard as we think."

Esperance was soon at work again, in spite of Gaspard's entreaties that she would spare herself.

"And by the bye," he said, suddenly, "what did Mrs. Mortlake mean by that reference to the burning of candles?"

"I am sorry you heard that," said Esperance, coloring. "It was only that I used to sit up sometimes at night, and she thought it extravagant, and was vexed."

"You sat up over my outfit? You naughty child; that accounts for your white cheeks, and you mean that that woman grudged you the candles?"

"Yes; she puts little half-hour candles in my room now," said Esperance, laughing at Gaspard's indignant scorn.

"I only wish she were a man, and that I could have it out with her," he said, between his teeth. "But there, we will not waste any more of our time over such a disagreeable subject."

By the afternoon most of Gaspard's things were ready, and Esperance was much relieved at receiving from Cornelia a dispensation from the cathedral service, so that she had time to pack for him. This seemed to make her realize things much more fully, and she began to feel that she could not keep up much longer.

"Is there anything I can do to help you, Cornelia?" asked Esperance in her tired voice.

"No, I am ready, thank you. I hope you were with your brother; Christabel has not been hindering you, has she?"

"There were several things to do; but we shall have a little time after you are gone,' said Esperance.

"Very well, go to my study then, and you will not be interrupted. Ah! I hear the carriage," and Cornelia reluctantly closed her book, and took off her spectacles.

After some trouble, Esperance gathered up the last of the dresses, and the party set off, Bertha turning back once more to wish her cousins good-night.

The footman closed the front door, and then turned to Esperance.

"If you please, miss, the dean wished me to tell you that he is engaged in watching an eclipse of the moon, and there will be no family prayers to-night."

Gaspard, who had arrived, stroked his mustache to hide a smile.

"Well, cherie, where shall we go? I must have a few minutes with you."

Esperance led the way to Cornelia's study, but when the door was shut, her strength all at once deserted her; she turned suddenly faint and giddy, and clung sobbing to Gaspard.

"*Bien aimee*, what is it? You are ill, Esperance."

"I—I don't know," she sobbed. "I wish it would all stop, I am so tired!"

Her ears were ringing with the words of Miss Lowdell's song:

"For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep."

Gaspard did not quite understand her, but he saw that she was quite worn out.

"You are tired, darling, and overdone," he said, gently. "There, come to your old place, and be a baby once more."

He took her on his knee, and made her rest her head on his shoulder; but the quivering, tearless sobs alarmed him.

"Where are your tears gone to, cherie—you used to have no lack?"

"I am better," she faltered, still struggling bravely to conquer herself; and Gaspard, relieved, did not question her further, but began to talk of other things.

There were still many matters to be discussed, and on this last evening they both instinctively dwelt on old times. The clock had just struck one when he was startled by approaching footsteps, and the door was opened by Cornelia. She was of course surprised to find her cousin still up. Gaspard made a low-toned explanation, and Cornelia, touched by the very unwonted sight before her, was unusually gracious.

"One of the Misses Lowdell turned faint, and I came home early with her. I am sorry you and Esperance had an interrupted evening."

"I am afraid she is overtired, she has been slaving over my outfit," said Gaspard, anxiously. "I wish I could have left her better. You will know, Miss Collinson, surely she is very hot and feverish! I wish I knew what was wrong with her."

Cornelia felt her hand in a hesitating way, painfully conscious of her own ignorance.

"I know nothing about illness," she said, but certainly she is very hot. I think, as you say, she has overtired herself."

Gaspard's face only grew more troubled, and Cornelia would have given worlds for that womanly skill and wisdom which she felt the need of so much. Their voices were making Esperance restless, she moved her arms uneasily, and talked in her sleep, at first unintelligibly, but afterward with terrible distinctness, though always in French. Cornelia and Gaspard each received some wounds from the unconscious tongue. Now it was in relation to Gaspard's journey.

"To-morrow, to-morrow! How shall I bear it? And yet it will be good for you, Gaspard."

Then again, with little convulsive sobs between the words, "It is so far away, so very far, and I am so lonely. If only they would love me a little!"

By degrees she grew a little more quiet, and Gaspard looked up at Cornelia, great tears in his eyes.

"Miss Collinson," he said, earnestly, "she is all I have left; you will take care of her."

"Indeed I will," said Cornelia, with real sympathy, and Gaspard trusted those three words more than he would have done countless protestations from Mrs. Mortlake. He turned once more to his sister, while Cornelia watched them sadly, yet with a sort of envy.

At last Esperance woke, wearied and confused, and Gaspard proposed that she should go up to her room.

"Yes, come," urged Cornelia, "you will never rest down here; I will help you."

She lighted a candle, and would have offered to help her up the stairs, but Gaspard was before her.

"Now, cherie, hold tight round my neck, and you shall feel as if you were going up the old *pigeonnier* at home."

Esperance obeyed, and was carried up stairs in his arms, Cornelia staying to see her safely in bed.

The next morning dawned brightly, too brightly for poor Esperance. It reminded her of that fatal 30th of November, when the sun had shone down so cruelly upon their desolation. She was too much worn out now to feel more than a dull, aching pain at her heart, as she remembered what day it was; she dressed wearily and went down to the breakfast room, with only one idea strongly impressed on her mind—that for Gaspard's sake she must keep up.

As if in a dream, she went through the usual routine, walked to the cathedral, meeting Gaspard at the door, stood, sat, and knelt mechanically through the service, went back to the deanery, and talked with Gaspard still dreamily, in Cornelia's room. At lunch she was pale and quiet; only when in the afternoon the time for Gaspard's departure really came, and the omnibus drove up with his luggage, a glow of intense color rose to her cheeks, and the composure which all the morning had been her aid, forsook her. She could hardly see or stand, but true to her resolution she struggled on, talking still, though she could scarcely hear her voice because of a strange ringing in her ears.

Gaspard was much more visibly agitated. He hurried through his good-byes in the drawing-room, and came out into the hall where Esperance and Cornelia were waiting, looking so haggard and miserable that Cornelia's heart ached for him.

The sight seemed to give new courage to Esperance, she clung to him with whispered words of hope and comfort, and soft caresses. He turned for one moment to Cornelia.

"Your promise—you will remember?"

"Yes, always," replied Cornelia, earnestly, pressing his hand.

Then, with one long embrace, the brother and sister parted, and Gaspard with bowed head passed down the steps, and gave directions to the driver in French.

Esperance with a great effort still stood at the door; the floor seemed rocking beneath her, a black mist was gathering before her eyes, but she smiled and waved her hand braveley. Gaspard looked back relieved, and when the omnibus turned the corner of the Vicar's Court, he saw her standing on the steps still watching him, while Cornelia had come forward, too, and was holding her hand.

The sound of the wheels died away in the quiet court, and Cornelia turned to Esperance, speaking gently.

"My dear, you will come upstairs and rest."

But rest had already come to Esperance, and she sunk back senseless in Cornelia's arms.

Every one came flocking out of the drawing-room at Cornelia's call, and gathered round the white, still figure, with exclamations of pity. The dean was greatly distressed, and bent over her with more anxiety and earnestness than he had ever shown before to a body that was not "heavenly."

"Some one should go for a doctor, surely, my dears, she is very cold, poor child, poor child! I'm afraid this has been a grief to her."

"My dear father," said Mrs. Mortlake, impatiently, "she has only fainted. French people always do faint when they think it becoming, they like to make a scene."

The Misses Lowdell looked on wonderingly, Bertha made pitying remarks in an undertone to George Palgrave, Cornelia knelt on the ground supporting Esperance's head, and looking at the faces around her with angry impatience.

"Will no one do anything? Why do you all stand staring like this; can't you fetch some water?"

Just then Mrs. Lowdell came down-stairs.

"Some one fainting? Dear me? poor child!" and she began to chafe Esperance's hands in a capable sort of way, which relieved Cornelia.

"What ought we to do with her?" she asked, turning with confidence to the motherly old lady.

"I should carry her up to bed," said Mrs. Lowdell, "she can't breathe with every one standing round her here."

Cornelia did not hesitate for a moment but to the surprise of all, suddenly rose, took Esperance's inanimate form in her strong arms, and quietly walked upstairs. Mrs. Lowdell followed, bringing various restoratives, and together they did all in their power for the poor child; but it seemed as if nothing would bring her to life again, and Cornelia growing frightened, was just proposing to send for a doctor, when faint signs of returning consciousness began to show themselves.

The eyelids quivered at last and slowly opened, Esperance looked up half hopefully, then remembering all with a swift pang turned her face away and relapsed into semi-consciousness. But Mrs. Lowdell insisted on her taking some sal volatile, and then a terrible idea crossed her mind and roused her fully.

"Cornelia," she said, in a weak yet eager voice, "Gaspard did not see me faint, did he?"

"No; he was quite out of sight," said Cornelia, reassuringly.

"You are quite certain?"

"Perfectly."

And with that Esperance was satisfied; she had kept up to the last; for a moment he was quite soothed by the relief of knowing it, then the reaction set in, her desolation broke upon her, and she burst into a passionate fit of sobbing.

The tearless sobs which had so alarmed Gaspard on the previous evening were even more alarming to Cornelia. Was it possible that her stern words had really checked Esperance's tears? Good Mrs. Lowdell's exhortations made her feel the more miserable. "Cry, my dear, have a good cry, and you will be better." But still there were only those heart-rending sobs, and a gasping, quivering agony, terrible to witness.

CHAPTER XXV.

The deanery was all in commotion the next day, for before long it was known that Esperance was ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. Mortlake was, as usual, sure that she could have helped it.

"I do think it is very inconsiderate of people to be ill in other people's houses," she grumbled; "just think of the expense it will be, and there's my father being persuaded by Mrs. Lowdell to have a trained nurse, who will eat dreadfully, those nurses are always regular cormorants."

"My dear Christabel, the money does not come out of your pocket," said Cornelia, impatiently.

"It's all very well to say so," replied Mrs. Mortlake. "But you know it comes to the same thing, it will be ours some day, and why should my poor little Bella be defrauded of her own rights? And besides, it's very awkward to have illness in the house, and there's no knowing that it isn't infectious; perhaps the water is poisoned or something wrong with the drainage."

"Probably," said Cornelia, with much coolness. "We shall have everything looked to, and in any case you and Bella had better go away, for that child is unbearably noisy."

This was more true than polite and Mrs. Mortlake colored angrily.

"It is all very well for you to talk, but I do feel being turned out of my own father's house by a foreigner. If you had been left a widow with one little child, I think you would have been rather more considerate, Cornelia."

"Should I?" said Cornelia, with sarcasm, "well, all I ask is that you will consider somebody but yourself, Christabel; perhaps you would have the goodness to order the carriage in time for the 8.35; the Lowdells are going this evening."

With this, Cornelia swept out of the room, to be waylaid on the stairs by George with a telegram form in his hand.

"I am just going to the office with this," he said, showing it to her; "my mother will be delighted to have Bertha, I am sure and she ought not to stay here, ought she?"

(To be continued).

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Mr. Julian Sturgis is Sir Arthur Sullivan's collaborateur.

Pauline L'Allemand will head an English opera company next season.

Mme. Minnie Hauk is engaged to sing with the German Opera Company in New York for a part of next season.

Mrs. Gilmore, wife of the famous bandmaster, arranges most of the music for the band, and in many ways assists her husband in his professional work.

The Agnes Huntington Opera Company will fill the engagement held for Mme. Sara Bernhardt in this country next season, as the latter named artist does not come.

It is said that the subject chosen by Mascagni for the opera he has been commissioned to write by Sonzogno will be taken from Alexander Dumas' well known drama, "The Danicheffs."

Advice to Husbands.

Married men do not consult their wives as much as they should. There is nothing more than justice in this view of matrimonial obligation, especially in the case of poor, or only moderately well-to-do families, and these comprise an overwhelmingly large proportion of the families of this country, where a slight increase or diminution in the annual earnings is felt alike by every member. The wife, who has labored in the house to earn or save, while the husband has labored in the field, the shop or the counting-room is justly a partner in his earnings and savings and should share in all plans for disposing of their small accumulations, so as to make them more productive if all goes well.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Salisbury as an Auctioneer.

The main cartoon in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has for its subject the Anglo-German Territorial Convention. Lord Salisbury is represented as an auctioneer conducting a sale, the gathering of intending purchasers including faces typical of France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Italy and the United States. Behind the auctioneer's desk are bills announcing that "Messrs. Salisbury & Co. will sell by auction the British Empire, in lots, including Gibraltar, Malta, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, also Canada, Newfoundland, Heligoland, Ceylon. No reasonable offer refused."

A Girl's Best Charm.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never undervalue the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given to a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over and make yourself the charming example that points the moral of this.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Making Him Hear.

Scene, a Swiss Cafe—I say, waitress, why did you shout so loud at the gentleman sitting at the other table? Is the poor fellow deaf?"

"He's not deaf, but he's an Englishman and doesn't understand a word of German."

A FERRY BRIDGE SINKS,

And Six Hundred People are Thrown Into the Water.

RECOVERING THE BODIES.

A Halifax despatch of Friday night says: A terrible accident occurred in Dartmouth to-night, by which a number of people were drowned, but the exact number of victims will not be known till to-morrow. The disaster happened by a chain attached to a ferry float slipping out of place, allowing the front of the bridge to sink and precipitating a crowd of six or seven hundred men, women and children into the water. The people were crowded there waiting for the new ferry steamer Annex, just arrived from New York, to dock. When the steamer got within two feet of the landing a number jumped on board, and at that moment the accident occurred. The outer end of the bridge went down suddenly, and the horror-stricken crowd slipped off into the harbor as though they were descending a slide, piling on top of each other,

SHRIEKING FOR HELP

and scrambling for means of safety. For some minutes there was a confused crowd of men, women and children struggling in the water, but the accident had hardly happened before a dozen brave youths and men leaped to the rescue without waiting to throw aside their clothes. The drowning people were rapidly passed up to men standing above on the wharves, and the rapidity with which the rescuers performed their work resulted in the great majority of those who fell in being saved from death. There were many able swimmers in the party, and these worked till exhausted, helping people to land until there were no more in sight on the surface, and those who could not be saved had sunk out of sight. When the crowd slipped off the landing stage the people around, numbering some hundreds, crowded to the sides of the wharf and threw sticks and boards to the struggling mass, while a number of life-preservers were thrown to them from the steamer. Many people were struck and injured by the flying boards, and all the bodies recovered bear cuts and bruises.

EFFORTS TO SAVE LIFE.

The statements of spectators show that most of those who fell in were women and children, and the scenes immediately following the disaster were frightful. Several men and their wives were thrown in, and the former struggled heroically to save their loved ones, succeeding in every instance, so far as known. Harry Silver was thrown in with his wife and managed to get her out safely. A man named Brodie saw his wife struggling in the dock and leaping in, managed to save her life. A woman named Logan was thrown in with a young child in her arms, and her efforts to preserve the life of the infant were distressing. Both were finally brought ashore alive. An elderly man named Edward Foster and his daughter fell in together, and the former was saved in the nick of time, but was so frantic over the loss of his daughter that he could hardly be dragged ashore. He was persuaded that his daughter was safe, but the poor girl was a corpse when taken out. When all those in sight had been brought to land the work of grappling for the drowned ones was commenced.

HOW MANY WERE DROWNED?

Within two hours four bodies had been recovered, but up to midnight no other victims had been found. It is believed that at least three or four others were lost, but the exact number cannot be told at present. Intense excitement prevailed in Dartmouth and Halifax when the news of the disaster spread, and thousands flocked to the scene, where they remained till a late hour watching those working in the water. Owing to the confusion it is impossible to tell who are missing, but the number cannot be large. Divers are now searching under the water for further victims.

BODIES RECOVERED.

The names of those whose bodies have been recovered are: Miss Bessie Foster, daughter of Edward Foster; Peter Boyle, a Crimea veteran; Miss Allie Synott, daughter of Michael Synott; John Bundy, a colored boy.

SALISBURY WEAKENING.

The Postponement Measure to Stand—An Autumn Session.

A London cable says: In the House of Commons to-day W. H. Smith stated that in view of the late period of the session the Government had decided not to proceed with the standing order relating to the postponement of the consideration of bills from one session to another. It had also decided to drop the Irish Land Purchase Bill and the Tithes Bill during the present session, but to again introduce them at the next session, which would open in November. In conclusion, Mr. Smith said he trusted that before the House was prorogued it would pass the Bill providing for the cession of Heligoland to Germany, the Local Taxation Bill, the Bill providing for the housing of the working classes, and the Census Bill.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said he hoped the Government would consult the House about holding a meeting of Parliament in November. Mr. Gladstone expressed a similar wish. Mr. Smith said the Government was satisfied as to the convenience of a session in November. The Opposition will resist to the utmost any proposal for the reassembling of Parliament before January.

Scotch Notes.

Mr. William McEwen, M. P., has given £5,000 to purchase pictures for the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh.

Mr. Mungo Campbell Gibson, senior partner of George Gibson & Co., shipowners, Leith, died on the 25th ult., at his residence at Abercromby Place, Edinburgh.

Dulwich Park, London, was opened on the 26th ult., by the Earl of Rosebery, as Chairman of the London County Council. It contains 72 acres, and has been presented to the public by the Governors of Dulwich College.

Mr. R. M. McKerrell, of Hillhouse, Irvine, has been selected as the Unionist candidate for the representation of Paisley at the next election. It will be remembered that he led the forlorn hope there on a former occasion.

The Lord Mayor of London was entertained to a banquet in Edinburgh on June 21st by the Lord Provosts and Provosts of of Scotland, and was presented with an address of welcome from the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Burghs.

Lochore estate, in Fifeshire, was offered for sale at Edinburgh the other day, the reserve price being £50,000, but it did not change hands. The eldest son of Sir Walter Scott married the heiress of Lochore, but the property passed out of the family.

Mr. Gladstone will probably visit Ayrshire when he is in Scotland in October, in which case he is to stay at Dalquharran Castle, near Maybole, as the guest of Sir Andrew Clark, who has arranged to rent that beautiful place for the autumn months.

As intimated recently in our Scotch news, the Dowager Lady Howard De Walden, lady of the manor, is presently staying at Kilmarnock the first owner of the manor who has taken up residence there for a great number of years. She has intimated her intention of commemorating her visit by presenting £1,200 to the Kilmarnock Infirmary for the erection of a children's ward in the infirmary.

Sir James Gowans, Lord Dean of Guild of Edinburgh, who was so prominently associated with the exhibition there in 1886, died on the 26th ult., aged 70 years. He was an architect and contractor, and laid many tramway lines in various cities and towns, besides constructing numerous lines of railways.

A Clinging Creature.

"When I asked her to marry she began to shrink like—like a flannel shirt."

"That's an odd comparison; what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. She got up around my neck."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—During the absence in Europe this summer of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alexander Campbell, the Hon. Justice Sir Thomas Galt will be the Administrator of the Province.

Mrs. Carl Dimble, of Cincinnati, who had some children in instalments the other day, was much surprised to learn that one of them had two lower front teeth as large as an 8-year-old child ought to have.

"He was awful," said Chappie, indignantly. "He said if I opened my mouth again he'd put a head on me." "Why didn't you accept his offer."

LORNE'S AWFUL DAD.

The Duke of Argyll, the Noblest of the British Nobility, Proves a Grasping, Heartless and Tyrannical Landlord.

For many years the Duke of Argyll has posed as the pattern Highland laird. If any one ventured to say a word about the poverty of the crofters, the duke was ever ready to declare that they were a lazy lot, and that their miserable condition was due to their own improvidence. As to their being rack-rented, there were no bounds to his indignation at such a suggestion. Had he not bestowed upon them all sorts of benefits, and made all kinds of improvements for their advantage? He conveyed the impression that he was the "father of his people," presiding over their interests in quite a patriarchal fashion, and, indeed, acting the part of a benevolent providence. The defenders of Highland landlordism have kept the Duke of Argyll upon a pedestal as an object of veneration. But the idol has fallen, and it proves to be composed only of the common clay of which most of the Highland lairds are made. Fair rents have been fixed by the Crofters' Commission in Iona and the Ross of Mull. It was of the crofters in the Ross of Mull that the Duke complained in a letter to the Napier Commission, that he could not get them to make "a garden or even a kailyard." The lighthouse keepers there had "most excellent gardens," yet, said the Duke, "within sight of these gardens, the crofters, who often possess naturally much richer soil, have in no one instance, so far as I know, attempted to imitate so excellent an example." Stones were "abundant for the building of inclosures," and the crofters had "often plenty of time on hand," but they would not expend the "very moderate amount of exertion" which was required to make and maintain a kitchen garden. That was evidently why they were poor—in the Duke's opinion—because, he said, the possession of a garden "would often make all the difference to a family between scarcity and comfort."

It appears, however, from the decisions of the crofters' commission, that all the difference between comfort and scarcity has been made by the duke. He has kept the crofters in poverty by exacting excessive rents. The reductions of rent made in Iona show that their rackrenting has been bad enough, for the rents of the sixteen crofters who made applications have been reduced on the average by 27½ per cent., and of the amount of arrears claimed by the duke, upward of 70 per cent. has been cancelled. But his rackrenting has been still worse in the Ross of Mull. There, in 47 cases, the commissioners have made an average reduction of no less than 39 per cent. in the rents, and have cancelled the arrears claimed to the extent of over 63 per cent. High as the averages are, they give but a faint idea of some of the duke's exactions. We give below a list of ten cases, showing the old rent hitherto charged by the duke, the fair rent fixed by the crofters' commission, and the percentage of reduction:

Old rent.	Fair rent.	Reduction.
£ 8 0 0	£ 4 10 0	44
22 10 0	12 10 0	44
10 2 0	5 10 0	45½
20 0 0	10 15 0	46
3 15 0	2 0 0	47
3 15 0	2 0 0	47
3 14 0	2 0 0	47
5 19 0	3 0 0	49½
4 0 0	2 0 0	50
15 13 0	6 10 0	58½

Do not these figures show where the hard earnings of the crofters have gone, and how these people are poverty stricken? Let us have no more cant about kitchen gardens. The judgment of the crofters' commission puts an end to a long sustained hypocrisy. What did the supposed pattern of all that was good in Highland landlordism mean by claiming £1,221 in name of arrears when only £430 was justly due? The duke would have liked to drag from these sixty-three crofters no less than £791 which they did not owe him, and of which they have now been relieved by the commission. Has he not got enough out of his wretched tenants?

From the evidence given before the crofters' commission it appeared that by successive increases of rent, the last of which was in 1876, he raised the rental of his Ross of Mull property by 70 per cent. In 1884, on the report of the Napier commission being published, he made a reduction of 19 per cent. and this was paraded as an example of his generosity. Had that reduction not been made the crofters' commission would have had to reduce the crofters' rents by an average, not of 39, but of 58, per cent. His treatment of his tenants has been most arbitrary and oppressive. One instance, with regard to rent, will suffice. It was stated before the crofters' commission in Iona that in 1863 on a croft becoming vacant the factor insisted that the crofters in the township should share the pasture of the vacant croft, the arable part being added to the farm. The crofters, with two exceptions, petitioned the duke to grant them the arable portion as well. At the next term they were served with notices of removal, which were only withdrawn on the unfortunate petitioners agreeing each to pay £5 additional rent, 16s. for the pasture, and £4 4s. as a fine for objecting to the factor's arrangement. The rents of the two crofters who did not petition were increased but 15s. each.

Woe to the poor crofter who dared to cross the duke. But he is mastered at last. His power has been broken by the crofters' commission. One other instance of the duke's arbitrary conduct may be given—this time with regard to the political rights of his tenants. During the hearing of the cases on the Ross of Mull estate the Chairman of the Crofters' Commission expressed surprise at the number of applicants whose names had been kept off the rent roll, although their right to be there could not be disputed. The agent for the crofters explained, stating it as a fact within his knowledge, that this was done to deprive the crofters of the parliamentary franchise, and that year after year the ground officer attended the registration court to object to their claims. Such is the meanness of one who has lectured at large on morality, and particularly on political morality. The crofters who have appealed to the commission must now be put upon the rent roll, and will be registered as parliamentary electors. They will know how to exercise the constitutional rights so long intercepted by the Duke of Argyll, and it is not for any candidate supported by him that they are likely to vote.—*Dundee (Scotland) People's Journal.*

Won't Touch Money.

The Franciscan monks have recently opened their first Canadian monastery in Montreal. These monks live entirely by alms and are allowed to touch no money. If victuals are not supplied they go forth and beg. They preach penance and conversion, and their principal occupation is prayer, meditation and penance. Their doors are always open to the poor, and with them the monks share such as they have themselves.

Stanley's Book.

It was stated at the banquet given to Mr. Stanley by his publishers that the paper used to print the various editions—Continental, American and English—would, laid out in sheets, make a white carpet for a footpath from Zanzibar to the Congo; and that, piled one upon another, they would reach to the height of the Eiffel Tower.

A Watch for the Blind.

A useful invention, accredited to Swiss watchmakers, is a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving towards a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

Thought She Used Both Feet.

Thump-rattlety-bang went the piano.

"What are you trying to play, Jane?" called out her father from the next room.

"It's an exercise—'First steps in music,'" she answered.

"Well, is there nothing you can play with your hands?" he asked.

T——, a little boy of 9, handed in the following composition on George Washington: "George Washington was the father of his country one day he went into his father's yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father i am trying to tell a lie and cannot when he grew up he was president and was killed by a man named getto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Williamson—Did Bragg say anything when Colonel Shooter threatened to kill him? Henderson—Yes, he said his prayers.

Now the swagger girl has adopted the dude silk sash, and with her blazer, shirt and four-in-hand looks too sweet for anything.

—The farmer's lot does not seem to be as productive as of yore.

THE WHIPPING POST.

A Bad Montrealer Gets His Second Dose of the Cat.

The St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary was the scene on Friday night of an unusual occurrence. A couple of weeks ago one Joseph Donnois, alias Curson, who has been wandering round the country in the guise of a priest, was sentenced in virtue of the new Dominion law to two years in the penitentiary and to receive thirty lashes for assaulting little girls. Curson is an old offender, having received twenty lashes in the Montreal jail a couple of years ago for a similar offence. The flogging was given with the greatest precision and despatch. After the day's work was over and the other convicts had returned to their cells, the prison physician, accompanied by guards, went to Curson's cell and, after examining him, made a written report that the prisoner was in fit condition to receive the punishment. Curson maintained a stolid indifference as he was led forth to the basement where the flogging was to take place. Immediately after his arrival the guards, keepers and officers, to the number of forty, marched down to the basement, where they formed three sides of a square. Within the square stood Warden Ouimet and the chief keeper. The triangle to which Curson was to be tied stood in the middle. After having divested himself of his coat Curson stripped to the waist, walked with firm step to the triangle, to which he was strapped by four guards. A stuffed leather strap was then put around his neck to protect it. At a signal from Deputy Warden McCarthy the officer who was appointed to inflict the punishment stepped forward, and taking up the cat-o'-nine-tails waited for the word. In a minute there was a sound, and immediately afterwards the nine knotted ends lashed the white flesh. Curson never winced, but at the third blow he groaned piteously and kept it up till the end. When the end was reached half of the back from between the shoulders down was one mass of lacerated flesh. When he was unfastened from the triangle Curson walked over to the bench where his clothes lay, and his back was covered with a cloth saturated with salt and water. Curson then dressed himself, and accompanied by two guards walked firmly upstairs to his cell.

POSTMEN AND POLICE.

The Cabinet Considers the Matter—Portsmouth Police Disaffected.

A London cable says: The Cabinet Council held yesterday devoted much of its time to discussion of the postal situation, and fully sustained the action of Sir Edward Bradford and Postmaster-General Raikes. The Cabinet authorized Mr. Raikes to resort to any means he thought fit to crush a strike of the postmen, which it was agreed must be put down at all hazards. The imperative necessity of dealing summarily with any outbreak on the part of the public employees was shown, by information in the possession of the Ministry, that the postal crisis is a part of a concerted scheme encouraged by political enemies to embarrass the Government in all its departments. It is asserted by the postmen, and not denied by the authorities, that the Postmen's Union is full of official spies, who keep the Government posted on all the plans of the men, and have also obtained a large amount of information connecting many prominent politicians with the agitation. The blacklegs employed by Mr. Raikes assumed the duties of the dismissed, suspended and disaffected men with the facility of veterans, and their work has dismayed the old hands as much as it has surprised and pleased the officials.

The police of Portsmouth, not daunted by the ill-success of their London brethren in their attempts to bring about a general strike, have petitioned for an increase of pay, and accompanied the petition with a threat to strike unless their demand is complied with. They also demand a monthly holiday without loss of pay. The police authorities have not yet acted upon the petition, but it is understood that they are not disposed to consider it favorably.

Another meeting of postmen was held in Clerkenwell Green to-night, attended by 3,000 men. The speakers still talked about a general strike, and their remarks were enthusiastically applauded. There is no doubt, however, that the leaders are convinced that a strike would not be successful, and the probability of such a movement is very remote. The Secretary of the Postmen's Union stated that there had been between 300 and 400 dismissals by the Postmaster-General.

The Favorite Figure of Speech.

Probably there is nothing under the sun which is the basis of so large a number of figures of speech as water. A poor argument "won't hold water," a babbler is "a leaky vessel," a half drunken man is "half seas over," "fishing in troubled waters" is another name for getting into difficulty, "still waters run deep" is a hint that your quiet and demure person has more in him than the world supposes; if a man is in a bad predicament he is in "hot water," disappointment is "a wet blaket"; when a lover "gets the mitten" "cold water is thrown on his hopes"; the hungry man's "mouth waters," the strengthless man is "weak as water"; sometimes it "rains" blessing; when an orator begins to be tedious we say he has "run dry"; news is always "afloat"; speculators are often "swamped"; many people find it impossible to "keep their heads above water," and very often, in the absence of data for conjecture, we are "all at sea."—*London Star.*

Stanley and Emin.

A Rome cable says: In an interview, Capt. Casati, the African explorer, said that himself and Emin Pasha were heartily glad to be liberated from the Equatorial Province by Mr. Stanley. Evil tongues, he continues, had magnified the misunderstanding between Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha. They had the highest respect for each other, and had never seriously disagreed. Captain Casati said he intended to take a long rest, and to write an account of his travels. He claimed to be the first discoverer of the Mountains of the Moon. He praised the climate of Uganda, and said he believed that English coolness and Italian courtesy would triumph over the overbearing attitude of the Germans in Africa.

What the Word "Picnic" Means.

This is the latest derivation of the word picnic, given by an exchange: "When a picnic was being arranged for, the custom originally was that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of those was passed round and each picked out the article of food or drink he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was nicked or ticked off the list. The open air entertainment thus became known as a pick and nick." The custom it is said to date from 1802, so that the picnic is wholly an institution of the nineteenth century.

Typesetting Machines.

The New York *Press* says: The compositors on the morning newspapers are discussing what they shall do when they are ousted from their "frames" by the typesetting machines. They have received a "tip" that the *Herald, World, Times* and *Sun*, some time in the fall or early winter, are going to have such machines set up, and that at least half the present forces of compositors of those establishments will have to seek other employment. As there are nearly a thousand men at present employed on those papers, either as regulars or substitutes, one can believe that it will be a mementous subject.

Stropping a Razor.

Few persons know how excellent a razor strop is the human hand or arm. If a razor is in fairly good condition and not in need of the oil stone it may soon be whetted to a fine edge on the palm of the hand or the inner side of the forearm. The latter is the best if it is free from hair, as it frequently is, for it presents a whetting surface quite as long as the ordinary razor strop. The fat portion of the palm, between the little finger and the wrist, however, makes an excellent strop. The progess of stropping a razor on the forearm appears a bit alarming to the looker on, though there is little danger that a skillful man will do himself harm.

Some Are Judged Too Late.

There are many ways of judging eggs. One is to drop the egg in a pan of cold water. The fresher the egg the sooner it will drop to the bottom. If bad it will float like a life-preserver. The best way to keep eggs is to bury them in bran or meal and turn them frequently, box and all. Salt will preserve them in any climate if properly packed.

Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery—the grand propelling power. —*Macaulay.*

THE DAY OF BIG THINGS.

The General Tendency of the Times is Toward Bigness.

There is a notable tendency in industrial enterprises in recent times not only to concentrate capital into large concerns but to have structures and machinery of the largest possible kind, and to drive it with extreme rapidity. This is pre-eminently the day of big things, using the word in its ordinary sense to mean large, massive, heavy and bulky. Ocean steamships are growing larger and more powerful. Locomotives, cars, railway tracks, bridges, are all made heavier. Blast furnaces have increased in size, and their output has increased enormously, so that a product of 300 tons a day is no more uncommon than one of 300 tons a week was twenty years ago. A Bessemer steel works has recently made the record of 30,000 tons of steel in one month. Open hearth furnaces are now erected with a capacity of 30 tons, or three times the capacity of those of ten years ago. In rolling-mills the same progress has been shown. A plate was rolled in Pittsburg, 30 inches wide by 85 feet long 7 8 inch thick, weighing 7480 pounds. In steam and electric engineering the same tendency is seen. At the Homestead Steel Works, Pittsburg, there is about to be placed one of the largest Corliss engines in the world, with a horizontal cylinder 54x72 inches. The fly-wheel will weigh 200,000 pounds. The weight of the whole engine will be over 500,000 pounds, and it is expected to develop 3,500 horse-power. The Corliss engine, the largest in the world was built at the Soho Iron Works, Bolton, Eng. It is of 5,000 horse-power, of the vertical type, and stands 48 feet high. It is designed to drive Ferranti dynamos 45 feet in diameter.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

DEFECTIVE VISION.

Poor Eyesight the Rule—Caused by Straining the Eye in School Rooms.

"There are more persons troubled with defective eyesight than you would suppose," said an optician to the New York *Times*. "In fact, perfect vision is now exceptionally rare with a large proportion of the inhabitants of all large cities. Just observe what a number of people you will meet wearing spectacles or eyeglasses on any crowded thoroughfare. They are not elderly, either; indeed, most of them are young, and if you go through our public schools you will see an astonishing number of children wearing glasses.

"Bad eyesight is often caused by the neglect of proper attention in very early age. The eyes are more sensitive to light than during adult life, yet it is nothing uncommon for a mother or nurse to expose the eyes of an infant to the glare of the sun for hours at a time. Serious results often follow this negligence, and a large majority of the blind undoubtedly owe the loss of their sight to just such neglect during infancy.

"When children are growing up their sight is much impaired in dark city school rooms, where they must strain their eyes looking at blackboard work at a distance. Besides this, too much cannot be said in condemnation of the practice of allowing children at night to study or read books that are badly printed. Daylight is God's light, and man cannot improve upon it. Night work, and especially reading, is very injurious for the sight and will wear a child's or man's eyes out quicker than anything else.

"All persons who find their sight failing should procure glasses, but not themselves select a pair, for a man may injure his eyes irreparably by using unsuitable glasses. When you require glasses, always go to a good optician, who will test your eyes and fit them with proper glasses. It may be that your eyes are not pairs, so to speak; that is that the foci are not coincident in length, and therefore you must have a different glass for each eye."

The Queen and the "Bumbee."

An amusing incident, which happened to escape the notice of all but a very few, occurred at Ferryhill (says the Aberdeen *Express*) while the Royal train was waiting for the completion of the preparations necessary for its despatch to the south. The Earl of Aberdeen, as Lord-Lieutenant of the country, paid his respects to Royalty, and during the stoppage of the train had the honor of an interview with Her Majesty. The Queen, as usual on such occasions, spoke to His Lordship from the carriage window. Her Majesty had very kindly inquired as to the health of the Countess, and had expressed her delight at the favorable report which His Lordship was able to give of Her Ladyship's health, and the illustrious talkers were proceeding to more general subjects, when all at once the conversation was brought to a sudden stop. What do you think was the cause? A big yellow honey-laden "bumbee." This adventurous insect, just at the critical moment in the Royal conversation, impudently buzzed right up to the royal nose. Now "a cat may look at a Queen," and perhaps royalty would not resent the liberty; but the proximity of a big fiery-looking "stinger" is an uncomfortable ordeal at which the line must be drawn. You know what ordinary people do in such circumstances. They close their eyes, shake their head, raise the shoulder and retreat a step. The Queen adopted the plebian practice. The Lord of Haddo, all ignorant of the cause, presumed that Victoria Reg. meant to terminate the interview and withdrew with all the grace of a courtier. Of course Her Majesty had not intended to put the closure on so suddenly, and when the rash-winged intruder had passed (by the way he found refuge in the Royal saloon itself), she made to resume the conversation, but by that time the Earl had fallen back amongst the other gentlemen in attendance. The "bumbee" left with the train. [As already stated the Earl and his lady are coming to spend some time in Hamilton.]

Joe Murphy's Means.

A very rich actor who makes no boast about himself is Joseph Murphy. He is a worker and a saver. He commenced his life in needy circumstances, and has never forgotten the lessons it taught him. Improvident members of his profession who like to see a man squander his last penny in a cafe or over a bar are inclined to rate Mr. Murphy as miserly, but Mr. Murphy has several points in his favor in spite of them. He pays his debts, and he keeps his contracts. He lives in genteel comfort, and takes care of Joe Murphy and of Joe Murphy's business. He is an illustration of how steady habits and sagacity will enrich a man. He has never earned phenomenal sums, but from the time he commenced his career as a star has laid by a handsome yearly amount. This money Mr. Murphy has put in property of one kind and another, any kind, in fact, that was safe to bear interest, and while he has allowed the interest to accumulate and bear interest in its turn, he has never allowed a year to pass without adding to the principal. "It is the only way," he once remarked to a friend. "Make up your mind to save something every year, and you will find that things will shape themselves to do the saving for you pretty soon." Operating upon this principle, never deviating from it and never forgetting it, doing business always with this end in view and doing it on business principles, Joseph Murphy could, to-day, doubtless sign a cheque for $250,000 and have it honored.

The Old Problem.

"Were you ever in love before, Edwin?"

"Great Cæsar," he cried, in anguish, "am I never to be free from that awful question?"

"And what is strange about it?"

"All the girls I ever loved have asked it, and when I answer 'em 'yes,' they answer that they wouldn't have thought from the way I acted. And now here you are laying wires to ring in the same old conundrum."

—I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising.—*John Wanamaker.*

If the person who is going wrong would stop to consider he would consider it wise to stop.

QUEER THINGS IN HELIGOLAND.

Some Remarkable Customs Among the Islanders.

It must be noticed, however, that their Sabbath begins at 6 p.m. on Saturday, when the church bell is tolled, and ends on Sunday at the same hour. Formerly no vessel could leave port between these hours. Marriage cancels every other engagement, so that there can be no breach of promise brought against a man when once he is married.

The inhabitants have a strange custom on New Year's Eve. They then perambulate the streets with broken pots and pans, which they place before their friends' doors, and the man who has the largest heap before his cottage is considered the most popular.

The people rarely lock their doors, but when they do they leave the key where it can be reached by any one seeking admission.

The fisher-girls bait the hooks and carry them in a large wooden basket filled with sand to the fishermen on the beach. This is by no means a light burden, yet they may be seen cheerfully chatting with their companions as they march onward with wollen shawls over their heads. The streets bear English names, as Leopold, Berlin, Church, Augusta, Thames, Stort, O'Brien, Prince of Wales, Princess street, etc., but the natives have their own names for them.

Heligoland has a small prison or lock-up, but they rarely lock any one up, as they do not care to board the prisoner. There is also a small cottage hospital ready for use if necessary, but patients are few and far between. There is also a poorhouse. Here poor people live rent free. The plan adopted is for parents and children to go before the magistrate, when the former resign any little property they may possess to their children, who in their turn promise to find them in food. When the husband dies the wife takes his property and at her decease it is equally divided between the children.

There are no horses or donkeys on Heligoland, for they would be useless there; but there are eight cows and about thirty sheep tethered and milked, the milk being considered superior to that of cows. There are three policemen, the junior being known by the extra amount of gold lace worn by him. The coastguard consists of five Englishmen, who are not permitted to act as constables. There are also sixteen active native coast-guards, and sixteen in the reserve. When there is a wreck the whole island claims the salvage. Most of the inhabitants are behind with their rates, but they are never prosecuted, for when a settling takes place after the season is over what remains is left in hopes of being recovered next year. The debtors are engaged to work on wrecks, and then old scores are wiped off and the balance handed over to them. The natives only are permitted to rent small potato patches, which are much valued, but the Government reserve most of the land for their own purposes.—*London Times.*

How to Eat Summer Fruit.

The etiquette of eating fruit might form a useful edition to the book of manners for the summer season. Custom has prescribed certain rules for eating various fruits, and there is always a most elegant manner, separate from the various other and more common methods, of extracting the delicious parts of the fruit. Undoubtedly the manner of eating practiced in countries in which the fruit is native is the most enjoyable, if one could know what the manner is, but it might not always correspond to the best usages of the table. Take, for instance, the receipt offered by a Southern paper for the best enjoyment of a watermelon. It will seem almost too savage for Northern practice. This Southern writer says the watermelon ought never to be cut with a knife. He says: "There is nothing fit to eat in the melon but the heart, and that should be torn out and devoured bodily. Sweets to the sweet, and nothing could be sweeter than these juices, which embody the fruition of the year and all that is best in the seasons. The knife is a deadly weapon. It destroys the flavor and has a deadly effect on the fruit." In northern households, watermelons, having been kept on ice, are brought to the table entire, cut across the middle or in those Gothic points dear to the colored waiter. Nutmeg and musk-melons are divided lengthwise and served, after the seeds have been scooped out, with a lump of ice in each hemisphere. Salt and sugar are served with melons, accompaniments that would doubtless seem barbaric in the Southern lands where melons are picked fully ripe in all their sweetness.

A New York fancy of the season is that of eating pepper with strawberries. Those who have had the courage to try this new method say that the pepper adds pungency to the berry; but most old-fashioned folk prefer to dip the berries in powdered sugar and smother them with cream. Perhaps those strawberry lovers are not wholly eccentric who say that a sprinkling of pepper is not so barbaric as the common strawberry accompaniment of cake and ice-cream, which dull or take away the true flavor of the berry.

The season of peach eating is approaching speedily. Careful housewives are preparing colored napkins, for though peaches may be served often in thin slices and eaten in cream, there are many rich and velvety specimens that will be brought to the table in a central dish, since many persons prefer to peel their own fruit. Grapes will soon follow. Plums served among bright nasturtium flowers and leaves, and pears piled high among their own green leaves, will soon entice the appetite.

Something About Venus.

Signor Schiaparelli, the Italian astronomer, has just announced the discovery that Venus, like Mercury—also his discovery—makes but one rotation on its axis in the course of its revolution around the sun. This gives that planet perpetual day over one half of its sphere and perpetual night on the other half. This is a great astronomical surprise, reversing the belief heretofore entertained, and it will be received with much interest by astronomers.

A Tough Chicken.

"I'd like to ask how you killed this chicken?" said the homeless young man to his landlady.

"Why, the girl cut its head off, of course."

"With a hatchet?"

"To be sure. You seem unaccountably interested."

"No, but I would like to know where you buy your hatchets."

In New York fifty free doctors attend the poor in the summer. Free medicine is given and the King's Daughters send flowers, etc.

D. C. N. L. 30. 91.

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

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