Live and Let Be.

Live and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;
 Tired cloudlets sleep along your azure sea;
Soft airs steal by and whisper, faint and light,
 Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest
 Sometimes from labor? Live as do the flowers?
Bask in the sunshine, lie on nature's breast,
 Not counting hours?

Not heeding aught, but on the pale, worn cheek
 To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed, hoary peak
 Heaven's glory shine?

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wandering eve
 To list that melody of tinkling bells,
And hear old Echo in her distance weave
 Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and strong,
 Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and throng,
 Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough
 Hereafter to resume the great world's care,
When autumn skies are troubled, winds are rough
 And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause rewaken,
 Dare all the strife, the burden and the pain,
Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken,
 Lift up again.

And what thou dost then, in peace begotten,
 Shall show like peace, her looks and tones recall,
And, all the frail and faulty past forgotten,
 Bring good to all.

Till then let nothing past or future vex
 The untrammeled soul, 'mid nature's freedom free
From thoughts that darken, questions that perplex.
 Live and let be!

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Then," went on Mr. Cardus, in a voice meant to be indifferent, but which now and again gave traces of emotion, "you will also remember that I was the fortunate man, and was, with her father's consent, engaged to be married to Mary Atterleigh so soon as I could show him that my income reached a certain sum." Here Mr. Cardus paused a moment, and then continued: "But I had to go to America about the great Norwich divorce case, and it was a long job, and travelling was slow then. When I got back, Mary was—married to a man called Jones—a friend of yours, Mr. de Talor, He was staying at your house, Ceswick's Ness, when he met her. But perhaps you are better acquainted with that part of the story than I am."

Mr. de Talor was looking very uneasy again now.

"No, I know nothing about it. Jones fell in love with her like the rest, and the next I heard of it was that they were to be married. It was rather rough on you, eh, Cardus? but Lord, you shouldn't have been fool enough to trust her."

Mr. Cardus smiled a bitter smile—"Yes, it was a little 'rough,' but that has nothing to do with my story. The marriage did not turn out well; a curious fatality pursued all who had had any hand in it. Mary had two children: and then did the best thing she could do—died of shame and sorrow. Jones, who was rich, went fraudulently bankrupt, and ended by committing suicide. Hard-riding Atterleigh flourished for a while, and then lost his money in horses and a ship-building speculation, and got a paralytic stroke that took away all his speech and most of his reason. Then I brought him here to save him from the mad-house."

"That was kind of you, Cardus."

"Oh, no, he is worth his keep, and besides he is poor Mary's father. He is under the fixed impression that I am the devil; but that does not matter."

"You've got her children 'ere too, eh?"

"Yes, I have adopted them. The girl reminds me of her mother, though she will never have her mother's looks. The boy is like old Atterleigh. I do not care about the boy. But, thank God, they are neither of them like their father!"

"So you knew Jones?" said De Talor, sharply.

"Yes, I met him after his marriage. Oddly enough, I was with him a few minutes before he destroyed himself. There, Mr. de Talor, I will not detain you any longer. I thought that you could perhaps tell me something of the details of Mary's marriage. The story has a fascination for me, its results upon my own life have been so far-reaching. I am sure that I am not at the bottom of it yet. Mary wrote to me when she was dying, and hinted at something that I cannot understand. There was somebody behind who arranged the matter, who assisted Jones' suit. Well, well, I shall find it all out in time, and whoever it is will no doubt pay the price of his wickedness like the others. Providence has strange ways, Mr. de Talor, but in the end it is a terrible avenger. What are you going? Queer talk for a lawyer's office, isn't it?"

Here Mr. de Talor rose, looking pale, and merely nodding to Mr. Cardus, left the room.

The lawyer watched him till the door had closed, and then suddenly his whole face changed. The white eyebrows drew close together, the delicate features worked, and in the soft eyes there shone a look of hate. He clinched his fists, and shook them towards the door.

"You liar, you hound!" he said aloud. "God grant that I may live long enough to do to you as I have done to them! One a suicide, and one a paralytic madman; you, you shall be a beggar if it takes me twenty years to make you so. Yes, that will hit you hardest. O Mary! Mary! dead and dishonored through you, you scoundrel! O my darling, shall I ever find you again?"

And this strange man dropped his head upon the desk before him and groaned.

CHAPTER III.

OLD DUM'S NESS.

When Mr. Cardus came half an hour or so later to take his place at the dinner table, for in those days they dined in the middle of the day at Dum's Ness, he was not in a good mood. The pool into which the records of our individual existence are ever gathering, and which we call our past, will not often bear much stirring, even when its waters are not bitter. Certainly Mr. Cardus' would not. And yet that morning he had stirred it violently enough.

In the long, oak-panelled room, used indifferently as a sitting and dining room, Mr. Cardus found "hard-riding Atterleigh" and his granddaughter, little Dorothy Jones. The old man was already seated at the table, and Dorothy was busying herself cutting bread, looking as composed and grown-up as though she had been four-and-twenty instead of fourteen. She was a strange child with her assured air and woman's ways and dress, her curious thoughtful face, and her large blue eyes that shone steady as the light of a lamp. But just now the little face was more anxious than usual.

"Reginald," she began as soon as he was in the room (for by Mr. Cardus' wish she always called him by his Christian name), "I am sorry to tell you that there has been a sad disturbance."

"What is it?" he asked with a frown; "Jeremy again?" Mr. Cardus could be very stern where Jeremy was concerned.

"Yes, I am afraid it is. The two boys—" but it was unnecessary for her to carry her explanations further, for at that moment the swing-door opened, and through it appeared the young gentleman in question, driven in like sheep by the beady-eyed Grice. Ernest was leading, attempting the impossible feat of looking jaunty with a lump of raw beefsteak tied over one eye, and presenting a general appearance that suggested the idea of the colors of the rainbow in a state of decomposition.

Behind him shuffled Jeremy, his matted lock still wet from being pumped on. But his wounds were either unsuited to the dreadful remedy of raw beefsteak, or he had adopted in preference an heroic one of his own, of which grease plentifully sprinkled with flour formed the basis.

For a moment there was silence, then Mr. Cardus with awful politeness asked Jeremy what was the meaning of this.

"We've been fighting," answered the boy, sulkily. "He hit—"

"Thank you, Jeremy, I don't want the particulars, but I will take this opportunity to tell you before your sister and my nephew what I think of you. You are a boor and a lout, and what is more, you are a coward."

At this unjust taunt the lad colored to his eyes.

"Yes, you may color, but let me tell you that it is cowardly to pick a quarrel with a boy the moment he sets foot inside my door—"

"I say, uncle," broke in Ernest, who was unable to see anything cowardly about fighting, an amusement to which he was rather partial himself, and who thought that his late antagonist was getting more than his due, "I began it you know."

It was not true, except in the sense that he had begun it by striking the dog; nor did this statement produce any great effect upon Mr. Cardus, who was evidently seriously angry with Jeremy on more points than this.

"I do not care who began it," went on Mr. Cardus angrily, "nor is it about this only that I am angry. You are a discredit to me, Jeremy, and a discredit to your sister. You are dirty, you are idle; your ways are not those of a gentleman. I sent you to school—you ran away. I give you good clothes—you will not wear them. I tell you, boy, that I will not stand it any longer. Now listen. I am going to make arrangement with Mr. Halford, the clergyman at Kesterwick, to undertake Ernest's education. You shall go with him; and if I see no improvement in your ways in the course of the next few months, I shall wash my hands of you. Do you understand me now?"

The boy Jeremy had, during this oration, been standing in the middle of the room, first on one leg, then on the other. At its conclusion he brought the leg that was at the moment in the air down to the ground and stood firm.

"Well," went on Mr. Cardus, "what have you to say?"

"I have to say," blurted out Jeremy, "that I don't want your education. You care nothing about me," he went on, his gray eyes flashing, and his heavy face lighting up; "nobody cares about me except my dog Nails. Yes, you make a dog of me myself; you throw things to me as I throw Nails a bone. I don't want your education, and I won't have it. I don't want the fine clothes you buy for me, and I won't wear them. I don't want to be a burden on you, either. Let me go away and be a fisher-lad and earn my bread. It hadn't been for her," pointing to his sister, who was sitting aghast at his outburst, "and for Nails, I'd have gone long ago, I can tell you. At any rate I should not be a dog, then. I should be earning my living, and have no one to thank for it. Let me go, I say, where I shan't be mocked at if I do my fair day's work. I'm strong enough; let me go. There! I've spoken my mind now"; and the lad broke out into a storm of tears, and turning, tramped out of the room.

As he went, Mr. Cardus' wrath seemed to leave him.

"I did not think he had so much spirit in him," he said aloud. "Well, let us have our dinner."

At dinner the conversation flagged, the scene that preceded it having presumably left a painful impression; and Ernest, who was an observant youth, fell to watching little Dorothy doing the honors of the table; cutting up her crazed old grandfather's food for him, seeing that everybody had what they wanted, and generally making herself unobtrusively useful. In due course the meal came to an end, and Mr. Cardus and old Atterleigh departed back to the office, leaving Dorothy alone with Ernest. Presently the former began to talk.

"I hope that your eye is not painful," she said. "Jeremy hits very hard."

"Oh, no, it's all right. I'm used to it. When I was at school in London I often used to fight. I'm sorry for him, though—your brother, I mean."

"Jeremy! oh, yes, he is always in trouble, and now I suppose that it will be worse than ever. I do all I can to keep things smooth, but it is no good. If he won't go to Mr. Halford's, I am sure I don't know what will happen," and the little lady sighed deeply.

"Oh, I dare say that he will go. Let's go and look for him, and try and persuade him."

"We might try," she said doubtfully. "Stop a minute, and I will put on my hat, and then if you will take that nasty thing off your eye we might walk on to Kesterwick. I want to take a book, out of which I have been teaching myself French, back to the cottage, where old Miss Ceswick lives, you know."

"All right," said Ernest.

Presently Dorothy returned, and they went out by the back way to a little room near the coach-house, where Jeremy stuffed birds and kept his collection of eggs and butterflies; but he was not there. On inquiring of Sampson, the old Scotch gardener who looked after Mr. Cardus' orchid-houses, she discovered that Jeremy had gone out to shoot snipe, having borrowed Sampson's gun for that purpose.

"That is just like Jeremy," she sighed. "He is always out shooting instead of attending to things."

"Can he hit birds flying, then?" asked Ernest.

"Hit them!" she answered, with a touch of pride; "I don't think he ever misses them. I wish he could do other things as well."

Jeremy at once went up at least fifty per cent. in Ernest's estimation.

On their way back to the house they peeped in through the office-window, and Ernest saw "hard-riding Atterleigh" at his work, copying deeds.

"He's your grandfather isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Does he know you?"

"In a sort of way; but he is quite mad. He thinks that Reginald is the devil, whom he must serve for a number of years. He has got a stick with numbers of notches on it, and he cuts out a notch every month. It is all very sad. I think it is a very sad world," and she sighed again.

"Why does he wear hunting-clothes?" asked Ernest.

"Because he always used to ride a great deal. He loves a horse now. Sometimes you will see him get up from his writing-table and the tears come into his eyes if anybody comes into the yard on horseback. Once he came out and tried to get on to a horse and ride off, but they stopped him."

"Why don't they let him ride?"

"Oh, he would soon kill himself. Old Jack Tares, who lived at Kesterwick, and gets his living by rats and ferrets, and used to be whip to grandfather's hounds when he had them, says that he always was a little mad about riding. One moonlight night he and grandfather went out to hunt a stag that had strayed here out of some park. They put the stag out of a little grove at a place called Claffton, five miles away, and he took them round by Starton and Ashleigh, and then came down the flats to the sea, about a mile and a half below here, just this side of the quicksand. The moon was so bright that it was almost like day, and for the last mile the stag was in view not more than a hundred yards in front of the hounds, and the pace was racing. When he came to the beach he went right through the waves out to sea, and the hounds after him, and grandfather after them. They caught him a hundred yards out and killed him, and then grandfather turned his horse's head and swam back with the hounds."

"My eye!" was Ernest's comment on this story. "And what did Jack Tares do?"

"Oh, he stopped on the beach and said his prayers; he thought that they would all be drowned."

Then they passed through the old house which was built on a little ness or headland that jutted beyond the level of the shore-line, and across which the wind swept and raved all the winter long, driving the great waves in ceaseless thunder against the sandy cliffs. It was a desolate spot, nude of vegetation, save for rank, rush-like grass and plants of sea-holly, that the gray and massive house, of which the roof was secured by huge blocks of rock, looked out upon. In front was the great ocean, rushing in continually upon the sandy bulwarks, and with but few ships to break its loneliness. To the left as far as the eye could reach ran a line of cliff, out of which the waves had taken huge mouthfuls, till it was as full of gaps as an old crone's jaw. Behind this stretched mile upon mile of desolate-looking land, covered for the most part with ling and heath, and cut up with dykes, whence the water was pumped by means of windmills, that gave a Dutch appearance to the landscape.

"Look," said Dorothy, pointing to a small, white house about a mile and a half away up the shore-line, "that is the lock-house where the great sluice-gates are, and beyond that is the dreadful quicksand in which a whole army was once swallowed up, like the Egyptians in the Red Sea."

"My word!" said Ernest, much interested; "and I say, did my uncle build this house?"

"You silly boy, why, it has been built for hundreds of years. Somebody by the name of Dum built it, and that is why it is called Dum's Ness; at least, I suppose so. There is an old chart that Reginald has, which was made in the time of Henry VII. and it is marked as Dum's Ness there, so Dum must have lived before then. Look," she went on, as turning to the right they rounded the old house and got on to the road which ran along the top of the cliff, "there are the ruins of Titheburgh Abbey," and she pointed to the remains of an enormous church with a still perfect tower, that stood within a few hundred yards of them, almost upon the edge of the cliff.

"Why don't they build it up again?" asked Ernest.

Dorothy shook her head. "Because in a few years the sea will swallow it. Nearly all the graveyard has gone already. It is the same with Kesterwick, where we are going. Kesterwick was a great town once. The kings of East Anglia made it their capital, and a bishop lived there. And after that it was a great port, with thousands upon thousands of inhabitants. But the sea came on and on and chocked up the harbor, and washed away the cliffs, and they could not keep it out, and now Kesterwick is nothing but a little village with one fine old church left. The real Kesterwick lies there, under the sea. If you walk along the beach after a great gale, you will find hundreds of bricks and tiles washed from the houses that are going to pieces down in the deep water. Just fancy, on one Sunday afternoon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, three of the parish churches were washed over the cliff into the sea!"

And so she went on telling the listening Ernest tale after tale of the old town than which Babylon had not fallen more completely, till they came to a pretty little modern house bowered up in the trees—that is, in summer, for their were no leaves upon them now—with which Ernest was destined to become very well acquainted in after-years.

Dorothy left her companion at the gate while she went in to leave her book, remarking that she would be ashamed to introduce a boy with so black an eye. Presently she came back again, saying that Miss Ceswick was out.

"Who is Miss Ceswick?" asked Ernest, who at this period of his existence had a burning thirst for information of every sort.

"She is a very beautiful old lady," was Dorothy's answer. "Her family lived for many years at a place called Ceswick's Ness; but her brother lost all his money gambling, and the place was sold, and Mr. de Talor, that horrid fat man whom you saw drive away this morning, bought it."

"Does she live alone?"

"Yes; but she has some nieces, the daughters of her brother who is dead, and whose mother is very ill; and if she dies one of them is coming to live with her. She is just my age, so I hope she will come."

After this there was silence for a while.

"Ernest," said the little woman presently, "you look kind, so I will ask you. I want you to help me about Jeremy."

Ernest, feeling much puffed up at the compliment implied, expressed his willingness to do anything he could.

"You see, Ernest," she went on, fixing her sweet blue eyes on his face, "Jeremy is a great trouble to me. He will go his own way. And he does not like Reginald, and Reginald does not like him. If Reginald comes in at one door Jeremy goes out at the other. And besides he always flies in Reginald's face. And you see, it is not right of Jeremy, because after all Reginald is very kind to us, and there is no reason he should be, except that I believe he was fond of our mother; and if it was not for Reginald, whom I love very much, though he is curious sometimes, I don't know what would become of grandfather or us. And so, you see, I think Jeremy ought to behave better to him, and I want to ask you to bear with his rough ways and try and be friends with him and get him to behave better. It is not much for him to do in return for all your uncle's kindness. You see, I can do a little something, because I look after the housekeeping; but he does nothing. And first I want you to get him to make no more trouble about going to Mr. Halford's."

"All right, I'll try; but I say, how do you learn; you seem to know an awful lot?"

"Oh, I teach myself in the evenings. Reginald wanted to get me a governess, but I would not. How should I ever get Grice and the servants to obey me if they saw that I had to do what a strange woman told me? It would not do at all."

Just then they were passing the ruins of Titheburgh Abbey. It was almost dark, for the winter's evening was closing in rapidly, when suddenly Dorothy gave a little shriek, for from behind a ruined wall there rose up an armed, mysterious figure with something white behind it. Next second she saw that it was Jeremy, who had returned from shooting and was apparently waiting for them.

"Oh, Jeremy, how you frightened me What is it?"

"I want to speak to him," was the laconic answer.

Ernest stood still, wondering what was coming.

"Look here! You told a lie to try to save me from catching it this morning. You said that you began it. You didn't. I began it. I'd have told him, too," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of Dum's Ness, "only my mouth was so full of words I could not get it out. But I want to say I thank you, and here, take the dog. He's a nasty-tempered devil, but he'll grow very fond of you if you are kind to him," and, seizing the astonished Nails by the collar, he thrust him toward Ernest.

For a moment there was a struggle in Ernest's mind, for he greatly longed to possess a bull terrier dog, but his gentle-man-like feeling prevailed.

"I don't want the dog, and I didn't do anything in particular."

"Yes, you did, though," replied Jeremy, greatly relieved that Ernest did not accept his dog, which he loved, "or, at least, you did more than anybody ever did before; but I tell you what, I'll do as much for you one day. I'll do anything you like."

"Will you, though?" asked Ernest, who was a sharp youth and opportunely remembered Dorothy's request.

"Yes, I will."

"Well, then, come to this fellow Halford with me. I don't want to go alone."

Jeremy slowly rubbed his face with the back of an exceedingly dirty hand. This was more than he had bargained for, but his word was his word.

"All right," he answered, "I'll come," and then, whistling to his dog, he vanished into the shadows. And thus began a friendship between these two that endured all their lives.

CHAPTER IV.

BOYS TOGETHER.

Jeremy kept his word. On the appointed day he appeared ready, as he expressed it, to "tackle that bloke Halford." What is more, he appeared with his hair cut, a decent suit of clothes on, and, wonder of wonders, his hands properly washed, for all of which he was rewarded by finding that the "tackling" was not such a fearful business as he had anticipated. It was, moreover, of an intermittent nature, for the lads found plenty of time to indulge in every sort of manly exercise together.

They were happy years those for both of the lads, and to Jeremy, when he compared them to his life as it had been before Ernest came, they seemed perfectly heavenly. For whether it was that he had improved in his manners since then, or that Ernest stood as a buffer between him and Mr. Cardus, it certainly happened that he came into collision with him far less often. As for Ernest, everybody loved the boy, and then, as afterward, he was a great favorite with women, who would one and all do anything he asked. It was a wonder that he did not get spoiled by it all; but he did not.

He grew into a handsome lad too, did Ernest, as soon as he began to get his height, with a shapely form, a beautiful pair of eyes, and an indescribable appearance of manliness and spirit. But the greatest charm of his face was always its quick intelligence and unvarying kindliness.

As for Jeremy, he did not change much; he simply expanded, and, to tell the truth, expanded very largely. Year by year his form assumed more and more enormous proportions and his strength grew more and more abnormal. As for his mind, it did not grow with the same rapidity and was loath to admit a new idea. But once it was admitted, it never came out again.

And he had a ruling passion too, this dull giant, and that was his intense affection and admiration for Ernest. It was but rarely that he was away from Ernest, except, indeed, on those occasions when Ernest chose to go abroad to pursue his study of foreign languages, of which he was rather fond. Then, and then only, Jeremy would strike. He disliked parting with Ernest much, but he disliked—being intensely insular—to cohabit with foreigners more, so on these occasions, and these only, for a while they parted.

(To be continued.)

GUIDE FOR GIRLS.

Valuable Advice About Matrimony, Sewing and Cooking.

Do not "choose an opposite." You will be opposite enough in time.

Take your mother's advice on the question of a husband, provided she took her mother's.

Either put your foot down on his cigar before marriage, or make up your mind to keep quiet about it afterward,

Learn to sew and cook if you can, but above all things learn to keep still and look sweet when mad enough to take the roof off.

See and hear all the plays, operas and concerts you can during the engagement. Bad weather is very apt to interfere after marriage.

Don't ask your brother about the personal habits of a suitor. He can't tell enough to matter without giving himself away, and he won't do that.

If he asks if you can sew on buttons, answer "No." A man who has not at some time or other been obliged to sew on his own buttons, lacks a very necessary part of life's discipline.

Fashions for Autumn.

All strictly fashionable bracelets are either in narrow flexible bands or hoops of slender wire.

Rough looking camel's hair materials, either plain or in pekin stripes of two shades of color, are among the favorite tissues of this autumn.

Striped and brocaded velvet will be much employed this season for dressy toilets. It will be combined with silk rep, plain faille and corded silk.

Evening fans of gauze, hand-painted and with carved ivory sticks, are among the novelties. They have feather tips made of ostrich plumes turned into a circle.

Black kid gloves promise to be in very general use for even the most dressy toilets. They are without ornament save plain stitching, are very long and in mousquetaire style. There are elegant new gloves in pearl shades with heavy black stitching, also pale straw and biscuit shades with black.

Straw hats will be worn until the very coldest weather. Brown, navy blue, deep olive and black are the favorite colors. Straw hats for late autumn are faced with velvet or plush, and the same material enters largely into the trimming. Loose bunches of dark flowers are used on hats that turn up at the side, and many bunches of fruit in dark "bloomy" colors are used. Peaches, plums, blackberries, bunches of currants, boughs full of dark cherries and even tiny peppers and an occasional carrot are seen.

Among the elegant trimmings are passementeries of amber irise, with cut stone drops and various imitation jewels, rubies, emeralds, opals and clear brilliants. They are attached as drops or set in the body of the fabric, and many of these jewels are suspended by chains made of strings of beads interwoven or twisted in cables. A very attractive novelty is made of cord in metal irese or iridiscent finish. This cord is formed into gimps and figures from which opalescent and crystal beads, with their changing, flashing colors, hang in long fringes, pendants and looped tassels.

Morning gowns or matinees are fashionably made in the shape of a polonaise or redingote, quite long, though not train-shaped, tight-fitting at the back, with an extra width let in to give the necessary fulness at the waist; and loose fronts, open in front over a plastron and skirt-front of another material. For instance, a matinee of this description is of gray cashmere, edged with an Oriental border in mixed colors; the plastron and skirt front are of dark blue cashmere, with bars of Oriental cashmere across the plastron down to the waist; the collar and cuffs are of Oriental cashmere. In other models the redingote is of cloth-finished flannel, with velvet border, collar and cuffs; the plastron and skirt front of striped surah, or of fancy silk and wool striped pekin; a velvet sash is tied at the waist.

At the meeting of the Toronto District Assembly of the Knights of Labor held last evening the following resolution was carried: "Resolved, that this assembly disapproves of the proposal to charter another street railway company in this city, as we believe that the best interests of the city require that no new monopoly of this kind be encouraged."

HOW TO KEEP WIVES AT HOME.

Nye Answers a Correspondent on a Serious Subject.

"Sweet Home" Grand Island, Neb., asks: What shall I do to amuse and interest my family of wife and four children evenings?

Answer: The younger children, no doubt, would be best pleased with some durable toy. A two inch auger is a good plaything for a small boy. With this he can bore a hole into the bath tub or the piano while you are engaged in entertaining the balance of your family. Still you must be your own judge. He may do better with a large drab hornet's nest. This instrument is soft and pliable, and will not mar your features in case the boy should swat you with it. In this respect it has a great advantage over the broad-axe as an indoor amusement.

The little girls might amuse themselves by putting corn, crab apples or other small fruit up their noses, though they may have outgrown this. A good plan by which to amuse children is to apply paper overshoes to the feet of the family cat. This affords great amusement to the family and does not injure the cat. The cat, under these circumstances, will step high, like a blind horse, and when you laugh with great glee she will look at you in a reproachful way and move around into the corner like a late husband in his sock feet. It is very entertaining, and yet it is not very wrong.

How to entertain your wife, however, is quite another question, and yet it is a vital question. I believe that we do not devote time enough or thought enough to this question.

Many a wife has gone down into a narrow and disagreeable drunkard's grave because her husband did not keep her at home evenings by making it pleasant for her.

A wife goes down town where she meets gay companions in gorgeous club rooms, and under the gaslight she soon forgets her home; but let the husband throw around her joyous home influences instead of reproaching her when she comes home late; let him make the house cheerful; let him prepare pleasant little surprises for her, instead of trying to trip her up as she comes through the hall with her hat on wrong side before. Let him bring her slippers, and her wrapper, and a mouthful of hair-pins, when she gets home weary and worn, instead of wailing over his hard lot.

Husbands may thus do much for their wives to make life pleasant. It is a vital question with many of us: How shall we keep our wives at home? Shall we play poker with them and keep their favorite drinks at the house, so that they will not yearn to go down town evenings, or shall we weep over them with low smothered sobs?

I sometimes think that it is not downright depravity on the part of a wife, so much as it is thoughtlessness, that leads her to forget her husband, and leave him alone through the long evenings. So let me say to you, Sweet Home, that whatever you do, you should make your home so attractive evenings that your wife will not feel that it is a bore to remain at your side.

Sing to her if you can, read to her, bring her the evening paper, smooth her soft hair gently as you did when she used to come to see you. Do not rudely tell her that you will smooth her hair if she will take it off and hand it to you. Be gentlemanly, unselfish and thoughtful. We must make our homes attractive if we would hope to keep our wives near us.

I once knew a husband who was cross and fretful when his wife came home from down town, and gave her "a picked up dinner," and in one short week she was sleeping in the church yard.

. . . .

She slept there till supper time, when she arose and went home.—*Bill Nye in Cincinnati Graphic.*

People Talked About.

M. de Brazza, the explorer, has come to the conclusion that the West African territory and the basin of the Congo must be left to be developed by the original inhabitants.

When the young King of Spain heard that the recent Madrid revolution had been successfully overcome he said "Goo!" which is early Spanish, as it were, for "Good!"

Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of the ex-President of the U. S. Confederacy, recently visited Fortress Monroe and saw the room in which her father was imprisoned soon after the close of the war. She then proceeded to Richmond, where she was born, and was elected an honorary member of Lee Camp of ex-Southern veterans. She accepted the honor and gave the veterans a reception.

Prince Alexander, late of Bulgaria, was the favorite nephew of the Empress Maria, mother of the present Czar. In her will the Empress left the Prince 2,000,000 roubles, but the latter refused to receive the principal, preferring to draw the yearly interest from it, which was regularly paid him out of the Russian Treasury. It is said the Prince now demands the two millions, and that the Czar declares he will never see a rouble of it.

A private letter from Royat, a watering place in Auvergne, France, says: "Sir Charles Dilke is here with his wife and boy, living quietly at a little villa. He is so young looking and she is so very attractive! They speak to no one, but such an odd thing happened last Sunday. The Judge who decided the Crawford case is also here, and in church he and Sir Charles happened to sit side by side in the same pew. Sir Charles plucked it out bravely and made his responses like a saint and by no means like a martyr."

A Relic of Early Methodism.

In West street, Seven Dials, at the back of the Horse Repository, and within a stone's throw of the new Shaftesbury avenue, an old chapel is still in existence, now used as a chapel-of-ease in connection with the Church of England which enjoys the distinction of having seen the first metropolitan chapel of Methodism, the Foundry being only a temporary structure. We have often passed this ugly building but had no idea that it had so rich a history till we read Mr. Telford's book. It was built in 1,700 for a congregation of Huguenots, who some years before had been driven from their native land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Naturally, as the children of the Huguenots became absorbed the Huguenot congregations dwindled and amalgamated, and in 1743 the building, then unlet, was offered to John Wesley, and accepted by him; and until the end of the century it was the headquarters of West London Methodism. Both the Wesleys frequently preached at West street, and the place is often mentioned in John Wesley's journal. It was the West-street congregation that subscribed Charles Wesley's funeral expenses in 1788. Whitefield, also, occasionally preached here, John Wesley reading prayers, and thus for a time they ignored the Calvinism which divided them. The sainted Fletcher of Madeley, Olivers the Welsh hymn writer, and other lesser lights of the Methodist revival were also frequent preachers at West street, and among the worshippers, regular or occasional, were Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.—*London Echo.*

Mr. Harry Hinton, a traveller for the hardware firm of Englefield & Co., Grand Rapids, Michigan, was assaulted on the Esplanade, Toronto, late on Tuesday night and robbed of $85, a gold watch and chain and diamond ring, worth in all about $250. His assailants made good their escape.

Finger-rings are again worn in large numbers by ladies.

LADY DUFFERIN IN INDIA.

"Zenana Day" at the Lucknow Exhibition.

The "Zenana Day" at the great exhibition in Lucknow was a great success. The college was opened early in the day. A lady correspondent writes: The doors of the college were opened early in the day. Mrs. Pirie stood at the front entrance to welcome and receive all English ladies, while missionary ladies received the native ladies at the rear entrance as they alighted from their closed carriages—palanquins, doolies and bailies. Within the scene was unique and interesting. At each stand of displayed wares were stationed Christian young ladies from the different mission schools, taking the places of the usual policemen on ordinary days. Bengali ladies assisted in the escorting of visitors from room to room. The excited and pleased women and girls were very much about them. At 11 o'clock Lady Dufferin, Lady Lyall and the Misses Lyall, Kunwarani Harnam Singh and other distinguished ladies entered the door and were received by Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Pirie, the band outside playing "God Save the Queen." Lady Dufferin walked leisurely through the rooms examining the specimens of gold and silver ware, while all eyes were turned towards her, and the whispered words, "There is the lady sahib," were passed from one native lady to another. Just before her departure Lady Dufferin requested that the native ladies be presented to her. As they filed before her each received a gracious salaam, and now and then Her Ladyship stooped and touched the forehead of a little child as it tripped along in its gay costume by its mother's side. Mohammedan, Hindu and Bengali ladies, each wearing their own peculiar costume, and all dressed in their gayest colors, passed by; then came the native Christian women. The latter class was most striking. The plain white dress, the neatly arranged *chaddar*, the absence of tinkling bangles, nose-rings, excess of jewellery, the bright intelligent faces, the clean white teeth, with no *pan*-stained lips—these all spoke of a change of habit, customs and heart.

While English ladies were deceived by the plain dress of the Christian women on all sides, the native ladies, wrapped in their costly *chaddars*, and tinkling and sparkling with their gold and silver ornaments, were gaping astonished as they beheld Lady Dufferin in her plain black costume, and asked in loud whispers, "What! is that simply dressed woman *the lady*, the Viceroy's wife?"

Lady Dufferin, lending her gracious presence in her plain dress, smiling on all, her heart filled with sympathy for the millions of India's suffering, unhappy women, coming near enough to touch them in their need, is a charming illustration of Christian womanhood, and all earnest Christian women will unite in the prayer already ascending, "God bless her."

The missionary ladies, whose duties were very great all day, were detained until a late hour dispersing the immense gathering of over 2,000 women.

How Some Actresses Achieve Fame

One "actress" achieves fame by marrying an effeminate hostler; another is known far and wide because her "protector" is the son of a great Wall street king; the third marries a loud-mouthed and noisy gambler, after paying the head-usher of the theatre $20 to see that the distinguished event is duly "noticed" in the papers; a fourth seeks to defame the name of the late statesman, Samuel J. Tilden, and uses it to boost herself into notoriety; and the fifth declares that she never married the man she has lived with for ten years, pronounces her two children illegitimate and goes through the ceremony of marriage with a wife-beater who is paying alimony to a previous partner of his joys and sorrows, and now they are all living in the same house. A truce to such filth. If we must have the scandals—and it is quite evident that sensationalism and the lives of certain women of the stage are inevitable—let them concern people of more eminence and position. Miss Fortescue is notorious because an earl did love her, and Mlle. Fegbine became famous because a duke didn't love her. Miss Eastlake has made a reputation among painters, and Miss Terry, despite having been married four times, has pushed the darker side of her life out of sight and kept herself in the public eye by an endless variety of amusing and proper little tricks and devices. This is a plea, not for sensationalism, but for more presentable stuff than is almost daily dished up to us. As long as notoriety pays it will be manufactured in one way or another to supply the demand. The pretty, graceful and intelligent chorus girls of the Casino receive $14 a week; Victoria Schilling, awkward, self-conscious, ungainly and with no stage ability at all, was paid $50 for doing absurdly what the others did well.—*New York Letter.*

The Human Family.

The human family living on earth consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; not less, probably more. These are distributed over the earth's surface, so that now there is no considerable part where man is not found. In Asia, where he was first planted, there are now approximately about 800,000,000, densely crowded; on an average of 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile, not so crowded, but everywhere dense, and at points over-populated. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three; the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race, 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, wear garments of some kind to cover their nakedness; 700,000,000 are semi-clothed, covering inferior parts of the body; 250,000,000 are practically naked. Of the race, 500,000,000 live in houses partly furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000 in huts or caves with no furnishing; 260,000,000 have nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is, at the very least, three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.

Tall Actresses' Disadvantages.

Has it ever occurred to you how hard it is for a tall woman to manage long skirts and short skirts are out of the question in her case? A tall actress is also at a disadvantage in the kissing and hugging part of the business. A lady can hold up her lips to be kissed, but to do so in an interesting manner is not a gentleman's privilege, he must kiss down. Also I should bar big bustles were I a manager and had a tall, fine-looking actress to get through the embracing parts of the play. As they have to stoop, the bustle becomes a caricature to its prominence.—*London Truth.*

Make a Note of This.

Pain banished as if by magic. Polson's Nerviline is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents, at all druggists.

Mr. Sharp, of St. Mary's, and Mr. J. W. Bull, of Mitchell, were yesterday nominated by the Tories of South Perth as their candidates for the Dominion and Ontario Legislatures respectively.

A BAFFLED ENOCH ARDEN.

Complication of Marriages Between a Widower and Some Widows.

Twenty-five years ago William Seher, at that time a resident of Milwaukee, Wis., and a collector for Miller's brewery in that city, was married to a Mrs. Louisa Weiss, a widow. They did not live very happily together, and one day Seher assaulted his wife, for which he was arrested and bailed. He left the city without standing trial and joined the First Wisconsin Regiment. He was transferred to the Third New Jersey Cavalry Regiment. In 1864 he was stationed in Trenton, where he met a widow, to whom he was married. They then removed to Newark, N. J., where he found employment as a brewery collector. Subsequently he was appointed a special policeman, in which position he made an unenviable reputation by numerous arrests without cause. In 1881 he disappeared from Newark and has not since been seen by his second wife. A few weeks ago he learned that his Milwaukee wife was wealthy, and he returned there last week, after an absence of twenty-five years, and found that she had married a fourth husband, a man named Rudolph Morph. He also found that he had a daughter by his first marriage and that she, too, was married. He visited his former wife and claimed a part of the wealth for himself and daughter, asserting that his money had purchased the land through the enhancement of which she had made her fortune. Mr. Morph, the fourth husband, ordered Seher out of the house and showed him a certificate of divorce granted to Mrs. Seher in 1869. Seher, however, claimed that his wife's divorce was illegal, as she had married six years before it was granted. It was then learned that Seher had a wife in Newark, and threats of arrest caused him to desist from further persecution. The Mrs. Seher now living in Newark has two sons—one by her former husband and one by Seher. They support her by the profits of a cigar factory which they conduct.

How He Was Making Big Wages

"I'll make big wages to-day," said a west side street car conductor, yesterday, "if the company will pay me according to its fare register. See here (turning up the face of one of those ice chest arrangements which the company has recently hung around the necks of its conductors); this register is a daisy. Last night it marked 4,217 fares. That number should be subtracted from what the register shows to-night, and I should turn in cash to the company for the difference. But, you see, since morning it has been counting backward and now shows 3,751 fares. That's a difference in my favor of 466 fares since yesterday, and the company accordingly owes me $23.30 besides all the money I have taken in to-day. Great register, ain't it?" he said, giving it a contemptuous jerk. "I'll turn it in to-night and have it sent to the foundry for repairs."—*Chicago News.*

Where Are You Going?

If you have pain in the back, pale and sallow complexion, bilious or sick headache, eruptions on the skin, coated tongue, sluggish circulation, or a hacking cough, you are going into your grave if you do not take steps to cure yourself. If you are wise you will do this by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," compounded of the most efficacious ingredients known to medical science for giving health and strength to the system through the medium of the liver and the blood.

It is said that the Queen will remain at Balmoral till the middle of November, and Princess Frederica of Hanover or Princess Louise will be with her after the departure of Princess Beatrice.

An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

An Indiana tramp was seen hiding a package in a hedge before he entered Chatham on a begging tour. The package contained $70 in nickels, $400 in greenbacks and a certificate of deposit for $300. All this wealth was handed over to the tramp and he was told to move on.

Life seems hardly worth the living to-day to many a tired, unhappy discouraged woman who is suffering from chronic female weakness for which she has been able to find no relief. But there is a certain cure for all the painful complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to the virtues of which thousands of women can testify. As a tonic and nervine it is unsurpassed. All druggists.

Dr. Roberts Collyer is a passenger by the same vessel which is bringing Justin McCarthy to America.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

RHODE ISLAND'S census shows a preponderance of 11,000 females in that State, which the Providence *Star* attributes mainly to the immigration of women work in its factories.

A professional safe burglar told a Pittsburg reporter that when artists in his profession were working at a safe they often used a screen of canvas and stiff wire painted in close imitation of the safe they were working on. This they stood in front of the safe and worked behind it, and when the watchman looked to see if the safe was safe he saw only the screen which in the night looked like the real thing.

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