...ard of Trade.

(Special r, Nov. 14.)

...Dominion Board of ...erson, by instructions ...l Council, has issued ...regarding the approach ... the Board in Ottawa ...y.

...to learn that it is the ...that the commercial ...the Dominion Board ...ible, give notice of the ...tioned to bring before ...ching meeting, and ...n sent with instructions ...ly on these questions ...f the Dominion Board, ...are given notice of one ...ion without the special ...tive Council. The rule ...subjects should be in the ...y not later than fifteen ...ting. It is of impor... as many as possible of ...l be in his hands before ...that he may give notice ...the commercial bodies ...ted, or which, at least, ...represented. The in... representatives author... authority upon the sub... their constituents cannot ... but perhaps a matter of ... is that much delay ... selected as are com... the subjects in... who will take the ... themselves with the in... upon them. The Do... has no legislative ... act, no power at all. But ... influence even so ... that that influence could ... used. Because of its re... and the constituency ... gs, its proceedings are ... it therefore furnishes a ... information and exerts ... blic mind which would ... attention if presented ... ordinary channel. The ... se, however, in moulding ... shall correspond ... and be honest ... depend upon the force ... supported. It does not ... the public do not exact ... of what generally passes ... do expect from it, how... ...ments based upon preli... The question now before ... which the public mind ... and it is in a receptive ... the Board an excellent op... much service to the coun... In order to reach the high... respect, it is essential that ... transacted should be care... and that the subjects to be ... be entrusted to competent ... and also a timely selection ... Therefore required, in order ... may be in the right place ... ent time to familiarize them... duties which they are ap...

ATS.—The fall shooting com... October, but only a few of ... members began shooting so ... son was a peculiar one, at ... and December were spent ... are at the club house at the ... ber of large bags were made ... ...ns in numbers from 30 to 50 ... gun. Not a punter was en... single case, so that the credit of ... belongs to the member of the ... who both worked for and shot ... his! Although great appeal... offered to the undersigned ... to leave the "Flats," such a ... has mentioned only proves that ... are absolutely necessary if ... to be successful. Other matters ... for control by sportsmen who ... the good resulting from pro... ...ion numbers of the game ... of big ducks bred this last two ... "St. Clair Flats Preserve" ... will continue to breed in in... ...ers every year. Many persons ... this season over the land and blue hill dist ... Canada. This error they fell ... fact that such ducks were not ... enough in former years, and ... would not remain the season ... us. They were shot down ... ...ts," and numbers of them now ... marshes. Messrs. Warin and ... four of Rose beautiful birds ... early part of the present month. ... the members of the Shooting ... a new shooting boat invented ... Mr. Warin (who has obtained ... patent, the chief advantage ... it is easily hid, and yet steady ... owing to its peculiar model ... PRESENT YEAR.—There is a ... the clever yachtsman who may be ... for the sale of numerous ... ...ments. He is will for winning ... distrusts the power of a merely ... carry limit off. He likes to ... ...ifles call "a bit in hand," and ... this advantage expends as amount ... which would raise a hundred ... devoted to any other human pur... generally a Scotchman, who has ... been connected with shipbuild... ...plies his knowledge to the mas... ...ing of yacht-building. Like the man ... takes a great coup at Newmarket, ... with a existence to his money ... his end. By night and day he ... measurement rules and the pos... of circumventing them. He ... perpendiculars, building cutand... and producing strange masonry ... to hoodle rules, measuring ... and sailing committees! When at ... he will open a notion which promises ... through all known systems of ... measurement, like the proverbial ... flour through an Act of Parli... ...hes him to a builder established ... spot, where the designs for the ... can be worked out free from ob... or comment. At last the quest ... number of months ... ...ently measured by various authorities, ... of the proprietor are hardly ... Having at the eleventh hour ... ...lip in among the 40-ton boats, he is a ... who to find her various moves, but said ... ...mitters are soon "down upon her," ... a hitch in bell attached to a ... a bye," and measure her out of ... she starts for. Then the build... ...ve a further consideration ... ...rement rules, sections, and models, ... long hatching produces another ... conundrum. Is Old Sowed ... CULPRIT.—One Tom Stanor was ... last week for the murder of his ... another person. He had been with ... ordinary coolness up to the moment of ... While in gaol he wrote a letter ... ...ession to his brother, and desired to ... read on the scaffold, which was done. ... ...ing part of it was the confession ... he allows, the dreams alluded to ... about killing and robbing peo... which he satisfied his criminal ... :—"The evil feeling had gained ... upon me, and it was my intention ... been acquitted of the charge and ... my liberty, to have burned the Sen... House and gaol, and the police ... ...rings. I had also determined to lay ... Wells, Coot Ribe, and W. S. Rice, ...ll them on the sly; I had but little or ... against them. I had also intended ... ...ed acquitted of the charge and ... my liberty, to have burned the Sen... House and gaol, and also to burn ... ...rings. I had also determined to lay ... Wells, Coot Ribe, and W. S. Rice, ...ll them on the sly; I had but little or ... against them. I had also intended ... the houses, cribs, and stables, and ... horses of Moss Ends, Amos Gentry, ... Curtis; it was also my intention to ... ...ugh Taylor and his son. It was ... intention to murder and rob man and ... women as long as I could ... detection, which, however, I had ... or, as death appeared to have no terrors ... After I had fully enjoyed the ... my intention to have joined the Salvation ... Church. I had endeavoured to be ... and had prayed for a change of heart. ... swearing, and I believe if these dreams ... are suppressed one, and had I lived ... my uncle, kept out of bad company, ... enjoyed the religious teachings, I would ... done well, and not have become a mis... ..."

In Dundas *True Banner* says:—"About ... months ago this section of the country ... visited by an army of shoddy pedlars ... went from farm house to farm house ... sold thousands of dollars' worth of cloth ... other goods, taking the farmers' notes at ... months for payment. The purchases ... ...ed from $5 to $50, but in most instances ... was the amount of the bill. But pay ... came round, and the notes left ... sent on by express for collection, and ... said that some shocking exhibitions of ... ...anity have been witnessed by parties ... have been standing round when the ... came paid their notes and filled ... the worthlessness of the goods which ... been sold to them. Serves them ... say we. If they want to get value ... their money they should buy from the ... ...lar merchants, whose policy it must ... give value for the money they re... in order to retain their customers. ... ...bly pedlars will not be likely to receive ... very warm welcome when they visit ... ...ntworth again."

The Peterborough *Times* has the following ... illustrative of the perils of deer hunt... :—"A disturbing circumstance happened ... day at Black Lake, in Eyre township, ... clerk in Mr. Boyd's shanty, Mr. C. J. ... in company with the cook, undertook ... kill a deer, which they had put to water. ... fired two shots at it, but did not kill ... animal. He and J. Lane, the cook, then ... into a bark canoe, and went out armed ... with a club, their ammunition having ... out. The deer, a very large buck, went ... the canoe in lively style, punching a hole ... in, so that it filled rapidly. This happened ... 300 yards from shore, and Lane swam ... land, but Kane not being able to swim, ... took to his canoe, and with difficulty ... managed to reach *terra firma* again, ex... ...hausted, but very thankful that he had ... become winter grub for the bears in the lake. ... the deer, which had thus raised Cain with ... sports, and so nearly sent Kane ... time, was killed not long after by another ... man, and the shanty men have now 540 lbs. ... venison to eat this winter along with their ...ks."

American Goods in Australia.

From the British Mercantile Gazette.

In Dominion Board of the United States house, we are assured, are carrying all before them, and at the present rate of progress they will extinguish the opposition ... the Board in Ottawa ...

...to learn that it is the ... that the commercial ... the Dominion Board ... ible, give notice of the ... tioned to bring before ... ching meeting, and ... n sent with instructions ... ly on these questions ... f the Dominion Board, ... are given notice of one ... ion without the special ... tive Council. The rule ... subjects should be in the ... y not later than fifteen ... ting. It is of impor... as many as possible of ... l be in his hands before ... that he may give notice ... the commercial bodies ... ted, or which, at least, ... represented. The in... representatives author... authority upon the sub... their constituents cannot ... but perhaps a matter of ... is that much delay ... selected as are com... the subjects in... who will take the ... themselves with the in... upon them. The Do... has no legislative ... act, no power at all. But ... influence even so ... that that influence could ... used. Because of its re... and the constituency ... gs, its proceedings are ... it therefore furnishes a ... information and exerts ... blic mind which would ... attention if presented ... ordinary channel. The ... se, however, in moulding ... shall correspond ... and be honest ... depend upon the force ... supported. It does not ... the public do not exact ... of what generally passes ... do expect from it, how... ...ments based upon preli... The question now before ... which the public mind ... and it is in a receptive ... the Board an excellent op... much service to the coun... In order to reach the high... respect, it is essential that ... transacted should be care... and that the subjects to be ... be entrusted to competent ... and also a timely selection ... Therefore required, in order ... may be in the right place ... ent time to familiarize them... duties which they are ap...

Sceptical persons will be perfectly amazed by trying them, to see the great benefits derived. Even headache is quickly cured by wearing one just before the head-band; and for the hysterics, relief is found at once by the application of one over the navel. DYSENTERY, and all affections of the bowels, to the worst cases of CHRONIC COSTIVENESS, cured by wearing a Porous Plaster over the bowels.

Weakness and fatigue are invariably cured at once by their use. Doctors of all classes, both in this and in foreign countries, are recommending them for all local pains. I am constantly having large orders from the various hospitals of our country, as well as foreign countries, for my Celebrated Porous Plasters; and on each order they commence on the plaster with one of the Porous Plasters, and the great blessings they are to the human race, and are continually telling me of my being a public benefactor.

You can hardly believe your own convictions, when you see a little child, with a high powerful and quick in their action, you can rely on their safety for the most delicate person to wear, as they are free from lead and other poisonous material commonly used in the manufacture of ordinary plasters. One brick is a sufficient guarantee of their merits, and one plaster will sell hundreds to your friends.

In this climate they should be worn between the shoulders and on the breast, in order to be effectual, especially those who take cold easily. The Porous is easy to wear, and puts new life into persons who feel dull and worthless.

Experience has proved to the most sceptical that MITCHELL'S POROUS PLASTER is a great blessing to humanity.

Be sure and ask for MITCHELL'S POROUS PLASTER, and take no other; as there are many worthless imitations; take none but MITCHELL'S.

Prepared by MITCHELL, OGDEN & MITCHELL, Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. 268

RUSSIAN GENERALS.—The Russian generals in Bulgaria are mostly old men, who studied the art of war forty and even fifty years ago. They are described by a correspondent of the *Daily News* as men who are "courteous and affable and who rarely read a newspaper, and appear to utterly despise the march of progress, and of science especially, in the military art. Their whole life may be said to have been passed in one occupation; their whole minds, whatever they ever had, concentrated on one object, and that the most trivial to which the human mind can descend—card playing. They have done nothing else, thought of nothing else, for years. Their minds have rusted until they are as dull, as heavy, and as incapable of receiving new impressions as the verkset clodhopper." Called from their card-tables by the trumpet of war, they have opened their eyes, look round them completely bewildered, and as thoroughly out of the current of modern war as if they had been asleep for forty years. Not even Rip Van Winkle, with his rusty gun dropping to pieces after his long sleep, was more bewildered and lost than the majority of these jacked generals suddenly thrown into the campaign at the head of their brigades, divisions, and corps. It may be asked why the Emperor does not send these old dotards back to their card-tables, and replace them by younger men, and men of talent. To which, after all, the Russian army is not destitute. The soft heart of the Emperor cannot bear to remove these old fossils from their positions. He cannot bear the idea of depriving an old public servant of his position and this disgrace him, and so unconsciously prefers to sacrifice the lives of thousands of brave fellows to this misplaced feeling of kindness.

THE BIRD-BUYER.—That class of "sportsmen," who consider the game legislation business to "square" an event, may take a lesson from a little affair that happened at Meaford, B., the other day. Messrs. Hudson and Henderson, were matched for a sweepstake five yards rise, and there was much betting there. Owing to reports, industriously circulated, Hudson's backers had to hedge, and it is asserted that he was bribed to let the other man win. However, when the race came off he won as he pleased. These latter words Hudson and wife a downward look and a hesitant voice. He now lifted his eyes and steadily regarded Trafford. "I have been jilted," he said. "I am going to be married next week."

Such news was a bomb-shell to Trafford. Of all men Lionel had seemed to him the most irreducible of celibates. He had seen him seated with a half-lounging grace in a woman's society, and noted the magnetic power of his presence upon more than a single female temperament. That Lionel's beauty and social brilliancy should attract almost any woman seemed to make nearly enough amid the general fitness of things; but that he should place an unsuspecting wife under the tyranny of his charm like poor unfortunate Mrs. Lathrop hang her, so to speak, upon his wall, like a newly-bought print, or deposit her on his mantelpiece as one would deposit a parasite to rest. One of the insane men, there are such, who have a monomania impelling to hang himself on Wednesday evening, and was only been prevented from doing violence by most careful watching. Unless recourse to a proper asylum at once their malady will become more and more hopeless of cure.

The Kingston *Daily News* says:—We are informed that a suicide has recently been discovered on a lot of Sheriff Ferguson's near Sharbot Lake and within a short distance of the Pembroke Railway. The remains of one of the ore have been tested and yielded a large percentage of silver. We congratulate the worthy Sheriff upon the discovery which we hope will put plenty of money in his pocket. The above news is from the Sun.

The Kingston *Daily News* says:—We are informed that a suicide has recently been discovered on a lot of Sheriff Ferguson's near Sharbot Lake and within a short distance of the Pembroke Railway. The remains of one of the ore have been tested and yielded a large percentage of silver. We congratulate the worthy Sheriff upon the discovery which we hope will put plenty of money in his pocket. The above news is from the Sun.

Sheriff's Sale.—Improved Farm Property for Porous Plaster.

A WHIP OF SCORPIONS

Nearly the first thing which Mark Trafford did, on returning from Europe in 1872, was to look up the whereabouts of his friend Lionel Mayne. Trafford had been quite intimate with him three years before, on leaving America, but their correspondence, at first mutually frequent, had dwindled into irregularities for which Lionel had been alone blameable. After a year of separation, matters had arranged themselves that they no longer wrote to one another. Trafford regretted this turn of affairs, for Lionel's letters were always pleasant reading, and fertiled with a kind and warmhearted personality.

Trafford found his friend in his old quarters, a pair of rooms that although in the epicurean dilettante bachelorhood the moment you made their acquaintance, yet in some bachelorhood they keeps well within the limits of careful refinement. Indeed, Lionel was always a man of the daintiest personal taste. While Trafford grasped his friend's right hand, on the day of their meeting, he observed that Lionel's left hand held a luxuriously-carved meerschaum; a smoked-brunette bachelor's bachelor, very characteristic, in a general sense, of the owner. Scattered about the room were a hundred proofs of artistic culture, from the famed armless Venus in plaster to a photographed segment of Venice.

Lionel wrung his friend's hand with a look of real delight. He was a magnificent creature, physically speaking, and Trafford, whose general effect might be described as one of unmistakable but concealed leanness, no doubt felt, after this long absence, a sudden humbling sense of personal contrast. Lionel was heavy-framed, and yet a lightness grace played flexibly, so to speak, over his muscular girth, something after the fashion of a close-fitting silken garment. His head, with its blond, Greek look, was superbly set on a pair of massive shoulders. His blue eyes were full of a sunny frankness, and shadowed by dark lashes of unwonted length. His yellow beard and moustache grew lightly enough to show the fine chiseling of throat and lips behind their curly sparseness.

"That it should be you, Mark, of all people!" he exclaimed, with his large, soft hand still grasping Trafford's. "I honestly believed, old fellow, that you were never coming back."

"And acted as if you deeply cared," Trafford replied, in a dry way peculiar to himself. It was not his choice, however, to reproach Lionel for any neglected epistolary duties. "You're looking admirably well," he at once proceeded.

"Thanks for telling me so," said Lionel, putting Trafford's arm in his. He seems to so genially grateful that they somehow quite excused his omission to hunt up and act upon the question of how Trafford was looking. There is probability that he did not specially observe, or that Mark's mention of himself had wholly driven any such thought away. Lionel's egotism was an intensely thorough one, nightly fact. Not ugly, it should be explained, because he incessantly wrapped it up in the flowery graces of his own easy pleasantry and urbane picturequeness. Almost any gardener knows the effect of a weedy plot sprays shoot some jagged, uncouth stamp.

"I never was better in my life," Lionel now went on, as the two friends seated themselves. "It isn't only physical health, Mark, it's mental. I write much better than I did! You must see the last few chapters of my new book, and I'm sure you will say so."

Trafford excoriated his friend's books. He saw the extreme cleverness of their occasional passages, but as novels they were, to his thinking, merely grotesque. Hints upon their intelligence, Lionel placed, of upon his deep "insight into character," as the phrase goes, he must be allowed that certain critics supported this opinion; yet Trafford had long ago told himself with distinctness that it was in his friend's power to be worth a certain half-serious admiration, and he described any of the louder phrasers when such as a thunderstorm, or a fractious horse, or a flashily-handsome woman, but that Lionel, on the whole, knew as much about the mystic ways of human nature as he knew about the planets of remote systems. Trafford, in food, however, was himself grossly unintensy, it is but just to add, he was wrote ordinary notes quite ill, and with a fair amount of ease.

"Let us talk of your doings and not of your writings, Lionel. It is the privilege of my friends, I assume, that they can add occasional glimpses of the first to admiring studies of the second."

Rivers sometimes run underground, and, if accasm chooses to flow beneath a solid network of stones, the barren fact is not certainly slight. Trafford paid his pretty compliment with a face like a hickory-nut for stolidity.

It was gratifying to see the smile that now lit the other's face.

"Doings, Mark?" he said, reflectively. "What have my principal doings been? Oh, I recollect, now that you haven't heard. It's been my chief reason, by the way, for having neglected to write you of late." These latter words Lionel said with a downward look and a hesitant voice. He now lifted his eyes and steadily regarded Trafford. "I have been quietly engaged," he said. "I am going to be married next week."

Such news was a bomb-shell to Trafford. Of all men Lionel had seemed to him the most irreducible of celibates. He had seen him seated with a half-lounging grace in a woman's society, and noted the magnetic power of his presence upon more than a single female temperament. That Lionel's beauty and social brilliancy should attract almost any woman seemed to make nearly enough amid the general fitness of things; but that he should place an unsuspecting wife under the tyranny of his charm like poor unfortunate Mrs. Lathrop hang her, so to speak, upon his wall, like a newly-bought print, or deposit her on his mantelpiece as one would deposit a parasite to rest. One of the insane men, there are such, who have a monomania impelling to hang himself on Wednesday evening, and was only been prevented from doing violence by most careful watching. Unless recourse to a proper asylum at once their malady will become more and more hopeless of cure.

"Can it should be you, Mark, of all people!" he exclaimed, with his large, soft hand still grasping Trafford's. "I honestly believed, old fellow, that you were never coming back."

"And acted as if you deeply cared," Trafford replied, in a dry way peculiar to himself. It was not his choice, however, to reproach Lionel for any neglected epistolary duties. "You're looking admirably well," he at once proceeded.

"Thanks for telling me so," said Lionel, putting Trafford's arm in his. He seems to so genially grateful that they somehow quite excused his omission to hunt up and act upon the question of how Trafford was looking. There is probability that he did not specially observe, or that Mark's mention of himself had wholly driven any such thought away. Lionel's egotism was an intensely thorough one, nightly fact. Not ugly, it should be explained, because he incessantly wrapped it up in the flowery graces of his own easy pleasantry and urbane picturesqueness. Almost any gardener knows the effect of a weedy plot sprays shoot some jagged, uncouth stamp.

"I never was better in my life," Lionel now went on, as the two friends seated themselves. "It isn't only physical health, Mark, it's mental. I write much better than I did! You must see the last few chapters of my new book, and I'm sure you will say so."

Trafford excoriated his friend's books. He saw the extreme cleverness of their occasional passages, but as novels they were, to his thinking, merely grotesque. Hints upon their intelligence, Lionel placed, of upon his deep "insight into character," as the phrase goes, he must be allowed that certain critics supported this opinion; yet Trafford had long ago told himself with distinctness that it was in his friend's power to be worth a certain half-serious admiration, and he described any of the louder phrasers when such as a thunderstorm, or a fractious horse, or a flashily-handsome woman, but that Lionel, on the whole, knew as much about the mystic ways of human nature as he knew about the planets of remote systems. Trafford, in food, however, was himself grossly unintensy, it is but just to add, he was wrote ordinary notes quite ill, and with a fair amount of ease.

"Let us talk of your doings and not of your writings, Lionel. It is the privilege of my friends, I assume, that they can add occasional glimpses of the first to admiring studies of the second."

Rivers sometimes run underground, and, if sarcasm chooses to flow beneath a solid network of stones, the barren fact is not certainly slight. Trafford paid his pretty compliment with a face like a hickory-nut for stolidity.

It was gratifying to see the smile that now lit the other's face.

"Doings, Mark?" he said, reflectively. "What have my principal doings been? Oh, I recollect, now that you haven't heard. It's been my chief reason, by the way, for having neglected to write you of late." These latter words Lionel said with a downward look and a hesitant voice. He now lifted his eyes and steadily regarded Trafford. "I have been quietly engaged," he said. "I am going to be married next week."

Such news was a bomb-shell to Trafford. Of all men Lionel had seemed to him the most irreducible of celibates. He had seen him seated with a half-lounging grace in a woman's society, and noted the magnetic power of his presence upon more than a single female temperament. That Lionel's beauty and social brilliancy should attract almost any woman seemed to make nearly enough amid the general fitness of things; but that he should place an unsuspecting wife under the tyranny of his charm like poor unfortunate Mrs. Lathrop hang her, so to speak, upon his wall, like a newly-bought print, or deposit her on his mantelpiece as one would deposit a parasite to rest. One of the insane men, there are such, who have a monomania impelling to hang himself on Wednesday evening, and was only been prevented from doing violence by most careful watching. Unless recourse to a proper asylum at once their malady will become more and more hopeless of cure.

The Kingston *Daily News* says:—We are informed that a suicide has recently been discovered on a lot of Sheriff Ferguson's near Sharbot Lake and within a short distance of the Pembroke Railway. The remains of one of the ore have been tested and yielded a large percentage of silver. We congratulate the worthy Sheriff upon the discovery which we hope will put plenty of money in his pocket. The above news is from the Sun.

A day later Trafford had opportunities of discovering that she was by no means a stupid person. Like Lionel, he had never made one of Miss Lathrop's devotees at the fashionable balls; for Trafford had a style, indeed, of looking on at such scenes, which to this sort of entertainments, and of standing in doorways with the German programmes, his hard, brown-cadaverous face seeming almost anomalous in that color-loaded atmosphere. Repeatedly he had seen Lionel's creatures pin pretty favorite on Lionel's coat, and afterward be whirled round by him to the measure of the music. It occurred to Trafford, when he now saw Miss Lathrop and Lionel together, that she had an air of perpetually doing some such gracious act as this, and that Lionel had a recollection of receiving the gift with handsome gallantry.

"But she believes that she will get more than a mere value in return," Trafford told himself, while he closely scanned Eleanor Lathrop's face. He recalled the face of a woman who would prefer walking to walking through life. Lionel had brought him that evening, and Miss Lathrop had received him with sweet graciousness. She was a slender girl, willowy in figure, with candid, brown eyes that looked at you from under strongly-arched eyebrows, and masses of flaxen hair. Her style was simply bands about a small head of markedly high-bred carriage. Trafford talked with her for a little while in her low room, while Lionel sat beside the elder sister, Mrs. Lathrop, an opal-cheeked and somewhat brown young lady, the absolute opposite of Eleanor. Trafford found the affianced wife of his friend very good-mannered, and of a much more serious turn than he had imagined from Lionel's jocular and extensive lore jigs when referring to Lionel, and mentioned her coming marriage once or twice in a manner which, from the easy manner that made the subject seem like a commonplace, he knew Lionel had spoken momentarily without any ceremonious meaning. But a little later, when Lionel and Trafford, alone together, were walking home, Trafford, always quickly perceptive, saw in the expression of his friend's face betrayed evidence of how that which we commonly call a grand passion can affect a nature full of velvety repose in its ordinary and unrestrained state. It was adoration on Miss Lathrop's part, he thought, "Alas! what is it, if it be mentally blind?" "Is she just of Lionel?"

Four days later the marriage took place. It was a very quiet performance, because Lionel, Mrs. Lathrop, Trafford and the bonny Miss Sybil were the only personages of the occasion, next to the bride and groom. The bride's face, Trafford rather liked Trafford, made certain conditions of vital sincerity in him after the ceremony was over, and the new-wedded pair had had appeared into that sacred obscurity with whose remotest shrine it is conventional to enclude the honey-moon.

"So," said Sybil, "Eleanor is married and done for. You're a friend of Lionel's, Mr. Trafford, but I can't help telling you that I'm sorry Eleanor ever cared for him. He is a Bohemian, and I dislike Bohemians. It does seem so odd that Eleanor and I should differ in so remarkable a way. And you are both wrongly put together, besides, for I am a most practical, matter-of-fact sort of a girl, and you, nowithstanding my red cheeks and my stoutness; while Eleanor, who looks and walks like a Mary Stuart, and talks little delicious, I really believe, between a banker and a baker. It is as sad to feel that one has the soul of a Rosamine," pouting her pill, with plump melancholy, "inside the body of a Christian Martyr."

Trafford used his social tact in consoling this ill-used victim of circumstances, though he felt scarcely equal to any such office, just now, being filled with a kind of astonishment at the Lathrop family, mother and his bride filled this man's thoughts with considerable persistence during the next fortnight. The pair returned to New York, and Trafford saw them frequently. Lionel, without being sent for, called upon them as the old bachelor friend of the family, and seemed to touch young Mrs. Mayne, both in a physical and mental sense. It occurred to Trafford, that she had been fond of books, and the fitful smile lighting her unobtrusively at Lionel's jokes, showed that that sheaths and enshadows some delightful flower in a jealous economy of its own beauty. At the Lathrop mansion, Lionel's business called Trafford away from New York, for a somewhat protracted stay, the result of the sudden departure, he learned, was that Lionel had spent the summer had set in. Calling at the Lathrop House, he discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop had followed Lionel's lead, too, for the country.

It was not until the following autumn that Trafford remet his friends. Not knowing of their return to town, he was surprised one day to meet Lionel and his wife in a gay party at their house, written in Mrs. Lathrop's name. Trafford's card was worded informally, and the hour mentioned was early one. He reached the house on the evening in question, and was shown up stairs. He had scarcely entered the scantily-filled rooms before Sybil Lathrop met him, looking indescribably fresh and charming in a bigonne.

"Has'n asked solely on my account," she began, in a saddened whisper, offering Trafford a fat little hand. "This is one of Lionel's Bohemian ideas. Eleanor, at her of these people at Saratoga this summer, was in danger of becoming, I feel, a dreadful." Not a familiar face, you know. And such dressing!... Do you see that creature in the corner? Eleanor is talking to she is trying to regenerate her sex, whatever that may mean. I feel that I ought to be very much ashamed of my dress, but frightful as it looks, I can't help being a little proud of it. Eleanor and I are the only women who have ever been invited to Lionel's studio, and I made this dress in imitation of one I saw Eleanor wear. Do you see the resemblance? Lionel's friends are so Bohemian