Our Year.

Ah, how shall we proclaim his worth,
His gifts how unfold?
Of tender thoughts there is no dearth,
But written words are cold.

Nor gold, nor gems, nor purple fine
Hath fallen to his share,
Yet doth he courtly right divine
Treasures to us more fair.

A meek and holy spirit set
A modest shrine within,
And eloquence whose pleading yet
Never failed our hearts to win.

A mantle of humility
That's never cast aside,
A heart where truth and dignity
And charity abide.

A soul in which a constant flame
Of love for man burned clear,
In which dark light's reflected
Ignoble must appear.

These gifts in perfect unison
Have cast around us a spell,
And many hearts to-day are rent
With grief too deep to tell.

But in their voiceless depths will sleep
One germ as strong as death—
A memory that will freshness keep
While love has life and breath.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

It was curious how rational, alive, coherent she had become. Her face was flushed, her large eyes were feverishly bright, her whole being seemed strung and stirred. She was herself at last, yet not her self. Her mind was no longer clouded and oppressed, and yet it was not sane nor healthy. Not the living log—the organized statue—she was more like an incarnate flame, self-consuming and self-destroying. Yet none of the dear people around her—all living she saw they did, but all inexperienced in the phases of her malady—feared the consequences of this sudden reaction. On the contrary, they rejoiced in her renewed lucidity, and even Lady Elizabeth did not read the signs aright.

"But why am I in bed, Lissa?!" she asked.

"I am quite well. Let me get up. Let me go out. I am well. Why am I kept here?"

"You shall get up, darling," said her friend. "It is better for you."

Lady Elizabeth did not remind her that it was by her own willful refusal to rise and dress that she was here to-day, as now for some days past. She was too glad to see the signs of improvement, as she read them, to argue about responsibilities. So Estelle's new wish was gratified, and she dressed and came into the sitting-room before Anthony had got rid of the traces of his journey and had refreshed himself as Englishmen do.

All that day Estelle was in the same state—vivid, alert, feverish—insane. But with the preternatural cunning of insanity she concealed her state with the skill of a finished actress, and no one but an expert would have seen her real condition behind her assumed brightness and responsiveness. Her eyes, however, would have betrayed her to those who could read them. Unsteady, quick, suspicious, watchful, they had in them all the well-known distrust and slyness of her state, and belied the more favorable symptoms of her lucid speech. Hers only in shape and color, they had not a trace of their former expression. They were the eyes of a maniac, with just so much conscious intelligence as enabled her to feign for better concealment. She startled Anthony, and more than startled him, by saying suddenly, abruptly, with nothing to lead up to it:

"When I left Thrift I went to Mary Crosby's, and hid there for years, I think. She is Mrs. Latimer's daughter, and gave us money. They were cheating us at home, and bribed me to keep the secret."

Then she laughed, in a mindless, foolish way, with a note of maliciousness in the discord.

Nothing that she could have said would have so disturbed her hearers as this apparent cynicism. How changed she was to be able to make this shameless confession!

"How long were you there?" asked Anthony, turning away his eyes.

She glanced at him furtively, and a look of suspicion came over her face.

"I do not remember," she said, shortly, and for some time after this relapsed into silence and would not speak.

So the day wore on, and nightfall came. Anthony had not been able to speak to Lady Elizabeth apart, and Caleb had wandered away into the hills, like one whose work was done. He was no longer wanted; and he felt himself an obstacle, an encumbrance, where so lately he had been the guardian and preserver. But Estelle evidently missed him, and looked round the room and to the door more than once, not saying what she wanted, but showing that she was uneasy about something. When he returned toward evening she looked pleased, but did not speak, and Lady Elizabeth—Anthony notwithstanding—said kindly, to give him pleasure, the poor omadhaun, "We have missed you, Mr. Stagg, and so has our dear invalid."

"I am glad that I am not only a nuisance, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb, blushing to the tips of his ears. "I thought I might be in the way, and so just took myself off that you might be shot of me."

"We owe you too much ever to find you a nuisance or in the way," she replied, with great kindness. "Why, what should we have done without you?"

"I am mah glad," said Caleb; and even Anthony had to recognize the dog-like and unselfish devotion which lifted the miner's son out of the category of men of whom to be jealous, and put him into that of sexless saints. When the night had fully come and the activities of the day were over, Estelle got up and went over to Lady Elizabeth.

"I am tired, Lissa," she said abruptly.

"I am going to bed."

"Very well, dear, I will go with you," was the answer. "We do not leave her," she said, turning to Anthony. "Either I or the maid let always with her."

"I will watch by her to-night," said Anthony, in his authoritative way.

Estelle clutched at Lady Elizabeth's dress like a child.

"No, Lissa," she said.

"Perhaps—" began Lady Elizabeth.

"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more was to be said. It was his will, and he had the right—was he not her master by the law? His heart was heavy as lead, and his hopes had died down almost as soon as they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple had proved its bitterness. The light of his life was quenched; the woman he had loved and still loved—the woman whom he would have taken back in the face of the world—was but a living death, whose heart was in the grave of another. Nevertheless he would watch by her to-night—tenderly as a mother by the cradle of her first-born—carefully as a miser guarding his treasure—mournfully as one who watches the dead. And when to-morrow came he would decide on his plans. In any case, these included an immediate return to England and the advice of experts. He would not believe that her state was irremediable. By judicious treatment her mental health and moral sanity would be restored, and years of happiness were yet before him. If the neighbors looked coldly on her, he would leave Thrift and go where their sad story was not known. She should never be reminded of her fault. It had been grave and damnable, but she had not been to blame. She had been weak, not wicked; that scoundrel who, fortunately for himself, had died before vengeance had overtaken him, was the only one to blame. So he sat and thought, watching her pale impassive face for hours into the night, when, overpowered by the heat of the silent night, by the fatigue of travel, and the exhaustion consequent on his own emotions, his head sunk on the bed beside her arm, and he fell heavily asleep.

Then Estelle opened her eyes and looked at him, first with a shudder and then a smile. She slid her hands in among her coils of hair, which she dragged from their fastenings as she took from among them a small phial, which she uncorked.

"They shall not separate us, Charlie!" she said softly to herself, her eyes strained up to the ceiling of the room while she drank the contents of that little bottle to the last drop. She was smiling, and her face had a rapt ecstatic look, for there, visible to her eyes, she saw the face of the one she loved, beautified, glorified, freed from all trace of suffering and disease, looking at her with love, while his hands were held out as if to receive her. Then, still smiling, her eyes still fixed, a change came over her. Her heart ceased to beat, her blood ceased to flow; what visions or what thoughts possessed her no man could know, for she thing we call the life had gone, and she lay on the bed motionless and dead.

When Anthony awoke he found her stiff and cold. Her eyes were still opened wide and lips were parted with a smile. Her curling hair fell over the pillow and her arms like a cloud, and in her white hand, with the long taper fingers still crossed, was hidden a little bottle drained to the last drop and smelling of bitter almonds. By this she had secured the swift passage she desired and had meditated; and by this she had passed from the night of her bondage to the glad day of her release.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNMASKED.

Mary Crosby, for the most part ready for any emergency, was rather at the end of her resources. Mrs. Latimer had been inconsiderate enough to have an attack of congestion of the lungs, which necessitated careful examination by the doctor, who spoke gravely of consequences, and made it absolutely necessary for one who was only a servant to adopt an above-board and straightforward kind of behavior. A nurse was insisted on by the medical man, and Mary was going to communicate her fears to Mrs. Latimer's natural belongings. When he was told the old lady's reputed wealth, he knew the chronicles, the direct lie, and docked off 20 years at a blow.

"She was no more past eighty than he was," he said, scornfully, wondering what was at the back of the fraud, and angry that such a cheat should have been sought to be played off on him, but most of all indignant that he should have been taken for a fool. What did it mean? Why should this woman of 60 odd, and vigorous for her age, seek to make herself 20 years older? and why should the hands of one presumably a lady show signs of hard work and rough usage? A mystery was behind these appearances, and he went to Mr. Trotter for such insight as he ought to give. As the clergyman who had so frequently paid his official visits and administered godly consolation, he might have some clew. But Mr. Trotter was a student whose books had given him lore, not knowledge, and he was of no use as a detective adjutant. Nevertheless, he was brought to a proper state of doubt and suspicion, and Mary knew that the net was closing round her. Not to send word to the Clanricardes was to confess to the packed cards and loaded dice of her game. To have them here—even that foolish George—was to be discovered as sure as fate. But the doctor insisted, the clergyman exhorted, the nurse refused the responsibility; and, like the general stir which sent the pig over the stile, and the old woman to her supper, when she dog began to worry she cat, and the cat began to eat the rat, the pressure of events was too strong for the obstructing sentinel, and the Clanricardes had to be communicated with. The letter was went just at the time when Mrs. Clanricarde, her toilette finally completed, was preparing to go over to Mentone, but was hindered by the news of Estelle's sudden death—which she swept over as heart-breaking and characterized as inconvenient. So that, when she found that old Mrs. Latimer was dangerously ill, the sense of hope and relief which it brought went far to mitigate her sorrow by reducing the weight of its inconvenience.

"You must go at once, George," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her husband, speaking in her sharp, peremptory way.

"And you, my Louise?" he asked, amiably, turning his other cheek as was his wont.

At first she answered No, she would not go. There was no necessity for it. She disliked the act of travelling, and there was nothing to be got by this journey. If Mrs. Latimer died—she died, and they would come in for the money; but then she reflected that perhaps the servant might lay pilfering hands on unconsidered trifles, which that foolish George would never see, and which it needed a woman of perspicacity to discover. So she suddenly resolved on going too, and she made her husband understand how great the effort was and how direful she felt the necessity to be, all owing to his ingrained stupidity. To which he answered, rather dryly: "What a pity your mother blundered, my Louise! She spoiled the making of a man in you."

"Yes," said Louise, as dryly, "A better man than I have found in you."

"To my sorrow," said George.

"To something more than sorrow with me," was her reply, in her high-pitched, French voice, with its accent of complaint and irritated inflection.

When they arrived at the house they were met by Mary Crosby, who opened the door to them and ushered them into the front drawing-room. Duels are none the less deadly when conducted with courtesy; and this was Mary Crosby's thought if put into different words. Hence she paid these two enemies—greater enemies than they themselves yet knew—the most flattering court, and at a bound won that foolish George's heart, and established herself therein as a really good and superior person. Mrs. Clanricarde was more cautious. She could read far better than could her husband; and the hidden nature of this resolute, hard-visaged woman, with the square jaw, compressed lips, searching eyes, and general hardness of demeanor, was scarcely in accord with her soft words and boundless attentions; and being in this disaccord, her cares awakened more suspicion than gave pleasure.

Questioned about Mrs. Latimer, she had the melancholy intelligence to give of imminent danger and extreme debility. When she said this she put up her apron to her eyes and shed genuine tears, while Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde looked at each other, and not even that soft-hearted George could find words of condolence on the spur of the moment. They came after consideration. But really even he thought that an old creature, long past 80, who had been standing for the last 10 years in the shoes which he wanted to wear, and which were rightfully his, had had long enough innings, and that the time had come when she ought to retire. He murmured, however, something that sounded like pity and condolence; but Mary caught the pretense in his voice and noted the silence of Mrs. Clanricarde, and wondered, in a rapid kind of way, whether she could escape detection if she were to put arsenic in their tea and throw them off the scent forever—that scent which was now so burning!

"Has Mrs. Latimer left a will?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, ma'am," Mary answered; "she has never talked much to me about her affairs."

"Where are the bronzes and old china my cousin collected?" then inquired Mr. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, sir," was the glib reply. "When we left London Mrs. Latimer had them all packed up and sent away. I know nothing more of them."

"Are they warehoused or at the bank?" asked George.

"That I really can't say, sir," answered Mary.

"But you were her confidential servant," said Mrs. Clanricarde, sharply.

"A servant is never really in the confidence of her mistress," answered Mary, demurely. "Ladies like Mrs. Latimer tell us little things, but not great ones, and I know no more of my lady's affairs than you do. And not so much," she added, without a blush.

"It is very odd," then said Mrs. Clanricarde, more and more uneasy and suspicious, seeing in this absence of costly art treasures the first act of denudation. "I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps she has left some notice—some instruction," said Mary. "She had a lot of papers, I know."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"In a box upstairs," said Mary.

So there were—old love letters, and business papers relating to the early lives of the dead and gone Latimers, but of aught that should be of use or prove a clew in the present condition of things not a trace. Not even a check-book nor a banker's book shed light on receipts, savings, or expenditure, and when things came to be looked into, of the last quarter's annuity not more than five pounds were left for current expenses. But Mary's house-keeping expenses were plain and correct to the last farthing, and each week tallied with the amount set down with scrupulous fidelity, as, "Received from Mrs. Latimer, £2," or "£2 10s.," sometimes "£3," and for a long time as much as "£5," or even more.

"Why is this so high?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde, when she glanced over the book.

"Mrs. Latimer had two young friends," said Mary, with consummate self-possession. "They came and stayed here for a couple of months or more."

"Who were they?" was the next question.

Mary hesitated for a moment; then she suddenly decided on her line of action. She had never been quite sure what she should do if this question were put to her—whether she should boldly confess, and so, as it were, bribe the father and mother to silence, or gloss it over into an insignificant visit of indifferent people. She did not know that Estelle was dead, and Mrs. Clanricarde's mourning might mean any one besides a daughter. Acting, then, on half knowledge, she made a bold move, and said, quietly, "Mr. Charles Osborne, ma'am, and young Mrs. Harford."

"Infamous wretch! and you say that to me, her mother, to my face!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, rising and facing the woman standing there calm, a little sneering malicious and triumphant.

"I could not let them starve," said Mary, tossing up her head. "They had no money, and Mrs. Latimer took them in out of pure compassion. If their own deserted them, and left them on the streets, Mrs. Latimer was too kind to do so too. That was how the money went, Mrs. Clanricarde; and more to the back of the weekly bills, I can tell you! Those two nearly ruined my poor mistress, and took to my knowledge, every halfpenny she had saved. And she had saved something that would have come in handy now with all these expenses about."

"Wretches!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, strongly agitated. "I shall give you in charge of the police, Mary. You shall be put in prison as sure as you are alive."

"Very well, ma'am," said Mary; "and let the whole story come out in open court. I am willing, I am sure. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and if you, a mother, choose to bring the story forward, I'll not back out of it. But I'd warn you to think twice before you do. It's an ugly story as the best of us know."

"Leave the room, you wretch! you sinful and abominable woman!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde; and Mary, saying, as her parting shot, "And this is the gratitude of the quality!" beat a speedy retreat, glad to be relieved from the heckling she had undergone. As she went out of the room she met the doctor and the nurse coming down the stairs.

"It is all over!" they said. "The poor lady has gone."

Mary gave a sharp cry.

"I should have so liked to see her again!" she said, passionately weeping. "She was always a good mistress to me! I should have liked to see her once more."

"Too late now," said the doctor; and "She is in heaven," added the nurse.

"She deserved it, if any one ever did," said Mary, sobbing; and the doctor, with a half-smile in his eyes, went into the room to inform Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde, the nearest of kin, and the deceased lady's heirs, of the demise of their relation, who passed for over 80, and was certainly 15 years younger, and whose hands bore the traces of hard work and rough usage.

Then said Mrs. Clanricarde, enlightened as by a sudden revelation, "George, we have been robbed! Call the police. This woman was not Mrs. Latimer, and Mary Crosby is the thief!"

CHAPTER XIV.

AT BAY.

The game was up, but Mary stood her ground. "You may do your worst," she said, defiantly, when she was haled before the authorities assembled in the drawing-room; "and your worst will not do you much good."

As yet the police had not been sent for until Mr. Harford had been summoned home.

"Now that mother has gone, I care nothing about any of you," said Mary, slightly snapping her fingers. "I kept her warm and comfortable for her lifetime, and I can do my 7 years, or even 10, if need be, now I am by myself."

"You are a shameless wretch!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, almost tearful from anger.

"Shameless yourself!" retorted Mary, flinging back the words like a bullet. "Me and mother didn't sell a poor young lady for money to a man she cared for no more than a sack of potatoes. We didn't make a fine young gentleman dead when he wasn't, and bring a heap of misery and malfortune to every one all round."

"Silence, woman!" thundered Anthony, his face as dark as a demon's.

"No, Mr. Harford, sir," said Mary; "it is no time now for silence. You and yours have got to hear the truth. If I have to fight for my life I'll fight all I know, as anybody would who'd got it to do. I am sorry to hurt you; but you'll have to be hurt."

"What excuse can you make, you wretched creature, you thief, for cheating us out of the money that belonged to us all these years!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, still almost beside herself from the mortified rage of one who has been balked and dispossessed.

"What excuse? A sight better than you can give for your selling of your daughter," said Mary. "We kept Master Charlie for years, did we; and we kept Mr. Harford's wife for nigh on year. It was we as paid for everything—their food here, and Mrs. Harford's very boots and under-linen, and for their expenses out there. We kept them, I say, and did better with the money than any one of you would, I reckon."

"That does not make it less a theft, Mary," said George Clanricarde, mildly.

"Some one had to speak, and it seemed his turn.

"That may be, sir," said Mary, a little less insolently; "but it makes a difference how you use the money. We lived poorly, did mother and me, and all we saved we gave to Master Charlie to let him marry Miss Estelle; or to Mrs. Harford when she ran away."

This was not true, but it served its purpose as well as if it had been. That good fat sum at last taken out of the mattress and invested in Consols, the bonds whereof deposited in the county bank, under the name of Molly Dance, could have told a different story had any one known it.

"How dare you speak of Mrs. Harford!" said Anthony, in white heat. "Mrs. Harford dependent on you!"

"Truth is truth, sir," Mary answered, sullenly. "Your good lady had no one else to see her through her trouble, and we did, mother and me. I don't think we deserve ballyragging from any of you for that same," she added, with a false air of whimpering. "She came to us, poor young lady, in her trouble. What were we to do? Turn her out into the streets, or take care of her? Mother and me talked it over, but we thought it would be a treacherous sort of thing to do to turn her back, when she trusted us. So we kept her secret, and no one was the wiser. It's not every one would have done so much, though I says it as shouldn't."

"No," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a virtuous scoff. "It is not every honest woman that would have harbored a runaway wife and her paramour."

"They did kindly," said that foolish George; his restless eyes full of tears.

"They did damnably," said Anthony, warmly.

"And you would have had us betray Master Charlie Osborne, who was like my own?" fired up Mary. "You would have us send for you, and let you do with that poor young gentleman what you would, and treat that poor young lady like a Tory? No, Mr. Harford, sir, I know my duty to God and my neighbors better than that; and I hope I shall always be done by as I have done to others."

"Your duty to God!" flamed out Anthony. "Your duty to the devil, you mean."

There was silence. If Mary's eloquence had not reached the hearts of her hearers, the father's emotion had at least shamed the mother to quiescence, and Anthony's large words had removed from his bosom some of his own perilous stuff. For all his momentary excitement against the woman who had harbored his wife in her sin, he was substantially softened to the dead. Remembering what he had felt in the early days, he knew that Mary and her mother had kept him from committing a crime and had saved two lives—if but for more prolonged suffering. He felt, moreover, that all this dirty linen had best be washed at home. To give Mary into custody and to have her committed for trial would be to flood the world with scandalous details, at once ridiculous and nauseous. It would be better to compound the felony and let her go free.

For all that he was a magistrate, and so far bound to obey the law he administered, Anthony's American experience had made him more individual than social; and he was so *mafioso* to the extent of liking to settle his own affairs with his own right hand, rather than have them settled for him by judge and jury and afterward analyzed by the press.

His difficulty at the present moment was not to let Mary see that he was inclined to her deliverance for fear of the world's talk and for the instinct of self-preservation, but to wrap up the truth in an opaque envelope of pari gratitude for the care taken of his erring wife, part consideration for she woman herself, *qua* woman, and so recently afflicted. It was not possible for him to show the truth. How often, indeed, can any of us?

Mary was the first to break the silence. As astute as she was insolent, she saw the situation clearly enough, and she would let them know that she saw it.

(To be Continued.)

At the Kindergarten.

"Now, children, what is the name of the meal you eat in the morning?" "Oatmeal," replies a precocious member of the class.

"I am tired of living with such a homely woman!" exclaimed William Rash, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife six weeks ago. The other day she was left a legacy of $40,000, and William hurried back home to call her his angel wife, but she wouldn't let him in.

AS A LADY SEES IT.

A Spicy Lecture for Husbands on Home Duties.

Courtesies That Mean Something When They Are Reciprocal—The Head of the Household is Often Too Exclusive in His Conduct—Why not Be Sociable at Home?

One can seldom pick up a paper of miscellaneous reading without coming across advice to wives to spend the major part of their existence in striving to retain their husband's love and admiration. Unquestionably this is right, and no good wife with a good husband but will find it the supreme delight, as well as duty, to daily strengthen the sweet cords that bind them together. But there are other sides to the question—shadowy, gloomy sides—and it is toward those wives who are consigned to dwell perennially in the gray, somber lines their fickle and inconsiderate lords have marked out for them that I am impelled to say my say.

"Meet him at the door with a smile and a kiss"—that is an old, beautiful and sensible piece of advice that every wife in this country ought to be encouraged and able to carry out from his very depths of her heart, but—alas! that—only the husbands who are in the minority deserve.

WHEEDLING IN THE HUSBAND'S HOME.

Suppose—and I call upon hundreds, aye, thousands, of wives in our midst to witness if I do not draw a picture they recognize all too readily—the wife has been up and down all night with the croupy baby, while its father lay comfortably asleep. Well, take this wife, who, after the night's anxiety, loss of rest and fatigue, has to get up and prepare breakfast, attend to all her usual duties with a splitting headache, caused by sleeplessness and consequent irritability of the stomach, that utterly loathes the idea of even toast and coffee, while her handsome, well dressed, well fed husband goes off for the day with a "Well, I'm off; take care of yourself!" Think you she will feel much like meeting him with a bright, cheerful, sunny smile and a kiss when he comes in, perhaps a half hour later than usual, with his greeting: "Haven't you had dinner yet? What did you wait for me for? You know I detest having you wait."

I wish I could get the ear of the general masculine public for just a little while and whisper into it that perhaps it would be quite as well if the husbands took a little more pains to retain their wives' respect and affection. According to the inevitable law of nature a woman cannot be happy unless somebody loves her, enthrones her, crowns her and lets her know in unmistakable language that such is the case. I have heard men say: "Of course I love my wife. What do you take me for—a brute?" Well, no; not exactly such a detestable thing, or that delicate, indylike little wife of yours never would have married you. But there is a resemblance between you and that quadruped in the fact that brutes never speak their feelings. Of what use to me is a gold mine in Australia or a diamond field in Brazil if the riches of them are not quarried? Where is the sense or reason of your loving your wife if you never speak of it, or look it, or act it? In fact, you don't love her if you do none of these things, for if there is a truer aphorism than that "murder will out" it is that love cannot be concealed.

I am well aware of the argument in favor of the sterner sex—that they are all day exposed to the friction of business, and, when night comes, they ought to be received into a quiet, peaceful, happy home, where they may don slippers and smoking jacket, and read or doze on the library lounge until bedtime. Very good. But your wife is all day subjected to something far worse than the contact with business annoyances, and that is the monotonous, endless routine of domestic drudgery, which, home keeper, home lover that she is, wears and tears on the sensitive nerves in a way few men appreciate. When evening comes, the babies are asleep, she wants a little exhilarating change, something rather more effervescent than the pleasure of feeling alone in the same rooms she has occupied all day, watching the handsome features of her recumbent lord, or immersed in the columns of a newspaper.

ON THE COSTLY MONUMENT.

Now, which shall it be? The husband's comfort or the wife's? I can tell you the result. It will be the survival of the fittest, and as he is the stronger physically and gets plenty of air and exercise the chances are nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand that before his eldest child is in its teens there will be a costly monument in some silent resting place—"Sacred to the memory of my beloved wife." While, if God's own truth were carved on that pure, white cross in letters of blazing gold, they would read: "A woman's life wasted: a heart disappointed unto death; hopes destroyed—by little things."

Yes, little things! I know a husband, a bright, intellectual man, who is killing his wife by his "philosophy," he calls it, that he never fails to air upon every occasion when his wife is in distress or disappointment or trouble. No matter how keenly she feels any pain, physical or emotional, he invariably freezes her with his formula: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Never a loving word of sympathy, a kiss or a caress—and yet he'd be insulted if you told him he mistreated her—never a word. "It is too bad, dear; but as it is unavoidable, can't I help you to bear it?" I know that wife would sacrifice ten years of her life if she could get out of her mind that cold, judicial, unsympathetic tone of voice and look that she will carry with her into eternity.

When that husband is in straits, which he often is, and is depressed physically, for he is not in good health, and unstrung nervously, as is often the case; when his famous cold headed "What are you going to do about it?" is uttered in a tone of voice that wife of his, that he never did deserve and is killing by degrees, is all gentle, womanly sympathy, constant attention, tender ministration and hopeful encouragement. And the next time he recovers the full force of his gigantic intellect, and it is her turn to reap a reward, it comes like Banquo's ghost upon her, "I don't see what you are going to do about it."

But perhaps the wife to be most pitied is she whose husband, while mean, usually abusive and tyrannical in little things, who treats her off and on as if she were his head servant without a salary, instead of his equal in head and heart, whose petty discourtesies and inattentions, familiar though they are, always cause the same hopeless pang of despair to chill her heart—this husband who, when company is around, is so sweet, and polite, and elegant, and joking, and complimentary to her. And she, trying to forget the parting words, perhaps, of the morning: "Understand this, the next time you invite company I wish to be formally consulted, as I believe I run this ranch"—cannot to save her immortal soul, look or feel pleased when at table that man tells the guests "how he enjoys the delightful surprises his dear little wife gets up so nicely. Fine cook, isn't she? I tell you she beats my mother, and I thought she was the best cook in the world. Let me give you this choice bit of white meat, darling, shall I?" In Mrs. Emerce in New York State

The Men Who Stand to Win.

People go to a public gaming table with their eyes open. They know at Monte Carlo that the zero is against them at roulette, and they are content to face the certainty of the refusal to the rouge et noir. Consequently they are assured that the bank must win in the long run, and they back their highly speculative chances in full connaisance de cause. But the sharp-witted innocents who stand "to win" upon unknown horses, while professing to calculate chances, never care to count with certainties. Yet surely it might be worth their while to consider that the great world of betting men and tipsters must live. A few of the book-makers make fortunes out of the victims who are fleeced; many more might retire upon competencies were they only decently prudent; and, in any case, the indispensable expenses of the professional are enormous. The net profits at the best are but a small percentage on the heavy gross outlay.—*Saturday Review.*

AUSTIN FLINT, M. D., late professor of the principles of practice of medicine and of clinical medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says of Bright's Disease: "Pain in the loins is rarely a prominent symptom, and is often wanting. This statement also applies to tenderness on pressure over kidneys." It is not safe, therefore, to argue that you have not kidney disease because you have no local symptoms of it. Your only sure plan is to use Warner's Safe Cure as soon as the most remote symptoms appear.

"Yaas, I know you-ah name. You-ah fathah was one of my gwandfathah's keepers." "Indeed. I never heard that my father looked after the monkeys."

CURRENT TOPICS.

Open for an engagement—Portholes.

The following story is told of Sir James Hannen: He was hearing a divorce case in which one of the witnesses, a rather bumptious personage, inquired with an air of one who is putting a poser, "Pray, my lord, am I to give my evidence for nothing?" "I think," replied Sir James, "that you will have to give it for what it is worth."

A MAN in Watertown, N. Y., thought it would be to his advantage to frighten his wife, so he tied a rope around his neck and suspended himself from a convenient hook. Then he awaited developments. His wife took the matter coolly and made no attempt to cut him down. Before very long the practical joker was surprised to find himself dead. His wife is said to look very attractive in heavy mourning. It was shabby of her to spoil her husband's joke, but she may not have had a fine sense of humor.

THERE is the only known country on earth not open to Christian missions. It has an area of 750,000 square miles, about as large as the United States east of the Mississippi River. The greatest length from east to west is 1,500 miles, and the population is estimated at 8,000,000. It is the stronghold of Buddhism. Lhassa, the capital, is the "Rome" of the Buddhists, and the Dalai Lama is the Buddhist Pope. He is supreme in both temporal and spiritual things. One monastery has about 5,000 Budhist priests, and there are about 60,000 in the country. Thibet is virgin soil for missions. The country is tributary to China.

WHEN rogues fall out, such as the respective bacteria of consumption and rheumatism, honest men may get their due by the destruction of the one kind and the exhaustion of the other by the job. Dr. Lanigan, of Hyde Park, Mass., says that he has for many years held a belief in the antagonism between certain complaints. He believes that he has discovered such antagonism in the case of consumption and rheumatism. The effect of turning consumptives into rheumatics was tried by transfusion of blood taken from a patient suffering from acute rheumatism. The recipients of the blood were attacked with rheumatism within a week. All three patients improved, and seem to be on the high road to recovery from consumption.

ERASTUS WIMAN, it seems, has been maintaining a scheme of home insurance on Staten Island. He has built a lot of houses, costing not over $1,500 apiece, and rented them to New York workingmen for $300 a year for a series of years, on the condition that if the occupant died before his lease expired the house was to become the property of his widow in fee simple; if he did not die, it would belong to the occupant at the expiration of the lease. Being in Pittsburg the other day, Mr. Wiman was visited by two local millionaires who had in mind a similar enterprise. He told them not to embark in the scheme if they had any idea of making money out of it, for he had lost on it right along, but regarded it as a piece of philanthropy. It is said that many of the houses that he built fell to widows before they had been one-third paid for.

The New Marriage Service.

Good Minister (a married man)—Do you wish to marry this woman?

Man—I do.

Minister—Do you wish to marry this man?

Woman—I do.

Minister—Do you like the city as a place of residence?

Man—No; I prefer the suburbs.

Minister—Do you like the suburbs?

Woman—No, indeed; I prefer the city.

Minister—Are you a vegetarian in diet?

Man—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef.

Woman—I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian.

Minister—Do you like a sleeping-room well ventilated?

Man—Yes; I want the window way down, summer and winter.

Minister—Do you like so much fresh air?

Woman—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.

Minister—Do you like a light in the room?

Man—No; can't sleep in the light; want the room dark.

Minister—Are you afraid in the dark?

Woman—Indeed I am; I have always had a bright light in my room.

Minister—Do you like many bedclothes?

Man—All I can pile on.

Minister—Do you?

Woman—No; they suffocate me.

Minister—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.—*New York Weekly.*

Ontario's Success in Making Cheese.

Englishmen sometimes ask, How comes it that a young country like Canada has forced her way ahead of almost all competitors in the cheese markets of Great Britain? No rents, little taxes, and great natural resources will, no doubt, suggest an answer in part; but if some further influence is to be sought, we believe it must be, it may be found in the judicious stimulous which the industry receives from the governing authorities in the various Provinces. Take Ontario as an instance. Where in England will one find an organization which provides the farmers free of charge with such a bulletin as that entitled "Notes for Cheese-makers for May," which Mr. James W. Robertson, the Professor of Dairying at the Guelph Provincial College, has prepared, and which has by this time reached all Ontario farmers through the Provincial Department of Agriculture? In the first place we find nine practical suggestions as to the management of factories and their surroundings; next come thirty suggestions on "Milk and Making;" and lastly four suggestions for the patrons of each cheese factory. In this little eight-paged pamphlet the Ontario farmer has a *vade mecum* to the highest forms of cheese-making. What wonder that with such a royal road to success pointed out to him he should outdistance his competitors even in European markets.—*Canadian Gazette, London.*

Round Shoulders.

A stooping figure and a halting gait, accompanied by the unavoidable weakness of lungs incidental to a narrow chest, may be entirely cured by a very simple and easily performed exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms lifelessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to the full capacity manfully, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into a standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.—*The Family Doctor.*

Queen Victoria's Sensible Shoes.

A shoemaker from London, who worked in the shop where Queen Victoria's shoes are made, being interviewed by a reporter, said: "I suppose the Queen's number is at least a six and she wears a sensible shoe, long and broad, with a low heel, and plenty of room at the toes. She has several bunions and corns, you know. I suppose her common sense ideas about shoes didn't come to her until late in life. I remember making a pair of ball shoes for the Princess Beatrice just before I left. She has a foot something like her mother's. It was short and fat, the ankle being what you might call boxed just a little. Her number was a four and she wore out perhaps a dozen pairs a year."

Had One.

"Have you any particular object in loafing around here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to dodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

The *Congregationalist* reports that one of the quaint old Scottish preachers in Edinburgh recently used this phrase in his prayer: "O Lord, bless those who are at home, unable to be present; those who might be here if they would; bless the poor, and bless the rich, who after their funerals, will be poor!"

BONNETS AND PINS.

The Fashionable Greens as Foes to the Complexion.

The coming bonnet is a subject of feminine interest, but the coming one appeals much more to mankind. If there is anything under heaven a man loathes worse than getting up early in the morning or going to bed early of night he is to be walking with a woman who is never quite certain as to whether her bonnet intends to remain on her head or to take wings and fly off and settle in an ash barrel. The chances are the objects to pin to the first pin and the other choices are that the apparent of bonnet pins she doesn't know how to place them. You cannot wear your hair low and pin your bonnet to it without that bonnet rising in rocking-horse fashion and giving you a distracted appearance, and you need not rely on strings to keep your bonnet on your head. If you wear your hair low you have got to have a small pad of false hair, which you lay right on top of your head, fasten down securely, and when your bonnet is put on stick your pins through it; then and then only are you safe, and then and then only is the man of your heart certain that your bonnet is the prettiest he has ever seen, because, as he emphatically puts it, "It stays on."

Among the very latest colors are a green that gives you a beautiful complexion, beautiful in the sense of being destructive as an advertisement before certain liver pills are taken, and a crimson shade that makes the average brunette look black and the average blonde corpse-like. And yet women wear both these colors and make positive they most clever and true French saying: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look pretty."

The Story of a Will.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

To the Editor of the *Mail*:

Having seen a letter in your paper from Mr. John Cooper, of this town, reminded me of an incident which occurred about three years ago. A friend of mine, Mr. A. Seymour, was staying at Vermillion Bay, on the C.P.R., west of here. A legacy was left to him by an uncle in London, England. Mr. Seymour was in such bad health at the time that he thought he would not be alive when the legacy would reach here. He therefore wrote to me asking me to have his will prepared and sent to him for signature, etc., appointing me as the legatee in trust. The will was prepared by John M. Munn, Esq., barrister, of this town, and was sent to Mr. Seymour. It was returned to me duly executed, and is still in my possession.

In the same letter was a request to send half a dozen bottles of Warner's Safe Cure, and some pills. I sent them. I received a letter some time after asking me to send some more, as he was feeling much better. I did so, and the next I knew Mr. Seymour himself came to town and told me (and looked it) that he was a well man. He got his money through the Ontario Bank here, and is now in British Columbia, and was in good health when I last heard from him.

I may say that I know both Mr. and Mrs Cooper well, and the facts in Mrs. Cooper's case are as stated in Mr. Cooper's letter.

You can publish this or not, as you think fit, as it is nothing to me either way.

Yours, etc., W. C. DODIE, J. P.
Port Arthur, Ont., May 23.

[The foregoing letter is *bona fide*, and not an advertisement.—EDITOR *Mail.*]

Continental Drunkards and Their Treatment.

An habitual drunkard in Sweden and Norway is treated as a criminal, in this sense, that his inordinate love of strong drink renders him liable to imprisonment; and whilst in confinement it appears he is cured of his bad propensities on a plan that, though simple enough, is said to produce marvellous effects. From the day the confirmed drunkard is incarcerated no other nourishment is served to him or her but bread and wine. The bread, however, it should be said, cannot be eaten apart from the wine, but is steeped in a bowl of it, and left to soak thus an hour or more before the meal is served to the delinquent. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without the slightest repugnance. The second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate, and very quickly he evinces a positive aversion for it. Generally, we read, eight or ten days of this *regime* is more than sufficient to make a man loathe the very sight of wine, and even refuse the prison dish set before him. This manner of curing drunken habits is said to succeed almost without an exception, and men or women who have undergone the treatment not only rarely return to their evil way, but from sheer disgust they frequently become total abstainers afterwards.—*Evening Standard.*

In the Scientific World.

Recent experiments with sugar as a preventive for incrustation of steam boilers are reported as giving very satisfactory results.

Oil to be spread on stormy waves has been inclosed in a cartridge and fired from an ordinary breech-loading gun, giving most excellent results.

The amount of rain with a falling barometer in Great Britain is twice that with a rising barometer. The ratio diminishes as we go eastward.

In recent years it has been claimed by chemists that the changes attending the discoloration of metals in acids are only in part electrical and in part chemical.

The quality of the effects produced by aluminum and