The long stemmed battle o'er and lost,
The order came, "Retreat!"
But many hearts lay cold and still
On beds of daisies sweet,
And thrilled no more at th' onset bold,
Nor heard returning feet.

The living left the lonely dead Upon the spot they fell. And turned with saddened faces back The tale of rout to tell; But on the kindly daisies there The dead slep; soft and well.

The steady tramp wore thro' the night Into the cheerless day; And wearily they kept the pace That led away—away;? For who could facelan iron fie That swept their ranks like hay?

Beside the road an officer
Lay wounded like to de th—
All pallid, faint and help less he,
With scarcely strength for breath
And 'twas his company plodding by
As one to th' other saith:

"Be easy, boys; there lies the man That led us in the fight; We love him and we won't pass on Until we've done him right; Come so'tly; shake our captain's hand For he'll be dead ere night."

And boys, the flower of Arkansas

A big, gruff, bearded Irishman Brought up the rearmost file
And knelt beside the suffering man,
And sobbed and sobbed the white
And as that far well band looked on
Through tears there came a smile

His face with grief full rife; Begorra, boys!" while they gazed down On that fast waning life,

The kiss of that rough soldier there Thrilled through the captain's soil And started fresh thesily, gish life From heart-fount to its goal, And one less grave kind nature sods By Shenandoah's roll.

When a merry child I wandered
Through the meadows round my hon
O'er these words I often pondered
"Wait un'il my ship comes home."
Puzzled oft my childish brains were,
Well I knew that meaning some
Was contained in that brief seatence,
"Wait until my ship comes home."

As I older grew, and wiser,
Slowly then began to dawn
Vague ideas restless fancies,
Soft and teneer as the morn;
Promise sweet that in the future,
Where my fancy off did warn,
Hidden was a deeper meaning—
"Wait un il my ship comes hon

Years fled by-ill-fated voyage, years ned by—ili-rated voyage, Undertaken long ago; For that ship so richly freighted Lies in depths of occan low; Nover will it reach the landing Where with eager eyes! come, Watching, hop ug, sai and lonely— "Waiting till my ship comes home.

Starry eyes, who first love's meaning Taught me in the years gone by, Fondly cherished is thy mem'ry,

Tis sacred dust where the a dost lie if thy lie I ad been a long one.

Bright and happy then our home, Promise falfilled, no more waiting.

Surety would our ship have come.

But the waves of wer broke o'er us, Foremost in the ranks he stood, While the flery rain of bullets. Wrought a flerce baytism of blood, Flag in hand my hero faced them, Where the bay bets thickest shows. Till at last he fell; thus saily Did my mournful ship come home.

Where the proud Potomac ripples,

THE CHOICE OF THREE

A NOVEL.

When Florence got home she told Eva about the letter from her lover, but she said nothing of his evident distress. He was making friends, he expected great pleasure from his shooting—allogether he was get-

Eva listened, hardened her beart and went out district visiting with Mr. Plowden.

Time went on and no letters came from Ernest. One month, two months, six months passed and there was no intelligence of him. Dorothy graw vary and control of the c and so did Mr. Cardus, but they did not speak of the matter much, except to remark that the reason, no doubt, was that he was away on his shooting excursion.

Jeremy, also, in his slow way grew in hensely precoupied with the fact that they never heard from Ernest now and that life was consequently a blank. He sat upon the steol in his uncle's outer office and mads pretence to copy deeds and drafts, but, in reality, occupied his time in assiduously polishing his nails and thinking. As for the seds and drafts, he gave them to his grand-

father to copy.
"It kept the old gentleman employed. he would explain to Dorothy, "and from indulging in bad thoughts about the devil."

But it was one night out duck shooting that his great inspiration came. It was a bitter night, a night on which no sane crea-ture, except Jeremy, would ever have dreamed of going to shoot ducks or anything else. The marshes were partially frozen and a fierce east wind was blowing across them; but, utterly regardless of the cold, there sat Jeremy under the les of a dike bank, listening for the sound of the ducks wings as they passed to their feed. ing grounds, and occarionally getting a shot at them as they crossed the moon above nim. There were not many ducks, and the olitude and silence were inductive of con-emplation. Ernest did not write Was templation. Ernest did not write Was your own interest, he dead? Not probable, or theyw: "dtws tul in your terms."

"Aud supposin heard of it. Where was he, then? Im, os-sible to say, impossible to dicover. Was it impossible? "Swish, swish, bang!" and down came a mallard at his feet. A quick shot, that! Yes, it was impossible; they had no means of inquiry here. The inquiry, if any, must be made there, on the other side of the water. But who was to make it? Ab, an idea struck him! Why should not he, Jaremy, make that inquiry? Why should he rot go to South Africa and look for Ernest? A flight of ducks passed over his head unbeeded. What did he care for duck? He had solved the problem which his head unbeeded. What did he care for duck? He had solved the problem which had been troubling him all these months. He would go to South Africa and look for Ernest. If Mr. Cardus would not give the money, he would work his way ont. Any, how, he would go. He could bear the suspense he longer. pense no longer.

Jeremy rose in the new found strength of his purpose, and, gathering up the slain— there were only three—whistled to his retriever and made his way back to Dum's

He found Mr. Cardus and Dorothy by the fire in the sitting room. Hard riding Atterleigh was there, too, in his place in the ingle-ncok, a riding-whip in his ink-stained hand, with which he was tapping his top-bost. They turned as he entered, except his graudfather, who did not hear him. "What sport have you had, Jaremy?" asked his sister with a sad little smile. Her face had grown very sad of late.

"Three ducks," he answered shortly, advancing his powerful form out of the shadows into the fielight. "I came home just as they were beginning to fly." "You found it cold, I suppose," said Mr. Cardus absently. They had been talking of Ernest and he was still thinking of him.

"No I did not think of the sold. I came ome because I had an idea."

Both his hearers looked up surprised Ideas were not very common to Jeremy, o I they were he kept them to himself.
"Well, Jeremy?" said Dorothy inquir

"Well, it is this. I cannot stand this about Ernest any longer, and I am going to look for him. If you won't give me the money," he went on, addressing Mr. Cardus almost fiercely, "I will work my way out. It is no credit to me," he added. "I lead a dog's life while I don't know where he is."

Dorothy flushed a pale pink with pleasure. Rising, she went up to her great strong brother, and, standing on tip-toe, managed to kiss him on the chin.
"That is like you, Jeremy dear," she

managed to kiss him on the chin.
"That is like you, Jaremy dear," she

said softly.
Mr. Cardus looked up, too, and, after his

Mr. Cardus looked up, too, and, after his fashion, let his eyes wander round Jaremy before he spoke.

"You shall have as much money as you like, Jaremy," he said presently, "and if you bring Ernest back safe, I will leave you twenty thou and pounds," and he struck his hand down upon his knee, an evidence of excitement which was unusual for him to display.

"I don't want your twenty thousand

"I don't want your twenty thousand pounds—I want Ennest," answered the young man gruffly.

"No. I know you don't, my lad, I know you don's. But find him and keep him safe and you shall have it. Money is not to be sneez d at, let me tell you. I say keep him, for I forgot you cannot bring him back till this accursed business has blown over. When will you go?"

When will you go?"
"By the next mail, of course. They leave every Friday. I will not waste a day. To day is Saturday; I will sail next Fri-

day."
"That is right. You shall go at once. will give you a cheque for five hundred pounds to morrow, and mind, Jeremy, you are not to spare money. If he has gone to the Z mbesi, you must follow him. Never think of the money; I will think of that." Jermy soon made his preparations.

Taey consisted chiefly of rifles. He was to leave Dum's Ness early on the Thursday.

On the Wednesday afternoon it occurred to him that he might as well tell Eva Ceswick that he was going in search of Ernest, and ask if she had any message. Jeremy was the only person, or thought that he was the only person, in the secret of Ernest's affec-

only person, in the secret of Ernest's affection for Eva. Ernest had asked him to keep it secret, and he had kept it as secret as the dead, never breathing a word of it, even to his sister.

It was about five o'clock on a windy the head of the room when he set out for the March afternoon when he set out for the Cottage. On the edge of the hamlet of Katerwick, some three hundred yards from the eliff, stood two or three little hovels, turning their naked faces to the fall fury of the sea blast. He was drawing near to these when he came to a stile which gave passage over a sod wall that ran to the edge of the cliff, marking the limits of the edge of the cliff, marking the limits of the village common. As he approached the stile the wind brought him the sound of voices—a man's and a woman's—engaged apparently in an ry dispute on the farther side of the wall. Instead of getting over the stile, he stepped to the right and looked over the wall, and saw the new clergyman, Mr. Powden, standing with his back toward him, and, apparently very much against her will, holding Eva Ceswick by the hand. Jeremy was too far off to overhear his Jeremy was too far off to overhear his words, but from his voice it was clear that Prowden was talking in an excited, master-

hittle and he did hear what the said, her voice being so much clearer.

'No, Mr. Plowden; no! Let go my hand! Ah, why will you not take an answer? Just at that moment she succeeded i wrenching her imprisoned hand from his strong grasp, and, without waiting for any more words, set off toward Kesterwick

ful tone. Just then Eva turned her head s

almost at a run. Jeremy was a man of slow mind, though Jeremy was a man or slow mind, shough when once his mind was made up it was of a singularly determined nature. At first he did not quite take in the full significance of the scane, but when he did a great red ish spread over his honest face and the big gray eyes sparkled dangerously. Presently Mr. Plowden turned and saw him. Jeremy notic of that the "sign of the cross" was remarkably visible on his forehead and that his face wore an expression by no means pleasant to behold—anything but Christian, in short.

'Hullo!" he said to Jermy, "what are

you doing there?" you doing there?"

Before answering, Jeremy put his hand
on the top of the sod wall, and, vaulting
over, walked straight up to the elergyman

den and Eva Ceswick, it had clearly no improved the former's temper.
"What do you mean?"

I mean what I sav. Well, Mr. Plowden, I may as well tell you what I mean. I am not good at talk-ing, but I know that I shall be able to make you understand. I saw you just now assault

ng Miss Ceswick.' In is a lie! "That is not a gentlemanlike word, Mr Płowden, but as you are not a gentleman I will overlook it." Jeremy, after the dangerous fashion of the Anglo-Saxon race, always got wonderfully cool as the row thickened. "I repeat that I saw you holding her not withstanding her atructles to get

"And what is that to you, confound you said Mr. Plowden, shaking with fury, and raising a thick stick he hald in his hand in a suggestive manner.

ing her notwithstanding her struggles to ge

in a suggestive manner.

"Don't lose your temper, and you shall hear. Miss E-a Ceswick is engaged to my friend E-nest Kershaw, or something very like it, and as he is not here to look after

"Ab, yes," answered Mr. Plowden, with a ghastly smile, "I have heard of that The murderer, you mean?" "I recommend you, Mr. Plowden, in your own interest, to be a little more care

"And supposing that there has be something between your—your friend? "Much better term, Mr. Plowden." " And, Miss Eva Ceswick, what, I should like to know, is there to prevent having changed her mind?

Jeremy laughed aloud, it must be ad mitted rather insolently, and in a wacalculated to irritate peop'e of meeke mind than Mr. Plowden. "To any one, Mr. Plowden, who has the privilege of your a quaintance, and who also knows E nest Karshaw, your question

pale, the veinous cross upon his forenear throbbed till Jeremy thought it would burst, and his eyes shone with the concen trated light of hate. His vanity was his weakest point. He controlled himself with an effirt, however, though if there had been any deadly weap or at hand it might have gone hard with Jeremy. "Perhaps you will explain the meaning of your interference and your insolence,

and let me go on. On, with pleasure," answered Jeremy with refreshing cheerfulness. "It is just this: if I catch you at any such tricks again, you shall suffer for it. One can't thrash a clergyman, and one can't fight him, because he won't fight: but look here, one can shake him, for that leaves no mark, and if you go on with these games, so sure as my name is Jeremy Jones, I will shake your teeth down your throat Good night! and Jeremy turned to go. It is not wise to turn one's back upon an

so he was de tined to find out. Once J remy got a grip of him, for his respect for the Church presented him from trying to knock him down, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. J remy could easily have thrown him, but he would not, he had his own ends in view. So he just held him tight enough to prevent his doing him (J remy) any serious injary, hand let him struggle frantically til he thought he was sufficiently exhausted for his purpose. Then he suddenly gave him a violent twist, got behind him, and set to work with a will to fulfil his promise of a shaking. Oh! what a shake that was I First of all he shook him backward and forward for Ecnest's sake, then he aiternated the motion and shook him from side to side for his own sake, and finally he shook him every possible way for the sake it. "Where are you going to, Eva?" asked her sister.
"Upstairs—here he comes."
"He! Who is 'he?'"
"Mr. Plowden, of course."
"And why should you run away because Mr. Plowden is coming?"
"Really, Eva, you are too bad. You know what a friendless position we are in just now, and you go and get up a dislike to one of the few men we know. It is very selfish of you, and most unressonable."
At that moment the door-bell rang and Eva fied.
Mr. Plowden on entering looked round.

to side for his own sake, and finally he shook him every possible way for the sake of Eva Geswick

It was a wonderful sight to see the great burly clergyman, his hat off, his white tie undone, and his coat-sails waving like streamers, bounding and gamboling on the breezy cliffs, his head, legs and arms jerking in every possible direction, like those of a galvan z of frog, while behind him, his legs slightly apart to get a better grip of the ground, and his teeth firmly clinched, Jeremy shook away with the fixity of fate. At last, getting exhausted, he stopped, and holding Mr Plowden still, gave him a dropkick—only one. But Jeremy's leg was very strong, and he always wore thick boots, and the result was startling. Mr. Plowden rose some noches off the ground and went on his face into a fuzze-bush.

"He will bardly like to show that honor." "He will hardly like to show that honor

"He will hardly like to show that honorable wound," reflected Jeremy, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow with every sign of satisfaction.

Then he went and picked his fallen enemy out of the bush, where he had nearly fainted, smoothed his clothes, tied the white tie as neatly as he could, and put the wide hat on the dishaveled hair. Then he set him down on the ground to recover himself.

recover himself.

"God night, Mr. Plowden, good night.

Next time you wish to hit a mau with a big
stick, do not wait till his back is turned.

Ah, I dare say your head aches. I should recover himself.

"To a certain extent," he said, sulkily,
"That young ruffian told me that I was
not a gentleman."
"Really I O' source that was unpleasant.
But how glad you must feel that you missed advise you to go home and have a nice sleep."
And Jaremy departed on his way, filled with a fearful jay.
When he reached the cattage he found

when he reached the citage he fund everyshing in a state of confusion. Miss Ceswick had, it appeared, been suddenly taken very seriously ill; indeed, it was feared that she had got a stroke of apoplexy. He managed, however, to send up a message to Eva to say that he wished to speak to her for a minute. Presently she same down, crying.

to speak to her for a minute. Presently she came down, orying.

"On, my poor aunt is so dreadfully ill," she said. "We think that she is dying! Jremy offered some awkward ondolences, and indeed was much distressed. He liked old Miss Coswick.
"I am going to South Africa to morrow, Miss Eva," he said.
She started violently, and blushed up to her hair.

her hair.

"Ging to South Africa! What for?"

"I am going to look for Ernest. We are afraid that something must have happened to him."

"Oh. don't say that!" she said.
"Porthaps he has—amusements which prevent his writing."

"I may as well tell you that I saw something of what passed between you and Mr. Plowden."

Mr. Plowden."
Again Eva blushed.
"Mr. Plowden was vary rude," she said.
"So I thought; but I think that he is
sorry for it now."

sorry for it now."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that I nearly shook his ugly head off for him."
"On, how could you?' Eva asked, severely; but there was no severity on her "Who told you?" he asked brueques,."
"Jones went away."
"Yes. How glad you must be, by the way, that he is gone! But it was not Mr. Junes, it was a person who oversaw the difference of opinion. No, never mind who it was; I have found means to silence that person."
"Yest Ald Mr. Plowden guess that during

find him?

iderately turning his head. Oh, no, I have no massage—that ish, tell bim that I love him dearly !" and

> CHAPTER XXI. FLORENCE ON MARRIAGE

Miss Ceswick's seizure turned out to be even worse than was anticipated. Once she appeared to regain oneciousness, and began to mutter something, then she sank back into a torpor out of which she never woke again.

14 wasfortunate that her condition was

not such as to require the services of the elergyman, for Mr. Plowden was for some days after the event described in the last days after the event described in the last chapter not in any condition to give them. Whether it was the shaking, or the well-planted kick, or the shock to his system, it is impossible to say, but he was in the upshot constrained to keep his bed for several days. Indeed, the first service that he took was on the occasion of the opening of the ancient Ceswick vault to receive the remains of the recently-decessed lady. The only territorial nossession which remained only territorial possession which remains to the Ceswicks was their vanit. Indeed s Florence afterward remarked to her siste there was a certain irony in the reflection that of all their wide acres there remained only the few square feet of soil which for centuries had covered the bones of the race. When their aunt was dead and buried, the two girls went back to the Cottage and

were very desolate. Such as it was, ever, they, or rather Florence, decided to make the best of it. At Kesterwick they were, at any rate, known, and it was, the felt, better to stay there than to flust away and become waifs and strays on the grea sea of English life. So they settled to stay sea of English life. So they settled to stay
Forence had, moreover, her own reasons
for staying. She had come to the conclusion that it would be desirable that her sister Eva should marry Mr. Plowden. Not
that she liked Mr. Plowden—her lady's in. that she liked Mr. Plowdon—her lady's in-stincts rose up in rebellion against the man—but if Eva did not marry him, it was probable that she would, in the long run, marry Ernest, and Ernest, Forence swore, she should not marry. To prevent such a marriage was the main purpose of her life. Her jealousy and hatred of her sister had become a part of herself. The gratification of her revenge was the evil star by which of her revenge was the evil ster by which she shaped her course. It may seem a torrible thing that so young a woman could give the best energies of her life to such a purpose, but it was none the less the truth. Her's was a wild, strange nature, a nature capable of violent love and violent hate; the capable of violent love and violent nave; and same pendulum could swing with equal ease to each extreme. Eva had robbed her of her lover; she would rob Eva, and put the prize out of her resob, too. Listle she recked of the wickedness of her design, for where, in the long record of human crime, is there a wickedness to surpass the de-liberate separation, for no good reason, of

infuriated animal, and at that moment Mr. It leveden was nothing more. Even as he turned Jeremy remembered this, and gave himself a slue to one side. It was fortunate to him that he did so, for at that moment Mr. Plowden's heavy blackthorn stick, directed downward with all the strength of Mr. Plowden's heavy arm, passed within a few inches of his head, out of which, had be not turned, it would have probably knocked the brains. As it was, it struck the ground with such force that the jar sent it flying out of its owner's hand.

Now Mr. Plowden was a very powerful man, but he was no match for Jeremy, who in after days came to be known as the strongest man in the East of England, and so he was de stined to find out. Once Jeremy in the district visiting was the parent. He could now, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. Jeremy's ideas of a shaking were, for the Church pushed the interest of the was no match for Jeremy, bid down, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. Jeremy's ideas of a shaking were, for the Church pushed to find out. Once Jeremy's ideas of a shaking were, for the was considerably pushed the was no match for string to know he had held as the constant of the was no match for Jeremy, who is a strongest man in the East of England, and so he was de stined to find out. Once Jeremy is ideas of a shaking were, for the Church pushed to find out. Once Jeremy's ideas of a shaking were, for the was destined to find out. Once Jeremy is ideas of a shaking were, for the work and own, he seemed to crumple up like a piece of paper in his iron grasp. Jeremy's ideas of a shaking were, for the work and commenced a hasty retreat to the window on the afternoon in question, but he was sufficiently exhausted for the work and commenced a hasty retreat to he thought he was atting the marked distinction between the marked distinction between the marked distinction between the marked to the work and commenced a hasty retreat to he thought he was compelled. It is a proper s in the present day there is little marked distinction between the matrons and the maids. The former occasionally wear more costly fabrics en grande toilette, but the hair is dressed much in the same way, and no one wears a sap habitually unless compelled. It is a feature of our nation that mothers and daughters often might be mistaken for sisters. The truth is, no one can advise on these personal matters. sisters. The truth is, no one can advise on these personal matters. A wise woman watches the lines grow in her face, and studies not to strengthen them by overjuvenility of attire. A wide-brimmed hat, which throws a chafow on the face, makes a woman look years older, but the high-crowned, narrow-brimmed hats are far less trying. It requires judgment to know when to discard the wearing of hats at all According to the present fashious, it would be best to wear high, straight collars of velvet, and, where lace is admissible, plenty about the throat. The hair should only be turned up from the nape of the neck when the throat has no sign of scragginess and the style does not tend to harden the side outlines of the cheek-bones, which have

her bedroom.
"Where are you going to, Eva?" asked

Mr. Plowden on entering looked round

that you were seen talking to my sister, not very far from the Titheburgh Abbey cottages, and that she—she ran away from you. Then Mr. Jones jumped over the wall, and also began to talk with you. Presently he also turned, and, so said my

informant, you struck at him with a heavy stick, but missed him. Thereupon a tussic ensued, and you got the worst of it,"
"He irritated me beyond all endurance,"

"Ob, then the story is true?'
Mr. Plowden saw that he had made a
fatal mistake, but it was too late to deny it.

him, especially as his back was turned! It would have looked so bad for a clergyman to be had up for assault, or worse, wouldn't

Mr. Plowden turned pale and bit his lip. He began to feel that he was in the power of this quiet, dignified young woman, and the feeling was not pleasant. "And it would not look viry well if the

Who told you?" he asked brusquely.

mariner in an attitude of the most intens and solemn contemplation; but so it was "I am grateful to you, Miss Ceswick." "Thank you, Mr. P.owden, it is refresh

ing to meet with true gratitude, it is a coarse flower in this world; but really I don's deserve any. The observer who over saw the painful scene between you and Mr.

Jones also oversaw a scene preceding i

hat, so far as I can gather, seems to hav been hardly less painful in its way." Mr. Plowden colored, but said nothing. "Now you see, Mr. Plowden, I am lef

in a rather peculiar position as regards my sister; she is younger than I am, and has always been accustomed to look up to me so you will easily understand, I feel my

responsibilities to weigh upon me. Co quently, I teel bound to ask you what a to understand from the report of m

"Simply this, Miss Caswick; I propose

The Value of a Moustache. The London Times of a recent date con

tained the following among its police court reports: "At Marlborough street, Samuel Schneider, a tailor of Cross court, West

street, Soho, was summoned by Isaa. Julius, a tailor of Broad street. Golder

rquare, for assaulting him on the 6 h Nov.

The complainant, who wore a thick bushy moustache, one end of which had been recently dipped, deposed that on the day in question the defendant came behind

bim in a workshop on Pland street and clipped off one of the ends of his moustache with a pair of scissors.

Emily Rose said that on the day in questions of the clipped of

tion she said to the complainant. What a nice moustache you have, and the word-had scarcely essaged her lips when the defendant went behind Mr. Julius and

clipped his moustache with a pair of sois

Mr. Newton-It is a question of orm

pensation. (To the complainant) What do you value your moustache at?
The complainant—I think he ought to

pay something.

Mr. Newton—The parties had better retire and see if they cannot come to some

Later in the day the parties again came

103 and costs, with the alternative of sever

arrangement.

to your sister, and she refused me

proke in Mr. Plowden, excitedly.

"If you are looking for my sister," said Florence, "she is not very well."

"Indeed, I am atraid that her health is not good; she is so often indisposed."

Florence smiled and they dropped into the district visiting. Presently, however, Florence dropped out again.

"By-the-way, Mr. Plowden, I want to tell you of something I heard the other day and which concerns you. Indeed, I think that it is only right I should do so. I heard that you were seen talking to my sister, not the style does not tend to harden the side outlines of the cheek-bones, which have lost their youthful roundness of fleshly covering. The fashions of the day favor alim women, but alimness too often toward middle life degenerates into undue thinness, which is by no means youthful. Therefore thin women must consensuitously study their own individuality, and not take too great liberties on the score of embonpoint, which keeps off wrickles, though it may enlarge the waist and make the study of drapery a serious one. Stout women should avoid waist seams, and carry the skirt and bodice in one down the sides as much as possible. wast seams, and carry the skirt and bodice in one down the sides as much as possible. Let them avoid fur borderings to barques, just as short women should banish them trom the edge of their skirts. Tall women may indulge as much as they please in soft-falling drapery, indescribable in its arrangement; but short ones would thereby acquire tub like proportions. It is a great mistake of English women, that dark and mistake of English women that dark and fair, short and tall, thin and stout, adopt the same modes, whatever they may be. In all these things the appearance is the point to be considered, but, remember, a woman is as old as she really looks to others, not as she thinks she looks herself, if blinded

by vanity.

Domestic Recipes. Tapicoa cream pudding is simply made and is very nice: Soak two tablespoon-fuls of tapicoa in half a pint of milk over night; in the morning beat the yelks of three eggs very light and mix them with the tspicca and half a cup of sugar; stir into one quart of boiling milk and boil for five minutes; flavor with lemon or vanilla, and when cool put the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth on the top.

"And it would not look viry well if the story got round hire, would it? I mean even if it was not known that you hit at him with the stick, when he was not look-ing, because, you see, it would sound so absurd! The idea of a clergyman more than six feet high being shaken like a naughty child! I suppose that Mr. Jones is very strong."

Mr. Plowden winced beneath her mookery, and rising, seized his hat, but she beaten to a froth on the top.

Au oyster omelet will be relished for lunch. Beat six eggs very light and mix them with half a cup of cream, with salt and pepper to taste. If the cream be lacking, milk may be substituted. Put a small tablespoonful of butter in a hot frying pan, and when it is melted pour in the beaten eggs and cream. Before the eggs are firm put in eighteen small cysters, and when the comelet is a delicate brown fold and servy. The frying pan should be set on a moderate fire, so that the browning pro-Mr. Plowden winced beneath her mockery, and rising, seized his hat, but she motioned him back to his chair.

"Don't go yet," she said. "I wanted to tell you that you ought to be much obliged to m? for thinking of all this for you. I thought that it would be painful to you to have the story all over the country-side, so I nipped it in the bud."

Mr. P. owden groaned in spirit, If these were the results of a story nipped in the bud, what would its uninjured bloom be like! moderate fire, so that the browning pro cese will not be too rapid.

cese will not be too rapid.

A simple "layer cake" is made as follows: M x one oup of sugar with butter the size of an egg, one oup of milk, one well beaten egg, and enough flour to make a rather stiff batter, sifting one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with the flur. Bake in three layer-cake pans. For the filling mix one oup of sugar with the juice and grated rind of a lemon, three easpoonfuls of sorn-starch mixed with a

averely; but there was no severity on her see.

Just then Fiorence's voice was heard alling imperatively.

Little did Mr. Plowden guess that during the whole course of his love-scene, and the subsequent aff sir with Jeremy, there had leaned gracefully in the angle of the sod wall, not twenty yards away, a figure uncommonly resembling that of an ancient uncommonly resembling that of an ancient pepper, nutmeg and mace. Put the pieces in a stew-pan and pour over them half a little water and a cup of hot water. Bout the water and a cup of hot water and a cup of hot water and a cup of hot water. Bout the water and a cup of hot water. Bout in a stew pan and pour over them half a pint of cream or rich milk adding a little butter rolled in flux. If fancied forcement balls may be added. Set the stewpan, closely covered, on the fire and simmer until the chicken is tender.

Yorkshire pudding is a nice accompani nent to roast beef. It should be served a oon as it is done. Mix six table ioon as it is done. Mix six tablespoonfuls of dour with one quart of milk and three well-beaten eggs, seasoning with a little alt. Pour in a shallow pan greased with salt. Pour in a shallow pan greased with best drippings and bake for one hour. Out into slices and put the pieces into the pan with the best for fifteen minutes; serve in the dish with the best.

Apple fritters are nice for luncheon.

Make a batter of the yelks of three eggs well beaten, one gill of milk, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a saltspoonful of salt, well mixed. The apples, which have been peeled, cored and cut in round slices, are dipped in this batter and fried a delicate brown in boiling fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

delicate brown in boiling fat. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Ham Cakes.—There will be required for these cakes four potatoes of medium size, one cupful of fine-chopped ham (the dry bits that cling to the bones will answer) three tablespoonfuls of butter and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper. Peel and boil the potatoes, and when they are cooked mash them until fine and light. Add the ham, pepper and one tablespoonful of the butter. Mix well and shape into this cakes about an inch and a half in this cakes about an inch and a half in diameter. Put the remaining butter on the store in a frying pan, and as soon as it gets hot put the cakes into the pan. Brown on both sides and serve in a warm dish.

The shape of riding habits does not change much; still, a new style is introduced new and then, and we have, therefore to manufact the habits with additional to the state of t

fore, to mention the habit with bodice fore, to mention the habit with bodies, much in the shape of a gentleman's dress coat, open over a white vest or plastron, with a gentleman's collar and cravat. This bodies should be a perfect fit; it has a small position barque at the back. For hunting, the habit is completed by a leather belt and strap for the rifls. The skirt is much shorter than it need to be only instance ring the feat in it used to be, only just-covering the feet in front, but trainshaped behind. The hat is a low-crowned gentleman's hat with gauze twisted around the brim.

One Hap Enough for Him.

into court and informed the magistrate that they had been unable to come to an greement.
Mr. Newton (to the complainant)—
What do you put the value of your mous-"George, I think it is-wh-what time did you sa—ay it was, George?" "It is ju—st 3 o'clock, Harry," replied Goorge, as the two friends stood with locked arms before a neat little cottage on Myrtle street tache at?

The complainant—Well, I want the defendant to pay the costs and give £1 to the poor box, and he refuses to do that.

Mr. Newton—Then I will infi et a fine of data of the desired o liberate separation, for no good reason, of two people who love each other with all their hearts? Surely there is none. She knew this, but she did not hesitate on that account. She was not hypocritical. She made no excuses to herself. She knew well over him without doing any damage.

A small and reckless boy of Ann Arbor, Mich., tried to mount the footboard of a moving locomotive, and fell directly in I've got to g-g-go home from here one front of it. He had sense enough to do th—th—that! There's a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as moving locomotive, and fell directly in I've got to g-g-go home from here one front of it. He had sense enough to lie a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as moving locomotive, and fell directly in I've got to g-g-go home from here one front of it. He had sense enough to lie a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as moving locomotive, and fell directly in I've got to g-g-go home from here one handle's enough for a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as moving locomotive, and fell directly in I've got to g-g-go home from here one handle's enough to do th—th—that! There's a point where friendship st—stops. I'm a ma—married ma—man m—myself, and as ma—married ma—married ma—man m—morried ma—man m—myself, and as ma—married ma

CURRENT TOPICS.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent to the Longmore Hospital for Incurables, Edinburgh, £50 and copies of her portraits for each of the rooms in the hospital. In for warding them the Dowager Duchess of Raffourgh wrote: "The Queen thinks it will be agreeable to the poor invalids of each room to see this memento of Her Majesty's visit.

to see this memento of Her Majasty's visit. By a new process of toughening wood it is claimed that the effect produced upon whitewood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it—this result being accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and submitting it to end pressure. By this means the cells and fivres are compressed into one compact mass, and some of the timber, commonly considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for example, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, etc. This method is applicable, of course, only to wood is comparatively small quantities or sizes.

A USEFUL discovery is announced where by the faded ink on old parchments may be so restored as to render the writing perfectly legible. The process consists in moistening the paper with water and passing over the lines of writing a brush which has been wet in a solution of sulphide of ammonia. The writing will immediately appear quite dark in color, and this color, in the case of parchment, it will preserve. On paper, however, the will preserve. On paper, however, the color gradually fades again, though it may be restored at pleasure by the application of the sulphide. The explanation of the chemical action of this substance is very simple; the iron which enters into the composition of the ink is transformed by resetion into the black sulphide.

PROF. L. W. MASON was engaged to go to PROF. L. W. MASON was engaged to go to Japan as a teacher of music, or director teacher, and there spent three years. The pursuit of his profession has led him to examine and study the kindergarten. He says that after examining the kindergartens of Europe and seeing the improved kindergartens of the United States he has to state that the best Froebel kindergarten he has ever seen is one in Tokio, Japan. There are several such schools in Japan, but he only describes the one just mentioned. It has different rooms for different ages of childhood. The younger children are brought by the nurses, there is a building outside the main tailding for the accommodation of the nurses, of whom there were outside the main fullding for the accommodation of the nurses, of whom there were sixty when we were there. The children's play-room is a building about 50 by 30 feet. The play yard and building occupy about two acres. The yard contains a good sized fish pond, the children observe and feed the fish.

souls, which has since increased to 10,000
The Greek element preponderates, though
there are also a large number of Armenians. The Russians are a very small
minority. Batoum, from being a purely
Asiatic town, has now become quasi-European. The central meeting-place for
transacting business is a cafe facing the
sea. The conversation there is limited to
Turkish affairs; Turkish coffse is the only
beverage, and nothing is smoked but Turkbeverage, and nothing is smoked but Turkish tobacco. Gambling goes on in the open air, and tables for playing games of hexard extend along the footpath. It is believed that, despite all difficulties, the fature of Batoum is assured as well by the superiority of its harbor as by its geo-graphical position. It is the best port of the Black Sos, it has a depth of water close to the shore of from 30 to 50 fathoms; and its area would accommodate 15 war wessels, without counting a vast number of merchantmen. Batoum, further, forms the outlet to a railway, 800 versts in length, onnecting two seas, and transporting goods not only from Baku and Tifl s, but goods not only from Baku and Tifl s, but Transcaspian territory. The Krasnovodsk-Mevv line will supply it with considerable quantities of cotton and silk for transportation. Persian wheat is already carried thither in large quantities, along with naphtha from Baku. There is a question of constructing a canal from the latter town. It is regarded as probable that the whole trade of the decaying town of Poti will pass over to Batoum, which will also will pass over to Batonm, which will also

A Brute's Reply.

She was a young woman in Washingto for the season, and was very fond of narrating her conquests, and speaking of er powers over men. He was a bachelor with a heart of stone

and a cheek of east iron.

They were talking of love and matrimony and cognate subjots.

"I've been engaged six weeks, Mr. X," she said, with refreshing candor, in view of the fact that the announcement had appeared in the society news the next day after the proposal.

"Ab?" he said, with a rosebud smile

wreathed around an interrogation point.

wreathed around an interrogation point.

"How charming."

"Delightful, Mr. X" she continued, radiantly. "He was an old friend of our family, and he was so persistent. How long do you think I kept the poor, dearliellow waiting for his answer?" and she giggled a real swell giggle.

"Um—um," he cogitated, as if calculating an equation of time between a sundial and a Waterbury watch. "Um—well, I should say about a minute and a half; possibly two minutes."

There was an abrupt termination to the conversation, and the brute was left alone in the alcove where they had been talking.

Wathington Post.

Washington Post. Masquerading as a Woman

A singular occurrence is reported from county Galway. At Ballinasloe this week a retreat for the Confraterniny of the Holy Family is being conducted by two friers from Dublin. Monday and Tuesday were specially set apart for woman and the remaining days for men. On Monday night a very large congregation assembled. remaining days for men. On Minday night a very large congregation as embled, among whom was noticed a woman of about 30 years of age whose dress and style were not at all in keeping with the newest fashions. She wore an ordinary linsey dress and a cap 10% adapted for her years An the close she had succeeded in getting to the porch downthern some one, mortaute the season of the period of the strough of the strough of the strough of the strong of t

An Eagle That Missed Its Dinner.

We are told that several parties in the own witnessed a rather novel sight or town with exsed a rather novel sight on last Saturday evening. A flok of seven wild geese were to be seen wending their way to southern winter quarters, with a luge eagle in close pursuit. Soon his eagleship came up to the geese, when they turned on him and "made fight," the king of bird sheered eff, and the geese pursued the even tenor of their elevated way.—Eminence (Mo.) Current Ways. way .- Eminence (Mo) Current Wave.

STUDENTS AN ELECTION TIME Stirring Scenes in Edinburga niversity

The recent contest between Lord Idesleigh and Sir Lyon Playfair for the Lord Restorship of the University of Edinburgh aroused the Inter-the of the students to an extraordhary degree. On the polling day the excitement became intense, and a correspondent thus reports the scenes which took place in the quadrangle of the University: The University authorities had evidently been looking forward to some rough fun, and had seenrely authorities had evidently been looking forward to some rough fun, and had securely covered in the statue of Sir David Brewster at the far end of the quadrangle, at former elections the rallying point in party struggles. The fountain in course of erection in the centre of the quadrangle was similarly protected. After the opening of the poli the morning cleared, and as the quadrangle was much taken up with the plant for the erection of the dome on the front buildings, the stulents betook themselves to the colonade at the entrance to the classes in the Faculty of Divinity, where soon indiscriminate pea-throwing became general By and by the scene was shifted to the neighborhood of Sir David Brewster's statue, where an enterprising Liberal general By and bye the scene was shitted to the neighborhood of Sir David Brewster's estatue, where an enterprising Liberal had climbed the wooden casing, and, amid a shout of triumph from his fellows, fixed his colors at the top. There was a wild rush to the spot from all parts of the quadrangle. A down sticks went up to knock down the obnoxious rosette, and a hundred hands peppered the unlucky Liberal on the top of the statue with blinding showers of peas, while shouts and yells from both sides rent the air. Around the statue all the forenoon a mimic warfare raged with ever varying success. Ardcut Tories, eager for renown, made desperate efforts to capture the position, while a dozn hands laid hold of their legs and coat tails to pull them down. At length the Tories triumphed; one of their combatants was pushed up, and amid wild cheering and showers of peas, removed the Liberal colors and nailed the blue in their place. The Liberals again assumed the off-nsive, and a firce fight ensued before a combatant of theirs fought his way up and gained a footing on the citadel. The colors were torn down and trampled under foot amid Liberal exultation. The hero of this triumph was the victim of rather a shabby trick; for when coming down he had Liberal exultation. The hero of this triumph was the victim of rather a shabby trick; for when coming down he had planted his foot against the pillar beside the statue, when a Tory stick knocked it away and he fell heavily so the ground, a distance of several feet. He was severely bruised, but after recovering in the gymnasium from the shock he was able to preced home in a cab. In the pause which followed this incident the Tories again gained the position, and the blue fish pond, the children observe and feed the fish.

In an article upon the town and port of Batoum, the Mossow Gasette states that its abolition as a free port by the Cz r a few months ago created a great sensation. The growth of Batoum since it was declared a free port in 1878 has been immense. Nearly all the Tarkish inhabitants migrated to Trebizind in 1878, leaving behind only a small population of 3000 souls, which has since increased to 10,000 The Greek element preponderates, though Towards the position, and the blue rosette hung for some time undisturbed time rosette hung for some Towards the close the carcase of a skate. in a very decayed state, was tossed about wherever heads were thickest.

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What's the Use?

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She—I:n't that papa coming?

He—How provoking! I was just going o steal a biss.

She (ingenuously) — He's awfully nearsighted, Charley -awfully ! - Tid Bit.

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