

know me. They say nothing transforms a human face like joy."

"Except soap and water," said Millie, reflectively, a vision of her Sunday-school boys rising before her, and then her gravity gave way at the sound of his merry laugh.

"Well, that's a pretty broad hint," he exclaimed, "but I won't be even offended if you'll call me Marcus."

"No, cousin," said Millie, uncompromisingly.

"Marcus, I say," he repeated, coaxingly, "and then I'll bid farewell to every tear and wipe my weeping eyes."

"Here's a handkerchief," said Millie, holding out her own and laughing likewise.

"Say the word," and the absurd fellow spread it out upon his hand. Tom Graem and Sylvia were coming towards them wondering what all the fun was about.

"Don't be so silly or people will remark us," said Millie with merry reproach.

"I'm not a soldier so I can't lean upon my sword; but for a sailor the correct thing is to lean upon his oar and wipe away a tear." Here he affected to do so. Thank you so much for saying it at last."

"I didn't," said Millie, stoutly.

"Yes, you did. You finished your sentence with 'Marcus,'" and they both took their places at the table, shaking their heads violently at each other and like themselves once again.

"I think you might call him Marcus," said Sylvia to Millie that night as they were undressing; "you know why he wants you too, of course."

"Why?" said Millie, blushing.

"Because I asked him to tell you to do so," replied her sister, promptly. And the dear girl slept as sweetly that night as if there were no lie upon her conscience.

So the Captain found the next day to his intense disappointment that Millie had fallen back again into her painful reserve, and he tried in vain to account for it. But that afternoon when they were out walking and Sylvia had monopolized her cousin as usual, he watched Millie napping on with Tom Graem, talking freely and laughing now and then, and he laid her strange manner towards himself, as he thought, at the right door.

"She cares for him, that's plain enough," was his sage reflection; "and he's jealous, that's plainer still, so she doesn't want to make him more so. Well, I won't spoil her happiness, I'm not quite so bad as that, I hope. I'll make friends with Graem. But oh, Millie, my precious Millie, if I had only been the man. Well, there's only four days left of my holidays and then I'll try to forget her. But I can't forget her, hang it," he added savagely, with a stamp of his foot which made Sylvia turn round and ask him what was the matter.

"Only temper," he told her with a grim smile.

So Morton, noble-hearted fellow, flung no more bitter sarcasms at Tom Graem, but frequently addressed him as one gentleman should address another; afterwards he left the girls at the cottage and walked home with him, and Tom actually took a liking to his dangerous rival; he couldn't help it; in fact, no one could when the Captain assumed his winning manner. When they parted Morton said significantly: "I wish you all success, Graem, you understand me?"

"Yes," replied Tom, surprised, but much gratified.

"You will be very happy, you ought to be; though she's too good for you or any man," said Morton, speaking in a deep voice of strong feeling.

"That she is," said Tom, heartily, and with a shake of the hand, they parted.

To be continued.

FASHIONS FOR CANADIAN TRAVEL.

Ladies who propose making the Canadian trip from the United States can not be too strongly advised that warm wraps and woollen dresses are indispensable. Any lingering fancy for lawns and linens can be dismissed at once as out of the question.

The materials found most satisfactory are serges and coarse flannels, dark gray, dark blue, and black being found to be the most serviceable colors. But little drape upon the skirts, blouse or coat basques and trimmings of colored braid form the uniform for the Western journey. Heavy underwear and a warm outdoor wrap are indispensable, and both in one satchel or shawl strap, available at any moment, not checked with one's baggage, and as useless in an emergency as if safe at home.

An English walking jacket is preferred to the loose wrap, as it is never in the way, falling off the shoulders and fettering the arm, but is trim and tidy. Flannel or tweed for dress and jacket resists the moisture, and does not pucker nor crease or grow limp in the mountain air or seaside mist.

Dark blue, trimmed with red braid or white braid—the latter vastly pretty, but open to the objection of soiling quickly—or grey; trimmed with red or dark blue braid, are colors habitually used. A pretty suit is made of dark blue flannel with long basque waist, the coat tails lined with red flannel. The plain overskirt is draped into the underskirt, and edged by a red cording, the same that edges collar and cuffs. If the figure is slim, no prettier style than the blouse waist and open sailor collar is possible. The buttons should be plain and solid. Plain bone buttons quite unadorned are the best style. The lingerie is generally of dark percale or ecru linen.

Let me describe the toilets of two sisters that after a week of travel looked as fresh as when donned the first day. They were in half mourning, and their black dresses of light weight cashmere were made with a simple basque and a plaiting at the foot of the skirt; over these were worn very stylish grey dust coats of a very dark grey color, cut off at the waist in the Prince Albert style, and fully double-breasted, fastened by a double row of smooth black buttons. Their hats were of lustrous black braid, with scarfs of black fringe fringed at the ends and following the cottage shape, dark grey gloves, and lingerie of black and white striped percale. These costumes stood those days of railroad travel and those days of boating without being shabby in any degree. Only a half kerchief of color about the throat or hat alone is needed to take away the too sombre look of these toilets and make them models of quiet elegance.

On the mountains and boats broad-brimmed straw hats tied down by a broad band of flannel like the dress or a broad band of ribbon are picturesque and effective, and sometimes this effect is enhanced by a bird-wing stuck in the side. These "pallassons," as the fashionables call them, are the coarsest and commonest straw hats, such as are found in all the country shops. English walking hats of light straw, trimmed simply with a bird's wing and band or light veil of tulle, are favorites. They keep in place upon the head and shade the eyes from the glare of the sun, and are becoming with a simple coiffure.

The Canadians fancy particularly dark blue costumes with a broad mantle of splendid red flannel as thick as floss or fine military cloth, one end of which they fling gracefully over the left shoulder. Very many of the mantles have deep capuchin hoods, a fashion brought out by Louise of Lorne when she came last from the old country. They were designed to take one something of the undressed effect of the Jersey, and are worn with many toilets when the basque is a plain one, the ends of the hood that encircle the neck tied loosely beneath the dress collar. Now and then a plirimage suit shows itself, with bright facings fluttering in the wind and the waist girdled by cord and tassel. They have altogether a rather nightgown effect, and are most baggy and unlovely.

A fair quality of dark flannel, the skirt killed to the knee, and above that a wrinkled scarf, lost in soft, but not voluminous draperies up the back, make a very good model for a walking dress for mountain tramps and the St. Lawrence river boats, with close waist and English walking coat of flannel to match. So long as the dress is dark, simple, and not easily mussed, the other details inspire no interest in the minds of one's fellow travellers.

Those whose hair curls naturally or to whom a plain pompadour is becoming, should be grateful, for they are spared much solicitude, for mountain breezes convert the fluffish curls into dragging pig-tails in brief space. Crapoline curls in rings or small scallops, according to which ever is the most becoming, are safer than everything else.

A connoisseur in their mysteries says if they be made quite stiff with bandoline, and then pressed close to the brow, it takes a great deal of heat, a great deal of wind, and a great deal of exercise to make them lose their place. This hair-dressing is too stiff to be pretty, but it is preferable to limp crimpless locks that once were crimped. By pressing a handkerchief on the curls while they are wet, and half drying them, they do not, when half dry, show the gray, powdery look that bandoline gives the hair.

Dogskin gloves are found to give excellent service for travelling, and those with high-wristed gauntlets are considered very stylish. Shoes for mountain walking should be thick-soled and laced in front, the upper of soft kid. Thick soles, flat heels and square toes are their characteristics.

Colored petticoats and colored hosiery are universal, scarlet with the dark dresses producing the best effect. Simplicity in dress, and the least possible luggage, are the prescriptions for a pleasant trip.

CLARA DE VERE.

HANCOCK'S DOG.

THE NOMINEE TELLS OF A COMICAL EXPERIENCE AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

Gen. Hancock told a good story yesterday, as he stood conversing with a group of visitors on the piazza of his residence at Governor's Island. "Since my nomination," said the general "I have received many letters from people whom I knew many years ago—people whom I thought were dead. Some of the letters are highly amusing. For instance, a man wrote me the other day recalling the fact that we had once been acquainted, with the assertion that his dog had once upon a time bitten my boy in the face. By the by, that reminds me of another dog story. Years ago, when I was stationed in California, I owned a valuable Irish red setter, a splendid dog. One day that dog disappeared. One of the neighbors informed me he had seen a Mexican tie the dog behind his wagon and drive away with him. I searched high and low for my missing canine and was unsuccessful for a long time. Finally, as I was walking through the town one very hot day, I saw a stranger, a Frenchman, passing along the street with my dog. I approached the gentleman and remarked as pleasantly as I could: 'Excuse me, sir, but that is my dog.'"

"Oh, no," said the Frenchman, "that is my dog."

"That cannot be," I rejoined "for I raised him."

"Yes, it can be," he replied "for I raised him."

"The consequence was we became engaged in an altercation about the dog, and altercations were dangerous out in that country. After we had spent some time discussing the matter in the warm sunshine—it was a terribly hot day—I made a proposition which I expected would settle the controversy. 'I'll tell you, my friend,' said I, 'what I will do. My physician knows this dog. If you will accompany me to his house he will prove it is my dog.'"

"The Frenchman manifested some reluctance to going, as it was an extremely warm day, but he finally consented and we walked about a half a mile to the doctor's house. When we arrived there the doctor readily identified the animal. 'Certainly, general,' said he, 'that is your dog.'"

"Now, sir," said I to the Frenchman "are you satisfied?"

"No," he replied "that is my dog and I do not propose to relinquish possession of him!"

"I called the dog 'Rover' and he wagged his tail. The Frenchman called him by some other name and he wagged his tail again. Seeing no other way out of the difficulty I suggested to the Frenchman that we go to my house and ask Mrs. Hancock to identify the dog. My friend at once objected to this proceeding. The weather was growing warmer and the visit to my house involved another walk of half a mile. After an argument I persuaded him to go, and together we reached the house. Mrs. Hancock was introduced and we laid the case before her from our respective stand-points. Imagine my astonishment when, after looking at the canine, she said 'Why, general, that isn't your dog at all, and your dog certainly was not named Rover.'"

"Then I began to apologise to my French friend, but the more I endeavored to pacify him, the more excited and angry he became. It was some time before I could subdue his temper and persuade him to accept my hospitality."

HEARTH AND HOME.

DEFICIENCIES.—A sense of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. It spurs us to more zealous effort, if it makes us re-olute in our purpose of living a worthy life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but, if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more in the world, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

ORDER.—There is scarcely any such thing as beauty without order; or, if there be, it is always sadly impaired by disorder. And order, we know, is the very parent of use. The orderly person can do more work, in less time, and do it better, and with less fatigue, than one who is disorderly. He does not need to spend any time in looking for tools or materials, for he knows just where to find them; nor does he suffer the annoyance of having to do without things that are lost or broken, for he rarely loses or breaks; and the orderly woman can find her things at the first trial, even with her eyes shut. Good order is of itself one kind of beauty; and it is as useful as it is beautiful. And all the other kinds of beauty are in themselves orderly, and promote order.

DOMESTIC THUNDER-STORMS.—"Not many lovers, I suppose," says Robert Collyer, "have found that their wedded life answered quite to the dreams of their courtship—not quite. Mine didn't. Yet who would enter a complaint against Heaven because May does not quite match with October? If my experience can be of any use, I think a thunder-storm, so that it does no serious mischief, may sometimes clear the atmosphere under the roof about as well as it does outside. And so sure, I am of its blessing, that, when I hear people say they have lived together five-and-twenty years and never had the least difference, I wonder if they have not had a great deal of indifference. It is the lesson we have to learn, too, through our saddest and most painful bereavements."

HABITS.—Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions. Whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished, and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is represented at playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding, "was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."

FRIENDSHIP.—If friendship be delightful; if it be, above all, delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with a closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who had an interest in every event that has been related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Every dissension of man with man excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

HUMOROUS.

A FAINT heart never won a fair lady, but a faint whisper often catches her.

THE world owes no man a living, but it gives him a good breakfast just before he is hanged.

THE Albany Journal advises young men to drink whisky only in those months that have "k" in their names.

THE New Haven police quickly quelled a street fight by throwing water on the combatants with a fire engine.

No, it is not a criminal offence to slam a door, but there are many offences that are criminal which are more easily forgiven.

THE following notice may occasionally be found posted upon the door of a Parisian newspaper office: "Gone to fight a duel, will be back in half an hour."

A BOSTON theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church as naturally that to many of the audience it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

"A FASHIONABLE London diner-out will average three dinners a week," says the Brooklyn Eagle. Poor devil! Even a country editor averages better than that.

It's about an even thing between man and the orange peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into the gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

CHARLEY BACKUS says Davy Force has parenthetical legs. This is almost as good as his description of the countryman with a rheumatic leg, which looked like a quarter past six.

A MAN may object to wear button-hole bouquets, but it's astonishing with what fortitude he goes through the ordeal of having one pinned on, if the donor happens to be young and pretty.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BABBLE-ON was founded by women.

A CRUEL husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

NONE of the Cincinnati nobles raised their hats to a lady until they have passed by her two feet.

A BAD little Philadelphia boy made his mother's hair rise the other day. He stole her switch for kite bobs.

POCAHONTAS saved the life of John Smith, but she was a poor, ignorant savage, and didn't realize what she was doing.

HANLAN has a sister who can push him hard at rowing in a two-mile race without once dropping a stitch in her side.

WHEN John Monigrip's wife asks for a dollar or two for current demands he smiles sweetly as he says, "Miss love, darling, seeks no change."

MISS RIVIERE of Charleston, (S.C.) has a court dress once worn by Marie Antoinette. It is of purple satin, and is still in good condition.

AN Illinois girl with a breach-of-promise case testified that it was the usual thing for girls to show their love letters to fifteen or twenty other girls, in order to make them jealous.

B STON learned that a woman's Suffrage convention was to be held at the Hub, saying that the salary he received would not compensate him for any extra work.

ONE reason why Leadville has no schools is because all the schoolmams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and don't care a cent whether school keeps or not.

"SEE here, George," said a fond mamma, to her little son as they walked on the beach, "what a lot of nice little round stones." "Yes," grumbled George, as he cast a searching glance around, "and not a blessed thing to throw 'em at!"

A COQUETTE came out of a fancy goods shop loaded with purchases. "You have renewed your provision," said a rival. "Don't speak of it; I have quite ruined myself! I have bought a thousand things I do not need, among others six tooth brushes." "Ah, one for each tooth," said the other sweetly.

INDIGNATION among the passengers in a railroad car is reported from Ohio because a lady let her pug dog drink out of the tin cup attached to the water cooler. She replied to a remonstrance by assuring them that her dog's lips were cleaner than those of the tobacco-chewing man who objected. He retorted that he could whip any man who would become her champion, but nobody volunteered.

INDIGESTION.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active, to carry off all the poisonous and waste matter of the system. See other column.