Now is the time, most women say, to wrestle With stubborn nails and horrid, headle To drag from dusty floors the dusty carpets, And best them well with many sounding

all opersold to

rch with piercing gaze the cracks an For bits of fluff and slyly hidden crumb; to sweep from ceilings high the web of spice the breezy, sneezy spring has come; But, girls, don't you do it.

Now is the time, they also say, for dashing Cold water gainst each window and its bl For hanging quiits and rugs and mats blankets Out on the lines to flutter in the wind.
To vex poor men so that they wildly utter
Such words as strike their wives—a mon

The time to turn the whole house topsy turvy, Because the freezy, wheezy spring has come; But, girls, don't you do it.

Now is the time, they say, but I say, "Nonsense!',
Better remain in peace till by and bye;
Then, by degrees, set everything in order
When days grow warm beneath a warmer sky.
Let those who will bring to their homes discomfort,
And make their kith and kin look precious

Catch cold for want of fires—go faint and hungry and all because uneasy spring has come; But, girls, don't you do it.

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a-walkin',
And sot down on the river bank, And sept on hours a talkin';

He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there

Josiah seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call:
"Loweexy! O Loweexy!"
An' then Josiah spoke right up
As I was just a-startin',
An' said, "Loweez, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin';
I'd heard is all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
In looking down into my eves

In looking down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire;
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

-Eatonville Messenger

## A GORDON'S PRIDE

CHAPTER I.

Ethel Gordon sat in her own room alone and no room ever gave a more correct idea as to its owner's mind than did this. The profusion of flowers, all beautifully arranged, yielding sweet perfume, the choice books, pictures, copies of world-renowned works of art, and vases and ornaments of rare design, were all indications of highest refinement and cultivation.

Ethel Gordon was not unworthy of her

figure was admirably graceful, her attitude perfection; every unstudied pose was statuesque. Her face was beautiful with a statues que. Her race was beautiful with a bright beauty of its own; rich brown hair fell on the graceful neck; her eyes were of the rare hue of a purple heart's ease, a golden light shining in their liquid depths, a light that deepened with every phase of feeling, that flashed with scorn, or gleamed with tenderness or shone with pride. Beauwith tenderness or shone with pride. Besu-tiful eyes they were, for one glance of which men would have fought in olden days and died; the brows were straight, like those of a Grecian goddess—brows of ideal loveliness. The ancient Greeks gave such a mouth as hers to Venus, for it was one of the lower one full and curved, while the dimpled chin was faultless.

There was no flaw in her beauty from the

crown of her fair head to her tiny feet. Her small, white hands had a delicate rose tint; her arm was round and perfect in contour. Yet she did not possess the cold, perfect, regular beauty of a woman without fault. There was pride and, perhaps, some little degree of temper in the bright eyes, just as there was something of independence and hauteur in the curved lips.

The sunbeams were falling on her, and the sweet south wind, bearing the scent of hawthorn and lilae, was fanning her brow but she was not looking well pleased. She was standing at an open window, watching the slanting sunbeams, her little white fingers tapping impatiently on the window frame.

'I am a Gordon," she said to herself

"I like my own way, and I will not submit At that moment a footman came to say that Sir Leonard Gordon awaited his

daughter in the library.
"I will be there directly," said Ethel

"I will be there directly," said Ethel, carelessly—it was one of her principles never to seem in haste. She remained for a few minutes longer at the window just to gratify her spirit of independence, and then she walked slowly to the library, where Sir Leonard awaited her.

Sir Leonard Gordon resembled his daughter in several respects—he had the same clear-out, regular features, the same waving rick brown hair; but his face, handsome though it was, here the marks of deep care and thought, while the hair was streaked with gray. He was a tall, aristo

of dignity and command.
"Oome in Ethel," he said, in a deep, "I want to speak to you

cratic-looking man, with an impressive air

"Come in musical voice. "I want very particularly."

A musical voice and a winsome of the Gordons. were the heirlooms of the Gordons. Their features might and did vary—some were o the dark, proud Norman, others of the fair calm Anglo-Saxon type—but all alike had a voice of softest music, and a smile that would have melted a heart of stone. There had been faithful Gordons, and false Gordons-Gordons true as steel, and treacher ous as the men who betraved their voun queen; but every Gordon could be recog-nized by these two gifts. "Sit down, Ethel," said Sir Leonard. "I

have much to say, and you will be tired."
But the spirit of independence and contradiction seemed to be strong in his beautiful daughter this May morning.
"I prefer to stand, papa," she replied;

and Miss Gordon swept across the room with a haughty bearing not lost upon Sir Leonard. He smiled to himself, and it was just as well that Ethel did not see that

"I have sent for you, Ethel," he said. "that we may come to some amicable arrangement of our difficulties. I hope you have come prepared to be just and

"If you are determined to have your own

way, papa, it is useless my arguing with you," returned Ethel, proudly. "I am afraid, my dear, that we Gordons "I am afraid, my dear, that we Gordons are too fond of our own way; but I think you and I can arrange our difficulties without coming into collision. It is useless to talk to a Gordon of submission; but, if I can convince your judgment, you will obey me, I hope."

"I am not very clever at obedience, I fear," said Miss Gordon.

"No you have been specified Fitbal agent."

fear," said Miss Gordon.

"No, you have been spoiled, Ethel, ever since you were a child; and now that you since you were a child; and now that you are seventeen it is difficult to contend against the effects of that spoiling. See, my dear," and Sir Leonard held out an open letter to his daughter; "I received this by the morning's post from the Austrian Ambassador, and I must send in my reply

She took the letter, read it carefully, and then laid it on the table. "It is complimentary," she said; "and he speaks of the position as a lucrative

"It is so now, Ethel. You are old enough to understand some of the ceres that have turned my hair white, and have lined my face with marks that nothing will efface."

beautiful face softened for a few

noments, and the proud eyes grew dim

"Although," he continued, "I am representative of one of the oldest fami am a poor man. I never know the luxury

I am a poor man. I never know the luxury of having a sovereign to spare. My father, who succeeded to a rich inheritence, spent all he could. He gambled, played, bet heavily, bought extravagantly—he ruined himself, Ethel, and consequently ruined me. When I succeeded to Fountayne, it was one of the poorest estates in England. Your mother, Lady Angela, brought with her a good fortune, and that helped me—indeed, but for that I must have sold the Hall. Your mother's fortune cleared off the heavy mortgages; still it has been difficult to live. Now, this offer of the Austrian Ambassador comes in the very hour of need, I wanted a few thousand pounds; and, if I go, they will be mine."

"It is an inducement, certainly," she

"A very great inducement," he agreed.
"For the first time in my life, I shall be quite at ease as to money matters—Heaven grant you may never know what that implies, Ethel—and the advantages in other ways will be great." ways will be great."
"Why not then decide at once upon

"Because the decision rests with you. I cannot leave home for two years, and leave, you alone unprotected, uncared for—it is out of the question." "There never was a Gordon yet incapa ble of taking care of himself or herself,

said the girl, proudly.
Sir Leonard laughed and shook his head. "You are only just seventeen, and that is no age for ripe judgment. You are too young to be left in charge of a large house like Fountsyne. You have not had experience rough."

rience enough."

She went up to him and laid both hands on his shoulders, gazing straight into his "Now, papa, look at me; tell me the truth. Who really governs the house

Sir Leonard's face flushed; he laughed

"If you insist upon the truth, there can be no doubt, Ethel, that you rule the house and every one in it; but you must remem-ber that I am here to take all the responsibility from you,"
"That which I am old enough to do in

"That which I am old enough to do in your presence I can surely do in your absence," she said, proudly.

"That is the very point on which we disagree," returned Sir Leonard; "and on that point my decision rests. We will argue the matter fairly, Ethel, and you will see that I am right. In the eyes of the world," continued Sir Leonard, "I should be greatly to blame if I went away leaving a girl so young as you, Ethel, to manage a large nouse—above all, if I left you without a

chaperon of any kind."

"A chaperon!" repeated his daughter, contemptuously. "Of what possible use would a chaperon be to me?"

"She would keep you out of all danger;

young girls are easily imposed upon. She would teach you to fulfil the duties of your station in a proper manner. In fact, Ethel, it is useless to argue the question; you cannot possibly do without one. You would lose caste in the eyes of the world, and would be certain to get into mischief." would be certain to get into mischief.

"If I ever forget myself so far as to feel any inclination for mischief, no amount of chaperonage would keep me from it," said Miss Gordon, proudly. "I am too old to be taught to obey a stranger."

"My dearest Ethel, how proud you are!

I fear that some great sorrow—some great and terrible pain—will be your portion— will be sent to break the pride, the unbending spirit that nothing seems to move." "All the Gordons are proud, papa. Why blame me for having one of the character

istics of my race?"
"Submissiveness and gentleness, Ethel, "A very poor one!" objected Ethel.
"Now, papa, be reasonable. Give up this absurd notion of a chaperon; go to Austria—that is a magnificent offer—one you should not refuse. Leave me here at Fountayne; I shall have a staid old housekeepe and taithful servants; what more can

"My dear Ethel, what would the world say if I left a girl of seventeen alone in that

"I do not care for the world," retorted the girl. "I care about pleasing myself."
"You cannot run counter to the opinion
of the world, Ethel; at your ago the idea
is absurd. You must submit to the inexor-

of the world, Ethel; at your age the idea is absurd. You must submit to the inexorable laws of custom and etiquette."

Sir Leonard spoke angrily, with flushed face and darkening eyes. Both father and daughter were growing terribly earnest.

"What if I refuse to have anything to do with a chaperon? Papa, if I refuse to obey one, what then?" asked Ethel.

"In that case I should certainly refuse the offer," said Sir Leonard, "I should write to the ambassador and decline. But Ethel, you will surely take my disappointed, blighted life into consideration before you do that?"

The girl was silent for some minutes then, turning to him her beautiful face all flushed and eager, she said persuasively :

"Let me make one more appeal to you, papa. Go to Austria, and leave me here. I will be prudence itself; I will surpass discretion in all I do or say; I will promise you that no stranger shall ever cross the threshold; I will obey every law you may lay down for me, if you will consent to

lay down for me, if you will consent to leave me free and unfettered."

"My dear Ethel, I cannot do it. You do ot know what you ask. A girl of seventeen, left in such a position, would quite lose caste. If you were twenty, or even thirty, I would not do it."

"You refuse, then?" she said quietly. Sir Leonard moved uneasily in his chair; he did not like, when looking on that beautiful fees to refuse a prayer.

iful face, to refuse a prayer. "I must do so for your own sake as well as mine. I cannot leave you alone, Ethel, and I will not."

She was silent for some minutes, the flush dying from her face, and the light deepening in her eyes. A struggle was going on between her pride and her love for Sir Leonard; then she turned to him quite almly.
"Will you tell me, then, what you pur-

"Will you tell me, then, what you purpose doing, papa?"
Sir Leonard looked slightly confused. Something in the beautiful face and proud eyes seemed to agitate him.

"I may as well—nay, I had better speak plainly to you, Ethel. The truth is that the sconer that you accustom yourself to a chaperon the better it will be for you; for I am tired of a single life, and I think of marrying again."

The slender figure was drawn to its full height, the beautiful face was flushed with the deepest crimson, the proud lips wore their most scornful curve.

"You think of marrying again, papa!

"You think of marrying again, papa

Pray may I ask why?" "That is hardly a respective question, Ethel. I have told you my reason. I am tired of a single life, and I have met with a lady who would make me, I am sure, a most excellent wife."

most excellent wife."

"Am I permitted to ask who the lady is?" asked Miss Gordon.

"Certainly, my dear. I met Miss Digby last year at the Trexhams'—I met her again at the Davencourte'; and if I must speak plainly, I fell in love with her."

The soorn on the lovely face deepened.

"Misz Digby has money, I believe?" she interrogated.

"Yes," replied Sir Leonard, "she has money—money made by her father in trade. She lays no claim to high birth or great connections, but, for all that, she is a lady of great accomplishments and refinement."

You would choose a tradesman's daugh-

ter to take my mother's place?" asked Ethel, with quivering lips.
"You must speak respectfully of the lady I hope to make my wife," returned Sir Leonard, took to gambling. He impoverished his estate, himself, and his

"You must speak respectfully of the lady I hope to make my wife," returned Sir Leonard, sternly.

"Do you expect me, Lady Angela's daughter, one of the Gordons of Fountayne, to obey such a person?" inquired Ethel, proudly.

"I expect you to obey me. I also am a Gordon of Fountayne, and my will is stronger than yours. I have asked Miss Digby to be my wife, and she has consented."

A low cry escaped Ethel's lip, but she nade no comment. Sir Leonard con-

taking you to Austria forbid me to take a wife there; therefore, I have arranged with Miss Digby to postpone our marriage until my return. You understand that, Ethel? "Yes, I understand perfectly," was the quiet reply.

Sir Leonard looked relieved. He felt that

the worst part of the revelation was over.

"Miss Digby, to oblige me, has consented to another arrangement," Sir I sonard resumed. "Perhaps that will not please you. She is going to spend a few weeks, perhaps months, at St. Ina's Bay. She has invited you to go with her, and I should like it to be so. Then she has promised to remain with you at Fountayne until I

return."

The girl's face grew white with anger, her eyes seemed to flash fire.

"I will not submit to such an arrangement," she said, haughtily. "You are treating me as a child. Papa, you forget that I am a woman."

Sir Leonard laughed.

"Not quite, Ethel. You are seventeen, and I admit that you are tall for your age but girls of seventeen are not women."

but girls of seventeen are not women."

"After being mistress of Fountayne so long, do you think, papa, I can submit to the rule of a stranger?"

"I think you have sense enough to see

that you can only submit," said Sir Leonard. "I love Miss Digby; but it is quite as much for your sake as for my own that I wish to marry."
"Why for my sake?" asked Ethel,

briefly.
"My dear child, you will ask questions the answers to which simply displease you.

Because you have grave faults, and require
the gentle training and the wise guidance

of a good woman."
"What are my faults, papa? You seem to have found them out all at once." "You are proud, Ethel—proud, unbend-ig, independent. You have no self-dising, independent. You have no self-discipline, no self-control."

"Those are all Gordon characteristics," she objected—"not faults."

"They are both," returned Sir Leonard.

"You must do battle with them and over-come them, or you will never be an amiable woman, Ethel."

woman, Ethel."

"I am not quite sure that I wish to be one, papa. Amiable people, as a rule, are weak. I dislike weakness. I may be proud, as you say; but I never said a false word nor did a mean action."

"That I am sure of; but, Ethel, I have probled you work." spoiled you. You have grown up your own way entirely; you have no idea of submis-sion. I have been thinking very much of it lately. I have read the words of some wise man that great pride can only be sub-dued by great trouble, and I cannot bear to think of my Ethel's bright face shadowed with care. I want you to correct this pride yourself: to learn submission to wise and gentle guidance, so that a

woman's greatest ornament, a meek and gentle spirit, may be yours." Ethel laughed. "You make me think myself very wicked papa. When you change the colors of a lower, turn night into day, make thistles grow on rose-trees, then you may hope to change a proud, wilful girl into a meek,

mightier Hand may effect. This is the crisis of your life. Think well before you decide that your disposition is impossible. lecide that your disposition is immutable."

If either father or daughter could have seen to what this was to lead they would have prayed that the May sunbeams might fall on her dead face, rather than that she should suffer what was in store for her. Ethel made no reply, and Sir Leonard, whose relief at having unburdened himself of his communication was great, rose from

"I shall drive over to see Lady Daven court this afternoon. You had better go with me, Ethel; Miss Digby is staying there, and I should like to introduce you to

her. I shall be ready at two."

And then Sir Leonard quitted the library, and his daughter passed through the open glass-door into the garden.

CHAPTER II.

Out from the darkened room where she had suffered the keenest torture of her life, and suffered the keenest torture of her life, out in the beautiful sunshine, to the fair smiling flowers, to the sweet singing birds, went Ethel Gordon. It was like a change from some dark region to Paradise. She paused and drew a breath of deep satisfaction at finding herself alone in the sweet, warm sunshine. There was a gleam of purple from the lilac trees, a sheen of gold from the drooping laburnam, a glitter of white from the fair acacia blossoms, the roses were budding, large bushes of southern-wood filled the sweet, warm air with fragrance, the white daphnes, purple hyacinths, and mignonettes were all in flower, sweet lilies of the valley nestled among their green leaves. Fountains rippled among the flowers, bright-winged birds flew from tree to tree, all nature smiled; and Ethel, who had a poet's soul, and a keen, passionate love for all that was beautiful, gave a deep sigh of unutterable content that the world was so fair.

"I love the lilies here," the thought as

tirul, gave a deep sign or unuterable content that the world was so fair.

"I love the lilies best," she thought, as she picked a few sprays, and then the memory of all she had just heard came over her, and a low, passionate cry escaped her lips. "I shall hate her," she thought, "and the Gordons, who know so well how

to love, know how to hate."

It seemed cruelly hard to her. Sir Leonard had been content with her love and her sway for so many years; now a stranger must come and take both from her. She had been proud of her rule; she was so frank, so true, although imperious, so generous, so noble in every word and deed, that the servants of the household, the terrate the dependents all worshimed. deed, that the servants of the household, the tenants, the dependents all worshipped her. Miss Gordon could do no wrong—she dispensed rewards and punishments with a royal hand; no one had ever disputed her will or disolveyed her commands. She had reigned absolutely as a queen, and, girl though she was, the sense of power had been sweet to her. She had enjoyed the exercise of it. If any one wanted a favor from Sir Leonard, it was through Ethel they asked it, and he was never known to refuse. So she had grown up gracious and beloved.

beloved.

"Miss Gordon is proud," people said,
"but she has a heart of gold;" and now
this pleasant rule, this absolute sovereignty,
this influence and power, were to be taken
from her, and placed in the hands of a
stranger. How was she to bear it?

Tears dimmed the bright eyes. She
stretched out her hands as though she
would fain embrace the grand old hall and
the picturesque grounds.

"How shall I bear to see a stranger here?" she murmured; and on that bright May morning no warning came to her that she would have far greater troubles to

The Gordons of Fountaine The Gordons of Fountaryne were, as Sir Leonard said, one of the oldest families of England. They were a handsome race, fair of presence, winning in speech, noble in mind, and chivalrous in manner; they had been celebrated both in song and in story. Legands and stories without numEthel; all that I am doing is for your own "I cannot well see, paps, how you can

mpoverished his estate, himself, and his nly son to such an extent that it was oubtful whether Sir Leonard would be doubtful whether Sir Leonard would be able to keep up the position of the family or not. He, however, married an heires, the Lady Angela Lyle. Her fortune, large as it was, sufficed to pay off the heavy mortgages only, nothing being left for the improvement of the impoverished estate, so that Sir Leonard was, despite his marriage, always a poor man. He was obliged to scheme and ccutrive, for Lady Angela required her house in town, her entertainments, her dinners, balls, jewels, carriages and dress like other ladies in her position, and Sir Leonard could not refuse her. so gentle in manner."
Miss Gordon made no reply.

Miss Gordon made no reply. In her heart she rebelled with the fiercest rebellion against her father's decree; in her heart she had resolved never to like, never to obey, never even to please the lady who was to take her dead mother's place.

Lady Davencourt and Miss Digby were both at home. Sir Leonard and his daughter were shown into the drawing-room, where the baronet tried to look quite at his ease, and Ethel, without deigning to utter a word, sat in one of her most queenly attitudes, beautiful, wilful, and defiant. Sir Leonard turned angrily to her at last.

face, all caused by money cares.

Then Lady Angela died, leaving one daughter, Ethel; and this daughter became the pride, the pet, the plaything, and the torment of her father's life.

She was always beautiful. She had the at last. "Your indulgence of this angry temper "Your indugence of this angry temper, Ethel, proves to me that you are indeed in great need of some one to correct, to guide, and advise you, I say nothing about the want of respect you show to me, but I Gordon face, the bright, winning face that belonged to the debonnair race. She had

The proud lips were not opened in excuse, Ethel gathering the folds of her riding habit around her in a disdainful Then the door opened, and Laura Daven

Then the door opened, and Laura Daven-court entered. She gave one rapid glance from father to daughter.

"There is something wrong here," she thought, as she hastened to greet them.

"Lady Davenourt is with Miss Digby in the grounds," said Laura. "Would you like to join them there?" ally characterize a warm, impetuous, lov-ing, proud nature, and those faults had been fostered in her from the hour in which her baby rule had begun at Fountayne. She was imperious, proud, with the quick tem-per that belonged to the Gordons. Her face would flush, her eyes flash fire; she

A few minutes later the whole party were seated on the lawn under the shade of would express scorn, contempt, and anger in a moment; but she was quick to forget; she never thought twice of a wrong com-mitted, and those who had borne the brunt a large beech-tree. Lady Davencour greeted her visitors warmly, and then Si Leonard, taking his daughter's unwilling hand, led her to Miss Digby. He introduced them in a few words, and Ethel, raising her proud, frank eyes, looked

upon the face of the woman who was to ross her life so fatally.

of her anger were the first to feel the charm of her generous, kindly manner. She was quick to forgive; if she hurt any one's feelings she would do all in her power to atone for it. It was not wonderful that she was loved; she was well worth loving.

She was the very light of Sir Leonard's eyes, the joy of his heart, his pride and his delight. He had thought at first of sending her to school, but she had resolutely refused to go. Her refusal was accompanied by such endearing caresses, such a WAR PRICES. Average Monthly Rate of Consols During nied by such endearing caresses, such a charm of manner, such loving words that Sir Leonard could not be angry; and from Sir Leonard could not be angry; and from that moment her triumphant rule com-menced. A long-suffering line of govern-esses had tried their best to educate her, but it had been found a difficult, almost impossible task. She had caricatured them, mimicked them, caressed them, defied them—did everything, in short but obey the whole period of the Crimean war will be interesting. We give also the dates of the chief events: Event. them. One more courageous than the resi went to complain to Sir Leonard.

"Miss Gordon will not obey," said the unfortunate lady. "What am I to do with The Gordons are accustomed to comnand, not to obey," said the child.

A wise father would have compelled obedience — would have punished the mutin-ous speech. But Sir Leonard was not wise.

and dress has owner ladies in her position and Sir Leonard could not refuse her. "She brought plenty of money to Foun-tayne, and she must have all she wants," he was in the habit of saying to himself

so that, during her lifetime even, his hair grew grey, and deep lines came upon his

the quick impetuous Gordon temper, the Gordon pride. She had all the virtues and

many of the failings that characterized her

Ethel Gordon had the faults that gener-

her anger were the first to feel the charm

He merely said, sadly:

"People must learn to obey, Ethel, before they know how to command; the greatest men have yielded the most implicit oedience."
"So would I to you, papa, but I cannot

to those tiresome complaining women; they always look ready to cry. I do not like governesses and shall be glad when I can do without them."

The whole household was kept in such a continual turmoil by the warfare between

Miss Gordon and her helpless instructors that it was a real relief to Sir Leonard when the last of them went away. Ethel was sixteen then, and she gravely declared her education to be finished.

erness in the house,"

It was wonderful what an amount of knowledge she had obtained; she had read every book that was within her reach, she had made herself familiar with all the had made herself familiar with all the poets, she had a mind stored with all kinds of information—some of it quaint enough. She had taken to music naturally, as birds take to song. She played with the most exqusite taste; it seemed as though the half-awakened soul found its voice in her glorious gift of song. If she had been the daughter of poorer people, her destiny must have been the stage, her voice was of the rarest beauty—a contralto full of sweetness. Much as she disliked all trainsweetness. Much as she disliked all training and discipline she had submitted to anything with regard to her music—long hours of practice, perseverance in exercises—and the result was that she sang with a taste and skill rarely equalled. Sir Leonard was very proud of this gift; there was no pleasure greater to him than that which he derived from his daughter's musical talent.

From her earliest girlhood she had been accustomed to have the full control of her father's house. While barely old enough to know the name of the different dishes, she had been accustomed to give orders for

had been accustomed to give orders for dinner; and the servants had been accus-tomed to look to her for orders. Child though she was, she had taken the greatest interest in her father's guests; nothing was ever done without consulting her.
Accustomed as she had been to the most complete sway and control over everything and every one, it seemed to her now very hard that this power must pass from her

hard that this power must pass from her into a stranger's hands.

For some time past it had been dawning upon Sir Leonard that with all his daughter's beauty and accomplishments, she was in many respects untrained; by this time he had begun to see that in reality he had fostered and encouraged her faults, not corrected them. Childish passion, when the lovely little face had flushed orimson, and the tiny foot had been stamped upon the floor, was one thing; anger so frankly disfloor, was one thing; anger so frankly dis-played by a young girl was different. Love of rule and pride of power were amusing in a child; in a grown girl they were not

Then the world, in its interfering fashion, had begun to tell him how much better it would be if he had some lady to chaperon his daughter—how much better it would be if she had some lady companion. When the offer came from the Austrian Ambassador the motter of the stream the source and the stream the source and the source of the source o the offer came from the Austrian Ambas-sador, the matter seemed pressing upon him; it was impossible that he should take her with him; yet it seemed equally impossible that he should leave her at home. There was nothing for it but find-ing a chaperon for her; and who would be so unexceptionable in every way as the lady he was hoping to marry? He shrank at first from telling Ethel his resolve but there was no escape; and her resolve, but there was no escape; and her reception of it was more favorable than he had dared to hope.

CHAPTER III. Through the green lanes, where the hedges were one mass of bloom, where the hawthorn gave out its fragrance, and the hawthorn gave out its fragrance, and the woodbines trailed their long sprays; where starry primroses from their green leaves looked like great golden stars; where the purple violets hid themselves between the fern leaves; where the tall trees met overhead, and the sunshine, passing through the thick branches, fell in golden splendor—through the ancient woods, ringing with the musical song of the birds, great sheets of wild hyacinth and bluebells, which stretched out like the waves of a blue sea, stirring faintly in the warm spring breeze—rode Sir Leonard and his daughter. It was a very paradise of beauty, of music, and sweet perfume.

But neither the smiles of the sun, nor the song of the birds, nor the scent of the flowers brought any brightness to Ethel Gordon. More than once during their ride Sir Leonard turned to her, and said:

Sir Leonard turned to her, and said:
"I wish you would look more cheerful

think of marrying again for my special benefit, but I suppose you know best." It was a relief to Sir Leonard to reach Chantry court.

"You will be sure to like Miss Digby,
Ethel," he said; "you will not be able to
help it—she is so amiable, so kind of heart,

must impress upon you that it is unlady

In view of the probability of war between England and Russia the following table of the average monthly rate of consols during

Jan.-British and French fleets enter Black nne-Invasion of the Crimes ordered. -Allied forces land. Alma won... -Attack on Sebastopol; Balaklava Bad weather
Bad management
Bad management
Bad management
Bad management
Bad management
Bad weather
Bad weather
Bad weather
Bad weather
Bad weather
Bad weather
Bad weather une -Repulse of allies before Redan and -Russian repulse of Tchernya...

-Fall of Kars...

-Congress of Paris open

A Middletown, N. Y., letter says: Patrick Doyle has a cow on his dairy farm near this village whose life is made miserable by a hen's singular attachment for her. For over a year the hen has been an in-separable companion of the cow, and spends all of the time, when not on her nest or joining the other chickens when they are fed, perched on the cow's back. There she roosts at night, whether the cow may be in the barn, the barnyard or the pasture. The cow does not approve of this close companionship; and is always tryin to shake the hen off her back or whish he to shake the hen off her back or whish her off with her tail. The hen is always prepared for these attempts, and when the cow lowers her head and shakes her shoulders the hen trots along her back beyond the effects of the shaking. If this brings her within reach of a possible whisk of the cow's tail, she watches it closely, and at the first movement of that appendage she trots back again to a place of safety between the cow's horns. At times the cow will suddenly start on a dead run around a field or the barnyard, lowering her head, lashing her tail, and bellowing, as if to lashing her tail, and bellowing, as if to terrify the hen into taking her departure The hen will then scramble to and fro or the cow's back to maintain her position, bu the result of this manceuvre on the part of the cow is, nine times out of ten, to force its unwelcome companion to fly off. The cow is no sooner at rest than the hen steal up and mounts again to her perch. This amusing scene is witnessed almost daily by

people who go to the farm for the purpos

Where we Get the Auphalt. I never look at the asphalt pavement or roll along over its smooth surface in a carriage without thinking of the curious island and the still more singular place from which the material is procured. In about the centre of the Island of Trinidad a dot in the Carribbean See, just off the coast of Venezuela, there is an asphalt lake. It is said to cover about one hundred acres and is apparently inexhaustible. It is black sandy substance and is believed to h or the substance is that, although about afty thousand tons are taken out of this lake annually, it constantly fills up so that there is no lessening of the supply. This singular lake of paying material is owned singular lake of paying material is owned by the Venezuelan Government, but leased to a company in Washington, of which a man named A. L. Barber is President. They have a fleet of schooners running to Trinidad, and having a monopoly of the business they import vast quantities of the material.—Philadelphia Times.

The title of the Turkish Amba The title of the Turkish Ambassador to England is His Excellency Hassan Fehmi Pasha, Euvoy Extraordinary from His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of all the Turks, the Commander of the Faithful, the Shadow of God upon Earth and the Caliph of Islam. He is between 40 and 50 years of age, well-built, of medium size, and his singularly expressive oval face is dark without being swarthy. His fine eyes are full of intelligence; his high forehead is furrowed by care and anxiety; his chestnut brown beard is carefully trimmed and a Turkish fez covers his slightly silvered hair. At a New York fire on Sunday Officer

Ocogan valiantly dashed upstairs, and seeing a little golden-haired form in the bed in one of the rooms, quickly wrapped a quilt about it and said soothingly, "Don't quilt about it and said soothingly, "Don't be scared, dear; I'll take care of you." Then he made his way back to the street, and heard little Emily Pebau exclaim joyfully, "O, that geod policeman has saved my big wax doll!" Coogan took a look at the golden-haired form, resigned it to its owner, and hurried to the station house to file an application for a night off.

BEVIVING A LOST ART. What Women Can do With a Pair of Scis-

sors and Tissue Paper. In the good old days "before the war,' when the stout matron of to-day was a demure and dainty maiden, she was taught along with water color painting, jack-inthe box curtises and the manipulation of Allan Poe or his beautiful Annabel. They balloon skirts, how to make paper flowers.

Merchant Fleets of the World.

It may be said that one-half of the world's tonnage engaged in carrying the world's commerce on the high seas sails under the flag of Great Britain. The seagoing merchant fleets of all nationalities aggregate about 56,000 vessels, and about 23,000,000 tons. The tremendous preponderance of England in the carrying trade of the world and the order in which competing nations follow her long lead are shown in this table of approximate figures:

Vessels. It may be said that one-half of the

a part of the commerce of the world, the supremacy of Great Britain is exhibited in a still more striking way:

lorway..... lermany..

9,232,000 5,919,000 France ......... United States.. England's steam tonnage is almost ten

times as great as that of her nearest rival France. It is ten times the steam tonnag of the United States, and forty times Rus The British flag covers nearly twothirds of all the ocean steamers affoat Latest Scottish News.

Abergeldie estate, on which is situated

the castle used as a Highland residence by the Prince of Wales, is to be greatly im-At a meeting of combined Liberal Asso ciations on the 3:d inst. Mr. A. Craig-Sellar, M.P., was adopted as the Liberal candidate for East Lothian. It is reported that Sir James Fergusson,

Conservative interest. Miss Duthie, of Ruthriesson, the public educational and charitable institutions of Aberdeen have the sum of £10,500 divided abstinent. There is no other way of defendamonest them.

agreed to send in designs for the statue of Wallace which it is proposed to erect on the corbel for that purpose on the Wallace to have to add. At least, I am sure most onument at Stirling. Sir Thomas McIlraith, ex Premier of

ntimated that he will give £1,000 towards any expedition from that colony to assist A movement has been set on foot to have a memorial to General Gordon erected in Aberdeen by members of the family and clan of Gordon. The movement is a work people who are laid in the second with the second

note regarding the famous Oakland low; English-bred strains of Jersey cattle have false been drawn upon to improve American herds, and one was introduced into Canada some years ago by Mr. Sheldon S. Stephens, of Montreal, chiefly selected from the Queen's farm at Windsor; to this was later added another English line, springing originally from the herd of Philip Dauncey, of Berks, and imported to the United States by Mr. Peter Le Clair, of Winooski, Vermont, from whom Mr. Stephens procured the bull Stoke Pogis 3rd. A wonderful family of butter cows was the result of this combination, the most noted of which is Mary Anne of St. Lambert, the property of Valancey E. Fuller, of Hamilton, Ontario. She surpassed the year's test of Eurotas, in Mr. Darling's herd, by giving 867 pounds 142 ounces of butter in eleven months and five days, and under official inspection by a committee of the American Jersey Cattle Club gave 36 pounds 12 ounces in seven days, both of which tests remain unequalled. It happens that her sire was closely descended through double lines in the winch and five days, both of which tests remain unequalled. It happens that her sire was closely descended through double lines in the winch and for the sire of Eurotas.

Jerseys Owned by Women.

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Jerseys Owned by Women.

It is a noticeable feature of the advancement of the Jersey interest that many ladies become deeply interested in the welfare of their husband's herds; in fact, quite a number of herds are registered in the ownership of ladies. The subject affords a wider field of profit than the poultry business, and gratifies a spirit of legitimate speculation that is not unpleasing the female mind where suitable opportunity occurs for its indulgence. The dairy, which is an almost inseparable companion to the breeding herd if any considerable number of cows are kept, is a feature of no little importance, and one that, to be successful, requires a peculiar and the companion of the Edinburgh From Gladstone. At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council on the 23rd ult. a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone asking to be allowed to undertake the restoration of the Market Cross. He expressed an earnest desire, as representative of the county, to leave beaind him that small but visible record of graceful acknowledgment and sincere affection conferred in a form closely associated with local and national traditions. He suggested the entrance to Parliament Square as the site of the memorial. The matter was referred to the Lord Provost's Committee. feature of no little importance, and one that, to be successful, requires a peculiar care that is seldom disassociated from a greater degree of intelligence (one may almost say refinement) than is often found among hired help. Where it is conducted among hired help. Where it is conducted on a large scale it necessitates the employment of expert help: but many an owner of Jerseys in a mall way has failed to get his butter to suit him until his wife became sufficiently interested to study the subject that was once her grandmother's pride and special accomplishment, and take the matter in hand.—Hark Comstock, in Harser's Managine for May.

SWEET ANNABEL LEE. Queer Story That is Worthy of Poe's Imagination.

About three years ago, says the Portchester

Marrison & Kathung

(N.Y) Journal, the people of Fordham determined they would remove the village graveyard. Few of them knew of Edgar the box curtsies and the manipulation of ballon skirts, how to make paper flowers. Then the art fell into disuse, and as the girls progressed from their teens to their forties they put aside their solesors and tissue paper, and in their place succeeded hair work, wax flowers, embroidery and crazy quilts. Now the flowers are blooming again. Old ladies who have not forgotten how and girls who are just learning and wish to be in the fashion spend their spare moments in snipping bright colored tissues and crimping them into roses that are as gorgeous as painted lilies.

So universal has the craze become that even high art and Kensington work are affected by it. Since it became "the thing "it has proved a bonanza for the stationery men, who have boomed the price of tissue paper from a penny to a nickel a sheet. Recently three schools have been established in the city to furnish instruction in the art. The products are used to fill baskets for set prices, trim gas shades and ornament a room in various ways. As prevalent a way as any is to utilize them as buttonhole bouquets and trimming to ball dresses. A paper daisy in the lapel of a dress coat is very lasting, realistic and and ornament a room in various ways. As prevalent a way as any is to utilize them as buttonhole bouquets and trimming to ball dresses. A paper daisy in the lapel of a dress coat is very lasting, realistic and above is but a part of as weird and uncanny a story as any Poe ever wrought out of his peculiarly uncanny imagination. This sequel has but recently come to our know-ledge and every item in it can be proven much more satisfactorily than many inci-dents of Poe's daily life and habits. Names and places are withheld in this article, but can be furnished on demand. In the same coom in which the bones of sweet Annabel Lee were kept, waiting the transfer into the hands of relatives in Baltimore, was also jealously guarded the original manuscript of "The Raven," which was destined to a place in the corner-stone of the Poe monument. Late one afternoon, while the window happened to be opened, a raven flew in and lighted on the portfolio containing the precious manuscript. The gentleman in the room was, as can be readily conceived, at first much startled, Rusy 2,300 600,0.0

Russia 2,300 600,0.0

England's tonnage on the ocean highways is between four and five times that of the United States. It is seven times that of Norway, eight times that of Germany, ten times that of France, eleven times that of Italy, and eighteen times that of Russia. If the comparison is confined to steamships, which now carry so large and so important a part of the commerce of the world, the supremacy of Great Britain is exhibited in a still more striking way: desire for a tame crow. Thinking the raven as worthy of a place in that household as a crow would be, the "gentleman in New York who knew much of Poe's life" induced the druggist to return him the raven, which he forthwith sent to the lady before mentioned, and in whose home it still (unless recently lost or deceased) lives

a quiet and uneventful life. Why Doctors Don't Catch Disease, "Some men," remarked Captain Horton, "can move in the midst of pestilence and miasmata, and never seem any the worse, How, for instance, do you doctors defend

your fortress?"
"I'm glad you asked the question. We defend the fortress first by using ordinary precautions. We will not, if possible, breathe more infected air than we can help, We will not be stupidly rash. Depend upon it, my friend, that when Dr. Abernothy kicked his foot through the pane of glass in his patient's room, because he couldn't get him to have his window down, the excellent physician was thinking as much about his own safety as that of his patient. ex-Governor of Bombay, will contest the northwestern division of Ediaburgh in the pestilence. The body must be kept up to the health standard. In times of epidemi

ing the fortress of life against invisible Four eminent Scottish sculptors have foes."

This living according to rule," said my

people find it so."

"Few people," I replied, "think of doing anything of the sort," until actual danger to life stares them in the face. Some one else, I believe, has made a remark similar to this Queensland, a native of Scotland, has before now, but it is worthy of being

elan of Gordon. The movement is appropriately headed by the Marquis of Huutly, the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Aberdeen, and is almost certain of success.

necessary."
"How very true that is, Horton! Why, "How very true that is, Horton! Why, in careful regulation of diet—a diet that should incline to the asstemious—we have one of the best defences against invisible foes of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we care the fine of the best defences against invisible foes of all kinds. This is one of our posts, and should be held at all risks, if we care also been drawn upon to improve American

A suit for \$5,000 damages has been insti-tuted by a resident of Rome, Ga., against a local grocer who displayed in front of his store a card with the name of the prosecutor on it and the words "deadbeat \$6.38." Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to Queen Victoria, has written a letter authoritatively denying that members of the royal family are believers in spiritual-

matter in hand.—Hark Comstock, in Harper's Magazine for May.

Since the present Czar of Russia came to the throne all the cannon required for the Russian fleet have been manufactured at Rome. Under preceding Czars they have been purchased in Germany.

At the quarterly meeting of the Viennese Tailors' Trade Guild, the Chairman made this unexpected announcement, that for the Russian fleet have been manufactured at Rome. Under preceding Czars they have been purchased in Germany.