CHAPTER XXIX.

The old stone mansion at Beecheliff was full of company all those lovely summer months. The croquet lawn glittered with pright dresses; the wide old halls and stairnases echoed to the sound of gay voices, and he sober, steady going old denizers of Deeplale opened their eyes wide at the stories of he city people, and their splendid fashion it doing things, which were extant through he neighbourhood. This staff of life was hat which best suited Mrs. Belamere. She iked society; she delighted his surrounding serself with an atmosphere of congenial miety and brightness. She herself was the dithest spirit, the sunniest and most merry if the party; and, to see her in the bright tomzins of her own home, no one would wer have suspected the existence of the one lark shadow of her life—the Nemesis that rooded continually at her hearthstone, oisoning her gayes bours and instance.

of her daily life, in the shape of Giuseppe Antonardi.

Yet the old housekeeper at Beecheliff thought that Mr. Giuseppe was certainly the most useful attendant, the most gentlemanly person that ever condescended to read the newspaper in her special sitting-room, and to entertain her with his amusing and instructive conversation. And then, too, he was so considerate of the other servants—so little disposed to take advantage of his position as Mrs. Delamere's confidential major-domo and chief adviser in charge of the household. If Mrs. Hyde had been ten years younger, she certainly would have lost her heart to Mr. Giuseppe. As it was, she mingled her admiration with a spice of semi-maternal kindness, which took a definite shape in hot cups of coffee at all sorts of unnatural hours, the easiest chair in the sanctum she called her own, and the choicest morsels at table.

"Mr. Giuseppe has seen better days," she would tell the other servants, reprovingly, when any of them, driven to desperate measures by her glaring partiality, would venture to utter a remonstrance, "He is not an ordinary lackey. I don't assert the fact for certain—I have no ambority to do so—but it had lived. Would you have been happier then. Ida?"

"Happier when?" Ida had been watching a brilliant carom run, made by Miss Victoria Lyndhurst, a New York belle, and had lost Angie's words. "Two arches and the stake—that was capital?"

"I mean, Ida, happier if Bex had lived?"

"If," repeated Ida, impatiently. "Oh, Angie, who can tell? What is the use of questioning ourselves about what isn't and can't be?"

For Ida dared not tell this pale, single-hearted young girl that she had been happier far as Rex's widow than she had ever been as his wife.

"Are you vexed with me, Ida?" penitently asked Angie.

"No, little goose, I'm not."

"And you're sure you are quite, quite, happy?"

"Yes, quite. There, Angie, they're calling for you—it's your turn."

sures by her glaring partiality, would venture to utter a remonstrance. "He is not an ordinary lackey. I don't assert the fact for certain—I have no authority to do so—but it is my private opinion that Mr. Giuseppe is an exiled Italian nobleman, banished from his country for noble republican opinions, and compelled to seek an honest livelihoood in a way little suited to the manner of his birth."

"Fudge!" observed Perkins, the coachman. "A nobleman, indeed! I guess I am just about as much of a nobleman as he is. But these foreign fellows always turn the women's heads."

It was a bright evening in July, just after

success, stood opposite, tapping the toe of her french slipper with the end of her mallet.

It was a bright evening in July, just after sunset, and the campany at Beechcliff, with one or two exceptions, was assembled on the croquet ground. This Beechcliff croquet ground was, in its way, the prettiest spot in all the domains—a smooth lawn, kept like short velvet by the scythe and roller, the western or lower end walled in by a dense hedge of laurel, the eastern bounded by a high, sloping terrace, divided in the centre by a flight of half a dozen marble steps, crowned on either side by shallow marble urns or vases, from which fell long, awinging trails of ivy and perriwinkle, and white and purple masses of blossoming petnnias, on the other two sides trees and shubbery formed natural partitions, so that the crequet

flower parterres, it seemed like a picture by Watteau: the guests scattered here and there some playing with real excitement and genaine interest in the game, others using balf and mallet as a cover for sly flirtations or open badinage, the bright fluttering of diaphanous summer dresses, the glitter of jewels, and the glow of ribbons, the chime of voices and laughter, and the click of the painted spheres of wood one against the other, while the hostess, sitting on a chair of light ironwork, painted to imitate mossy branches of twisted wood, near the foot of the terrace steps, looked on, smiling and amused at the festive scene which surrounded her.

Ida Delamere, at twenty-three, was different from the Ida Delamore of sixteen—yet easentially the same. She had been a rose-bud then—she was a que-nly rose, in its fullest, most royal blossoming now. Her skin, smooth and pink-tinted as a waxen japonica, yet retained the dazzling bloom and fine-grained freshness of early youth; her hair, no longer hanging in loose masses of ebon curls over her shoulders, was coiled in a heavy purple black rope round the back of her head, and confined there with a coral comb, sweeping away from her low, broad forehead in a rippling line; but the soft, languideyes, with their heavy lids and long, curled lashes, and the full, strawberry-red lips, were the same as seven years ago. Ida had not changed—she had only matured. There was a picturesque, unconscious grace in her attitude, as she sat there in a white grenadine dress, whose full, glistening folds lay around her on the grass, like fleeoy ridges of vapour, and a searf of the same material, bordered with narrow threads of gold-coloufed velvet, and a gold fringe, was drawn loosely around her shoulders. Evidently she retained her old taste for colour and sparkle, for long drops of coral were pendent from her delicate ears, and her Velenciennes collar was fastened by a coral brooch of exquisite tint and workmanship, while her slender wrists were encircled by coral serpents, with glittering diamond eyes. A bonquet of palegreen mignonette was fastened in her belt, drinsing a faint breath of fragrance every time she turned or moved, and one hand, loaded with rich rings, whose glimmer made tiny partly-coloured rainbows with the restless play of the tiny lingers, was touching the fair hair of Angie Gresham, who sat on the grass at her feet.

Angie looked very sweet and girlish in her plain blue muslin dress, without an ornament except the agate brooch which had been her mother's a quarter of a century ago, and the blue ribbon which knotted back her bright flaxen hair. For Angie was only a country rector's dangher, and was necessitated t

"I heard the click myself!" persisted Mr. Forsyth.

"I am quite sure the balls hit," interposed Angie, forgetting her timidity in the interest of the point.

"And I'm sure they didn't." said Miss Lyndhurat, sharply. "I played croquet all last season at Newport, and I think I ought to know!"

"It isn't a question of experience," said Captain Gracie, "it's a matter of plain truth and common sense, Mrs. Delamere, you

look.

"But I'll waive the privilege, if Miss Lyndhurst wishes," she said innocently, anxious to avert the coming storm.

"I beg your pardon," said Victoria, in cold, constrained accents. "On no account will I allow any such Quixotic courtesy. Go on—let the game go on."

"Certainly—by all means," said Captain Gracie. "I don't see why Miss Gresham should concede anything to the opposite party."

Tarty."

Thus adjudged, Angie placed her ball beside that of Miss Lyndhurst, and put her slender foot upon it—but she was nervous and excited, and her stroke was uncertain and misdirected. Victoria's ball rolled but a few feet off, and then came to a stand-

Miss Lyndhurst coloured, and her redbrown eyes took a redder sparkle. She liked
to be queen in her circle, wherever it was,
and Angie Gresham was attracting altogether
too much attention to be agreeable to her.

"Perhaps, Captain Gracie, you will kindly
allow Miss Gresham to play, unless you wish
the game to last until midnight. There is no
moon, and we can hardly expect Mrs. Delamere to illuminate the croquet ground for
our behalf."

"Croquet by starlight lan't bad if you
have the right kind of partier," said Mr.
Cleve, with an admiring glance at Angie,
which was gall and wormwood to the New
York belle.

York belle.
"There are a lot of coloured Chinese lan

"I think it was," said Angie, timidly.
"It was not," repeated Victoria, with calm

"But I heard the click," interposed Mr.

"how nice it must have been! I doso delight in bals masquerades."

Nor were Victoria's the only eyes which were on Angie, as she sauntered through the wire gateway which led to the rose gardens. Ida, from her position in the midst of a group of her guests, saw who the girl's companion was, and smiled to herself.

"Well, let them go," she thought. "I have suspected this growing fancy for some time. He is worthy of her, and she—it needs no second sight to see that she is fast falling under the enchantment of 'love's young dream!" Poor little Angie. I wonder how it seems to be really in love!"

Angie Gresham looked guiltly at the clock as she entered the drawing-room that night. "Past nine," she thought. "Who could have imagined it was so late? But they are all so busy talking over the garden-party that nobody saw me come in; that's one comfort."

"Nobody saw her come in!" Poor, unsophisticated Angie! as if a dozen pairs of eyes had not marked her entrance; first and keenest of which were the red-brown orbs of Victoria Lyndhurst, who was sitting in one of the bay windows amusing herseit by trying to flirt with Mr. Carisforde, who didn't understand the most elementary principles of that innocent little diversion.

"He's a doit," thought Victoria, "but he's better than no one." terns about the house somewhere," and Ids,
"I daresay, if Victoria wishes, we could
illuminate the ground very prettily,"

"Dear Mrs. Delamere," dried Victoria,
turning with her sweetest smile, "Living at
Beechcliff is like being the possessor of
Aladdin's lamp. There is absolutely nothing
which you cannot do." which you cannot do."

Ida elevated her eyebrows slightly. Miss Lyndhurst was almost too demonstrative to suit her taste; and in the same instant Angie struck the orange-banded ball. It followed the line of Miss Lyndhurs', passing under two arches, and rolling up close to the black-striped ball which belonged to the New York beanty. CHAPTER XXX.

beauty.

"Capital!" ejaculated Mr. Cleve. "Miss Lyndhuist is at your power, Miss Gresham.

Better even than I expected. Croquet her off the ground at once—she's a dangerous opponent." MR. DUDLEY'S FRIEND. pponent."
Angle advanced with brightened eyes, and Angie advanced with brightened eyes, and heightening colour to take the advantage she believed herself to have gained; but Miss Lyndhurst stepped forward with curious promptitude.

"Stop, if you please, Miss Gresham," she said, even while Angie's foot was on the ball; "that wasn't a croquet!"

"Not a croquet!" cried Captain Gracie.
"By the Newbort Manual and Captain Mayne Reid's method, but it was!"

"It bink it was "said Angie timidly."

MR. DUDLEY'S FRIEND.

"When is Mr. Dudley coming?" asked Miss Victoria Lyndhurst of her hostess, as the ladies all sat in a certain large room, whose French casements opened on the lawn. All the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, for, as it was a rainy day, the others were dispersed in library, billiard-room, and music-room, amusing themselves in a masculine manner. Miss Lyndhurst was embroidering on Java cauvas, Angie Gresham was hemming a set of pocket handkercuiefs for her father, and Mrs. Delamere, after her own indolent fashion, was reclining on a low sofs, looking very pretry, and doing nothing at all.

tall.
"Mr. Dudley?" said Ida, looking up from sort of day dream she was indulging in, mail-unconscious of the merry medley of cices around her.
"Yes; I do hope he will be here for our arden-party."

"But I heard the click," interposed Mr. Forsyth.

"Of course," said Victoria, bitterly, "the gentlemen will all swear that Miss Gresham is right—she seems to be a very popular person here—" the e last words spoken with a bitterness whose edge was not taken off by the little rippling "society" laugh that followed them. "But as I happen to be in full possession of my senses, I don't like to doubt their evidence."

"How is it, Mr. Lyndhurst?" demanded Cleve, flushed and eager, of the umpire; "is the croquet ruled out?"

Mr. Lyndhurst, uncle to the few Victoria, and not a little in awe of her, looked puzzled. "Yes; I do hope he will be here for our garden-party."

"I suppose he is coming to-day."

"To-day? Oh, that will be charming! He is the very companion for a rainy day in the country. When may we expect him?"

"I forget—if I ever knew," said Ida, laughing. "I gave his note to Giuseppe, and that is the end of it, so far as I am concerned. Giuseppe will see that it is all right."

"What a treasure that Italian courier of yours must be." said Mrs. Forsyth. "He seems to assume every responsibility, and see to everything."

"Yea," said Ida, but she did not apparently care to pursue the subject.

"What does the captain of the other side say?".

Mr. Carisforde, a Bridgeport banker, pulled his mustache reflectively. As captain of Miss Lyndhurst's party he felt himself bound to support her side, and yet he actually believed Angie to be right.

"I leave itentirely to the umpire," he said, that being the simplest way out of the perplexity which presented itself to him.

"Weil—I don't know—it's a mooted question," hesitated the umpire.

"You're quite sure about it, Victoria?"

"There isn't the shadow of a doubt on the subject, uncle."

"I heard the click myself!" persisted Mr. Forsyth.

Yes," said Ida, but she did not apparently care to pursue the subject.
"Where did you come across him?" asked
Miss Lyndhurst.
"In Paris," answered Mrs. Delamere,
"When you were living there? directly
after your marriage? Why, I thought he
told my husband he had known you from a
child?"

child?"

"So he has," said Ida, vexed at feeling the hot blood glow to her forehead. "He was a servant in my uncle's service when I was a child." child."
"Your uncle, dear Mrs. Delamere?" echoed
Mrs. Forsyth, who had rather a genus for
asking questions. "I thought you had no
relatives living." "I have none; my uncle has long been

"Permit me to make my bow," he said, lightly, "and at the same time apologize for my neglect in postponing it for so long. But, before breakfast I should not have had the audacity to present myself before so many beauties at once."

Mr. Dudley was at home immediately with all in the room, and had a pleasant word or an arch challenge of defiance for each and everyone of them.

"But you have not told me yet why you did not keep your word, and come last week instead of this," said Mrs. Delamere, when, after making the circuit of the apartment, Mr. Dudley at length settled down on a chair, near the sofa.

"Have I had a chance?" demanded Mr. Dudley, with an injured countenance. "Or ean you for a moment imagine that any but the best of reasons would keep me away from Beechcliff? By the way, while I think of it, let me congratulate you on your cook. I neverin my life tasted such an omelette as was placed before me this morning; and as for the coffee, I assure you, upon my honour, it was as good as Delmonico's! And that tall, foreign-voiced servant who waited on me—Gluseppe, I think they called him—he is the prince of serving men!"

"Gluseppe, I think they called him—he is the prince of serving men!"

"One of your late husband's servants?".

"No," Ida bit her lips; would people never leave off asking questions about Gluseppe? "But I don't see, Mr. Dudley, what this has to do with your reason."

"A very gentle hint to me, to mind my own business," Ida could not but smile here at the correctness of his conjecture, though she made a slight disclaiming motion of her hand. "Well, but I really had a reason, and that reason is—a friend."

"A friend?"

"The unexpected arrival of a friend from Scotland, the adopted son, or nephew or something, of old Admiral Tyndale, of Glenholme. They were very attentive to me last year when I was in Scotland, and the Admiral is the soul of old-time hospitality, and as this gentleman is to be in America but a few weeks, I feel it to be my duty to devote myself entirely to his society. Nor will and exited, and her stroke was uncertain and miscirected. Victoria's bail rolled but a faw feet off, and then came to a sharp of the sest of reasons would keep me away fro temptiously, "you haven't gained such an advantage after all."

"I am glad of it," said Angie, impulsively, "I didn't want to take the croquet, but Mrs. Forcyth miscited."

"What magnaninity!" meered Miss Inyadously, "on haven't was the college of the troiter of the troiter of the troiter of the troiter of the could not be treed in the collement of the even'ty contested gain, the little altercation between the rectors daughter and the New York belle was forgetten by all save one—Victoria Lyndhursts herself.

When the game was over she stood chash the work of the could not be treed to the could not have a root of the rose gardens.

Wavesty Cleve was a good-looking mamore than this, he was a rich man, and a raining man in the world of politics. Victoria had a duantaweed to scoure an invitation to Beechediff, because Mr. Cleve was to spend the mission of the rose gardens.

"I as country case I can saily section." In a country case I can saily section." In a country case I can saily section in the world of politics. Victoria had lost to work and the country give the country give the country give the propose."

"I as a country case I can saily section in the world of the politics with the mission of her old skill in augling. Mr. Waverley Cleve Mrs. I can saily section of the field and count of the rows and the country give to have consended the country give the co

aim, if you bring him here !" exclaimed Victoria Lyndhurst, clapping her hands.

"Take care!" cried Mr. Dudley. "Do you threaten chains?"

"Yes; but the chains shall be of gold and light as gossamer," "answered Victoria.

"I shall be sure to warn him beforehand," said Dudley, shaking his head solennly.

"It's all well enough for a desperate old bachelor like myself! but a sensitive young foreigner—"

"He is young, then?" asked Victoria.

"Yes, and good-looking—just what you ladies would call 'splendid."

"And what is it we ladies would call 'splendid?" demanded Miss Lyndhurst.

"Come, I insist upon the details."

"Well, he is very 'tall, and he is very dark, with a beard and moustache like floss-silk."

"Black?"

"Black?"
"Yes; or so dark a brown that one would call them black; a bronzed complexion, and a pensive, piratical sort of an air.
"Piratical!" repeated Mrs, Forsyth, with

"Piratical!" repeated Mrs. Forsyth, with a little coream.

"Yes, like the Corsair, you know, or Edgar di Lammermoor, or Rochester in "Jane Eyre'!—the sort of thing that goes down with women—grand, gloomy, and peculiar. Very accomplished, too; speaks all sorts of languages, and is particularly good company. Oh," added Mr. Dudley, with another shake of the head, "its very disinterested of me to bring him. here—he'll cut me out with everybody in the room."

"At all events we shall give him the chance," said Mrs. Delamere. "When may we expect you both down here as regular sojourners?"

"Some time this week; that is, if he will consent to make a visit where he is unacquainted."

"But you must insist that he consents."

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Delamere; and in the meantime who will join me in a game of billiards until time for the evening train?"

There was no lack of answers to this challeuge, and presently Mr. Dudley was engaged in a brisk game in the billiard-room which was on another story.

"Miss Lyndhurst!" he cried, suidenly, "where are you going? Your turn is after mine."

"Excase me just one moment," said Victoria hurriedly. "I have dropped an earring on the stairs, I think."

"Allow me to go and look for it," said Captain Gracie, promptly advancing.

"On, no, not by any means. I'm pretty sure where I dropped it. I will not be an instant."

"Humph!" mused Mr. Dudley, as he went on with his play, "I saw her slip the earring into her pocket half a minute ago, just after Waverley Cleve passed the door with that pretty girl in blue. It's Waverley Cleve she's going to look after, not the earring. So she hasn't got over that iniatuation about Waverley Cleve yet. Well," it's no business of mine."

Mr. Dudley's legal mind had drawn the correct inferences. Miss Lyndhurst had gone

business of mine."

Mr. Dudley's legal mind had drawn the correct inferences. Miss Lyndhurst had gone to look after Waverley Cleve.

Crossing the wide, empty hall, with a step light as that of a she-panther, Victoria Lyndhurst slowly entered the narrow corridor, which communicated with the side entrance to the conservatory, and standing quite still just within the tropical forest or plants, ferns, and blossoming vines which filled the glazed inclosure, she listened, the light in her eyes glowing as a coal fire glows in the twilight—red and deep and flickering.

She listened; nor was it in vain, for Cleve's voice, low-pitched and gentle, fell on her ear in an instant. Evidently they were talking of some flower which they were examining.

her play.

"I am not to be taken at any unfair disadvantages now," she said, with affected artlessness. "Mr. Cleve is here to advise me."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Dudley, dryly.

"Did you find the earring?"

"The earring?" Victoria, thrown off her guard for the moment, turned red and uttered a little forced laugh. "No, I did not find it, but it don's matter."

"I think I know where it is," said Mr. Dudley with a spice of malice. "If you will look in your pocket you will find it exactly where you put it yourself five minutes ago!"

"Did I?" Victoria Lyndhurst's laugh was exceedingly hearty now, as it rang out at her own expense. "Good gracious, how absent-minded I am becoming! And to think what a search for it I had, too!"

Mr. Dudley smiled; yet, as he encountered Victoria Lyndhurst's eyes, he could not but think that there was something dangerous in them.

"I had hatter, have hald my tongue" he

but think that there was something dangerous in them.

"I had better have held my tongue." he thought, "but nevertheless there is a solid satisfaction in unmasking the girl, and allowing her to see that her little manneuvers do not blind me!"

Mr. Dudley returned to New York in the afternoon train, and Miss Lyndhurst was glad of it. She had a lurking consciousness that Mr. Dudley saw through her artifices, and Miss Victoria Lyndhurst did not like to be watched.

To be continued.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked:—"Is that a butter-fly, mamma?"

According to the New Orleans Picayune, if

A lady in this city o

An amorous swain who is courting a girl and trying to please the old man at the same time is said to be very par tackler in his at-

"No," said a' Philadelphia bride, "I am not willing that our wedding tour should include the Yellowstone park. Yellow don't agree with my complexion."

"The things we call women " are, according to Miss Swisshelm, of Chicago, "simply small-packages of aches and pains done up in velvet and lace, and topped off with ostrich plumes."

plumes."

A young woman in Eric has married her brother's wife's father. By this arrangement she becomes her brother's mother-in-law, and thus the young man has only one boss instead of two.

"Can the Old Love!" is the title of a novel. That's generally the way of it. They can the old love as soon as it becomes the least bit old and put it away to keep, while something a trifler fresher is brought out for daily use. Shingles were split in Tennessee the other day, and women who are obliged to split kindlings in the merning are thinking seriously of moving to Tennessee, where the elements are more considerate than thoughtless husbands.

"I am subject to light-headed spells," re-

"I am subject to light-headed spells," remarked a lady to her guests recently. Of course each and every one had a sovereign remedy, but none proposed a certain cure until her little on spoke out:—"Why don't you straighten your wig on, ma?"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," as the young man said when he imprinted a kiss on his sweetheart's lips. "I think so, too," she replied, as she returned the salute, and thus two hearts were made

the sainte, and thus two hearts were made happy by a single quotation.

The wife was driving a nail into the wall upon which to hang some domestic utensil, when she suddenly uttered a howl of anguish. "Missed the nail, did you!" said her husband, laughing. "Missed the nail! d'ye think I'd cry if I had missed the nail! I hit the nail—but 'tis my thumb-nail."

d'ye think I'd cry if I had missed the nail! I hit the nail—but 'tis my thumb-nail."

The high school girl explained to her particular friend yesterday that "He kicked the bucket" was aiang, and that the polite expression was "He propelled his pedal extremities with violence against a familiar utensil used for the transportation of water and other fluids."

A New York society note says:—"On Fifth avenues lives a lady who drives out every afternoon in a bonnet trimmed with clusters of tiny green apples." It is a decidedly strange freak of fashion, that of utilizing a boanet as a phaeton and driving out in it—though some of the bonnets worn at theatres are plenty large enough for such purposes.

The Baroness has a charming little daughter, but who is terribly indiscreet. The other day, in the midst of a reception, baby cried and writhed on account of the toothache. Her mother tried to console her. "There, my darling, be reasonable; don't cry; your toothache will pass away." "How will it go away?" replied baby, her voice broken by sobs. "I can't take my teeth out as you can, mamma!" as you can, mamma !"

Poisonous Stockings.

Poisonous Stockings.

In a communication to the Lancet, Dr. Woodland states that, having had his attention directed to a number of cases involving great irritation to the feet and lega, capsing small pustules to arise and the skin to subsequently exioliate, and suspicion being fastened upon red stockings which the patients wore, he carefully analyzed a number of the hose, to ascertain the precise nature of the difficulty. He found a tin salt which is used as more dust in fair the dye. He succeeded

the acid excretions from the feet attack the tin oxide, and an irritating fluid is formed.

The Latest Wrinkle in Shoulders.

The shoulders of our belies look as though lifted by a chronic shrag. I am trustworthily informed that this effect is produced by padding, and that the artful creatures have simply changed their spots of falsity, in order to produce that lithe, lank length which fashion just now prescribes for their bodies. Certain corset devices, too, give an appearance of no corsets at all. The aim of all this is to make the young lady seem to be in a state of unlaced naturalness. Success is achieved about one time in a hundred. The use of what I believe is called the Newport scarf is more generally attended by satisfactory results. A heavy, soft-fringed, and brocaded strip of stuff, three to five yards long, is wrapped round the figures in ways that are in the main picturesque. The hips may be wound with it or the shoulders draped, or the breast crossed, or the head hooded. This is one of the few articles of fashionable adornment that the eyes of an artist can rest on with approval, and as for the impressionable amateur observer, the sight of a pretty girl artistically decorated with a Newport scarf is apt to bring on an attack of heart-disease and prostrate him before her right there on the parlour floor.

Thrashing a Bridegroom.

Lowe, and he was being spanked and switched for getting married. His father is employed at the navy yard. Ernest procured a marriage license, stating to the clerk that he was over 21 years old, and in the afternoon was married to Rossa L. Buckley, a damsel about his own age. Later he called at the parental domicile and introduced the fair Rossa as his bride. The surprised parent said nothing, but disappeared through the back door, and returning with a stout switch ordered the young woman out. He then began to belabour the boy, who stood it for a moment, but soon broke away and ras down the street, the father following, plying the switch, and ably supported by the mother, who had procured a clapboard, which she laid on with vigour. Ernest was finally captured and taken home, but an hour later joined his bride at her father's, where they were serenaded by a brass band.

A Death From Tight Shoes.

An animated controversy has sprung up between certain physicians in St. Louis, Mo., regarding the cause of the death of Caroline Muelbach, a girl of twelve, whose parents reside at 1519 Carondelet avenue. On the lith inst. Dr. E. Saunders was called to attend that the child. He found her left foot very much inflamed and a large blister on the heel, with every indication of blood poisoning. After carefully examining the condition of the foot Dr. Saunders administered opium and quinine and made an incision in the arch of the foot in search of pus, but failed to find any. Later he discovered that the matter had been drained from the foot through a cut in the heel. In the meanwhile the girl grew worse. On Saturday last the doctor called Dr. Prowitt in consultation. The same treatment was continued, and iodoform injected suspended with glycerine. In spite of Dr. Saunders and close treatment the child a certificate to the effect that death was caused by pyzemia, or blood-poisoning. Before Dr. Saunders undertook the case several other physicians had been treating the child. Dr. Faber had waited on her twice, and the second visit Dr. Faber's services were dispensed with and another physician secured, who also declared it to be a sprain. Dr. Faber is of the opinion that the girl's foot was sprained by wearing too tight a shoe, and said that there were no symptoms of blood-poisoning. Some of his conferce in dine to the same belief, while others side with Dr. Saunders in the opinion that it was a case of blood-poisoning. An effort will be made to have the coroner investigate the case.

Bugaboes and Burglars.

A lady in this city overheard her nurse girl talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:

"Y you don't go right to sleep this very minute a great big, awful black bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed and e-a-t-y-o-u-a-l-l-up!"

The poor little 'thing nestled down under the clothes, and after a long season of terror fell asleep to dream frightful dréams of bears eating her.

That night when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and had put the light out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the voice of the mistress called loudly:

"Maggie! Maggie! for mercy's sake get up as quick as you can! There's a fearful burglar under the bed, and as soon as you get asleep he's coming out to rob and murder you."

At the word burglar the girl sprang from

you. At the word burglar the girl sprang from the bed with a scream, tore open the door and fell in hysterics into the hall. The lesson was even more instructive than the mistress had designed, but when the girl's fears were calmed she said to her:

"You did not hesitate to tell my delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie. a cruel story of a bear under her bed; and now when I treat you to the same kind of a slumber-story you are nearly frightened to death. To-morrow you can go into the kitchen and work; you are not fit to

into the kitchen and work; you are not fit to care for little children."

Howsmany children are there who every night of their lives are frightened to sleep.

Handsome Hands.

"Small hands," said one of the salesladies at Le Boutillier Bros., in Twenty-third street, to a Journalier, "are plentiful in New York, but there are many fashionable ladies who have never done a day's work in their lives who have large hands, although they may be shapely and white."

"What lady among your customers has the smallest hands?" queried the reporter.

"Well, I don't know that I can tell exactly. There is one lady who comes here regularly twice a mouth for gloves. She can wear a 5½ easily, but she always insists on squeezing her hands into a No. 5, which makes them look misshapen."

"What is considered a small band?"

"Well, a hand that wears a No. 6 glove or a 6½ is considered small. No. 6½ or No. 6½ are fair sized; but any larger sized glove is —well, ean't desirable. People wearing smaller gloves than No. 6 are as unusual as ladies who wear No. 12 shoes.

"Does a thin or fat hand look best when gloved?" asked the journalier.

"Oh, a thin hand by all means, Why, a hand that is positively repulsive when ungloved looks ever so much smaller and very shapely in a tight-fitting kid. You know that undressed kid gloves fit more perfectly than the dressed kid. They-cling to the hand and the tips of the fingers fit smoothly. Another thing about gloves, which is of interest to the ladies, is this: If a lady has very long fingers, let her never get a glove with fingers as long as her own, or her hands will look very large. It is curious, but true. Long, fingers look beautiful on the ungloved hand, but not pretty at all in gloves."

"Is there any other way of making the hand appear small?"

"Yes, several. One way is to wrinkle the glove about the wrist. Another, to have the sleeve raffled. A tight, plain sleeve is very trying to a large hand, you know, like low heels to a long foot."



KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

Rheumatic Complaints



Kidney Complaints

TESTIMONIAL From Squire Robertson, who for many years was Reeve of the Township of Normanby, a highly respected resident of that part of Ontario, having lived in that Township for the past 20 years:—

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Falls, Ont., May 17:



Farmers Please Consider This. THE PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER acts with wonderful supplicty and never fails, when taken at the commencement of an attack, to cure

Cholera, Cholera Morbus, as well as all summer complaints of a simi-

For Toothache, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bruises, &c. the PAIN KILLER will be found a willing physician, rea y and able to relieve your suffering without delay, and at a very insig-micant cost. For Colic, Cramps,

Dysentery in Horses, the PAIN KILLER has no equal, and it has never been known to fail to effect a cure in a single instance. It is need in some of the largest livery stables and horse infirmaries in the world. To resuscitate young lambs or other stock chilled and dying from coid a little PAIN KILLER mixed with milk will restore them to health very quickly.

The PAIN KILLER is for sale by By Universal Accord.

VER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pill that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use, and being sugarcoated, they are pleasant to take. In intrinsic value and curative powers no other Pills can be compared with them; and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the ffectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, it timely taken. They are the best and safes physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual

cathartic is required.

IOTIGE TO YOUNG & OLD

LADIES!

AGRICULTURAL

BLIGHTED WHEAT.

Correspondents of the Michiga say that wheat in their localities seriously damaged by blight, and from other parts of the State show injury extends over the whole of One of the correspondents says' " o the heads are affected more or less, the base, some at the middle, some typex; while others are entirely de High or low lands make no differen work of destruction is carried on of soil or surroundings. The edit Farmer sent specimens of damaged Prof. Beal, of the Michigan A College, who carefully examined it ame to the conclusion that the sign and the season of the most and dwindling or decaying that year," the professor says, 'has been able for rungi. We have had no end the plants have had too much wittle light. The stalks and all the succulent and not used to sunlight all these, and now and then a stid day, called 'me gry' weather, you out for wheat blight. The cells of in many cases are nearly, or quite, of starch, upon which the fungil know no remedy. Fortunately, with good weather it is not like troublesome, though even this may lafe statement."

The Hon. Henry Chamberlain Michigan State Board of Agricultur observant farmer, says he has notice Farmer sent specimens of damaged

beervant farmer, says he has notice him, new calamity to the will and that some varieties more severely than others, wheat, which is the earlier to twenty; Clawson, eight to two Rogers, the latest variety mention two or three per cent. Mr. Chan, b two or three per cent. Mr. Chambithe same thing has occurred in Illin it is called "seat," spring wheat be aged there. He is of opinion the weather, followed by an excessively worked the mischief, as he carefu over his own fields and saw no signs but on a second inspection some twister, the mischief had been furplished. If the damage is as greaticipated, the results to the crop we serious, and the estimate formed since of the harvest will be great the mark when the crop is threshed

THE POTATO CROP.

The opinion prevails in some qua sially among produce dealers, that loss will command bigh figures fall, and some of them are alread upon fancy profits if they can s stocks early in the season for w This conclusion has been arrived ports received from some parts of States, where it is said far largely planted the early var most completely ignoring la latter. This may be true of some

out reports from other places, esp New England States, show that the only be more than an average crop also that a greater acreage has beet than in former years, the high printage been ruling for the past levinducing farmers to engage more la usual in potato culture. It was explored the reverse would have almost destroye there, but latest advices are hopeformers have made exceptantic and farmers have made systematic on the pest, and with so much succe the pest, and with so much success crop is expected to reach the averagy years. This will take an anticipate away, and it is probable that few shippings will be necessary to the West, as reports from there are ve aging. Some speculators may a farmers to hold on this fall for high but such advice should not be follout consulting market reports, withholding of supplies would on

a temporary advance in values, and less followed by a great fall. The setts Ploughman, in reviewing the s the potato crop, and probable primonths hence, says:— "Unless some unforeseen cha place, prices must rule very low tober. Those who are fortunate have their potatoes come in early fair price, while those who come har price, while those who come market with their potatoes late in will probably have to sell very chez potatoes command from fifty cents a bushel, as they have during the a bushel, as they have the most years, the crop is one of the most which the farmer can grow, but which the farmer below hity cen that can be made to pay better. who keep cattle, there are several to the potato crop. First, it is a furnishes no fodder for the cattle. Samall, unsaleable potatoes do not n sirable food for farm animals unless the control of the cattle. and cooked. Third, by selling the and cooked. Third, by selling the the farm is made poorer unless mon out for fertilizers. Fourth, the harvesting, assorting, and marketi than that of many other crops. Be of these objections, some farme situated that they can raise an acre potatoes without draining too heavi time, or impoverishing their farms tent beyond what they can restor carefully saving all of the waste in the farm.

which is that he who is to raise pot profit must manure the land liberal and pulverize the land well, and cul-crop thoroughly. The potato done much to encourage the growin crops of potatoes, for it has been it as much work to keep the beetle acre of land that will yield not m hundred bushels as it is one that four hundred bushels."

THE FARM.

A potato beetle has been known 2,300 eggs in a single season, and to put on London purple or Paridestroy the one beetle than the 2. Kill them by applying the poison

A Canadian farmer has thirty beans which were put in by a seed leaving out the tubes the drills have thirty inches apart, which is just distance for cultivating with a As many beans can thus be put in any other grain, which is a great over the old system of hand-planting.

Everyone will acknowledge a missance about house or barn, bu people realize how much a colony of devour or destroy in a year, or he they increase when unmolested, well to know that if coal tar is dan

well to know that if coal tar is dan their holes, so that they cannot par getting it on their fur, they very a the place.

A correspondent of the Country says if farmers would amoke their thoroughly, the birds or aquirrels eat or dig much of it. If seed oats in it that cannot be taken family will it can be cleaned.