Love's Latest Ally.

She will not wander in the wood,
Beneath its bending boughs,
The while he tells his tale of love
And pledges solemn vows.

She will not walk upon the shore
Where Ocean's tireless voice
Would drown the longed-for words that bade
Her secret soul rejoice.

Not e'en the twinkling stars above,
Nor yet the timid breeze,
Shall be made silent partners in
Such precious things as these.

She'll hear no word till they are safe
Shut up within four walls,
And then she'll miss no syllable
That from the loved lips falls.

And while she treasures up each oath
Within her heart she'll laugh
To think they're also registered
Upon her phonograph.

And, should he e'er go back upon
His word, she'll bring a breach
Of promise suit, and reproduce—
In court—each silly speech.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION:

A NOVEL.

"I am afraid not at all," he answered. "I am going back to London to-night. I want to find out, though," he added, suddenly, "who put that lying announcement of my death into the *Times*. Was it Mrs. Clanricarde or Mr. Harford?"

"No one knows who it was," said Lady Elizabeth. "But I am sure it was not Mr. Harford," she added, with emphasis. "He s not the kind of man to do such a thing as that."

"If it was the mother—" began Charlie. He did not complete his sentence, nor say what would follow that contingency. "I telegraphed the contradiction as soon as I saw it," he continued. "It was in the papers on the 26th of April."

"Yes," she answered.

"And there ought to have been a letter from me on the same day," he continued. "As soon as I was able, I wrote to her to tell her that I had been ill but was recovering. She should have got it on the 26th, for I kept note of time and dates."

"I do not suppose she was allowed to have that. And perhaps it was better as things were," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Not better," he answered, fiercely, "if it had prevented this hideous sacrilege. I am sure she would not have committed this crime if she had known that I was alive."

This was one of his thoughts. Another was that she had voluntarily sold herself, now for her mother's sake, and now, when he was especially bitter, for her own.

"She certainly believed you dead," said Lady Elizabeth. "I do not suppose she knows that you are alive now. Her husband would probably not tell her even if he knows, and I am sure Mrs. Clanricarde would not."

"She *shall* know, that I swear," said Charlie, excitedly.

Caleb touched his arm with a deprecating hand.

"Would it not be better to let her live in peace?" he asked, humbly. "It is done now, and cannot be undone. Should she not be left to bear what she has to bear, without more being added to it?"

"That is my affair, not yours," said Charlie, haughtily, and the poor omad'-haun for a moment shrank back.

Then, emboldened by his loyal love, and to spare her whom he loved the faintest thrill of pain, he said, steadily: "Not all your affair, Mr. Osborne. There is a right and a wrong to everything, and all who value another have a certain voice in their matters. We have the right to speak—both Lady Elizabeth and I—in a matter which touches the happiness of Mrs. Harford, for we are her friends too, as well as you, Mr. Osborne, though we have not your past; and we may without offence deprecate what would give her pain."

It was scarcely Caleb Stagg who spoke. It was the hunchback whose wings were free and whose hump had gone.

"I shall do as I think best," said Charlie, proudly, unable to meet his former rival on this higher ground. "Some day she shall know the infamous cheat that was practiced on her, and shall recognize all of them as the scoundrels they are. Father, mother, husband, friend—there was not one to warn her, not one to protect her!"

"Her friends did not know," said Lady Elizabeth. "I was not here."

"And it was evening post when I heard the news," said Caleb.

"Among you you have broken my heart and destroyed her life!" said Charlie, with a burst of passion, as he turned abruptly away, feeling truly the Ishmaelite among men—his hand against every man's, every man's hand against his.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

The Harfords had been many months abroad. A strange instinct of danger kept Anthony out of England and loitering among Italian towns and Swiss chalets, where he had his beautiful young wife all to himself, and where no rocks were ahead which he did not see.

So they wandered over Europe, and Anthony did his best to warm this lovely statue into life, and reanimate the dead heart with a new love. It was all in vain.

Then the home journey was made, and they came back to England, and soon were re-established at Thrift.

He knew that he had not won Estelle. For all his love and care, his passionate desire to gain her heart, his eager devotion, his very fever of endeavor to win her love, he knew that he had not caught one single ray of her affection. She endured him because she was obliged to endure him—because she had no alternative, no place of refuge from him; because, too, she was of a sweet and gentle nature and she could not belie herself. But she only endured him on these lines of compulsion. Mrs. Clanricarde touched the sore by pretending to Anthony that things were other than what they were—that Estelle was loving and responsive when she was dead and inert.

The clear eyes of the clever diplomatist saw the whole situation at a glance. She added, as an afterthought, "At present she is a litte languid, and indeed I should almost say, apathetic; but that will pass when her child is born. I have often seen young mothers expectant like this."

Then Anthony's stern bronzed face brightened.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose so. She is not, as you say, Mrs. Clanricarde, very lively just at present; but I suppose it will pass. Indeed, I am sure it will."

"So am I," said Estelle's mother, briskly, just as her daughter came slowly toward her, saying, "Will you not go to your room, mother?" as if she had said, "Two and two made four," with no more emphasis and no animation.

"Her mind is certainly touched!" said Mrs. Clanricarde to herself as she went upstairs. "What a dreadful thing, and in her state, too. Pray heaven she may never know that this detestable young man is alive! If she finds it out—well, there will be a catastrophe, that is very certain! And the blame will fall on me. It always does fall on the mother when a marriage turns ill!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Hope's tales were false and flattering as usual; Estelle's new state of motherhood left her general condition unchanged. Naturally she loved the child; but she took no more interest than before in anything else.

As she grew stronger in health, her apathy seemed to increase. She cared nothing for her duties as house-mistress and local suzerain, and did not fulfil them. But any one could have opened that window n her breast through which her thoughts could be read, what a wild world would not be revealed!—what mad and feverish plans of escape with her child to some unknown and distant land, where she could live with him and her fatal memories, and forget the hideous slavery into which she had been sold! She had always that money so mysteriously sent to Charlie. Viewed by the light of her desires, it was a bank that would never fail, a river of gold that would never run dry. If only she could escape from England, and put Thrift, her husband, and her hated name forever behind her! What a volcano raged and burnt beneath her soft, still, frozen cover! what a very fierceness of hatred was masked by that gentle sweetness and that unresponsive apathy! And how well she kept the secret of heart, and how perfectly she played her part!

What Anthony suffered, felt or thought, no one knew, and perhaps he scarcely confessed to himself. With his heart's blood he watered the desert sands, which gave him back nothing in return. There was not even the humblest little flower of love; there was nothing but barren sand and lifeless rock.

Closely surrounded as she was by this investing love, Estelle had little or no freedom.

One day Anthony went to a rather distant town where he had to sit judging cases, whence he was sure not to return till night. Estelle had never been to see Mrs. Latimer or her servant—Charlie's Osborne's former nurse—since that day when she had gone with her father and mother and Anthony, then only her lover. To-day the opportunity seemed ready made to her hand. Accordingly she walked across the park and down Meads Lane, till she came to that row of houses standing on the outskirts of the town and at the extremity of the Thrift estate, in one of which Mrs. Latimer and Mary Crosby lived in their strict seclusion and by no means overcharged luxury. Estelle knocked at the door, and Mary, after scanning her in the mirror set edgewise against the window, went back to the old lady, and said, in an excited whisper:

"Glory! it's Mrs. Harford at last! Pull down the blind, Mrs. Latimer, muffle your head, and keep the room dark. We can do with her. It's the Lord's mercy she has come!"

"Well, Mary! How glad I am to see you again!" said Estelle, shaking hands impulsively with Charlie's old nurse.

"And I am glad to see you, Miss Estelle," said Mary answering back that friendly impulsiveness with its kind. "Come in, miss—lor, deary me!—Mrs. Harford, I should have said. But one forgets. Mrs. Latimer is in one of her better ways to-day. She'll likely be able to see you. She will if she can, that I know, for I have talked a great deal to her of old times, when I was Master Charlie's nurse and you and he were children together. I know she will see you if she can. So come in, please."

"Thank you; yes, I will," said Estelle, who had quivered at the old familiar name.

She took Estelle into the state drawing-room—the same room into which she had been taken on that former visit more than a year ago. And Mary saw how the young wife shuddered as the memory of that day came back on her mind.

"If I don't make something of this," thought Mary, feeling like one tabbing all round a cabinet to find the secret drawer its hidden key.

"I will go and see if Mrs. Latimer can see you, miss—Mrs. Harford," she then said, with a perceptible hesitation on the name. Why did she want to recall her unmarried state to Estelle? What ailed her, as the Scotch say, at her present condition as the wife of Mrs. Latimer's landlord? Had Estelle been in full possession of her natural mind she would have seen these ominous little threads, and would have feared them; but she was too preoccupied to see anything but her own inner self, or to be conscious of aught but her own sorrowful thoughts.

In a short time Mary came back. Yes; Mrs. Latimer was well enough to see her to-day. On which Estelle accompanied Charlie's old nurse into the back room, where, sitting in the dim obscurity of a darkened chamber, muffled up in shawls and buried in pillows, sat the tenacious old annuitant whose ugly trick of living was keeping the Clanricardes out of a tidy little income sorely needed, while adding a few unexpected plums to poor Charlie Osborne's not too luscious loaf.

"This is Miss Clanricarde, ma'am, as Mrs. Harford as is," shouted Mary to the old lady. "She is that deaf," she added in a natural voice to Estelle.

"Glad to see you, ma'am," said the old lady, coughing lugubriously.

"I am sorry you have such a cough," said tender-hearted Estelle.

"Hey? what does she say?" asked Mrs. Latimer of Mary.

Mary repeated the phrase in her boatswain's voice, and Mrs. Latimer was made to hear.

"It is my grave-cough, my dear," she answered. "Your father will soon come into my little bit of money. I'm not long for this world, I can tell you, and the Lord will soon have mercy on my old bones."

"I hope not so bad as that," said Estelle.

The old woman's keen black eyes twinkled.

"Lord love your dear innocent heart!" she said, and coughed more vigorously than before.

"Best not let her talk, Mrs. Harford," then interposed Mary. "Talking makes her cough so bad!"

"But I can't fail to say how good you always were," said Estelle.

"To poor dear Master Charlie?"

"Yes," said Estelle, with a quiver in her voice.

"Ah, but then I loved him! Who would not?" said Mary. "He was the bonniest little gentleman as ever wore shoe-leather. I never knew his equal!"

"Nor I," said Estelle, with the frankness f despair.

There was no reason why she should not carry this incense of fidelity to that dear grave, why she should not keep his memory like a perfume in her heart.

"That was a queer start, that word of his death, was it not, Miss Estelle—Mrs. Harford, I mean?" asked Mary.

Estelle opened her eyes. They were full of tears.

"Why?" she asked in her turn. "What was there queer in it?"

"Why, did you not know?" said Mary, in surprise. "It was all false news. He is not dead at all. The back-word came into the paper, let me see, the 26th of April, last year—yes, the 26th of April. And now this is August, a year gone, and we have heard no more about him."

Estelle started up from her place as if she had been struck. Her face was white and rigid; her eyes were dark and strained; her parted lips were as full of horror as a Greek tragic mask. She looked as if suddenly turned to stone, but with always the fiery heart of suffering within the marble body.

"The 26th of April—last year?" she said, slowly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mary. "I have it here."

She opened a drawer in the table and took out a *Times* newspaper.

"There," she said, pointing to the "agony column"—"there is Master Charlie's own words."

Overcome, beside herself, like one distraught, Estelle read the words, which she carried to her lips with a low cry of mingled joy and pain, then fell prone on the floor as if she had been shot through the heart.

"Now the road's clear," said Mary, as she lifted her up and dashed cold water in her face. "It is, as plain as daylight, and I was right. They've sold the poor young thing to this man here, and she loves Master Charlie as a wife shouldn't ought. There is a bad day in store for Mr. Harford and the rest of them; and I reckon I've got pepper enough for them now if they come nosing about us any more."

"My word, Mary, but you are bold!" said Mrs. Latimer, as she had so often said before. Her admiration of the younger woman's cleverness and audacity increased rather than diminished with each fresh manifestation.

"What I put my hand to I don't turn back from," said Mary, sententiously, as she still busied herself about Estelle.

At last the poor girl came out of her swoon and re-entered the thorny path of consciousness. She could not now, if even she would, deny the confession she had involuntarily made. Nature had forced her secret from her, and the torn veil could not be replaced. Mary knew her heart, and so far held her in the hollow of her hand. But she did not think of this in the light of danger to herself. She thought only of the woman's sympathy, so certain because of her own for Charlie. She would be pitiful to her—understanding how another should also love him, even though that other were now a wife and mother. And she would be some one to whom she, Estelle, could come and talk without fear or stint. Whenever there was a free day she would come over to Highstile Lane and talk to Mary Crosby of Charlie—Charlie, the child whom she had nursed—Charlie, the man whom Estelle still loved. But the black wickedness of those who should have been her best friends, the cruelty of those who should have cared for her and protected her! She saw it all, as clearly as she saw the words themselves. Her mother had inserted the lie of Charlie's death that the way might be free for Anthony. The marriage had been hastened on with such indecent hurry that the contradiction might not arrive meanwhile. It had come on the very day, and it had been kept from her. At the altar itself she would have turned back and refused to become Anthony's wife had she known that Charlie was still alive. Hoodwinked, betrayed, entrapped, what faith did she owe to any of them? What right had they to her life? None! From this moment she felt herself essentially free. The past had come before the present, and her very child had not the claim that Charlie Osborne had.

The wakening from those long months of mental lethargy and emotional death had come with a vengeance. Burning with fever, strong with the fictitious strength of mingled outrage and despair, like the armor in which her love had clothed itself, Estelle felt as if she could have braved the whole world for the sake of the one dear love of her life. All she wanted now was to see him, to hear his voice, to tell him how her heart had been broken—how her life had been ruined by the shameful lie which had been palmed off on her for truth—but how through it all she had kept her love and her faith and constancy intact. They had sold her body into worse than bondage, but they had not touched her soul, her love, her heart. All that she had been she still was, and the love that had grown with her growth and had lived through all opposition was still as pure and true as when they last met and parted. Ay! pure and true, for all that hated ring on her finger and that alien babe at her breast!

Full of these thoughts, she went back through the park to the house she had never adopted as her home. But, like all timid creatures, she knew that she must hide what she felt, if she could not feign what she did not feel. And when Anthony came home he found her as he had left her—silent, quiescent, unresponsive, monosyllabic—neither pleased with nor averse from—a mere sweet and patient living corpse, whose love he poured out his strong heart's blood in vain to win. But he noticed with the quick eyes of love that her hands burned as if with fever, that her usually pale face was flushed and hectic, and that her parched lips were dry. He noticed too, when he took her in his arms and drew her to his breast with that tenderness, that infinite yearning of the unloved seeking to gain what is denied, that she visibly shuddered and drew herself away as if she had been stung. He did not let her see what pain this mute repulse gave him. As gently, as tenderly as he had taken her did he now relinquish her; but over all his inner being came the deadly sickness which men call despair—that anguish of impotent fury which would revenge itself if it could, and which cannot find the object.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIKE A BIRD TO ITS NEST.

Charlie, still lingering at Kingshouse, took that strange pleasure so much indulged in by the sorrowful of adding to his distress of mind by every means in his power. Every one pitied him, so pale and hollow-eyed, so gaunt and sad as he was; and every one prophesied for him a speedy rest beneath the peaceful sods of the church-yard.

Even Mrs. Clanricarde found a compassionate corner in her heart for the enemy whom she had now disabled. She wished that she could have secured her own release from debt, and Estelle's sufficient establishment, by less painful methods than her daughter's life long misery and Charlie Osborne's threatened dissolution. It was very sad; but then people are so headstrong and unreasonable, and will not see things as they are, nor act rationally! What business had these two young people to fall in love as they had done? They knew the thing was impossible. It was their folly, not her falsehood, which had wrought all the mischief, and we must be responsible, each of us, for our own doings.

Nevertheless, she was sorry to see the poor boy look so ill, and wished that she could have comforted him. But Charlie would have none of her sympathy; and Mrs. Clanricarde, with a French shrug of her shoulders, left him to his fate and called him impayable.

One sultry summer's day a letter came to Charlie Osborne—an anonymous letter, in the well-known handwriting, but with a different post-mark. Hitherto all these letters had been posted in London; but this was stamped Thorbergh. It contained money and these words:

"Come to Thorbergh. You are badly wanted. Your old nurse, Mary Crosby, lives at 3, Highstile Lane, and can tell you some things you ought to know."

Thorbergh! the place where his faithless love had her home. What new delusion was this? What meshes were enclosing him? And who was his unknown friend who sent him these sporadic supplies? It could not be she, for they had come to him before her great wealth had come to her. It could not be Mary Crosby herself. How could a poor servant send him money far exceeding any possible wages or savings she might have? Yet the handwriting was the same.

The next day, as early as was practicable, Charlie found the house where Mrs. Latimer lived in such strict seclusion, and was welcomed by Mary with shrill exclamations of wonderment and delight.

He went into the cold, hard, primly set best drawing-room, and there began his cross-examination. He showed Mary the letter he had received, and asked her what she knew about it.

"Nay, what!" she said, in answer, "I know naught at all! If it were the last word I had to speak I'd say with my dying breath. I know naught about it anyway."

"But what have you to tell me?" he asked again. "Why should I be summoned here?"

"That caps me," said Mary. "That's just what gets over me, Master Charlie."

Charlie thought for an instant before speaking. His eyes were turned to the floor; Mary's were on his face.

"Do you remember Miss Clanricarde?" he then asked, with a certain reluctance. He did not like to bring her name into the vulgar light of a servant's quasi-confidence.

"Mrs. Harford as is?" she returned. "Yes, I know her well. Mr. Harford is the landlord of all this lot. He is Mrs. Latimer's landlord, and Mrs. Harford sometimes comes to see us."

Poor Charlie's face changed as eloquently as Estelle's when she had heard of his continued existence. He covered his eyes with his hand. The mystery deepened, but the glory that shone through its darkness blinded him. Could it have been she herself who had sent the letter? But no! the handwriting was familiar. It was connected with those sporadic supplies, and these were not connected with her. No. It was not Estelle who had summoned him, and not Mary Crosby. Who, in Heaven's name, could it be?

"Mrs. Harford was here only the other day," continued Mary, in an indifferent voice. "She had not heard of your being alive, Master Charlie, as I am that glad to see. She had not heard of it till I chanced to tell her."

"No!" said Charlie, with a shout. "And then?"

"Well, you see, sir, the shock was almost too much for her," continued Mary. "She is in poor health, poor young lady, and looks white and thin—as white and thin as yourself, Master Charlie. And when I showed her the paper, why, she just shrieked and fainted, and fell flat on the floor."

Charlie got up and walked to the window. His heart was beating wildly, his eyes were dim, his head was dizzy. She loved him, then—loved him now as much as ever; and her marriage had been, as he had always believed—forgetting the baser whisperings of his angry suspicions—a forced marriage founded on a lie. She was faithful to him still. Dear, sweet, loving, and beloved Estelle!—faithful, faithful for life and to death—as he to her!

And now what was to be done? He was here, and she was not an hour's walk apart; and yet were they not separated as completely as though impassable mountains and the unharvested sea lay between them? They were, in fact, farther apart than when he had been sick with fever in Yokohama, and she had been free and unfettered at Kingshouse.

But they must meet. He must see her, cost what it might. He owed nothing to the man who had robbed him of her, nothing to the society, the superstition, which sanctioned this sacrilege and called it sacred. He owed himself only to her, to clear himself from any possible charge of indifference or carelessness or wrong-doing anyhow. He owed himself only to her.

"Does Mrs. Harford often come here?" asked Charlie, when he came back to himself so far as to remember that he owed something to appearance, and that which Crosby was not in his confidence.

"Not often, sir. Only when Mr. Harford is away," was the answer. "I fancy he keeps her pretty tight," she added as a compassionate coda or afterthought.

"Brute!" said Charlie, with a groan.

"A little that way, I think," said Mary, with a sigh.

Charlie clinched his hands. If he could but have used them as battering rams to pound the life out of that scoundrel!

"I should like to see her again," said Charlie, after a pause.

"Why not call, Master Charlie," Mary asked, innocently. "I am certain sure she would be fain to see you. She is of the kind to love her own, and you are like her own—like her very brother, as one might say."

"I do not know Mr. Harford, and I would not care to call at his place," said Charlie, a little reluctantly.

"Perhaps I shall meet her," said Charlie, moving toward the door. "I should like to see."

"Yes, you'll be sure to meet her," returned Mary, cheerfully. "Mr. Harford drives her a good deal about the country. You'll be main sure to meet them."

"Confound and curse Mr. Harford!" cried Charlie, beside himself. "For God's sake, Mary, spare me his name!"

"All right, sir. I have no particular affection for him myself," was her answer. "All the same, Miss Estelle is his wife, you see, Master Charlie, and a wife is bound to follow her husband's lead."

"I will wring his neck!" groaned Charlie.

Mary looked as she used in olden times when he was naughty and had to be spanked.

"Oh, fie! Master Charlie," she said, in just the old tone of reproof. "What has the poor gentleman done to you, I should like to know?"

"What no gentleman would have done—a cur like him deserves hanging for!" shouted Charlie. "He has taken the woman I love and who loves me—and he has taken her by a lie—and he knew it."

Mary's face took on its natural hardness curves and lines of the softest sympathy.

"I am sorry! oh, my, I am that sorry!" she said, her apron to her eyes, and her womanly sob quite audible. After a time she seemed to compose herself. "Master Charlie," she said, wish the straightness of a sudden thought, "why do you not come here to stay, rather than to the hotel? There is plenty of room, and I could do for you fine. Why not send your luggage here? You could then stay as long as you liked in Thorbergh, and no one be a penny the worse or wiser. We live that quiet, no one sees or knows what passes here. You, and even more than you, could have the best bed-room and this parlor, and you'd be as safe as if locked up in a church. If you'd like it, Master Charlie, think of it. You'll find me as good as my word."

"God bless you, Mary! my good dear Mary!" was the poor fellow's reply, as impulsively he put his arm round her waist and kissed her as in his boyish days.

Some vague feeling that this offer might serve him in good stead filled his heart with hope and light. He did not know what he thought—he did not formulate nor arrange his feelings into words—but he felt that he had a biding-place if he wanted it. And perhaps he might.

With another burst of thanks to this servant of the tough old annuitant, he promised to bring his portmanteau that evening at dark—to bring it himself, no one knowing where he went; and then he left the house and took the road up Mead's Lane, with full directions from Mary where to find the park and grounds of Thrift.

More mad than sane, Charlie walked on with but one hope, one desire, one intention. He would see her again. The mystery of his summons ceased to interest him. He forgot Mary and all that life contained, save that one loadstar of his love—that glorious and beloved Estelle. He would see her again. He would hear from her own lips the story of her sorrow and their sin. He would hold her in his arms and clasp her to his heart. She was his. She was not this man's—this border-ruffian, this gambler, this horse-stealer, this rude rough miner with one hand on his revolver and the other on a secreted card.

Always in this turmoil of tempestuous sorrow and longing Charlie went through the leafy lane till he came to a narrow opening between two uprights which led into a park. He passed through and walked on, knowing well enough where he was. He went on and on, walking always more rapidly, till he came to the gate of the private gardens surrounding a stately mansion, with an upper terrace leading down by a double flight of steps into the lower grounds. On this upper terrace stood a woman, dressed for walking. She was alone. Charlie came up the drive till he was near enough to see the face and figure clearly. It was Estelle—looking far away over the gardens and the park to the distant beyond—there, where Charlie Osborne was somewhere to be found. She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to see the man walking in the shadow of the trees toward the house. He came close under the terrace wall, and then he called her by her name. She heard him, and bent over the parapet above, as one who had expected him—as one who had been waiting for this moment.

"Estelle!" he said. "My darling! My beloved!"

With the old light, eager tread—the old suggestion of a bird running to its nest—she came down the steps and into the shadow of the wall, where, forgetting husband, child, her name of wife, her fair fame, and all the present save that she was his, she flung herself into her old lover's arms, and sobbed out her soul on his lips.

(To be Continued).

A GIRL DOCTOR.

A Story of the Surgeon's Table and the Dissecting-Rooms.

"Yes, I can point you to the very hour when the thought came to me that I would be a doctor."

There is hardly need of the quotation marks, for the dot of a girl, barely five feet high, with sober blue eyes and yellow curly hair, told her story to the end without interruption. Listen as if she were telling it to you.

"Those first days in the dissecting-room. There were about ten or twelve other students. Two or three were as young as I, a mother and daughter were studying together and one was old enough almost to be a grandmother. They wore rubber aprons that came close about the throat, reached almost to the floor and buttoned behind. They had their hair put back very snugly, and they looked so wide-eyed and absorbed. The 'subject' was a girl as young as the youngest of us there. She had heavy chestnut hair that dragged on the floor, and long eyelashes and fingers, oh! so white and waxen. I felt like asking her pardon for standing over her and looking at her, and when the demonstrator lifted one hand and began to pinch the different muscles with her forceps and pull them to show which one would make which finger wiggle I could have screamed. I suppose I did scream, for they all looked at me, then back at the body again as if they were too eager to notice anything which was still living. Then the demonstrator gave me a pair of pincers and a scalpel and told me to lay bare the extensor of the right thumb. Next me was a student who was bending over the abdomen. She was tall and dark-haired, and wore a black dress with a crimson ribbon on her shoulder.

"'There's no use,' she said, 'in trying to work this out from a woman's body. Women corset themselves till they haven't such a thing to bless themselves with as an abdominal muscle. Why can't they get us a man?'

"She was as impatient as if foiled in a search for diamonds. I grasped the thumb which had been assigned me gingerly with the pincers, and began to cut away the skin with the scalpel. In a day or two there was nothing left that had not been slashed and minced but the face, and I—I started with astonishment when I got a glimpse of my own face in a little glass hanging on a side wall. It was staring at a long, stringy muscle, ripped up and held by the forceps while the knife scraped the fibres clean, with eyes as set and glowing as the rest of them.

"I never had much trouble in the dissecting room afterward. I got over the awful feeling that once the subject had been alive. Indeed, that is where the younger women often find the work easier than older ones. There was a woman of 50 who joined the class after me who persevered for three months before she could remain above ten minutes in the dissecting room without fainting."—*Brooklyn Times.*

Novel Spoon Fad.

Society nowadays is nothing if not original, says a Philadelphia *Press* writer. Fashionable women vie with one another in introducing all sorts of capricious novelties. I attended a tea the other day given by a bride, and every separate spoon in her service was of different design and ornamentation, and inscribed with a different date and place. It transpired that the young matron had taken this means to procure a harlequin service and also to commemorate her visits to various places. Wherever she went, a spoon—dessert, coffee or table—was purchased in the place and duly lettered.

Abuse of the Brain.

It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. It is its emotions that wear away the brain, and not intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and, if my memory serves me, I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love.—*Dr. Wm. A. Hammond.*

Wanted to be Heard From.

If any person has ever given Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy a fair trial, and has not been perfectly and permanently cured, that person should write the proprietors of that wonderful remedy, for they are in dead earnest and "mean business" when they offer $500 reward for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, deodorizing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing.

A BISHOP'S BONES.

Buried for Six Hundred Years—Disinterment at Lincoln Cathedral.

On Saturday last an interesting discovery was made in Lincolnminster. The pavement of the retro choir, which had sunk much in places, and was altogether in a dilapidated state, is being relaid preparatory to the use of that portion of the minster for congregational purposes. In the course of the repairs the workmen had occasion to raise the slab which covered the grave of Bishop Oliver Sutton, who occupied the see from 1280 to 1299. On the right side of the mouldering skeleton were found a silver-gilt chalice and paten, and between the bones of the legs, having slipped from the finger, was a gold ring set with rock crystal. The sacred vessels were still standing upright as they had been originally placed, the paten laid upon the chalice, and the whole covered with a piece of fine linen about seven or eight inches square, which when first seen was hanging in graceful folds all round, but on the admission of the air soon fell to pieces. The chalice closely resembles that from Berwick St. James, Wilts, now in the British museum. It is 4¼ inches high; the bowl, which is broad and shallow, being four inches in diameter, 1⅝ inches deep It has a slight quasi-lip round the circumference. The foot is circular, of the same diameter as the bowl. There is a bold knob projecting half an inch from the stem. The chalice was made in three pieces, the bowl being soldered on, and the knob, with a ring below supporting it, riveted to the stem. The gilding is brilliant on the inside of the bowl, but is much corroded on the exterior of the chalice. The whole is entirely destitute of ornamentation. The paten is also plain, with the exception of the customary "Manus Dei" raised in benediction in the central depression, which, as well as the outer depression, is circular, unousped. The paten is 4⅝ inches in diameter. The ring is of pure gold, 22 carats fine, and as bright, after the dirt was washed from it, as the day it was first put on. It still bears the marks of the burnishing. It is set with a very large piece of clear rock crystal. It is not unlikely that it was a funeral ring, made for the bishop's obsequies. On the left side of the skeleton was a much decayed crozier, the head of which had been beautifully carved with maple leaves. The staff had completely rotted away. The skeleton of the bishop was fairly perfect, but the head had entirely disappeared, there being no vestiges of the skull or teeth. A considerable quantity of hair of a brownish color, approaching red, marked the place where the head had been. The head-rest was perfect, being formed of a block of oak two feet by six inches, entirely cased in lead supporting a decayed woolen cushion. The vestments of the corpse were completely decayed, only the outline being visible. The receptacle of the body was not, as is commonly the case, a stone coffin, but a rectangular chest, built up of dressed stones entirely lined with lead, and covered with a large sheet of the same metal strengthened by transverse iron bars, 1 foot 6 inches apart. On this were laid slabs of Lincoln stone, with a layer of rough stones and sand above them, and over all the bishop's memorial slab of Parbeck marble, which, through the lapse of time, had been much decayed and fractured. If this slab, as is probable, once bore the name and epitaph of Bishop Sutton, the decay of the material had long since obliterated them. There is no mention of this tomb or its inscription in Dugdale and Sanderson's Survey of the Monuments of Lincolnminster, taken before the great rebellion. The dimensions of the stone cist were 7 feet 3 inches long, 2 feet 8 inches wide, 1 foot 10 inches deep. The covering slab lay 1 foot 7 inches below the level of the pavement. The chalice, paten and ring are being carefully preserved by the dean and chapter, and will be added to the museum of such relics in the library.—*London Athenæum.*

ABOUT CARPETS.

Some Hints Which are Very Seasonable Just Now.

"What do you mean by the 'standard?'"

"Look at this piece of ingrain. You see the threads are interwoven—across and lengthwise. Now, a thread running across we call a 'pick.' Count the number of 'picks' in an inch. There should be fourteen. That is the way we make our 'standard.' If there are one, two or three less than fourteen you see the carpet is far more loosely woven and less durable, though you wouldn't notice the difference on the surface. An ingrain, you know, consists of several thicknesses or layers of threads woven together—'ply,' as we say—that is, a two-ply carpet is two thicknesses of thread, and a three-ply three. The three-ply is the carpet of our grandmothers. After having fallen into disuse for many years it is coming in again. No, I don't think the rage for the antique has anything to do with it; people are beginning to believe again in its serviceability, that is all.

"So much for the cheaper carpets. The more expensive kinds, the Brussels and the Wiltons, are woven on a rack upon wires running crosswise. The standard is ten to an inch. The wires being drawn, semi-cylindrical tubes of wool are left. This is the surface of the Brussels carpet. The Wiltons differ in this way, that the tubes of wool are woven thicker and higher. The wires here have a knife attachment on the end, and, upon being withdrawn by machinery, split directly through the top of the tiny tube. A rich and plush-like surface is thus formed. Here you can get effects and delicacy of tints and shades that you can't have in a Brussels carpet. Compare these two pieces," and he threw on the floor side by side a Wilton and a Brussels. "Now, these are exactly the same pattern. That is evident, made of exactly the same shade and kind of wool. That is not so evident, for it doesn't seem so in the least; their effect is totally different. The plush and velvety surface of the Wilton has a softness, a richness, a delicacy which make the Brussels look flat beside it. Still, you wouldn't notice the difference unless you compare them directly as we have been doing. This carpet, the Wilton, is thicker and finer and heavier and handsomer than the other, but it costs just about twice as much. An Axminster? Oh, that is the finest of all."

French Dishes.

Snails cooked in their shells form a dish which, however enjoyable it may be to the French gourmand, an American cannot relish. At a fashionable dinner the writer got along very well until a plate of a half-dozen was set before him, but he put a bold face on the matter and tried to follow the example of the rest. The thing was coated with a nasty-looking dark greenish slime, and looked forbidding. He transferred it hastily to his mouth. The first thing perceived was an awful reptile flavor, like the scent in the neighborhood of the boa constrictor cage in a menagerie. He tried to bite the morsel, but it was like rubber, and tough as an old boot. It began to grow big in his mouth, until it seemed to attain the size of an elephant. He felt himself turning pale. At last he gave a hasty gulp and swallowed the whole thing. Talk of Thackeray's American oyster experience being like swallowing a raw baby; that French snail went down like a raw alligator; his French friend by his side observed his embarrassment with an amused smile, and, remarking that he evidently did not like snails, kindly relieved him of the rest of them and transferred them to his own plate. The artichoke, a vegetable much liked in France, was also the writer's despair. Everybody was eating them in the restaurants, and so he thought he would call for one. He was advised to try a half one to begin on. So a half artichoke was brought, boiled, with vinegar and oil. It was like a pine cone sliced in two. The scales were like those of the pine cone, too, and there were more of them than skins to an onion. These scales were pulled off, one by one, and just the lower end, which was tender, bitten off, after dipping it in oil and vinegar. It tasted like a soaked out chestnut, with a strong flavor of burdock. But the strong point of the artichoke is the time taken to eat it. The writer consumed about half an hour and only the outer layer was disposed of. To eat a whole artichoke would take a small eternity. He came to the conclusion, finally, that American cookery, on the whole, was more nourishing than French.—*Waverly Magazine.*

"News of Nelson's Victory Came!"

Joseph Sutherland, who was a powder-boy on board the vessel which first brought to England the news of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, has just attained his 100th year at Milton, Sittingbourne. He has good health and has all his faculties intact.

He Appreciated Them.

Chathard—How beautifully the roses bloom on Miss Sigourney's cheeks!

Saysit Anyhowe—Yes, I always did admire hand-painted flowers.

WINGED SCAVENGERS.

How the Crows are Respected in Omaha for Their Good Works.

The city of Omaha has in its service a force of thousands of scavengers who draw no pay, report to no official, but are protected by law from molestation. They are the crows who flock into town as regularly as cold weather comes, stay during the winter and vanish in the spring. Each evening as the shadows fall legions of crows wing their way in a seemingly endless flight to the willow copses and clumps of small cottonwood trees on the banks of the Missouri, where they roost for the night. A favorite haunt is at the bend of the river between Cut-Off and Florence Lakes, where the banks shelter them from the nort wind. The air is thick with sable, it and resonant with hoarse caws there after sunset each night, as the scavengers settle down among the branches to dream of back area lunches and carrion spreads. With the break of day the sable flock bestirs itself. Each member hops about to warm its chilled legs, stretches its shiny wings, and heads back towards the city. The vast flock breaks into small groups and they alight here and there on the treetops, and survey the back yards and alleys until they can pick out foraging places. Then they descend and in short order the remains of the breakfasts, the scraps of meat from markets, and the rats killed by household dogs and cats are gobbled up. Some crows do scavenger work about the residences; others alight cautiously in the alleys, and others are attracted to the stock-yards and packing-houses at South Omaha. They fight shy of the business blocks. The crow who inhabits the Missouri is of the same breed with the crow who pulls up the farmers' corn in Vermont. In the East he is a nuisance. The Granger shoots him on sight, tries to frighten him with scare-crows and dips the corn into coal tar before he plants it, in the hope that it will spoil the pretty raven's appetite. Two healthy New England crows can devastate a twenty-acre corn field if unmolested. But the crow who migrates to the West becomes a respected resident and nobody asks, "What was your name back East?" or asks how he stood with the farmers. He mates with a chipper Dinah crow in a clump of willows on the bottoms, and in due time they hatch out a nest of hungry crowlets. The father rustles for grass-hoppers, bugs and toads, while the youngsters are growing their pin feathers. As soon as they can fly their mother leads them away from the contaminating influences of the city into the pure, green country, and the whole family turns loose upon the vermin and insects. None of them ver trouble the cornfields and none of the farmers ever trouble them. During the fall they pick up the oose grain, and now and then play free-lunch fiend on the corn fields. In the West much of the corn is left standing in the fields during the winter, while in the east it is stored in the barn before snow-falls. Perhaps this apparent generosity on the part of the farmer in Nebraska has something to do with improved conduct of the bird. However that may be, the bird in the Missouri Valley does not rely upon the cornfield, summer or winter, for subsistence. Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri crows rendezvous largely at Peru, in this State. It is a famous roost for them, and has attracted the attention of naturalists. Prof. Taylor, of the Normal School at Peru, has made a close study of the habits of these cows, and is writing a series of papers to be published in an eastern magazine on that subject. Meantime the sable crow continues to spend his summer in the country and his winters in the city, following the fashion which his wealthiest biped patrons set for themselves.—*Omaha World.*

WANTED TO JINE.

But Jim Finally Concluded That He Wouldn't be a Mormon.

While waiting at a station in South Carolina one day, writes M Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*, I was joined by a man who carried an old-fashioned satchel on his shoulder, and who had evidently walked many miles through the mud. He was fully 60 years of age, scrawny and homely, and he simply nodded to me and sat down on a bale of cotton. In about 10 minutes along came a woman in home-spun, fully his age and about as homely. She had also had a long walk. She nodded to me and sat down on another cotton bale. Not a word was said between us for 10 minutes. Then as the whistle of the train was heard in the distance she said to the man:

"Then, Jim, you ar' gwine off ter jine the Mormons?"

"I am, Hannah," he replied.

"And you won't take me?"

"No."

"And I'm to be left?"

"Yes."

"And it won't do no good to argufy?"

"Not a bit."

"Wall, then, good-bye to you."

She started forward with extended arm, but passed his hand and seized the satchel and flung it thirty feet away. Then she grabbed him by the hair and they went off the platform into a mud hole together, and as the train moved away she was on top and jamming his head into the old gold soil and saying between the jams:

"Want to jine the Mormons, do you! Want to leave the old wife who's dun lived with you 40 years! Want to jine—jine—jine, you old rabbit, you!"

And fifty passengers gave her three cheers and a tiger as she got a new hold on his atriarchal whiskers.

Why Are Deserts Barren?

Why are deserts rocky and sandy? The answer is that without vegetation there is no such thing as soil on earth anywhere. The top layer of the land in all ordinary countries is composed entirely of vegetable mould, the decaying remains of innumerable generations of weeds and grasses. Earth to earth is the rule of nature. Soil, in fact, consists entirely of dead leaves. And where there are no leaves to die and decay there can be no mould or soil to speak of. Darwin showed in his last great book that we owe the whole earthly covering of our hills and plains almost entirely to the perennial exertions of that friend of the farmer, the harmless, necessary earth-worm. Year after year the silent worker is busy every night pulling down leaves through his tunnelled burrow into his underground nest, and there converting them, by means of his castings, into the black mould which produces in the end for lordly man all his cultivable fields and pasture lands and meadows. Where there are no leaves and no earthworms, there can be no soil, and under those circumstances we get what we familiarly know as a desert. When new land rises above the sea it first emerges bare and rugged like a sea cliff. No living thing is harbored on its naked surface. In time, as rain falls upon its jutted peaks and barren pinnacles, the rock crumbles, and streams wash down deposits of sand and mud into the valleys and hollows. Lichens begin to spring in patches on the bare face of the rock, and ferns, whose spores have been wafted by the wind or carried by the waves or borne on the feet of unconscious birds, sprout here and there from the clefts and crannies. These, as they die and decay, form a thin layer of vegetable mould, the first beginning of a local soil, in which the earthworm—imported in the egg on driftwood or floating weeds—sets to burrow, and which increases by his constant labor. On the soil thus deposited flowering plants and trees root themselves as fast as seeds, nuts and fruits are wafted to the island by various accidents from surrounding countries. The new land thrown up in the Gulf of Ceylon four years ago by the great eruption of Krakatoa has in this way already clothed itself from head to foot with a luxuriant sheet of ferns, mosses and other vegetation.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Deeply Interested.

"What's all this I see in the papers about the Samoan question?" asked Mrs. Hixby of her husband the other evening. Hixby, delighted to have his wife interested in public affairs, began at the beginning and carefully and elaborately detailed the entire affair to his wife, and when he was through he said; "Now do you understand it, my dear?" "Y-e-s, I think I do, George, only I—I've been thinking ——" "Thinking what?" "Thinking for the last 10 minutes that, after all, I'd have cardinal instead of lettuce-leaf green on my new bonnet. Wouldn't you like the cardinal better, dearest?"

His Strong Point.

"He is dissipated and heartless. He has no idea of financial probity. He plays cards for money; he is recklessly extravagant and altogether totally unfit to be your husband. I cannot consent to the engagement."

"Oh, but think, papa, how well he looks in a drawing-room. Why, he is the most becoming man I ever danced with."

MANAGING STOVES.

Some Points on the Economy of Fuel in the Household.

How to minimize the expense of heating is a question of vital importance to the majority of citizens. What was recently pointed out relative to the wasteful use of coal for manufacturing purposes is no less true of coal for domestic uses. Few families get anything like the maximum caloric power out of their fuel, and the reason is largely their own lack of knowledge or their carelessness. With the exception of Kentucky and Arkansas lignite, which runs very low in caloric power, the differences between various kinds of coal are, after all, merely nominal, and the question of economy in coal resolves itself largely into one of use or treatment. The management of fires is the one important thing for people who wish to economize to post themselves on. As in factories, so in private dwellings, different fuels require different treatment. The harder the coal and the stronger the draught the thicker should be the bed of coals, or, in other words, the deeper should be the fire-pot. Hence size of stove, height of chimney, supplying of fuel, and judicious shaking or poking of the fire are important factors in the economy of fuel. In a general way the loss of heat results from one or other of three or four causes. Whenever the products of combustion are removed at too high a temperature, or there is a greater influx of air than is necessary to keep the fire sufficiently lively, or warm ashes or cinders are precipitated too soon, or the combustion is imperfect, there necessarily results a great loss of heat. So far as imperfect combustion is concerned, the escape of combustible gases, the fall of coal into the ashpan, and the precipitation of carbon as soot are the chief causes. Now, these are facts that the masses are apt to overlook, and in a measure they are all under the control of the one managing the fire. It will be noticed that the only effort usually made to reclaim this loss is to sift out of the ashes the bits of coal that have dropped down. Why not aim to save the other lost products? To begin with, there is no economy in small stoves. A stove with a large fire-pot can be run lower in point of heat and expense than a smaller stove. The thickness of coals over the grate can be better adjusted to the draught. A greater or less accumulation of ashes on the bottom of the pot is all that is necessary to regulate this matter. Poking and shaking should be avoided as much as possible, and the large stove requires this less than the smaller one. There is thus less partially burned coal precipitated into the ashpan, and the heat of the ashes constantly accumulating in the fire-pot is utilized to the fullest. When these are poked or shaken down they cool almost immediately, and the heat is lost. Another important point is the care given to the draught. No stove should be forced any more than possible, and with proper attention the necessity for forcing can be minimized. Combustion requires that the constituents of the air and the fuel should unite in exact proportions. Too much or too little air will entail loss of heat. As the quantity of air admitted into the stove in a given time increases its velocity is accelerated, and the air passes up the chimney in a highly heated condition and bears off heat in the measure of the volume and velocity of the current. If too little air is admitted, carbonic oxide instead of carbonic acid is developed and passes away in like manner. Hence a fire-pot adequate to the needs of draught, the avoidance of poking out hot ashes into the ash-pan and of disturbing the coals, and the closing of all direct draughts of the stove that would afford egress for hot air, gasses, and unconsumed carbon in the form of soot are factors in the economy of fuel more important than the selection of the material.

HARRYING WOMEN AND BABIES.

The Brutal Evictions on the Olphert Estate at Falcarragh.

The police having ascertained that the houses had not been fortified left the battering ram and the bulk of their military and civil forces in reserve in the village. Only 60 constables accompanied the sheriff and his men throughout the distressing day. The houses visited were grouped together, rendering easier the work of the crowbar brigade. In some instances a feeble attempt at barricading had been made. The tenants of the first two houses found themselves on the roadside within a half hour of attack. At the third house the painful monotony of the proceedings was varied by a vigorous attack made upon the sheriff by the tenant's wife who, despite the incumbrance of a 7-weeks-old child in her arms, belabored the minion of the law with a stick until a policeman came to the rescue. The poor woman retreated inside and clung tenaciously to a bedpost, whence she was brutally torn by two burly bailiffs, the baby being almost killed in the struggle. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., at the risk of being sent to prison for another long term for obstructing the police, rescued the infant and lulled it to sleep with matronly skill. At the fourth house the bailiffs turned out a bed-ridden old dame despite indignant protests that the exposure would kill her. Real resistance was only offered at the last two houses visited, but the defences were so feeble that they were soon broken down, and the garrison, consisting all told of one man and ten women, were sent off to prison. Fourteen out of 70 families were evicted to-day.—*London Correspondent of the New York Sun.*

Popular Though He Did Not Dance.

A popular young man who, despite the fact that he does not dance, is rather prominent in the social life of the town, told me recently how he managed to transform his inability to dance into a new element of popularity. "I got the idea from a girl," he explained, "and I have frozen to it right along. I met her out one night, and observing that I was not dancing, she asked me if I never danced. I confessed that I did not, and went on to say that I was constantly bemoaning that fact. 'Undoubtedly,' she said, 'you must find it annoying at times; and yet if you know how to make use of it, do you know that in one way you have an advantage growing out of the very fact that you do not dance?' Of course I wanted an explanation. 'Why, it's simple enough,' she said. 'Never put your name down for a dance until toward the end of the evening. Then put your name down for just one dance with each of the girls in whom you are most interested. By the time that your dances are due the girls will have been dancing for hours, and will have become pretty well tired out. Then as you lead them out on the floor, propose a promenade instead of a dance, and depend upon it they will mentally bless you for your consideration—you will have gained far more than though you had danced with them ever so gracefully.' Well, I've tried that suggestion," continued the youth, "and I never knew it to fail. It's a great idea."—*Albany Express.*

Green the Popular Spring Shade.

What I was most struck by in this early display of summer millinery was the predominant color of green in everything. All the hats were symphonies in light shades of green. I thought perhaps the winter mind was merely startled by the color of ripe nature, and that probably these hats were no greener than they are every year, but in the next window I was confronted by a great assortment of gloves, some of them nearly a yard long. These were of the same shade of green as the hats. In another window were stockings just as green as the gloves. Then there was lovely silk underwear, likewise pale green. There were green parasols, and I assure you that one window contained a hat covered with light green roses. So, you see, the beautiful brightness of nature is to adorn our girls during the coming hot season. The shops are certainly well stocked for the Easter trade, and the sidewalks in front of the windows are constantly thronged with eager young women who rapturize over this dream of a bonnet or that love of a hat with an enthusiasm delightful to witness.—*Clara Belle's Letter to the Indianapolis Journal.*

Died Prisoners of War.

According to the report of Secretary of War Stanton, the number of federal prisoners who died in Confederate prisons is 22,576, and, according to the same authority, the number of Confederate prisoners who died in Northern prisons is 26,436. According to the report of Surgeon General Barnes the number of Confederates held in Northern prisons during the war was 220,000, and the number of federal prisoners held in Confederate prisons 270,000.—*Nashville American*

How she got in: First Little Girl—Do you live in a flat? I thought they didn't take children in flats. How did you get in? Second Little Girl—I was borned in.—*Puck*

A man in California has played 78,832 games of whist during the past 51 years, and he thinks it is a wanton waste of time for women to paint long-legged storks and water lillies on brass plaques.

INFANTRY DRILL CHANGES.

Formation of Fours Simplified—Wheeling Abolished.

The year 1870 witnessed the first great reform in infantry drill. This year there has been another sweeping revision of the drill in the Imperial army, and which is also to be adopted by the militia of Canada. In this revision wheeling is abolished; the guide system is greatly simplified; physical training replaces the extension motions in squad drill; and other formations, generally acknowledged to be useless, have been swept away, while the frontier line dividing drill from manœuvre has been boldly rectified and is unmistakeably defined. The following are the principal alterations:

First. Physical training supersedes the extension motions.

Second. The formation of fours is simplified.

Third. A new method of sizing a company is adopted.

Fourth. The formation of a company is now the same in line and column; the guides and markers are non-commissioned officers; the subalterns being thus released to superintend their commands from the rear.

Fifth. Taking open order has been revised.

Sixth. Marching past has been revised, company being brought into accordance with battalion procedure.

Seventh. Forming square from line, re-written.

Eighth. Four-deep battalion squares are abolished.

Ninth. Signals are re-written.

On no occasion will men now turn about without word of command, nor will they ever, except in forming rallying squares, files or groups, for defence against cavalry, fix bayonets until ordered to do so. The flank of dressing is always to be named; also the directing flank on the march when changed. Firing will be by volleys only. The principal additions are: Physical training; the use of the "fours deep," formation line, as well as in column, and oblique deployment.

The following formations and movements will now be omitted:

Dressing man by man.
Right-about (or left-about) wheel.
Forming to the right-about (or left) about.
Files forming to the right (or left) about.
1. Fours wheeling to the right or left) about.
2. Forming to the right (or left) about.
Wheeling from column into line from the halt.
Wheeling from column into line on the march.
Forming to the right (or left) about.
Countermarching.
Battalions in line relieving each other.
3. Column of double companies diminishing front.
A column countermarching.
A battalion in line advancing in column of double companies.
A battalion in line retiring from one flank in rear of the other, or from both flanks in rear of the centre or of any named company.
A battalion in line forming column of double companies.
Wheeling from column into line.
A battalion in column forming line by companies in succession to either flank.
A battalion in column of double companies forming line to the right or left.
A battalion in column of double companies deploying.
Nos. 1 and 2. The alternative method, "By Fours."
A battalion in column of double companies forming square.
A battalion re-forming column of double companies.
A brigade advancing or retiring, in line or quarter column of double companies, at deploying interval.
A brigade in line advancing in columns of double companies from the centre of battalions.
A brigade retiring in columns from one flank of battalions in rear of the other, or from both flanks of battalions in rear of their centres.
A brigade advancing in double column from the centre, or retiring in double column from both flanks in rear of the centre.
A brigade in double column, from line to the front, or to a flank.
A brigade retiring in column from one flank in rear of the other.
A brigade in line changing position by columns of double companies.
Rear rank locking up when "marching past."

An Awkward Thing to Have Around.

Private Secretary Pearson, of Governor Beaver's office, Harrisburg, Pa., had a curious and somewhat startling experience with the graphophone. He began to turn the crank, and supposed that he was about to cause the machine to give out to the young lady type-writer a message which the Governor had talked into it the evening previous. The young lady was all attention, and the Private Secretary began solemnly to turn the crank, which works by a treadle. To his horror and the intense embarrassment of the young lady the following amorous jumble was given out with decided emphasis:

"Now, don't, George. . . . There; somebody will come. Of course I love you. There; somebody really is coming, and you have mussed my hair all up. . . . Please, love, I'm so afraid that some one will come in, and besides, I can't work this crank if you insist upon kissing me all the time." . . .

The periods represent sounds too familiar to be mistaken. They were the smacking of lips and other sounds which accompany the interchange of caresses between lovers.

It was some little while before the matter could be satisfactorily explained, either by the young lady or by Mr. Pearson, who at first were disposed to imagine that somebody had been playing a practical joke upon them. The matter was finally straightened out, however, when the executive clerk came around, and, upon hearing of the incident, laughed heartily. He had the evening before been showing a bride and groom about the executive department, and, being called away a few minutes, had left them in the Private Secretary's room to amuse themselves with the graphophone while he attended to the business which had called him away.—*Electrical Review*

Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale—you know the rest.
From his circled arms upspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. For all bronchial, throat, and lung affections, it is a potent remedy.

Served Him Right.

"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?" "It is quite true." "Gracious! What was the cause?" "He was addicted to the use of slang." "Oh!" "Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it." "And the result?" "The result is he is in the soup."

Silk Dresses and New Bonnets.

"I haven't had a silk dress since I was married, nor a new bonnet for three seasons," complains Mrs. C V. R. She declares she is bound to have a new bonnet if she has to work for it herself. This is true grit, but many ladies who would gladly work hard to attain a desired object are unable to do so because they are almost always constantly afflicted with diseases peculiar to their sex. Dragging-down pains, displacements, leucorrhea, and other uterine disorders are the bane of many women's lives; but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure where all other compounds fail. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For Young Piano Players.

Every young pianist should commit to memory the following words spoken by Dr. Von Bulow in an interview: "I find the great fault with pianists is that they do not learn to phrase properly. Every pianist should learn to sing and play the violin; then their ears would hear more critically the sounds they produce, and thereby teach them how to phrase. But the average pianist plays by sight only, and has no ears. He sees the keys and tries to execute correctly, but the sound he produces, the effect of his work, is not apparent to him. My advice to young pianists—old ones won't take advice—is to cultivate their ears and strive to obtain beauty and expression in what we term phrasing. It is the real beginning to greatness as a performer."

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