

**Kenniboy's Dream.**  
The Grizzly Bear sat on a tree,  
And piped his tawny lay,  
The white buzzing Bumble Bee  
Played tennis with the Jay.  
The Zebra, sitting by the pump,  
Was talking with the Moose,  
While twenty Kangaroo, a jump,  
Played bullfrog with the Goose.  
The Pollywog climbed up the vine  
That grew upon the house;  
And sliding down a piece of twine  
Was one brown little Mouse.  
The Fox tossed up a big baseball;  
The Lion as the bat  
Just whacked it over the red-brick wall,  
And struck the Fussy Cat.  
At this the Rats and Dogs did grin;  
The Kittens in the scamp  
Began to cry, and 'mid the din  
Small Kenniboy waked up.

## THE DOCTOR.

### CHAPTER II.

"I WILL LIVE TO CURSE YOU."

Those bitter words, that long had been  
forming in Mrs. Lennard's breast, hav-  
ing once passed her lips, they often passed  
them. If anyone of her numerous whims  
failed to remind her that she was wealthy  
enough to please herself, and please herself  
she did.

In the first glow and warmth of his love,  
the young doctor had never once given a  
thought to the riches his wife had  
brought him. His private income was  
ample enough for them both, and her  
money had never been touched by him; if  
it had her taunts would probably have  
driven him wild. One morning they went  
very near driving him wild as it was.

An acquaintance, more or less close, had  
sprung up between the Leighs and them.  
Mr. Leigh, a broken-down man of the  
world, living on a very scanty annuity,  
made spare still by having to supply  
luxuries for himself as well as necessities  
for his child, had come to Fenmore as  
quint of the way. He had played the game  
of life in cities, and lost. He came to end  
his days quietly in this lonely spot where  
what he had been was unknown, and what  
he was passed unnoticed.

His daughter, Letty, a motherless girl,  
had a full share of the faults usual to one,  
and rather more than a full share of the  
sweetness. She was young and wild and  
shy, and lovable withal, and therein lay her  
charm in Mrs. Lennard's eyes. She saw  
that her husband, who had grown cold and  
grave to her, could respond to Letty, smil-  
ing kindly at her quaint speeches, and odd  
ways of the child-woman. To her he was  
always gentle and forbearing; he never  
frowned on her, he never chilled her by a  
covert sneer, and all this the jealous woman  
fancied he did to herself. Her own brilliant  
glance beauty was fading rapidly, while  
day by day, and week by week, the soft  
flush faded and deepened on Letty's round  
cheek, and the clear, steady light in her  
gray eyes brightened.

For months now Dr. Lennard had gone  
his way; never unkind, always cold; he  
did not upbraid, but he could not care  
the woman who had dashed his cup with  
filth. He did not love her; she herself  
had killed his love; but he could never  
forget the unalloyed joy of the first few  
weeks of his married life when he had loved  
her wholly, intensely, with the gathered-  
up strength of his manhood. He never  
ceased to remember often with a sigh, the  
radiant vision of girlish loveliness that had  
passed through the dim stone hall by his  
side that fair June morning on which he  
had brought home his bride.

Everyone but his wife was saying how  
ill the doctor looked; everyone pitied him,  
and was considerate to him.  
Pauline's jealous nature, ever craving to  
be first, had sickened over his neighborly  
attentions to Letty Leigh for day and days,  
and this morning the torrent burst.  
The breakfast hour had passed in sullen  
silence on Pauline's part, and quiet indif-  
ference on the doctor's. He had got used  
to these domestic storms, and plainly saw  
that one was gathering. Breakfast over,  
he rose to go out, feeling thankful that  
this one had only threatened, and as he  
reached the door a clear voice, that both  
husband and wife recognized as Letty's,  
broke into a laugh in the hall.

A moment later, and Letty Leigh, still  
smiling, stood in the door-way, with a  
merry "Good morning." The doctor, after  
returning her greeting, and placing a chair  
for her, and proceeded to select a volume,  
while he asked what had been amusing her  
so.

"I have just been walking on the shore,"  
she replied, "and before I knew, a gust of  
wind came by, and my poor hat went  
dancing over the waves."  
"You should be more careful of your  
hat, Miss Letty, on so windy a morning,"  
said the doctor, smilingly.

"I know, but I wasn't thinking of it just  
then," said Letty, "and I couldn't but laugh  
when I saw it bobbing about like a wild  
thing. But the tide was coming strongly,  
and I got my poor old hat again, and  
that is what brought me here at this hour.  
I have left it in the kitchen to get dried."  
"Miss Leigh cannot have breakfasted  
yet, Pauline," said the doctor, glancing at  
his wife, but she did not heed him.

His pale face flushed at her want of  
courtesy, and Letty's countenance was a  
most embarrassed crimson as she rose to go.

"Thank you, Dr. Lennard," said she,  
"I dare not stay. My papa will want me  
to get his breakfast ready and my hat  
must be fit to put on now, for it was drying  
while I talked to Judith."  
The girl paused, out of breath, her long  
speech not serving to lessen her confusion,  
the doctor's keen eyes had glanced from her  
face to his wife more than once as she  
made it.

"You must not put on a damp hat,  
Miss Letty," said the doctor, "or we shall  
have you taking cold, and then what would  
papa say? Better he should wait for his  
breakfast."

"Speak the truth at once," broke in Mrs.  
Lennard, huskily, her blue eyes flaming.  
"Say what you would say, if any hurt  
came to your darling."  
With his hand on the door of the book-  
case, the doctor stood and looked at her in  
amazement; and then, as the full meaning  
of her passionate words and angry looks  
dawned upon him, he turned and looked at  
Letty. Her clear gray eyes, widely opened,  
were fixedly wondering on his wife's;  
but there was no flushing color in her fresh

cheek, no tremble of the firm mouth. She  
had not understood Mrs. Lennard.

"I think, Pauline, you forget yourself  
strangely," he said. "You must be dream-  
ing to use such words."  
"I am not dreaming," she replied. "I  
once dreamed, as you know; but that  
time in past, and can never return; mark  
that, Paul Lennard—it can never return.  
I am neither dreaming nor blind  
now, and I see more than either of you  
fancy."

"Whatever you are," said he—"what-  
ever you see, I hope you have enough  
gentlewoman left in you to refrain from  
such talk in the presence of a visitor, and  
that visitor a young girl."  
Never had his wife seen him so roused  
before. It confirmed her jealous suspicions,  
and the baleful light in her eyes flashed up  
stronger every instant.

"I know how you cherish the young girl  
—you need not tell me," she cried. "I  
was as young as she was when you  
married me for my money; and now you  
tell me to bear my wrongs in silence,  
because the shameless creature who is  
luring my husband away from me happens  
to be young!"

"You are planning to marry her for love,  
suppose, when you have buried me  
quietly," she continued; "but I will live to  
curse you yet—I will live to curse you yet!"

She rose up in a temper of passion,  
her eyes gleaming, her cheeks burning.  
A beautiful frown looked. With a sharp  
cry, Letty turned from the room and from  
the house, flying with swift feet down the  
road and over the garden, never  
stopping to get her hat, but off into the  
wind, her dark curls tossed about by the  
wind, and her ears still ringing with that  
vengeful cry.

Mrs. Lennard stood and watched the  
girlish figure in its headlong flight, and  
when she could see it no longer she sunk  
back on her seat and began to cry quietly.  
A new fear of her husband stirred in her.

"I might have watched them and  
thwarted them," she was thinking as she  
sat there; "but I should not have spoken  
out. Oh, dear! I wish I had kept quiet!"  
Dr. Lennard stood quite still, his hand  
resting on the bookcase, his eyes scanning  
the volumes within it, and one could  
have told from his grave, still face the  
shrouded bitter cries that rose up in his  
soul; cries for peace, for love, for sympathy,  
help, everything he had not, nor might  
hope to have.

Presently he crossed over to where his  
wife sat, and touched her on the arm. She  
raised her eyes to his face with a start, and  
kept them there, awed into quietness by  
the fixed look it wore.

"As soon as Mr. Sharp can draw up the  
necessary documents," said he, "every  
farthing of your money, which you know as  
well as I do, shall be legally touched by me,  
as it is, shall be legally touched upon your-  
self, so that I never can touch it. Let that  
content you. You have sunk lower in my  
esteem than I thought any woman, much  
less my own wife, ever could sink. In the  
future let there be another scene like the  
one of this morning, and we two shall be  
parted as wholly as the law can let us.  
Remember this, Mrs. Lennard, and know  
that I never break my word."

He was gone, with those cruelly steady  
eyes, that cruelly firm face, and as the door  
closed upon him, his wife fell to the floor in  
a faint. So Judith found her when she  
came in to take away the breakfast things,  
and her tender words none of the gentlest,  
she set about restoring her to consciousness.

The doctor kept his word; every farthing  
of his wife's fortune was settled upon her  
before the month was out.

In the early days of spring a weakly  
ailing little son was born, but meeting no  
mother-welcome, the little stranger soon  
faded away, and a tiny grave in the church-  
yard was the only visible token of his brief  
stay on earth. In the father's heart a  
yearning void was left, and a tender memory  
of the baby fingers that had thrilled his  
palm ere they withered at the touch of  
death, and passed away from him forever.

Perhaps if the child had lived the mother  
might have grown a better, and so a happier  
woman, and, perhaps, she might not; for  
she seemed to have no love for her  
blossom, no care for it, even while it was  
hers to cherish, and that brief term of  
motherhood passed, and left her still the  
same ankered, evil-hearted, discontented  
woman she had been before. Something in  
her husband's manner kept her from any  
open railing. She felt she dare not try him  
as she had tried him in those early  
days before the love in his heart had dried  
up. She practised instead a series of petty  
contradictions, as contemptible as they  
were spiteful, and yet not without their  
sting. Did she discover he particularly  
wanted a certain thing done, that was the  
very thing she put forth all her power to  
prevent being accomplished. Did she think  
he wished her to take care of herself, she  
went out in all weathers. Was he indiffer-  
ent, she fussed and nursed herself into a  
fever.

Never heeding, or rather never seeming  
to heed, the doctor went his daily round  
of duties, thankful for even a surface calm.  
But that he was not destined to enjoy long,  
though the end was nearer than he could  
know.

Urged by some wayward fancy of her  
own, Mrs. Lennard suddenly took upon her  
to be repentant for the insult offered to  
Letty Leigh. She walked over to the lonely  
little cottage one day while her husband  
was away from Fenmore, and told her how  
sorry she was for her rash, senseless words,  
and the simple girl, kindly and true herself,  
believed her, and freely forgave them, per-  
haps all the reader that she was conscious  
of a little secret and harmless admiration  
for the grave handsome doctor, that had  
grown up, unknown to herself, at the very  
core of her innocent young heart.

It was nothing to bring a blush to the  
purest face. No true wife, knowing it, but  
would have seen that it was a natural,  
childish liking only; but the frightened  
girl, knowing little of women, and less of  
her own heart, had been hurried by Mrs.  
Lennard's words to the conclusion that she  
had been guilty of some horrible sin, some  
shameful folly that had been plain to all.

Ever after, when she had chance to meet  
the doctor in her walks, Letty had avoided  
him; and he, thinking it a sign of her anger  
against him, had let it pass as one of the  
least consequences of his wife's ill work;  
therefore was Mrs. Lennard's olive-branch  
gratefully accepted, and gradually things

were round to their old course, though with  
a slight difference.

Some people might have thought and  
said that Mrs. Lennard was laying a trap  
for her husband, she put Letty so much in  
his way. Perhaps he thought so too; per-  
haps he shrunk from exposing the poor girl  
to a second outburst of jealous fury; but,  
whatever it was, he kept strictly within the  
bare forms of common courtesy. He was  
polite to her as his wife's friend—no more,  
no less—and if a trap was laid for him, he  
was not by it scathless.

Mrs. Lennard's health had been ailing  
for some time. Not trusting to his own  
skill, and feeling that the advice of another  
was more likely to be regarded by her than  
his, her husband called in Dr. Green. He  
ordered change to a milder climate, and  
once. But if Dr. Lennard thought his wife  
was going to heed any more, he was mis-  
taken. She flatly refused to leave Fen-  
more.

"No," she said, in one of her old out-  
bursts; "he had brought her there to die,  
and she would die. She told him how it  
would be, and now it had come true."

Dr. Lennard said nothing, but his mouth  
closed, and a little of the pain that was  
eating his life out flashed up into his face.  
He knew that any remonstrance of his  
would only fix her in her resolve but in his  
mind that day he called at the Leigh's  
cottage and asked Letty to go up and talk  
to her, "for," as he frankly said, "if you  
do not succeed, it is hopeless. My wishes  
would not regard in the matter at all."

Letty promised to use her best influence;  
and that evening, when the doctor came  
home, he found them both seated by the  
fire in the drawing-room, busy talking.  
Letty's dark face was all aglow with earnest  
eloquence, and Pauline lay back in her chair  
and listened with a quiet smile.

Pauline had been very ill of late, worse  
even than the doctor himself knew of; her  
always slight form was painfully thin, and  
her large, soft eyes were painfully brilliant.  
With all her ill-health the twist and curl  
never left her hair, and now it lay over the  
crimson cushion in a silken tangle of light.  
She was very fair, very beautiful, more  
womanly than ever he had seen her, even  
in the first sparkle of youth and health;  
and the great, tender love in his soul yearned  
toward her as he looked down on her placid,  
delicate face. It spoke in his voice, in the  
touch of his hand; it shone from out the  
depths of his dark eyes. It changed the  
stern, grave husband into the fond lover of  
old time. Oh, blind heart! oh, cruel hand!  
to ding back such a holy offering!

"You are better to-night, Pauline?" said  
he.

"Yes, I am greatly better," she said.  
"I am not going to die. I walked down  
alone; and see, my hand is cooler. Oh,  
yes, you must see I am better."

Her husband took the little white hand  
in his, and stroked it tenderly, and though  
the cold damp of his palm chilled him, he  
gave no sign. Her eyes brightened with a  
little of their old fire as she looked across  
to where Letty sat in the shadow, her head  
leaning against the mantel.

Letty came over early in the afternoon  
to see me," she said, "and from then till  
now her one cry has been that I must go to  
Devonshire, or Italy, or France, or some-  
where—anywhere I think would please her,  
so that it was far enough from Fenmore."  
Letty half smiled as she met the doctor's  
approving glance.

"It is not what would please me," she  
said. "It is what Doctor Green says you  
require. I should not like to see you going  
away from Fenmore only for that."

Too weak to be angry, Mrs. Lennard grew  
peevish.

"I shall not leave Fenmore," she said.  
"I am well enough to go to Lapland, if it is  
the cold you dread. I shall stay here."  
"Well, then, Pauline, you shall,"  
said the doctor, soothingly. "You know  
yourself a change would do you good. But  
if you took it unwillingly, perhaps half the  
good would be lost."

Letty stayed rather late that night—later  
than she usually did or cared to do then;  
but Mrs. Lennard had been loath to part  
with her, and when she put on her hat and  
cloak, and the doctor rose to see her home,  
his wife seemed as if she would have stayed  
him just at the last; but she said nothing,  
and he went.

Their shortest road was across the sands;  
and to-night, with the moon shining, and  
the sea calm and as smooth as sheeted sil-  
ver, it was the pleasantest also.

A still night, with a sultry breeze blowing  
from the land, that so sorely fanned the  
cheek as it went by.

Letty was shy and quiet; his thoughts  
busy with the past, the doctor was in no  
talking mood, and the greater part of the  
walk was accomplished in silence. Once, as  
they left the sea behind them, and turned  
into the narrow, shadowy lane that led to  
Letty's home, she thought she heard a cry,  
half gasp, half sob, as from some injured  
animal, and she stopped and listened. Dr.  
Lennard asked what it was, and she told him.

"It is the wind that is rising," he said.  
"See the clouds that are banking up over  
there! We shall have a storm to-night."  
Still the girl stood and listened, her  
cheek blanched with a terror to  
which she could give no name; and again,  
further away this time, but still distinct,  
the long-drawn breath broke the stillness.  
This time the doctor heard it, too; perhaps  
because he had been listening for it. That  
was the reason he gave to Letty.

"It is nothing but the sough of the wind  
through these old trees," said he. "You  
need not tremble so, child. The night is so  
clear that we should see if any living crea-  
ture was near about."

Very comforting to the practical doctor,  
no doubt, but not as all to Letty. She  
went the rest of the way with her head  
turned back over her shoulder every few  
steps to see if anything followed, and her  
ear strained to the utmost to catch the  
faintest repetition of that gasping sound,  
but none came, and the doctor left her safe  
inside her own door, and laughed at her  
pale face as it showed in the light of the  
lamp.

"You will never do," said he, "to live  
your life by the sea, if the rising of the  
summer storm and the breathing of the  
summer wind can fill you with superstitious  
fancies. I thought you were wiser, Miss  
Letty."

Letty tried to answer his light words,  
but she could not; and when he was gone,  
and she sat down on the side of her bed,  
she could not keep from bursting into tears.  
A sore pain seemed to lie heavy on her  
heart, a dim foreboding of evil shadowed  
her round; and under its sinister influence  
the girl shivered and moaned as though

rent by bodily suffering. And through it  
all there rose those now half-forgotten  
words:  
"I will live to curse you yet! I will live  
to curse you yet!"

And then, in the room, by her side, above  
her, all round her, the air seemed to thrill  
with that gasping cry, as Letty had heard  
it in the lane, still the poor girl felt as if  
she were struggling in some terrible dream,  
or else losing her reason altogether.

Whether that cry was a reality or a  
delusion remained a mystery; but whether  
or no, the wind was rising, and that  
rapidly, and the doctor remembering it  
would be high tide that night, went round  
by the village to his home.

The sky was now one shifting mass of  
black clouds, that were parted every now  
and again by long, keen flashes of forked  
lightning. The sea was sounding so loudly  
that he heard it even in the heart of Fen-  
more; and as he went up the little hill to  
his own house he heard it plainer still, and  
the wind beat great dashes of rain in his  
faces every few seconds.

"A bad night for the fishermen," he  
said, half aloud, "and I'm afraid there will  
be a good many on ere this."  
He had gained his own gate as he spoke,  
and he turned round to look at the angry  
sea.

The great billows, rising high, dashed  
furiously on the sands and against the  
rocks, their crests shivering into foamy  
whiteness. Far out—as far as the eye  
could pierce through the thick darkness—  
the waste of waters spread, heaving and  
falling like a living thing—a terrible sight  
—while over all played the sickly glare of  
the lightning.

Dr. Lennard turned hastily from it and  
turning, stumbled over something in the  
path. Stooping, he saw that it was a woman  
lying prone on his doorstep, her light dress  
clinging closely to her, her long hair trailing  
over the ground. He pushed the door open,  
and lifting her in his arms, carried her up to  
the lighted hall, thinking with pity that it  
was some poor night-wanderer who had  
lost her way, and perhaps fallen from ex-  
haustion.

The light fell fully on the figure, the  
doctor staggered under his burden, and a  
deadly chill stole over him. He recognized  
the pale silk dress, the glossy golden hair.  
No need to raise the still, white face to know  
that it was his wife.

The banging to of the hall door, and the  
flicker of the lamp as the rough wind rushed  
in, roused him, and he carried her up to  
her own room, and laying her on the bed,  
rang for Judith. The old woman came,  
and her fresh face blanched suddenly at the  
sight that met her eyes.

Mrs. Lennard lay on the bed, her hands  
tightly clinched, her face rigid, with her  
wet hair falling in tarnished masses round  
it. Her pale silk dress was stained with  
missing altogether, while the other had  
plainly been up past the ankle in a sand  
puddle; and standing by the bedside, more  
worn and haggard than the old woman had  
ever seen him, even in these last miserable  
years, was Dr. Lennard, looking quietly but  
sternly down on the strange figure of his  
wife.

But he did not stand long thus. No  
stranger could have gone about restoring  
consciousness more promptly and coolly;  
and when, after a weary time, life came back  
to the still face, and the small hands  
trembled and unclenched, like a stranger he  
left the room, and sent the boy for Dr.  
Green.

Mrs. Lennard opened her eyes on Judith's  
rugged face as it was bent over her pillow,  
and, like one waking from a troubled dream,  
she raised her head to look round on the  
familiar objects, as though to convince her-  
self of the reality of the present. But even  
that exertion was too much; and as her  
head touched the pillow again, she gave a  
rush of blood, staining her parched lips,  
and making her white face appear still more  
ghastly; and Judith, startled into pity,  
went hastily out, and called the doctor.

When he came his own face was as white  
and set as the dying face before him, for he  
saw that she was dying.

When the blood ceased to well out,  
and Pauline was as well as she might ever  
be, the doctor was stealing softly from the  
room to see if his messenger had returned,  
but she put out her hand and stayed him.

"Don't go," she whispered; "I am  
dying. Don't go—don't!"

The few broken words made the ominous  
red tide rise again, and Dr. Lennard, bend-  
ing over her, and meeting the terrified,  
beseeching eyes of this woman he had loved  
so passionately, felt his own scorch with an  
agony too deep for tears.

How after hour he stayed by her, exert-  
ing all his skill, but in vain, to stay the  
ebbing life; and when skill failed, soothing  
her with fond words, soothing of the glad  
music of past days, and tender tones,  
eloquent of love, of forgiveness, too, to poor,  
dying Pauline.

Dr. Green came, but he could do nothing;  
she was past all earthly aid, and in the  
ghostly gray twilight of the early morning  
she died.

With the last up-flashing of her life  
Pauline had forced strength to tell her hus-  
band she knew she had wronged him al-  
ways—this last time most of all, and to beg  
of him to forgive her.

A reckless vision of what this fair woman  
might have been to him rose up as he bent  
over her dying bed, mixed with a yearning  
thankfulness for the justice and the love  
that had come, though so late; and so he  
kissed her and held her closer in his arms,  
and with his forgiveness and his love sought  
to let her die in peace. But in peace she  
could not die. In vain he bade her put her  
trust in her Saviour, and fix her hopes on  
His tenderness and mercy; but her heart  
was closed and hard, and the holy words fell  
on heedless ears.

In vain the doctor looked and spoke as if  
the cruel past was a dream, and she was  
the fondly loved young wife of those early  
June days; she could not die in peace, and  
she did not. There was a want and a crying  
need in her dying eyes terrible to see; and  
it was under the burden of an unuttered  
longing that she struggled into eternity.

(To be Continued.)

—The over-production of whiskey is  
probably the cause of money being tight.

—It isn't the clothes a woman wears  
that turns her head; it is the clothes other  
women wear.

—A man is satisfied to drop into the first  
saloon to spend ten cents, but a woman  
will make it show her through every store  
in town.

### REMAKING THE NEWS TO HER.

How the Queen Consort Heard of King  
Kalakaua's Death.

Many women and men had been busily  
engaged in decorating the palace for His  
Majesty's reception, says a Honolulu letter  
to the San Francisco Chronicle. They had  
been assembled for several days and  
worked under the Queen's personal super-  
vision. Early on the morning of January  
29th the willing hands began their labor of  
love. Soon the Queen appeared at the top  
of the wide marble staircase of the main  
hall, clad in a kaoloku, the native dress.  
Slowly and stately she joined the workers,  
contributing smiles and salutations to all.

Standing among the native workers and  
directing them to add touches here and  
there, she was a picture of majesty, but  
while every inch a queen, she seemed to  
take an almost childish delight in the  
thoughts of the gratification with which  
king would greet her work.

"He will be so pleased," she said.

The Hon. Samuel Parker entered and  
announced to Her Majesty that the Char-  
leston had been reported off Koko Head. At  
this intelligence work ceased, and the at-  
tendants read in the face of Mr. Parker the  
sad news he had come to break.

"Ah! my King has prepared a surprise  
for me and I shall not be outdone. Why  
do you stop your labor? Begin again, and  
we will finish before His Majesty arrives,"  
said the Queen, and she began with her own  
hands to entwine some mail in the meshes  
of the rich drapery.

"But, Your Majesty," said Mr. Parker,  
"the flags on the Charleston are at half-  
mast, and I am afraid something has hap-  
pened."

"How sad! They must be mourning for  
some one who has died aboard," answered  
the Queen.

"But the Hawaiian flag is at half-mast  
also, Your Majesty."

"Ah! my king should grieve with them  
should anyone be dead."

The attendants understood the worst,  
but Kapiolani refused to understand, and  
still urged them to complete their decora-  
tion.

All were silent and bowed their heads,  
but Mr. Parker broke the silence, and in a  
calm, sympathetic voice announced to the  
Queen the death of the King. The transi-  
tion from the simplicity of her delight to  
the paroxysms of grief was so sudden that  
she almost fainted, and would have fallen  
to the floor had not loving arms supported  
her. She gave a shriek, and began wailing  
in a mournful and most piteous manner.

Others added their cries of wailing to the  
sad and bitter moaning of the Queen, and  
the scene brought tears to the eyes of the  
strongest present. Mr. Parker wiped the  
tears from his eyes, and raising the Queen  
supported her to her apartments.

### A Modern Sodom.

Orange Sentinel: There is a remarkable  
difference in the observance of Sunday in  
Chicago and Toronto, not to the credit of  
the Western Metropolis. There the street  
cars run from early morn till early next  
morn; the saloons throw their doors wide  
open to their thirsty patrons; the second-  
hand shops, pawn shops and cigar stores  
are in full blast; suburban trains rush in  
all directions carrying thousands to out-  
lying parks and suburbs, where German  
bands discourse sweet music and where the  
followers of Terpsichore trip the light  
fantastic to their heart's content; and  
drink lager and Rhine wine as  
fast as it can be handed out to  
them by the active waiters. The  
theatres too, almost without exception,  
look forward to bigger business at their  
Sunday matinees than at those of even  
Saturday, and almost the entire popula-  
tion seem to give themselves up to a day  
of pleasure, if not dissipation. True, the  
Sabbath was not intended as a day in  
which to do penance, or as a day in which  
one should shut himself up and moan  
indoors, but we draw the line at spending  
a Sunday afternoon in witnessing the  
gyrations of a female Spanish dancer in a  
variety theatre. In all some twelve  
theatres, variety halls and museums, give  
matinees each Sunday afternoon during  
the season and they are exceedingly well  
patronized. If Chicago keeps on it will  
soon earn the title of the Modern Sodom.

### Compulsory Voting.

Oswego Times: There is a bill before the  
legislature to compel every duly qualified  
citizen to vote at elections under proper  
penalties and penalties for neglect so to do.  
The exercise of the elective franchise is  
the highest duty of American citizenship.  
No good citizen has a right to neglect to  
vote and leave the selection of officers in  
the hands of the rough and rowdies and  
that class of people who never neglect to  
vote except such neglect comes from  
disgust that no one offers to pay them for  
their votes. If American institutions are  
worth preserving, intelligent and respect-  
able citizens should do their share of the  
work, and if they are too indolent or too  
indifferent to do their duty the law should  
compel them to do it, just as it compels  
them to pay taxes or do anything else for  
the safety of the public.

### Scotch Ascendancy.

Toronto Empire: It has been said with  
some show of reason, that Scotchmen rule  
Canada in the domain of politics. The  
recent Australian convention has also  
brought out the prominence of men of that  
nationality at the Antipodes, such impor-  
tant delegates as Hon. William McMillan,  
Treasurer of New South Wales; Hon.  
James Munro, Premier of Victoria; Hon.  
Duncan Gillies, ex-Premier of that colony;  
Dr. Cookburn, ex-Premier of South Aus-  
tralia; Sir Thomas Mollwraith, of Queens-  
land, and Hon. Adye Douglas, of Tasmania,  
all being Scotchmen.

The steamer Milwaukee struck on the  
Line Kila, near Amherstburg, yesterday  
morning. She is now lying at Amherstburg  
dock in a leaky condition, but the pumps  
keep her free.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Bothwell, of Brooklyn,  
accidentally swallowed a small cork the  
other day, which lodged in his left bronchus,  
and physicians have been unable to reach  
it. A fatal result is feared.

The theatrical manager is known by  
the company he keeps.

The new Earl Granville is a pale-faced  
lad of 19. He is at present a student at  
Eton, and cannot take his place in the  
House of Lords until he attains his ma-  
jority.