SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

He spoke so quietly that Ruby did not guess what intense self-command he had to exercise to answer her at all, and she felt a little vague disappointment. Had he conquered his love for Shirley? she wondered. Was that his reason for making peace with Sir Hugh? Had he forgiven him because his anger had all died away? And yet the grave face was very true and steadfast. Guy Stuart did not look like a man who could love and cease to love at will.

Watching Shirley furtively with his grave gray eyes, Guy Stuart felt more and more as if he were in a dream. It was so strange and unreal to be near her once more and not to be on the old sweet familiar terms. Not a movement of hers, hardly a word she spoke, escaped him; his senses seemed all quickened and intensified, although after their first short greeting they did not exchange a word. He noted the languid calm of her manner, her haughty indifference, so unlike the sweet graciousness of old, and he saw too, with a thrill of pain and pleasure which he could not repress, the change—perceptible only to one who knew her as well as he did—which came over her face and manner when she answered her husband. Moreover, he saw how the pain deepened on Sir Hugh's handsome face.

Shirley herself never remembered how that evening passed; it seemed to her as if Alice's eyes were watching her every movement, exercising a ceaseless espionage over her words and looks, and as if she must bear herself even more proudly than usual under the scrutiny. She knew that she talked, and even sung when they asked her, with a very vague impression of the words she uttered and the song she sang; but she knew also that the old sense of rest and peace and happiness which she had always felt in Guy's presence was coming back to her heart, and that she strove against it in vain. Was it wrong? she wondered; she had suffered so much, she was surely justified in feeling a little happy now! And then she found herself bidding Alice good-night, and she heard her husband's voice, with an unusual tone of hesitation and entreaty, asking Major Stuart if he would go to see them. Shirley's heart beat quickly as she waited for the answer. There was a slight pause—so slight as to be almost imperceptible—and then Guy answered in the affirmative; and Shirley put her small fingers into his for a moment before they were placed upon Lord Eastwell's arm to allow him to lead her to the carriage.

"Stuart seems inclined to be friendly," Sir Hugh said, when he and Shirley were driving away in their luxurious well-appointed carriage, speaking with an indifference which was assumed in vain for his purpose. "I wonder if he will come to see us? He said he would."

"He generally keeps his word," Shirley answered, with her usual icy indifference.

"I hope not always. I remember, last time we met, he was going to——" A slight movement which Shirley made silenced him for a moment; then he went on lightly, "I suppose he thinks I did not do him such a terrible injury as he thought at the time. He neednot envy me my wife!"

"No," Shirley answered, with sudden bitterness, looking steadily out at the lighted streets as they drove on.

"Or perhaps he has a wife of his own, and she has taught him to be charitable," said Sir Hugh, rather unsteadily. What would he not have given to rouse Shirley into anything like resentment, into a betrayal of feeling or passion.

"Perhaps," assented Shirley relapsing into her usual indifference.

"I wish him joy!" said her husband bitterly; and they were silent for the rest of the way.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Major Stuart is in the drawing-room, my lady."

"Very well, Cobbett. Ask Major Stuart to wait for me one minute."

"Yes, my lady."

The powdered footman who had made the announcement disappeared, and Lady Glynn put aside the book she had been reading as she rose to go down to her visitor.

She was dressed, as usual, in perfect taste, and there was no sign of perturbation in her manner as she went down-stairs to receive the man who, but for an untoward fate, would have been her husband; but Guy knew her face too well not to see what intense pain and pleasure this, her first interview alone with him, gave her.

He was standing by the window of the drawing-room when she entered, and she was close beside him before he heard her; then, with a start, he turned and saw her standing, slim and graceful, in her dark velvet dress with soft old laces at throat and wrists.

She held out her hand to him in silence, and equally in silence he took it for a moment in his strong clasp; as he released it, it fell heavily at her side. Then she said very softly, but in a voice which was like music, it was so wondrously sweet and melodious—

"I am very glad to see you. It was very good of you to come."

"You thought I would come?" he said, with a kindly smile. "I am fortunate in finding you at home."

"I am generally home from three to five. One cannot be always on the treadmill you know."

"On the treadmill!" he repeated, looking at her with a quick questioning glance.

"Yes, the round of fashion," she answered nervously, linking her white fingers together with a gesture of pain. "I don't think the treadmill can be much worse."

"I suppose it is wearisome and monotonous at times; but the season is not a very long one, you know."

"Not a very long one?" she questioned, with a little sigh.

"No, certainly not. And every position has its duties," he answered, with gentle gravity.

"You left yours to take care of themselves for a long time," she said suddenly, looking at him, as they stood at the window facing each other, with quick reproach and pain.

Major Stuart's face changed slightly. It had been grave and quiet before; it grew graver and quieter now, and there was an added pain about the lips under his dark moustache which Lady Glynn caught.

"Forgive me," Shirley said softly. "I ought not to have said that. Will you not sit down?"

She moved away from him as she spoke, with an uncertain restless movement very unlike her usual languid grace. His eyes, full of wistful pain, followed her, and the thought crossed him whether it had been wise to come.

"We have met several times," she said, in a low ill-assured tone, "since that first evening, but I have never had an opportunity of thanking you for your goodness then. Will you let me do so now?"

"You will not do so, unless you wish to pain me terribly," he answered hurriedly. "Even if I had not given a promise to my uncle, do you think so meanly of me as to believe that I had kept malice in my heart for four long years, Shirley?"

The color rose slowly and painfully in her face, and her eyes fell before his.

"You promised your uncle?" she said, rallying a little. "When?"

"On his death-bed."

"He died—when?"

"He died three days after I left you in Scotland."

He spoke with evident effort, but with perfect calm, although under his bronze the pallor deepened to ghastliness.

"And you could forgive even then?" she said, lifting her eyes to his with a swift reproach.

"Even then," he replied gently. "It was hardly more bitter pain then, Shirley, than it is now. It was not easy for me to forgive," he added earnestly—"not easy—ah, no!"

"It is easier now?" she said quickly. "You can see the wrong is not so great as it seemed then? No—oh, no, do not go—do not leave me, and in anger! I will not vex you again."

"You do not vex me—you pain me unutterably," he said; and his voice was a little strained, for all its gentleness.

"Do I? Then I will not. Tell me of yourself. You were so long a time a wanderer that you must have brought home many a story and narrative."

"Nothing likely to interest you much," he said quietly. "I am not a good *raconteur*, you know."

"You used not to be," she answered; and there was a little embarrassed pause, during which the thoughts of both wandered back to the past, the old sweet, bitter past which lay cold and dead between them now. "Ruby tells me that you often go to them," she said presently.

"Yes, they are very good in wishing to have me, and it gives me great pleasure."

"Oswald is greatly improved?"

"Yes. He is a young man to have the responsibility of a wife and family," said Guy, smiling. "But he is very happy. In his case at least Shakspeare is proved in the wrong when he said a young man married is a young man marred."

"I suppose there are exceptions to every rule," rejoined Shirley. "They are happy enough."

"Yes; there is my beau-ideal of what a home should be," Guy said; then, very gently and gravely, bending forward a little toward her as she sat, her rich velvet dress falling around her, her little jewelled hands lying idly in her lap, he added, "Why is not yours a happy home, Shirley?"

"Mine," she exclaimed in agitated tones—"mine! How can it be?"

"Why should it not be?"

"Can you ask?" she said, with passionate reproach flashing into her lustrous eyes.

"Yes, I ask you," he answered in the same gentle manner. "I am an old friend, and you must give me a friend's privileges. Why are you not happy in your home, Shirley."

"How can I be happy? How could I be happy—trapped, betrayed as I was into a marriage in which there is neither love nor respect?" she asked passionately. "Are you forgetting what is past, Guy? Are you——"

"I am forgetting nothing," he said gently still. "Is it likely that I should? But your husband loves you, and——"

"Loves me!" she echoed wildly. "I prefer hate to such love as that!"

"Hush—oh, hush, my child!" Guy cried earnestly. "It breaks my heart to hear you speak so bitterly. Dear, is it possible that during all this time you have not forgiven your husband and the wrong he did you in the past, that you have cherished anger and hatred and malice in your heart against him?"

"I have not forgiven him," she said passionately—"I never will forgive him! He has no right to expect it. How can I forgive him?" she went on, rising and restlessly clasping and unclasping her little hands. "When I think—oh, when I think, I feel as if I must go mad with the recollection of my wrongs! Can you guess what my life has been," she asked turning to Guy, who had risen also, with a look of intense pain on his grave face, "forced me to live in outward concord with a man whom I despise and detest and abhor, forced to bear his touch, his caress, his kiss? It has been horrible beyond all words—beyond all description. Oh, Guy, let me tell you! All these years I have borne my sorrow in silence because there was no one whom I could trust, whom I could speak to, and it seemed sometimes as if my heart must burst with its load of anguish."

"Shirley," he said brokenly, his face white as death, his hands trembling at the passion and desolation of her manner, "I cannot hear you; it is not right."

"Ah, let me tell you!" she entreated, looking up at him with earnest child-like trust. "I do not often give way thus; but it will be such comfort to tell you! Sometimes it has seemed as if my brain must burst, my temples throb so, and I am obliged to smile and go into Society not to let people guess. Oh, if I were not so strong that I might die! Or, if I could kill him—if I could kill him!"

"Shirley!"

The gentle pained voice, the touch of his hand upon her hot trembling fingers, the expression of the dark gray eyes which looked at her with such sorrow and pain, brought tears, and she bowed her head upon her hands, weeping passionately and unrestrainedly; and he did not try to stop the bitter tears—they could not fail to ease the overcharged heart and throbbing brain. But how hard—how terribly hard—it was then to keep his promise to his uncle only Guy Stuart knew. He paced up and down the beautiful room, not daring to trust himself to look at the bowed drooping figure, trying to shut his ears to the broken heart-rending sobs—but in vain. His hands were clinched until the nails almost entered the flesh, and he ground his teeth together in a fury to which no words could have given vent.

He loved her so madly, he pitied her with such an intense pity, he longed with such a heartfelt longing to be able to console and comfort her! Were there no means by which he could deliver her from this bondage? Was there no road which led to peace at least, if not to happiness? And, look which way he might, he could distinguish none save through the paths of sin and crime and dishonor. And must such paths be trodden? Did he love her well enough, or did he love her too well for that?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Did you ever see anything more lovely?" asked Lucie Grey softly, as her gray eyes—such frank kindly gray eyes they were, inspiring trust and confidence—eyes that were fitting windows to the gentle and honest soul which made the fear of Easton's eldest daughter so justly beloved in his parish—strayed over the lovely landscape lying before her, which the sun was flooding with a rich golden light and haze that gave it yet more wondrous beauty than Nature had already bestowed upon it.

The Vicar's three daughters had been spending a luxurious half holiday on the cliffs, and had enjoyed it to the uttermost. It was not often that their busy lives gave them leisure for dreaming away a few hours among the rocks, for Mr. Grey's living was not a very remunerative one, and his family was large, so that Lucie and Ada, and even bright little Bessie, his third daughter, although she was not yet sixteen, found plenty to do in assisting their delicate mother in her household labors; teaching the little ones, helping their father in his parish work, mothers' meetings and district visiting, coal, blanket, and clothing clubs, penny-readings and Sunday-school teaching being a few of their multifarious duties.

Perhaps it was its rarity which always made a holiday seem such a thoroughly enjoyable day to these girls. Any one coming upon them as they lingered upon the rocks would have seen a picture of perfect and innocent enjoyment.

Lucie had been sketching; but she had put aside her drawing materials now, and was letting her eyes rest with delight on the scene before her—the calm smiling sea with the golden haze upon it, the blue sky overhead, the coast—such a coast as only a Devon or Cornwall can boast—stretching far on either side in abrupt outlines and undulations, and the quaint little town of Easton itself, lying in the hollow formed, as it were, by a break in the long lines of cliff which had left a chasm. Behind them the cliffs rose rugged and bold, and far and wide the coast stretched in points and headlands and bays and crescents, with here and there a space far down on the cliff-side which had been cleared for building, or where some wealthy person had erected a charming summer residence in sight of the sea and shore.

Easton itself, with its one long, quaint, irregular street, ran in a scattered manner down to the very beach itself, the sea almost washing the bases of some of the houses. The harbor was a small but picturesque one, and it gave refuge to the fisher-boats by which the fishing population obtained their living from the deep waters. The Grey girls loved the quaint little town dearly; they had not time to feel its dulness and monotony; and the deep love of nature which they had imbibed from their father made the scenery around—some of the fairest in England—a constant delight to them.

Their pleasure in it now was as great as if their eyes had never dwelt on it before. Lucie contemplated it with a feeling of delight mixed with despair at her inability to reproduce such beauty. Ada, stretched beside her, with her head on her sister's lap, looked at it dreamily, letting its loveliness soothe her with a sense of peace and rest; and Bessie stood behind, pausing in her occupation of preparing tea, at Lucie's earnestly spoken question, to let her glance rest upon it too.

"Do you think it looks more lovely than usual, Lulu?" she asked saucily, after a minute's silent admiration.

"It always has a fresh loveliness for me," Lucie answered, smiling. "And I believe you enjoy it just as much as Ada or myself."

"Of course I think it jollier living at Easton than in a poky old town," Bessie said jaunttily. "But I don't go in for artistic tastes like you and Ada. For instance, the prospect of 'bliss' is a much pleasanter one to me than that prospect," she added merrily, jerking her chin toward the golden-shadowed sea.

"'Bliss'!" said Ada, sitting eagerly and looking round Lucie's camp stool toward her younger sister's preparations for tea. "Do you mean to say that we are to have 'bliss' for tea?"

Bessie nodded emphatically.

"I do," she said.

"My eternal gratitude is yours," Ada rejoined, with a sigh of content, for the delicacy, composed of clotted cream and jam and cake, which Bessie in her childish days had called "bliss," because it was better than happiness, was a favorite dish of hers.

"What a blissful sight!" remarked Bessie demurely, intent upon trying to induce the little kettle upon the spirit-lamp to stand on its somewhat unsteady base.

"Bessie"—Ada sat up again, and looked at her sister with solemnly reproving eyes—"did I hear aright, or did my ears deceive me?"

"It was a very bad pun, Ada," said Lucie merrily, "so we will ignore it."

"There is one thing certain," Ada declared, settling herself comfortably once more—"if Dr. Johnson were still in existence and had chanced to pass this way, Mr. Easton's third daughter would not be alive at this present moment."

"Thank goodness, he is *non est*," laughed Bessie. "We get enough of him in the dictionary. Hurrah! It is boiling at last! Ada, the supreme moment is approaching!"

"Something or some one else is approaching too," Ada said, laughing. "What a bore! Who can it be? Look, Lucie—you are not near sighted as I am."

Lucie turned her head and looked for a moment steadily at a solitary figure coming toward them across the beach, for the girls had encamped in the shadow of the cliff among some bowlders of rock which were a favorite resort. The sunshine did not touch the strip of shingle over which the solitary graceful woman's figure was advancing, and to Lucie's gentle eyes it seemed a very desolate and lonely one.

"I think it must be one of the grandees who have taken the 'Pack of Cards' for the summer months," said Bessie, looking also. "What a nuisance! I dislike languid fine ladies above all things."

"Having had so much experience," Ada put in slyly.

"I've read of them," said Bessie contemptuously—"fainting if they cut their fingers, and going into hysterics if they see a spider! Even mother said Lady Eastwell was horrid."

"I don't think our mother said that, Bessie," opposed Lucie gently, not removing her eyes from the slowly advancing figure, which she was watching with an intent gaze.

"Well, I am sure she did not like her manner," amended Bessie carelessly, "nor Mrs. Beaudesert."

"This is neither Mrs. Beaudesert nor Lady Eastwell," said Lucie, a little tender pitying tone coming into her voice. "I think it is Lady Glynn."

"Lady Glynn!" Ada started up eagerly. "Is it, do you think? I do not think she is strong enough to walk so far. You know we have heard her health they came down here."

"It is she nevertheless," said Lucie, quietly; and, as the slim graceful figure came nearer with its slow languid step, Miss Grey went forward to meet it, forgetting entirely that Lady Glynn was one of the "great ladies" who had come to enjoy the Easton sea breezes, in her tender pity for the pallor and weariness of the lovely face which she had seen once or twice at church and once in the Vicarage drawing-room, when Shirley had come on foot in her simple cambric dress, too delicately minded to exhibit her wealth before the poor clergyman's family, to call on the vicar's wife.

Shirley's face brightened suddenly and swiftly as her eyes met Lucie's; she had liked what little she had seen of the Greys so much that it gave her unfeigned pleasure to meet the girls.

"Have you not walked a little too far, Lady Glynn?" Lucie said gently. "It was not very prudent."

"The air was so pleasant and the afternoon so lovely that they tempted me," returned Shirley, smiling. "Besides, your fresh sea-breezes have done me a world of good, Miss Grey. But I fear," she added, with a glance at Bessie's preparations, "that I am intruding upon you."

"Oh, no—oh, no!" Ada said quickly, coming forward shyly. "We shall be so glad! We are going to have tea, and—"

"Tea here? What a delightful idea!" said Shirley, as she held out her hand to Bessie, who stood a little apart, shy and blushing. "This is another of your sisters, Miss Grey? What lucky girls you are! I never had a sister."

"This is Bessie," said Lucie

"I have seen her at church marshaling a demure little party of school children," Shirley remarked, smiling. "Miss Bessie, I am very tired and thirsty. Will you bestow a cup of your tea on me?"

And then she sat down on one of the bowlders watching with gentle smiling eyes Bessie's primitive arrangements and looking so lovely in her delicate gray dress that Bessie declared afterward that she could have devoured her, "hat, dress, French boots, and all."

It was a pleasant little tea-party under the shadow of the cliff, with the sea glittering in the distance, for the tide was low and the sun wrapping it in a golden haze. The tea-pot was a black one, and its lid was minus a handle, and the cups were nursery mugs with grotesque pictures and rhymes upon them, and the bowlders did not make very comfortable seats; but the tea itself was strong and fragrant, the clotted cream an excellent substitute for milk, and Lady Glynn crowned Bessie's satisfaction by declaring that "bliss" was delicious and well merited the name she had given it. Then when tea was over, it was quaint and pretty to see Bessie's pink fingers dipping the mugs into the little pools of sea water which the receding tide had left between the bowlders, and to hear her merry laughter echoing in the quiet solitude of the rocks and cliffs; and Shirley, sitting on one great flat bowlder, leaned her pretty head against a larger one, which served as a support, and felt the calm of the place and hour stealing over her.

The vicar's daughters were very pleasant companions; they were well read, and, although their education had been conducted on rather orthodox principles, it had been far more thorough than one obtained during a long sojourn at a fashionable boarding-school. They were moreover thoroughly unaffected, and Shirley had had too few acquaintances in her brilliant fashionable career not to appreciate these new ones very highly, and to find much pleasure in their pleasant kindly chit-chat.

Before long even Bessie had entirely forgotten that Shirley was a great lady far above them in rank and position; she looked so sweet and gentle, and was so pleasant and thoughtful, and so interested in their home duties and occupations, and entered so thoroughly into Lucie's wish to travel and see lovely scenery and Ada's desire for change and variety, that they soon felt at home with her.

"You could hardly have lovelier scenery than this," she told them, gazing over the sea with a dreamy far-away look in her beautiful sad eyes. "I often think it is a pity to rush abroad when there is so much beauty at home."

"You have been a great deal abroad, Lady Glynn?"

"Yes, all my girlhood was spent abroad," she answered, in the low voice, with its pathetic little thrill, which Lucie thought so sweet. "I have a very sorrowful memory connected with the first night I spent in England. My dear mother died just at daybreak."

Lucie and Ada looked at her sympathetically and Lucie's mouth trembled a little What should they do if their mother were taken?

"Indeed almost all my happy memories are connected with sunny France," she went on, with a little wistful smile; "and it will always be the dearest country in the world to me."

"Do you know Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"I have been there."

"The Highlands are lovely, are they not?" said Ada, not seeing the yearning pain which deepened in the sweet eyes.

"Yes."

"Do you like Scotland, Lady Glynn?"

"No."

The tone was very calm and quiet; but something indefinable, yet which all three girls felt, prevented any further questioning, and there was a little silence.

The evening was drawing on; but the season was summer in all its beauty and warmth, so that there was no chilliness in the air to cause any discomfort. Lucie however gently forced Shirley to submit to be wrapped in a soft scarlet knitted shawl which they had brought, and Lady Glynn smiled and thanked her softly; and when Lucie sat down by her side, she took the girl's hand and held it between her little fingers—such frail, slender, almost shadowy fingers they seemed as Lucy's firm hand closed over them caressingly

"We want only some music to make this perfect," Shirley said softly.

"Ada will sing us something," responded Lucie, smiling. "She is our nightingale, Lady Glynn. I should like you to hear her."

"I should like to hear her very much," Shirley said, in her pleasant kindly tones. "Please give me that pleasure, Miss Ada."

Ada flushed a little at the thought of singing before so critical an auditor as Lady Glynn would probably be; but she said, smiling, that the little she could do was not worth asking for twice, and she began to sing in a voice clear and sweet as a silver bell, and so true that its lack of cultivation was not noticeable. The rich notes rose, sounding clearly in the soft summer twilight, and reaching the ears of a tall man in a tweed travelling suit, who was coming swiftly and lightly down the cliff path, and who paused to listen, looking far away out at sea, as he stood midway between the sea and cliff brow, in a position which appeared perilous enough.

(To be continued.)

A SIX-YEAR BRIDAL TRIP.

Novel Matrimonial Experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney.

George Sigourney married Miss Imogene Henriques in Buffalo in 1882. Mr. Sigourney is the son of a wealthy Californian, while Miss Henriques' parents, though not poor, were in only comfortable circumstances, and lived in a small town near Buffalo. What led to the attachment I do not know, but it is said it was a case of love at first sight, with a speedy marriage. The cards read after marriage: "Mr. and Mrs. Sigourney. At home Thursdays, in Sacramento, California, beginning May 10th, in the year 1888." From 1882 to 1888 is a long time to catch them "at home," but they have been upon one perpetual bridal trip for six years, arriving in New York last Monday.

Five days after their marriage they were upon the high seas, bound for England. Mr. Sigourney had plenty of money, and going over planned a six years' trip with his young and pretty wife. When they reached London both wrote home to their parents that they would not be back for six years, and Mr. Sigourney made arrangements with his banker to forward their mail wherever they might be. After going through England, Ireland and Scotland they fairly covered every point of interest in France, Germany, Italy, Prussia, Austria and Russia. They visited Greece, Denmark, Rome, Turkey, China, Japan, sailed along the Nile, visited the Canary Islands, Borneo, New Guinea, Persia, and spent a year in travelling through Asia.

They went to Australia, and from there to Africa, and thence over to South America. Commencing at Patagonia, they travelled north, visiting all the principal places in Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Argentine Republic and the other countries of South America, and re-crossing the Pacific Ocean again took up their journey to England by another route. While abroad Mrs. Sigourney became the mother of twin boys and two girls. The twins were born at St. Petersburg, Russia, one of the girls in China and the last child in Brazil. * * * Bismarck told them there was only one place in America he would like to see, and that was Niagara Falls. Mr. Sigourney told me it was impossible to even estimate the number of miles he had travelled. When I asked him how much it had cost him he said: "Somewhere in the neighborhood of $75,000," as unconcerned as if it had been 75 cents. When he married his wife, in 1882, she weighed but 102 pounds; now she weighs 165. Both are darkly bronzed in face from their long journeyings in hot countries abroad, but are healthy, and, as Mrs. Sigourney said archly: "We ran up to Albany this week to see your capitol, leaving the babies at our hotel in New York in care of a Russian nurse, who manages the twins, while the Brazilian nurse looks after the girl born in her country and the girl born in China." On Saturday they left for their home in Sacramento, taking with them the aged father and mother of Mrs. Sigourney to see the parents of her husband.—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

The Farmers' Inglenook.

An excellent mode of supplying supports for growing pea vines is to have two or three strands of cord running along the rows. It is cheaper than lath or pea sticks and can be more easily removed after pea harvest is ready.

The bright spring days will cause the young pigs to grow rapidly. Turn them on grass as soon as they are 10 weeks old, but gradually at first, or they may have the scours. It will cost but very little to raise a few pigs if they be given the privilege of a small grass plot and fed twice a day.

Plant beet, carrot and parsnip seed early, so as not only to get ahead of the grass, but to give plenty of time growth. The most important matter with such crops is to have a fine, rich, clean seed-bed, and to use plenty of seed. The seed is slow in germinating, and often fails to sprout at all.

If a hen be properly fed she will continue to lay without desiring to incubate. She should not be allowed to become fat. The supposition that a hen lays a certain number of eggs, or a "clutch," or "litter," as it is sometimes called, is erroneous. If properly fed a hen will continue to lay until the period shall have arrived for her to moult.

When stock is turned on the pasture, and there left all day, the water supply must be looked after. A milch cow must have plenty of water. She cannot wait until she is driven up at night. The water is a necessary constituent of the milk, and she must have it during the time the milk is being manufactured. If deprived of water during the warm days her supply of milk will fall off.

Fashion's Ways.

Young ladies now wear their short cloth jackets unbottoned in the street on fine days, and have a single fresh flower thrust through a buttonhole of the front.

Narrow colored ribbons, with picot edges, are sewn flat, in rows, upon the figured challies now so much worn. Narrow moire ribbons are used in the same manner to trim plain cashmeres.

Nearly the most popular hat of the season is the turban, which is made of a big flat piece of straw that looks like pancake. It is plaited and drawn over a soft crown and encircled with a puff or roll velvet or silk. Loops are set high in front and a cluster of flowers is frequently added.

It is becoming more and more the custom for ladies to wear a very thin light-colored face veil to the theatre at night. By this means the front hair is kept in place, and the fair dame or damsel need have no anxiety about the adjustment of her "bangs" or crimps after she leaves her looking-glass.

A pretty dress for a boy of 4 is made of fine dark blue serge. The skirt is kilted, and half a dozen rows of white wool braiding card run straight around the bottom. There is a loose blouse waist of white surah and a little square-cut zouave jacket of the serge, trimmed with rows of braid to match the skirt. A big white cord, with knotted ends, is tied about the belt, and through it is thrust a long-stemmed rosebud or a bunch of daisies. A large leghorn or fine white straw "flat" is worn with this suit. It may be trimmed with a folded blue handkerchief and a twist of the big white cord.

Temperance Notes.

The largest brewery in Kansas was closed April 11th by order of the United States Marshal.

The anniversary of the W. C. T. U. of Tokio, Japan, was held recently, when two or three Japanese ladies gave excellent addresses to an audience of one thousand. An appeal was made for money with which to carry on the work, and it is stated that in a few minutes $200 was raised.

It is wonderful how the globe is being belted by the white ribbon. The World's W. C. T. U. was organized only four years ago, and already twenty-one different nations have joined this federation.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, Auckland, N.Z., founded by Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the round-the-world missionary of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, is in a flourishing condition. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mrs. Leavitt's work, which has been arduous in a very great degree, and wherever she has been the results have shown something solid to have been left behind. In every town where this good lady established a work it has prospered and grown.

A Modern David.

St. Thomas always was a queer town. A heifer which was being driven along Elm street to the slaughter house of a local butcher yesterday became wild and made after a lad named Henry Palmer. Instead of taking to his heels young Palmer, profiting by the example of David when he slew Goliath, picked up a stone and threw it at the animal. The stone struck the heifer squarely in the forehead and felled her like an ox, and, according to John W. Cook, who was present on the scene, death followed the blow.—*St. Thomas Times.*

A singular accident caused the death recently of a woman employed in the household of Ephraim Heisbey, at Lancaster, Pa. She went into the poultry yard to catch a chicken for dinner, when a rooster attacked her and inflicted a deep wound in one of her hands with a spur. Lockjaw set in, and the woman died in a few days afterwards.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The Canada Club, of London, will entertain Lord Stanley of Preston, the Governor-General-designate of Canada, at dinner on May 2nd.

Russia is blessed with the highest "protective tariff" of all Europe, and yet labor is starved, the money of the country is worth only 50 per cent. of its face value, and the Czar cannot borrow a penny anywhere, so poor is his credit.

The Chinese colony in Chicago consists of 2,000 souls, of whom only two are women. About 100 of them are merchants, several of whom have fortunes of from $100,000 to $200,000. Four firms, dealing in tea, coffee and Chinese groceries, have an aggregate capital of $500,000.

Pope Leo dines at 1 o'clock, after the Roman fashion. His dinner is always simple, consisting of soup, with maccaroni, a course of roast meat, with gravy and fried potatoes or one other vegetable. There is some fruit for dessert, and perhaps a glass of old Bordeaux afterwards. He never eats boiled meat or pork in any form, or cheese.

An English seer—Baxter is his name, we could bet—has discovered that the numerical value of the letters of the name "Boulanger" in Greek is just 666, and prophesies that the melodramatic general is to play a leading part in affairs between this time and the second advent of Christ, which is to occur at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of March 5th, 1896.

Of 600 tornadoes of which record has been made in the United States, not more than 75 were east of the Allegheny Mountains. The warm air tempestuously driven up the Mississippi Valley is caught by the polar winds and driven in gyratory tornadoes across the prairies. The Appalachian range serves on the Atlantic slope as a barrier against storms of that sort.

There is an alarming scarcity of water in many of the large towns of Great Britain, and Liverpool and Manchester are threatened with a water famine. In view of this state of things it is proposed to bring sea water in pipes from the coast to the inland towns, the sea water to be used for baths, closets, watering streets, flushing sewers and extinguishing fires. The scheme meets with much favor.

Thomas Nast told a San Francisco reporter that when he was in Bismarck, D.T., it was so cold he could not give his illustrated lecture, for the paints froze stiff, and the spectators were in a fair way to do the same. In Tacoma the manager of the Alpha Hall wouldn't permit Mr. Nast to lecture because there was an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company in town, and the manager didn't think two performances at a time were just the thing.

The great panorams, "Niagara in London," has proved an immense success in the British metropolis. The enterprising proprietors, six of whom, it is said, planked down £5,000 each to carry out Mr. John Hollingshead's experiment, are beginning to find themselves recouped. They are certainly so far encouraged that Paris and Berlin are also to have their "Niagara." Mr. Philip Porteaux has been engaged at stupendous fees to paint duplicates for these two cities. What has added to its popularity is the recent visit of Mr. Gladstone.

For the first time in the world's history a Mr. Confucius has within the last few days arrived in London. Just 2,419 years ago the wife of "the ancient teacher, the illustrious and accomplished, the all-complete and perfect sage," presented him with a son and heir. In recognition of this auspicious event, the reigning duke sent the sage a present of a brace of carp, and, to mark his sense of the favor thus shown him, he named the infant Li—*i.e.*, "carp." The gentleman who has now arrived in London is of the 71st generation in direct male descent from Mr. "Carp" Confucius, and he furnishes an illustrious instance of hereditary genius. He is a member of the Hanlin College, admission to which is granted only to a small proportion of those scholars who pass the highest competitive examination in the Empire.

An Impromptu Didactic.

Mrs. Ashton Dilke (the distinguished English advocate of female suffrage) and her friends dislike very much to have that lady's dress described in the reports of her public speeches. They say the papers never take the trouble to tell how a male political speaker is clothed and they do not see why women should not be entitled to the same painless omission.

Touching this matter it is related that a young reporter who attended the meeting at the First Methodist Church last Wednesday night approached one of Mrs. Dilke's friends, a lady not unknown to fame, and said:

"We men, you know, are green about such things. Will you please tell me whether that dress of Mrs. Ashton Dilke's is silk or not?"

The lady bit her lip a little, and then, after a moment, took the reporter's pencil and pad and wrote:

Whether her gown be really silk
Or only something like it,
Her name is Mrs. Ashton Dilke,
Not Mrs. Ashton Dilkey.

She then dismissed the young man as only a woman can dismiss a fresh young man and he has been eating salt ever since to thaw himself out.—*Chicago Times.*

The Embarrassed Countryman.

A countryman who was in waiting at the Third street depot the other day took a stroll around the square. When he returned he said to the policeman at the door:

"Say, I met a feller up here who says he knew me twenty years ago, and that he had been waiting ten years to lick me."

"Well, keep away from him."

"But he is mistaken, I never knew him."

"Let him go, what is it to you?"

"Why, I don't want a man to be mistaken. I don't want a man aching to lick me when I'm not the right man."

He was advised to sit down and wait for his train, but pretty soon the officer saw a crowd up the street and hastened to the spot to find a man lying on his back on the walk, evidently unconscious, while the countryman was at hand to explain:

"You see, I told him he was mistaken, but he insisted, and when he took me by the goatee what could I do? Dear me, but how it does embarrass me to enter a strange town and knock a strange man head over heels. Some one pour water on him or blow in his ear!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some Tall English.

It is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.

A diminutive argenteous truncated cone, convex on its summit and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.

He that is accessible to auricular vibration let him not close the gates of his tympana.

Multitudinous assemblages are provocative of cachinatory hilarity.

Breach of Promise.

A breach of promise case was tried at the Cobourg Assizes on Tuesday and Wednesday. The plaintiff was Miss Ada Riordan, a school teacher of Toronto, who sued a young farmer named Galbraith for breach of promise of marriage made on the 25th of October, 1884. The evidence was of the usual character, a whole stack of sentimental love letters being presented in court to prove the case. Wednesday afternoon the jury brought in a verdict of $1,250 for the plaintiff.

A Shipwreck Likely.

Goslin—"Yes, Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe."

Miss Smith (innocently)—"Indeed. What on?"

Goslin (embarrassed)—"Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money."

Among other indications of German feeling cables the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald*, comes a renewed bitter agitation against the use of foreign words, no matter how long or how thoroughly they have been assimilated to the German language. Laws are being strongly pressed which would exclude all words not of strictly German origin from official use. For table use French is to be entirely superseded—at least so say the Prince Regent of Bavaria, Prince Reuss, the Crown Prince of Saxony and a large following of royalty and commonality. Among other changes now gloated over by the German purists are erfrischungshaus for restaurant, gasthoftafel for table d'hote, mittelrippenstuck for entrecote, gesprungene kartoffeln for pommes sautees, and karthauserschnapps for chartreuse.

Two saws and a file have been discovered by the jailer in a basket containing food sent by some friends to Bureau, the alleged accomplice of Fahey in the Grand Trunk robbery at Montreal. Bureau, however, denies all knowledge of any plot to enable him to escape.

$500 THE PROPRIETORS OF Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50 CENTS. *The Only Guaranteed Cure*

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT. If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed *to the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE. In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. At those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT. As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES. The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner *it is permanent.*

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.