

AN ANTHRACITE IDYL.

"She's the purtiest little Irish gyur-ril that iver was bar-rn in this country," said Tim's grandmother. Tim sat on the steps, and his grandmother sat in the doorway, a white cap with large frills surrounding her face as the petals of a sunflower surround its great seeded centre. She might have been carved out of a hickory-nut, so brown and hard was the texture of her countenance, but big, bright, grey eyes, and wide, smiling lips that could never quite draw together over two enormous separated front teeth, helped, with a nose of true Hibernian piquancy, to produce an effect of ugliness that was typical, and far from unattractive. In her exquisite cleanliness she contrasted strongly with the black fellow at her feet, who reeked of mine oil, and out of the creases of his boots and trousers scattered fine coal-dust upon her immaculate steps.

She was knitting a coarse sock, and kept the ball under her apron lest it should roll away; never looking at her work, but casting quick glances all around, not to miss whatever of interest might be going on in the neighborhood. Now and then she "sawed away" in a way producing an undevoted bump of locality, or a predatory pig whose appearance betokened riotous living, though not wasted substance; and sometimes she shouted, in her rich, deep-throated, brogue, at reckless infants who sat in the middle of the road, facing an approaching coal wagon as calmly as if it were the car of Juggernaut, and they its self-designated victims. But with all this care over the outside world, Granny Grant was not oblivious of the nearer and dearer interests within her gates. The mere surface of her mind—her outer senses—took note of pigs and babies; deep below were the real faculties at work, and from out these depths came the sentiment which we have heard her express on the subject of Rosy, eldest daughter of Mrs. Burke, their next-door neighbor but one. Rosy was often granny's text, and Tim had ever been a willing audience, even suggesting new heads to the discourse, or developing those he deemed too lightly touched upon; but to-day he hardly seemed to be listening to the oft-repeated panegyrics; he sat with head thrown back against one of the rough supports of the porch, mum, and gazing at nothing in particular.

Granny took up a clay pipe that lay beside her, puffed it vigorously into life, and went on talking through drawn lips. "Yis, Rosy's a purty gyur-ril." Then, in a discriminating tone, twisting her head from side to side, and screwing up her eyes: "Et's not to say that her face is purty, it's the look she has from her face. An' wherever did she acquire that look? Et's not her pernts as gev et to her. Frank Bourke ex as oggly as oggly as iver I seen a mahn wid a nose on um, an' God knows her mahnther ez'n't mooch fer sitille." Which crushing criticism needed no heavenly witness to corroborate, but only a glance at the woman herself as she hung over her gate, with hair first cousin to the fretful porcupine's quills, and attired in a not over-clean gown, whose cut displayed mercilessly what granny called "her endesheroibable shabbiness."

Mrs. Burke cared little for Granny Grant's opinion, or for public opinion either, which in these parts generally meant the same thing. She cared whether or not her children were run over by the road, and was endlessly screaming to them to "come out o' thaht, or I'll lick ye," to which injunction, with its accompanying threat, they paid little heed, however, "thaht" being present and perennial, while a licking bore the vague, uncertain character of all futurities. She also cared to have her husband's dinner pail well filled in the morning and supper ready for his home-coming at night; but more than ought else did she care to get her washing out before any of her neighbors, and for the sake of indulging this favorite whim would rise while it was yet night, in emulation of that uncomfortably virtuous woman who was King Lemuel's mother's beau-ideal of a daughter-in-law. Moreover, moved thereto by the same ambition, she invested half a week's wages in a washing-machine, to the deep offence of granny, in whom economy joined with conservatism to make her condemn "an expensive thing that's no good-bat to kape oop a divilish equ'akin' and waste good-dawp, an' diz awa-ay wid the use o' the hands what God Almighty fur-nished ye."

One other item closes the brief list of Mrs. Burke's objects of pride, to wit, Rosy's white petticoats, of which that young lady owned more betucked and beruffled specimens than all the other girls together who dwelt in the twenty-four uniform cottages, single and well-painted, that made up the aristocratic neighborhood known as Empire Row; and, strange to say, Granny Grant, who could bemoan the waste of good soap in "haythenish" washing-machines, and who made herself intolerable at times on the general subject of thrift as not practiced in the Burke household, found no fault with what she evidently considered indispensable to an Irish girl's wardrobe. Indeed, it is not unlikely that she regarded Rosy's superfluous petticoats as dowry, thinking her the more eligible for Tim in proportion to the number of such articles which she could bring along with her.

But Tim took no interest in the bravery of those rustling ornaments about his sweetheart's feet. He would have kissed the feet, and given away in advance all the neckties he ever expected to own to anybody who could have assured him that Rosy did not look upon him with indifference.

There was a time—not very far back either—when he knew she did not. He had known her all his life; they had sat in the road as infants, and thrown coal-dust in each other's faces; they had wallowed in the same ditch, and sailed chips together upon the pond formed by escape water from the nearest mine. If the French proverb be correct, that "who teases, loves," then he must have loved her before the bones in their legs had hardened, for surely Kathleen O'Bawn never suffered more from her ardent Rosy's attempts "to please" than did poor Rosy when little Tim Grant used to creep over on all-fours to torment her in ways peculiar to himself, such as sticking twigs in between her bare baby toes, poking pebbles and ashes down the neck of her gown, or—and this was the sorest trial—licking her dirty chubby face all over with a little mercy as an old mother cat who thinks bath-time has come shows to her kitten.

When Rosy was able to get up and run away, Tim was obliged to invent new methods of torture, though he still licked her face whenever he got the chance. On being catechised by his grandmother as to why he did

so, he replied, "Tause she allus has 'lasses on her," which was not far from the truth, albeit as a reason for his conduct the statement had no cogency whatever, since Biddy Hart, who lived between the Grants and Burkes, was literally smeared with molasses from morning till night without offering the slightest temptation to Tim's "sweet tooth."

After a while Rosy began to go, and to wear her "towsy" light brown hair in broad braids tied with ravishing blue ribbons. Tim thought not a connoisseur in white starched petticoats, had a decided eye for color, which developed itself in an early passion for neckties, and his admiration for Rosy's blue ribbons was so great that he never left one on her hair if it could be gotten off; which deed was sometimes accomplished by fraud, but oftener by force. He himself much preferred the latter method, since the inevitable tussle usually ended by his getting her into his arms, and making her "show her corn"—corn being Master Grant's euphemism for *snags*, a term ironically applied by Rosy's father to her white, even teeth. Rosy would resist to the death, but all efforts at keeping her mouth shut only resulted in more bewitching positions of the lips, which to any one understanding English said plainly, "Kiss me if you dare," and Tim was not without a reasonable amount both of daring and English.

The invariable finale of these ribbon fights was a prolonged shriek from the victim; which displayed every kernel of "corn," from dainty incisors even to the last molar. Ah, those were the blissful times! But all was changed now. Rosy had become a school-teacher, and a school-teacher was in Tim's opinion something truly awful. He had put away such childish things as books at the age of fourteen, and he was now twenty; but it would take a good decade to obliterate from his mind certain impressions received at the hall of learning known as the "Fifth District." His insipiditude for study and his readiness for mischief would naturally have placed him among those pupils classified as "troublesome," but that an innate reverence amounting to awe for the hired dispenser of knowledge, kept his spirits in check and such mind as he had in a tolerably receptive condition.

But to these admirable motives must be added one not less admirable, namely, a desire to keep up with Rosy Burke. It remained a desire only; for although she was nearly a year his junior, he could never bridge the chasm that yawned between himself, wallowing in the vexations of multiplication, and her whose serene intellect the Rule of Three could not bother, nor practice drive mad.

Through successive promotions Rosy was at length rapt away into the upper heaven of Grammar A—a heaven utterly unattainable for Tim, who withdrew from school soon after entering the B room, and began his own support at slate-picking, only to feel more and more separated from Rosy, as she went winging her flight yet higher, alighting at length upon that top peak—the High School. He could never explain to himself how the separation grew, nor the exact point of time when he was first conscious of it. Who is there that can put his finger on such a point?

There had come a day when Tim actually found himself marching up the school-room steps behind Rosy, yet not daring to so much as tweak her long thick braid, with its delightful "fluff" flowing out beneath the fascinating bow of blue. When had he pulled that braid or broken that ribbon? It was only yesterday. What had happened between to-day and yesterday? Nothing that Tim knew of. Time had passed; that was all.

After he once began to perceive a difference in Rosy, it was wonderful how many things came to substantiate it in his mind—things unnoticed at the time that now crowded around his bar of judgment, all too eager witnesses to signs of variation and quick change in the mistress of his heart.

Tim was far from being of a jealous disposition, and even had he been so he could have found little cause for jealousy. It was not that Rosy looked at any other boy, but that she did not look at him; that is, not so much as she used to, and when she did in such a queer way. Tim thought there was no sense in a girl's looking that way. Why couldn't she hold her head up, and give a fellow a square eyeshot, the kind he always gave her? But suddenly—or was it gradually—he could not tell—must take to glancing at him sideways, like an old hen, or after the fashion of granny's tabby-cat, pretending not to see him at all, with a superior air of seeming to say, "I'm here, but you're not there."

But this was not all, nor the strangest part, either. What puzzled Tim most was the occasional yawning out of Rosy's manner. The times she chose for yawning out were very inopportune times for him. If ever he took special pains with his toilet, arraying himself in the full glory of store clothes, boiled shirt and a cravat the latest and most flagrant marvel of aniline, these seemed only as goals for a certain charming nose to turn up even more than its Celtic origin would warrant, followed by a chin whose soft underfulness had often in bygone days mirrored the dandelion in assurance of its owner's predilection for butter, and which could now hardly express more than the merest shadow of anything so ungente as scorn.

But let him happen to be in a particularly disreputable mining suit, and black past recognition, then it was that his fair neighbor saw fit to recognize him, and with just enough of the old effusiveness too to make him wild for the sweet revenge of bestowing a good black hug that would leave its mark on her dainty freshness.

Before Tim attained to the advanced position of "outside" mule driver, Rosy graduated with high honors, and shortly thereafter shadowy rumors began to float about of her having passed a superintendent's examination, and applied for the primary department of Ironbrook School.

These rumors first spread themselves like a thin veil over Tim's sky, casting upon all things that light which is like a certain fearful looking for of change; then suddenly they gathered into a black cloud, which burst with the thunderous news that Rosy had gained the place she sought, and was indeed a teacher.

It would be difficult to describe the exact condition of Tim's mind at this point. His granny, in what was intended for low tones (she was incapable of a whisper), confided to Mrs. Hart, leaning over the fence and knitting the while, that "he was hur-rin' to the favlin' to an extent that tuk the vary taste oot o' pay-nuts"—an extent of hurt

truly alarming to any one who knew of the elective affinity existing between those underground esculents and his palate. Tim himself in the pregnant words "all broke up," perhaps sufficiently expressed the totality of wreck which the view of his inward state would disclose.

Had Rosy been made Empress of all the Russias she could not thereby have acquired a more transcending dignity in his eyes than she now possessed as a "school-marm." His awe of her high office set her apart, as upon a throne, and invested her with robe, sceptre, and crown. Rosy was one who knew things! She could explain "sums," and hear lessons without a book! Also she had authority (under the principal, of course), and might thrust—judiciously.

This idea of remoteness was intensified by her boarding at Ironbrook, and spending only Saturdays and Sundays at home. Tim did not know which he dreaded most—the dull pain, the "sorrow without torment" of her five days' absence, or the exquisite anguish of seeing her, or at least knowing that she was near, from Friday night until Monday morning. She boarded with Mrs. Hugh Wilson, who represented the top cream of Ironbrook society, and small airy tattlers were very busy in carrying word of how Rosy was "making a regular mash of it" over there.

Once, when she had omitted upon him at intervals all day Sunday, Tim plucked up heart and made a pilgrimage to Ironbrook the very next evening, only to call himself a fool for doing so. In the first place, Miss Burke had no best company manners, of which it might be said that, like her petticoats, they were able to stand alone. Then Tim, who had spent one solid hour in his adorning, and felt himself irreproachably clad, was mortified to the dust to find all the Ironbrook fellows wearing that style of collar which conceals the existence of a larynx, and is called "Piccadilly," while he was still risking assassination from a three-inch "cut-throat." Lastly, he was subject to the horror of encountering two teachers instead of one, for the principal was also making a call at the Wilsons, and talked upon matters connected with the school, to which conversation Miss Burke contributed her share in a way that was appalling. Moreover, she had a private talk outside the door with the principal, who was plainly bound to say: "All right, I'll thrash him for you."

Now Tim's moral system was at a low ebb, owing to the utter downfall of self-respect caused by his discovery that cutthroats were "out," and those ominous words of the great man made him wince.

What was more likely than that Rosy should enlist a powerful champion as skilled in the many art of thrashing as Mr. McKenna to rid her of a suitor whose room was evidently preferable to his company?

When she came back smiling, and told Mrs. Wilson that Mr. McKenna was going to settle Jakey Devers for her to-morrow, Tim felt safe in his skin again; but possibly the consciousness of being where you are not wanted is more uncomfortable than the prospect of breaking your enemy's cane by the hardness of your skull. At any rate, Mr. Grant thought best to withdraw before his bodily substance had become so infiltrated by Miss Burke's calcareous smile as to render him valuable to dime museums as "a bona fide fossil man."

Once outside, he crumpled his obnoxious collar with both hands, as if that innocent structure of triple linen was solely responsible for every disagreeable incident of his visit; after which he felt somewhat better, and resolved never to go there again, amounting his wounded self all over with the mollifying thought that when Miss Burke should return for her next two days' stay at home, he would try his hand at the petrification business. He alternately amused and comforted himself for several days with highly-colored mind-pictures illustrating conversations which richly set forth his own skill in sardonic repartee, and cruelly exposed her feebleness of wit.

However, as Friday evening approached, he began to have an unpleasant sensation of being pulled two ways at once; and while still rehearsing his carefully prepared speeches, and practising looks and attitudes expressive of withering contempt, he would have welcomed a water-spout, a cyclone, a general cave-in, or any other casualty that might temporarily release him from the necessity of assuming his new role before a public which, being concentrated in a single person, aggravated his self-consciousness, and produced premature stage-fright.

It is in such a condition that we find him at the opening of this history, leaning back on the steps, and hearing his grandmother's animated speculations as to the origin of Rosy's "look-k," as if they were but the whirring of the pan-house, or the rattling of coal down the iron shoots. Granny Grant enjoyed talking for talking's sake, looking not for base rewards in the form of sympathetic response. She talked not as one who is in feverish haste to empty herself of a morbid stuff, nor as one merely possessing a morbid desire of communicating something; nor, again, as one who fears that time will not hold out; but rather as if she had all the time there is, and more too, her speech gliding on with a rich serenity, a continuity and copiousness which seemed like so many assurances of faith in a future existence, and in plentiful opportunities throughout all eternity for saying anything that might chance to be left unsaid here below. This made her a delightful companion in case one did not wish to talk one's self. Tim did not wish to talk just now, and his preoccupied air was far from being an annoyance to his grandmother, since it offered no check to the simultaneous flow of ideas and words.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hangman's Estate

It is reported that an application has been made to the Lincoln Bankruptcy Court for the winding up of the affairs of the late William Marwood, public hangman, delay having been caused by a difficulty as to the legal heir. A Horncastle correspondent writes that considerable surprise has been caused by the announcement that Marwood died insolvent, and that the estate is to be wound up by the Receiver in Bankruptcy. Marwood was regarded as a man of mark in Horncastle, and it was thought that he had saved a considerable sum of money. His earnings as executioner were at times large, but he had a mania for buying property. His investments did not turn out well, and the agricultural depression caused his insolvency. Among some documents which have recently come to light is one relating to the execution of the Phoenix Park assassins. Marwood had a grievance. He claimed £50 as fees for hanging the Phoenix Park murderers, but was only paid £25. It is not stated whether he got the balance.

DEATH OF THE DEER.

A Hunting Scene in the North Woods.

The paddle of the guide never leaves the water, as it turns and turns in his deft hands, and the old log canoe, like some preadmitted lizard, drolly swerves with hardly a ripple toward the centre of the lake. Eagerly four sharp eyes are searching the shore line, not with hasty motions of the body, but with all the caution such hunting demands. In the pure air and full glory of the sunlight every bit of beach, rock, fallen tree, bed of rushes or tiny bay shows sharp and clear with the border of shadowy green forest beyond. Suddenly the dugout jars, as if it had touched a hidden snag, and turns as sharply as its ponderous length will permit toward the lower end of the pond, and he in the bow sees something that doubles the pace of his heart beats, control them as he may. There, upon a shingle, nearly a hundred rods distant, but so plainly seen that the ear listens for the sound of hoof beats, stands a deer feeding. A beautiful picture he is, fittingly framed by this wild spot, and as he slowly rises, now stamping to rid himself of some galling insect; now raising his stately head to listen and look, and again pausing to feast daintily, but hungrily, upon soft water grasses at his feet, he is in truth a noble animal.

Slowly but surely the old canoe holds its course, and the rifle, ready for instant use, rests its deadly muzzle upon the strained and broken bow, quietly waiting. The deer seems nervous, yet with all his motion—and now he half trots up and down the little beach—he never looks out across the pond. If fear assails him it is of something within the leafy fastnesses and shadows of the wood, not of the fate that steadily glides toward him upon the placid waters.

Nearer and still nearer, until as the quarry suddenly raises his head, with a half whistle the paddle pauses, the canoe moves more and more slowly, and in a whisper so low that it almost fails to reach the ear it is meant for, the guide says "shoot!"

The steel tube rises steadily to its stock, his eye catches a bit of the red just behind the fore-shoulder through the sights, and as the deer half turns toward the sheltering shadows behind him the sharp crack of the gun rings wildly out. The same instant, and while the smoking muzzle still hides the shore, the guide shouts: "You've got him! Good shot! Forty-five rods if it's an inch!" And with a half pang of remorse the hunter, now all of a tremble, sees the deer lying still and dead upon the shore.

When Girls are Engaged.

You have a little hand around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquoise, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindu said—"He who hath a turquoise hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party, or in your own home, you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.

He can love you with his whole heart, but he must not make you an object of ridicule. He can think you the most unselfish girl in the world, but he must not show his own selfishness by expecting you to devote your evenings exclusively to him, ignoring those who are at home. Let them come in and be one of them—there's a dear five minutes when he can speak to you, when he can kiss you on the lips that he knows are only the gates to sweet, pure speech, and when he can whisper the lovely nothings that mean so much to you both. Then, too, don't let him feel that he must give up all his friends for you; don't accept valuable presents from him, and don't assume an air of proprietorship with him. Tell him nothing about your private affairs, for the secrets of the household are not even belong to the man you are going to marry. Guard yourself in word and in deed; hold his love in the best way possible; tie it firmly to you with the blue ribbon of hope, and never let it be eaten away by that little fox who destroys so many loving ties, and who is called familiarity.

Babies for Crocodile Bait.

If mothers in general shared the nerve exhibited by mothers in Ceylon, trouble would be spared in many a household. "Babies wanted for crocodile bait. Will be returned alive," says the New Zealand Tablet. Newspapers abounded in Ceylon as much as crocodiles do, advertisements like the foregoing would be common in their want columns.

As it is, the English crocodile hunter has to secure his baby by personal solicitation. He is often successful, for Ceylon parents, as a rule, have unbounded confidence in the hunters and will rent their babies out to be used as crocodile bait for a small consideration. Ceylon crocodiles suffer greatly from ennui; they prefer to lie quite still, soothed by the sun's glittering rays, and while away their lazy lives in meditation.

But when a dark brown infant, with curling toes, sits on a bank and blinks at them, they throw off their cloak of laziness and make their preparations for a delicate morsel of Ceylonese humanity. When the crocodile gets about half way up the bank, the hunter, concealed behind some reeds, opens fire, and the hungry crocodile has his appetite and life taken away at the same time, the baby being brought home safely to its loving mamma.

The sportsman secures the skin and head of the crocodile, and the rest of the carcass the natives make use of.

Honored the Wrong Log.

Mr. Gladstone was recently asked by the secretary of the Lowestoft Women's Radical Association for a log of wood where with to make articles for a forthcoming bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Lowestoft Radical Club. Mr. Gladstone consented, and eventually a log of wood arrived, was duly exhibited, admired, and worshipped. Later the actual gift of Mr. Gladstone was delivered by the railway company, and the ladies discovered that the first log they had done homage to had been sent to them by a local wag.

THE MAJESTIC IS A HUMMER.

She Beat, With Ease, The Maiden Record From Queenstown.

They Didn't Drive Her This Time, but Possibly They Will Later, and Then the City of Paris Look Out.

The White Star line retains the glory of having the ship that has made the fastest maiden voyage from Queenstown. It was the Teutonic last year. Now it is the new twin-screw flyer, the Majestic, which arrived at New York last week.

Capt. Henry Parsell, who formerly commanded the Teutonic, was unaware that he had broken a record until Mr. J. Bruce Ismay went aboard and enlightened him. The log of the ship shows that she made the voyage in 6 days 10 hours and 30 minutes, 8 hours and 23 minutes faster than the maiden trip of the City of Paris, and more than four hours quicker than the first run of the Teutonic.

Capt. Parsell said, and Chief Engineer John Sewell corroborated the observation, that the engines of the big ship were not run at full speed. He didn't deny that they might be later in the season. He said he was satisfied that the Majestic would prove to be a very fast and steady ship. High head seas and strong gales on two days of the voyage had prevented her from going as fast as she might have gone in more favorable weather. The report that she is a larger boat than the Teutonic and has more steam generating power in the shape of an extra boiler, Capt. Parsell said, was not true. Of course her constructors had profited by observing the defects in the machinery of the Teutonic, and had avoided duplicating them. The propellers of the Majestic have only three blades, like the screws of the fast war ships in the British navy, instead of four, like the Teutonic.

"The three-bladed screw," Capt. Parsell said, "Gets a better grip on the water. There is no waste of power. The four-bladed screw churns too much. The propellers of the Majestic make 86 revolutions a minute, ten more than the Teutonic's. Now that we have demonstrated the superiority of the new screw we will try a pair on the Teutonic."

To break the record for first voyages the Majestic's furnaces consumed 290 tons on the run from Queenstown. The engines worked very smoothly, and were not slowed down once because of overheated journals. The general impression among the shipping men is that the Majestic is going to be a hummer. She took a long southerly route to avoid icebergs, a few of which she passed far away to starboard. Between noon on Tuesday and noon on Wednesday she gave a hint of what she may do if she is pressed. She logged 471 miles in twenty-four hours, eight of which she was forced to go at reduced speed, because of the fog along the coast.

Like the Teutonic, the Majestic is built of steel, and measures 10,000 tons. She is 582 feet long, 57½ feet beam, and 33½ feet deep. She was launched in June last. She is propelled by two independent sets of triple expansion engines, made by Harland and Wolff. She has three pole masts, on which fore-and-aft sails may be set. She is fitted up like a palatial hotel, with everything to make life enjoyable.

An Encounter with a Leopard.

A thrilling story of an encounter with a leopard comes from Serajunge, in India. Two young English gentlemen belonging to the locality went out to hunt a leopard that had been making its presence unpleasantly felt in the neighboring villages. Neither was accustomed to hunting or to the use of firearms, but both were full of pluck and eager to show their prowess. They took up their station on a patch of cleared ground, awaiting the leopard that the beaters were chasing from his lair, when suddenly the brute leaped on one of them and caught him by the thigh, inflicting terrible injuries. His companion, seeing his danger, tried to fire at the brute, but, unfortunately, the safety-pin, with the use of which he was unacquainted, had locked the gun so that the trigger would not move. He tried to beat the leopard off from his companion, but the enraged beast turned upon him, stripping his arm and literally crunching his hand. Two of the beaters came up and used their bamboo with such telling effect that the animal turned tail and returned to the jungle. The two Europeans were removed to Serajunge, and it was found that the first mentioned was in such a critical state that he could not be removed. He died shortly afterward. His companion was sent to Calcutta for treatment, and it is feared he will have to lose his arm. Only a short time previously a European gentleman nearly lost his life in the same place from an unexpected attack by a leopard.

The Tactics of Love.

Miss Hurryup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff—Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?

Miss H.—Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off?" as if marriage was a prize fight. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as: "Carrie, what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.

Mr. H.—And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie, dearest?

Miss H.—I can't make any answer at all, for you see you haven't said anything to me, and—of course I—I—

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

The annual catch of fish on the European and North American coasts is computed by a German statistician to amount to 150,000 tons. A ton of fish corresponds with twenty-five sheep in weight and with twenty sheep in nourishing power. Therefore the total European and North American catch equals in number 42,000,000 sheep and in nourishing power 30,000,000.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. —Rochefoucauld.