

THE FIRST KISS.

The Novel Idea of the Betrothal as Found in Works of Fiction.

From Passionate Exuberance Down to the Tone Which Inquires the Price of a Peck of Potatoes.

"The Portrait of a Lady."—Yes, I like you.

They walked to the chimney piece, where the big old empire clock was perched; they were well within the room beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it for a moment. Then he raised it to his lips.—Henry James.

"Young Mrs. Jardine."—Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling violently, dropped her face all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered. "Your mother knows it all."

"Then,"—"Yes," Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn truth plight the two became one forever.—Miss Mulock.

"The Mill on the Floss."—"Yes, Philip; I should like never to part; I should like to make your life very happy."

"I am waiting for something else—I wonder whether it will come."

Maggie smiled with glistering tears, and then stooped her tall head to kiss the pale face that was full of pleading, timid love—like a woman's. She had a moment of real happiness then—a moment of belief, that if there were sacrifice in this love it was all the richer and more satisfying.—George Eliot.

"The Breadwinners."—"Come," she said, "I know what you are trying to remember, and I will make you remember it."

He was not greatly surprised, for love is a dream, and dreams have their own probabilities. She led him to a sofa and seated him beside her. She put her arms around his neck and pressed his head to her beating heart, and said in a voice as soft as a mother's to an ailing child, "My beloved, if you will live, I will be so good to you." She kissed him, and said gently: "Now do you remember?"—Anon.

"The wreck of the Grosvenor."—"Do you give me the life I have saved?" I asked, wondering at my own breathless voice as I questioned her.

"I give it to you because I love you!" she answered, extending her hand.

I drew her toward me and kissed her forehead—"God bless you, Mary, darling, for your faith in me! God bless you for your priceless gift of your love to me. Living or dead, dearest, we are one!"

And she, as though to seal these words, which our danger invested with an enchanting mystery, raised my hand to her spotless lips, and then held it for some moments to her heart.—W. Clark Russell.

"The Register."—"Received from Miss Ethel Reed in full for 25 lessons in oil painting (\$125) and her hand, heart and dearest love forever." He looks up at her. "Ethel!" She smiling, "Sign it, sign it!" He, catching her in his arms and kissing her: "Oh, yes—here!"

"Helen's Babies."—"I bent over her and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead; then she raised her head slightly, and I saw in spite of the darkness and shadows that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion.—John Habberton.

"But Yet a Woman."—"Renée, there is nothing in all this wide world which can keep you from me—if you love me."

She did not answer; he bent over and took her hand. She did not resist him; then he took her in his arms. She lay there quietly, her eyes closed. He drew her closer to him and kissed her lips. She opened her eyes and smiled.

Then suddenly springing to her feet, her hand still in his, she cried: "Kneel down and pray with me!"—A. S. Hardy.

"Dust."—"I love you, Philip, Oh, Philip, can this be happiness that makes my heart ache so? If I did not know there was so much sorrow in the world, I could hardly live! Can Philip Lancaster belong to me and I to him? I am afraid to have you know how much I love you. I am afraid to know myself. No, I will not be afraid. Take me, Philip! "Kiss me." It was with reverence that Philip kissed her first; but then love overcame him. There was no one like her in the world. He would be a hero and a saint for her sake.—Julian Hawthorne.

"Valentine Strange."—"And it was wonderful and strange—if nature ever saw wonderful and strange—to see how the stronger male nature triumphed; for, caught in this unexpected snare, wooed for once like a woman, by a man who loved her, in place of being talked to by an automaton, as though she were an elegant wax-work, she answered "Yes," and in one bewildered moment her head lay on Gerald's shoulder, and the first kiss that love had ever planted there was warm on her lips.—D. Christie Murray.

"Vanity Fair."—"Had you come a few months sooner perhaps you might have spared me that—that dreadful parting. Oh, it nearly killed me, William—but you didn't come, though I wished and prayed for you to come, and they took him, too, away from me. Isn't he a noble boy, William? Be his friend still and mine," and here her voice broke, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

The major folded his arms around her, held her to him as if she were a child, and kissed her head. "I will not change, dear Amelia," he said. "I ask for no more than your love. I think I would not have it otherwise. Only let me stay near you."—W. M. Thackeray.

"Nurse Crumpet's story."—"He had taken her about the waist with one arm, and with the other he lifted gently upward her fair face, as doth a gardener a rain-beaten flower, while his eyes looked down into hers, and slowly, slowly, almost as rose leaves unfurl in the sun, her white lids curled upward, and her blue eyes peered softly from her yellow looks, like corn-flowers through the ripe corn, there being a tear in each, as when a rain-

bead doth tremble 't' th' real corn flowers. And to be more like nature, there ran big waves throughout her loosened tresses, like as when the wind doth steal across a field of grain in summer waves. Then he bended down his tall head and their lips met. God alone knows what their first words would 'a been, for ere the kiss was well ended, down falls the poor little rogue off the hound's back, and lifts up his voice loud enough to be heard across the sea by the red men 't' th' new continent.—Annie Rivers.

THE EAST YORK TRAGEDY.

The Constables Arrest a Man on Suspicion of Complicity therein.

The East York mystery is creating more excitement in Little York than the approaching elections, and it would appear as if there were at least three different elements at work, so that the elucidation of the causes that led to the death of John Wright may reasonably be anticipated. County Constable Burns, who arrested James Chapman, the occupant of the house where Wright died, and immediately in front of which he met his death blow, believes that he has the right man; but County Constable Tidbury is just as satisfied that Chapman is innocent, and last evening he arrested a man named William Martin as the murderer. The majority of the villagers, however, believe that both constables are mistaken, and that Wright while drunk accidentally fell on the ice and fractured his skull. Tidbury, it appears, was informed yesterday that the man Martin had been round the village last Saturday afternoon drinking with deceased, and it is alleged the two had a quarrel, during which it is said Martin made use of a threat that he would kill Wright. The two were not seen afterwards together, so far as is at present known, but Tidbury, acting on the information, arrested Martin and last night lodged him in jail. The prisoner was brought before a local justice of the peace, and was remanded without bail to the 4th of March. The villagers are greatly excited over the arrest, but do not anticipate that the prisoner will be detained long in custody.

About Things to Eat.

A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

The dinner table is the only place where men are not bored in the very first hour.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality. This is true also of a guest.

A Swiss medical man says to enjoy coffee we ought never put milk or sugar in it. How about cream?

The discovery of a new dish contributes more to human happiness than the discovery of a new planet.

To be in the correct or proper gastronomic procession one must needs eat a "bit of cheese" with lettuce salad.

Frozen game, however daintily broiled or roasted, is said to be much more difficult to digest than the fresh article.

Pie for breakfast still obtains among many Western people who are said to visit the East often enough to know better.

"Olive slaw" is something new. It is olives pitted and then chopped fine and saturated with a sharp French dressing.

The new fad in gastronomy, sardines in tomatoes, being fish can be consumed even in Lent with religious propriety.

A soup made of frog legs is a Chicago idea which a local paper says has "caught on." It were better to say it has "jumped into favor."

A boy stood on the burning dock, Unwisely, too 'tis said, For, with the fast approaching flame, His elders quickly fled.

Some many now in peril stand, Unmindful of their fate, Till, step by step, Grim Death comes on And then, alas! too late!

Far wiser, surely would it seem, When his approach we see, To vanquish old "G. D." With "Pierce's Peppery" well in hand.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have remarkable power to correct all physical derangements, thus warding off disease that would surely follow. Purely vegetable, pleasant to take, perfectly harmless! With a little force, thought, they'll be a present help in time of need—cheating the doctor and robbing the grave! As a Liver Pill, they are unequalled. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose as a laxative, three or four as a cathartic. Tiny, sugar-coated granules, in vials; 25 cents.

A Woman on Women.

Miss Willard, of the Women's Convention in Washington, criticized the present style of dress worn by society women, maintaining that it prevented physical development. "Woman," she said, "is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist and pinioned by her sleeves, until—alas that I should live to say it—a trusted turkey or a spitted goose is her most appropriate emblem." She criticized ex-President Cleveland for the use of the word "female," by him in a recent speech, as being obnoxious to women, who, she said, were women, and wished to be designated as such.

Like a Good Conundrum

Is life, because everybody must give it up But you needn't be in a hurry about it! Life is worth the living! To prolong it, is worth your untiring effort! Don't give up without calling to your rescue that grand old family medicine, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Many a worn-out, exhausted body has made over good as new! It strengthens, builds up, invigorates, assisting nature, and not violating it. Cures liver disease, indigestion, and all blood-taints and humors. Sure and lasting benefits guaranteed, or money refunded. All druggists.

CHARGE OF THE LYING BRIGADE. Forward the Lying Brigade, Though all dismayed, For well they knew John A. had blundered; Their's not to reason why, Their's but to yell and lie. Gibson's majority Over 700!

Mr. Gladstone has three hats, and three only. One is black and very old. The second is white and is used only in summer. The third is a soft felt, and his constant traveling companion. It's age is unknown, but certainly it was not new in 1880.

POURING WATER ON FIRE.

Some Interesting Data as to What is Required to Quench Flames.

A recent article in London Engineering gives some elaborate calculations about the quantity of water required to extinguish fires. The quantity of heat evolved in the combustion of a pound of wood is sufficient to evaporate 6.45 pounds of water, and this is the minimum quantity of water with which it is possible to extinguish a pound of burning wood. In actual practice the proportion of water is far in excess of this amount; in fact, it is well known that it is practically impossible to extinguish a fire in a building when the frame itself becomes incandescent.

The floors of mills and warehouses, when made of timber, weigh about 25 pounds to the square foot. They therefore contain a sufficient amount of combustible material in every square foot to evaporate 160 pounds of water, or enough to cover the floor to a depth of 2 feet 7 inches.

During the great fire in Lynn, Mass., in November, 1889, which burned over an area of about forty acres, enough water was thrown upon the burning buildings to have covered the entire forty acres to a depth of seven feet. Two days later a great fire swept away some of Boston's finest commercial buildings, and enough water was thrown upon the flames to flood the burned area, streets included, seven feet deep.

A fire in the picker-room of a cotton mill was extinguished by automatic sprinklers, fed from a tank which had just been filled, and as it was only partially emptied it was possible to measure closely the quantity of water required to extinguish the fire. It was found that 107½ pounds of water had been used for each pound of cotton burned. This was considered a small quantity, as the fire was very quickly extinguished.

The Way to Their Hearts.

Broil everything, that all men may live and glorify your name.

Two kinds of sugar will be convenient—powdered for dishes like cereals, sauces, fruits, etc., and loaf sugar for tea and coffee.

It is a good plan, too, to put the coffee service within reach and let the man help himself, for until he has had his coffee he is absolutely worthless.

Tumblers as thin as eggshells can be had for \$1.50 a dozen, and although they won't stand a great deal of dropping, they will be very nice while they last.

It is a good idea to have a supply of hot and cold water on every table for drinking purposes, and also to give the coffee cups a hot plunge if the weather is cold.

The fruit may be served first or last, but it never should be omitted. Just now, when fresh fruit is gold, the frugal cook may have to depend upon canned or dried goods.

It has been stated as a fact that many a bear would prove himself a lamb if only a cup of good, hot coffee were served the moment he got his legs under the table.

The barbarous practice of dragging the whole family up to breakfast together has long been condemned. Brothers and sisters don't want to be together. They are cross and don't want to be bothered. Neither does his majesty, the head of the house, who has his newspaper to read and money matters to think about.

With fruit on the table and hominy on the fire, there is no earthly reason why Martha Jane cannot give the latest arrival his choice of fish, chop or eggs and cook it while the big boy is having the previous courses.

It takes talent and money to get up a nice dinner; it takes time and taste to prepare a pretty supper, but a dollar will buy a beautiful breakfast, which a cheery woman in a gingham gown can make a joyous affair.

How To Dress in March.

There is a curious prejudice among many against the overcoat, and yet the despised rubber is an essential protection against the melting snow and slush of March. The thickest sole of the heaviest walking boot absorbs enough moisture to dampen and chill the feet, and yet nothing is more perilous than sitting in a warm room with rubbers on, excepting going about the ordinary house in slippers. Draughts hug the floor and lie in wait for the unwary. The clinging of wet skirts against the ankles is a fruitful source of aches and pains. Leggings of leather, water-proof or rubber, will obviate this trouble in a degree, while a skirt of flannel, faced with a rubber band, avoids the danger altogether.

While the feet are kept warm the head should be cool. The hardest nations in the world are those which cover the throat and head lightly. Reserve the fur hat and muffler for the sleigh ride, and banish them from the promenade. Catarrh and throat troubles are often caused by the introduction of foreign particles into the nasal passages, so wear a thick veil as a safeguard against the dust which March winds bear on their wings; and, lastly, avoid indelicate dressing for social events. Evening costumes for men and women are much thinner than those habitually worn during the day; and care should be taken to increase correspondingly the outer and under garments. It is a trifle presumptuous to discard flannels, and then after hours, in a hot ball-room, to put on a creation of lace and ribbon for a drive or walk in the night air of March.—The Ladies' Home Journal.

John—I really believe my rheumatism has entirely disappeared. Wife—Well, I hope it will not stay away for good, as then we will have to buy a barometer to find out when it is going to rain.

I heard the tugboat's whistle 'gainst the clear and azure sky; The cat was on the woodshed and the rock was on the rye. I stood with lifted bootjack in the kitchen by the stove, And then a chunk of anthracite at that old cat I love. I saw him pace with quiet grace along the old ridge pole, And pause to bid defiance to other chunks of coal. Denied by a proud tenant as a sutor to be seen, He went off at a "forty" gait, but came again at even.

Mamma, shocked and grieved—Wille, I wouldn't blow that horn to-day. It's Sunday. Wille—I know it, mamma; it's the second Sunday in Lent. This is a fish horn.

ITEMS OF SPORT.

During the seven days of the Woodard sale at Lexington, Ky., 464 horses have been sold for \$322,150 an average of \$694, which makes it one of the best seven-day sales ever held. During the Brasfield sale at the same place 891 horses changed hands for \$549,750, a good average, \$616.

At New York yesterday Capt. Connor's horses were sold at auction. Ten head brought \$8,975, an average of \$897.50. Jessica, b. f. 2-year-old by Tremont-Jentling brought, \$2,900.

The owners of Axtell announce that they will give \$5,000 for the first of the stallions to get to acquire the one-year-old trotting record; \$5,000 for the first to obtain the two-year-old record, and \$5,000 to the first to secure the three-year-old record.

Mr. E. S. Sayers, Secretary of the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, has written to a member of the Hamilton Cricket Club, stating that the first eleven of the Merion club proposes making a tour next summer between July 15th and August 1st, taking in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton and Toronto. Mr. Sayers asks advice and information as to guarantee, gate receipts, etc.

Shindle, one of the best players of the Baltimore club, has deserted that organization and has signed with the Philadelphia League club.

A bill has been introduced in the Nevada Legislature licensing bare-knuckle fights in that State. It is intended to bring the heavyweights there. The license is to be \$500. The measure will probably pass both houses.

The recent challenge of Ed. Gorman, the Buffalo lightweight, to fight Jack McAniff, Billy Meyer for the championship of the world in that class, promises to bear fruit in the near future. From despatches received by Gorman and his backers it is surmised that the proposed McAniff-Meyer battle is off for good, in which case Gorman will meet either of the men soon. The match, if made, will be for \$5,000 and a probable purse. There can be no doubt that the challenge made on Gorman's behalf was issued in good faith.—Buffalo Courier.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.

Some Interesting Statistics for the Brethren.

The record of the work of the Order in Ontario for the year ending December 31st, 1890, shows cheering results. The number of lodges is 332; average lodge membership, 764. During the year there were 1,940 initiations, 133 died. The net increase is 753, and the total membership 17,693. During the year 4,880 degrees were conferred. The amount paid for sick benefits was \$39,455; surgeons' fees and nursing, \$6,210; widows' benefits, \$15,856; orphans' benefits, \$1,123; burying deceased brothers, \$4,753; burying deceased wives of brothers, \$11,245; special relief and charity, \$2,419; total for year, \$71,068. The cash on hand and in bank on call, \$144,565; invested in mortgage and other securities, \$169,764; buildings and lands, \$234,630; furniture and regalia, \$144,678; total assets, \$693,539. The general benefit fund amounts to \$553,333; widows' and orphans' fund, \$121,533; contingent fund, \$11,706. Total funds, \$686,633.

Girl Slavery in Tibet.

The people were in a state of excitement over the marriage of the belle of the place and the high price her prospective husband had had to pay for her: fifty taels to purchase a "number two wife" was highly creditable to the town which had given birth to such a treasure. The Sen-chuanese are much given to selling girls, and large numbers are exported yearly from Ch'ung-ching for Han-kot and Shanghai and other eastern cities. The price usually paid for one of six or seven years is from seven to ten taels. They are kindly reared by the stock farmer who buys them, receive a "liberal education with all modern accomplishments," and when they have attained the age of sixteen are easily disposed of at high prices. The trade has nothing cruel about it, and many of these girls are respected members of society in after life, and certainly enjoy many more material comforts than if they had been left in their poor villages. I have lived in homes of highly respectable Chinese where the wife had four or five little girls purchased with her savings, and they were treated with as much kindness and love as her own children.—Lieut. Rockhill, in March Century.

Musical and Dramatic Notes.

Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, has been compelled to abandon his southern tour for the balance of this season, by an attack of nervous prostration.

Fusch-Madi, the dramatic soprano, who has been engaged by Mr. L. M. Rubin, New York, for a spring tour of concerts, oratorios and festivals, will leave New York for New York, March 14th. She will make her first appearance in this country at the beginning of April in Boston and Providence. She will then appear in New York city, Chicago, and at the Indianapolis festival, returning to London commencing of June, where she has been engaged for the Italian opera at Covent Garden.

Tommy Ryan, who recently defeated Danny Needham at Minneapolis, has been jailed at Crown Point, Ind., in default of a fine of \$300 and costs.

A movement is on foot to have the name of St. Jerome, Que., changed to Labelleville, in honor of the late Mgr. Labelle.

THE HOMELY GIRL.

Why She Gets a Better Husband Than Her Pretty Sister—Something Pretty Girls Should Read.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not infrequently remarked of some good domestic creature whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind, and consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem, while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt in many cases at the bottom of the sneering question.

The truth is that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overrate themselves, and, in waiting for an immense bid, are occasionally "left on the market." The plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression, and in most instances succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but are willing to take anything respectable and loveworthy that Providence may throw in their way. The rook ahead of your haughty Juno and coquetish Hobbes is fastidiousness. They reject and reject until nobody cares to woo them. Men don't like to be snubbed or to be trifled with—a lesson that thousands of pretty women learn too late. Mrs. Hannah More, a very excellent and pious person, who knew whereof she wrote, recommends every unmarried sister to close with the offer of the first good, sensible, Christian lover who falls in her way. But the ladies whose mirrors, aided by the glamor of vanity, assure them they were born for conquest, pay no heed to this sort of advice. It is a noteworthy fact that the homely girls generally get better husbands than fall to the lot of their fairer sisters. Men who are caught merely by a pretty face and figure do not, as a rule, amount to much. The practical, useful, thoughtful portion of mankind is wisely content with unpretending excellence.—New York Ledger.

Boating by Drum Beat.

We passed heavily laden junkmen slowly working their way upstream amidst what to any but the Chinese would have appeared insurmountable difficulties. A hundred naked, shouting and arm-swinging trackers dragged each one slowly along, now straining every muscle at the long tow-line, now slacking up as a man seated at the bow of the boat directed them with the beat of a small drum held between his knees. Below the rapids other junks were preparing to enter them with much burning of joss-paper and firing of crackers, and near by was a "little life-boat station," with two or three "red boats" ready to pick up any one in case of accident. Below all of the rapids on the Yang-tzu are life-boat stations, which, like many other charities in China, are kept up solely by private subscriptions and render the greatest service to the enormous population employed on the river.—Lieut. Rockhill, in March Century.

The Columbus Club has lost four players since the American Association withdrew from the National agreement—Knauss, Johnson, Doyle and Reilly.

The New York baseball grounds have been seized for debt. James G. Fogarty, the well-known baseball player, is lying at the point of death in Philadelphia.

D. O. N. L. 11, 91

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