

Just then a boy about twelve years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the blind man's arm, and said, "Let me lead you across the street."

By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped the poor old man over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now, this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I know he had made several others feel happy, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the example he had set them.—A in *Children's Friend*.

**SCANDAL IN "HIGH LIFE."**

In the London Divorce Court lately the case of Wentworth vs. Wentworth was heard.

In this suit Mrs. Lucy Annie Wentworth sought a divorce from her husband, Capt. D'Arcy Wentworth, formerly of the 8th Hussars, who was stated to be possessed of considerable means. There was no defense.

Mr. Baroard, who appeared for the petitioner, said that the marriage took place on October 15th, 1872, at the parish church of Bickley, Kent. The petitioner and the respondent afterwards lived together in Dorsetshire, and then in Sloane-street, London; but from the first they lived unhappily, owing to the husband's intemperate habits. In Jan., 1873, he behaved violently towards his wife, and she was so frightened of him that she returned to her mother's house. She did not see him again until the autumn of 1874, he coming to Switzerland for that purpose. The following November they met in London, and there was a talk of a reconciliation. He proposed that she should go out to Australia with him and keep his house, but that she was to pass as his sister. She declined to go out under those circumstances, and they never lived together again. He allowed her £500 a year until last year, when payment ceased. She then consulted her solicitors, who made inquiries, with the result that Capt. Wentworth was found to have been living with another woman at Brighton, who passed as Mrs. Wentworth.

The Petitioner was called, and deposed as to the above, after which testimony was adduced as to Capt. Wentworth living with a Mrs. Gibbs; further, that on April 25th, 1888, there was a divorce case of Gibbs vs. Gibbs and Wentworth, the co-respondent being the respondent in the present case.

Sir Francis Jeune said that the desertion was not made out. There would be a judicial separation, with costs.

**ANGLO-CHINESE.**

That the public may see what an English paper printed in the land of the Celestials has to put up with from its Chinese employees, we pub-

lish a portion of a familiar piece as "set-up" by a Chinese compositor: "The Burial of Sir John Moon.—Not a drum was heard not a funeral note as his corse to the ramparts. We hired not a soldier discharged his froward shot O'er the gram when our hero we buried. We buried him doubly at dead of night. The soda with our bayonets turning. By the shuffling moonbeamsa mirty light and the lantern drinly buning. No melen coffin enclosed his breast not in shut net in shorsod we wound qim. But he lay like a wanior taking nis not. Wilt his martial clock around him."

**HE WOULD NOT FLIRT.**

**A YOUNG WOMAN WHO FOLLOWS DURRANT, THE ALLEGED SAN FRANCISCO MURDERER, DAY AFTER DAY.**

The young woman with the sweet pea blossoms who has been the object of some interest and comment at the trial of Durrant for the past few days, attracted the attention of the prisoner Thursday, when he entered the courtroom. She was sitting on the benches about six feet from the chair which is occupied during the sessions of the court by the defendant. As he was about to sit down he looked in her direction. She smiled and bowed. He returned the salutation. Everybody thought she was a friend of the accused. Durrant thought so himself at first, but as he studied her face, he found he had been mistaken. He thought she was a young lady who had been a former acquaintance of his. There is no doubt but she is the person who sent Durrant the first bouquet he has received since his confinement in the county jail. On Sunday afternoon a young woman answering the description of the girl in court carried a large bunch of pink sweet pea blossoms to the county jail and handed them to the doorkeeper with the instruction that they be given Durrant. She left no name or further message. The flowers were the first Durrant has accepted from an unknown person since his arrest.

"I noticed the young woman was flirting with me," said Durrant, "and I also was well aware that nearly everyone in the courtroom was cognizant of the fact. At first I thought she was a friend that I had not seen for some time. That was why I recognized her. However, I was mistaken. I do not know her. She tried to flirt with me all day but I took no notice of her attentions whatever as soon as I discovered she was a stranger. She tried to attract my attention by bowing and smiling and throwing kisses at me with the blossoms."

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**SIASCONSETT-IN-THE-SEA**

**Mr. Munkittrick Pays His Regular Annual Tribute to the Sandy Shore.**  
[Special Correspondence.]

SIASCONSETT, Mass., Aug. 13.—Siasconsett is still floating in the sea safely anchored just opposite Spain, but far enough away to keep from being mixed up in the fortnightly West Indian revolution which keeps the manufacturers of arms from going into bankruptcy. After the usual summer swelter in New York I find it very comfortable here in an overcoat, not the leather overcoat with copper lining worn during the summer by the Jerseyman to keep the mosquito's scarf from penetrating the epidermis, but the light, airy overcoat which is the brother of the roseate summer drink which wafts one to fairyland. The peacock disports in his feather duster, and all is lovely as an infant's dream. Siasconsett is still Siasconsett, and that is the highest praise one can bestow upon it.

Nothing ever changes down here except the weather and \$5 bills, but the former is the more easily changed, even by one who has never had professional experience in the weather bureau. Yesterday a man found a diamond pin that he lost last summer right on a beaten path. In New York it would have been caught on the fly while descending from the owner's scarf. If you were to stand tacks on their heads down here, the natives would never notice them or pick them up with their feet. As a result of the fine weather whale stories are larger than they were this time last year.

The bluefish are also running and swimming well. I saw an 11 pounder yesterday that was caught by a man who had wired a silver dollar on his hook. This shows that even bluefish are imbued by the spirit of the age in which we live. It is probably due to the fact that when close to shore they hear mercenary people discussing everything from the dollar point of view. One of the great charms of this place is the spirit of Americanism that pervades it from Sumpoy lighthouse to Underhill's china shop on the bluff. When you go to be shaved, you don't land on an earl and carom on a dako even in the barber. It is a great blessing, and one for which we should be duly thankful, that there are neither natural nor artificial noblemen here, and it is fortunate that the best markets for coronets and feudal castles are at Newport and Bar Harbor. The only royal personages recognized here are the kings and queens that abound in packs like foxhounds.

A beautiful macadamized road is now being laid from Nantucket to Siasconsett. About two miles of it are now finished, and next year, when it is completed, the bicyclist will be in his element and never know a puncture. This will put the horses into cans for winter use, and the poor equines who have been trudging across the morass through the rats will doubtless feel happier compounded as mock turtle and ox tail soup. This finely ballasted bluestone road frightens the horses in the same way that a large wholesome meal frightens a hungry man, and the drivers are now certain that they wasted the money they spent on their horses in former years for nervous prostration. They are so lively that they don't seem like Siasconsett horses, which will probably make them amenable sooner or later to some tyrannical blue law. About a week ago the stone crusher broke down, and since the date of that accident so anxious are they to push the good work ahead that they have been crushing the stone with lithia water.

The only mosquito I ever saw here

must have come down with me from New Jersey in my boat. After I had gone to bed this Morris-town nightingale began to play a drum solo upon my tin-panum until I thought I was back in my own house, around which the mosquitoes are so plentiful that I throw them in to the summer tenant without extra charge. When I heard the front of this specimen and felt his tail feathers trailing softly along my nose, it made me sad and surcharged my soul with a melancholy about three sizes too large for it. But he didn't attempt to bite me. He seemed to rejoice in the fact that he was with me that knew his ways. And then I know he was from New Jersey, for he perched upon my nose as if he would tenderly embrace me and began to cry in the bitterness of his woe. And as great saline tears dropped lovingly from his eyes into mine he sat on his hind legs like the leader of an orchestra and began intoning the names of the stations on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad.

But the mosquitoes of New Jersey, biting as they do with the sting of a tax collector, are not much greater in numbers than the prairie dogs will shortly be on this ocean island. They are multiplying like Italians just at present, and when the native sees them eating the corn for which he charges the alien from New York 30 cents a dozen he immediately pulls the lobster pot out of the sea and sets it on the farm. A flock of these dogs will attack a fine green team and in a few hours leave nothing intact but the utensils and the mortgage. Foxes and quail have also been put on the island. The former are now extinct here, and the quail were so greatly reduced in numbers last winter by the snow and cold weather that a law has been passed to protect them for three years, during which time the poor native must be thankful while he takes his best straight. The weather is like that of September at the present time, and this is about the regular thing. It is a poor man's paradise, just as a bicycle is a poor man's four-in-hand. Were Siasconsett nearer New York only millionaires could enjoy it, but down here millionaires can't enjoy it because, having all the money they want, they can't take the time to leave their shoes. Therefore the poor man is a rich man down here—so rich that he doesn't know he's poor until he returns to the howling wetropolis and dreams long and fondly of heather robed Siasconsett-in-the-sea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

**Tight Lacing and Gallstones.**

Professor Marchand of Marburg has called attention to the fact that gallstones and tight lacing are frequent coincidences. The furrow caused by lacing runs directly across the right lobe of the liver, causing a tendency to atrophy of the gall bladder. When tight lacing has been extreme, an artificial fissure is formed in the liver, giving rise to what is termed the "lacing lobe," which carries with it the gall bladder. Stagnation of the bile is well known to be one of the most important causes of the formation of gallstones. A change in the composition of the bile from catarrh resulting from congestion of the mucous membrane and the thickening of the bile due to failure of the gall bladder to completely evacuate itself gives rise to the formation of small masses which serve as nuclei for calculi. Hence anything which obstructs the free outflow of bile through the cystic duct must favor the formation of gallstones. Marchand is also of the opinion that many cases of cancer of the liver should be attributed to tight lacing. It is only a few years since a German surgeon was obliged to open an abdomen to remove a "lacing lobe" of the liver which had been so completely separated from the rest of the organ as to cause its death, rendering its removal necessary.—Modern Medicine.