Girl's Protest

tired of the silly things men

They remember all the spinning, but the ng they forgot : They can recollect the baking—not the way they used to fret
When they had to stay at home sometimes, to dust the parlor clean,
When lots of other girls and boys were "dancing

Why should a girl sit down and spin from mor Why should a gart as to ing until night, with so much big machinery—do you think it would be right?

And modern girls can make good pies, and fancy dishes, too,
And just as well, we'll wager, as the old on used to do.

But for an instant we'll assume the girls we better then. the men?
We think our grandpa just too nice when some-times he will say,
Oh, girls, the boys are not so fine as in my old-time day!

That times are very different from fifty year ago!
"The girls" must follow with the world, which
surely has advanced--

One day grandma forgot and we were perfectly When she said that she was noted once for minuet she danced.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant. Oh! the quietest home on earth had I.
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there
But one day there joined in our househol
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man is-land

O, the despot came in the dead of night. cry,
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That hald headed tyrant from No man's lan

He ordered us here and he sent us there— Though never a word could his small 1 speak, With his toothless gums and his vacant stare, And his helpless limbs so frail and weak, And his helpless limbs so frail and weak, Till I cried in a voice of stern command, "Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-land

But his abject slaves they turned on me; Like the bears in Scripture they'd rend there;
there;
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This restless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime, For peace had fled from my dwelling r Till I finally thought of old Father Time And low before-him I made my bow, "Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand, This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-li

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare And a smile came over his features grim; "I'll take the tyrant under my care, Watch what my hour-glass does to him; The veriest humbug that ever was planned Is the same bald-head from No-man's land.

Old Time is doing his work full well.

Much less of might does the tyrant wield: Much less of might does the tyrant wieu; But Ah', with sorrow my heart will swell And sad tears fall as I see him yield. Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled han I would keep bald the head from No-man's-la

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care; Like other vassals I have learned, forsoot! To love the wretch who forgot his hair And hurried along without a tooth, And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand, This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-lan Mary E. Vandyne

Earth's Fleecy Mantle. The beautiful snow comes fluttering down And lovingly nestles on country and town. I wate' a my window its feather tail, And see not it spreads out its soft, fleecy pall. Tossed lightly and whirled by the frolics The white, star shaped tlakes their resting-pla

Heaped softly together they hide all the ground And cover the earth in a white, shining mound The storm in its beauty I watch all the day Till night comes at last and the clouds

Then I take the snow-shovel and out doors I go To clean out a path through the beautiful sno 'Light!" "Fleecy!" Who said so? I say to hi That for once in his life he was way off his ba

My back aches before I have hardly begun!
"Light!" "Fleery!" Each shovelful weighs
full ton!

## THE CHOICE OF THREE: A NOVEL.

"Ah!" interposed Jeremy, "that shot was a credit to you. I didn't think you

could have done it."

"A credit! I'll tell you what, it is a awful thing to kill a man like that. I ofter see his face as he fell, at night in my sleep." "I was merely looking at it as a shot," replied Jeremy, innocently; "and considere as a shot at twenty paces and under tryin circumstances, it was a credit to you."

"And then, you see, Jeremy, there wa another thing, you know-about-about Eva. Well, I wrote to her, and she has never answered my letter, unless," with a gleam of hope, "you have brought ar

Jeremy shook his aching head. "Ah, no such luck. Well, it put me of and that's the fact. Since she has chucke me up, I don't care twopence about any thing. I don't say but what she is right: dare say that I am not worth sticking to She can do much better elsewhere; " and Ernest groaned and realized that his head was very bad indeed; but there it is. "! hadn't the heart to write any more letters and I was too proud to write again to her Confound her! let her go. I am not going to grovel to any woman under heaven, no not even to her!" and, he kicked the bedclothes viciously

I haven't learned much Zulu, yet. replied Jeremy sententiously; "but I know two words—'hamba gachle' (go softly,") "'Well, what of them?" said Ernest testily

They mean, I am told, 'take it easy or 'look before you leap,' or 'never jum to conclusions, or 'don't be in a confounde hurry'; very fine mottoes, I think. Of course they do but what have the got to do with Eva?"
"Well, just this. I said I had got n letter. I never said-

What ?" shouted Ernest. "Hamba gachle," replied Jeremy, the nperturbable, gazing at Ernest out of his lackened eyes. "I never said that I had

blackened eyes. "I never said that I had not got a message."
Ernest sprang clean out of the little truckle bed, shaking with excitement.

"What is it, man."

"Just this. She told me to tell you that she loved you dearly."

Slowly Ernest sat down on the bed again.

and, throwing a blanket over his head and houlders, remarked in a tone befitting a sheeted ghost:
"Did she! Why couldn't you say so

Then he got up again and commence walking, blanket and all, up and down the little room with long strides, and knocking over the water jug in his excitement. "Hamba gachle," again remarked Jeremy, rising and picking up the water

ug, "How are we going to get more water."
I'll tell you all about it." And he did, including the story of Mr. lowden's shaking, at which Ernest chuckled fiercely.
"I wish I had been there to kick him,"

he remarked parenthetically. put in Jeremy; at which Ernest chuckled

told shioned sirl," and her 'I can't make it all out." said Ernest at superior way.

The highest point of nonsense they have fairly ngth, "but I will go home at once."
"You can't do that, old fellow. You respected uncle, Sir Hugh, will have you

> Ah! I forgot. Well, I will write to her to-day."
> "That's better; and now let's dre "That's better; and now let's dress.
>
> My head is better. By George, though, I
> am stiff. It is no joke fighting a giant."
>
> But Ernest answered not a word. He
> was already, after his quick-brained
> forthion amplication expecting his letter. ashion, employed in concocting his letter

In the course of the morning he drafted It, or rather that part of it with which ve need concern ourselves, ran thus:
"Such then, my dearest Eva, was the state of my mind toward you. I thought—God forgive me for the treason!—that perhaps you were, as so many women are, a fair-weather lover, and that now that I

am in trouble you wished to slip the cable If that was so, I felt that it was not for me to remonstrate. I wrote to you, and I mew that the letter came safely to your hands. You did not answer it, and I could only come to one conclusion. Hence my own silence. And in truth I do not at this moment quite understand why you have never written. But Jeremy has rought me your dear message, and with that I am content, for no doubt you have easons which are satisfactory to yoursel nd if that is so, no doubt, too, they wo e equally satisfactory to me if only I kn hem. You see, my heart's love, the fact s that I trust and believe in you utterly and entirely. What is right and true, what is loyal and sincere to me and to yourself—hose are the things that you will do. Jeremy tells me a rather amusing story my heart which tells me that it is as im ssible for it to come as for the mountain nge I look on as I write to move toward e town and bury it—I am free from alousy, for I know that it is also impos

e. Oh, my sweet, the troth we plighte vas not for days, or years, or times—it was orever. Nothing can dissolve it; Death nimself will be powerless against it. With each new and progressive existence it with re-arise as surely as the flowers in spring, only, unlike them, more fragrant and beau-tiful than before. Sometimes I think that it has already existed through countles ages. Strange thoughts come into a man' mind out there on the great veldt, ridin alone hour after hour, and day after day brough sunlight and through moonligh and he begins to learn the rudiments of truth. Some day I shall tell them all t ou. Not that I have ever been qui alone, for I can say honestly that you hav always been at my side since I left you there has been no hour of the day or nigh when you have not been in my thoughts and I believe that till death for a perio olots out my senses no such hour will ev

ble that you should be faithless to yo

stronger even in its despair. Day by day it has taken sings and form and color, and become more and more a living thing our and body, and yet as inextricable lended and woven into the substance each. If ever a woman was beloved, y a germ which you can cast away stroy, or which you can nourish till bursts into bloom, and bears fruit beautiful beyond imagining. You are my fate my other part. With you my destiny intertwined, and you can mold it as you ill. There is no height to which I canno rise by your side; there is no depth to which I may not sink without you.

And now, what does all this lead up to? Will you make a sacrifice for

me, who am ready to give all my life to you—no, who have already given it? That sacrifice is this: I want you to come out here and marry me; as you know, circumstances prevent me from returning to you. If you will come, I will meet you at the Cape and marry you there. Ah! surely you will come! As for money, I have plenty from home, and can make much more as we shall want here, so that need be no obstacle. It is long to wait for your answer—three months—but I hope that the faith that will, as the Bible tells us, enable people to move mountains—and my faith in you is as great as that—wil also enable me to bear the suspense, and in the end prove its own reward. Oh, how

ife has changed for me since yesterday!"

Ernest read selected portions of this composition to Mr. Alston and Jeremy Both listened in solemn silence, and at the onclusion Jeremy scratched his head and emarked that it was deep enough to "fetch" ny girl, though for his part he di ot understand it. Mr. Alston relit hi ipe and for a while said nothing; but to nimself he thought that it was a remark able letter for so young a man to hav written, and revealed a curious turn o nind. One remark he did make, however

mind. One remark he did make, however, and that was rather a rude one:

"The girl won't understand what you are driving at, Master Ernest; she will think that you have gone off your head in these savage parts. All you say may or may not be true; on that point I express no opinion—but to write such things to a woman is to throw your pearls before swine. You should ask her about her bonnets, my boy, and tell her what sort of dresses she should nd tell her what sort of dresses she should

sand tell her what sort of dresses she should bring out, and that the air is good for the complexion. She would come then."
Here Ernest fired up.
"You are beastly cynical, Alston, and you should not speak of Aliss Ceswick like that to me. Bonnets indeed!"
"All right, my lad—all right. Time will show. Ah, you boys! you go building up your ideals of ivory and gold and fine linen, only to find them one day turned into the commonest of clay, draped in the dirtiest of rags. Well, well, it is the way of the world; but you take my advice, Ernest; burn that letter, and go in for an Intombi (Kafir girl). It is not too late yet, and there is no mistake about the sort of clay she is made of."
Here Ernest stamped out of the room in a passion.

Too cock-sure, wanted cooling down ttle," remarked Mr. Alston to Jeremy should never be cock-sure where a woman oncerned; women are fond of playing

rty tricks, and saying they could not help I know them. Come on; let us go d find him, and go for a walk." They found Ernest sitting on the box of he waggon. which was out-spanned ogether with Jeremy's, just outside the war, and looking rather sulky.

"Come on, Ernest," said Mr. Alsten pologetically: "I will throw no more and at your ideal. In the course of the st thirty years I have seen so many fall.

st thirty years I have seen so many fall pieces of their own accord that I could by thely warning you. But perhaps they ake them of better stuff in England than

from which there was little hope of his recovery. He was not, however, in much pain. This intelligence distressed Jeremy not a little. He had earnestly desired to thrash thegiant, but he had had no wish to injure him. With his usual promptitude he annourced his intention of going to see his fallen enemy.

"You are likely to meet with a warm reception if you do," said Mr. Alston.

"I'll risk it. I should like to tell' him that I am sorry."

house of a relative just outside the town, a white thatched building that had been built five-and-thirty years before, when the site of Pretoria was a plain inhabited only by quaggas, cland and wilderbeeste. In front of the door was a grove of orange trees, self turned upon his extoller with a look which smelled sweet and looked golden with

which smelled sweet and looked golden with hanging fruit.

The house itself was a small, white building, with a double-swinging door like those used in stables in this country. The top half of the door was open, and over the lower portion of it leaned a Boer, a roughlooking customer, smoking a huge pipe.

"Dagh, Oom" (good-day, uncle), said Mr. Alston, stretching out his hand

Mr. Alston, stretching out his hand. The other looked at him suspiciously and then held out a damp paw to each in turn, at the same time opening the door. As Ernest passed the threshold he noticed As Ernest passed the threshold he hoticed that the clay flooring was studded with peach stones well trodden into its substance to prevent wear and tear of passing feet. The door opened into a fair-sized room with whitewashed walls called the "sit-kame" about the new clergyman who has come to Kesterwick, and who is, it appears, an aspirant for your hand. Well, Eva, I am sufficiently conceited not to be jealous; although I am in the unlucky position of an the mother of the family. She did not rise though I am in the unlucky position of an absent man, and worse still, an absent man under a cloud, I do not believe that he will cut me out. But on the day that you can put your hand upon your heart, and look me straight in the eyes (ah! Eva, I can see your eyes now), and tell me, on your honor as a lady, that you love this or any other man better than you do me, on that day I shall be ready to resign you to him. But till that day comes—and there is something in my heart, which tells me that it is as in the provision of the family. She did not rise on their entry, but without speaking held out a limp hand, which Mr. Alston and the others shook, addressing her affectionately as "tanta" (aunt). Then they shook as "tanta" is an imless sort of way, the former clearing about in an aimless sort of way, the former clearing about in the remains of the family meal, which had consisted of huge bones of boiled fresh beef. So fresh was it, indeed, that on the floor by the side of the table lay the gory head and skin of a newly-killed ox, from which the beef had been cut. Ernest, noticing this, wondered at the superhuman strength of stomach that could take its I

food under such circumstances.

The preliminary ceremony of hand-shaking having got through, Mr. Alston, who-spoke Dutch perfectly, explained the object of their visit. The faces of the Dutchmen larkened as he did so, and the men scowled at Jeremy with hatred not unmingled with terror. When he had done, the oldest man terror. When he had done, the oldest man said that he would ask his cousin if he would see them, adding, however, that he was so ill that he did not think it likely. Raising a curtain, which served as a door, he passed from the sitting-room into the pedroom ("slaap kame"). Presently he returned, and beckoned to the Englishmen enter. They passed into a small chamber bout ten feet square, which was, after the ashion of these people in cases of any illless, hermetically sealed from air. On large bed that blocked up most of the room, and on which it was the usual habit of the master of the house and his wife to sleep in their clothes, lay the fallen giant. So nuch as could be seen of his face was a mass of hideous bruises, and one of his ands, which lay on the bed, was in splints: the chief injury, however, was to his back and from this he could never expect to recover. By his side sat his little wife, who had on the provious the glazed the thrashing of the Hottentot. She glared fiercely at Jeremy, but said nothing. On catching sight of his victor, the giant turned his face to the wall, and asked what I

iterpreting for him, "to say that I an sorry that you are injured so much, that I am sorry that you are injured so much, that I wanted to beat you, but had no idea that I should hurt you so. I know that the trick of throwing a man as I threw you is very dangerous, and I only used it as a last resource, and because you would hakilled me if I had not."

The Boer muttered something in reply about its being very bitter to be beaten such a little man It was evident to Ernest that the man oride was utterly broken. He had believed

lack, in Africa, and now an English la

The giant hesitated a little, and the tretched out his uninjured hand, which

eremy took.
"Englishman," he said, "you are onderful man and you will grow strong et. You have made a baby of me for life yet. You have made a day of the for fire and turned my heart to a baby's too. Perhaps one day some man will do the same for you. Till then you can never know what I feel. They will give you the Hot. tentot outside. No, you must take him you won him in fair fight. He is a good river, though he is so small. Now go."
The sight was a painful one, and they

were not sorry to get away from it. Outside they found one of the young Boers waiting with the Hottentot boy, whom he insisted on handing over to Jeremy.

Any scruples the latter had about accepting him were overcome by the look of intense satisfaction on the features of the

poor wretch himself. His name was "Aasvogel" (vulture), and ne made Jeremy an excellent and mos aithful servant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WAY OF ESCAPE. When Mr. Alston, Jeremy and Ernes merged from the back street in which was he house they had visited into one of the rincipal thoroughfares of Pretoria, they me upon a curious sight. In the middle f the street stood, or rather danced, a wir Zulu, dressed in an old military great-coar and the ordinary native "moocha," o canty kilt, and having a red worsted com orter tied round one arm. He was shout ng out something at the top of his voice nd surrounded by a crowd of other natives, ho at intervals expressed their approval of that he was saying in deep, guttura

What is that lunatic after ?" asked Mr. Alston listened for a minute, and

"I know the man well. His name Goza. He is the fleetest runner in Natal and can go as fast as a horse; indeed, there are few horses that he can not tire out. By profession he is a 'praiser.' He is now inging the praises of the Special Commissioner, 'bongering' they call it. I will ranslate what he is saying:

"Listen to the foot of the great elephant

omptseu. Feel how the earth shake eneath the tread of the white t Chaka beneath the tread of the white t'Chaka, father of the Zulus, foremost among the great white people. Ou! he is here; ou! he is coming. See how the faces of the "Amabooma" (the Boers) turn pale before him. He will eat them up; he will swallow them, the huge vulture, who sits still till the ox is dead, who fights the fight of "sit lower." Oh he is great the lion, where Oh, he is great, the lion; where e turns his eve the people melt away, their earts turn to fat. Where is their one like omptsen, the man who is not afraid of leath; who looks at Death and it runs from Death; who looks at Death and truns from thim; who has the tongue of honey; who in the reigns like the first star at night; who is cork flew out, and then, with a big bang, the reigns like the first star at night; who is cork flew out, and then to twater spurted beloved and honored of the great white mother (the Queen); who loves his child knows more about the power of steam than to have the word holes there are the power of steam than to have the word holes there are the power of steam than the power of we do in those parts.

Ernest descended, and soon forgot his pique. It was but rarely that he bore malice for more than half an hour. As they walked along one of the by-streets

they met the young fellow who had a sted as second to Jeremy in the big fight of the previous day. He informed them that he had just been to inquire how the giant was. It appeared that he had received an injury to the spine, the effect of Jeremy's "lift," from which there was little hope of his recovery. He was not, however, in much vour knees. He is here, the elephant, the his wide wing; who lifted Cetawayo out of
the dirt, and can put him back in the dirt
again? Abase yourselves, you low people,
doctor yourselves with medicine, lest his
fierce eyes should burn you up. Oh, hark!
he comes, the father of kings, the Chaka;
oh! be still; oh, be silent: oh! shake in
your knees. He is here, the elephant, the
lion, the fierce one, the patient one, the
strong one. See, he deigns to talk to little
children; he teaches them wisdom; he
gives them light like the sun—he is the sun
he is t'Somptseu.''

At this juncture a quiet-looking, oldish
gentleman, entirely unlike either an ele-

gentleman, entirely unlike either an ele-phant, a lion, or a vulture, of medium height, with gray whiskers, a black coat, and a neat black tie, fastened in a bow came hat I am sorry."
"Very good; come along—that is the couse."
The injured man had been carried to the couse of a relative just outside the town, a white thatched building that had been built

and a neat black the, lastened in a bow came round the corner leading a little girl by the hand. As he came the praiser lifted up his right hand, and in the most stentorian tones gave the royal salute, "Bayette," which was re-echoed by all the other

> other than the Special Commissioner himself turned upon his extoller with a look of sharply in Zulu:
> "Be still," he said. "Why do you
> "Be still," he with your noise?
> "Be intense annoyance, and addressed him very

always annoy me with your noise? Be still, I say, you loud-tongued dog, or I will send you back to Natal. My head aches with your empty words."
"O elephant! I am silent as the dead.
Bayette. O Somptseu! I am quiet, Bayette'

With a final shout of Bayette the Zul arned and fled down the street with the wiftness of the wind, shouting his praises as he went.

"Go! Begone!"

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Alston advancing.

I heard that you were gone on a hunting trip. Given up work and taken to hunting, eh? Well, I should like to do the same. If I could have found you when I came up here, I should have been tempted to ask

you to come with us."

At this point Mr. Alston introduced Ernest and Jeremy. The Special Commissioner shook hands with them,

"I have heard of you," he said to Jeremy; "but-I must ask you not to fight any more giants here just at present, the tension between Boer and Englishman is too great to allow of its being stretched any nore. Do you know you nearly provoked an outbreak last night with your fighting?

trust that you will not do it again."

He spoke rather severely, and Jeremy colored. Presently, however, he made amends by asking them all to dinner. On the following morning Ernest sent off his letter to Eva. He also wrote to his uncle and to Dorothy, explaining his long silence as best he could. The latter, too, he for the first time took into his confide about Eva. At a distance he no longer felt the same shyness in speaking to her about another woman that had always over-powered him when he was by her side. Now that he had been away fro England for a year or so, many things con-nected with his home life had grown rather faint amid the daily change and activity of is new life. The rush of fresh impres had to a great extent overlaid the old ones and Dorothy, and Mr. Cardus, and all th old Kesterwick existence and surrounding seemed faint and far away. They wer

ndeed rapidly assuming that unreality that time the wanderer finds will und his old associations. He feels hey know him no more, very likely magines that they have forgotten him, a so they become like shades of the dead.

Already Ernest began to find it some
thing of a labor to indite epistles to people England, and yet he had the pen ead, writer. The links that bound th

read, writer. The links that bound them together were fast breaking loose. Eva and Eva alone, remained clar to the vision of his mind. She was always with him and to her, at any period of his nic, he never found difficulty in writing. For in rath their very natures were inte nd the rapport between them was not pro uced merely by the pressure of externa ircumstances, or by the fact of continua ontact and mutual attraction arising fro physical causes, such as the natural lea ng of youth to youth and beauty

Deauty.

These causes no doubt had to do with its production, and perhaps were necessary to its mundane birth, as the battery is neces sary to the creation of the electric spark Thus, had Eva been old instead of a young and lovely girl the rapport would perhap never have come into being here. In short they formed the cable along which th ccult communication could pass, but ther function ended. Having established that communication, and provided a means by which the fusion of spiricould be effected, youth and beauty and the atural attraction of sex to sex had do neir part. The great dividing river the rolls so fast and wide between our souls in their human shape had been safely passed and the two fortunate travellers had been allowed before their time to reap advantages—the measureless advantage of real love, so rare on earth, and at its best so stained by passion; the divine privilege of suffering for that love's sake that will bring such endless blessings in its train which will only come to most of us, and then perhaps imperfectly, in a different world to this.

Yes, the bridge might now be broker own, it had served its purpose Com-ge, or loss of physical attraction, or separa on and icy silence, or the change calle eath itself, and the souls thus subtl ended can and will and do defy ther For the real life is not here; here only the blind beginning of things, maybe the premature beginning.

(To be continued.) How Death May Come.

Personal Points. Laura Bridgman, the wonderful blind dear

As the great physiologist Bichat observed many years ago, death may come at last ir any one of three different ways: By failure of the heart, the lungs or the brain. The first named is, in fact, the one that always shows that life is extinct. So long as the heart keeps going the circulation is better mean all met as we have the angular than the second which we have the man all met as a meaning the second which we have the man all met as a meaning the second which we have the meaning all met as a meaning all met as a meaning that the second was a second with the second meaning all met as a meaning a sept up, and all parts are nourished. Whe breathing ceases no more oxygen can reach the blood, and the latter no longer nourishes any part as it should; the brain no longer sends its influence to the heart, and it has to further incentive to keep on working. If njury to the brain should happen, or some oison interfere with the outflow of nerve procethen the lungs no longer take in fresh ir, and the heart ceases its work. finally, all modes of death result in the cessation of the heart beats, and the life of the body stops within two or three minutes after complete failure of this great force

sump to continue its action.—St. Low Hobe-Democrat. Political Ambition in Mexico. Said a man yesterday who was just from lexico: "They have a fine way of dispos ig of surplus candidates down there."

Why, they shoot em. Therewere three andidates who were against the Diaz interests. One has been shot, another has been in out of the country and another has en put in jail. It is not nice to be addidate for the presidency of Mexico."

"How can a man get rich at poker? asks a correspondent. We know of buone absolutely sure way. Don't poke. Miss Bertha Weymouth, Saco, Me. filled a big jug with water, corkel it, an put it on the stove to heat before taking i to bed. When it washot enough she started

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER. The other night when Mr. Bowser cam home to supper I was lying down with a dreadful headache. I have headaches oc-casionally. I wouldn't have them if I could help it, but I can't. Once in a while I have a chill, but it's nothing I'm to blame for "Sick, eh ?" growled Mr. Bowser as he

entered the bed-room.
"Got a headache."
"That's always the way of it! I wish I could remember one single well day which has passed over your head since we were narried!" 'I'm always well."

"Oh, you are! Well, I must be bluot to have discovered the fact! I wan you to go to the theatre to-night."
"I—I guess I can go." 'I—I guess I can go."
'Well, I guess you can't! Mrs. Bow

it does seem queer that whenever I have any special entertainment mapped out you invariably bust it with a headache, palpita on of the heart, torpid liver or some other ailment. It must be the grossest careles ness on your part. Have you had a doct to day?" "Why, no!"
"Well, we'll have one! I'm going to

know what ails you, if I have to call half the doctors in town! I want to know whether I've married a woman or a bundle

You may be ill some day, Mr. Bowser. "100 may be ill some day, Mr. Dowser.
"Bosh! I've got the strength of mind to
throw off even a case of smallpox. The
Bowser family never made fools of themselves by being upset at every change of the weather.

weather."

The doctor came up and prescribed a dover's powder, and he thought I needed a tonic of some sort. Bowser was grouty all the evening, and when he went to bed he miffed and snuffed and muttered

"Oh, excuse me! I thought for a mo that I was in Harper's Hospitall" Two mornings after that Bowser me up an hour earlier than usual. face was very pale, his teeth chattered, and I saw at once that he had a chill. He had been looking yellow around the eyes for three or four days, and it was evident that his liver was out of order. 'What is it?" I asked.

"I believe I'm going to have a c-chill!"
"Oh, pshaw! Just exercise your willwer and throw it off." Mrs. Bowser, I want you to telepho

for a doctor—two—three doctors, with delay! I'm an awful sick man, with one chance in twenty of getting well!" "Pooh! Mr. Bowser, I had all arrang ments made to go over to the toboggan slide to day, and to have a progressive puchre party here to night. It seems funn that you should fall sick and spoil all my

oleasure!"
"All right—go ahead and abuse me all ou want to. When I am under the sod ou'll think of these things."
The family doctor came up after breakfast and prescribed quinine and some other simple remedy, and advised Bowser to lie in bed through the day. The following was ne programme of the forenoon:

I soak Mr. Bowser's feet. 2. I prepare him three different kinds o 3. I send the baby over to mother's, be cause its cooing disturbs him.

4. I stop all the clamor in the houshis request.

5. I drive all the boys out of the neighprhood to soothe Mr. Bowser's nerves 6. I shut the dog in the barn and driv he cat to the attic

7. I make a list of his debtors and credi-At noon Mr. Bowser resolved to get out of bed, and the amount of dinner he ate was positively astonishing. After dinner he put on his slippers and dressing gown and asked: "Mrs. Bowser, do you suppose a ciga would hurt me?"

Pooh! "There you go! You don't seem to understand that I have been dangerously ill derstand that I have been dangerously and that a relapse would cause my death Mrs, Bowser, I believe you secretly wished during the forenoon that I might die!"

"Nonsense!"
"Well, your conduct is very suspicion say the least. In case of my death lieve you'd marry again!"

"I might."
"You would, eh? That's the kind of rson you are, is it?"
"But, Mr. Bowser, you've been sick nuch, you know, and you've turned to ouse into a hospital so often—"
"Who's sick?"

You are. I'd just like

time when you had a well day. Mr. Bowse it's an awful thing to chain a woman to an invalid husband."

Then Bowser began to cry, and I had to tuck him up in bed and put a hot flatir to his feet, and tie a rag around his head and make him some sage tea. He was al right next morning, and when I asked him if it was safe for me to invite company fo

'riday night he roared out: 'Safe! Why not?' "Safe! Why not?"
"You may be ill, you know!"
"And I may not, you know! Mrs.
Bowser, I want you to understand that the
Bowser family—the line I am descended
from—never give up until the very last."
"But they recover wonderfully quick."
"They do, eh? And that's because of
their strong will yours. Mrs. Bowser I'm

their strong will power. Mrs. Bowser, I'n satisfied that I was snatched from the grave yesterday, and that by no help of yours. If I do not return home for the next three days you have only yourself

But he was back at noon, and he hasn had another word to say about my head aches.—Detroit Free Press.

nute, after an extended absence, has eturned to the Institute for the Blind at bouth Boston. She is now nearly 57 years The Queen has been pleased to appoin Sir Robert George Crookshank Hamilton K. C. B., to be Governor and Commander in-Chief of the colony of Tasmania and it

Senator Ogilvie, of Montreal, is confin o his residence, undergoing treatment for abscess. It will be some days, it is undertood; before the hon gentleman will be ufficiently recovered to resume his us vocations

Whistler and Wilde.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistle nd Oscar Wilde, who has the reputatio

of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches Having heard the artist say an unusally good thing. Oscar exclaimed, deploringly 'I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler, derisively, "but you know ou will sav it." The Benefits of Travel. A Nashville astronomer has discovered a met with three tails. We remember

Nashville as a place where even the news-paper fellows each had a demijohn of whiskey by the side of his desk.—Lowell His Pocketbook Feels That Way. Many an ardent lover who said proudly at the alter, "With all my worldly goods I hee endow," thinks he has done it when e has paid his young bride's first millinery

bill.—Cambridge Chronicle. A man will bear the gout, and yet he con't allow a fly to tickle his nose.

CURRENT TOPICS

According to all accounts Port Hamilton he most recent acquisition of the British in the China Seas, must be a somewhat reezy sort of a place. The huts of the narines stationed there have to be secured mamnes stationed there have to be secured by heavy chain cables passed right over the roof and fastened to the ground in order to prevent their being blown away. THE new Lord Mayor of London has the

eputation of being one of the most cheery and genial magistrates in the metropolis. The other day, after he had given judgment in the criminal libel case which had been brought against the editor of Punch by a well-known member of Parliament, he en tertained all the parties concerned in the case, counsel, prosecutor and defendant, at a friendly luncheon at the Mansion House It is currently believed that a Dakota blizzard has no redeeming qualities. This s a mistake. "It is an ill wind which is a mistake. "It is an ill wind which blows good to nobody." A young man of Emmions County, Dak, recently called on a young woman, and a blizzard compelled him to stay three days. The girl's father sent for a minister and a wedding was the outcome. Dakota blizzards will hereafter have warm friends among the old maids of that unique Territory.

Boston Herald: The operatives in the voollen and cotton mills of this country. who are paid by piece work as most of them are, are paid less per cut or per yard, per pound, or whatever the terms of the payment may be, than the operatives who are employed in English mills. Instead of bringing in to them higher wages the tariff secures to them, if anything, lower wages than they are paid in England. That they receive more at the end of a week is due to the performance by them of larger quantity of work

THE almanac for 1887 gives a few items of general interest : New Year's Day comes on Saturday, St. Valentine's Day on Mon-day, April Fool Day on Friday, First of July on Friday, Christmas on Sunday. aster Sunday will be on the 10th of April ent begins March 2nd. There will four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. One, February 8th, visible as a partial eclipse in Canada. The others that ccur, as follows, are not visible in Canada; The annular eclipse of the sun, Februar 23rd; August 19th, of the sun.

An ingenious doctor, named Garre, living in Basle, Switzerland, has acquired much otoriety by collecting old boots and shoes o study human-character from the way in which they have been worn. Carlyle showed the philosophy that could be ex-tracted from old clothes, but Dr. Garre confines himself to old boots. He calls his discovery "Scarpology," a word, hitherto unknown to lexicographers. He furnishes an alphabet illustrating the characters of the wearers of the boots or shoes. Boots whereof the outside edges and toe-caps are worn away prove the wearer capable of murder. Girls who wear a "four" shoe on a "six" foot should be avoided by matrimonially inclined young men as a olague.

Horatio Ross, the famous old Scottish portsman who died the other day, was Nelson's god-son, his father, Hercules Ross, having been an old West Indian friend and frequent correspondent of Nelson. On the oth of June, 1801, Nelson, then in Kioge Bay, wrote to Mr. Hercules Ross: "You to me a great deal of honor in wishing me ostand god-father for your next child. I weept the duty with much pleasure, and accept the duty with much pleasure, and hope that the future Horatio or a will be an addition of happiness to you and Mrs, Ross;" and on the 12th of September, 1801, he wrote from the Amazon, in the Downs: "I congratulate you most sincerely on the birth of a son and heir; and from my heart I wish all the wealth and happiness you I wish all the wealth and happiness possess, and all the honors which fallen to my lot, may be the young Hora-

LORD SALISBURY appears to be having good deal of trouble with his colonial Governors. Only a few weeks ago the Legislature and principal inhabitants of Natal addressed a petition to the Queen lemanding the recall of Sir Henry Haveock, the Governor and Commander-in Chief of the dependency, on the ground hat he is an altogether unfit person to hold so important an office. It is now an ounced that the British Government, has been obliged to suspend from his function Sir John Pope Hennessy, Governor of the important colony of the Mauritius, who by his quarrels with his Lieutenant-Governor, notorious ex-Irish magistrate, Clifford Lloyd, almost caused a revolution in that lovely island. The reasons which have induced Lord Salisbury to take so unusual a step as to suspend a Governor previous to his recall must be of exceptional gravity.

A snow storm in Paris is anything but as leasant as one of our home zephyrs, so far as horseflesh is concerned. A despatch to the London Daily News says. "Saturday evening, at about 5 o'clock, the snow began alling, and in a short time the streets a housetops were covered over with the flakes. In one moment the thoroughfares became so slippery that traffic was stopped such horses as were abroad only being able to advance with cautious steps, and for the first time this year people were able to cross the Place de l'Opera without serious risk of being run over. The city street sweepers spent the night strewing sand and chiefly salt over the main streets, and four-teen cartloads were thrown over the avenues leading up to the Arch of Triumph." The trouble is that the asphalt in Paris is very slippery companyed as it is such horses as were abroad only being ab in Paris is very slippery, composed as it is of a burned stone that has no catch for a horse's foot, and must be reinforced with sand whenever snow or rain assails the

THE Danes have a society quite peculiar o themselves. It is known as "The Maiden Assurance Society." It aims to provide for a class—single women of well-to-do families. It shelters and cares for them, and furnishes them with "pinmoney." Its methods are thus described: As soon as the girl-child is born to him the father enrolls her name in a certain association, and pays a certain sum and association, and pays a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed sum, to the society. When she has reached the age of, we be-lieve: 21, and is not married, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and a suite of apartments in a large building of the assoapartments in a large building of the asso-ciation, with gardens and park about it inhabited by other young or older ladie, which have thus become members. If he father dies in her youth, and she desires it she has shelter in this building, and at a fixed time her own income. When she dies or marries all this right to income lapses and the money paid in swells the endow-ment of the association.

The Tell-Tale Telephone.

"Charlie, you were kept late at the office last night, weren't you?" "Yes, larling." "Just as you were on Thursday darling." "Just as you were on Thursday and Friday evenings?" "Yes, dear." 'You were in the office all the time?" 'Yes, dear." "You were in the office all the time?" 'Yes, dear." "And yery busy." "Charlie, s your telephone in order?" "Yes,love." "Well it is covered." is your telephone in order? "1es.jove. "Well, it is queer, don't you think? I went to the telephone in the drug store next door these last three evenings and tried to ring you up every half hour. The druggist said you couldn't have been in our office."—Philadelphia Call.

The fur boa is in high favor this winter and other new shoulder protectors have the neck formed somewhat similar to the oldfashioned victorine, with long stole front the cape portion, however, being much CURIOUS FIGURES.

Republican and Ruler in Or The for wing admerical collection of those who have been Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States is quoted om "Bayne's Chronology

Son.
2. Harrison-Tyler.
3. Polk-Dallas.
4. Pierce-King.
5. Pierce-King. ton. Madison-Clintondams-Calhoun ridge. on-Calhoun-Van 7. Lincoln-Hamlin-John

son.
1. Grant-Colfax-Wilson.
2. Hayes-Wheeler,
3. Garfield-Arthur,
4. Cleveland-Hendricks. This arrangement makes each series of

even a chapter by itself, with the points on the odd numbers. If this is in accordance with musical rules, it would follow that every seven should indicate a similar lar harmony. For example: John Adams to Van Buren; John Q. Adams to Pierce; and, as an octave, Cleveland would follow Fillmore—in which event it is rather singular that both should hail from the city of Buffalo, N.Y. Of course it may be a mere coincidence

without another illustration. Yet, admirting the musical rule, there may be good reason to believe that one administration does reflect another, both as to men and measures. The transition from Mr. Lincoln to Gen. Hayes, and from the latter Mr. Cleveland, was evidently a natural continuation. On the other hand, Buchanan ed the way to Grant, and the latter t Garfield. Harrison-Tyler presupposed Taylor-Filmore, and with a like fatality, extending even to Cleveland-Hendricks.
The tendency to return to the original starting point has been demonstrated ove starting point has been demonstrated over and over again in the history of every nation, in process of which the original class of men reappear and often from the old localities. Thus, it would be no surorise to find the octave to Franklin Pie prise to find the octave to Franklin Pierce, in New Hampshire—a man, perhaps his opposite—a man, instead of catering to old prejudices, may seek to educate the Southern mind out of them. But should the Vice-President be taken from Alabama, as Mr. King was, it might be well to consider the probabilities in his case, for while nothing is more certain than death and taxation and the second of the control of the taxation, yet a man intended for high posi-tion should be strong enough to bear the

train of it. strain of it.

The same peculiarity is seen in the order of the British monarchy. The Stuart dynasty came to grief on the seventh James (James II. of England). But lest that et us go backward from Queen Victoria

Mary. William IV. Edward VI Richard III.

This is not regular historical division for it is plain that Cromwell was the octave of Henry VIII. Nevertheless, there are ther octaves not less definite. For exam ple, from Bloody Mary to William and Mary, and from the latter to Victoria, who has thus the misfortune to inherit the bitterness of the conquest of Ireland under William of Orange, as well as the pledge of a Protestant succession consequent upon the revolution of 1688. It would follow that another revolution is at hand, or has actually occurred, and this would be a remarks ble commentary upon the law of musical harmony were it not an actual and active force in nature, subduing all things unto itseli.—Boston Transcript.

What Britain Does for Egypt. An important and interesting White Book has just been issued containing the German Foreign Office correspondence respecting the affairs of Egypt for the year 1886, up to June last. The information is valuable, especially now when people are beginning to be anxious to know a little about what has been going on in Egypt for the past six months. By far the most vital point to be considered is what good the natives of Egypt have derived and do derive from British occupation. The answer is given by a memorandum of conversation with two native gentlemen, one a Moslem of good standing, whose opinions are much respected by those who know him: the other, a country squire who owns an estate not far from Cairo. The evidence of these persons comes to this: Since the days of the Caliph Omar Egypt has never seen such security as that y those in authority. A peasant does not low live in constant dread of arrest and xile simply because he is well-to-do and as excited the envy or cupidity of some ourt favorite. Personal security for the dinary Egyptian is now at least a histori cal fact, and not a matter of opinion. The people hardly believe their senses in this respect, and only fear that the present state of affairs is too good to last. There is less robbery and brigandage now than there was twelve years ago. A cadi, or native indee is oneted as giving a support of the property of the pro judge, is quoted as giving an opinion that Egyptian peasants nowadays suffer less illtreatment and enjoy more freedom and security of person than has ever before been known. The more intelligent of the population have begun to appreciate those advantages, and the expression of their opinions of their control of the pinions at the present moment may no oubt be attributed to a dread of an eventual elapse into the old system of administra-

Something Like a Saleswoman. Here's a treasure for some enterprising

anadian trader:
"A young lady desires a situation as "A young lady desires a situation as sales lady—three years' experience; first-class recommendations; can sell whether customers want to buy or not. Address box 240, Aylmer, Ont."—Daily Paper.

Let us hope that cre this she is plying her persuasive arts for a monetary consideration, which shall soon afford her, in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."—Monetary Times.

The need of money causes some people to row propriety and gentility to the winds. —Mistress Good gracious! Why, Ba-bette, what you been doing with this hair?" Servant maid—"You see, ma'am, he cat kept going on it and tearing the lush; so I spread some mustard on the eat, and now she lets it a-be

—"What have you for dessert?" asked the tired boarder of the new girl, with spit curls and an avenging ... tle. "Mincepie-applepie raspberryrollandeocoanutpuddin' onlythecocoanutpuddin'sallout anthanwhat ougetforcomin'late," answered the sweet

-Bagley-"Susan, did you notice that

—Bagley—"Susan, did you notice that item about the man who killed himself because his wife never gave him a present?"

Mrs. B.—"Yes, I noticed it. Well?"

"Oh, nothing. "Oh, I see! Well, just pass over \$10. and you shall have the best box of cigars that \$2 can buy."

—They had been sitting for a long time in silence. Suddenly she woke up from a reverie and said: "It is an age of progress, after all, George." "Yaass" he replied, after drawing the head of his cane out of his mouth; "but what led you to make the remark?" "Well, not much," she gurgled; "but I saw in this evening's paper that you can buy wedding-rings on

paper that you can buy wedding rings on instalments." The papers are abusing Tennyson's latest open. The truth is, American editors ead so much unseasonable poetry that they don't know the genuine stuff when they see it. - Atlanta Constitution.