innocent kind of a way;

tiers:
ow take my pen in my hand
my you I'm well and hope you are also
n other words, please understand.

y in the school could compare with my autiful brown were his curis. were as bright as the stars in avens, mever they shone on the girls;

saucy at times, but in him it was charm ch to others may seem somewhat queer ter, I loved him, his faults, sirs, seemed first little love so dear.

that he never would love any other, words I did sweetly believe,
I was happy as birds of the morning, are aming that boys could deceive.

richat was pretty to view;
y was forced to believe I had reason
ook on my beau as untrue.

tly would smile on the girl I was hating legiting that promise of his, he would obtain, after cooing and coaxing, but he styled a most ravishing kiss; his was my first, my very first lesson, thous could so love, then forget, have little girls that were loving them

arly orrow and useless regrets

y and the man are the same I am thinkickle and false as the wind;

y break every tie that may bind— ed awhile with the girl he thought pretty a left her, which served her aright; are sneaking back to the girl he had ust "get the mitten" outright. w, my good sirs, I must tell you a secret, y sorrowful years have been told, y I so loved in my earliest girlhood,

ow just a sight to behold am blad that apart we have drifted a I fow my own boas all alone; hear not the voice that in youth was

ich now has a discordant tonemy dear sirs, you must sacredly

tell not the secret I own.

tell not the secret I own.

tere now single—that man I'd not marry

to were a king on his throne.

A Life's Mysterv.

There is a sound of foosteps and a rustling of slights upon the stairs, but as Zora does not expect any visitors, and the wood is just beginning to burn beautifully, she takes no notice, sill somebody plays a tattoo on the door, and calls "Zora!

"Come in., Who is there?"
Zora turns from her task with surprise and interest; but she has not time to rise up from her humble position before Kate Cravan bursts into the room with her habitual vivacity, albeit she appears panting and breathless.

Zora, my dear child, how are you? Oh, those stairs! Good gracious! what are you doing there? (h! what a height to live I am quite ut of breath! Why don't ve a lift Seven flights of stairs, I

"There are some such prophecies as you foolding really phased to see her visitor, as she returns hase's osculatory greeting.

"Vell now my dear girl, what has Well now, my dear girl, what has

e of you all this time? I thought I would come and see you instead of writing; so here I am. Isn't it an age since we have Why do you live up in this sky-par-What are you doing now?" says Kate, pouring forth remarks and questions all in " live here principally because it's eco-

nomical," Zora replies. "If you will excuse me, I will put another stick into this betinate fire. Draw your chair close, so a to get all the little warmth there is. It has been in such a sulky temper I cannot. make it burn." The two girls are a great contrast in

arp arance; Kate Craven in her sweeping silk dress, her velvet hat and feather, her sealskin mantle with its deep fur trimming; and Zora Brown in her poor little ed serge frock; but Zora Brown be rays no embarrassed consciousness: and manner to her guest, sweet and gentle is, is delightfully free from subserviency, and equally far from the awkwardof assuming and claiming an equality on which there is any doubt. Zora's manner never asserts the doctrine of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," but simply proves it by a softness, a delican, a refinement of look and accent of which no lady in the land need have been

Well, and now tell me all about yourself says Kate, when the sulky fire is beginning to smile, and Zora has risen and taken a seat beside her visitor. "As for my adventures," Kate continues, lounging back in her chair, "they are soon told. Too winters in Paris-one in Brussels-I wrote you from Brussels, by the bye. Every season in London all the season long. Lots of society; lots of fun: lots of flirtation. I have grown an awful flirt, they tell but I don't believe it myself. Anyhow I find life a very jolly thing! how do you

"Not so jolly as you do certainly," responds Zora, with a rather pensive smile. The world has not gone very well with me; but I ought not to complain, for it might have done much worse.'

"Have you not got any money? How do you make your living?" asks Kate, frankly inquisitive. Just now I give a few lessons to little

children, by which I provide myself with bread and cold mutton and occasional cups of tea."

Why don't you get a governess' place in a nice family? It is easier said than done. First and

foremost, I am not well-educated enough. I could take no place beyond giving what they call rudimentary instruction to little children.'

Upon my word, I don't think I could even do that! Teaching must be a horrid bore!" exclaims Kate. "Why don't you advertise for a companion's place?"

I did. I tried that twice: but-Zora hesitated thoughtfully, "it didn't do. And then I once gave some sittings to an artist; and that didn't do either colored a little, and continued rather horriedly. "And oh! Kate my one good chance in life I lost! I have not done regretting that yet! I tall you once, I think, that I was studying singing. Well, I was to come

out in an English operetta. It was only a begaping; but it would have been a good beginning. And so I made my debut; and I sang for nearly a week; and I was full of hope. And then I had inflammation of the lungs, and lost my voice; and the doctor told me I must not sing even if I got my voice back. And I tried to sing again, and broke a blood-vessel and nearly killed myself. So you see my one good chance is

"Oh poor child! that was hard upon

you!" observed Kate sympathetically. But you'll get a better chance yet, Zora dear, in some other line. Singing isn't the only career in the world. And then very likely you'ly marry; you are sure to marry ; I wonder you haven't married yet!" "It does not do to trust to that chance. said Zora, softly but practically.

"What languages can you speak?" asked Kate, as if inspired by a sudden thought. 'Only a little French."

" Not Italian ?" "No; I wish I could! I am sure I should love Italian. I taught myself just enough to pronounce my Italian songs-but that is

"Ah, not Italian; that is a pity. I was thinking," said Kate slowly-" but no-ah! well, I'm afraid not. Well, now anyhow, Zora, we must see if we can't get you some recommendations or something. You must advertise again. I'm sure that's the right thing. And now, dear, I must go. Good-bye No, no tea, thank you; not a drop. And, Zora, you must come and see me, mind we must not let each other adrift again."

Kate imprinted a hearty, kindly kiss on Zora's cheek, and departed, her silken skirts rustling down the staircase, and catching on an obtrusive nail, which drew an aggrieved exclamation of "Oh dear! what a dreadful place!" from the wearer. Zora sits alone, gazing into the red embers and letting her tea get cold, saying to herself with a sigh, "What a contrast!" and with a smile, "I am glad to have seen her. It was good of her to come."

Ou this afternoon too, beside another fire, another girl is sitting, not alone, and with no need to resort to the red coals for an object to gaze at and dream over. Luli Glencairn is leaning back in a low easy chair, peaceful and graceful and happy, the pure daylight resting on one pale oval cheek and curving coil of fair hair, the red gleam of the firelight flickering on the other side of her face and touching the soft cheek nearest it with an unnaturally bright glow. She is slowly smoothing the fur of a large tabby cat that lies curled into a cushion in her lap and purring lazily in its slumber. The girl and the cat look together like a picture of home happiness, each equally and supremely comfortable and contentexcept indeed that Luli, with those dreamy spiritual eyes of hers, can never look utterly absorbed in any purely sensuous pleasure of luxury and ease; and even in her happiest moments, her soul, when her eyes glance upward, seems always to be looking beyond, away into a land of dreams.

"There is nothing that to my mind i supernatural," Glencairn replied. There are powers that know the future. Under certain circumstances, they can communicate their knowledge.'

"The premise that there are powers that know the future assumes that the future is preordained, so that what they foresee is inevitable?"

"That is so," Glencairn said quietly and in that consists the irony of some of those strange warnings which we seldom understand, and by which we cannot profit.' "That is pure fatalism, is it not?" asked Luli, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he answered; "we all must dree our weird." "There are some prophecies," observed

Duke, practically, "that do not need the doctrine of spiritual or unearthly knowledge to account for them-forecasts that may with tolerable safety be ventured upon by reasonable calculation: for coming events do sometimes 'cast their shadows before'

his death?-or for the Banshee's cry fore-

telling trouble?" "Are such things well authenticated? inquired Duke.

"Who can doubt the mass of testimony toward them? A friend of my own, a young Irish fellow of Kridare county, has heard the Banshee twice, and it was each time followed by a death. You have heard me speak of McGregor? McGregor's father saw his wraith walk in the garden the day he was seized with his last illness. Do you not know that your favorite poet, Shelly in the last month of his life, saw a cloaked figure, which disclosed his own face to him, and vanished?"

remarked that "Shelly was a visionary and a dreamer." "But what is the use of these appari-

tions?" pondered Luli. "Unless it be to warn a fellow to make his will and prepare his last requests, suggested Duke.

In the case of a man burdened with the secret of any crime, it might be well that he should know his last hour was near, that he might secure the peace of his soul beyond the grave," said Glencairn. "But I acknowledge such cases are rare. As a rule, there is in these forecasts no such clear motive as to warn a sinful man to free his soul from its secrets. I don't understand it-it is beyond me.'

"It is beyond us all," said Duke, respectfully forbearing to attack Glencairn's evidently unconquerable superstition. "Such appearances, if the jare clearly

proven as occurring before the events they foreshadow," said Luli, reflectively, "seem to serve only one purpose—that of proving that things are predestined." "Which I think for the good of the world

in general, might as welt be left unproven,' observed Duke. " Meaning that the doctrine of predesti-

nation is too strong meat for the souls of the million?" said Glencairn. "Well, perhaps you are right there, Duke." "The million, you see," rejoined Duke,

would be too apt to stop at the comforting theory that all the crimes they commit are predestined, and would not advance the next step to the perception that their punishments, in some world or another, are probably predestined too."

'Hard on the million that!" observed Glencairh smiling; "and pretty hard on us all. Hard on Judas Iscariot that his name should be a mark for obloquy for centuries on account of a crime which he had been for centuries destined to commit.

Here the door opened; "Miss Craven" was announced, and Kate, who had come on from her afternoon visit to Zora to dine and spend the evening with the Glencairns. made her appearance.

"My dear Katie, you are come just in time to rescue us from fathomless depths wherein we were getting lost," said Luli, as the two girls exchanged an affectionate

" Depths of heterodoxy from which we will extricate ourselves forthwith," added Glencairn.

"Chosts, wraiths, and Banshees, Miss raven," said Duke in a deep and sapulchral

"O my gradous! And in this twilight room!" cried fate. "For goodness' sake light the gas!

BOOK IV.

SAILING SUMMER SEAS. CHAPTER XII. Low well who will; love wise who can; Bur love; be loved; for God is Love. Le, love be ripe in ruddy prime, Let hope beat high, let hearts be true; And you be wise therest; and you Drink deep, and ask not any more!

-JOAQUIN MILLIAR. The spring has budded, bloomed and faded and summer fruit is ripe. In the country, beyond the dust and smeke and heat of the great city, all is peace and melody and beauty now. Looking on the billowy sea of chimney-pots, the nterminable Sahara of dry and dusty tiles, it makes one thirsty, as if for a cooling beverage in fever, to think how, only a few

Over waving ways
Of deep green grass the gusty winds did bring
Soft subtle scents of sweet flowers blossoming
With sound of wild birds singing face to face. But in London a genera yearning for the country does not seem to prevail, for the fact that the season is at its height, and that London is full to overflowing, is brought before you prominently at every hour of the day and night. In the morning and after the noon, the Row and the Ring are crowded, and the upper ten thousand, in sober broughams, in lashing barouches, in low victorias, in lofty four-in-hands, on "black horses and white, red horses and gray," parade themselves before the eyes of the million. The million lean over the railings, and gaze and criticise and envy and admire, as the always handsome horses, and the sometimes beautiful riders-for you get the best of equine oftener than the best of human beauty in this exhibition-pass by in the unbending At night, walk through the West-end

streets and squares! Here, there, and there again, red cloth is laid across the pavement, striped awnings flutter in the evening breeze, and strains of music float out from the open windows. Here carriages are setting down for a ball; there taking up from a dinner-party; here, there, and everywhere small audiences are congregated on the pavement to enjoy the enterte ament provided gratuitously by the London wealthy for the London poor. Visions of beauty-visions of wealth-Worth's latest creations in dress diamonds that are family heirlooms-flash by like shows in a magic lantern, under the eyes of the little street-Arab, the working-man and the working-woman; and so, to high and low, to the drone and the busy bee of the London world, the London season brings it excitement, its pleasure, its weariness of body and of soul.

By this season of course Duke Mayburne and Luli Glencairn are openly acknowledged to "be engaged," though the acknow ledgment has not been made suddenly or all at once; indeed it would have puzzled both of these young people to have fixed the day on which their understanding became a ratified engagement, although they had of course considered themselves betrothed and had been mutually pledged to eternal constancy from the day on which Duke first spoke of his love to Lul. The publicity had come gradually; people had "chaffed" them more and more, and they had avoided the chaff less and less, and confided in one friend after mother; and Glencairn had looked on tranquilly, and interposed no objection, but, according to one of his favorite theories, had "let things drift." So things had drifted, until this season Duke and Luli were openly affianced in the eyes of the world; and although they had not yet fixed any time for their marriage, they were full of hopes and dreams and schemes for their united life, and the cloud-castle towered higher, fairer, brighter than ever.

Luli was as happy as a were long; the sunc

old M tenderness with D is blue, at eyes, all sparkling with joy, looked into hers as if ure of sympathy: and Mrs. Boyd smiled, although she could not forbear a simultaneous sigh, as Luli's glad voice caroled bird-like snatches of song white she went about the house, light of foot and light of heart. As for Glencairn, he was a man of but one love, one aim. His daughter made all the music, all the sunshine, all the holiday of his life.

After all, in spite of the often and loudly asserted selfishness of human nature, it is chiefly in sympathy with the young, and n watching what seems the resurrection of Duke looked somewhat incredulous, and their own youth, that the old live again. It is by entering into the spirit of the life of youth that is in the full flush and flow of living that they who have lived their lives exist.

> People, however, in this world, old or young, can seldom sympathize without volunteering advice as to the conducting of the circumstances which instance their sympathy. Lessons innumerable concerning the management of a husband and a household are offered gratuitously to the young fiancee. Golden maxims are showered upon her: minute and accurate plans of life are drawn up for her benefit. If Luli followed all, or even half, the advice that is given her by the elders of her own sex as to the "management" of Duke in the coming days, the path would be more likely than not to conduct the young couple by no very circuitous route into the Divorce Court! As regards the management of income and expenses, the advice, though each separate piece of it sounds sensible enough, when fitted together forms a suffi-

ciently puzling whole. "Ah! don't waste your mo ev. my dear, on that ridiculous notice looning. Of all the rubbish, I think it is absurdest convention for a young new n ied couple to fly into exile as if they had lone something wrong, and were banis ed from their native land! When Jones and I were

matron would say. "I hope you will take a good long happy honeymoon trip, my dear. When you come back and begin housekeeping, ah!

then you'll find your ables begin!' another would proposey.

"You will take a small howe, of course? I should advise you to look on Kensington way; and be careful not to llow more way; and be careful not to llow more than a sixth of your income for rent. Statistics prove," etc. "Statistics" always was the beginning of a long and instructive

lecture. "You won't commit the extravagance of a house, of course? A young couple can live so delightfully in geneel furnished apartments," would be the zext adviser's beginning.

"Really," observed Luli confidentially to Duke one day, "I feel light arget for arget for Groves everybody to fire advice at Groves has been here to-day, and without making the slightest inquiry as to our plans and billiard-room on the prem difficulty in persuading he r plan was rather premature, as

always as "I wonder why it is peop n it is not ready with their advice their help wanted, as they are cha when one has any neg Duke.

to form our own schemes yet

would be so "Perhaps it is able to say, delightful to their

That young couple owe all their happiness to my judicious counsel!" suggested "And on the other side, don't you think, Duke, it might be rather satisfactory for us to be able to say, in case of any fail-

ure, that the responsibility rests with our advisers?" "I think I'd rather succeed or fail on my own hook," he said. "But I had rather, if anything went

wrong, that you should find fault with anybody else than with me," she rejoined. "F nd fault with you, my pet? What am I likely to have to find fault with my little darling about!" "That unpleasant discovery has yet to

be made—and oh! what an unpleasant discovery it will be?" she added with a very sincere sigh at the dolorous prospect. Duke, I wonder if I ever could be angry with you? "Don't let us try the experiment, dearest in case you should find you could!" he answered, smiling, and fondly caressing

her bright waving hair, that always got picturesquely ruffled during their interviews, and required considerable smoothing and combing after his departure before it could be made presentable. "One thing is satisfactory," observed Luli, as she lifted up his wrist for inspection, "you wear studs! So many buttons the less-so many chances of quarrel the

Buttons and dinners!-these are the two critical points." "You shan't be troubled much as to buttons, pet; and as to dinners!-well, I'll promise not to throw the dish-covers at you. not indeed to throw anything larger than a salt-cellar. Will that content you?

less! This is what I am informed, at least.

"I don't see why there should be any need of even so harmless a missile as a salt-cellar," she responded cheerfully as a re-assuring reflection occurred to her. shall have plenty of time to study your tastes at table d'hote dinners before we set up domestic meals-although to be sure foreign hotels will scarcely be a fair test as you will have to control any inclination for showing dissatisfaction by flinging about the table furniture." "Did I ever show you what a long bill

they sent me in at Etretat for the decanters and dishes and goblets I had destroyed in my righteous anger at their confoundedly bad dinners?" he inquired gravely. "And, whew! Luli, do you know what o'clock it is?" he added presently, holding

out his watch. "Is it so late?" she said with unaffected

"The time always flies so with us?" he observed somewhat complainingly," Never mind! it will bring next summer the sooner, won't it, darling?" He smiled as he spoke of next summer; for it was then that they hoped, if things went well with Duke in a worldly sense, to try the dangerous experiment of domesticity, and then those buttons and dinners" would become seri ous realities.

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" asked Luli, looking down with the soft, coy shyness that was the nearest approach to coquetry she knew.

Not to-morrow, dear. I am so hard at work just now. I had to be up at five this morning to get that double-page supplement of the Guild-hall reception off in time; and I shall have to sit up half to-night, for there's the block waiting for Conrad and Medora without a line drawn on it yet!"

"On Wednesday then?" "Well, there's the Sociable Club dinner on Wednesday! it wouldn't do for me to miss a von know. But on Thursday at the gar-re we shall meet and have a folly day. for me at the station before startnd make yourself look your prettit, darling envy me. I think they do that already pretty well!" he added with a self-satisfied air and a smile of proud proprietorship.

Duke was one of the class of men who like their choice to be admired, who wish to see the seal of the world's approval set upon their taste, who, far from being jealous of other men's appreciation of the charms of their beloved, would rather like than dislike to see the pathway of her conquering car strewed with victims-it being well understood that they must be hopeless victims, on whom she must not waste her tears, or even lavish her smiles. Luli was nothing of a coquette; but she was woman enough to take a naive and simple pleasure in her beauty for his sake: and he being as proud of her as he was fond, the admiration which her pure Saxon blonde loveliness attracted was equally

gratifying to his vanity and his love. On the day of the garden party accordingly, Luli was arrayed in her best and looking her lovliest, dressed all in white, as he liked her to be, floating, cloudy, filmy, white, with touches of tender blue gleam ing through the transparent gauze, and a graceful head-dress that professed to be a bonnet-consisting of two white feathers, a bunch of forget-me-nots and a tulle streamer-nestling among the fair braided

masses of her hair. The meeting place appointed for all the London guests is the railway-station, \$85,000, and his manager, Mr. Abbey where a special set of saloon carrages are attached to the tail of an ordinary train for their benefit, to bear them in sociable comfort to their destination. The guests are mustering accordingly. From city and suburb, from the aristocratic west, from the modest north and south, and from the despised east-"the cry is still they

come. The party is a mixed one; it has become an annual affair-one of the yearly offspring of an alliance between Art and Commerce. The host and the large circle of his old friends and colleagues represent married, we went structure on the altar commerce; the hostess and the larger circhome to our little cottage at Hampstead. cle of their later friends represent art. Oil And do you do the same, my dear!" one and grocery made the money; art helps to spend it. Trade made the master of Holmswood Hall; and now the master of Holmswood Hall helps art to thrive; and into the treasury of art gold pours from the coffers which trade filled.

"Ify look at her any longer, I shall be compelled to snatch it off! so take me away on to the platform, out of the way of

temptation." Luli is too giad of the opportunity of getting out of the crowded group in the waiting-room, and pacing up and down the platform with her beloved. The travellers rush frantically about. The gardenparty people look half enviously at the travellers who are bound from sultry London for the cooling balm of the sea-breezes

and the fresh delight of the sea-waves. The travellers in their turn regard the garden party, some with envy, and some with lofty pity. The garden party are not going abroad; true—but then they have no luggage to look after, and no Channel projects, proposed to go and negotiate for us for a suite of rooms on the seventh floor of the female travellers proper are clad in the Langham hotel. She said it would be so suits of dust-colored home-spuns and soher delightful for you to have a smoking and billiard-room on the premission of the garden fete look so fresh and ladies of the garden fete look so fresh and radiant in their snowy muslins and rainbow-tinted silks!

"Now, Duke," begins Luli, eagerly, as they emerge on to the platform, "I have something very particular to say to you." "All right, dear; I'm all attention. Is it to propose that we should elope? Is that heap of luggage yours?-and am I to take the tickets?

"Not yet, please; but it is something pictures and library.

that does concern tickets and luggage. You remember last year there was a talk of our joining the Cravens in a trip to some warm climate for the winter?

"Well, I don't remember; but I dare say there was."

Yes, there was: and this year the plan has been revived. Mr. and Mrs. Craven came round yesterday to talk about it. You see there will be a capital opportunity this season," she pursues, narratively and eagerly, "because they know a gentleman who has a villa on the Lake of Como, and he wants to let it furnished in September. So we might spend the autumn there, take it for three months, you know, and then at Christmas move on down to Rome and Naples, and return in the spring. They brought us a photograph of the villa, and the entleman's letter about terms, and all that; and, in fact, papa and Mr. Craven very nearly arranged it all yesterday. I have been longing to see you and tell you

all about it." "Thinking it would be a cheerful piece of news for me? But I do not see the lelight of 'ocean wide between us rolling' for a whole long winter. However, if you are pleased—I daresay you'll enjoy yourself very much."

"I shall, I hope," she answers, brightly, drawing near to him confidentially, as if more of the plan remained to be unfolded. "By'r leave!" yells a passing porter, trundling a truck over the hem of her

dresss, "Come out of the way of these fellows, says Duke, leading her to a seat by a book stall. Just as she has settled herself and her flowing folds of snowy drapery on the bench, a stout lady, with two bandboxes, a basket, and a bag, advances and sinks breathlessly into the vacant seat next Luli, which Duke was about to occupy. The lovers exchange comically piteous looks, as it is manifestly impossible to continue a confidential conversation across the portly person of the intervening stranger, to say nothing of the piled-up barrier of small baggage on her lap.
"Holloa, Mayburne! you here too?

says a tall man, with long blond hair and an eye-glass, who is sauntering by.

To be continued.)

Another Charge Against Gilbert.

Apropos of the question as to the originality of the song, "For He is an Englishman," a Trojan writes: "The song 'He Is an Englishman' is not the only plagiarism in 'Pinafore,' as will be seen from the following extracts from an old ballad called The Bumboat Woman's Story:

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
With apples, and cakes, and fowls, and beer, and one cent dips—
And beef for the generous mess where the efficers

dine at nights, And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollick-Whenever I went on board he would beckon me

down below, Come down, Little Buttercup, come," for he loved to call me so. m sorry to say that I've heard that sailors

But I never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong When Jack tars growl, I believe they growl with a big, big D—
But the strongest oath of the "Hot Cross Buns"
was a mild "Dear me"

Fashion's Latest Frolies.

The latest importations of flowers include the flower horseshoes worn as bonnets, with and without a crown piece. They are of small and large flowers, arranged in rows divided by leaves. Large bunches of flowers and fruits are also arranged, ready to place upon the large hats in case of accident to the places with which they are trimmed. This arrangement will be appreciated by those ladies who have experienced the disastrous effect of the sea atmosphere upon ostrich tips and plumes. Large bunches of pompons and an aigrette may also be placed upon one side of a hat. the opposite side being filled with folds or draping of surah silk or velvet fastened

with many fancy pins. Among flower novelties are the immens velvet pansies, daisies, poppies and other esthetic flowers. They measure from eight to eighteen inches in diameter, are colored in the most beautiful natural tints, and are arranged with one blossom and from one to three buds, without foliage. They are intended to fasten skirt draperies, and for corsage bouquets in the smaller sizes They are not likely to become common, as the prices range from \$8 to \$15 apiece.

Footlights.

Herndon's Opera Company have disbanded at Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Herndon remain there.

The profits claimed to have been made by some stars during the past season are very large. There is claimed \$20,000 out of "Humpty Dumpty" in forty weeks Buffalo Bill received about \$100,000, of which half was clear profit. Maggie Mitchell and John Raymond made about \$40,000, while "Sam'l of Posen' drew over \$60,000 in New York alone last season. Edwin Booth is said to have made

\$15,000 out of his last season. -London Punch: "A female is at the bottom of every conspiracy. Look for the woman in the Kilmainham Treaty mystery

Innocent Syracuse proposes to give its policemen keys to all the saloons, just to give the proprietors assurance that the law will stand between them and justice probably.

and you find her in O'Shea!"

At the annual exercise of Hiram College esterday Mrs. James A. Garfield was lected to the position of trustee, to fill the vacancy on the college board created by the leath of her husband. General and Mrs. Garfield at one time taught classes side by side in this institute.

Just as a girl was about to drown herself at Athens, Ala., a man caught her. She struggled, but he held her fast. "I'll give you ten minutes to think it over," he said, and it you then want to die I'll let you do " When the time was up he released her and she quietly went home.

-It was a French woman who exclaimed, olding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste!"

Prince Bismarck is somewhat better, but! continues to suffer much from gout, a waning appetite and indigestion. Acute pain has of late kept him from sleeping. If he is able to do so he will stay a few weeks in Berlin, in order to be present at Tobacco the second resding of the Monopoly Bill. It he cannot do this, he will immediately proceed to a watering place. In spite of his illness the Chancellor continues daily to work as much as possible with his second son, Count William.

Because you look down on a man it does not make it incumbent on him to look up to you. Hamilton Palace near Glasgow, the

princely residence of the Duke of Hamilton, Brandon and Chatelherault, has been let to a wealthy Australian for a term of years, at a very high figure. The magnificent collection of bronzes belonging to the palace has been purchased by the same person and will not, therefore, be sold with the

LATEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.

senting the C. P. R. Line-In Men's Combination—Man Lost in the Woods—Accidentally Shot—Big Yields from Farms.

A despatch from Winnipeg, dated last Wednesday) night, says: The Canadian Pacific Railway is now graded for 150 miles vest of Brandon, and ironed for 80 miles. Word has been received from the Barclay and Brereton survey parties that the former has completed correction of the survey of last year, and the line has now been definitely located further south. The new line will save ten miles of construction, besides being straighter and easier of operation. It will be more expensive to build but there will be a saving in the end. The route as now located follows the line between townships 17 and 18, almost straight from the centre of range 11, west of the second principal meridian to the east line of range 21, crossing Pile of Bones Creek, where the north line of township 17 intersects that line. The route is now fully fixed to Moose Jaw Creek with this correction. Brereton is now about locating the line from Moose Jaw to Strong Current Creek and ferry, and Shaw from there to the Rockies.

Great indignation prevails here at a combination among the insurance men to keep up rates now that the city has gone to enormous expense in perfecting the fire system, and waterworks are on the eve of completion.

Mr. Hamilton, Chief of the Survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway Land Bureau, has returned from putting land examining parties in the field. He reports that about 300,000 acres of Syndicate land have been examined, and is ready to put on the

The work of laying sidewalks is progress ng rapidly in Brandon. G. F. Baldwin has sent in his resignation

s Town Clerk of Emerson. Rev. Mr. Livingstone now conducts the Presbyterian service in Nelsonville. Dr. Lafferty and W. J. Sutton have

opened a private banking house in Nelson-The services of a policeman are now

found necessary to preserve order at the Brandon Post Office. J. E. Woodworth expects to manufacture 5.000,000 bricks this season at Brandon.

He has fifty men employed. The atmosphere around the woods is now scented with the delicious fragrance of the wild plum blossoms, which are in such numbers as would indicate a heavy crop.

The dwelling house on G. M. Butchart's farm at Oak River was mysteriously burned to the ground last week. It had been ploughed around, and no one can account for its catching fire. A young man named Rogers, of Stratford,

Ont., camping out near Rapid City, died last week of inflammation of the lungs. The Rev. Mr. Sargent conducted the funeral service. The deceased was an Oddfellow, and members of the Order acted as pall-bearers. He leaves a wife and young family in Stratford to mourn his untimely Three weeks ago Wm. Butler Buttamore left the house of J. Doherty at Rat Creek

woods where he had a shanty near the Assiniboine, and has not since been heard of or seen. The distance Buttamore had to travel was nine miles, and his health at th time was in no condition to undertake the friends he started, and it is though being familiar with woodcraft, lost th trail and wandered around until and fatigue overcame his worn out constitution, and he laid down in some out of the way place and perished. Several parties have been out searching for the missing man, but no trace of him could be found. He was about 45 years of age, and had been an inveterate drinker, but very little is

ostensibly for the purpose of going to the

known of his previous life. A man named Henry Williscroft was accidentally shot on the Westbourne trail on Wednesday afternoon. He and three or four other men were riding along in a waggon when they saw a gopher run across the trail, and they decided to shoot it, and for this purpose one of the men drew his revolver, but in swinging it out of his pocket it went off, and the ball carried away part of one of his fingers and entered Williscroft's shoulder from the back. The party at once drove into the Portage, and the wounded man was placed in charge of Dr. Vineberg, who, on examination. found the bullet had penetrated deeply into the flesh, and had imbedded itself out of reach of the probes. Williscrit is doing well.

The Rapid City Standard says: At the beginning of the year we sent circulars to all the threshers in the Little Saskatchewan district asking for information as to the amount of grain they had threshed, etc. The following tables, compiled from the returns we have received, will doubtless prove interesting. The average amount threshed for each farmer, according to these figures, a little over 525 bushels-is small, but it must be remembered that a large number of the farms were worked for the first time last year, and in many cases only afew acres were cropped: Among the older settlers the average was about 1,200 hushels. Should this season prove a favorable one these figures will be doubled when the thresher pays his next visit.

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The death is announced at Morpeth of . the Rev. Dr. Anderson in his 87th year. His first ministerial charge was as parish minister of St. Fergus, which he continued to hold until the Disruption in 1843. Deceased was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. George Munro, the New York pub-

he says, was a great success.

isher, has endowed another chair in Dalhousie College, to be known as the George Munro" chair of English literal ture, to which is added the subject of metaphysics. Dr. Schurman, of Acadia College, Wolfirlle, has been appointed to the new chair, the endowment of which amounts to \$2,000 a year.

-There is a fancy acroad that city people do not visit their country cousins until very hot weather, but even a blind man, boarding an incoming train, knows by his nose that the daily outpouring begins when the lilacs bloom.

June.

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