

A Pastoral.

Gentle shepherd, tell me, pray,
How my Colin came this way?
He chases a rustic rizzello
And bears a crook—on his umbrella.

I am sick of the world, I said,
Of the double-faced hypocrite
Of the strain of the goddess strife.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grand-
mamma."
Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That's a sly, isn't it?" she said. "Some-
times I think I am very sly, though I am
sure it is not my nature to be so. I would
rather be open and candid."

"I see them," she said, blushing more
deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of un-
truths, you know; pretending to agree
with her when I don't, pretending to like
things a little when I hate them. I have
been trying to improve myself lately, and
once or twice it has made her very angry.
She says I am disobedient and disrespect-
ful. She asked me, one day, if it was my
intention to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett.
That was when I said I could not help
feeling that I had wasted time in
practicing."

She sighed softly as she ended.
In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Popple-
ton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her
hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty
as hostess by both of them. If it had been
her intention to captivate these gentlemen,
she could not have chosen a better man.
Mr. Poppleton was wary of different games.
His first fears allayed, his downward path
was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When
he had taken his departure with the little
silk purse in his keeping, he had carried
under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled
heart. It was a heart which, it must be
confessed, was of the most inexperienced
and susceptible nature. A little man of
affectionate and gentle disposition, he had
been given from his earliest youth to im-
agining in timid dreams of mild future
being whose ideas were similar to his own,
and who preferred the wealth of a true
affection to the glitter of the giddy throng.
Upon one or two occasions he had even
worshipped from afar, but as on each of
these occasions his hopes had been nipped
in the bud by the union of their object with
some hollow wording, his dreams had so
far, never attained very serious proportions.
Since he had taken up his abode in Slow-
bridge, he had felt himself a little over-
powered by circumstances. It had been a
source of painful embarrassment to him to
find his innocent presence capable of pro-
ducing confusion in the breasts of young
ladies who were certainly not more gulle-
ble than himself. He had been conscious
that the Misses Egerton did not continue
their conversation with freedom when he
chanced to approach the group they graced,
and he had observed the same thing in
their companions—an additional circum-
stance of demeanor, so to speak, a touch
of new decorum, whose object seemed to be
to protect them from any appearance of
imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of
me," he had said to himself once or twice.
"Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my
appearance to lead them to—"

with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, or of con-
cocting the fact that he felt that this little
Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The
sooner she knew it the better for herself,
so he played his game as badly as possible,
and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in
Mr. Poppleton's ardent effort to do credit
to her teaching, that she was apparently un-
conscious of all else. She played with
great cleverness, and carried her partner to
the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of
her skill quite pleasant to behold. She
made little darts here and there, advised,
directed, and controlled his movements,
and was quite dramatic in a small way
when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending
the proceeding, seated in her own easy-chair
behind her window-curtains, was roused to
virtuous indignation by her energy.
"Here is no repose whatever in her
manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a
game of croquet a matter of deep moment?
It seems to me that it is almost impious to
devote one's mind so wholly to a mere
means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma,"
said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint
sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over
her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to
be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and
Mr. Burnstone are laughing. I never saw
Lucia look like that before. The only one
who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom
of manner to which he is not accustomed,"
replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder
is that he has not been disgusted by it
before."

CHAPTER XVII.
ADVANTAGES.
The game was over, Octavia deserted her
partner. She walked lightly and with the
air of a victor, to where Barold was stand-
ing. She was smiling and slightly flushed,
and for a moment or so stood fanning her-
self with a gay Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?"
she asked, at length.
"I should say so," replied Barold, with-
out enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a
judge."

"I have a good pupil," she said. Then
she held her fan still for a moment, and
turned fully towards him. "I have done
something you don't like," she said. "I
knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within him-
self at once. In his present mood it really
appeared that she was assuming that he
was very much interested indeed.
"I should scarcely take the liberty upon
a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning her-
self with slow, regular movements.
"Is that all?" she remarked. "You're mad. I
knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this
observation that she caught at the meaning
of his look, and laughed a little.
"Ah!" she said. "That's an American
word, isn't it? It sounds queer to you.
You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well,
then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear
ill-humored," he said, "I beg pardon. Cer-
tainly I have no right to exhibit such un-
pleasant interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to
the point, but she did not seem overpowered
at all. She smiled anew.
"Anybody has a right to be mad—I
mean vexed," she observed. "I should like
to know how people would live if they
were all mad—I mean vexed—twenty
times a day."

mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in
some things."
"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he com-
mented.
"Does she?" she answered. "We had a
little talk about it, and she was as pleased
as could be. I didn't think of it in that
way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess
what she said."

"I am afraid I can't,"
"Does she see so many things to
envy in me, that she could scarcely believe
I wanted to be at all like her?"
"It was a very civil speech," said Barold,
ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theo-
bold had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. You
mayn't believe it, but she did. I know
when people mean things and when they
don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.
Octavia turned her attention to her fan.
"Waiting?" he repeated.
"Wait to be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance
my opinion can be."
"Is it of some importance to me—just
now?"

The last two words rendered him really
impatient, and it may be spurred him up.
"Are we to take Lucia Gaston as a
model," he said. "Lucia Gaston would
her demeanor toward our clerical friend."

"Complaisant," she exclaimed, opening
her lovely eyes. "When I was actually
plunging about the garden trying to teach
him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that
being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not
say that she had been 'plunging' about the
garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.
"Thats true," she remarked, when it
was over; "she wouldn't. When I compare
myself with the Slowbridge girls, I begin to
think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her
to laugh a little again.
"Your aren't tell me," she said. "Now
do I? Well, I don't think I want to know
very particularly. What Lady Theobald
thinks will last quite a good while. Com-
plaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he
said.
"O, I don't!" she answered. "I like it.
It sounds so much more polite than to say
I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.
"Objected to her ready serenity very
much."

She looked a little puzzled.
"Are you very like Aunt Belinda," she
said.
He drew himself up. He did not think
there was any resemblance at all between
Miss Belinda and himself.
She went on, without observing his
movement.

badly dressed you!"
"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always
does. I wonder what she thinks of the
things we wear in Slowbridge." And she
even went to the length of smiling a little.
"Slowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated.
"Slowbridge!"

"She says I am very well dressed, and
more than they admire Lydia Egerton,
and more than they admire me."

"Do you admire her?" demanded her
sister.
"Of course," she said. "I don't think I
admire her more than I do."

"I don't think it is supposed to have
any," she said; "but I don't think she
means that. I feel as if I shouldn't if
I were in her place. I have always thought
her very lucky."

"You have thought her lucky?" cried my
sister. "You have envied a Nevada young
woman, who dresses like an actress, and
loads herself with jewels like a barbarian?
A girl whose conduct toward men is of a
character to—chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply.
"More than they admire Lydia Egerton,
and more than they admire me."

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia,
contagiously. "I think I do."

"Never had my lady been so astounded in
her life. For a moment she could scarcely
speak. When she recovered herself she
pointed to the door."

"Go to your room," she commanded.
"Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could not help
wondering what her ladyship's course would
be if she had the hardihood to disregard
her order. She really looked quite capable
of carrying it out forcibly herself. When
the girl stood at her bedroom window a
few minutes later, her cheeks were
burning and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it is very badly done," she
said to herself. "I am sure it was; but
it will be a kind of practice. I was in
such a hurry to try if I was equal to it,
that I didn't seem to balance things quite
rightly. I ought to have waited until I had
more reason to speak out. Perhaps there
wasn't enough reason then, and I was more
aggressive than I ought to have been.
Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I
was at all pert. I don't think Octavia ever
means to be pert. I must learn to balance
myself, and only be cool and frank."

Then she looked out of the window, and
reflected a little.
"I was not so very brave, after all," she
said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her
Mr. Burnstone was there. I don't have
done that. I am afraid I am sly—that
sounds sly, I am sure."

CHAPTER XVIII.
CONTRAST.
"Lucy Theobald will put a stop to it,"
was the general remark. "It will certainly
not occur again."

MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

Those who think a divorce can be
obtained in Chicago for any kind of a
reason, or for no reason at all, are quite
mistaken. Only the other day a woman
was refused a divorce by a Chicago judge.
It seems that one Louis Burnstein, who
has a position in a wholesale store, where
he earns enough to provide himself with
clothes and cigarettes, had been paying
court to Lena Friedman, who, of course,
was pretty, and wealthy to the extent of
possessing \$25 in her own right. Young
Burnstein, a minor, and with the gorgeous
imagination of youth, never tired of telling
Lena how much money he had, what an
elegant home she would have, what ser-
vants and carriages at her command, if she
would but marry him. This catalogue of
sire heads that Lena's, and she hesitated
only so much as to make sure of her cap-
tive. A license obtained, the two were
united by a justice. Then Louis borrowed
Lena's cash. That was on the 25th of
May, and from that day Lena saw no
more of her lord. She told her pe, who
said he would "look into it," and when he
found who his son-in-law really was he
advised and the girl consented to seek a
divorce. But Judge Shepard helped the
young man, the defendant, out by keeping
him in. He followed the ancient ruling
that "all is fair in love," and that "the
law does not prescribe deceit as to a man's
means as a cause for divorce." It seems
from this that if "the woman in the case"
is marrying for money she had better make
sure that the money is there before the
minister comes in.

Who knows why birds sleep standing on
one leg? The position seems most un-
natural. Reasoning in advance, we should
pronounce it a tiresome, if not an impos-
sible attitude. Yet the canary trots its
head under its wing, draws up one foot,
and goes to sleep, apparently with quite
as much comfort as we experience on the
best of mattresses. A writer in Horse
and Stable notes a similar, though less ab-
normal, habit on the part of horses, which,
it appears, are in many cases very averse
to lying down. The writer once rode a
mare seventy miles in a single day. The
stable in which she was put for the night
was as comfortable as it could well be
made, but she stood up all night long.
She ate her oats and hay and then went
to sleep, leaning forward with her breast
against the manger. There are horses that
have never been seen to lie
down, nor have any marks of their
having done so ever been found
upon their bodies. I recall one that for
fifteen years occupied a particular stall in
my grandfather's stable. Up to the hour
he died he never lay down, and he was
kept after he had been driven for eight or
ten hours. Unless a horse lies down regu-
larly his rest cannot be complete, and his
joints and sinews stiffen. It is true that
some horses that always sleep in a standing
position continue to work for many years,
but it is equally true that they would live
longer and work better if they rested
naturally. Young horses from the country
are liable to refuse to lie down when first
put into a stable in town, and the injurious
habit may become confirmed unless special
pains are taken to induce a change. The
in disposition to lie down is often very pro-
nounced in sick horses. They seem to have
an instinctive fear that if they lie down
they may never be able to rise, and continue
on their feet till their limbs refuse to bear
them up.

Queen Victoria's crown, kept with other
royal regalia under strong guard at the old
tower, and worn only on state occasions,
is one of the most costly insignias now in
existence. To begin with, there are twenty
diamonds around the circlet or head-band,
each worth \$7,500 or \$150,000 for the set.
Besides these twenty there are two extra
large centre diamonds, each valued at \$10,000, making \$30,000 more; fifty-four
smaller diamonds placed at the angles of
the others, each valued at \$300; four crosses
each worth \$60,000, and composed of twenty-
five diamonds; four large diamonds on top
of crosses, each having a money value of
\$5,000; twelve diamonds in the fleur-de-
lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds
contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls,
diamonds, and rubies, upon arches and
circlets not mentioned before, \$50,000; also
thirteen small diamonds formed in roses and
monograms \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds
in upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of
pearls about the rim of the head-piece, \$15,000 each. The total money value of this
relic in any jeweler's market in the world
would be at least \$700,000, metal and all
included.—St. Louis Republic.

He told,
Miss Beacon (of Boston—"Do you never
feel an insatiate craving for the unattain-
able—a consuming desire to transcend the
limitations which hedge mortality, and
commune, soul to soul, with the spirits of
the infinite?")

Omaha man—"Ye-es. Kinder."

—To be successful in life one should play
his cards in a winsome way.

WISDOM ADVICE.
If you worry when there's trouble,
You but make the trouble double—
Do not fret.
Bear up bravely, don't cry, baby,
And remember that you may be
Happy yet.

Sing the blithest songs you know of,
And await a better time,
For fortune's die,
Hard it may be to be merry,
But you'll own that this is very
Good advice!

"O, you scaly thing," said the crab to
the fish, "you think that you are very fine
just because you're in the swim."

LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.
Don't be vulgar,
And say Boulauger;
To be a fat
You must end with a—
—World.

—Mrs. Copley Square—Yes, I am very
fond of my doggie. He is a Scotch terrier
of the purest breed. What kind of a dog
do you like best, Mrs. Parvaneh? "Oh, I
just dote on an ocean greyhound."

An old maid said she wished she was
an auctioneer, for then it would be per-
fectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."

Poor woman; if her husband blows
his nose he wakens the baby, and if the
baby cries it wakens him.

WINNIPEG

A number of friends of the late Clerk of the
Maid sent upon him an
filled purse prior to his
Toronto, where he will
learn and study for the
The Canadian Pacific
refuse to make connec-
ern Pacific until com-
satisfiable of considera-
sent going on. Mr. J.
of the new Regina A. L.
the territories, pure
ity of ties along the
south. In all the
450 cars to be used on
cars are arriving in
number coming in to-
contract on the C. P.
be made to their line
can be sent to Regina.
C. P. R. management
at different times, but
stubborn attitude and
shall not be transferred
they are compelled
order of the Dominion
N. P. R. has offered
together temporarily,
tion as soon as the
C. P. R. will not cease
will likely have to be
R. cars by means of
est the contractors of
Egan Bros. have an
contract on the C. P.
will ship their stock
week. On Monday the
Winnipeg, a South-east
The steamer Ojibwa
from Moose Creek at
on board the body of
Harry Ewing who was
in Wm. Robinson's
one of the workmen
was handling a gun
charged, and the
head of Ewing, J.
Cameron gave him
M. Chesnut and St.
company in the bar
number escaped on the
walked out past the
sighted. A policeman
and raised the alarm
captured before he
other got in the bus-
Superintendent W.
Pacific Railway, de-
been seeking to obser-
in handling ties for t-
road. He says every
has been extended.

A verdict of not guilty
in the Heller mas-
company is
establishing a country
Red River. Fort Ross
going into a similar
probably withdraw
pany.

MIDNIGHT MECHANIC.
A St. Joseph, Mo.,
says: At 2 o'clock this
robbers entered the
Henry Kelly, and
the judge and his
of the robbers a
revolver, while the
room for valuable
jewels, gold watch
robbers then search-
and lastly took the
baggage. On the ju-
no money concealed
was struck over the
and threatened a
tell where the mo-
escaped.

THE MURDER.
There is, strictly
in expecting the
a clergyman to be
ness for depart-
religion labor. On
she may suit her
wife, yet be endow-
gifts for "leading
chairs." Yet by an
inseparable from
worse thing to al-
her case is decid-
shine or to out-
strate his insular
responsible other
If she be other
worth. He cannot
other public men,
that their houses
himself between
his protest. A pe-
I have known a
fraud the surviving
front of the latter
beyond their strat-
expediently, custo-
and the victims of
and wedded to the
hardness so much
sags they leave ar-
stronger stuff. If
under my eye, the
places of the fall-
singer.—North West.

Explosion.
A Holyhead
The Guard
rounding the Ske
port at 6 o'clock
her arrival at the
left Liverpool the
bought for Boate
nearing the Ske
in the stockpile
M. Farlane and
John Malcolm.
Price, were treat-
afterwards stand-
admitted to Lan-
known bow the
the machinery was
ing Liverpool. T.

Marion Harlan
phases of woman
tentatively says
it needs only the
look into each
together to make
is narrow, can
reach our heaven