First Love.

How does a woman love? Once, no more,
Though life forever its loss deplore;
Deep in sorrow or deep in sin,
One king reigneth her heart within.
One alone, by night and day,
Moves her spirit to curse or pray,
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though lovers beset her, or friends deride,
Yea, when she smileth another man's bride,
Still for her master her life makes moan—
Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once, for all.
The sweetest voices of life may call,
Sorrow daunt him, or death dismay,
Joy's red roses bedeck his way;
Fortune smile, or jest or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down;
Foes betray him, or love delight,
Through storm or sunshine, by day or night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though souls may madden, or weak hearts break,
Better than wife, or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves—himself.

The Vagaries of Electricity.

The story of the Newfoundland dog belonging to Charles Tupper, a restaurant proprietor of New York, is one that will startle a great many persons who are studying the mysterious forces and powers of the electrical current, which human ingenuity has so far only partially harnessed and controlled, but scarcely yet understands. The dog ran against a dangling "live" wire of an electrical illuminating company. A Western Union telegraph lineman had only a moment before picked up the wire and been knocked down by a shock of electricity passing through it. The dog fell on the wire and lay there motionless. With due precaution the body was presently pulled off and every effort was made to resuscitate the animal, which was a great pet. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who pronounced the dog dead. Two or three hours afterward an electrical expert suggested making a pit in the earth and placing the dog's body in it, to see if the forces of nature might not carry away the electricity from the body. The plan was tried. All night and all the next day the supposed corpse was motionless, but on the second day there were signs of life, and on the fourth the animal revived and struggled to his feet a live dog once more, weak and stiff, but very much better than a dead dog. It has since been carefully nursed, and now shows no signs of the disaster. The dog is two and a half years old and weighs sixty-eight pounds. The incident may well suggest enquiry whether persons receiving electrical shocks have not been buried before they were really dead, and it is sufficient to raise serious doubts whether the death punishment of murderers by electrical shocks is sufficient.

Divorces in France.

The divorce law passed in France in 1884 seems to be operating with terrible effect. In 1884 there were 3,557 divorces; in 1885, 4,123; in 1886, 4,007; in 1887, 5,797. But, the most astounding statement made is that in the department of the Seine—*i. e.*, Paris and its neighborhood—there are no fewer than 62·7 divorces to every thousand marriages, or that considerably more than one in twenty marriages (say one in sixteen) ends in a divorce. On the other hand, in the Finistere and Cotes du Nord not much more than one in a thousand marriages ends in a divorce—a curious testimony this to the different morals of Parisian and Provincial life in France.—*The Spectator.*

Is This Logic?

A Rhode Island gentleman who helped repeal the prohibitory law by voting "approved," recently urged a W. C. T. U. lady to sign a remonstrance against a saloon being placed near her home. He was silenced by this clear-headed response: "No! the State has pronounced the traffic legal and I have no right to interfere. If the saloon is to be opened at all, it is much better to have it here on a respectable street where the parents can guard their children, than to have it put among the poor and degraded, who have not the strength to resist its allurements."

Danish Drunkards.

Another method has been adopted by the Danish police with a view to putting an end to drunkenness. Every time a man is found in a state of intoxication in the streets or in a public place, he is, at the instance of the police, put in a carriage and taken home. In case a man is not able to give information as to his residence he is kept at the police station until sober. Then the publican who is convicted of supplying such a man with his last glass of drink is charged with the expenses of transport, which are sometimes very considerable.

He Was Thankful.

Mrs. Homespun—I'll tell you where you can find a job sawing five cords of wood, poor man.

Tramp (eagerly)—Where, mum?

"Jest around the corner of the next street."

"Thank ye, mum; much obliged. I might have run right into it if it hadn't been for you."

A Choice of Veins.

Papa—Which of your suitors do you think you will accept, Maria, Jones or Smith?

Maria—Which would you favor, papa?

"Well, Smith has a fine vein of humor."

"But Jones has a fine vein of anthracite coal upon his farm, papa. I think I'll take him."

Sensible girl!

Not to be Fooled.

Mr. Limpley (whose wife has put in her annual application for a sealskin)—I am told that sealskin sacques will not be stylish this winter.

Mrs. Limpley (sagaciously)—Well, dear, I never d[redacted]way.

An old [redacted] in Scotland used to keep his accounts in a singular manner. He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney, and in one he put all the money he received, and in the other all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid. At the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents he was enabled with a little trouble to make a balance, which was doubtless as satisfactory to himself as if it had been done by "double entry."—*Irish Leather Trades Journal.*

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

A coach from the Blue Lion had been ordered to present itself at a quarter past 5, promptly, and at the time specified it rattled up to the door with much spirit—with so much spirit, indeed, that Miss Belinda was a little alarmed.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "I hope the driver will be able to control the horse, and will not allow him to go too fast. One hears of such terrible accidents."

Then Mary Anne was sent to announce the arrival of the equipage to Miss Octavia, and, having performed the errand, came back, beaming with smiles.

"Oh, mum," she exclaimed, "you never see nothin' like her! Her gownd is 'evingly. An' lor'! how you do look yourself, to be sure."

Indeed, the lace ruffles on her "best" black silk, and the little cap on her smooth hair, had done a great deal for Miss Bassett, and she had only just been reproaching herself for her vanity in recognizing this fact. But Mary Anne's words awakened a new train of thought.

"Is—is Miss Octavia's dress a showy one, Mary Anne?" she inquired. "Dear me, I do hope it is not a showy dress!"

"I never see nothin' no eleganter, mum," said Mary Anne. "She wants nothin' but a veil to make a bride out of her—an' a becominer thing she never has wore."

They heard the soft sweep of skirts at that moment, and Octavia came in.

"There!" she said, stopping when she had reached the middle of the room. "Is that simple enough?"

Miss Belinda could only look at her helplessly. The "white muslin" was composed almost entirely of Valencinnes lace; the blue ribbons were embroidered with field daisies; the air of delicate elaborateness about the whole was something which her innocent mind could not have believed possible in orthodox white and blue.

"I don't think I should call it exactly simple," she said. "My love, what a quantity of lace!"

Octavia glanced down at her *jabots* and frills complacently.

"There *is* a good deal of it," she remarked; "but then it is nice, and one can stand a good deal of nice Valenciennes on white. They said Worth made the dress. I hope he did. It cost enough. The ribbon was embroidered by hand, I suppose. And there is plenty of it cut up into these bows."

There was no more to be said. Miss Belinda led the way to the coach, which they entered under the admiring or critical eyes of several most respectable families, who had been lying in wait behind their window curtains since they had been summoned there by the sound of wheels.

As the vehicle rattled past the boarding-school, all the young ladies in the first class rushed to the window. They were rewarded for their zeal by a glimpse of a cloud of muslin and lace, a charmingly dressed yellow-brown head, and a pretty face, whose eyes favored them with a frank stare of interest.

"She had diamonds in her ears!" cried Miss Phipps, wildly excited. "I saw them flash. Ah, how I should like to see her without wraps! I have no doubt she is a perfect blaze!"

CHAPTER X.

ANNOUNCING MR. BAROLD.

Lady Theobald's invited guests sat in the faded blue drawing-room, waiting. Everybody had been unusually prompt, perhaps because everybody wished to be on the ground in time to see Miss Octavia Bassett make her entrance.

"I should think it would be rather a trial, even to such a girl as she is said to be," remarked one matron.

"It is but natural that she should feel that Lady Theobald will regard her rather critically, and that she should know that American manners will hardly be the thing for a genteel and conservative English country town."

"We saw her a few days ago," said Lucia, who chanced to hear this speech, "and she is very pretty. I think I never saw any one so very pretty before."

"But in quite a threatrical way, I think, my dear," the matron replied, in a tone of gentle correction.

"I have seen so very few theatrical people," Lucia answered, sweetly, "that I scarcely know what the theatrical way is, dear Mrs. Burnham. Her dress was very beautiful, and not like what we wear in Slowbridge; but she seemed to me to be very bright and pretty, in a way quite new to me, and so just a little odd."

"I have heard that her dress is most extravagant and wasteful," put in Miss Pilcher, whose educational position entitled her to the condescending respect of her patroness. "She has lace on her morning gowns which——"

"Miss Bassett and Miss Octavia Bassett," announced Dobson, throwing open the door."

Lady Theobald rose from her seat. A slight rustle made itself heard through the company, as the ladies all turned toward the entrance, and after they had so turned, there were evidences of a positive thrill. Before the eyes of all, Belinda Bassett advanced with rich ruffles of Mechlin at her neck and wrists, with a delicate and distinctly novel cap upon her head, her niece following her with an unabashed face, twenty pounds' worth of lace on her dress, and unmistakable diamonds in her little ears.

"There is not a *shadow* of timidity about her!" cried Mrs. Burnham, under breath. "This is actual boldness!"

But this was a very severe term to use, notwithstanding that it was born of righteous indignation. It was not boldness at all. It was only the serenity of a young person who was quite unconscious that there was anything to fear in the rather unimposing party before her. Octavia was accustomed to entering rooms full of strangers. She had spent several years of her life in hotels, where she had been stared out of countenance by a few score new people every day. She was even used to being in some sort a young person of note. It was nothing unusual for her to know that she was being pointed out. "That pretty blonde," she often heard it said, "is Martin Bassett's daughter. Sharp fellow, Bassett—and lucky fellow, too. More money than he can count."

So she was not at all frightened when she walked in behind Miss Belinda. She glanced about her cheerfully, and catching sight of Lucia, smiled at her as she advanced up the room. The call of state Lady Theobald had made with her granddaughter had been a very brief one, but Octavia had taken a decided fancy to Lucia, and was glad to see her again.

"I am glad to see you, Belinda," said her ladyship, shaking hands. "And you also, Miss Octavia."

"Thank you," responded Octavia.

"You are very kind," Miss Belinda murmured gratefully.

"I hope you are both well?" said Lady Theobald, with majestic condescension, and in tones to be heard all over the room.

"Quite well, thank you," murmured Miss Belinda again. "*Very* well indeed.' Rather as if this fortunate state of affairs was the result of her ladyship's kind intervention with the fates.

She felt terribly conscious of being the centre of observation, and rather overpowered by the novelty of her attire, which was plainly creating a sensation, Octavia, however, who was far more looked at, was entirely oblivious of the painful prominence of her position. She remained standing in the middle of the room, talking to Lucia, who had approached to greet her. She was so much taller than Lucia that she looked very tall indeed by contrast, and also very wonderfully dressed. Lucia's white muslin was one of Miss Chickie's fifteen, and was, in a "genteel" way, very suggestive of Slowbridge. Suspended from Octavia's waist, by a long loop of the embroidered ribbon, was a little round fan of downy, pale blue feathers, and with this she played as she talked; but Lucia, having nothing to play with, could only stand with her little hands hanging at her sides.

"I have never been to an afternoon tea like this before," Octavia said. "It is nothing like a kettledrum."

"I am not sure that I know what a kettledrum is," Lucia answered. "They have them in London, I think; but I have never been to London."

"They have them in New York," said Octavia, "and they are a crowded sort of afternoon parties, where ladies go in carriage-toilet, not evening dress. People are rushing in and out all the time."

Lucia glanced around the room, and smiled.

"That is very unlike this," she remarked.

"Well," said Octavia, "I should think that, after all, this might be nicer."

Which was very civil.

Lucia glanced around again—this time rather stealthily—at Lady Theobald. Then she glanced back at Octavia.

"But it isn't," she said, in an undertone.

Octavia began to laugh. They were on a new and familiar footing from that moment.

"I said 'it might,'" she answered.

She was not afraid, any longer, of finding the evening stupid. If there were no young men, there was at least, a young woman who was in sympathy with her. She said:

"I hope that I shall behave myself pretty well, and do the things that I am expected to do."

"Oh!" said Lucia, with a rather alarmed expression. "I hope so. I—I am afraid you would not be comfortable if you didn't."

Octavia opened her eyes as she often did at Miss Belinda's remarks, and then suddenly she began to laugh again.

"What would they do?" she said, disrespectfully. "Would they turn me out, without giving me any tea?"

Lucia looked still more frightened.

"Don't let them see you laughing," she said. "They—they will say you are giddy.'

"Giddy!" replied Octavia. "I don't think there is anything to make me giddy here."

"If they say you are giddy," said Lucia, "your fate will be sealed, and, if you are to stay here, it really will be better to try to please them a little."

Octavia reflected a moment.

"I don't mean to *dis*-please them," she said, "unless they are very easily displeased. I suppose I don't think very much about what people are saying of me. I don't seem to notice."

"Will you come now and let me introduce Miss Egerton and her sister?" suggested Lucia, hurriedly. "Grandmamma is looking at us."

In the innocence of her heart Octavia glanced at Lady Theobald, and saw that she was looking at them, and with a disapproving air.

"I wonder what that's for?" she said to herself; but she followed Lucia across the room.

She made the acquaintance of Misses Egerton, who seemed rather fluttered, and, after the first exchange of civilities, subsided into monosyllables and attentive stares. They were, indeed, very anxious to hear Octavia converse, but had not the courage to attempt to draw her out, unless a sudden query of Miss Lydia's could be considered such an attempt.

"Do you like England?" asked Octavia.

"Is this England?" inquired Octavia.

"It is a part of England, of course," replied the young lady, with calm literalness.

"Then, of course, I like it very much," said Octavia, slightly waving her fan and smiling.

Miss Lydia Egerton and Miss Violet Egerton each regarded her in dubious silence for a moment. They did not think she looked as if she were "clever," but the speech sounded to both as if she were, and as if she meant to be clever a little at their expense.

Naturally, after that they felt slightly uncomfortable, and said less than before, and the conversation lagged to such an extent that Octavia was not sorry when tea was announced.

And it so happened that tea was not the only thing that was announced. The ladies had all risen from their seats with a gentle rustle, and Lady Theobald was moving forward to marshal her procession into the dining-room, when Dobson appeared at the door again.

"Mr. Barold, my lady," he said, "and Mr. Burmistone."

Everybody glanced first at the door, nd then at Lady Theobald. Mr. Francis Barold crossed the threshold, followed by the tall, square-shouldered builder of mills, who was a strong, handsome man, and bore himself very well, not seeming to mind at all the numerous eyes fixed upon him.

"I did not know," said Barold, "that we should find you had guests. Beg pardon, I'm sure, and so does Burmistone, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Broadoaks, and who was good enough to invite me to return with him."

Lady Theobald extended her hand to the gentleman specified.

"I am glad," she said, rigidly, "to see Mr. Burmistone."

Then she turned to Barold.

"This very is fortunate," she announced. "We are just going to take tea, in which I hope you will join us. Lucia——."

Mr. Francis Barold naturally turned, as her ladyship uttered her granddaughter's name in a tone of command. It may be supposed that his first intention in turning was to look at Lucia, but he had scarcely done so, when his attention was attracted by the figure nearest to her—the figure of a young lady, who was playing with a little blue fan, and smiling at him brilliantly and unmistakably.

The next moment he was standing at Octavia Bassett's side, looking rather pleased, and the blood of Slowbridge was congealing, as the significance of the situation was realized.

One instant of breathless—of awful—suspense, and her ladyship recovered herself.

"We will go in to tea," she said. "May I ask you, Mr. Burmistone to accompany Miss Pilcher?"

CHAPTER XI.

A SLIGHT INDISCRETION.

During the remainder of the evening, Miss Belinda was a prey to wretchness and despair. When she raised her eyes to her hostess, she met with a glance full of icy significance; when she looked across the tea-table, she saw Octavia seated next to Mr. Francis Barold, monopolizing his attention, and apparently in the very best possible spirits. It only made matters worse that Mr. Francis Barold seemed to find her remarks worthy of his attention. He drank very little tea, and now and then appeared much interested and amused. In fact, he found Miss Octavia even more entertaining than he had found her during their journey. She did not hesitate at all to tell him that she was delighted to see him again at this particular juncture.

"You don't know how glad I was to see you come in," she said.

She met his rather startled glance with the most open candor as she spoke.

"It is very civil of you to say so," he said; "but you can hardly expect me to believe it, you know. It is too good to be true."

"I thought it was too good to be true when the door opened," she answered, cheerfully. "I should have been glad to see *anybody*, almost——."

"Well, that," he interposed, "isn't quite so civil."

"It is not quite so civil to——."

But there she checked herself, and asked him a question with the most *naive* seriousness.

"Are you a great friend of Lady Theobald's?" she said.

"No," he answered. "I am a relative."

"That's worse," she remarked.

"It is," he replied. "Very much worse."

"I asked you," she proceeded, with an entrancing little smile of irreverent approval, "because I was going to say that my last speech was not quite so civil to Lady Theobald."

"That is perfectly true," he responded. "It wasn't civil to her at all."

He was passing his time very comfortably, and was really surprised to feel that he was more interested in these simple audacities than he had been in any conversation for some time. Perhaps it was because his companion was so wonderfully pretty, but it is not unlikely that there were also other reasons. She looked him straight in the eyes, she comported herself after the manner of a young lady who was enjoying herself, and yet he felt vaguely that she might have enjoyed herself quite as much with Burmistone, and that it was probable that she would not think a second time of him, or of what she said to him.

After tea, when they returned to the drawing-room, the opportunties afforded for conversation were not numerous. The piano was opened, and one after another of the young ladies were invited to exhibit their prowess. Upon its musical education Slowbridge prided itself. "Few towns," Miss Pilcher frequently remarked, "could be congratulated upon the possession of *such* talent and *such* cultivation." The Misses Egerton played a duet, the Misses Loftus sang, Miss Abercrombie "executed a sonata with such effect as to melt Miss Pilcher to tears; and still Octavia had not been called upon. There might have been a reason for this, or there might not; but the moment arrived, at length, when Lady Theobald moved towards Miss Belinda with evidently fell intent.

(To be Continued).

Be Careful What You Eat.

"There is one error in diet," said the doctor, "which, if pursued for a not very long time, is certain to result in death."

"What is that, doctor?" asked the patient, anxiously.

"Not eating anything," said the doctor, grimly, and shaking the patient's feeble hand feebily he tottered to the door.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Overheard in a New England Village.

Lavina—There can be no mistake, then? You are quite sure Sylvia's young man plays in the band?

Maria—Indeed I am! Didn't she herself tell me he was a drummer from Boston?—*Detroit Free Press.*

A very Queer Material.

Mr. Snaggs—Well, I never expected they would make steamship tickets of celluloid.

Mrs. Snaggs—Oh, they are not!

Mr. Snaggs—Well, you book for Germany and see if they don't sell you Lloyd tickets.

At the Teatable.

"Mrs. Browne, will you please pass me the chestnuts?"

"The what, Mr. Slowpay?"

should have said the doughnuts; but we've had them so frequently of late my error was natural."

Mr. Macdonald, the late manager of the London *Times*, is likely to proceed to Australia to take the management of one of the Sydney daily papers. Those Parnell letters were ticklish things.

—The bread of the hour is called cresseny. It sells at fifty cents a pound and is served with the soup and cheese courses.

THE GENTLER SEX.

Little Items of Interest from the World of Fashion.

The fashion in furs next winter may be confidently expected to lean chiefly to the skin of the Bokharan caracal, a kind of lynx, about the size of a fox.

A new light wool fabric is called Austrian serge. It is beautifully fine, and as it does not wrinkle easily, like Henrietta cloth, it is destined to take its place in the formation of usility costumes.

The fist has gone forth in London's best society that bare arms will appear as much at dressy afternoon teas, kettledrums, lunches, and other post meridian fetes, as in the evening. The hair will be powdered, the long gloves drawn off, and then fair rounded arms will emerge from laces and draperies bare to, and above, the elbows, without bracelets, but the fingers glittering with costly rings.

The popularity of the sailor hat is still so great that milliners both here and abroad are using these simple flat-crowned, straight-brimmed shapes for airy models in net and tulle.

The buff shoe's economic side
By all should be beholden;
Although it is the summer's pride,
How well it fits the autumn-tide,
So russet and so golden.

Rust color will be the fashionable red next winter.

Zouave jackets will be a feature of winter fashions.

English walking jackets are made a trifle longer this season than last.

Silk petticoats are now lined with flannel. This obviates the necessity of wearing more than one.

Cloth dresses are made with tight-fitting sleeves, as full sleeves of so thick a material could not be worn with autumn and winter jackets.

An idea for table decoration is to have a wreath of flowers edge the table, so divided that they may be used as boutonnieres by the guests when they are seated.

The tan shoe may have a permanent future after all. One of the results of the recent manœuvres of the British fleet has been the suggestion that the marines should wear tan or brown shoes henceforth instead of black ones, and brown gloves instead of white.

A SUMPTUOUS COSTUME.

One of fashion's pet projects just now is to find novel ornamentations for dress waists. It was at a recent Newport luncheon, says *Table Talk*, that one lady wore a costume of beige-tinted glorious silk, a material of high lustre, that is finding rare favor at present, touched off with rolling collar and deep cuffs of tan-colored Suede kid. Odder still is the fancy for using bands of real silver for trimming. The metal is rolled out very thin, and is laid over a foundation of cloth, silk, etc. For revers, collars and cuffs, as may be surmised, this trimming is most effective, especially, as was recently instanced, when it is used on a charming dinner toilet of Sevres blue Japanese crepe—a fabric, by the way, that has a far heavier mesh than Chinese crepe, and is therefore the more durable.

NEAT FOOTWEAR.

A pair of bathing sandals recently made for Lady Colin Campbell have uppers of navy blue canvas, goffered and eyeletted. The lacing runs from the instep to tolerably high in the leg, but nowhere do the sides meet when the sandal is worn. No covering at all is furnished for the toes, but the sole comes well to the front. Two loops of gut are inserted in the sole, one for the big toe and one for the small one. The uppers are edged with red, and in color and design match Lady Colin Campbell's bathing dress.

Met Her Father's Fate.

The remains of Miss Sadie Kelly, who was killed in the recent accident at Chicago, by a freight train running into a passenger car, were brought here on Friday for burial. They were accompanied by a couple of gentlemen from Chicago. A beautiful wreath of white roses, representing "Gates Ajar," and a white dove, which was placed on the coffin by Chicago friends, were greatly admired. She was buried out in Johnston Cemetery, Euphemia, near her former home. The young lady had a most painful experience during the past year. Last spring she was called from Chicago to identify the remains of her father, who was killed at the Hamilton Junction accident. A couple of days previous to her own sad death an intimate lady friend of hers was accidentally killed, and her remains brought to the same house where Miss Kelly resided, and now she lies in the grave the victim of a shocking accident, caused, it is said, by the incapacity through drink of the engineer of the freight train. Miss Kelly was only 18 years of age, and was exceptionally clever. The wreath which accompanied the remains was presented by her fellow employees at the Rock Island depot.—*Bothwell Times.*

Slighted the Pie.

Matron—I suppose you find your husband as selfish as most men.

Bride—No, indeed. I often heard that a man gobbled up all the nice things on the table, but I must say that my husband leaves nearly all the pies I make for me to eat myself. He's dreadfully kind to me."

Nearly 2,000 English churches have adopted the use of unfermented wine at communion.

A young man named Charles Edward Fatch, aged 21, who committed suicide at Leeds, left behind him an extraordinary letter addressed to a young woman named Morley, in which he said: "I am going to commit suicide on Friday morning, as I want to be buried on bank holiday, Monday, so that I shall disappoint my cousin Annie, who is to be married on that day, so there will be a funeral instead of a wedding. I hope you will attend my funeral. I will meet you in heaven." The jury found that the deceased committed suicide whilst of unsound mind.—*London Standard.*

Chewing gum puzzles the French newspapers. They announce that the most elegant American ladies, married and unmarried, have developed a singular passion for chewing India rubber.

Mr. Wilson Barrett will play "The Lord Harry" over here next season. This is the drama that he produced originally at the Princess Theatre, London, which ran three months there two years ago.