You must wake and call me early; call To-morrow will be the just a year. coming and wake me, too,
There'll be more work
both of us can do.

At 5 o'clock in the morni e spoken.

You know you're apt to get provoked, and when you're mad you swear, But try to keep your temper, dear, and don't go on a tear.
You know the truckmen always things, more or less. And it's very exasperating, I really must con-

The stoves must all be taken down, and the carpets taken up,
And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for a de cent bite or sup;
We'll have to do the best we can, with things from the grocery store.

And eat them off the mantel piece, or it may be off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and the pillows are put away;
You must sleep on the kitchen table. To-morrow is moving day.
Your toothbrush is near the bottom of a barrel

Your toothbrush is not to the somewhere, but the soap and towels are somewhere, but goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed them as tight as I could; them as tight as I could;
Your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I put the coal and woed.
The griddle is packed in the bureau-drawer, and the baby is in there, too.
I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best that I could do.

L'ENVOI

Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all the glad New Year;
You must wake and call me early, before the truckman's here. Texas Siftings.

BY THE

TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

" Oh don't mention it, pray; it is of no of the kind, but of course you could not be was vexed that she should suffer from his expected to know. You find your subject rashness; however, he had no opportunity

interesting? It's only fault is, that every part of it is so marvelous, one hardly dares to attempt " I went in at half past six this morning, but it was some time before I could settle to work, everything was looking so exquisite."

· We never saw your picture this morning," said Esperance. "Was it hurt in that downfall?

" No, luckily it was not much damaged, it was the easel which made all the noise." Mrs. Mortiske and Cornelia entered while he was speaking, the former with many apologies for her lateness, and immediately after dinner was announced.

The conversation was much more lively than usual, and Esperance was able to enter into it thoroughly; her English was much improved by the three months she had spent at Rilchester, and her slight French accent was rather pretty than otherwise.

altogether approve of this advance of knowledge, for alshough she could not accuse Esperance of forwardness, yet there was certainly something in her lively chatter which was apt to awamp other conversation. The dean would often stop to listen to her -the voice reminded him of his sister's, and he liked to hear it-Cornelia was always on the watch for grammatical mistakes in her pupil and Bertha, who disliked the exertion of talking, thought herself exempted from it if any one else sustained the conversation.

Mrs. Mortlake herself was a good, solid talker, and she liked to have an open field for her operations, so Esperance's little time, but please suit your own convenience. flighty remarks, and her clear, ringing Believe me, yours, very sincerely. laugh annoyed her; and when she found Claude Magnay much more inclined to talk to the bright little French girl than to enter into the conversation which she had carefully prepared beforehand on the Renaissance, she resolved to put a stop to it

Claude had just said that he had studied chiefly at Paris, and Esperance, with a look of delight, was pouring out a stream of lived? Did he not like Paris? Was it | Poor little Mademoiselle de-somethingnot the most beautiful city of Europe When was he last there? He had not been in France during the war, then?

of Esperance's enthusiasm, for his replies were as animated as her questions, and it was evident that if they were not interrupted the Renaissance would be quite

You were at Paris all through the siege, did you say?" Claude was asking.
And Esperance had just begun her answer when Mrs. Mortlake broke in.

"Oh, really, Esperance, you must not take Mr. Magnay all through that dreadful siege; we have heard quite enough of it, and the dinner-table is not the place for horrors."

Claude Magnay was surprised, and glanced at Esperance as if for an explanation. She had flushed all over, and her lips were quivering; he was sorry for her, and would have tried to turn Mrs. Mortlake's uncomfortable speech to some different meaning, but she was too quick for him, and the next moment the conversation was entirely in her hands.

" I was wanting so much to ask you, if you had seen that magnificent altar-piece of Perugino's in the Church of St. Peter, Perugia. You were in Italy last winter, were you not ?

Whereupon ensued a long account of Mr. Magnay's Italian tour, stimulated by Mrs. further imagination of "Mariana" bore a Mortlake's peculiar form of questioning.

Esperance meanwhile had recovered herself, and sat proudly erect, without betraying any desire to join in the conversation. She was wounded by her cousin's most unfair speech, for it had assumed that she was in the habit of talking about her sufferings in the siege, whereas the subject had scarcely been mentioned since her arrival. and she had, moreover, made an unjust insinuation as to her good taste.

" Horrors at the dinner-table!" the very ides of being suspected of mentioning anything of the sort made her blush anew.

Her indignation gradually died away,

dness, as from the effects of Mrs. Mortake's snub, that she answered all Claude's orther attempts at conversation in

Only once was she at all ro descert; the dean was savising thade hagnay to explore some of the old parts of Richester, thinking that the half-ruinous and very ancient buildings could not fail to please arrarist. This led to a comparison of cathedral cities with ordinary towns, very candidly that Esperance quite trembled for him. To her dismay she found herself implicated in the conversation. Claude and Mrs. Mortlake carried on quite a little argument, as to the dangers of narrowness

in a limited community, Mrs. Mortiake upholding her beloved cathedral town in everything. Of course, the discussion was perfectly good humored, but unluckily, llaude, glancing round the table with his quick artist eye to gather the expressions of the different people, was attracted by Esperance's sad, wistful face, and without thinking asked, "And what is your opinion? you are a comparative stranger, and must be unbaised. Do you think cathedral towns superior?" Esperance was in great difficulties :

would not willingly have offended her relations, but truth was truth, and she was too tired and sad-hearted to be ready with is good with every one else. It really is any skillful counter-question or laughing allusion with which to change the subject. With an appealing, " How can you ask me?" in her eyes, she replied, quietly, " I

love the cathedral as much as I dislike the town." Cornelia looked up quickly.

" Your reasons?" Esperance, looking much distressed, tried to confine her remarks to the material town, though the previous conversation had

related to the society. "The streets are so narrow and dirty. and there are so very few people-" she paused and for once was greatly relieved by one of Mrs. Mortlake's cutting little

"Oh, yes, we know your ideas of the beautiful are different; you care for nothing but boulevards." Again Esperance flushed crimson, again

consequence. We find we must have a rule Claude felt sorry for her, and this time he for making amends, for the ladies left the Indeed I do," replied Claude, earnestly. table almost directly, and in the evening the dean carried him off to his observatory and kept him so thoroughly interested with his telescope that all else was forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

Claude Magnay was young and energetic, powers. Since he could not work in the ing by the book shelves when he entered, take the first hours of the day, and often by five o'clock he would be at his post, or wandering about in the gray morning light enjoying the dim grandeur of the place, and | you.' with the key which the dean himself had placed at his disposal, unlocking the inner away, but he detained her. doors and exploring at his pleasure until

the light was favorable for his picture. notel for breakfast, and afterward worked out prudently refrained. at his open-air paintings—some curious Mrs. Mortiake, however, did not parts of old Rilchester, and an exterior of that he was not very much pleased when one evening a note arrived, with a proposal which must either unsurp some of his precious time or occasion a longer stay at Rilchester. It ran as follows:

" DEAR MR. MAGNAY,-I am so anxious to have a portrait of my little girl. Do you think you could spare time to paint her? There is no one whom I should like better to do it. Your picture of Lady Worthington's little boy, which I saw this year at the Academy, was perfect.

"Bella could give you a sitting at any hour; the morning is, I think, her best

CHRISTABEL MORTLAKE." " That little fair haired girl, who looks so cross," soliloquized Claude; " she will be a difficult subject, in more ways than one, if I am not mistaken. Shall I attempt her, or shall I find it necessary to return to town, and work up my Scotch pictures Rather shirking, perhaps, still I hate painting spoiled children, and that Mrs. Mortlake will be the death of me. How that endures it, I can't imagine; snubs at every turn from one sister, and sarcasms from the other. I got her into a scrape myself the other evening, and never helped her further, Claude seemed to catch something out, which was a shame. Yes, I will for that reason—the little demoiselle looks as if she needed a Don Quixote. And now I think of it, what an interesting study her face would be. Those lustrous eyes-such a color, too, and so wonderfully pathetic, and her quaint little mouth, which looks somehow as if the sadness were all a mistake. The forehead? yes, it is low, and the hair dark and silky, with a wave in it. She is the very impersonation of what I always longed to try- Mariana in the Moated Grange,'" and he repeated the lines :

" After the flitting of the bats, When the thickes dark did trance the sky, She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats. She only said, The night is dreary,

He cometh not, she said. She said, 'I am aweary, a weary, I would that I were dead.'

"Yes; she is exactly what I have dreamed of. I must at least get a sketch of her face, though I suppose it would hardly do to ask her to sit to me.'

He drew pencil and paper toward him, and sketched Esperance's face from memory, but not altogether successfully. Dissatisfied with the attempt, he tore it in pieces, and lighting his cigar, gave himself up to a deep meditation in which the

prominent part. After morning service the next day Claude went to the deanery, there to undertake the not very congenial task of painting

Bella Mortlake's portrait. Mrs. Mortlake was delighted to have obtained her wish.

"The dear child is quite at her best. was so very anxious that she should be painted now-I am so glad you can spare the time. Esperance, run and fetch Bella." Claude arranged his easel, discussed size and position with Mrs. Mortlake, set his palette, waited fidgeted, but still no Bella appeared. At length a distant screaming however; the mention of Paris, and other was heard, drawing gradually nearer. Mrs. familiar names, had recalled all her sad Mortlake hastened to the door and listened. memories, and it was as much from this Esperance's voice was heard remonstrating.

" Bella dear, you must come down : Mr. Magnay is waiting for you. See, then must leave you and call nurse." No answer but screams.

Mrs. Mortiake hurried to the scene of action, and Bella was borne into the diningroom kicking with all her might. Claude shrugged his should glanced at his " Mariana." She was paler

and sadder-looking than ever, and as she stood waiting for Bella's sobs to cease, there wherein Claude expressed his opinions so was a drooping hopelessness about her very attitude which Claude longed to catch. He hastily sketched an outline, and watched her varying expression almost breathlessly.

Bella was sobbing out something about Esperance." and Mrs. Mortlake, without waiting to find what the real grievance my dear, that I am out of the habit of talkwas, turned round with a severity of tone and look quite out of proportion even to the

imagined offense. "Esperance, how often must I tell you not to interfere with my management of Bella? these crying fits are far more frequent since you came. Why do you aggratate the poor child?"

"Indeed, Christabel, Bella was crying profound meditation.
because she did not want to leave the Esperance was dis

the truth. You know quite well the child obtain any answer. time wasted, and Bella's face so swollen great bound of delight, when in the distance tent to leave her without any artificial rules

her picture taken."

Esperance did not reply. A look of eyes grew more despairingly miserable—her complete, when on their approach, the proverb, 'French women know how to whole face was expressive of the sense of dean, suddenly starting from his reverie, isolation and injustice.

Claude drank in her whole aspect and bearing almost greedily, thrilling through and through with the delight of thus grasp. Mr. White; the minor canon, left Esperance ing his subject. It was not till a mist of to follow with Claude tears dimmed those bright eyes that his human nature began to be touched by the sight of suffering, and half ashamed of his artistic rapture, he turned eagerly to Mrs. Mortlake

"Pray don't think you are wasting my time; and as to Miss Bella's face, I expect it will soon be sunny again. Ah! I thought so," as Bella, who was the most arrant little flirt, looked up smilingly, and inclined to be propitiated by his attention.

There was some little difficulty about the placing. One chair was too high, and another too low, and it ended in Mrs. Mortlake's sending Esperance to the library to fetch one of the large books for Bella to sit on.

Claude, who, after his momentary forgetfulness, had suddenly become very by no means one of those lazy prodigies human and very paire, hurried after her whose very genius seems to dull their other to carry the bulky volume. She was standcathedral from nine to ten, he resolved to pulling not very energetically at "Webster's Dictionary.

" Let me help you," he exclaimed; "this is a famous book indeed, but too heavy for She thanked him, and would have turned

"I want to tell you how sorry I am to have been partly the cause of all this-to During service time he returned to his do"; "he would have said " this scotding," " You are very good, but inde see that you caused it. It is always the

same," said Esperance, wearily, with the hopeless " Mariana " look again. Claude was full of sympathy, but only

ventured to say, "Miss Bella is somewhat trying, I should fancy. I hope you will give me your help during the sittings, for she will soon look upon me as her archtormentor." This was all that passed between them

the first day, but it was the foundation of a strong mutual liking. Claude of course admired the subject of his future picture, and felt sorry for one who was doomed to live with Mrs. Mortlake, while Esperance naturally clung to any one who showed her the least sympathy or kindness, and looked upon Claude Magnay as one of her greatest riends.

Had she been a little older, or had her nome-training been less simple, she might have been in danger of falling in love; as it was, however, the thought never entered

Claude's kindness and his little attentions were too pitying to be at all lover-like, and Esperance, accustomed to live entirely with men, was far more at home with him than with her cousins, and regarded him as a sort of English substitute for Gaspard.

They had several opportunities of meeting, for Claude was often asked to luncheon or dinner, and Bella was so refractory that all; my motio in life most be- Esperez her portrait required several sittings. Mrs. Mortlake soon wearied of attending to these, and the duty of keeping the child quiet devolved upon Esperance; and though longing to carca once more the hopeless at first her confidences were checked by a look which he wished to represent in his pretty demureness, she soon found that a picture. sympathetic listener was too delightful to

be resisted. Gradually Claude learned her whole history. See dwelt long on the happy years at the chateau, describing her favorite haunts among the ruins, telling him of the prim old garden with its terraces, its and painting the surrounding country in such glowing terms that Claude promised her at some future day to visit it himself, in the forced tones of her voice. and bring her back a picture of her beloved

mountains of Auvergne. A few questions elicited the whole story of the siege, and the relief of speaking again hands tightly clasped. of her father and of Gaspard, after the long enforced silence, was so great that this alone would have made her fond of Claude.

her sad history, and let her see it. " Your brother is in London still, then?" he inquired, when she had finished the story by telling of her arrival at Rilchester.

"Yes, he is still at Pentonville, but he has not heard of any work yet. There seems so many French exiles in London, and that, of course, makes it more difficult for him."

. " I am afraid I cannot be of much use in helping him, but still I will bear it in mind. You must give me an introduction to him, and then I shall be able to give an account of you and your Rilchester home."

"Oh, thank you, you are so good," said Esperance, gratefully; then, with a sudden look of fear, "but you must not let him think I am unhappy. You will not tell him anything that could trouble him?" Claude promised to be most careful, and delicately turned the conversation, though he was not a little curious to know if the trust her voice any longer, and Claude,

One afternoon, early in October, Esper- in a good humor by leaving a playful

ance, as a most unusual favor, was invited to take a walk with her uncle. He was in pressiness, then left the house, the habit of taking a "constitutional" every day, accompanied by Cornelia, his favorite daughter; but on this particular afternoon Cornelia was unable to go, and

the dean had himself asked Esperance to take her place. Half pleased, half frightened, she set out, suiting her pacs to her uncle's slow and rather infirm steps, and now and then venturing little remarks, which, however, failed to attract the dean's notice. It was not till they had walked for

"I am used to such a silent companion, ing. But go on, for I like the sound of your voice, it is like poor Amy's." " Is it?" said Esperance, much pleased.

I should like to be like my mother. Am I in other things ?" But the topic was not a good one for conversation. The dean shook his head and sighed deeply, then again relapsed into

Esperance was disappointed. She had but though she talked obediently, half to this respect that for a moment she was too

It was certainly a little dull, and it was Some one who could talk would be such an her cold sarcasms. shook hands cordially with the two young men, said it was time he should be turning home, and entering into conversation with

"I have been enjoying your flat land-scape," began Claude. "Mr. White has taken me a glorious walk."

He looked so fresh and cheerful that Esperance quite envied him. "Do you really like the country about here?" she asked, wonderingly "I think it is the ugliest I ever saw; so bare, and flat, and wide, it quite tires one's eyes."

"I think it has a beauty of its own, said Claude, "though, perhaps, you have to look carefully to see it. Of course I don't mean to say I prefer it to a mountainous country, but I think it is unjustly abased. Whatever peeple say, I shall always maintain that there is beauty in-

" ' The level waste, the rounding gray.' " "Ah! that just expresses it," said Esper ance. "It is all so gray, and sombre, and

" Nos all," said Claude, pausing beside a view. "Now, look at this; here is the proved too much for her very imperfect greenest of grass in the foreground-cows grazing—as much color as you could wish in that tiled cottage, and the faint blue smoke rising into that perfect sky, then out beyond you have a boundless expanse. See this side is flooded with light, while over there you have the dark shadow of that cloud; then quite in the distance it does all fade into 'the rounding gray,' but you must own now that it is beautifui."

Esperance drew a long breath you have showed me.

"I am proud to have introduced you to your own country," said Claude, smiling.
"Not my own!" she exclaimed, indignantly.
"Ah! of course not; I forgot," said

Claude, amused by her earnestness. " Your Auvergne scenery is, doubtless, much more beautiful, but you will not call this ugly any more?" "No, indeed, I will not; and you will tell Gaspard when you see him that you have quite converted me, for I have sent him most unfavorable accounts of the

country." "I will certainly tell him," said Claude. I shall try to see him next week."

"Do you leave Rilchester so soon?" "Yes, I'll leave to-morrow," replied Claude. "My commission is finished, and it is time I was at home again."

"I am so sorry," said Esperance, simply. "But it is delightful to think of your seeing Gaspaid so soon, though it makes me a little envious." "You will be coming up to town soon,

perhaps," suggested Claude Esperance shook her head. "I don't see how that can be, but of course I hops, or else I could not get on at

toulours. "It is certainly a good one," replied Claude, musingly, but in his artist-soul

It did not return that afternoon, but the nex; day, when he paid his (arewell call to the deanery, all the expression of dejection, misery, and hopelessness was there in full force. Esperance was evidently in disgrace, while Mrs. Mortlake and Cornelia were in that disturbed, ruffled state which clipped yews, its mazes and grassy paths, betokens a family disagreement; and although Mrs. Mortlake was particularly

cordial Claude detected subdued irritation Esperance scarcely spoke, but sat looking half abstractedly out of the window, her knitting lying untouched on her knee, her

Claude could not have wished for a better opportunity, but now that his desire was granted he began to feel such pity for He was really interested and touched by Esperance that he would far rather have missed seeing her.

He tried to draw her into conversation, but without success; she answered with constraint, and only looked more miserable. At last he rose to go, took leave of Mrs. Mortiake and Cornelia, and then turned to Esperance, determined that she should at

least speak to him. "You will not forget our walk yesterday. and the beauties of level country?" he said, smiling.

She colored painfully, and her hand trembled as Claude took it in his. "What message may I take for you to your brother ?" he asked.

Her color deepened, the tears rose to her eyes, and her voice was low and tremulous as she answered : " Tell him, please, that I am very well,

that-that I will write soon-She broke off abruptly, not daring to Moated Grange," were a real necessity for seeing that it was sheer cruelty to keep her, said good-bye, tried to put Mrs. Mortlake

message for Bella, and alluding to he

Claude could hardly have chosen a m unfavorable time for his visit, for as he had rightly judged he had come in during a dispute, if indeed that could be called disputing in which two leagued against one refused to listen to reason or justice.

It all arose from a simple remark made by Esperance. She casually mentioned Claude's intended departure, and this led to an account of their walk on the precedvoice, but then he roused himself from his ing day. Mrs. Morslake, ever ready to find brown study and looked down at her kindly. fault, declared that she behaved with far kept beside the dean, and not allowed herself a tete-a-tete with Claude Magnay.
Esperance explained that this had not

been possible, and owned that it had never occurred to her that any one could think so eimple at act improper.

Whereat Mrs. Mortiake accused her of

speaking disrespectfully, denounced her "French" manners, and losing all prudence and justice in her anger, said that all along she had been flirting with Claude. Esperance was so entirely innecent in

always ready! No, do not attempt to evade herself, half to her uncle, she could not much surprised and shocked to refute the and knew little either of French or English scarcely surprising that her heart gave a etiquette, and her father had been well conwith crying that she cannot possibly have she perceived Claude Magnay and one of beyond those of natural good breeding. the minor canons coming toward them. While she paused Cornelia uttered one of

" Never mind, Christabel, you know the Then Esperance had lost all self-control,

and with flashing eyes had turned upon her "You may talk about French women as cousins.

you like, but I will let you know that such a speech as that would never have passed the lips of these whom you despise—they at least do not speak so rudely. And what you say is false—untrue—unjust. Such an idea would never have entered my head if you had not suggested it -no never! Cornelia, a little vexed at her own most

unwarrantable speech, tried to calm her down, and entered into a long disquisition on the folly of losing temper in an argument; but Esperance scarcely heard, her anger had died away, and she could only dwell in grief and dismay on the accusation brought against her.

While Cornelia was still speaking, Claude had been announced, and it may well be imagined that Esperance was embarrassed and self-conscious—for the first time in her life, however. Shame, annoyance, and unutterable longing for Gaspard were filling her heart, and Claude's kindness and the thought of his proposed visit to her brother

By the time he was fairly out of the room she was crying unrestrainedly, and was far too miserable to heed Cornelia's long harangue on the duty of self-mastery. Mrs. Mortlake might well feel dismayed at the tempest she had raised, but she was too much blinded by conceit to see the full extent of the harm she had done. She made some pretentions to virtue, and was consequently vexed, that exaggerated, if no; wholly untrue, accusations had escaped have seen all that by myself. I am giad her, but rather than own herself in the conscience pricked her into making some

useless attempts to pacify Esperance, she would not retract what she had said. The breach between the cousins was in consequence greatly widened, and the effect on Esperance was most disastrous. She grew more and more ready to see faults in all around her, her face rarely lost its expression of hopeless suffering, her manners lost much of their grace and ease, and, worst of all, Mrs. Mortlake's perpetual fault finding began to make her seif-conscious and introspective. She gave up even attempting to love her cousins, and, consequently, was at once open to all those bults from which she had hitherto been free. When love-which had been her guard and strength all her life—was allowed to die, selfishness at once stepped in, bringin its train false pride, discontent, suspicion, and a morbid sensitiveness; while what had formerly been courageous patience was turned into a falsely assumed callousness

and indifference. The only things which kept her from utter ruin was Gaspard's letters, full of the old love and confidence-although her answers were most disappointing-and the remembrance of her father. Even these did not hinder her from sinking very low, but they kept one soft spot in her heart which could never alter.

(To be Continued.)

Why He Moved West. Sumway-I hear that McWatty has moved to Chicago and is literally going to

the dogs. Simeral-He knows what he is doing Sumway—Indeed? Simeral—Yes; in Illinois habitual drunkenness for two years is legal ground for

divorce.

Economy That Kills, Nickleby-Why, what makes you look so dull, old man? Times hard? Benedict-No; but I'm afraid that they

will be with me pretty soon. "Why, what's the matter?" "My wife has begun to make her own dresses, with a view to economizing.

Married Life's Thorny Path.

She-Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings. He-You don't want to walk on roses

your feet. Appealed to His Nature. Occupant of the Parquet (of Philadelphia)-Encore! Encore

barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in

Chorus of Ushers-Shut up, you blamed idiot! This is the death scene! Occupant of Parquet-Oh, come off Don't you s'pose I appreciate the fine

points? The buckwheat and beans Protectionists of this country are only surpassed by their brethren in Canada, who in the new tariff have increased the 30 per cent. duty on paper bags to 35 per cent., and made a 5 per cent. advance of the rate on doll babies. -Philadelphia Record.

There's white mahogany furniture. Plants in pots are having a lively sale.

I am sumthin' of a veter A man that's hale and he But I've heard some new made my old head?

And I'm goin' to ease n

speak ag'm.

I've lived my four score till to-day
Was I taken for a jack Tew be stuited with suc them crawlin' bugs That's killin' buman b scropic germs.

They say there's "mikro few their prey;
There's notin' pure to
place to stay;
There's "miasmy" in Tain't sa'e to be out doc day is done. There's "bacteery" in "Ameeby" in the meat the heat, There's "corpusells and bein's blood.
And every other kind of Terbacker's full of " ni may be, And your threat will ge "tannin" in the t And things is getting wo Them bugs sall about Tew navigate our vitals plants.
There's men that spe worms just like a
And takin' Latin names

LONDON FOG

Figures That Show Rate in the If London is the

Now, I don't believe su

intend to try,
If things has come to s

I'll go hang me in the s

As to wait until I'm piz

of fogs, there is m found in the fact tha and its fogs it is bealthiest cities in th ing healthier every ye official statistics f June last, our annu the rate of sixteen eliminate from the crowded and notorio the figures would, siderably. Still would our sanitar if the area wer high and airy so large a proportion day " in populous ci enough to dwell. trast the condition tistics of other cap the advantage we en shows a comparat mean annual death lin it is 27.5; in Vi 32.9, and in St. Pet sels, which appears Continental cities. the case, the death in 29 colonial and aggregate population sons, was 26.6 per

persons per 1,000

That flowers slee casual observer. rise and closes at se " Day's eye." Th with the day, but n sunrise. The ". awakes at 4 o'clock closes its eyes du day; the dandelion during strong ligh flowers is certainly nishes one of the prove the singular thing in nature. the method by whi is fertilized. It fertilized by nigh derive no advantag the day; and, or those which are gain nothing by r Why may we not closing of flowers

the habits of inse

theory we observ

flowers never sleep

Speaking of Si Japan, "he was, that country, " so when he arrived that he determin quarters for a tiu selected a reside ordered him to me at once. Acting Sir Edwin sent ba That excuse was a man was not b After awhile Su before the governo had not recovered guished visitor rep himself out as a family. The gover day the author ca

An ckl man, nee oculist and reque eyes. Weil," rema

young Japs how

house,' etc. His

but by playing serv

chooses."

" I don't see anyt " Great beavens so! Why, your n BIII. From anthrop made on Cambri

that their heads age of 19. Thos honors have had, ably larger brain age of 19, the pr being greater th held to imply p the success of high

Coalman-" I than fifty cents man-" All right your own scales.