

The Country School.

Pretty and pale and tired. She sits in her stiff-backed chair. While the blazing sun over her sun-shines in on her soiled hair; And the little brook without;

It seems an endless round— Grammar and the sums. The blackboard and the slates. The stupid geography;

For Jimmy's bare brown feet. Are soiling to wide in the stream. Where the trout is his lurking bait;

The kind of a fellow the girl wants. The right kind of a fellow; modest and mellow. And generous and brave and benign;

He is grand and majestic, yet meek and do- mestic. And spends his spare evenings at home;

He is kind and gentle, yet firm and digni- fied. He is a tireless searcher for all kinds of virtue. Like the perpetrator of this "pome."

He is wise and witty, preserving and gritty. And has a magnificent, but a little too, great. He is all light and sweetness, he's thorough com- pleteness.

A vacant heart to let, inquire for key Of Master Cupid, just across the way. To leave the place forever and a day.

A cozy dwelling in a pleasant street. And just adja- cent to Old Cour square Head; A bit out fashioned, but with furnace heat— Where Love may find a very snug abode.

The agent, Cupid, will be glad to show; The tenement to any maid or miss; He'll make the price ridiculously low. And asks as his commission but a kiss.

Coy maiden, come! and in this bargain share; The other's scepter by your own possession; You'll find the place a most excellent repair. Just sign the lease and enter in possession.

Death Rate of Ministers. Comparing the death rate of ministers, in respect of the causes of death, with the mortality of other men, the following re- sults are obtained: Of 86,331 clergymen, 180 died of infectious diseases. The usual experience of an insurance company would have made the number 239; that is, the mortality of the clergymen was only 79 per cent. of the ordinary death rate.

She Didn't Go to See the Play. Jennie—How did you enjoy yourself at the theatre last night? Mamie—Oh! immensely. J.—What was the play? M.—I declare I don't know. Let me see. I think I have got a programme in my other dress pocket.

Oh! These Widows. Widow—When I was here last week, Mr. Chisel, I told you to put on the headstone. "My Only Love." Marble dealer—Yes, ma'am, but one of my workmen has been sick and I haven't begun the job yet.

He was a Believer. Mrs. Omens—Do you believe in signs Mr. D'Anber? Mr. D'Anber—Yes, indeed! I paint 'em Theodore Thomas and Miss Fay, of Chicago; Walter Damrosch and Miss Margaret Blaine, and Charles H. Russell and Miss Jane Potter, daughter of Bishop Potter, are among the couples to marry in this "merry month of May."

The fire-loses in the United States and Canada for April aggregate \$3,285, 520. The losses for the first four months of the year amount to \$33,318,145, against \$48,597,700 in the same period last year and \$49,497,950 in 1888.

Finance—Now, George, dear, don't kiss me good-bye on the platform. Finance—No, darling. I'll kiss you on your mouth.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN.

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES. CHAPTER XVII.

While Esperance was passing through hard experiences at Richester, Gaspard was being tried, though in a different way, in London. They were each strangely altered, but while, with Esperance, trouble seemed working so much harm, with Gaspard it was very different. He had been too thoroughly roused by the events of the past year ever to fall back again to the selfishness which had been his chief fault, and for which his present enforced lone- liness seemed to him but a just retribution.

His patience was being sorely tried by the long and apparently fruitless waiting time; but as, week by week, his longing for work and action increased, and his poverty grew more and more irksome, an inner strength and power of endurance grew too, and his restlessness and self-seeking were gradually subdued.

He had, however, suffered greatly, and in outward appearance was as much changed as Esperance, for his poverty was no com- parative, but actual hunger and want. Then, too, the state of France, and the fear- ful accounts of the Commune and the fear- suppression made him miserable enough; while his anxiety for Esperance, and the pain of knowing that she was unhappy and changed, without the possibility of helping her, was perhaps the worst trouble of all.

Although work was not to be had, he would not give up all hope of obtaining it in time, and he employed himself in thoroughly mastering the English language, knowing that it would be of great use to him.

One afternoon late in October he was hard at work at a difficult piece of transla- tion, when the landlady, with quite a beaming face, announced a visitor. Gaspard glanced at the card, which was, as he had expected, that of Mr. Magney, for Esperance had mentioned his intended visit in her last letter.

He hastened to greet him, with the heartiness of real pleasure, for, like poor Esperance, he was greatly in need of some one to talk to, and though the landlady was both kind-hearted and conversational, he was beginning to weary of her stock of prosy anecdotes, and of trying to communi- cate his thoughts to the sleek, purring Bismarck.

Even if Claude had been the most unin- teresting of mortals he would have been welcomed; and when Gaspard found that he was a thorough gentleman, a good talker, and, unlike the proverbial English- man, neither proud, suspicious, nor reserved, he threw all possible warmth and friendliness into his manner, and before long the two were talking as intimately as if they had known each other for years.

They were a strange contrast. Claude, fair-haired and fresh complexioned, the picture of health, with bright, genial man- ners and almost superfluous energy. Gaspard, pallid and emaciated, his clearly out- lined features bespeaking delicacy of constitu- tion, and his animated conversation and ready smile belied by the suffering look which his face wore when in repose.

They had talked long about the Franco- Prussian war, and Gaspard had related his experience as a National Guard before Claude delivered Esperance's message, and then naturally the conversation turned upon Richester.

"It must be very dull indeed, according to my sister's account," said Gaspard. "I hear that cathedral towns have rather that reputation in England."

"It is a small, decayed town, certainly," replied Claude; "but though perhaps it is narrower, I doubt if it is more dull than the most provincial places. There is not the first time I have stayed there, and I assure you there really is very good society there, if you can pick and choose. There are cliques, of course, but one can keep out of them, or perhaps get into them all."

"You can, of course," said Gaspard, smiling, "but that is only because you are a privileged being—a celebrity. I imagine that the deanery would not care to follow your example."

"To tell you the truth, the deanery heads the narrowest clique of all," replied Claude; "and I fancy that is why your sister is a little unjust to the whole of Richester; she only sees the most ponderous and dull part of the place. I have heard Mrs. Mortlake boast that they are only in the same way with the families of the bishop and the archdeacon."

Gaspard could not help smiling. "Esperance has sent me laughable accounts of the stiff dinner-parties, and this explains it all; they must indeed be narrow-minded."

"You do not know Dean Collinson personally?" asked Claude, half doubtfully. Gaspard flushed a little. "No, hitherto he has been no friend to our family, but he has been very good in helping us now—that is to say, he has provided for Esperance. You can understand, however, that dependence is not altogether pleasing under the circumstances. I am afraid it is doing Esperance no good. Did you think her looking happy?"

It was an awkward question. Claude paused for a moment, then said, "Hardly happy, I think; but I am sure she is inclined to make the best of things; she told me that her motto in life was 'Esperez toujours.'"

"Poor child!" said Gaspard, with a sigh. There was a moment's silence, during which Claude watched his companion's face with a great deal of interest. His next question, however, was almost as hard to answer.

"And our relatives are they kind- hearted? Do not shrink from telling me your real opinion, for I want really to know."

"The dean is thoroughly good and kind," said Claude, reflectively, "absent and indifferent in many things, and engrossed a good deal by his favorite hobby, astronomy; but I have never seen him otherwise than kind and courteous."

"And is he fond of Esperance?" "I cannot tell, but I think he must be. I remember, too, I met them out walking together one day."

"Gaspard was pleased and relieved, and inquired after the other members of the family. "I really cannot tell what they are like," said Claude, hesitatingly. "Mrs. Mortlake varies a great deal. Usually she is one of those would-be gracious ladies, whom one rather distrusts; she is quite devoted to her little girl, though. I know little of the other daughters; the elder is very

learned, and the chief confidante of her father, the younger very silent and different."

Gaspard sat musing over this account of the family at the deanery, and Claude, fearing that a further catechism might elicit more than Esperance wished her brother to know, rose to take leave, not however before he had given Gaspard his address at St. John's Wood, and made him promise to visit him very soon.

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It was a rarer when at length Gaspard spoke, though his repressed voice was not reassuring. "You painted at Richester, then?" "No; oh, no. I merely got an idea from your sister's face, made a sketch of it, and am now working it up as 'Mariana in the Moated Grange.' I hope you will think I took a great liberty. You must allow for the license of an artist."

"Do you think I mind that for an instant," said Gaspard. "But that hope- less wretchedness and dejection! She has really come to that? I knew she must be changed, but it is nearly exaggerated."

Claude would have given a great deal to have been able to answer in the affirmative, but it was impossible; nor would he equivocate. After a moment's thought, he answered, "I saw that expression on her face, but of course it was not always there; at times she was quite bright and merry."

"She used to be the merriest child in France," sighed Gaspard. He was still looking sadly at the picture, when the door was opened by Claude's "Child Angel," who announced with truly cockney pronunciation—"Lady, Worth- ington"

Claude hastened forward to receive his

THE FRISKY

Creates a Commotion and Miss

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

A special from Akron this evening, in the midst of our city, a great wind storm, beyond what has ever been known before, the storm

month ago. The storm was of the city and

part of the city and set

the fourth and set

damage which \$1,000,000

writing, but this 100

pleity demolished. A

lock Greater, at Cross

streets, was unroofed,

was slightly injured

house, a few doors north

monished, as were J. L.

Louis Snell