

Chicago Herald.
Grandpa's locks are white as snow,
Those he still possesses,
Ghosts of curls of long ago,
Whiskers of boyhood's tresses.
Wrinkles o'er his features thin
Zigzag without pity,
Like the street and alleys in
Famous Boston City.

Time has bent his form with years,
And his legs are thinner
And less comely than the shears
Used by any tinner.
Lusty was he once and gay,
Full of in-sinuated grace,
But of that long vanished day
There are now few traces.

Yes he in his youthful pride
Pleasured the fair sex greatly;
Many ladies for him sighed,
Many hearts once throbbled and ached for him.
Tears wet silken lashes,
But those eyes in death are dim
And those hearts are ashes.

Grandpa has one sweetheart yet,
Dearest of creatures,
Whose two eyes are his eyes,
Still approve his features.
Nellie is her name, you see,
And if I remember
What her age is, she was three
Some time last December!

Off her hand, so chubby fair,
O'er his face she pressed her hair
Tenderly, and with great care
Not to touch his glasses.
Of his form I've seen her scan
And I've caught her saying:
"Grandpa's such a handsome man—
Thus her love betraying."

Faces and Faces.
What a study are the faces
One may see in busy places
Some are like a gleam of sunshine, others like a
cloud of rain.
Some are filled with joy and gladness,
Others wear a shade of sadness:
Pretty photographs of pleasure, ragged etchings
of despair.

This is sweet as budding roses,
That a withered hope discloses,
Who can guess why some are sunny while the
others are forlorn?
Who can tell if an expression
Sad and deep is a confession
Of a broken heart, or pity, or just a painful
corn?

The Political Process.
Washington Post:
A long and oft-repeated yell,
Some torches all in line,
Some speakers who have naught to tell
Of prospects wondrous fine,
Some red fire making things look gay—
The whole club's glad refrain,
And then we may take breath and say
"The country's safe again."

A Very Odd Girl.
In school she ranks above her mates,
And wins the highest prizes;
She bounds correctly all the States,
And tells what each one's size is;
In class she will not prompt a friend,
For she doesn't believe in telling;
She reads the rules from end to end,
And never fails in spelling.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the school of Esther Lee.

She keeps her room as neat as wax,
And laughs at Peter's mockings;
She mends Patricia's gloves and acquiesces,
And darts the family stockings;
She dusts the sitting-room for Kate,
She cares for baby brother;
She fashions bells and kites for Nate,
And runs for the school teacher.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the school of Esther Lee.

For little crippled Mary Betts
She saves her brightest pennies;
She never, never sulks or frets
If she doesn't win at tennis;
With happy words she is sure to greet
Children in lowly byways;
She guides unsteady aged feet
Across the bustling highways.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the town of Esther Lee.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Game and Fish Commission.
In pursuance of the recommendation of
a Select Committee of the Legislature ap-
pointed last session for the purpose of
considering certain proposed amendments
to the game laws, and in deference to sug-
gestions from various quarters calling for
a more effectual protection of fish, the On-
tario Government has just issued a royal
commission to inquire into and report upon
the whole subject in so far as this Province
is concerned. The commission is directed
to Richard Allan Lucas, merchant, Hamil-
ton; Robert G. Harvey, railway manager,
Brockville; John H. Willmott, Beaumaris,
in the district of Muskoka; G. A. McCallum,
M. D., Danville; Walter I. Palford,
carriage manufacturer, Leamington; John
Mitchell, accountant, Guelph; Alex. H.
Taylor, Ottawa, and A. D. Stewart, agent,
Hamilton. Dr. McCallum has been ap-
pointed chairman and Mr. Stewart sec-
retary of the commission. They are instructed
to consider the advisability of dividing the
Province into districts for fish and game
protection purposes, and to report what, in
their opinion, would in such case be the
proper close season for each district. In
the event of a district system not being
thought advisable, the commissioners are
to suggest such changes, if any, in the
present close seasons as are necessary or
advisable, making special reference to the
spring shooting of game or any class or
classes thereof. They are also to ascertain
how far deer are in danger of extermination
under existing laws, and to report the
approximate number still remaining and
where found in the Province, with such
suggestions of a practical nature as may be
thought advisable, having regard to the
more effective protection of that game. In
their report reference will be made to such
game laws of the neighboring States as have
a bearing on the interests of game or fish
protection in this Province.

THE New York World offered a twenty
dollar gold piece for the best answer to the
question how much older a husband should
be than his wife. Out of many hundreds,
the following won the prize:

There can be no definite answer. Some men
age quicker than some women, and vice versa.
Custom and popular prejudice say the wife
should be the younger, but the majority of mar-
riages show that custom and popular prejudice
are poor guides.

Temperament, intellect and character are
the ruling factors of wedded life; compatibility
in these make marriage a success, the want of
failure. Extremes avoided, similarity or differ-
ence in age has little to do with a successful
marriage.

Love, born of respect and a kindly heart,
levels age. In a marriage of heart, intellect
and character, a dozen years either way is im-
material.

Love will always ignore a moderate difference
in years. W. H. M.

Miss Mary S. Abell, the richest woman
in Baltimore, is going to renounce the
world. It is said that she will emulate the
example of Miss Kate Drexel and give all
her wealth to the Roman Catholic church.

"LAST CENTURY LOVERS".

A Tale of the American Revolution.

PRELUDE.
That portion of the State of Maryland
embraced in the peninsula which separates
the waters of Chesapeake and Delaware
Bays, and which is known as the Eastern
Shore, has shared the usual fate of slave-
holding communities since the emancipa-
tion.

Many parts of the low, flat country lie
untilled in the present labor difficulties for
lack of farm hands, the negroes, as in many
parts of the South, having flocked to the
neighboring cities. Numbers of the prop-
rietary, the old families, have left their
improvised plantations to be cultivated
on shares by tenants of the overseer or
poorer white class.

Stately homesteads, dating from colonial
times, are found here and there, deserted
and dismantled, and reminders of days of
past prosperity, when these isolated and
now obscure counties were noted for an
elegant and hospitable society.

In Queen Anne County, at the mouth of
the Chester River, stands an old, square
brick house, high above the shaling shore,
down to which slopes what was once a ter-
race garden. From here, looking west-
ward, past two capes of meadow-land, just-
ing on either side where the salt water
side curls over the placid shallows, the water
stretches out and meets the blank horizon,
relieved sometimes by a far-off sail or a
faint cloud of smoke from a passing
steamer. Described by its present owners,
untenanted, its bricks discolored with
time, the house overlooks the monotonous
fields, to which it has become merely a
useless appendage.

In the large oaks before the eastern
front, crows have nested, rising in flocks
above the gable roof, mingling their harsh
caws with the scream of an errant sea-gull.
The woodwork of the porch has rotted into
gaps, where toads and snails abide; the
shutters have fallen, and blank windows
yawn like eyerose sockets.

The upper terrace is stiff with un-
trimmed and straggling box bushes bor-
dering the walks, grown up with weeds,
and blurred into an indistinguishable mass
of decay. Above the tops of the other trees,
a tall Lombardy poplar reaches its dead
branches upward, standing sentinel
through all the changing seasons. Spring
rains beat upon the yellow weed stalks,
summer sun carves the roses that bloom
unseen in the rank greenness, and ripen
the apples in the orchard, and in winter
the winds wail around the dead home.

To the left, shut in by a crumbling brick
wall overgrown with the periwinkle,
is the family burying ground,
in which no one now is inter-
ested save an old woman, who comes
once a year to visit the grave of a baby
buried fifty years ago.

The graves are hidden by a network of
vines; but in one corner, side by side, are
portions of two marble slabs, each broken,
and connected by a cross-piece, running
from one to the other. On this cross-piece,
with some difficulty, the following inscrip-
tions are deciphered:

"THOMAS WHITENHALL ROZIER,
Died, aged 24, 1777."
"ELIZABETH VAUGHAN,
Died, aged 19, 1778."
"In their deaths they were not divided."

A hundred years ago, then, two lovers
walked through this garden. The roses
bloomed then as now, the same sun shone
on them over a hundred years ago as it
shines on us now, and will shine, God help
us! when we in our turn shall have be-
come mere conjectures—names half effaced
from broken slabs.

Let us pick up that slide of Time's
magic lantern which goes by the name of
the eighteenth century, and live for a while
in the days of cocked hats, powdered hair,
and sedan chairs, keys of incipient re-
volution, pregnant with Declaration of
Independence, when the colonists, protest-
ing against the unjust taxes imposed by
a good, stupid German King and a body of
short-sighted legislators in knee-breeches,
were in the throes of impending conflict.

CHAPTER I.
Late one evening in the early part of
November, 1774, the road between the
corner of the Vaughan meadow and the
lights of the little village of Kingston
stretched out bare and lonely amid the
dark setting of the fields, before the swift
steps of a girl hurrying through the cool
twilight, and facing the west. The curtain
of gray clouds, torn just above the horizon,
showed the crimson after glow of sunset,
against which stood in silhouette the roof
and chimneys of a large mansion.

A chill wind blew from the marshes,
flapping her mantle about her and tangling
her hair across her face. To Elizabeth
Vaughan, walking rapidly toward the
lonely house, it seemed some old, haunted
castle of romance, to which her dog, an
evil, dark familiar, disappearing now and
then in the bushes, was lurking her.

Entering the gate, the night deepened
under two rows of mulberry trees arching
above the carriage-way. At home here,
she relaxed her pace with a feeling of
security.

Dry leaves rustled under foot. Above,
the clear sky shone through a lattice-work
of naked branches, to which a few star
leaves shivering clung. Before her was
the front of a square brick house, from
which a glow of warmth was diffused
through red curtains in two windows on
the ground floor. Here she paused and drew
a long breath, with face uplifted to the stars,
drinking in the peaceful darkness and
silence, unbroken save by the irregular
tinkle of a cow-bell and the twitter of birds
in the ivy covering the front of the house.
The garden gate clicked behind her, and
a figure came slowly across the lawn toward
the right, where the barn and negro quarters
were massed in shadow. Suddenly the
figure paused, and she heard a low, agitated
whisper: "Who's dat?"

"Well, Uncle Mose, is that you?"
"Oh, Miss Betty, yer come a big scare.
Leastwise, for a minute I 'spionied it
might be a specter, for the Scripture is dat
Satan goes about like a roaring lion, seekin'
for ter devour."

"But you didn't hear any roar."
"Dat's de truf, dat's de truf, honey, I
didn't hear de roar, but a man ain't argyin'
wid hissef when he's skereed. 'Tain't often

I does forgit ter argify; fur w'at ax de
Scriptur? Man has got ter live by reason
an' de law. Chille, dere ain't a day or a
hour dat I ain't watchin' fur de debil."

"Have you ever seen him, uncle?"
"Honey, I has coteched an' seen him dis
day, fur he ain't possesin' dat ole black
Charlotte, I ain't got no right ter exhort
an' preach."

A tap on the window called her attention.
One of the curtains were lifted and Aunt
Barbara appeared, beckoning her to enter.
She hurried toward the house, calling out,
"Good-night, Uncle Mose."

Deprived of the pleasure of describing the
nature of the particular "specter" possess-
ing his better half, whether it was the
arch-demon himself or only a wandering,
insignificant "supp," Uncle Mose mumbled
something, probable an exorcism, and
shuffled off disconsolately across the grass.

As Betty entered the dining-room, Miss
Bab threw up her hands.
"Goodness gracious, Elizabeth Vaughan!"
she cried, "the idea of your standing there
in the night air! Do you wish to die of a
rheum?"

"Do I look like the victim of an untimely
grave?" laughed Betty, throwing off her
mantle and large hat, and displaying her
slender figure, that was graceful even under
the ungraceful negligee, a loose sacque over
a full petticoat. A mass of waving red-
brown hair was drawn back from the oval
face, which had irregular, expressive fea-
tures, and a clear complexion, slightly
freckled. Her greatest beauty was her
eyes, large and of a changing gray, fringed
with black lashes. The red lips were sensi-
tive and variable, and her smiling, furtive
dimples and white teeth belied her grave
and dreary eyes.

"Do I look like dying yet?" she asked.
"Mercy! child, looks don't count. I'll
bring you a draught of Jesuit's bark after
you get to bed, and you may escape."

Miss Bab's plain face, patient and
marked by those lines which sickness and
sorrow stamp upon the countenances of
many middle-aged women, labored under
some unaccounted excitement; so Betty re-
frained from questions, knowing that the
secret would give additional pleasure to
her aunt by being thus suppressed.

The room was cheerful, with a blazing
fire of logs in the wide fireplace. A
branched candlestick shone on the polished
surface of the long mahogany table, which
was set for supper, and bright with china
and silver.

A secretary with brass handles, a sofa,
and a few straight-backed chairs covered
with hair-cloth, stood against the wall,
painted with cedar half way to the ceiling.

Above the wainscoting hung three por-
traits in gilt frames—Captain Robert
Vaughan, the first settler, painted by Lely,
in peruke; Betty's father, a stout, dark-
eyed gentleman in purple velvet frock and
white breeches, waistcoat, ostentatiously
fingering his lace jabot, thereby displaying
a diamond ring; and her mother, who had
been an Irish girl—a beautiful, bright face,
under the shadow of a large hat.

These two had died of yellow fever dur-
ing a visit to Philadelphia in 1755, leaving
Betty to the guardianship of her aunt.

"Well, did you hear no news in the
town?" asked Miss Bab, diplomatically, re-
suming the darning of a fine white stocking
belonging to her sister, Miss Clementine, who
was much too absorbed in the charge of the
plantation and slaves to attend to more
homely and feminine pursuits. Betty
leaned against the mantel, sharing the rag
with Cassius, who sat on his haunches
blinking at the fire.

"Little Johnny Atkins walked half-way
home with me, and was sorry that I was
not his school-teacher. I wish you could
have heard him talk, for he is the drollest
creature. He said, 'Oh, we had a splendid
time last night!'" "What could you do, I
asked, 'Sunday night?' 'Why, standin' on
our heads and turning thomethets and
gayeries?' 'Oh, me and tom and pa, and
all the other children.' Mr. Tilghman's
donkey brayed as he started to leave me,
and it frightened him so I had to go part
of the way back with him."

Betty's manner, during this recital, was
full of quiet humor, characterizing the
drawing list of the village innocents, and
as its close she threw back her head and
laughed at the recollection of the donkey
youngster's error; but Miss Bab's interest
was not up to the usual mark. She drew
the needle with an impatient movement
out of the stocking, nervously nodding her
head, with its cushion of sandy hair sur-
mounted by a mob-cap.

"Something has happened," she said, in
a mysterious whisper. "Guess what it is."
"Let me see. You have received a
secret cargo of tea, and are in danger of be-
ing tarred and feathered? No? Well,
the speckled hen has begun to lay. No?
Well, Aunt Clem has become
very modish and is going to give
a rout? She has patched up a
truce with that trumpety Bob Rozier,
and concluded to allow his cows to pasture
in our meadow? No? Why, Aunt Bab,
you are as mysterious as Mr. Rozier when
anyone asks him whether he is a Whig or
Tory? Neither, neither, my dear sir:
a mere diphthery; only a simple country gen-
tleman, absorbed in my pastoral pursuits
and my literary avocations."

"Well, my dear, Tom Rozier, has come
home from Oxford on the brig Peggy Ste-
wart, that reached Annapolis on the 14th of
October. Will Ringgold came on the same
vesSEL, and Tom got to Lord's Gift yester-
day."

"I faith, we knew that all along; didn't
we, Cass? They told me at Mr. Atkins's
store. How did you know?"

There was a sound of suppressed giggling
from behind the door.
"That snicker betrays the culprit.
Come forth, Miss Anastasia Anderton."

She hurried to the door, standing ajar,
and threw it open, revealing a short,
middle-aged woman squeezed against the
wall. Her squat figure was clothed in
homespun, a white handkerchief was folded
tightly over her exuberant charms, and her
hair was piled high and powdered.

"I wanted to see if you would faint with
joy at the news," said Miss Anastasia, re-
wreathing her round, grotesque face into a
smile, where the thin lips spread upward
indefinitely, seemingly to meet the wrinkles
under the twinkling green eyes.

She was a daughter of the former phy-
sician at Kingston, who had left her cottage
in the village, where she lived with a dog
and a small negro maid, retelling preserves
and country gossip among the quality.

"But that isn't all," she said, coming
forth from her retreat; "I've seen him! I

went over to Lord's Gift to take Mistress
Rozier the receipt for orange marmalade,
and they made me stay for dinner, and I
saw Tom. Such an engaging and hand-
some bear, my dear; not like the thin
whipper-snapper he was when he went
away. And his manners—so insinuating—
in an elegant laced coat, and lovely,
straight limbs clad in silk hose! Not that I
admire those portions of the male sex, or
any stone by his protestations of friendly
interest."

"Why, Miss Stacy," he said,
you haven't changed one bit since the time
we used to chase your white cat over the
yard and pretend it was a polar bear." "I
got a lovely dog now, Tom," said L. "How's
my pretty little playmate, Betty Vaughan?"
says he, smiling. "Egad! she must be a
young lady now, and a beauty, I'll warrant."

"That she is—"
"Oh, Stacy, Stacy!" murmured Miss
Bab, trying to check the torrent of words.
"don't set so much store on pulchritude
and flatter the child's vanity. She's well
enough, but 'beauty is as beauty does.'
I'm sure, Betty, you've got more freckles
to-day without your veil."

"Oh, Bab, you're such a dear old goose,"
cried Betty. "Proceed, dear Anastasia,
with your interesting narrative, and I'll
give you my green ribbons for being the
most absolute cozenner in the province."

"Well, my dear, he talked so elegantly
and engagingly; said he had seen very
little of Will Ringgold at college, as they
had gone with different sets, and Will has
been to France. I'm afraid Tom's a rattling
blade, and Will always was that sneaky
and womanish that they didn't get on to-
gether. He asked after all the neighbor-
hood, and said he would have a chance to
meet it soon, as they are going to give a
rout Thursday night; and as I was coming
over here, Mistress Rozier asked me to de-
liver the invitation."

"Really?" asked Betty, opening her
eyes and flushing with interest. "Will I
go, Bab? Did you ask Aunt Clem?"

"I'm going to be truly grand; besides Jake
and Sam, the negro fiddlers, there are two
men coming from Annapolis to play the
horn, and a real fiddler will be over
Mr. Fiddleman's store to dress ladies' and
gentlemen's hair in the latest mode."

"Of course Aunt Clem will let me go;
won't she, Bab? What will I wear?"

"And what do you think the bride was dressed
in?"
"A grass-green frock and a new gold breastpin,"
said she, lifting her frock and dancing
along the floor. "Just see me take my
steps for the minutes."

"Child, child," said Miss Bab, "you've
got to get old to do. Ask Clementine if you
can go when she comes in, if she is in a
pleasing frame of mind."

(To be Continued.)

Home-Returning Chinamen.
Forward, between decks, are more than
a hundred Chinese steerage passengers,
mostly reposing in their rude wooden
bunks, since it is too cold and rough upon
deck for them. Some chat, some sleep,
many smoking opium;—a few are gamb-
ling. At a low table covered with a bam-
boo mat, the game of fan-tan is being
played by the light of three candles. A
silent ring of watchers and wagers
presses closely about the table;—from sur-
rounding bunks, others look down; and
the yellow candle glare, coloring all these im-
passive faces, makes their placid race-smile
seem as the smiling of gilded idols in some
mysterious pagoda.

Deep in the hold below, sixty square
boxes are, much resembling tea-chests,
covered with Chinese lettering. Each
contains the bones of a dead man—
bones being sent back to melt into the
Chinese soil from whence, by nature's
vital chemistry, they were shapen. And
those whose labelled bones are rolling to
and fro in the dark below, as the plunging
steamer rocks and shudders, once also
passed this ocean on just such a ship—and
smoked or dreamed their time away in just
such berth—and played the same strange
play by such a yellow light in even just such
an atmosphere, heavy with vaporized
opium.

Very silent the playing is. Scarcely a
word is uttered despite of losses or gains.
From the deck overhead, an odd chant
echoes loudly down—the chant of the
Chinese crew. First one utters a snarling
sharp cry, like a cat's cry of anger—*Yoo-
yee!* Then all the others shrill together
Yo woi!—as they pull at the ropes.

"Joss paper" has been strewn about—
doubtless to propitiate the gods of that
most eastern East to which we westwardly
sail. Perhaps those ancient gods will
hearken to the prayers of their patient
worshippers, and make smooth the menac-
ing face of this turbulent sea.—From "A
Winter Journey to Japan," by Lafcadio
Hearn, in "Harper's Magazine" for
November.

A Awkward Change of Vowels.
The change of one little letter of the
alphabet in even a short word has caused
many a ludicrous and awkward mistake.
Here is a case in point in the shape of a
story about a curate, a rector, and a tele-
graphic clerk. The curate had come up to
town on a short holiday from a country
parish, when, on the last day of his leave
of absence, he was invited by a clerical
friend to accompany him to the Church
Congress, which was to open on the next
day. He telegraphed to his rector: "I
should like to attend the Congress if you
can spare me a few days longer. Kindly
write whether you wish me to return to
Little Peppington to-morrow, or to go on
to Hull." The rector, who is a man of few
words, promptly wired in reply, "Go to
Hull." But, whether through the careles-
sness or the profanity of the telegraphist,
the "u" was transformed to "e" in the
message.

Justice Duffy to New York saloon-keeper
violating the Sunday law: "Every saloon-
keeper for the past fifteen years who has
been arrested and brought to the Essex
Police Court has said that he was only
cleaning up. I'm tired of it. Why don't
you invent a new excuse? Say that your
came down to feed the canary; that your
old tom cat was having a fit behind the
bar; that there were rats in your bottles;
that the water was leaking; that the gas
was escaping—anything but cleaning up.
Now you are discharged."

—Doctors take but little physic.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.
He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and
Advices the Reporter Not To.
"Humbly? Of course it is. The so-
called science of medicine is a humbug and
has been from the time of Hippocrates to
the present. Why the biggest crank in the
Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especi-
ally so when it came from one of the big-
gest young physicians of the city, one
whose practice is among the thousands,
though he has been graduated but a few
years," says the Buffalo Courier.

"Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful
grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and
its many lounges and easy-chairs. He
stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar,
and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in
the books and what do you find? Poisons
mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would
make a healthy man an invalid. Why in
the world science should go to poisons for
its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find
any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his
medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes,
and goes away. The only way to judge
would be to stand over the bed and watch
the patient. This cannot be done. So,
really, I don't know how he is to tell what
good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you
remember, the Boston Globe sent out a
reporter with a stated set of symptoms.
He went to eleven prominent physicians.
He brought back eleven different prescrip-
tions. This just shows how much science
there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various
characters for which nature provides pos-
sitive remedies. They may not be included
in the regular physician's list, perhaps, be-
cause of their simplicity, but the evidence
of their curative power is beyond dispute.
Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe
Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands
of persons, every year write as does H. J.
Gardner, of Poniac, R. I., August 7th,
1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than
probably will ever be known outside of
myself, with kidney and liver complaint.
It is the old story—I visited doctor after
doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport,
and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's
Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it,
and found relief immediately. Altogether
I took three bottles, and I truthfully state
that it cured me."

Curious Condemnations.
The Michigan University has twenty-five
Japanese students this year.

A Wisconsin packing company has paid
out \$26,500 for cucumbers this fall.

Over 6,000 men in the United States
struck during the month of September.

There are thirty-one millionaires in
Denver, and thirty-five men worth, on the
average, \$500,000 each.

The submarine telegraph system of the
world consists of 120,070 nautical miles of
cable.

A western cowboy committed suicide
because a 13 year-old girl refused to marry
him.

A Georgia man has raised a Mexican
cucumber weighing 35 pounds. It resem-
bled a green citron.

The name of Wayne is the title or part
of the title of more places in the United
States than any other.

At Holly Springs, Ga., a dog fell into a
well and stayed there fourteen days before
his owner found him. He was taken out
and is doing well.

A Michigan country farm, which ex-
ported 20,000 barrels of apples last year,
did not produce enough for home consump-
tion this season.

The sixteenth child of a Wisconsin
couple arrived the other day and prepara-
tions were immediately begun for the re-
ception of the seventeenth.

A Michigan hunter attempted to use his
gun for a cane. He will neither hunt nor
walk for some time to come, although the
doctors expect to save his life.

Two centenarians have died in Barry
county, Michigan, since the census man
started on his rounds, but Miss Anna
Demund, 102 years old, and the oldest of
the lot, still lives.

One of the sights near Nebraska City is
a massive stone temple built by the mor-
mons in honor of Joseph Smith after their
expulsion from Nauvoo. It was also used
as a fort.

Social Laws for Girls.
You think the laws of society are severe.
You do not believe that conventionalities is
a great sword held up, not to strike you, but
to protect you, and you shrug your pretty
shoulders and say, "I know I was doing
nothing wrong, and I don't care what
people say." Now, my dear, you must care
what people say; the world is a great judg-
ment court, and usually the innocent and
the ignorant are protected by it, though
occasionally, some one falling into the mire
of scandal and gossip, is brought into the
court all bedraggled and disfigured, and the
judge, not being able to see the virtue that
is underneath, decides against the victim,
and all because she did not care what the
world said. I wish you would think even of
the most innocent things.

Sometimes I fear you think I am a little
bit severe, but I have known so many girls
who were so thoughtless, yet so good, and
who only found protection in the sword of
conventionalities. It may hang over your
head, as did that of Damocles, but it is a
warning. It will protect you from evil
speaking, from the making of injudicious
friends, and it will insure you much more
pleasure than if all the world ran helter-
skelter and became like a wild Irish fair-
dancer.

Conventionality protects you, as does the
best mother, frowning at and forbidding
not only that which is, but also that which
looks, wrong.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies'
Home Journal.

Mayer, who took the part of Christmas in
the "Passion Play" at Oberammergau,
received \$200 for his share in the presen-
tation of the religious drama.

The Duchess of Fife is a fine butter
maker, and it has become the fashion of
young English ladies whose fathers own
farms to learn butter making and, if pos-
sible, obtain a prize at a county fair and
sell the butter at a very high price. The fashion
in America differs from this in the impor-
tant particular that the butter is sold for the
highest possible price, regardless of any
prize in the matter.