

### A Story Told Off Nantucket.

"There are no heroes now," said she, and turned with scornful, wearied air, and looked across the waves to where a dim gray island met the sea.

"I wish there'd be a ninth Crusade, or Arthur's knights would come once more, or of Nantucket's proxy shore a second Ilium might be made.

"No flame of genius lights our page; our muse is dumb. No martyr wakes our hearts from sleep. No hero breaks the level of our stupid age."

He looked at her in sad surprise; was she so heartless and bleak? Was there no bravery to-day could make a hero in her eyes?

"And yet on that prosaic shore a hero may have been," said he; "a knight or martyr here might be who never crossed an armor worn."

"Just off Nantucket's rugged coast one day last week a boat went down in sight of dwellers in the town, and all on board but one were lost."

"For there were two who caught an ear and floated for a moment; they had crocheted beads for many a day, and danger shared on many a shore."

"One felt the ear begin to sink beneath the double weight; he knew it surely could not float the two, and one must go. He did not shrink; his sacrifice friend might save, and passing not to give him choice, he shouted, with a ringing voice that never faltered, strong and brave."

"As when they sailed an Alpine height and shrouded to the arching sky in triumph, 'O me that go—good-bye—God bless you!' and was lost from sight."

"His friend was saved; but now alone he ever hears that voice repeat 'Good-bye—God bless you!' clear and sweet, in tides that roar and winds that moan!"

The red lips lost their scornful curl, and quivered now with tender pain, and tears fell like a summer rain from the dark lashes of the girl.

"That was a hero! greater love hath no man!" passionately thrilled the vibrant tones; her face was filled with reverence all words above.

He murmured to himself apart—

Watching the languid eider's face transformed with radiant, tender grace—"Ah! now I know she has a heart!"

—Parsons.

### Whose Was the Guilt?

Ellis Tremayne laid his fork down with a frowning half of impatience, half of disgust, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months' married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem to have not the slightest appreciation of affairs, Effie. I have experienced time and time again that I am living up to my income—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Effie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him horribly cross, and parted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

Had yet it was lovely.

Mr. Tremayne thought so that same moment as he looked at the delicate pink-and-snow complexion, and the large dark blue eyes that had played such mad havoc with his heart a year ago—the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly consummating their task of discovering the clay feet of his idol—that now were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! What's the use of living at all if you can't have what you want—if you can't have things like other people? I tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading enough to give entire credence to her assertions.

"I am almost tempted to say that cannot be true, Effie, since it was only a week ago to-day I handed you twenty-five pounds—a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier on which to keep a family of two."

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's forehead, but Effie answered with a sneer:

"Twenty-five pounds! You speak as if it were a fortune! I tell you, Effie, I must have things like—like other people. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Bellburn calls for me to drive, wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in in the street or at church?"

Tremayne smiled contemptuously.

"So you hope to rival the wife of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you?—you, the wife of a cashier at Wingfield & Sons, on seven hundred a year? Effie, have nothing to do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seeds of discontent—and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Effie—you shall not say so. But I must have some money to get a new suit. Oh, Effie, such a heavenly shade of prunelle, and you know I can wear so well one particular shade. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Mrs. Lamar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg with very little show of satisfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Effie as a sign of consent.

She was not slow in pressing her advantage.

"It won't cost over twenty pounds, Effie—very reasonable indeed, for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I'm sure you can't be displeased at that. Then say 'yes,' won't you, Effie dear?"

A settled, white look came around his handsome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fine clothes than for my respect and the consciousness that you are my economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost gouging him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy. She had accomplished her desire, and his cold yet touching words had fallen unheeded before that.

"You can have the money."

She sprang from her chair behind the coffee urn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his handsome, worried forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'no,' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Effie, when you see how lovely I shall look in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? I used to see me look as pretty as I used before we were married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me!"

Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers—of course Effie laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain pink, and he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he and she were young, and then took on his purse and laid a bank note on the tablecloth.

"There's your new silk, dear—may you enjoy it."

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared, that Effie's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan. So as she demurely folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russia pocketbook, she began, so quietly that Effie was quite captured by storm.

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hastings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost tripping Tremayne's foot.

"Oh, Effie, no! It would involve a larger expense, ten times that it costs at home."

"Then seeing that well known, martyr-like expression settling on her face, that always drove him to desperation, he added, hastily:

"If you can manage it, go yourself. I don't say a word of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, my! may I, really? Indeed, I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and with a little more I can easily get what I absolutely need. Effie, you are a darling!"

He laughed—not very joyously.

"I'm glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later, Mrs. Effie Tremayne, dressed in an unexceptionally elegant walking costume, started out on her shopping tour, to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon, or the pearl blue, or this summer pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hastings."

Hastings!

Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed.

"I hope to see you at the shore, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink."

"So you will be there? Do join our party—only Godfrey and sister Blanche and myself. We'll be there for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get new?"

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but, once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as, very gradually, she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach.

And yet she consented to Mrs. Coddington's kind offer that Mrs. Coddington should secure rooms for her with his party.

She made up her mind that the elegant stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought needed only a little renovation and a small addition to make it all that was necessary, would not do at all.

And so, besides the money her husband had given her being spent in the dozen and odd trifling accessories that she dressed toilette demands, there was folded away in a seldom used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocketbook an unrecipited bill for fifty pounds, made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Effie's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with her parcels from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

She had time and to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner to seek over her purchases, that after all seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocketbook, that she dreaded to show her husband, for all the flushed gaiety of her manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her walking suit and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the house money."

So she quieted her conscience with the hopefully specious promises, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to employ the services of a high priced dressmaker, whose bill for her work she tucked away in her pocketbook also, and thus swelled the indebtedness of her husband to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned.

When she returned, as she kissed her daintily hidden hand to her husband as he stood watching her off, with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, stern-

### A Brave Woman.

A story in Scribner's Monthly, entitled "A Little Centennial Lady," has the following regarding Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Cromwellian memory:

"There are high-paneled walls, on which hang the old English Fairfaxes; some a Venetian, the great Fairfax—generally 'Black Tom,' of Cromwell's time, clad in leather doublet, sash and gorget, and starting from the canvas with a strange fire which a couple of centuries have not yet dimmed any more than they have the luster of his fame."

Among many historical reminiscences of General Fairfax one in particular is revived by the perusal of the above. In the year of grace 1644 James, seventh Earl of Derby, Lord of the Isle of Man, placed his vast wealth, numerous vassals and his life (which he subsequently lost on the scaffold) at the disposition of his king. Obligated to absent himself from his territory in the service of his sovereign, he left in charge his wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille, descended from the illustrious houses of Bourbon and Nassau. During that absence Sir Thomas Fairfax came to demand of the Countess of Derby possession of the island, in the name of the Parliament and Oliver Cromwell. Along with her young children, an insufficient and undisciplined garrison, she asked for three months to consider the proposition. The Parliamentarian general, through a mean intrigue with one of the countess's retainers, believing himself authentically informed that the garrison was not in a condition to resist successfully a vigorous attack, curtly answered: "Not a day's," and he departed to begin that long and weary campaign which was to end in the month of incessant action, utterly discomfited, with a loss of 2,000 men. The heroic courage of Charlotte de la Tremouille animated her faithful soldiers. She taught them by her own lofty and steadfast endurance to prefer death to dishonor.

She feared neither shot nor shell, and more than once a cannon ball passed through her chamber, but she made light of every peril which threatened her own person. The Eagle tower still rose imperiously in its untouched strength, the banner of the Stanley's waving proudly over it. But she was destined to encounter Sir Thomas Fairfax again, under less propitious circumstances, and, in the month of August, broken in spirit by the death of her noble husband, who had just been executed at Bolton, in Lancashire, of whom it was said: "He died gallantly, piously, like a Cavalier." In the supreme hour of her sorrow, on the very night of her husband's death, while reading his last letter, she received a summons from General Fairfax to surrender the island. In this extremity, her heart wrung with grief, the indomitable spirit of the line of Nassau showed itself in the action of the undaunted Charlotte de la Tremouille.

She came forth bracing up her energies to action, resolved that the honor of her house should not be lost so long as a woman's hand could contrive means to preserve it, or a woman's influence sway the hands of others. But treachery nullified the efforts of the bereaved lady through the agency of a mercenary who had been from his earliest youth the recipient of unbounded favors from the Earl of Derby, and to whose care on the scaffold that confiding nobleman had committed his countess and her children. By the action of this creature, who betrayed them to General Fairfax for a consideration, Charlotte and her children found themselves prisoners in their own castle. She was cast into prison and kept there reduced to the lowest penury, her children starving around her, whilst General Fairfax enjoyed her revenues and revelled in his greatness as Lord of Man. Her great heart, overwhelmed with grief and endurance, burst in pieces. She died in 1651.

### A Psychological Phenomenon.

A curious psychological phenomenon has been reported by a medical man in Bordeaux, France. A woman, Felida B., has for several years been afflicted with an extraordinary memory, which has all the appearance of a doubling of life. There is amnesia, or loss of memory, with regard to periods of variable duration, which have gradually been enlarging. The memory, passing over these second states, connects together all the periods of the normal state, so that Felida has, as it were, two existences—the one ordinary, composed of all the periods of the two states—that is, the whole life. The forgetfulness is complete and absolute, but refers only to what has happened during the second condition; it affects neither anterior notions nor general ideas. Besides amnesia, Felida manifests, in the periods of attack of the malady, changes in character and sentiments. The alteration of memory and accompanying phenomena have for cause (the author says) a diminution in the quantity of blood conveyed to the part of the brain, still unknown, where memory is localized. The momentary contraction of vessels, which is the instrument of this diminution, is caused by the state of hysteria.

### A Queer Verdict.

The disaster on board her majesty's ship Thunderser has been thoroughly investigated by the coroner, and after an inquiry lasting several weeks, the jury has returned a verdict of "accidental death." This rendering is in keeping with a recent one in the case of the running down of a yacht by Queen Victoria's pleasure steamer, the Victoria and Albert. Of course it was a pure accident that the safety valves of the Thunderser's boiler were tightly wedged down when the fires were lighted and steam was gotten up. The omission on the part of the engineers to examine the condition of the boiler must be recognized as accidental. It was an unfortunate accident that water in a close reservoir should make steam when the temperature was raised above the boiling point. It was entirely accidental that the ship was built at all, for that matter. If the English people are satisfied with the verdict we have nothing more to say, but the word "accident" has received a new meaning.

### A Model Wife's Letter.

True love, not content to bask in the sunshine without an umbrella handy in case of rain, finds fit expression in the following letter, which the Danbury News has divulged:

MY DEAR HUSBAND: I got here last night all safe, and was met at the station by uncle and aunt. They were so glad I had come, but were sorry that you were not along. I miss you so much. We had hot rolls for breakfast this morning, and they were so delicious. I want you to be so happy while I am here. Don't keep them up stairs. It will surely spoil. Do you miss me now? Oh! if you were only here, if but for an hour. Has Mrs. O'R—brought back your shirts? I hope the bosoms will suit you. You will and the milk tickets in the clock. I forgot to tell you about them when I came away. What did you do last evening? Were you lonesome without me? Don't forget to seal the milk every morning. And I wish you would see if I left the potatoes in the pantry. If I did they must be sour by this time. How are you getting along? Write me all about it. But I must close now. Ocean of love to you. Affectionately your wife, — P. S.—Don't set the teapot on the stove.

### Why he was Anxious.

Mr. Robinson went out to the cemetery the day after the interment of his wife and had an interview with the superintendent.

"What are your regulations in regard to monuments in this cemetery?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Well, we hardly have any special rules. We let people do pretty much as they please."

"You wouldn't make a fuss," said Mr. Robinson, "if a man should put something original and novel over a grave, now would you? Something calculated to attract attention?"

"No-no, I guess not. What have you in view?"

"Well, you see, Harriet was an uncommon patriotic woman; made socks for the soldiers during the war, and was all the time knitting fiddle-fiddle things for sanitary fairs, and I thought maybe I'd get her up some kind of a red, white and blue monument, with a brass eagle on top, and the American flag flying from a pole. Perhaps I might put 'Hail, Columbia' in gilt letters on the stone on one side, and a picture of General Washington holding the Declaration of Independence in his hand on the other. How does that strike you?"

"It would be unique, anyhow."

"But what I wanted to see you about particularly was to know about the size. Now, would you allow me to make the monument about fifty feet high of some solid kind of stuff that'd spread over the ground a little piece?"

"Oh, yes! I suppose so. It will be costly, though."

"Oh, I don't mind the cost. What I want is to get weight in the material so it'll set heavy on the ground and stay there."

"You must have thought a great deal of Mrs. Robinson to expend so much money on her."

"Well, betwixt you and me that isn't exactly it. She was one of those restless, uneasy women that never'd stay quiet when you wanted her to, and it occurred to me that maybe something might happen to resuscitate her, and to tell you the honest truth my idea was to rind up some kind of a monument that'd hold her down permanent—keep her there, you understand. I don't want her bustling about, now that she's stowed away as dead."

"You are probably not aware that we have introduced an alarm here which connects the vaults with the office, so that if a person returns to life out of a trance we can at once go to the rescue. Mrs. Robinson, you know, is in a vault temporarily."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Robinson, "that she's got one of the alarms anywhere near her?"

"Certainly she has."

"See here, now, I want to say something to you in private. The honest fact is, I'm about to marry the Widder Jones, and if I can make any little arrangement with you to snip off that wire for a few days until Mrs. Robinson is thoroughly dead, it'll be money in your pocket."

"Can't do it, sir."

"Because you see for yourself how thundering embarrassing it's going to be if the old lady should come to and begin to stir around just after me and Mrs. Jones were comfortably married. Now wouldn't it! Look at it in a common sense light. So if you could muffle up that machine somehow, or give me some kind of a written guarantee that she won't resurrect, it'll be regarded as a personal favor. Do they ever come to?"

"One old lady revived last week, after she had been in the vault three days."

"My gracious, man, you take my breath away! Why, it's awful! Upon the whole, I believe I'll run Mrs. Robinson out and bury her in the burying ground. I'll send over a man for her this afternoon, and put her in a hole forty feet deep. I never did like these cemeteries anyway, with their new fangled notions. So you be ready to ship her off when that fellow comes with the wagon."

Mrs. Robinson is now entombed securely, and Mrs. Jones and Robinson are one.

### Loss of Self-Control in Battle.

Count de Paris gives some curious instances of the loss of self-possession among soldiers in the heat of battle. He states that among 24,000 loaded muskets picked up at random on the Gettysburg battlefield, one-fourth only were properly loaded, 12,000 contained each a double charge, and the other fourth from three to ten charges. In some cases there were six balls to a single charge of powder; others contained six cartridges, one on top of the other without having been opened. A few had twenty-three complete charges regularly inserted. Finally in the barrel of a single musket there were found completely jumbled together twenty-two balls and sixty-two buckshots, with a proportionate quantity of powder!

"But we should not severely criticize the American soldier," adds the author, "for it appears that an examination of the battlefields of the Crimea gave similar results."

### Demoralizing.

The condition of the industrial classes in northern Germany shows that flush times are quite as demoralizing as hard times. After the close of the Franco-German war wages rose to an unusual level, all classes fancied that the flood tide of prosperity had set it in, thrift was discarded and luxuries became indispensible, a craving for wealth beset all classes and discontentment was fomented, and the ultimate result was deterioration of workmanship. Herr Beuleaux has summed it up: "The products of German workmen are wanting in finish, wanting in soundness, wanting in taste, and absolutely devoid of imagination." The best work in the world is done by contented workmen who are moderately prosperous.

### The Cobblers' Last Words.

"I feel that I wax weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my end; a few more stitches and all will be over and I shall go where there is rest for the weary soul, and every sorrow will be healed." Having said all he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

### Fashion Notes.

Old fashioned aprons with braces are striving for favor.

Paris houses are already designing autumn and winter costumes.

Embroidery is seen on all materials and mixtures of materials.

A new material for negligé toilettes, called "rendumac," has suddenly become popular.

At Paris watering places the fashion of tie-back skirts is followed to the furthest possible limit.

The newest style for fall is the Heloise costume, so called because the bodice is fashioned after a medieval type.

A new porte-bonheur is formed of seven porte-bonheurs twisted one with the other, and composing a single bracelet only.

A popular way of wearing the hair in a French twist, with the ends made in two or three finger puffs on the top of the head.

Quilles or robings made of silver braid formed into network, will be worn during the autumn on sielienne dresses of dark colors.

A bride indicates to her bridesmaids the precise costume which she desires them to wear, but they purchase these themselves.

Porpoise hide or kangaroo skin boots, and either thick woolen or silk stockings, are worn by ladies traveling abroad, for mountaineering.

A new form of needle case just introduced resembles a one-pound weight, and when open discloses a pin cushion and several packets of needles.

A novelty in jewelry are rings composed of several narrow bands of gold, either plain or set with gems, miniature copies of porte-bonheur bracelets.

The latest fashion in bracelets is a gold bracelet with the wearer's name in Byzantine letters, but so interlaced and so large that they cover nearly half of the arms.

Catagone nets, composed of silk braid and ornamented with a ribbon bow at the top of the head and another at the bottom of the net, are designed for country wear during the summer months.

There are batiste flounces nearly covered with Eastern embroidery, to be used for ornamenting light silk dresses; they are worked in quaint shades, and the silk of the dress matches the pale faded tints of the backgrounds.

Indian gauzes in which faded colors are introduced, Persian gauzes with arabesque, and Egyptian gauzes with characteristic designs, are numbered among the popular Oriental goods now in demand for over-dresses to evening toilettes.

### Rutus Choate's Fence.

I suppose that the story about Rufus Choate's handwriting has been told often. It seems that Mr. Choate, while living on a farm down in Massachusetts, wanted a new fence around the home lot. So he called in his carpenter and had a talk with him about the work, and the next time he went to Boston he got his architect to make a rough sketch, showing his ideas of how he desired the fence to be built. On the day appointed for the work to begin Mr. Choate was summoned away. Just as he was about to start the carpenter appeared, and Mr. Choate pulled the plan out of his vest pocket, and hurriedly delivered it, and then drove off to catch the train. Returning after an absence of two weeks, on approaching his home, he was filled with amazement, and led to doubt whether he knew where he lived; his home lot was surrounded by a zigzag fence of most extraordinary design. When he saw the old carpenter pondering lustily away, he felt reassured as to the identity of the place, but most puzzled by the marvelous fence.

"Hello!" he shouted. "What are you doing?"

"Don't!" said the old carpenter, "smashing in a tennypenny nail with one blow. We're doing some pretty tall work. We've just along this fence together in a little bit less time than any similar singin' was ever done in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! We're two days ahead of contract time now!"

"But, for Heaven's sake, what kind of a fence is this?"

"Don't know. Thought when you gave me the plan it was the handiest fence I ever heard of, but I supposed you knew what you wanted."

"Plan!" said Rufus, "plan? Let me see the plan!" and when the carpenter handed it over the fence, Mr. Choate realized that in his haste he had left in the wrong pocket, and handed him, not the plan, but a note in his own handwriting.

### Going to Sea.

It is not many years since, says the New York Times, that our merchant marine was almost wholly manned by men from the seaboard towns and villages of the New England and Middle States. And though but few of the present protective laws then existed, the trials in court for ill usage and cruelty at sea were then comparatively few; and the desertion of the crew in a foreign port was likewise an infrequent event. A hearty good feeling and sympathy existed between the officers and the sailors, who felt that they were working together for a common purpose; and this was strengthened by the fact that the subordinates were often friends and relatives of their superiors in rank, and were working for promotion. Now, however, there is a distinct type of sailor, who is as much looked down upon by the officers of a vessel as the Helots were by the ancient Spartans, and perhaps as deservedly so. The young man who goes to sea, before the mast, for the purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the profession is now an exceptional person; and even when our reduced commerce, there is a greater demand for officers of vessels than would seem possible to those who have not looked into this subject. Those who die off, or who, from old age, quit the service, leave but few to take their place who have been properly educated from the forecastle upward. The entire service has become demoralized, and parents do not care to trust their sons under such influences.

### A Bird's Song.

The shadow of a bird  
On the shadow of a bough;  
Sweet and clear his song is heard.  
"Seek me now—I seek thee now!"  
The bird swings out from the swaying tree,  
But his shadow on the garden walk below  
Belongs to me.

The phantom of my love  
False dreams with hope doth fill,  
Softly singing, far above,  
"Love me still—love thee the still!"  
The cruel vision hover at my sad heart's door,  
But the soul I love is soaring out of reach  
Eremore.

### Items of Interest.

A patent has been granted to a Baltimore man for "an improvement in oysters."

The Japanese have arranged for an international exposition, to take place shortly after that of Franco has closed.

England has waged forty-nine wars since 1300; France, thirty-eight; Russia, twenty-two; Austria, twelve; and Prussia eight.

A Western man moves that the hickory tree be made an emblem of the United States, as the oak is of England and the laurel of Greece.

Jessie Cleveland, a girl seventeen years of age, of San Francisco, Cal., was sent to the county jail for seventy-five days as a common drunkard.

"Did you see a wolf and a dog go by here?" asked a hunter of a woodchopper. "Yess, I did see 'em. Well, how was they—about nip and tuck?" "Not quite, mister; the dog was about six lengths ahead."

A farmer the other day wrote to a New York merchant, asking how the former's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied: "He sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

There is a cavern near Decorah, Iowa, called the Ice Cave. It is two hundred feet deep, and in the summer the water which drips from the rocks freezes a it falls. The strange thing is that in winter no ice forms in the cave, even that of summer disappearing.

In Arkansas a man was sentenced to be hanged, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refused to build the scaffold. As the condemned man was himself a carpenter by trade, the sheriff tried to induce him to put up a gallows, but he steadfastly declared that he'd be hanged if he would.

The biggest corn story of the season comes from Mount Carmel, Ill., where, it is asserted, on the farm of Wm. Johnson is a stock of corn the top of which is forty feet from the ground. There are two ears of corn growing upon it at the distance of thirty odd feet from the level of the surrounding country.

A Maine minister, advertising for a lost pocketbook containing \$8, said: "The person who has it knows whose it is, because my name is in it, and if honest will return it. If not, he will, of course, keep it, and accept my advice to use the money for the purchase of a stool of repentance that is charged with ignitable brimstone."

When Mrs. Patience Remington, of North Smithfield, Conn., celebrated her ninety-fifth birthday recently, her three sons—triplets—fifty-nine years old, were present. When they were born their father was offered \$100 to name them Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but his patriotism was greater than his avarice, and he named them Washington, Jefferson and Monroe.

Wood pavements have a better name for durability in London than in this country. The city engineer reports that after being treated with asphalt, which keeps out the surface water, wood is one of the most durable pavements. It is cheaply laid, noiseless, smooth and elastic. Before a horse falls he may be expected to travel on granite 132 miles, on asphalt 191 miles, or wood 446 miles.

A convict who escaped from a North Carolina jail stopped at a farmhouse and told the inmates that he was an officer in pursuit of a fugitive, and had put on the prison dress in order to deceive him. He asked for a revolver and got it. At another place, by telling the same lie, he borrowed a horse. Several bloodhounds overtook him, but he was not there. Yet, after all his good luck, he was captured.

A Chattanooga farmer's horse was robbed. Next morning a stranger called and said that he was one of the robbers, and he showed a locket. The farmer said that he valued the locket because it had been worn by a dear child. "Here it is," said the robber, seemingly affected. "Let me make restitution. Here are \$20 for your little son." He handed the farmer a counterfeit \$50 bill and received \$30 change.

The English court of chancery budget for 1874-75 is an exceedingly interesting document. The enormous sums administered by the court are annually increasing. The assets in cash and securities were £37,000,000, mostly in three per cent. securities and bank stocks. The American securities amounted to \$500,000. Among the curious accounts is a long array of boxes with jewelry, etc., lodged for greater security in the vaults of the Bank of England.

During his recent stay at Isehl, the emperor of Austria, butted the child of a poor woman from a violent death. As he was passing through the Rettenbach gorges, a boy of four years old fell over a precipice, and his clothes having caught on a projecting branch, was suspended over a torrent some fifty feet below. The emperor, whose proficiency in all athletic sports is well known, jumped across the precipice, freed the boy from his perilous position, and took him back to his mother.

The Virginia way to cook chicken is: The fowl to be killed, plucked and eviscerated in the shortest possible time; on no account is it to be washed, but it must be wiped dry with a clean napkin and cut into six parts—the breast, the two wings, the back and the two legs. The whole is then to be thrown into a frying-pan (small cakes of Indian meal dough); the whole to be done before the flesh loses its natural heat, and the frying-pan contents must be heated in advance to receive the chicken.

ness, pride, annoyance and harassing worry.

"One of the prettiest women at the seaside, and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eyeglasses as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a lily, in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her lace covered, pink lined parasol making faint rosy shades on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, from London, with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the Parade. A regular beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eyeglasses slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriage.

"Mrs. Ellis Tremayne. I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard young Bellburn say he was unable to leave his business—a bookkeeper or something, I believe, for a firm in the city."

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair with an old smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways, or else—"

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the arm and said:

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute!"

He deliberately adjusted his glasses, and then opened the despatch.

"Come at once. Everything traced to T. JAS. WINGFIELD."

And as he returned the paper to the envelope he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement, as Bellburn talked and laughed with her.

The pretty little house seemed so lonely and deserted after Effie had gone, and Ellis Tremayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely contorted discouragement and excitement.

For an hour or two he lay there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half groan of mental distress.

"This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for—"

He had gone over to the little dressing bureau, carelessly taking up two little pieces of paper that Effie had entirely forgotten to hide, and a palnor, even more marked than his lately palnor, pale, overreared his face as he saw the two formidable bills.

Then something very like an oath came from his set teeth.

"My temptation be on her head—my—"

He sprung suddenly to his feet as the doorbell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity at a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne, and heard the servant usher his company into the drawing room.

Then he went slowly, slowly down stairs, into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your net system of embezzlement. Officer!"

Ellis stepped hastily back.

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit; as it is, what is the difference between a hunted life abroad, or—this?"

Quick as a flash, the pistol gleamed in the daylight.

A report, a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a doom, and the husband of a woman that was too womanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore—the woman who had it in her power, as all women who are wives have, to goad to destruction in some form or another, or guide to happiness with no ordinary curiosity at a man's life, this husband, who was less wicked than weak, went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt?

Hers or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still.

Sister wives, be you careful, lest, although your kind words and hearts are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's hands and heart are so red-dened to-day—be careful that it lays not at your door that your husbands lose all their faith and trust in woman's sacred vow as well as blessed privilege to share eagerly in their economies and many petty grievances that no household is without—that smelt though they now are, if not accepted in the spirit of patience, love and forbearance, are the little vexes that destroy the vine beyond the hope of recovery.

There are batiste flounces nearly covered with Eastern embroidery, to be used for ornamenting light silk dresses; they are worked in quaint shades, and the silk of the dress matches the pale faded tints of the backgrounds.

Indian gauzes in which faded colors are introduced, Persian gauzes with arabesque, and Egyptian gauzes with characteristic designs, are numbered among the popular Oriental goods now in demand for over-dresses to evening toilettes.

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