

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech With its direct revelations; It takes a hold and seems to reach Far down into your feelings; That some folk deem it rude, I know, And therefore they abuse it; But I have never found it so, Before all else I choose it. I don't object that man should air The Gallio they have paid for, With "au revoir," "adieu, ma chere," For that's what French was made for. But when a crowsy takes you hand - At parting to address you, He drops all foreign lingo and He says: "Good-by, God bless you!" This seems to me a sacred phrase With reverence impassioned; A thing come down from righteous days, Quaintly, but nobly fashioned. It well becomes an honest face, A voice that's round and cheerful; It stays the sturdy in his place And soothes the weak and fearful. Into the porches of the ears It steals with subtle unction, And in your heart of hearts appears To work its gracious function; And all day long with pleasing song It lingers to caress you. I'm sure no human heart goes wrong That's told "Good-by, God bless you!" I love the words, perhaps because, When I was leaving mother, Standing at last in solemn pause We looked at one another, And I, I saw in mother's eyes The love she could not tell me, A love eternal as the skies, Whatever fate befell me. She put her arms about my neck And soothed the pain of leaving, And though her face was like to break, She spoke no word of grief; She let no fear bedim her eyes, For fear that might distress me, But, kissing me, she said good-by, And asked our God to bless me. - Eugene Field, in the Chicago News.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

BY HENRY GREVILLE. Maurice strolled aimlessly through the ungracious forest. The rain had ceased, but from the leaves drops of water still dripped with the light sound of a trickling fountain. At a distance the path he was following opened on a green glade. The trunks of the trees were dark, their branches bare, and the spreading foliage of the chestnuts, nesting above the head of the young artist, seemed like the vault of a cathedral at the hour when the declining sun sends through the many-colored windows a mysterious light into the obscurity of the interior. Maurice loved the hour when the day dies, when a grey tint falls upon all objects, confounding their contours, softening their angles and rounding their outlines. He walked slowly, each moment discovering in the forest some beauty he had not seen before, and filled with that tender admiration for nature which is a part of genius. Having reached the glade, he looked about him. The grass was green and fresh; the delicate leaves of the trees glistened under the drops of rain which had fallen upon them. He paused that he might better observe the scene which seemed more impressive in the gathering shadows than in the full light of the sun. He saw the pretty slight form of a girl advancing from a clump of beech trees. She walked with a supple step, without seeing Maurice, who, as motionless as the trunk of the tree near which he stood, looked at her intently. When a few paces from him the girl saw him, she trembled, and let fall a small bundle of fagots she was carrying on her head. "You frightened me," she said, smiling, and her large dark eyes sparkled gayly under her tangled yellow hair. He looked at her a moment without replying. Complete harmony, which it is impossible to describe, existed between this smiling girl, the foliage of the glade and the tone of the landscape. "Remain where you are," said the young man, "I want to sketch you." She was about to brush back the locks that had fallen over her forehead, but he stopped her with a gesture. "Stand just as you are." He seated himself on a stone and rapidly sketched the face and form of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and slight as are these young girls before their complete development, which is often late. Her eyes were already those of a woman; her smile was still that of a child. "How old are you?" asked the artist as he worked. "Is she sixteen soon?" "Is possible! I thought you younger." "I am small," she said with a frank smile, "but I shall grow quickly, and by Saint John's Eve I shall have a lover." "Why on Saint John's Eve?" asked the young man, pausing in his work and looking at her. "Because then we shall dance around the bonfires." So soon was this pure brow, these innocent eyes, this childish mouth to be profaned by the caresses of some young man of the village? Maurice experienced a vague feeling of jealousy. "Would you like to have me for your lover?" he asked, as he returned to his work. "You? Ah! you are a gentleman, I am a peasant. Honest girls do not listen to gentlemen." The young man made no reply to her words, but said: "I can see no longer. Will you return here to-morrow a little earlier?" "For my picture?" "Yes." "I will return. Good evening." She took up her fagots, and, passing under the arching chestnuts, soon disappeared in the shades of evening. Maurice returned home, dreaming of the girl with the yellow hair. Although he had never seen her picture, he seemed to have regarded with an artist's eye, he seemed to look on this girl with the jealous eye of a lover. That night and the next day seemed long to him, and some time before the appointed hour he was in the glade. He worked by himself, and when a little later, the young girl arrived, looking at the sketch, she exclaimed with an air of curiosity and surprise: "Ah, it is I! Are you going to give it to me?" "No, I will make a small picture for you." "And this one, what are you going to do with it?" "It is going to Paris, it will be put in a large frame, it will be hung in the grand salon and all the world will go to see it." "Ah! yes, I know, at the Exposition." "You know that that is?" "There have been artists here before who painted pictures for the Exposition.

as they said, but they never painted my portrait." The day was drawing to a beautiful close. The atmosphere had the soft delicate tones which had lighted Maurice on the previous evening, and his work advanced rapidly. He painted on the picture afterward in his studio. He determined to make it his best work. Being already well known, it was no longer necessary for him to seek to make a name, nevertheless he was certain that this picture would set the seal on his reputation. By the time he had finished the picture to his satisfaction, winter had come and Maurice was in love with his little model. He loved her too much to tell her of his love, too much to tear from her native meadow this flower of maidenhood whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of parting from her. She had brought that good to the making of happiness in life, neither depth of sentiment, nor devotion which makes one forget all else, nor passion which excuses all things; she was simply a pretty flower of the field, a little vain, a little coquettish, without either grave faults or great virtues. Maurice knew that she could be nothing to him, yet he adored the beautiful outlines of her scarcely developed form, which the folds of her coarse gown chastely enveloped yet could not all conceal. He loved those deep eyes, that smiling mouth, those yellow tresses, always in disorder, the little handkerchief that crossed her bosom; and these he loved, and it was with pain he thought of parting from them. One day he came with pain from the studio, never again to see. It is so hard to leave behind one a bit of one's life that he has no right to keep. He had carried off her picture, however, and before this he passed the best hours of the winter, ceaselessly laboring to perfect a work already perfect. The painting was greatly admired. The critics were unanimous in their opinion, but they declared that such a face could not exist except in the mind of a poet or in the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened to all this with a smile and kept to himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received flattering offers for his picture; none of his previous paintings had been sold so high a price; he declined to sell it; he also refused to allow it to be engraved. As he was unable to possess the model of the picture he was determined to keep the latter. It was autumn when he returned to the village where he had met the little maid with the yellow hair. Since he had painted her portrait, twice had the fingers of Saint John's Eve seen the hands of Maurice and Miss Muloch. "Certainly," interrupted the policeman, "and the freedom you take embraces the privileges of my club." - Jewellers Weekly.

BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous sketches from various sources. Why He Did Not Marry - When Women Hold Office - A Maid on a Trip - Tools He Could Use, Etc., Etc. "Your daughter's hand, dear sir, I ask," said the old man, looking at the girl. "Her own consent, already given," said the girl, smiling. "And what," the parent sternly said, "are prospects, that you claim as yours, Exalting you, and whom you wed, Above the realm of household chores?" "I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket, While eight a week I draw as pay," "If that is all," he replied, "Young man, adieu, farewell, good day." - W. H. Jones, in New York Sun. When Women Hold Office. Female Sheriff - "Is your husband at home?" Wife (suspiciously) - "He is not. What do you want of him?" "I have an attachment for him." "You have! Why, you bold thing." - Siftings. A Maiden's Artifice. Arful Amy - "Algoron, in parliamentary usage, what does the presiding officer say when a matter is put to vote?" "Insuspecting Algoron - "Are you ready for the question?" Arful Amy - "Yes, Algoron, I think I am." - Burlington Free Press. Tools He Could Use. Mrs. Southard - "Henry, there is a poor, disconsolate looking tramp at the door who wants to earn a dinner. He says he has been an artist on the daily press." Mr. Southard - "Very well. Give him the hatchet and let him smash up that kindling wood." - Burlington Free Press. Freedom of Speech. "May I catch your ear for a moment?" said the audacious thief as he grabbed the lady's ear-ring. "Certainly," interrupted the policeman, "and the freedom you take embraces the privileges of my club." - Jewellers Weekly. Money in Literature. Publisher - "Oh, yes, indeed. Money can be made in literature. Why, sir, I never saw women live more luxuriously than Miss Bradton and Miss Muloch." Poor Author (sadly) - "Yes, but they married their publishers." - Philadelphia Record. Poor Philosophy. Ancient Author (regretfully) - "Well, Walter, who would think that we should ever come to this?" Walter (an old pal) - "Nothing unusual old fellow. We played to poor houses all our lives, and you regret residing for while and finally dying in one!" - New York Sun. He Preferred the Extra Expense. Fond Mother - "Really, Charles, Amelia's voice must be cultivated. If we keep her at home it can be done for about \$600. If we send her abroad it will cost \$10,000. Which would you prefer?" Unfeeling Father - "Send her abroad." - Burlington Free Press. "Did He Go?" Raynor - "Chokeband, why don't you come around and join our club? You've had invitations enough." Chokeband - "I know it, but I'm afraid it's an intellectual affair." Raynor - "Oh, no, it isn't. You wouldn't feel out of place in the least." - Burlington Free Press. A Sufficient Reason. Brown - "Hello, Robinson, I thought you were taking in the musicale tonight?" Robinson - "I just left there." Brown - "What made you leave so early?" Robinson - "A sixteen-year-old young man trying to sing 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy.'" - Epoch. Would Take His Chances. Hungry Tramp - "Madam, will you please give me something to eat?" Lady of the House - "Well, here's a mince pie. But I'm afraid to have you eat it. The cook isn't sure that she didn't use rough on rats by mistake, and I was just going to put it in the stove." "No, I don't have it. I've eaten mince pie and lived, and I'll take my chances on rough on rats." - Epoch. An Economical Scheme. "Isn't that a new dog you've got, Brown?" "Yes, I've only had him a short time." "Must be an expensive to keep a big animal like that?" "No, I bought him purely for economical reasons. I turn him loose in the yard at eight o'clock and you would be surprised to learn how much he saves me in gas and coal." - Epoch. Western Life. Mr. Winks - "Been West, eh? People out there are full of life and energy, I suppose?" Mr. Minks - "Yes, indeed; they have to be." "Always on a rush, eh?" "Always, in cold weather. I just tell you, folks who depend on soft coal to keep warm where the thermometer goes twenty degrees below zero, have to keep on a rush with coal scuttles, or free." - New York Weekly. Shortening the Hours of Labor. "What's the matter with that clock of yours? When I came in it was only ten minutes fast, and now it's almost twenty minutes ahead of my watch." "My dear boy, you don't understand. It's all the rage, you know." "What's all the rage?" "Why, shorter hours for labor, my boy. I've got that clock so that it can make an hour in fifty minutes. You don't know how it has ameliorated my condition, my boy." - Boston Transcript. Accurately Expressed. "This is a fearful example of mine," said a barber to a traveling man who was one of his regular customers. "Don't you like it?" "Well, I should say not. This thing of fixing up old white-headed men to look like youths of twenty or twenty-one is getting miserably monotonous." "Why, you talk like a man who was tired of living." "No; that does not quite express it; I'm tired of dyeing." - Merchant Traveler. A Watch Case. Police Judge (to officer) - "What is the charge against this prisoner?" Officer - "Smashing a window in a jeweler's store." Judge - "What did he get?"

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Pleasant literature for feminine readers. Mother's Vocation. Up in the morning early, as soon as the day-light breaks, Getting the breakfast ready, before the baby wakes. Dressing the older children, and bustling them off to school, With faces bright, hearts true and light, to practice the golden rule. Setting the house in order, sweeping, dusting and baking, I tell you, my friends, a housekeeper's task is no slight undertaking. Getting the dinner ready, I tell you, it's a truth The nearest way to a husband's heart, is to cook and wash his mouth. Sewing on patches with fingers nimble, Pressing them down - sometimes - with a single. I keep them all safe, at night time together; I'm a happy, and thankful, and tired little mother. - New York Voice. Dogs' Hair Cloth. A little coat made of dogs' hair cloth, is a novel affair in Paris with hood and canine-looking buttons. The first piece of the goods was presented by the Elbeuf weaver who made it to President Carnot. It looks like a rough tweed, and is very silky and strong. The notion has pleased the ladies, and there is a constant demand for dogs' hair tissue for dresses and for gentlemen's waistcoats. Besides a portrait of the dog whose first silky coat suggested that its hair might be so used, and a woven is given with every piece of stuff. Fair Scalp-Hunters. Since the flat went forth that the mustache must go, a number of young ladies have commenced making collections of all the discarded ornaments they can lay hands on. The mustaches are made up by the hairdressers just as they would fix a bang, and their owners take as much pride over these acquisitions as a brave would in his medals. Those who go in for making collections of prominent brands from here, there and everywhere have them mounted, and affix them to the walls of their boudoirs, the object being to get as many shades together as possible. - New York Mercury. Victoria's Crown Knocked Off. A decidedly comical incident occurred at one of Queen Victoria's receptions a short time ago. The Queen, while receiving folk in the drawing-room, wished to speak particularly to Lord Salisbury, and motioned him to one side as he came in. The mistress of the robes stepped out of the way, but some of her elaborate dress-trimmings caught in her Majesty's veil and tore off the royal cap, veil, and all, revealing her Majesty's gray hair to the indiscriminate gaze of her subjects for the first time in a long while. Instead of being angry as everyone feared she would be, she struck the Queen as a very good joke, and she laughed so much that the court ladies who gathered about, eagerly pulling out their own hairpins to repair the disorder, were a very long while getting things fixed. - Atlanta Constitution. New Bonnets. The light texture of the new bonnets shown at importers' is noteworthy. A large number of chip hats and of Neapolitan hats are offered among these bonnets, which are universally trimmed with sheer trimmings of tulle and other light fabrics and with flowers. Yellow is a popular color, and all the popular yellow spring flowers, daffodils, buttercups, crocuses, and yellow crocuses are represented in the new millinery. The hats for country wear and outside city streets are large, but the bonnets are no larger than those now worn. There are some curious combinations of two light colors to which we have not yet become used, like straw color and gray, which are combined with white in the new millinery. Most of the small bonnets are finished with a lace trimming like a banner, or of roses or some other flower. Ear-tie bonnets are formed of flowers, like cornflowers, violets or rosebuds. - New York Tribune. The Audience Disappointed. "I see you have been poking fun at women's pockets," said a lady friend to the Stroller. "I am glad of it. Why it has got to now that a woman has got to carry a search for yellow, like a banner, in a dress when it comes home from the dressmaker. We had a funny case in point in our women's missionary meeting at the church Friday. The leader of the meeting had just finished reading a most affecting appeal from our lady missionary in Caffria, and there was a solemn pause of expectant attention till some sister thought moved to speak. From the white trimming of the lady in Israel - rose slowly and feebly to her feet. All eyes were turned upon her, and we waited to see whether she wished to make a few remarks or lead in prayer. One hand ceased in its wrinkled black kid glove vent fumbling among the folds of her skirt. After a long pause she drew out a clean handkerchief still in its folds, and then with an air of relief, slowly sat down again. She had only risen to find her pocket." - New York Star. An Old Lace Revival. There is an evident and firm intention to bring old lace into favor. Very dainty diaphanous veils, with long coats of velvet or heavy weight moire antique lace waistcoat of real lace creamy and old. Venetian point is the most sought for. The new lace point and the Irish point. Chinese Cities. There are no official records of the population of Chinese cities, and guesses at the number of their inhabitants must depend on the guesses. Canton is "estimated" to have 1,600,000 inhabitants. Twenty years ago it had 1,250,000. Peking, in 1870, had an "estimated" population of 1,300,000; now it has one (also estimated) of 1,000,000. The probability is that the largest Chinese city hasn't more than two-thirds of its "estimated" population. London, which is London according to proper, has a population, according to the census of 1881, of 50,852. The great aggregate of houses and conglomeration of people which we call London contains, included in the metropolitan and the city police districts, a population of 4,766,951. Wholesale Hydrophobia. There was much excitement in White River Township, Johnston County, Ind., over the wholesale outbreak of hydrophobia. A mad dog passed through that section biting a number of animals, among them several cattle belonging to a farmer named Sutton. The cattle were soon affected with the disease and were killed and the carcasses placed in a huge pit and set on fire. The smell of the burning meat attracted dogs from the entire neighborhood and they feasted on the carcasses all night. Nearly all the dogs in the township soon showed the signs of hydrophobia, and were all killed. Much of the stock of the farmers in the vicinity was bitten, causing many thousand dollars loss. - New York Telegram. Officer - "A watch, sir." Judge - "Then it is a watch case." Officer (surprised) - "Yes, sir. He was pretty well filled, your Honor, when I captured him." Judge - "Well as a filled case is not worth so much as solid goods, we'll give him about \$10." - Jewellers Weekly. A Conscientious Girl. They were sitting by the seaside in the calm twilight hour and Penelope, a soft Boston girl, felt her being diffused with the tender emotions of the hour and scene and company. Suddenly she leaned too far forward and the plashing waves received her graceful form. Clarence was only quick enough to seize her hair. "Will it hold, dearest? It is your own" he asked. "Ab, Clarence," and the lustrous eyes gazed up at him with a rapt expression, "I cannot tell a lie; the bill has not yet been presented." - Epoch. A Serious Affair. Clara - "Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party. Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony - just in fun, you know; and it was too funny for anything. Afterward, some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married; but we're not, are we?" Doting Mother - "Of course not. B-side, young Smith, couldn't support a wife if he had one." "Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith, from Gold City, the one who was a bonanza mine, you know." "Eh! That Smith? My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding." - New York Weekly. She Lived on the Beautiful. "I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she was saying to her aesthetic admirer. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks and the little wayside flowers; I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air; they are my daily life and food, and..." "Maude!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's beau was in the parlor. "Maude, whatever made you go and eat the lady's ear-ring?" "Certainly," interrupted the policeman, "and the freedom you take embraces the privileges of my club." - Jewellers Weekly. Money in Literature. Publisher - "Oh, yes, indeed. Money can be made in literature. Why, sir, I never saw women live more luxuriously than Miss Bradton and Miss Muloch." 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POPULAR SCIENCE.

The idea of using carbon for dynamo brushes is again attracting attention. Electrical experts say that the next census is to be tabulated by electricity. The sounds of the heart have been recorded and reproduced by the phonograph. Thick brass wire has been made as brittle as glass by being kept extended and subjected to vibrations. The Atlantic liners accomplish their speed with a consumption of 14 to 14 pounds of coal per horse power. A new electric danger signal, as an additional signal to the present visible signals, has been lately introduced. A submarine telephone line is being established between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo by a Belgian Company. There are in Vienna at present six companies who make a business of hiring out steam boilers to small manufacturers. Recent researches show that the electrical organs are really modified muscular organs or the terminations of nervous structures in muscles. A one-thousand-mile submarine cable is to be laid from Banjowang to Western Australia to avoid interruption from volcanic upheaval. Files can, it is said, be recut by cleaning them in acidulated water between two plates of carbon and closing the circuit so as to form a real voltaic cell. Ventilate the cellar. If no efficient means of ventilation exist, throw open the doors and windows to the breeze. Disease and death lurk in many cellars. The discovery of a new glass for making lenses is announced from Sweden, which is stated to possess five hundred times the magnifying power of the lens in use at present. Holmboitz has shown that if an invisible jet of steam be electrified or heated by means of a tube with bright tints of different colors according to the potential of the atmosphere. While the summer of 1888 was unusually cool and moist in the United States and most of Europe, the people of Norway endured a heat which is said to have surpassed the highest before observed during this century. The temperature of Siberia was once much milder than at present. This change of climate is said to account for the conversion of what were once sedentary birds into birds that migrate to South America and elsewhere. From time immemorial the practice of massage has been known to the Hindus, from whom the Samoisians first, and then the Tongans, learned the art. The process consists in rubbing and kneading the part, the operation being sometimes continued for hours; it stimulates the circulation and relieves pain, and is commonly used in abdominal diseases. The native doctors have great faith in massage, and its ways are practiced by them. Dr. Ludwig Wolf relates that while the natives of Africa, usually meeting the white man with suspicion and hostility, the Baluba people at once showed his party a blind, child-like confidence. They greeted them as former deceased chiefs and relatives of their King Kalamba Mukenge, by whose names they always called them. This was in pursuance of their belief that all distinguished warriors and chiefs will return to them metamorphosed as dead men. The Indian system of weights and measures is described as being exceedingly confusing, because of the numerous different designations of the standards, and because the same designation may be applied to different standards, according as the articles differ, or as the transactions are held at different places. A maund of barley is not the same as a maund of rice or cotton, and a Bombay maund is different from a Calcutta maund. A seer is 5040 grains, while five seers are not five times 5040 grains, but five times 4900 grains, to make them commensurate with the Bombay maund. The Man Who Defended Parnell. The name of Sir Charles Russell will be given an honorable place in the history of the struggle for Home Rule in Ireland. He is the senior counsel for the Parnellites, and it was his incisive and searching cross-examination that drove the forger Digott in terror from England. Sir Charles is a remarkable man in more respects than one. He is a man of about fifty years. He stands five feet eleven inches high, and is built like an athlete. His complexion is florid and his hair a dark brown, slightly tinged with gray. He was born in County Wexford, Ireland, and has practiced his profession with distinction in Ireland and England for a quarter of a century. He was knighted when he was made Attorney-General of England, no man ever led the office with a higher reputation. Sir Charles Russell's Commission was created in Russia, and was approached by Editor Buckle, of the Times, and offered \$750 a day to represent the paper while the Commission sat. He declined the offer on principle because he believed the letters were forgeries. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, was retained at \$500 a day. The domestic life of Sir Charles is one that any man might envy. He lives in a princely style in a beautiful house in the fashionable West End of London. Nearly all the property in that vicinity is owned by the Duke of Beaufort. His family worship in the beautiful Catholic Church in Ogle street, near by. They are the admiration of the congregation, and no wonder they should be. It is a sight to observe the handsome lawyer and his graceful wife with their thirteen pretty daughters as they enter the church. Yes, thirteen splendid girls, who rise one above the other like the steps of a staircase. There is no boy in the household. It takes three pews to accommodate the family, and father and mother always sit in the last pew. - New York Journal. Unique English Advertisements. The following three advertisements recently appeared in an English paper: WANTED, an able-bodied man at country rectory, willing to make himself generally useful; must have thorough knowledge of chickens, pigs, and understand milking; must be able to drive horses and groom them; ring the church bell, dig graves, be cheerful mourner, and not object to carry colic; where parson main is kept. A PIOUS YOUNG MAN desires to be received into a respectable family, where the excellence of his example and superior morality might be considered as an equivalent for board and lodgings. ADOPTION. Youth, nineteen, highly respectable family, gentlemanly appearance, is willing to be adopted; reasons and particulars on application. Beginning of Slavery in America. A correspondent of the New York Sun asks: "Who was the first man to bring slaves into this country?" The Sun replies: "We don't know his name, but in August, 1619, a Dutch vessel at Jamestown, Virginia, landed four slaves in exchange for provisions. This is the only instance in this country in which a beginning of the trade can be determined."

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

Mother's Vocation. Up in the morning early, as soon as the day-light breaks, Getting the breakfast ready, before the baby wakes. Dressing the older children, and bustling them off to school, With faces bright, hearts true and light, to practice the golden rule. Setting the house in order, sweeping, dusting and baking, I tell you, my friends, a housekeeper's task is no slight undertaking. Getting the dinner ready, I tell you, it's a truth The nearest way to a husband's heart, is to cook and wash his mouth. Sewing on patches with fingers nimble, Pressing them down - sometimes - with a single. I keep them all safe, at night time together; I'm a happy, and thankful, and tired little mother. - New York Voice. Dogs' Hair Cloth. A little coat made of dogs' hair cloth, is a novel affair in Paris with hood and canine-looking buttons. The first piece of the goods was presented by the Elbeuf weaver who made it to President Carnot. It looks like a rough tweed, and is very silky and strong. The notion has pleased the ladies, and there is a constant demand for dogs' hair tissue for dresses and for gentlemen's waistcoats. Besides a portrait of the dog whose first silky coat suggested that its hair might be so used, and a woven is given with every piece of stuff. Fair Scalp-Hunters. Since the flat went forth that the mustache must go, a number of young ladies have commenced making collections of all the discarded ornaments they can lay hands on. The mustaches are made up by the hairdressers just as they would fix a bang, and their owners take as much pride over these acquisitions as a brave would in his medals. Those who go in for making collections of prominent brands from here, there and everywhere have them mounted, and affix them to the walls of their boudoirs, the object being to get as many shades together as possible. - New York Mercury. Victoria's Crown Knocked Off. A decidedly comical incident occurred at one of Queen Victoria's receptions a short time ago. The Queen, while receiving folk in the drawing-room, wished to speak particularly to Lord Salisbury, and motioned him to one side as he came in. The mistress of the robes stepped out of the way, but some of her elaborate dress-trimmings caught in her Majesty's veil and tore off the royal cap, veil, and all, revealing her Majesty's gray hair to the indiscriminate gaze of her subjects for the first time in a long while. Instead of being angry as everyone feared she would be, she struck the Queen as a very good joke, and she laughed so much that the court ladies who gathered about, eagerly pulling out their own hairpins to repair the disorder, were a very long while getting things fixed. - Atlanta Constitution. New Bonnets. The light texture of the new bonnets shown at importers' is noteworthy. A large number of chip hats and of Neapolitan hats are offered among these bonnets, which are universally trimmed with sheer trimmings of tulle and other light fabrics and with flowers. Yellow is a popular color, and all the popular yellow spring flowers, daffodils, buttercups, crocuses, and yellow crocuses are represented in the new millinery. The hats for country wear and outside city streets are large, but the bonnets are no larger than those now worn. There are some curious combinations of two light colors to which we have not yet become used, like straw color and gray, which are combined with white in the new millinery. Most of the small bonnets are finished with a lace trimming like a banner, or of roses or some other flower. Ear-tie bonnets are formed of flowers, like cornflowers, violets or rosebuds. - New York Tribune. The Audience Disappointed. "I see you have been poking fun at women's pockets," said a lady friend to the Stroller. "I am glad of it. Why it has got to now that a woman has got to carry a search for yellow, like a banner, in a dress when it comes home from the dressmaker. We had a funny case in point in our women's missionary meeting at the church Friday. The leader of the meeting had just finished reading a most affecting appeal from our lady missionary in Caffria, and there was a solemn pause of expectant attention till some sister thought moved to speak. From the white trimming of the lady in Israel - rose slowly and feebly to her feet. All eyes were turned upon her, and we waited to see whether she wished to make a few remarks or lead in prayer. One hand ceased in its wrinkled black kid glove vent fumbling among the folds of her skirt. After a long pause she drew out a clean handkerchief still in its folds, and then with an air of relief, slowly sat down again. She had only risen to find her pocket." - New York Star. An Old Lace Revival. There is an evident and firm intention to bring old lace into favor. Very dainty diaphanous veils, with long coats of velvet or heavy weight moire antique lace waistcoat of real lace creamy and old. Venetian point is the most sought for. The new lace point and the Irish point. The new lace point and the Irish point. The new lace point and the Irish point. Chinese Cities. There are no official records of the population of Chinese cities, and guesses at the number of their inhabitants must depend on the guesses. Canton is "estimated" to have 1,600,000 inhabitants. Twenty years ago it had 1,250,000. Peking, in 1870, had an "estimated" population of 1,300,000; now it has one (also estimated) of 1,000,000. The probability is that the largest Chinese city hasn't more than two-thirds of its "estimated" population. London, which is London according to proper, has a population, according to the census of 1881, of 50,852. The great aggregate of houses and conglomeration of people which we call London contains, included in the metropolitan and the city police districts, a population of 4,766,951. Wholesale Hydrophobia. There was much excitement in White River Township, Johnston County, Ind., over the wholesale outbreak of hydrophobia. A mad dog passed through that section biting a number of animals, among them several cattle belonging to a farmer named Sutton. The cattle were soon affected with the disease and were killed and the carcasses placed in a huge pit and set on fire. The smell of the burning meat attracted dogs from the entire neighborhood and they feasted on the carcasses all night. Nearly all the dogs in the township soon showed the signs of hydrophobia, and were all killed. Much of the stock of the farmers in the vicinity was bitten, causing many thousand dollars loss. - New York Telegram. Officer - "A watch, sir." Judge - "Then it is a watch case." Officer (surprised) - "Yes, sir. He was pretty well filled, your Honor, when I captured him." Judge - "Well as a filled case is not worth so much as solid goods, we'll give him about \$10." - Jewellers Weekly. A Conscientious Girl. They were sitting by the seaside in the calm twilight hour and Penelope, a soft Boston girl, felt her being diffused with the tender emotions of the hour and scene and company. Suddenly she leaned too far forward and the plashing waves received her graceful form. Clarence was only quick enough to seize her hair. "Will it hold, dearest? It is your own" he asked. "Ab, Clarence," and the lustrous eyes gazed up at him with a rapt expression, "I cannot tell a lie; the bill has not yet been presented." - Epoch. A Serious Affair. Clara - "Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party. Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony - just in fun, you know; and it was too funny for anything. Afterward, some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married; but we're not, are we?" Doting Mother - "Of course not. B-side, young Smith, couldn't support a wife if he had one." "Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith, from Gold City, the one who was a bonanza mine, you know." "Eh! That Smith? My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding." - New York Weekly. She Lived on the Beautiful. "I love all that is beautiful in art and nature," she was saying to her aesthetic admirer. "I revel in the green fields, the babbling brooks and the little wayside flowers; I feast on the beauties of earth and sky and air; they are my daily life and food, and..." "Maude!" cried out the mother from the kitchen, not knowing that her daughter's beau was in the parlor. "Maude, whatever made you go and eat the lady's ear-ring?" "Certainly," interrupted the policeman, "and the freedom you take embraces the privileges of my club." - Jewellers Weekly. Money in Literature. Publisher - "Oh, yes, indeed. Money can be made in literature. Why, sir, I never saw women live more luxuriously than Miss Bradton and Miss Muloch." Poor Author (sadly) - "Yes, but they married their publishers." - Philadelphia Record. Poor Philosophy. Ancient Author (regretfully) - "Well, Walter, who would think that we should ever come to this?" Walter (an old pal) - "Nothing unusual old fellow. We played to poor houses all our lives, and you regret residing for while and finally dying in one!" - New York Sun. He Preferred the Extra Expense. Fond Mother - "Really, Charles, Amelia's voice must be cultivated. If we keep her at home it can be done for about \$600. If we send her abroad it will cost \$10,000. Which would you prefer?" Unfeeling Father - "Send her abroad." - Burlington Free Press. "Did He Go?" Raynor - "Chokeband, why don't you come around and join our club? You've had invitations enough." Chokeband - "I know it, but I'm afraid it's an intellectual affair." Raynor - "Oh, no, it isn't. You wouldn't feel out of place in the least." - Burlington Free Press. A Sufficient Reason. Brown - "Hello, Robinson, I thought you were taking in the musicale tonight?" Robinson - "I just left there." Brown - "What made you leave so early?" Robinson - "A sixteen-year-old young man trying to sing 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy.'" - Epoch. Would Take His Chances. Hungry Tramp - "Madam, will you please give me something to eat?" Lady of the House - "Well, here's a mince pie. But I'm afraid to have you eat it. The cook isn't sure that she didn't use rough on rats by mistake, and I was just going to put it in the stove." "No, I don't have it. I've eaten mince pie and lived, and I'll take my chances on rough on rats." - Epoch. An Economical Scheme. "Isn't that a new dog you've got, Brown?" "Yes, I've only had him a short time." "Must be an expensive to keep a big animal like that?" "No, I bought him purely for economical reasons. I turn him loose in the yard at eight o'clock and you would be surprised to learn how much he saves me in gas and coal." - Epoch. Western Life. Mr. Winks - "Been West, eh? People out there are full of life and energy, I suppose?" Mr. Minks - "Yes, indeed; they have to be." "Always on a rush, eh?" "Always, in cold weather. I just tell you, folks who depend on soft coal to keep warm where the thermometer goes twenty degrees below zero, have to keep on a rush with coal scuttles, or free." - New York Weekly. Shortening the Hours of Labor. "What's the matter with that clock of yours? When I came in it was only ten minutes fast, and now it's almost twenty minutes ahead of my watch." "My dear boy, you don't understand. It's all the rage, you know." "What's all the rage?" "Why, shorter hours for labor, my boy. I've got that clock so that it can make an hour in fifty minutes. You don't know how it has ameliorated my condition, my boy." - Boston Transcript. Accurately Expressed. "This is a fearful example of mine," said a barber to a traveling man who was one of his regular customers. "Don't you like it?" "Well, I should say not. This thing of fixing up old white-headed men to look like youths of twenty or twenty-one is getting miserably monotonous." "Why, you talk like a man who was tired of living." "No; that does not quite express it; I'm tired of dyeing." - Merchant Traveler. A Watch Case. Police Judge (to officer) - "What is the charge against this prisoner?" Officer - "Smashing a window in a jeweler's store." Judge - "What did he get?"