

THE WEDDING DRESS.

How well I remember it all. We were sitting round the fire in the oak parlor of the old Dover house at Cromer—mother, Aunt Lettie and I. Dear Aunt Lettie! how beautiful she was still despite her snow-white hair; and though she was 38, her complexion was as fresh and bright as any young girl's.

I was at my mother's feet watching the faces gather among the glowing embers—they were ever the same face to me, the face of dear Jack Pendarves. Perhaps I ought not to say he was my lover, though we had been sweethearts since we were children; but he had been away at the wars three years, and my mother would hear of no engagement, and would permit me to do no more than write and receive an occasional letter.

"Please, ma'am, a letter from Sir John; a man from the hall has just ridden over with it."

"See that he has some refreshment before he goes, Martha, and give him this," taking some money from her reticule.

"What is it, Mary?" inquired my aunt of my mother, who was reading the note through a second time. "No ill news, I trust."

"Oh, no; read it yourself, Letitia," passing the letter.

"Of course, the child cannot go; she has nothing to wear; there is not even time to get her a dress from Norwich, still less from London, as you know I intended."

"Cannot go where?" I ventured. "Is it anything about me?"

"Yes, my dear. Sir John writes that the masquerade given to celebrate the return of their son is to take place a month earlier than was at first arranged, in fact, is fixed for to-day week, as Jack—Maj. Pendarves, I should say—is expected on that day."

"Jack coming back on Wednesday? Oh, mother, cannot I go? I must go. I have been so looking forward to it. And I have not seen Jack, dear Jack, for three years. I wonder if he has altered, if he has forgotten me. Oh, only seven days more, and he will be here and I shall see him again. Oh, mother, cannot I go?"

Aunt Letitia, who had been turning the letter over and over thoughtfully in her white hands while we talked, said: "Mary, there is that dress, you know, which was to have been my wedding gown. If Lettie likes she may wear it. Hoops and powder do for a masquerade; they were worn 29 years ago."

"My dear Letitia," cried my mother, betraying her surprise alike in face and voice, "you surely cannot mean that?"

"Yes, Mary; it may as well be of some use at last. Lettie is a good girl, are you not?" patting my head; "and I don't want her to be disappointed."

I must tell something of my dear aunt's life, that you may understand why my mother and I were touched to surprise. Twenty years before, my aunt, then 18, and the belle of Dawlish (some said of Devonshire), was engaged to be married to handsome Count

Tresillian, who was making all sorts of plans for our future, when I saw a tall gentleman, dressed in foreign uniform, making his way through the guests toward the recess where we were. I had noticed him several times before in the course of the evening regarding me most attentively.

As he was evidently coming to speak to us, I said: "Who is this gentleman, Sir John?" "Oh, my dear, a Mr.—Mr.— Tut, tut, I forgot his name for the moment, a friend of Jack's who came over from France with him and is staying a few days with us."

By this time the gentleman had made his way across the hall, and stood bowing to us. "May I have the honor of this dance?" he inquired.

I was going to reply "No," for I wanted to rest till Jack came back to me, when Sir John said: "Yes, Lettie, child, do," so, of course, I was obliged to say: "With pleasure."

My partner who was certainly uncommonly handsome and tall, almost as handsome and tall as Jack, only much older, was silent for the time, and then said suddenly: "Pray pardon my curiosity, but are you a native of this country? You are so like some one I knew years ago, the likeness is quite startling."

"Oh, yes, I was born here in Cromer." "Ah," he replied, with a sigh, "I was foolish to think of such a thing, of course it could not be," to himself; and then to me: "I only returned to England a few weeks ago, and am trying to trace a Miss Treherne."

ered her beautiful hair was white as snow. My grandfather removed from a place whose every object brought back some fearful memory to his daughter; and when, soon after, he died, Aunt Lettie came to live with us in Cromer. During the next few days I could think and talk of nothing save the coming masquerade and Jack's return.

But be the day never so weary or long, At length it ringeth to evensong. And so at length the eventful evening arrived. Aunt and mother dressed me in petticoat and train of loveliest white brocade, trimmed with filmy Honiton lace. Mother dropped many a furtive tear, recalling the bride that was to have been, whose romance of love was cut short in such a mysterious fashion; but aunt said never a word till I was dressed, and then, turning to my mother, she exclaimed:

"She looks better, Mary, than I should have done; and, after all, you see, it has not been utterly wasted. But you must let me powder your hair, Lettie. Everyone wore powder when I was young."

At last I was ready, just as the lumbering old chariot drew up to the door. With parting advice from my mother and strict injunctions not to damage my precious dress I was started, Martha and all the maids being gathered in the hall to see me off, gazing in open-mouthed wonder at my unwonted splendor. I am an old, old woman now, but when I close my eyes I perceive every detail, even to the minutest, of that night as if it were but yesterday.

The drive to the hall, the hedges and trees sparkling with frost in the brilliant moonlight; the hammer, hammer of the horses' hoofs on the iron-bound road. The first sight of the hall as we drove up the avenue, all its windows illuminated; the faint sound of the music borne upon the still night air; then the entry into the brilliantly-lighted rooms. Sir John and Lady Pendarves' hearty welcome—all came back to me now. I suppose my entrance made a sensation. I was conscious of a buzz of admiration as I passed through the assembled guests.

"Why, Lettie, my dear," exclaimed Lady Pendarves, "how beautiful you look. I declare your hoops and powder become you mightily. But come along, child, let me take you to Jack; he has been asking for you ever since he came back." And, taking my hand in her jeweled one, "Lettie, my dear, if you could—"

Just at this moment up came Jack (Maj. Pendarves he is now), looking handsome in his hussar uniform, yet just the same merry, smiling Jack of old. He was my partner in the new dance, called the valse, just introduced from abroad—a dance that my mother did not quite approve, as she considered it too familiar for young men and maidens; but which I found very agreeable with Jack for partner.

"Well, Lettie, you have grown quite a woman now, and I suppose have quite forgotten your old sweetheart?"

"Oh, Jack, how can you? I have my half here," touching my pocket; "can you say as much?"

"Yes, dear, that I can. I have never parted with it; it has been with me through every battle—my talisman of safety and love."

What need to tell again the old story, ever sweet, that men will love to tell and women to hear as long as the world endures; suffice it that ere the dance had ended I had promised to be his wife.

"Oh, Jack," I said, as he was leading me back to Lady Pendarves, "I felt almost wicked to accept you. You know I have not a penny, and my dress," I added with a laugh, "is Aunt Lettie's."

"I don't care if you haven't a penny. I have enough for both; and I want you for yourself, and not your money."

Lady Pendarves was delighted, and Sir John was kind; and so it was settled that, with my mother's permission, we were to be married ere Jack rejoined his regiment.

"And now," said Lady Pendarves, "you must really go and dance with some of the other guests and leave Lettie to me."

I was sitting, oh, so happy, by Sir John, who was making all sorts of plans for our future, when I saw a tall gentleman, dressed in foreign uniform, making his way through the guests toward the recess where we were. I had noticed him several times before in the course of the evening regarding me most attentively.

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"Oh, yes, I was born here in Cromer." "Ah," he replied, with a sigh, "I was foolish to think of such a thing, of course it could not be," to himself; and then to me: "I only returned to England a few weeks ago, and am trying to trace a Miss Treherne."

"Why, that is my name," I answered, quite startled.

"But the Miss Treherne I am searching for is almost as old as I am, and you—you are not more than 18—besides, you say you were born in Cromer, and she was a native of Dawlish."

"Why, you must mean dear Aunt Let-

tie, my father's sister," I said; "we came from Dawlish here."

"Is your aunt married," asked my partner, breathlessly. "No."

"Thank God!" I am sure I heard him mutter under his breath. "No," I said. "Aunt had a terrible disappointment years ago; her lover was killed—fell over the cliff, we think—the day before they were to have been married, and aunt has never cared for anyone since."

"Thank God!" my strange partner said this time, aloud. "My child, I ought to explain, to introduce myself. I should have done so at first, but the likeness was so striking; I thought perhaps you were her daughter. My name is Tresillian, Gilbert Tresillian—ah, I see you know," noticing my start. "I was not killed on that awful night. I was captured by the press gang."

"Yes, yes," I said, "go on."

"I made a desperate fight for liberty, but what was one against so many? I was soon knocked insensible, and when I recovered consciousness I was on shipboard, bound for the Mediterranean. The next day a gale sprang up, our vessel was separated from the rest, and we were captured, after a smart engagement, by the enemy. I was indeed, wounded and a prisoner, and have remained a prisoner ever since. I tried to communicate with England, but was discovered, and in consequence was transferred to another prison, this time in Switzerland, and only the entry of the allies into Paris gave me my freedom. I came to England, hurried to Dawlish, to find that Miss Treherne had left years ago, and that no one knew my whereabouts. I returned to London to settle matters with my agents, and instruct them to continue the search, and then accepted the in-

itation of Maj. Pendarves, whom I had met in Paris, to spend a short time with him. And you think Letitia—Miss Treherne, I mean—has not forgotten me?"

"No, I am sure," I said, "quite sure. Oh, I am so glad. You don't know Aunt Lettie." Noticing an amused smile on his face: "Oh, I had forgotten. Well, she is just the sweetest, dearest woman in the world, and I am so glad; it is just like a story. Now take me back to Sir John and tell him."

Jack and Sir John, Mr. Tresillian and I were soon so deep in explanations and congratulations that I am afraid for a time the other guests had to look after themselves. It was arranged that Jack and Mr. Tresillian should accompany me home that very night.

"Lettie, my child," said Lady Pendarves, with a merry twinkle in her eye, as I was leaving, "unless I am much mistaken, we shall be having two Miss Trehernes married instead of one."

How happy I was that night! I kept touching my half of the broken sixpence in its blue silk bag in my pocket; it had indeed brought me luck. However, the happiest day must end, and so I suppose must a merry evening. Jack and I and Mr. Tresillian were soon rolling over the frost-bound roads toward home, I with my hand in Jack's, supremely happy, and Mr. Tresillian telling us his experiences as a prisoner in France. Poor fellow, how I pitied him! At last we arrived at the Dover house, and it was agreed that I should go in first and break the news to my mother and aunt. Mother came into the hall to meet me.

"Well, my child, have you enjoyed yourself? But there, I need not ask you—you look radiant."

"Oh, mother dear," laying my hand on her shoulder, "I am so happy. Jack has asked me, and if you consent, we are to be married at Christmas." For answer my mother kissed me. "And, mother, Jack is here, and some one else, whom you and aunt, too, will be glad to see—an old friend."

"An old friend; but, my dear child, why don't you bring them in?"

"Jack, dear," I cried, "come in, both of you. Oh, mother dearest," I said, half laughing and half crying, "he was not killed; he did not die."

"Was not killed; what do you mean?" replied my mother, turning round as Jack, followed by Mr. Tresillian, came up the hall. My mother put out both hands to take Jack's and then catching sight of Mr. Tresillian's face, exclaimed: "Merciful heaven, Gilbert!"

"Yes, Mary, it is I; not dead, as you see; and Lettie?"

"Is waiting still, Gilbert. Oh, Maj. Pendarves, I am so glad, Lettie has told me. And now, child, go into the oak parlor and break the news to your aunt. No, perhaps I had better. Gilbert, come when I call." Jack and I went over by the fire; and in a few minutes mother's voice called: "Gilbert, Gilbert, come quick!"

Mother soon rejoined us, and, together in the firelight, we talked over our plans; Jack saying I must go to London and be presented at Court on my marriage. There is little else to tell. As Lady Pendarves had said, there were two Miss Trehernes married together, and though Jack would never agree with me, I always said Aunt Lettie looked the better of the two.—Black and White.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Jersey's estates have voted to maintain French as the official language of the island and not to allow the optional use of English.

At Manierrier, in Vendee, the native town of the Vendean chief Stofflet, the roof of the thirteenth century church fell in during Sunday mass recently, killing four persons and injuring many others.

The prince of Wales is to be installed as chancellor of the University of Wales in the coming summer. The ceremony will take place at Aberystwyth, the seat of the oldest of the constituent colleges of the university.

Monsignor Azarian, patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, says that the massacres of the last three months have been chiefly among the Gregorian Armenians, and that the Roman Catholics who tried to shelter them have had their property plundered and confiscated.

All the students at Bede college, a training school for teachers near Durham, have been suspended for refusing to eat the beef put before them. After remonstrating in vain they left the dining hall in a body without touching their dinners, and out of 94 men only 12 would apologize.

Rev. Madison Campbell, pastor of the colored Baptist church at Richmond, Ky., for the past 35 years, has kept tab on the extent of his travels during his ministry. During slavery times he walked 6,200 miles to perform his various duties; since then he has traveled 9,200 miles on horseback, 14,300 miles by train, 1,940 by buggy, and 1,600 by stage. He has baptized more than 3,000 persons during his ministry.

French medical students are angrily complaining that they are crowded out of their own schools by youths from abroad, and French doctors are even more indignant because these foreigners, instead of going home after acquiring a knowledge of physics and surgery, settle down in France and compete with the native practitioners. Of the 6,000 students in the Paris Medical school it seems that 1,600 are aliens, and the proportion is almost as large in provincial institutions, notably at Montpellier.

DUTCH POLITENESS.

Social Etiquette in the Netherlands—Law of Street Salutations. Social etiquette in the Netherlands is as interesting as it is peculiar, and in its extraordinary manifestations it is a revelation of what constituted the customs of New York hospitality of two centuries ago. The French are polite, but their politeness is nothing as compared with that of the Dutch. The visitor notices it as soon as he arrives in the country, and as he sees it in the street salutations. Everybody bows, nobody nods, and mere touching of the hat is unknown. As in France, the gentleman bows first; but, although he may have bowed for ten years, he is denied the privilege of addressing the lady. A bow is given to every acquaintance. A Dutchman gives an order to a workman and takes off his hat with a bow that would not bring discredit to a duke. If he meets his neighbor's footman or kitchen girl, he salutes her as he does her mistress, and the men servants give their recognition on meeting ladies. Every one bows on passing a house where acquaintances reside, and it is amusing to see men go by and take off their hats at the windows—it is quite immaterial whether any of the family are visible. Moreover, ladies make a polite bend of the whole body as they pass houses where they visit. Tradesmen salute all of their customers. A lady is bowed to by all of her father's, brother's or husband's friends, and if a Dutch boy's father or brother has ever met a lady, that boy must recognize her. Every man takes off his hat to every other man that he knows, the dustman and the post-boy as politely as two lords.—Golden Rule.

THE SANDSTORM IN NEW JERSEY.

The face of the great and plains of South Jersey have been considerably changed by the recent high winds, which caught up the sand and piled it against houses, fences or any other obstruction. Cuttings and ditches have been filled in, great piles of sand were caught by bushes and heaped up in some places until the sand mound was over 20 feet high, and some of the roads are almost impassable, owing to the amount of sand which was blown on them. The Pennsylvania railroad had men at work day and night during the storm to keep their tracks from being buried in sand. The sand sifted into houses and barns, covering everything with a gritty deposit. Travel in this part of the country during the high winds was almost impossible, for the sand was blinding and worked into clothing so as to irritate the skin, while hundreds of people are suffering from sore eyes as the result of their exposure to the great sandstorm.—Scientific American.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

Much attention has been given lately to the power of music as a curative agent. One experimenter has discovered that music affects the heart, stimulating the action of the blood and causing it to coincide with changes in breathing. Another says that the functional action of the skin is increased by music. A Vienna doctor has used music as a medicine when patients were in trances and proved that a man without music in his soul does not exist. One man, aged 40, normally insensible to music, was hypnotized and had a Wagner selection played in his hearing. His pulse and respiration increased, and when aroused he stated that he had not heard the music as sound, but only as a general sensation, a feeling like rushing through space.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Bilkus (in a rage)—Hang the cor-founded luck! Now my wife has smashed another \$100 vase, and— Little Willie—Oh, no; it was Marie, the new pretty French maid. "Oh—ah—ahem! Accidents will happen."—N. Y. World.

THE ASHANTEE EXPEDITION.

What Led to the Campaign in Which Prince Henry Lost His Life. The origin of the difficulty with Ashantee, which led to the expedition in which Prince Henry lost his life, may be assigned to the year 1888. Lord Kuntzford then decided that a British representative should be sent to the court of Coomassie. King Prempeh acceded with reluctance, for, notwithstanding the debt of about \$500,000 due to England on account of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition in 1873, he still claimed to be an independent sovereign over his 95,000 square miles of territory. But in 1894 the acting governor of the Gold Coast colony sent him word that a resident was to be sent to his capital with power to define the limits of Ashantee, to decide whether representative action should be taken in the case of rebellious chiefs, and to exercise supervision over the kingdom generally.

These demands were resented by Prempeh, who sent his cousins, Prince John and Prince Albert, to England to obtain relief. But they were unable to effect any arrangement. Lord Rosebery referred them to the governor of the Gold Coast, and when the conservatives came into power Mr. Chamberlain adopted the same line. And then an expedition was organized to enforce the ultimatum sent to the dusky monarch.

The expedition was not on a very large scale. Only 200 British troops were employed. They were supplemented by a battalion of a West Indian regiment stationed at Sierra Leone and a battalion of Houssas. The artillery consisted of nine-pounders and Maxim's. But, though small, the force was sufficient for its purpose. After halting its way through 150 miles of jungle, it is now in peaceful occupation of Coomassie. King Prempeh has announced his intention of meeting in every way the wishes of his formidable visitors, and it is announced that he and his relatives are to be held in hostage until his promises have been fulfilled.

It is highly probable that the whole territory of Ashantee will now pass under British protection. The territory will prove a valuable acquisition, for the amount of gold in it is, by all accounts, so large that it may be expected to affect the price of the metal in the world's markets.—N. Y. Herald.

A DESERT FACTORY.

Its Principal Business Is to Turn Out Splints for Surgeons. Down below the Santa Fe round-house, near the railroad tracks, is a factory unlike any other in the United States, or, for that matter, anywhere else. It makes splints for the use of surgeons in bandaging broken limbs from a peculiar fibrous material that possesses special adaptability for the purpose. This material is none other than the wood of the yucca palm, which grows plentifully on the Mojave desert. The trees are cut down and trimmed into logs about ten or twelve feet long and from ten inches upwards in diameter, and are shipped to the factory, where they are stripped of bark and carefully inspected. About half or more of the logs contain what might be called flaws, or kidney-colored masses of carbonized wood so hard that the machinery used cannot cut them. Nobody seems to be able to explain how these formations are caused, but they make the men at the factory a great deal of trouble and spoil much timber. The logs are sawed into suitable lengths, a length put in a lathe, and a long knife is pressed against it, taking off a shaving about an eighth of an inch thick, more or less, according to the use to be made of it. This long shaving or board is then cut into smaller pieces and put away in racks to dry, for the trees are cut up when green, it being impossible to soften them after they are dried. Although they grow in the desert and look parched to the eye, they are full of water and weigh so much when green that they sink in water. The poorer quality of the yucca is cut up into narrow strips, which are fastened around young fruit trees to protect them from sunburn and the attacks of rabbits, for which purpose they are found to answer admirably, and a great many of them are used. But the use of this material upon which the greatest hope of ultimate profit is based is for splints, for which it is much better adapted than any other material used, as well as being cheaper.—Los Angeles Journal.

CINNAMON ADULTERATION.

The organ of the Society of Public Analysts mentions the following curious instance of commercial ingenuity: A certain firm of confectioners abroad use a large quantity of walnuts in various forms of sweets and found that the shells had a distinct commercial value and, in fact, they sold the shells for more than they gave for the whole walnuts. The shells are ground to powder and then used in adulterating ground cinnamon. But the buyer is not altogether secure in purchasing cinnamon in the stick, for this is sometimes adulterated by the natives who gather it with barks of other shrubs. A heartless, if ingenious, deception, too, is that practiced every spring, when large quantities of a common weed, the leaf of which closely resembles the musk plant, are by some means slightly scented with musk and sold as the genuine, at so much a root, to the great subsequent disappointment of the buyer.—Household World.

A POOR MACHINE.

"I am afraid your typewriter is not a good make of machine," said the editor to a man who had brought in a typewritten article. "Why, sir?" "I see it doesn't know how to spell very well."—To Date.

OUR BEGGARS.

"Poor man! You have only one eye left! How did you lose the other?" "In looking for work, kind lady."—L'Evenement.

THE HUMAN FACE.

Visible Signs of Invisible Things Should Be Our Guides. It is claimed that there is much in physiognomy which reveals the true character of the person to those from whom it is most desirable to conceal it. The claim is a just one for those who have learned the language of the face, but there are few who really understand these "visible signs of invisible things." To most people the faces of those around them indicate nothing, or surface qualities only. To the learned few the characteristics indicated are in many cases diametrically opposed to those which the uninitiated or casual observer sees.

"Isn't she lovely?" exclaimed one lady to another recently. "She has such candid, innocent, large blue eyes that one must take to her at once." The lady addressed made no reply, but she felt that those same blue eyes were of a type that, innocent, childlike and soulful as they might seem, always indicated a lack of truth in the owner. "I would not trust those eyes anywhere," said she to herself, "but I shall say nothing. They are of the type known as 'the lying blue eye,' but it is not for me to judge." Nevertheless her diagnosis of the case was entirely correct.

With a face of candor and blue eyes that would melt a heart of stone, the owner, nevertheless, proved utterly unreliable in her word in every way. Precisely the same thing happened in relation to a man having the same kind of soulful blue eyes. It is not necessary that everyone having blue eyes should have a propensity for untruth, nor that all owning eyes of other colors should be truthful, but so far it has been proved that those to whom nature has given eyes of this peculiar blue she also gives a vivid imagination, to put it delicately.

"What do you think of So and So?" was asked by a man of another man, in relation to some one with whom he would have close dealings. "I do not like his square jaw. You will have trouble with him if you run up against his opinions or judgment or if you give him any hold. Give him an inch and he'll take an ell."

"He has been very pleasant so far." "That may be, too, and I may be mistaken. Try him." In three months or less the square jaw had asserted itself and the close relations were abandoned. There is no study which pays better in the long run than that of the human face. We may become disgusted with all the meannesses we find below the surface, but then we likewise will be disappointed in the many good points we discover, hitherto unsuspected, in an unattractive face. So things will even themselves up.—Philadelphia Call.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Sam, how is it that we here have two legs presumably off the same chicken and yet one is about 100 per cent. tougher than the other?" "Sam—Always the case with chicken, sah; one leg has 100 per cent. more work to do than de other, and de muscles consequently git tougher." "Why, I never heard of that. Which one is it?" "De one de chicken sleeps on, sah."—Harper's Magazine.

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"I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAVEN'T A CENT."

Tresillian. It was a splendid match every way, for he was young, rich, amiable; he was an orphan, untroubled with any undesirable relatives, and, moreover, he had an ample income arising from money in the funds. Gilbert Tresillian came to stay in Dawlish, where my grandfather then lived, at the Mill house, a charming old place some four miles from the town, surrounded by magnificent gardens, sloping terrace to the sea—gardens, the admiration of the west country. The day before the wedding he spent there, returning in the evening to the Red Lion, at Dawlish. My aunt walked with him about a mile through the gardens, where they parted until the morrow; and from that moment Gilbert Tresillian was not seen or heard of again. He disappeared as completely from mortal ken as though the earth had opened and swallowed him. The country was scoured, the shore beneath the cliff was searched—but not the slightest trace could be found. My poor aunt came near to die with brain fever, and when she recov-