EVENTS IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

The Wedding of Colonel Presley C. Baker and Mrs. Clara B. Wheeler.

HALL PARTIES TO TAKE PLACE.

The Excelsior Yachting Club Party Last Night — Simpson Lyceum Entertainment — Gathering at Sausalito — Private Picnic to Ross Valley — Serenade on Leavenworth Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Lovell Putnam of Oakland to Mr. Louis Elmer Neergaard, formerly of New York, the wedding to take place this month.

An entertainment was given by the Simpson Lyceum in the parlors of Simpson Memorial Church on Wednesday evening. The lyceum lecture by the Rev. T. Chalmers Easton, D.D., was interesting. His theme was "Manhood and the Republic." The following was the programme: Devotional exercises and the business of the lyceum; lyceum essay, Kimball Briggs; vocal solo, Miss Grant; music (selections), by Professor Mansfield's Banjo Club; tenor solo (cello obligato), A. Wesner; recitation, Miss Alice Rideout; intermission; tenor solo, Robert Husband; lyceum lecture, Rev. T. Chalmers Easton, D.D.

The Excelsior Yachting Club gave a very pleasant social last evening at Germania Hall, on Bush street. Dancing continued until mid night. The affair was excellently managed.

Entertainment at Sausalito.

A large company was present in the new Sausalito Hall last Saturday evening on the occasion of the opening of that place of amusement. Several from this city who are visiting in that place attended, and all were grandly entertained.

The following programme was admirably rendered: Recitation, Miss Florence A. Ellis; duet, piano and violin, Miss Hattie and Albert Rademaker; whistling solo, Joseph Jewett; duet, vocal, Miss Lottie Calsing and Harry Nieman; recitation, little Roxie Calsing; specialties, George A. Glim; recitation, Miss Carrie Jackson; piano duet, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Curtaz; song, Dr. Arthur Regensburger; cornet solo, Louis J. Harrison; quartet, Arion Club; piano solo, Miss Lillian Scott; recitation, Dr. T. L. Hill; song, Miss Lillian Shively.

At the conclusion there was dancing to excellent music. The Floor Committee was composed as follows: J. W. Hewitt, J. W. Hartson, J. W. Sperry, S. S. Fielder. Manager, J. E. Slinkey.

A Serenade on Leavenworth Street.

A serenade was given to Miss Kittie Manning and her sisters at their residence, 1504 Leavenworth street, on last Tuesday evening. It was a genuine surprise and some pretty selections were rendered on the outside. The serenaders were invited in and the following gentlemen established music: Prof. Ed H. Coleman, Mr. Carl Croan, Mr. Martin, Mr. Joseph Morrison, Mr. John Hynes, Mr. Joseph Nounan, Mr. James Nounan, Mr. Joseph de Vincent, Mr. Thompson. The evening was passed most pleasantly in songs, recitations, etc. The following were present: Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Jansen, Miss Kittie Manning, Miss Lillie Manning, Miss Etta Jansen, Miss Hattie Croan, Miss Fost, Miss Peterson, Miss Annie Manning, Miss Minnie Manning, Miss Annie O'Brien, Miss Hattie Bragg; Messrs. Will Lonergan, R. S. Duncan, John O'Brien, Joseph Morrison, Ed Croan, James Nounan, Joseph de Vincent, John Hynes, M. Martin, Ed Coleman.

A Private Picnic Party.

A picnic was given at San Anselmo last Sunday by a party of young folks from this city. They left on the 9 o'clock boat and reached the grounds shortly after 10. At 12 o'clock the jolly picnickers partook of a bountiful repast. The remainder of the day was spent by the party in singing, recitations, games, etc. Among those present were: Miss Annette Gorman, Miss May Oakes, Miss Lillie Groom, Miss Mae Gorman, Miss Julia Crowley, Miss May Groom, Miss Alice Conlon, Miss Tessie Groom, Miss May Swift, Miss Sarah Brown, Miss Tessie Crowley, Miss Jessie Meraden, Miss Murphy, Miss Margie Higgins, Miss Mollie Manax, Miss Katie Higgins, Miss Lillie Weatherby, Miss Jeanette Stallman, Miss Alice Middleton, the Misses McGlade, Miss Kate Cummings, Miss Rita de Clammont, Miss Maggie McCarthy, Messrs. William Burke, William Wilson, G. W. Oakes, J. Russell Swift, Mark M. Pomeroy, Mr. Wilcox, Frank Condon, James McGlade, Kauffman, E. Caton, R. McKee, George Crandan, S. Nicols, Walter Smith, George Leavitt, Andrew Mahoney, William King, John Fitzgerald, Mr. O'Brien, Harry Clapp, Charles Black, Mr. Gallagher, Albert Relahan, Mr. Weise, George Hartman.

Party on Nebraska Street.

A most enjoyable surprise party was tendered to Miss Bella Meinert at her parents' residence on Nebraska street, near Twenty-fourth, last Saturday evening. The rooms were handsomely decorated with ferns and evergreens and also the hall in which the dancing took place. Dancing, singing and games were indulged in until midnight, when the guests partook of an elaborate supper. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bally, Miss Mamie Bally, Miss Abbie O'Connell, Miss Della Meinert, Miss Tessie McLaughlin, Miss May L. O'Connell, Miss Minnie Stephens, Miss Mamie Wacker, Miss Katie Flynn, Miss Julia Flynn, Miss Mamie Dougherty, Miss Mamie Whalen, Miss Annie Dougherty, Miss I. Kelton, Miss E. Crawford, Miss M. Perrin, Miss Ruby Walsh, Miss N. Rourke, Miss Bertie Barrett, Messrs. Harry Meinert, J. McLaughlin, J. Dougherty, Charles Meinert, Frank McLaughlin, W. Vandewater, T. Dougherty, Peter Bailey, J. McLane, S. Vandewater, Robert Duerr, J. Schultz, Ewan Dawton, Walter Smith, Henry Drew, Hugh Ward, Hugh Fitzpatrick, Thomas Behan, J. McAdams, W. Burns, Frank Lorrigan, W. McAdams, D. Sloane, George Jacobson, T. Burke, T. Magee, August Wacker, E. Van Dollen, Robert Kerrison, John Ward, E. Edgar, John Snackleton, Mr. Lorrigan, Peter Cushion.

Pacific Coast Weddings.

St. Paul's Church, at Los Angeles, was the scene of a quiet, impressive wedding last Wednesday on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Blanche Edith Brydges and Mr. Richard William Vincent, both of that city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. W. Haskins.

The Church of the Blessed Hope at Santa Cruz was crowded Thursday forenoon, when Elder Carpenter of Santa Clara united in marriage Mr. Clarence A. Archibald and Miss Anna Jacobs. The groom's best man was Mr. John C. Russell, while Miss Sadie Barson acted as bridesmaid. Mrs. P. C. Tucker played the wedding march.

The wedding of Miss Nellie F. Fitzgerald to Mr. Fred A. Redden took place last Wednesday at the Catholic Church in San Bernardino.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday morning at University Place, Los Angeles, in which the high contracting parties were Mrs. Clara B. Wheeler of that city and Colonel Presley C. Baker of Pasadena. An elegant wedding breakfast was served at the conclusion of the ceremony and the couple left on the train for San Francisco and the East. They will spend some time in New York, Baltimore, Washington, Toronto and the principal cities of the East, not returning to Los Angeles till the close of the year.

Party on Dikeman Place.

A very enjoyable party was tendered to Miss Clara Carto by her mother, Thursday evening, at their residence, 7 Dikeman place, in honor of her birthday anniversary. The parlor was beautifully and tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers. The evening was devoted to dancing, merry-making and games. At 10 o'clock the guests partook of a supper, after which vocal and instrumental music was rendered. It was about midnight when the guests sought their homes. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Carto, Miss Clara Carto, Miss L. Carto, Miss B. Laroche, Miss M. Laroche, Miss M. Springer, Miss F. Springer, Miss J. Finck, Miss M. Suco, Miss L. Suco, Mr. and Mrs. L. Navlet, Miss A. Cetturo, Mr. J. Lutzen, Miss M. Brannan, the Misses Zelie and Adele Carto and Master C. Carto.

The Dry-Goods Men's Party.

The Dry-goods Men's Association held a high jinks on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of the installation of new officers. The following programme was well rendered: Recitation, Mr. J. V. Dinmore; violin solo, Mr. W. Schneider; duet, Messrs. Barry and Corey; song, Mr. M. Tregallis; guitar solo, Mr. Nounan; duet, "Burial at Sea," Messrs. Coffin and Kemp; whistling solo, Mr. D. Hogan; banjo duet, Messrs. J. Farrell and H. Adair, by kind permission of Mr. T. W. Bree; songs, Mr. T. Tregallis; recitation, Mr. J. Keating; quartet, Messrs. Woods, Barry, Martin and Nounan. A most enjoyable evening was spent, during which refreshments were dispensed. This is the first entertainment of the Dry-goods Men, and, judging by the success of it, should not be the last.

Party on Alabama Street.

A pleasant surprise party was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Uchiman at their residence on the corner of Twenty-fourth and Alabama streets on the 31st ult. Dancing and games were indulged in. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Uchtman, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. Berman, Mr. and Mrs. McCrossin of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Stretch, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Cochrane, the Misses Nellie and Josie Waters, Miss Addie Uchtman, Miss Katie Dourley, Miss May Macauley, Miss Mamie Mullane, the Misses Florence and Bertie Wood, Messrs. John Keough, William Higgins, John Richardson, Thomas Siari, Alfred Gilnes, John Mullane, James Keough, John White, J. Hancock, Mr. Grant, George Brown, J. Attridge, J. Ryan.

Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs (nee Fair) arrived in Chicago yesterday and will remain there one day. They expect to arrive in New York to-morrow evening.

Miss Mary E. Barnard, the contralto, has been engaged to sing with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston next season. She will leave here in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson left on Thursday for the East and Europe, and will be away for several months.

Mrs. T. T. Williams and Miss Helen Williams are spending the summer at the Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Alfred Barstow of Oakland is being entertained by her parents, Judge and Mrs. Rhodes, at their home in Santa Clara County.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Leontine Blakeman and Miss Ethel Keeney left on Saturday for White Sulphur Springs, where they will remain for the summer season.

Mr. John R. Dunn of Queens, Long Island, a pioneer of "49," is visiting his brother, Mr. T. M. Dunn, at Sonoma.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin left on Friday for a visit to New York.

Miss Merriman, daughter of Captain Merriman, is at Santa Cruz.

Dr. George W. Handy and family, of Madison street, Oakland, will leave for their summer home, "Glen Una," this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbot Kinney are at the Occidental Hotel from their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter are located at their cottage at Sausalito for the summer.

Mr. C. C. Nordhausen and family have left for Pacific Grove, Monterey, where they will spend their summer months.

Miss Hannah Goldsmith leaves next Wednesday for Suisun and Harbin Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill leave this week for the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Judge McKinstry and Miss McKinstry are at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leckie of Oakland will leave this week for a visit to Highland Springs.

Mr. B. B. Redding is being entertained by friends at Sacramento.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Miss Edith and Miss Lottie Clarke and Mr. Edwin K. Clarke have gone on a trip to the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. E. W. Playter of Oakland left on Saturday morning for a few days' visit with his daughter at Highland Springs.

Mrs. Frank J. French is the guest of Hon. and Mrs. T. L. Thompson at their home in Santa Rosa.

Mr. W. E. Brown is at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. A. Shepard and family, of Oakland, have gone to Pacific Grove to remain for a few weeks.

Mrs. H. P. Gregory is occupying a suite at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William M. Lawlor and her sister, Mrs. Gaynord, have gone to Blythedale for the summer.

Mrs. Laura Clarke of Sacramento is the guest of friends at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. James Moffitt and family left Oakland on Saturday for Highland Springs.

Mr. Thomas Cole was in Santa Cruz last week from San Francisco.

Mr. Alexander T. Badlam and his sister, Miss Maude Badlam, are visiting Puget Sound and Victoria.

Miss Ada Sullivan has returned from a visit to Miss Alcadia Spence of San Jose.

Mrs. David Barry, wife of the Supervisor, and family, are at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. McGlynn (nee Finley) are at the Hotel del Monte on their wedding tour.

Mrs. E. F. Quatrough of Mare Island will pass the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. M. J. Laymance, with his family, of Oakland, will spend the latter part of June and July at Highland Springs.

Mrs. Dr. Kenyon and family have left for the Napa Soda Springs, where they will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Henry Hart is staying at the Riverside Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mr. G. H. Mastick and family will go to Boulder Creek, where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bush and family were at Napa last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bovee left to-day for a trip to Yosemite.

Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook and Mr. Henry Holbrook have gone on a visit to the Napa Springs.

Miss Maggie Fisher has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Sherwood at their cottage at San Rafael during the past week.

Miss Marie Voorhees is at San Rafael as the guest of Miss Gertrude Hyde.

Lieutenant Francis J. Koester, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman are passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. W. Boranof San Francisco has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. Sims of San Geronimo.

Mr. H. A. Powell and family of Oakland went to the Geyserville Thursday for their summer vacation.

Mrs. Anna A. Cousins of Alameda left on the overland last Wednesday for Denver and the East to visit friends, and will be absent about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. von Rhein went down to Monterey last Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham have returned to Oakland from a trip to Mount Hamilton.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle and the Misses Van Winkle will pass the summer months at San Rafael.

Miss Claire Ralston has been paying a visit to friends in Menlo Park.

Dr. Henry Knox and family of Oakland will spend their vacation at Pacific Grove.

Miss L. Blakman was at Hotel del Monte last week for a few days.

Mrs. E. F. Garlick of Oakland is rusticating at Comptche, Mendocino County.

The Misses Fredericksburg and Adele Ferrer and Mr. Richard Ferrer have returned from their visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. Frank Leisen of this city is the guest of Mrs. Blake at Pacific Grove.

Mr. W. R. Morris is visiting at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. N. Ziegenfuss and family have returned to Oakland from Auburn.

Mrs. Lewis R. Mead and family have returned from Byron Springs and have taken a cottage at Coronado Beach, where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Samuel Stryker and daughter, Miss Annie Stryker, have gone to San Leandro for the summer.

Miss E. M. Barker, Miss L. Barker, Miss M. S. Barker and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Barker of Oakland were at Hotel del Monte last week.

Mrs. D. Henshaw Ward of Oakland goes to Laurel Station, Santa Cruz County, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Johnson went to Monterey last Wednesday.

Rev. A. W. Rice, who succeeds Rev. George Bothwell as pastor of the Chase-street Congregational Church, Oakland, arrived on Thursday, accompanied by his wife and child.

Mrs. L. A. Eaton of San Francisco, who has been passing the winter in Riverside, is the guest of Mrs. McConnell on Hill street, Los Angeles, at present.

Mr. Charles Mayne is visiting at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. S. D. Rogers and Miss E. H. Hilton of Oakland have gone to Pacific Grove, Monterey.

Miss Fannie Marlin left for the East last night, to be gone about two months, on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. K. F. Dillon and Miss Dillon have been visiting at San Jose.

Mrs. William Moser of New York is visiting her parents, Justice and Mrs. Charles N. Fox, in Oakland.

Mrs. John Kelso and family, accompanied by Miss Lina Bagge, of Stockton, Miss Julia Hancock, will spend two or three weeks at Monterey.

Parties to Take Place.

The Native Sons of Vermont will give their next entertainment at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening next. A class of young ladies in Grecian costumes will give the Delsarte exercises and tableaux.

The regular monthly entertainment and social of the Western Addition Literary and Social Club will take place on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Phœnix Council, No. 780, American Legion of Honor, will hold its second quarterly reception at Washington Hall, 33 Eddy street, on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst.

The members of California Castle, No. 1, Knights of the Golden Rule, will give their 1st anniversary party at Union-square Hall on Wednesday evening next.

The San Francisco Scottish Thistle Club will give a grand concert and ball on Friday evening, the 20th inst., in B'nai B'rith Hall.

The fourth anniversary ball of the United Trades of California will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall on Saturday evening next.

The members of Friendship Lodge, No. 17, United Endowment Associates, will give a complimentary entertainment and social at Union-square Hall on next Thursday evening.

An entertainment and hop will be given this evening by the members of California Guild, No. 1, Fraternal Guild, in honor of the retiring Guild Master, Walter N. Brunt, at Mystic Hall in Union-square Building.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will give a musical and literary entertainment and dance at Metropolitan Hall, corner of Fifth and Jessie streets, on Wednesday evening next.

The United Friends of California will hold their fourth anniversary ball next Saturday evening at B'nai B'rith Hall.

The members of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, No. 1, will give their annual party at Union-square Hall on Thursday evening, the 26th inst.

The St. Alban's and St. Peter's Sunday-schools will picnic this year at Glenwood, Santa Cruz Mountains, on Tuesday, June 17th, in conjunction with the Bunker-Hill Association.

A reception will be given to the delegates to the Grand Institute of the Y. L. I. at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, the 19th inst.

The Pigs in Clover Club will give a fancy dress party at Odd Fellows' Hall Friday evening, the 20th inst.

The members of Beaver Lodge, No. 10, Royal Argosy, will give their public installation party at Foresters' Hall, 20 Eddy street, on Tuesday evening, the 8th prox.

The members of Olympus Circle, No. 42, C. O. F., will give a domino party on Friday evening, the 20th inst., in Robberts's Hall, corner of Seventeenth and Noe streets.

"The Unknowns" will give an invitation ball on Tuesday evening, the 17th inst., at Union-square Hall.

Bay City Lodge, C. O. F., will give a lawn dress party on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., in Union-square Hall.

The Peerless Club will give its inaugural party at Henman's Hall, 1412 Polk street, on Thursday evening, the 26th inst.

The pupils of Anderson's class will give a party next Saturday evening at their hall, corner Seventeenth and Noe streets.

NAVAL JOTTINGS.

Sea Service of Cadets—Captain Sampson's Special Duty.

The Secretary of the Navy has issued a circular to the effect that graduates of the Naval Academy will not be ordered to other than sea duty until they shall have made at least one cruise in a cruising vessel of war after the completion of the six years' course.

The orders detaching Captain William T. Sampson from duty as Superintendent of the Naval Academy on the 30th inst. do not contemplate an assignment to the command of the San Francisco, but require him to report for special duty in connection with her preparation for sea service.

The Mohican, upon being relieved at Samoa by the Iroquois, will be sent to the west coast of South America, stopping at Auckland for supplies.

Lieutenant J. C. Moore of the revenue cutter Rush has been detached and ordered to temporary duty on the Fessenden at Detroit, Mich.

Receiving the Assistant Bishop.

A committee of fifty-one was appointed in the Diocesan Convention and charged with the reception of the Assistant Bishop on his arrival in the diocese. The committee has so far dealt with the matter of transportation and temporary accommodation and has secured, or will secure, a furnished house in some proper locality, to be occupied by Dr. Nichols and his family pending a selection of a permanent residence. There has been some talk of meeting Dr. Nichols at some point on the Central Pacific Railroad between Sacramento and Truckee.

The cable road of San Diego was started for business on Saturday, June 7th.

HIS STARLIGHT.

You, who at my elbow sit,
By whose eyes my lights are lit,
How shall any poet's pen
Go amiss or falter when
Stars like these shine out above,
Beacons kindled there by love,
Lighting up the paths below
Where he wanders to and fro?

Is it strange the rhymes should kiss
Under such a spell as this?
They but mimic those, my sweet,
Who of old were wont to meet,
Meet and linger at the bars,
Making love beneath the stars:
We ourselves were happy rhyme
In those dear, betrothal times.

Take this lyric: every line
But reflects the stars that shine
O'er my shoulder telling me
Of my sweetheart's constancy;
And if any work appear
Vague or needless, say you, here
When a cloud across his skies;
This is where its shadow lies.

But if any turn of phrase
Tempt your lips to lisp its praise,
Know you there the poet caught
From your eyes the graceful thought;
All the merits of his song
To those constant stars belong,
To those tender eyes that lighted him
Full with love to gladden him.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Lippincott's for June.

OUT OF THE DEEPS.

THANK you, Miss Fawcett, that will do. Now Dr. James and I are going to consider about you, and then tell your mother how she is to help you to get well again."

There were four people in the room: Sir William Parton, the great doctor, his confrere, Dr. James, with whom he was met in consultation, Mrs. Fawcett, and the patient, her only daughter, Helen Fawcett, a girl of twenty-one.

The girl looked up nervously, inquisitively, with a tremulous fear in her face and voice.

"Am I—am I—very ill?"

Sir William looked at her face, at the shining eyes with the dilated pupils, the quivering, sensitive mouth, then he took both hands in his, with a pity, which he did not show, in his heart.

"Not so ill as you might be, my child; but when we have finished our talk, and are going to tell Mrs. Fawcett how to take care of you and prevent your doing yourself harm, we mustn't have you listening, for you are nervous enough to fancy you have every illness under the sun."

"Then I shall get well—soon."

"You must do as you are told then," answered Sir William lightly, as he left the room.

Keen observer as he was, he did not notice how a more terrible fear had grown in the girl's eyes as she found he avoided direct answers. She saw, if the truth were bad, it was no use to try and force it from between those thin lips if the owner deemed it better concealed. She and her mother sat silent in suspense, as though each dreaded to hear the other speak, but when Mrs. Fawcett had been summoned to join the doctors, Helen burst out wildly to herself, "They are deceiving me. I know they think I shall die. Oh, God, I can't, I ca'nt!"

She sat in that sickening, terrible dread, with her hands pressed tensely against her forehead. The moments seemed to drag out their slow length like hours, till she could bear it no longer. The resolve "I will know" was fierce in her heart; she stole softly to the smaller drawing-room on the other side of the staircase—the room opened into the boudoir where she knew her mother and the doctors were, and was screened from it by a heavy velvet curtain, through which Helen could hear—her mother's sobs.

Passionate and uncontrolled, and in them the girl knew her doom; but with the wild terror and anguish within her, there awoke a more piteous sorrow for her mother's grief, a love—oh, how dear! how near!—for that mother who must lose her, whom she must leave.

"Not yet," she heard Mrs. Fawcett ask in a broken, imploring tone, then Sir William's voice in answer:

"I wish I could give it to you, but the disease is so far advanced—she may live a little longer, or a little shorter period than I expect."

There was a silence in the room, a deathlike silence in the girl's heart as she listened; at last her mother spoke again, her voice kept resolutely quiet:

"How long can she live?"

"A few months—six or eight, perhaps. Mrs. Fawcett, if you know how feel for you, you would not think me cruel; you must know the truth—if you wish to keep that poor child alive long enough for you she must not know it—you must keep her mind quiet and happy. Do you think you can?"

A faint sob that meant "yes."

"And don't drag her from home; it can do no good—all the Madeiras or Egypts in the world wont save her, but quietness and freedom from trouble may give her a few weeks more—that is why she must not know."

"But she has hardly any cough," sobbed Mrs. Fawcett. "And people do live with consumption for years and years—I can't lose her—they do live."

"Not in cases like hers—I wish I could say otherwise."

Helen heard no more; the impulse to comfort her mother with the sad comfort of clinging arms and bitter tears was so strong she felt she should yield to it if she stayed. There seemed to be two Helens in her; the girl who felt the chill shadows of the valley of death closing round the life which had been so dear and fair, and the girl whose impulse was to help the mother who had no husband to help her bear her grief; whose only daughter she was. "What would she do without her—with no girl left, only the boys; one wrapped up in his wife and two children, the other away in India?" Helen knew that loss would break her mother's life; did she realize that the bitterness of death would have been yet worse had she thought her dying would be no enduring pain to that mother?

She crept away silently. She met a servant on the staircase; her voice sounded strange and hollow to herself as she said:

"Tell mamma, when the doctors have gone, that I am so tired I have gone to lie down."

Then she went up to her room and locked herself in. As she turned round she saw her face in the glass, with a wild hopelessness in it. How ghastly it was, this face of a girl who had to die. She hid it in her hands, afraid to meet its look, and a dull stupor came over her. She was no longer able to realize this stern fate which faced her, veiled, yet real.

At last she roused herself. One thing was certain, her mother must not guess that she knew this. Their last months together—at all events till the end drew very near—must be as happy or rather as calm as they could be. And Helen felt she could bear the darkness better alone, this strange darkness that had suddenly veiled the world. She feared, even with her mother's sympathy and sorrow. What help or healing could avail her?

There was only one help she yearned for, one hand, the touch of which could have made her brave; one voice, a loving tone of which could have given her courage, even if they had trebled her sense of passionate loss of such life.

As she thought this she opened her locked dressing-case and took therefrom a framed photograph; for one minute she looked at it as though to draw life from it through her eyes, and then she kissed it wildly, closely pressing her poor dry lips against the cold glass, then holding it nestled against her cheek. It had many a time been clasped close to her heart when she slept; she had looked at it so often and so long that she knew every faintest and finest line of the pictured face of his photograph, offered carelessly, accepted apparently as lightly, but treasured as some faint tyne or memory of the one who seemed to Helen Fawcett to be the wifole meaning of her life.

"Helen, dear!"

The girl did not know how long she had sat there; wito a start she replaced her treasure in its place, and opened the door to her mother. Mrs. Fawcett's voice trembled very slightly, but she acted well as she said:

"Well, dear, why did you rush away? Were you so frightened? You see you needn't have been. You are to rest and not trouble, and get quite well again."

"Quite well," said Helen. "Really, mamma."

"Yes," said the poor mother, not hearing the sad under ring in her daughter's voice, and loving to cheat herself in deceiving the child who was so dear to her. "I mean to cure you quicker than any doctor would; I always could, you know."

The girl leant her head on her mother's breast and felt the almost convulsive closeness of her clasp with a strange throb half of self-compassion, half of pity for the tender, brave woman who was so anxious at all cost to shield its object from pain, yet so helpless in the face of death.

Both women kept the bitter secret to themselves—with a self-repression which Helen had inherited from Mrs. Fawcett; and the latter never knew of the times when Helen—after feeling, as life went on as usual, that the words she had heard were a horrible dream—would realize with an impotent despair that they were true. She bore her pain silently, lest her mother should guess she shared the knowledge which made Mrs. Fawcett's life move on with a dreary unreality. It was near the end of July, the season was over, and once or twice Helen smiled sadly and bitterly to think how different the world had seemed to her in the spring, before she had known the meaning of the alternate fever and languor, which had grown on her in her own despite and her resolute determination to take no heed of them; had grown on her till her mother had insisted on her seeing doctors, to learn that what she had only looked on as a general lack of health was acute consumption, tubercular phthisis—it does not matter much under what name death is introduced to us.

Helen Fawcett's life had been pleasant always, but these last two years she had loved it so much, had clung to it so eagerly, had found sweetness in the aspects of it which she had not been used to care for. Mrs. Fawcett had wondered why her once rather shy and reserved daughter had grown so fond of society, especially that of a certain set. True, she had developed into more attractiveness than she had promised in very early girlhood. Despite her quietness, there was a reality in her which gave charm to her brightness and refinement, and she was pleasant to look at, though neither beautiful nor pretty. The figure was slender, graceful and delicate; the face, not very regular, was yet sweet with its tender, true mouth and lustrous hazel eyes.

Three or four days after the consultation Mrs. Fawcett and her daughter were driving in the afternoon. Mrs. Fawcett had gone into one or two shops while Helen remained in the carriage. They were stopping in front of a shop in Bond street, and just as Mrs. Fawcett was re-entering the victoria a young man passing lifted his hat, then stopped and shook hands warmly.

"I thought you had left town," he said; "so many people have gone. I'm off myself next week."

"We are thinking of going somewhere soon," said Mrs. Fawcett. "Helen is not very strong, and we are trying to fix on some very quiet, mild place where I can nurse her up—somewhere in the west of England, I think."

"Have you not been well?" he asked, turning to Helen, "You don't look ill"—his voice was one of those which have the dangerous charm of expressing an earnest interest which the speaker may or may not feel, and his eyes sought the girl's face as he spoke, with a certain tenderness in the keenness of their glance. He was right; the girl did not look ill; her cheeks and lips had gained color, her eyes were deep and beautiful, with a melancholy subdued into pathos as, despite her struggle, their gaze rested on his face.

"I am much better than I was," she said—she spoke of the present moment, which she had longed and hungered for, and yet which was slipping away so fast.

"No, I remember now," said Paul Beatoun. "I have not seen you out lately. I hope you have not been very ill."

How his voice touched her!—unconsciously cruel as the words were, in spite of the interest, warm and real, even if only momentary, of the last sentence. She looked at the clear-cut face she knew so well, yet which ever seemed to hold a dearer secret of beauty when her eyes again beheld it. It had never meant so much to her as it did at that moment, a vision of all life would be to some other woman. It might have been hers if—no, he never had cared, he never would have cared for her. All this passed through her mind as her mother answered Mr. Beatoun's inquiry.

"Oh, no! She will be all right soon."

A few more words, then he held out his hand.

"Well," he said, "it is good-by for some time, I suppose—till the winter."

"Yes," said Helen. "Till the winter, good-by."

She longed that her mother should ask Paul Beatoun to come and see them before they left town; but Mrs. Fawcett was far too engrossed with the one thought of Helen to think of doing so. He was charming and clever and handsome enough, this young man of whom some prophesied much when he should have learned his own power. Mrs Fawcett liked him, but just now he had no interest for her; she could not know that when Helen was once more in her own room alone she paced up and down in misery.

"Good-by till the winter." Had it meant "Good-by for ever"?—that the touch of his hand, which still staid with her, which made her treasure the glove she had then worn, was the last she should ever feel?

They were hardly friends, at all events not great ones, she and Mr. Beatoun. Most likely he never gave her a thought unless they were in the same room, not very often then; but all her life had grown to be the thought of him; sleeping or waking, even when she was with other people or things "his strong idea" possessed her entirely, passionately, as it had done these two years. If Mrs. Fawcett gave a dinner or dance to which he was asked Helen spent the time till his answer came in a sickening suspense, and then tried, even if he accepted, to school herself into belief he would not come, so as to prevent the disappointment if he did not being cruelly sharp—a self-discipline utterly without effect, as had been proved to her cost once or twice. She never went to any gayety without the vague, subtle hope "he may be there" or the dreary certainty "he will not." Without him all life was

As naked
As a corone without the stones.

Yet in spite of this folly, madness—whatever you will—ruling her life, she knew Paul Beatoun could never guess what he was to her, or the strange intensity of emotion which possessed her in his presence, from her quiet manner. She had not the instinct of allurement belonging to many women, by which, without unmaidenliness or lack of refinement, they can, as by magnetism, draw the man they wish to win to their sides; she felt and owned the lack in herself, though could not have defined it. Her love made her shy, almost cold, in her manner to Paul Beatoun; sometimes, indeed, she felt less nervous, but then a frank friendliness, which seemed strange to herself, was all that appeared.

Here was the bitterness of death, the knowledge she had lent him sharpest pang to its sweetness. He would not forget him, he she would never be to him even a memory. If she had ever held any vague, dear hope, too sweet to lay bare, even to her own gaze, that was dead now. Helen knew that when she died Paul Beatoun would be rather shocked, would say, "Poor thing!" and perhaps sigh. The French verse she had read years ago rang bitterly now in her ears:

Au banquet de la vie, infortune convive,
J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;
Ou mieux, ce matin encore, un peu lentement j'arrive.
Et je viens tendre verser des pleurs.

Oh! she wanted no one but him to remember her!

To be Continued.

A NEW NARCOTIC.

A Substitute for the Pernicious Drug, Chloral.

A new narcotic has recently made its appearance on the scene. Its composition is the following: Chloral and antipyrin, when brought together, give rise to a third substance, of which the technical name is far too complicated to convey any idea whatever to the mind of a person who is not a chemist. To facilitate matters, however, it has been called hypnal, thereby indicating the soothing and soporific properties with which it is endowed.

Hypnal has the same action as chloral, but it has neither its disagreeable taste nor is it at all caustic.

When it reaches the stomach and is acted on by the gastric juice it resolves itself into its two component parts, chloral and antipyrin. It is therefore a very satisfactory way of giving chloral, and of avoiding some of the weak points of this drug.

It should be furthermore remarked that hypnal, of which one gramme contains 0.45 gramme of chloral and 0.55 grammes of antipyrin, produces at this dose an effect that is quite as soothing as if a much larger dose of chloral alone had been given.

This is, perhaps, due to the fact that the chloral is produced in the stomach itself. It is there at the moment when it is formed as a substance—that is to say, when its power of action is at its maximum.

This question of the increase of the therapeutical properties of drugs, according to whether they have just been formed as substances or not, seems to me one for which a great future is in store, and I would strongly recommend all who are anxious to make discoveries to follow up this subject, which they will certainly find a most satisfactory one if I can judge from the unexpected result that I have myself obtained in a number of cases.—N. Y. Herald.

Two toughs of Montrose, Colo., tried to stand up the President of a bank the other night, but he pulled a gun and marched them into town. A committee was formed who gave the victims a terrible beating with rawhides and then started them on the road.

"Pure as the Dew."

Pure as the dew that the night wind distills,
Pure as the gold from Montana's blue hills,
Pure as the pearl on Victoria's hand,
Pure as the sunlight that floodeth the land,
Is SOZODONT.

Fragrant as lilies beneath the pale moon,
Where the sweet nightingale pipeth her tune;
Fragrant as spices to Solomon brought
By the proud queen, when his favor she sought,
Is SOZODONT.

Sparkling its foam as the foam of the sea,
Setting white teeth from their enemies free,
Cleansing and healing like costliest balm
Of the beneficent, odorous palm,
Is SOZODONT.

Ask for Sozodont

If you want a dentifrice—as you probably do—which will protect your teeth from decay and render them white. SOZODONT is in vogue with the professions which of all others are called upon to display their teeth the most—to wit, the musical and dramatic. It is especially attractive with the fair sex, a portion of the community who make a point of looking attractive. The breath is rendered delightfully fragrant by SOZODONT, which is certainly a desideratum to persons of fine tastes.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The Work in the City Will Not Be Ended Until Next Week.

The census enumerators will not have completed their work to-day, as was at first expected. Supervisor Davis says that a number of enumerators reported as having finished their work, but, on investigation, he has found a great deal left unfinished. Out of the 310 enumerators engaged ten have finished their work, and most of these, demonstrating their fitness, have been re-employed to finish the districts left unexamined by men who resigned their positions.

In the districts unaccounted for the work is about half finished, although the returns submitted do not show such proportion, most of the enumerators having covered the entire district allotted in a general outline, to be filled in later, thus submitting the heavy returns in one mass. The progress made, however, is to the satisfaction of the Supervisor, who does not anticipate the completion of the city canvass within ten or twelve days. The verification of the outside work is also under way, but will, of necessity, take three or four days longer than the canvass proper.

In regard to obtaining the total of the population of this city as soon after the enumeration as possible, Mr. Davis said he would ascertain from Washington whether the figures on the postal cards, which are sent in daily by the enumerators, could be used. These would give, very nearly, the population. Supervisor Davis has also sworn out a warrant for the arrest of a German grocer in the western part of the city who positively refused to give any information as to his age, and defied the authority of the enumerator. Six or seven cases of a similar nature have been reported, but in every case the parties have repented.

Some interesting particulars have been gathered from the Chinese, one especially by O. M. Nichuals, who has discovered one who appears to be the oldest naturalized citizen of his race in this city. His name is Joe Sing of Cum Cook alley. On April 8, 1876, he was granted citizenship papers in the Probate Court of Hamilton County, Ohio, by Judge Isaiah M. Matson. On November 7th of the same year and in the same county he was married by a Justice of the Peace, Vincent Schwab, to a white girl 21 years of age—Sarah N. Brann—whose father at that time was worth $50,000. Three children, since dead, were the result of the marriage, and Sing, with his family, came to San Francisco, where his wife died on November 3, 1881. He has been converted to Christianity, and, before his removal to this city, was engaged in the tea trade in