EVENTS IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

How the Fourth Will Be Celebrated at Some Popular Resorts.

WEDDINGS SUR LE TAPIS.

Society Base-Ball This Week at Los Angeles—The Koen Reception. Cooper-Fiske Marriage — The Speranza Musicale — Gelder-Samuels Wedding—Picnics and Parties to Take Place.

The base-ball game last year between the Bohemian and Union-League Clubs is still fresh in the minds of society. Next Saturday the victors, on an excursion, a nine representing the Bohemian Club, will play a nine selected from the California Club of Los Angeles at the latter city. The object of the game is to raise funds for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home in the city of Angels.

Next Thursday the Bohemians leave here in a special Pullman car, accompanied by many club friends and "managed" by Mr. George T. Bromley. Los Angeles society is keenly interested in the event and much kindly entertainment is being prepared for the visitors. In the evening after the game the visiting club will be the guests of the California Club at a banquet.

The following players will represent the Bohemian Club, Stanley, the catcher, being a professional, as is also Graves of the California Club team: Mr. E. F. de Fue, pitcher; Mr. M. Stanley, catcher; Mr. I. W. Carlin, first base; Mr. George A. Story, second base; Mr. Gray Travisaut, third base; Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, short-stop; Mr. Louis Sloss Jr., right field; Mr. J. D. Redding, center field; Mr. James Hamilton, left field; Mr. E. B. Pomeroy, captain.

The make-up of the California Club is as follows: Mr. W. P. Hicks, pitcher; Mr. Frank Graves, catcher; Mr. H. T. Cooley, first base; Mr. E. H. Sanderson, second base; Mr. H. W. Melveny, third base; Mr. J. V. Wachtel, short-stop; Mr. J. W. Montgomery, right field; Mr. J. W. Hendrick, center field; Mr. F. E. Lowry, left field; Mr. J. V. Wachtel, captain.

Engagement Notes.

One of the most interesting engagement announcements is that of Miss Annie Tallant, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Tallant, and Mr. Austin C. Tubbs. Mr. Tubbs is now East, and Miss Tallant has been abroad traveling with her mother the past year, and will return here in the early fall.

The double engagement of the Misses Bucknall, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Bucknall, is announced. Miss Marie Bucknall will marry Mr. James A. Maguire of this city, and Miss Marguerite Bucknall will bestow her hand upon Mr. William B. Jardine, son of Sir William Jardine of Jardine Hall, Scotland. Both marriages will take place in the fall or early winter.

The engagement is announced of Mr. A. J. Greer, a student of the University of the Pacific, to Miss May Shannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Shannon, both of this city.

Invitations are out for the marriage next Wednesday at Trinity Church, Oakland, of Mr. G. A. Berger Jr., to take place at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. A reception will afterward be held at the residence of the bride's parents, 413 Grove street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma J. Barber, daughter of Captain Thomas H. Barber, to Mr. Thomas May of Utah.

The engagement is announced of Miss Jennie Oppenheimer to Mr. Bennett Silverman.

The engagement is announced of Miss Zilla Moses of this city to Mr. Victor Luebeck, formerly of Grass Valley.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hannah Rothman to Mr. A. Kassell, both of this city.

The wedding of Mr. Henry C. Hacke and Miss Hattie Horstmann will take place at St. Marcus Church to-morrow evening, at 8:30 o'clock.

The engagement of Miss Jennie Levinson of this city to Mr. Marcuse of Portland, Oregon, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Tillie Goldman to Mr. Leopold Selling, both of Portland.

San Jose Jottings.

The event during the past week at San Jose was undoubtedly the ball in honor of Colonel W. R. Shafter and other officers of the troops on the march to Monterey. It was a very brilliant affair and largely attended by society. During the coming week the "glorious Fourth" will be appropriately celebrated at the Vendome, where there are many of our own people. A feature of the celebration will be the bicycle tournament, consisting of a parade and other interesting exhibitions. The winners will be royally entertained during their stay, and on Saturday night a ball will be given at the Hotel Vendome in honor of the visitors, who will come from all parts of the State.

The Cooper-Fiske Wedding.

Mrs. J. Eloise Fiske, a cousin of Mayor Pond, was married last Tuesday to Mr. W. A. L. Cooper of Denver, Col. The ceremony was Bates at the residence of Mayor Pond, 1019 California street. The relatives and a few intimate friends of the bride were present. After the ceremony an elaborate luncheon was served, and later in the day the happy couple left for the Hotel del Monte. From there they will go to Yosemite.

The Koen Reception.

On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. George D. Koen received their friends at their performed at 1 o'clock by the Rev. Henry new home, 417 Bryant street. Quite an enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were: Miss Katie Welch, Miss Louisa Welch, Miss Katie Connor, Miss Lealy, Miss Doily Brown, Miss Katie Cosgrove, Miss Gertie Tehan, Miss Minnie King, Miss Grace Clygs; Messrs. William King, John Dally, John Fitzgerald, Thomas Syer, Charles O'Brien, Daniel Ward, Al Kelcher.

Del Monte Notes.

Monterey is becoming daily more lively and fascinating as the National holiday approaches. To-morrow the regulars will most probably pitch their tents, and, with the local celebrators, will divide the attractions of the Fourth for Del Monte guests.

Bathing, private picnics, tennis and the dolce far niente are the pleasant media of restful days, varied with evening entertainments (such as the successful tableaux for the Del Monte Chapel Fund) and ever-possible confidential solitudes a deux.

The usual hop took place at the hotel last Saturday evening, Noah Brandt's Orchestra providing its customary choice music. Among the many present were: Mrs. W. L. Dean, Mrs. Fair, Miss Fair, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Miss Rutherford, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Miss O'Connell, Mrs. Horace Davis, Miss M. B. West, Miss Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. H. A. Jerome, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. Fred R. Webster, Mr. George Crocker, Mrs. B. Spaulding, Miss Spaulding, Mrs. R. H. White, Miss Hattie B. Cooper, Miss Maud Goodwin, Miss Bertie Rutherford.

The Speranza Recital.

The one hundred and twenty-ninth recital of the Italian Musical Institute of San Francisco took place last Friday evening, at their hall, 104 Kearny street. As is usual at their entertainments, the selections rendered were of a high order. Too much praise cannot be given Professor D. Speranza, founder of the Institute, for the creditable showing of the pupils. Following was the programme: Part I—Gemma," ladies' chorus (Donizetti); romanza (Bellini), Miss Annie Westerhouse; song, "Sogneill," Miss R. Rosio; ballad (Millard), Miss A. Leroy; romanza (Torry), Miss W. Stone; "Forbidden Music" (melodia), Mr. Sam Deutsch; cavatina, "Linda" (Donizetti), Miss Alma Bergland; serenade (Scudin) Mr. W. Passini; "Waltz Song" (Cinotti), Miss Mamie Norton; romanza (Matter), Mr. J. Cahill. Part II—Aria, "Romeo and Juliet" (Vaccai), Miss Julia A. Sullivan; cavatina, "Robert" (Meyerbeer), Miss J. Forcade; song, "Margarite," Mr. J. W. Fountain; song, "Beautiful Love" (White), Miss S. de Corsey; "Salunella" (Balfe), Miss Mary Silver; celebrated duet, "Dormi" (Campana); musical director, Professor D. Speranza.

Society at Santa Cruz.

Life at Santa Cruz seems to be demonstrating the truth of the principle conveyed in the dictum, "Happy is that people which has no history." Without any specific entertainments to chronicle, this charming resort daily witnesses a ceaseless round of placid pleasure innocent of ennui. Bathing, drives, short walks, absorbing or desultory conversations and just "being on the beach," certainly with a vague idea of "meeting someone," are occupations perfectly sufficient for an ideal state of enjoyment. There are many prominent San Franciscans at the leading hotels, and any time during the delightful isurdom of this fair lotus land may be broken by a call to muster for some more or less formal function. The Fourth will send down a large contingent from this city. A pleasant ripple was observable at the pavilion last Saturday evening, the occasion being the ball given by the Young Business Men in aid of the Fourth of July Fund.

The Gelder-Samuels Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Carrie Samuels, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuels, to David Gelder was solemnized on Sunday last at the residence of the bride's parents in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties and a few most intimate friends, Rev. M. S. Levy conducting the marriage rites. Following the ceremony the guests were regaled to a wedding supper, at which the health of the bride and groom was enthusiastically proposed and responded to. Messrs. Gelder, S. Gelder, J. Samuels, J. Samuels, M. Lauer, B. Rosengarten and others offered toasts and complimentary wishes for the success of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Gelder received a large number of beautiful wedding gifts and many congratulatory telegrams. They will reside in Oakland.

San Rafael Festivities.

Tennis is, of course, the leading craze at San Rafael just now, in view of the approaching tourney on the Fourth for the $400 cup and the beaux yeux of sweet feminility in summer suits are inspiring our tennis knights to doughty deeds. The entries are all in, and the convenient seats erected round the "lists" are likely to be eagerly pre-empted.

There have been many informal driving expeditions, among them the Taylor four-in-hand party to San Pedro Beach on Tuesday by moonlight. Those present were: Mrs. Page-Brown, Mrs. Richards, Miss Kate Forbes, Miss Otis, Miss Carolan, Miss Taylor, Miss Simpkins, Mrs. Wilson, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Fanny Friedlander, Miss Bowie; Messrs. Holloway, Small, Carolan, Greenway, Page, Brown, Bee, McGreery.

Then there was a charming dinner party given by Mrs. W. Frank Goad on Thursday evening, the privileged guests comprising: Mr. and Mrs. Parrott, Mr. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. W. S. McCreary, Miss Taylor, Miss Carolan, Mr. Small, Mr. Frank Carolan, the Misses Friedlander, Miss Bowie, Mr. Henry Redington and several others. Besides there have been numerous soirees, musicales and delightful recitations, of which those of Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Mrs. Ebenezer Scott may be cited as charming instances.

At the hop on the evening of the Fourth there will be a large increase in the brilliant constituency of the hotel. Among the special visitors will be: Miss Edith Taylor, who will be the guest of Miss May Pope; Miss Nellie Corbett will visit Mrs. Hyde; Miss Lottie Clark and Miss Katie Voorhies.

The Picnic Season.

The Veteran Firemen's Association of California will celebrate the Fourth of July in Vallejo. The steamer Constance will leave half-past 8 o'clock next Friday.

The eighth annual picnic of Golden Gate Alliance, No. 2, of St. Patrick's Alliance of California, will be held at Shell Mound Park on Sunday, the 6th prox.

The San Francisco Ladies' Benevolent Society will hold its tenth annual picnic on July 13th.

The California Drill Corps, N. S. G. W., will hold its annual excursion at Guerneville on Friday, the 4th prox.

Parties to Take Place.

The Knights of Honor of this city will give a special celebration party this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Beulah Club will entertain members and friends next Friday evening at Mission Musical Hall, corner Howard and Twenty-first streets.

A literary and musical entertainment will be given by Miss Bertha Parce at Howard-street M. E. Church this evening.

The Society of Independent Old Fellows will celebrate the Fourth of July by a family excursion to Vallejo and Martinez, leaving San Francisco Friday at 10 o'clock, from Washington-street Wharf.

The Societe Philharmonique will give a prize masquerade ball next Thursday evening at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

The fifteenth anniversary party of California Parlor, No. 1, N. S. G. W., will take place on Tuesday evening, July 8th, at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The Golden Links will give an entertainment and dance at Pythian Hall, 1605 Folk street, on Friday, July 18th.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 1252, R. and L. of H., will give another "evening at home" next Thursday evening, at S. George's Hall, 909½ Market street.

Young Ladies' Institute, No. 14, will give an entertainment and social at K. R. H. Hall, corner of Mason and O'Farrell streets, this evening.

Liberty Relief Corps, No. 62, W. R. C., will give a patriotic entertainment next Friday at their hall, 55 Eddy street.

Flambeau Lodge, No. 7, will give an entertainment and ball at Saratoga Hall, 812 Geary street, on Friday evening, July 25th.

Rincon Parlor, No. 72, N. S. G. W., will give an installation party at Pioneer Hall next Wednesday.

Court Twin Peaks, No. 7556, A. O. of F., will hold a public installation of officers next Wednesday at their hall, corner of Seventeenth and Noe streets. Dancing will follow the ceremony.

The anniversary camp-fire and ball of Seven Pines Circle, No. 33, Ladies of the G. A. R., will take place at Saratoga Hall this evening.

The military drama, "The Confederate Spy," will be given at Saratoga Hall on the 17th prox. by the California Amateur Players' Club.

The members of Beaver Lodge, No. 10, Royal Argosy, will give their public installation party at Foresters' Hall, 29 Eddy street, on Tuesday evening, the 8th prox.

The members of Hesperian Parlor, No. 137, N. S. G. W., will hold an open installation and entertainment, to be followed by dancing, at Mission Opera Hall on Thursday evening, the 10th prox.

Washington Camp, No. 1, will give an entertainment and ball Friday evening, the 11th prox., at Saratoga Hall.

A concert and ball will be given by the Italian Philharmonic and Philodramatic Society at Irving Hall next Saturday evening.

The San Jose Opera Company will produce "The Mikado" to-morrow evening at San Jose, Miss Alvina Heuer in the part of Yum-Yum.

Court Stanford, No. 7563, A. O. F. of A., will give a social at their hall, in Red Men's Building, to-morrow evening.

Alturas Lodge, No. 6, Order of the Beacon Light, will give their first pound party next Wednesday evening, at Noe Valley Hall, 1244 Twenty-fourth street.

Mission Parlor, No. 38, N. S. G. W., will hold a public installation and social at Mission Opera Hall on Wednesday evening, the 9th prox.

The pupils of Hinman's Branch Academy will give a fan party Monday evening, July 7th, at their hall, corner of Twenty-first and Howard streets.

A benefit will be tendered to Professor John Casad by several social clubs of this city next Saturday evening at Music Hall.

A domino party will be given at Mission Opera Hall by Munro & Irvine's pupils next Saturday evening.

Society Personals.

Mr. and Mr. Joseph Powning and Mr. Will Powning will leave to-day for Hotel del Monte a couple of weeks.

Mr. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado leave to-day for Del Monte.

Mrs. J. B. Cooper and Miss Alice Cooper will go down to Del Monte on Tuesday for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dresbach and family and Miss Emma Neffmann have returned from their trip to Southern California.

Miss Louise Tourny is sojurning in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. L. Weilendorff of Berkeley and Mrs. Harry W. Gardner of this city are spending some time at the Ætna Springs.

Miss Lizzie M. Devoe is visiting friends in San Rafael.

James Moorhead is at the Ætna Springs.

Miss Flora Friedlander returned from Alameda and goes to-morrow to San Jose to spend the rest of her vacation.

Mrs. J. A. Schmidt and family have returned from a three weeks' sojourn at the Ætna Springs.

Miss Tillie Flachmyer, Miss Maggie Flachmyer, Miss Mena Flood, Mrs. Theodore Kendall and son, Mrs. Alice Moore and daughter, Miss Tina Flachmyer, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Helen Myser and son, Miss Josie Stapleton, Miss Mary Tyson, Miss Emma Wagner and Miss Maggie Tyson will spend the summer at Ferndale Camp, Corte Madera.

Mrs. General Cosby has returned to Sacramento from San Francisco, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Hall.

Mrs. M. O'Connor of San Rafael, accompanied by the Misses O'Connor, will leave the Occidental Hotel early next week for a sojourn at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey.

Colonel F. F. Frazier of San Francisco is visiting Sacramento.

Miss Marie Ponton de Arce is visiting friends in San Jose.

Miss Violet Whitney of Oakland has gone to Honolulu to visit Mr. and Mrs. Paul Neumann.

Mrs. Ethel Goodwin has returned to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Louis Cohen, Miss Elma Y. Cohen and Messrs. J. G. and Albert Cohen are located at the Riverside Hotel, Santa Cruz, for the remainder of the season.

Mr. George L. Fish and family are occupying the residence of Captain Goodall in Oakland during the absence of the Goodalls.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton will be at the Hotel del Monte during the holidays.

Dr. Leonard Wood returned from the East Friday, and will leave to-morrow for the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. I. E. Cohn, son of the late Rev. Dr. Cohn, has taken up his residence in Salt Lake City with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Holbrook have returned from their visit to Klamath Springs. Mrs. Holbrook will soon leave for the East to visit friends.

Miss Hattie Holz and Miss Becky Fisher have returned from Sacramento after an absence of three weeks.

Miss Nancy Redfern, Miss Evelyn Johnson, Miss A. Wachtenheim and Miss M. E. Green are stopping at the Ætna Springs.

Miss M. J'Amoureaux of San Rafael is visiting her friend, Miss G. McCudden of Vallejo.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton, who have been at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose for several week, will soon go to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberg (nee Gibbs) have returned from a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. Leon Weill, the well-known insurance agent, who has been ill with lung trouble for several weeks, is convalescent. He has left for Gilroy Hot Springs, accompanied by Mrs. Weill.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Button and family, of Oakland, are at Marysville. On their way thither they visited Sacramento. They will go to San Jose before returning home.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson has gone to New York and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Miss Mary Bowen have retured to the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Joseph Rosenthal, the capitalist, has returned from Europe, and is now staying at the Palace.

Miss Lou Shepard and Miss Claire Ralston and the Misses de Fremery of Oakland leave this week for a trip to Alaska.

Mr. O. Hoard has returned from Harbin Springs on a business trip and goes back this morning, accompanied by Mr. James Flynn, a merchant of Seattle, who goes for his health.

Mr. D. J. Noonan, who has been ill for several months, is now convalescent, and leaves Sunday for Coronado Beach, to be gone a month.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Flood, Mr. R. P. Doolan, Miss Lulu Doolan, Miss Loretto Doolan and Mr. August Schleicher are passing a few days at the Hotel de Redwood, Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Josephine Pritchard is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Judge Brown of Stockton, but will return to her home in this city the first week in July.

Professor Alois F. Lejeal left on the 23d of May for New York.

Mrs. Alois Lejeal and family have taken a cottage in Sausalito for the summer months.

Miss H. Mallett has gone to Ogden on a visit to her brother's family.

Mrs. H. Seymour of the Russ House left early in June with her family of sons and a party of friends for Dunsmuir.

Mrs. Alice H. Baur, Miss Inez Orine Baur and Mrs. H. S. Hutton, of 526 Sutter street, left town a fortnight ago to summer at Robinwood Vineyard, near St. Helena.

Vox Populi.

"'Tis the best!" one voice proclaims,
'Tis the people's honest word.
"Tried and true, it triumphs always!"
Every ear that voice has heard.

Songy gums it cures and hardens;
Teeth discolored it restores;
Foulest breath makes pure and fragrant;
Heals and keeps off painful sores.

"SOZODONT is purest, cheapest!"—
Thus with one accord they cry.
"It fulfills its utmost promise!
'Tis the best!" they testify.

Vox Populi.

The voice of an intelligent people declares that SOZODONT is an article of genuine merit, and their patronage confirms what their voice proclaims. There is no gainsaying this *pronunciamento*. Facts attested by the evidence of numberless respectable citizens prove that it is correct. No article for the teeth has such a wide popularity, and assuredly none exerts such a beneficent influence upon them, rendering as it does their structure more solid, and exterminating the seeds of their decay.

ALONE.

BLUE was the sky that Sabbath morning,
Radiant and emulating the sun shone;
In clinging dress of somber hue,
To church I walked alone.

Gray shadows were in solemn arches hiding;
Sadly I bowed before God's throne;
Around were many, many faces;
But alas! I was alone.

A voice—like that of some angel singing—
Soared like a bird among the rafters high:
"Again you'll have your own—be patient—
Be patient—by and by."

Out from the church—into the sunlight going—
Echoed, comforted, the glad, glad cry:
"Again you'll have your own—be patient—
Be patient—by and by."

GRACE HIBBARD.

June 29, 1890.

CARRIE CLAIRE.

"ROBERT!"

There was no reply; and presently the same musical voice repeated the call.

Silence still.

Then pretty Carrie Claire, raising herself on tip-toe, held aside the clustering roses and ivy-leaves that almost covered the little back window of the lawn summer-house, and peeped in.

"Oh, there you are!" she cried; adding afterward, almost in a whisper, "Why, he's fast asleep!"

On making this discovery she stood still for some moments, a fair picture of sweet girlish beauty; her gloved hand half hidden in the foliage, her heart beating a little faster, a heightened color in her cheeks, and a tell-tale, tender brilliancy in her soft brown eyes, that the sleeper would have given all the world to see.

What a lovely, drowsy afternoon it was! No wonder Robert Ruiton had found its influence irresistible.

There had been a great pretense of single-handed tennis between himself and Carrie Claire after luncheon, until she had been called away upon some household matter which had detained her more than half an hour. She had left him to the indulgence of a cigarette. The remains of it were lying on the rustic table close to his hand.

How handsome he looked, now that his clear-cut, aristocratic features were in rapt repose; and how well his loose, white suit set off his manly figure! Decidedly Robert Ruiton was an unusually fine specimen of English manhood.

"It will never do to let him open his eyes and catch me peeping thus," was the girl's next remark, and so she removed her hand, and the leafy screen fell over the window again. Then, struck with a merry thought, she added, "What a chance for a pair of gloves! What would he say?"

For a moment or so she was scared at the audacity of the very idea. Then, with slow steps and fluttering pulses, she followed the winding path that led to the entrance of the summer-house.

On reaching the threshold she paused and was half inclined to fly.

Yet there he sat—unquestionably sound asleep. The temptation was strong indeed.

Rosier grew her cheeks. Roguish lights twinkled in her eyes. The dimples deepened round her parted lips.

"What would he say?"

She drew nearer as she asked herself the question, her heart throbbing, every nerve tingling.

Then she stopped short suddenly, upon catching sight of some glittering object that lay upon his breast.

It was a large gold locket.

It had fallen from his pocket, or slipped out of his hand perhaps. What could it mean? She had never seen him in possession of any such trinket.

For some seconds she gazed at it as though fascinated.

Then without another thought, impelled by an irresistible impulse of curiosity, she picked it up.

On lifting it the locket opened; it had been simply closed, not clasped.

Carrie Claire's gaze rested upon the pictured semblance of a smiling, beautiful face—the face of a young girl, apparently about her own age.

Her smiles died away at the sight of it. Her eyes, so sparkling an instant before, grew dim and clouded. Her heart gave one great bound, and then stood still. Her breast was filled with bitter, jealous pain.

Mechanically she closed the locket, and laid it again at her lover's feet.

Abashed and humbled, she slowly crept away, dragging her heavy footsteps across the lawn to an old cedar-tree, beneath whose wide-spreading branches was a garden-seat, and on this she sank wearily, so changed in outward aspect and inward feeling that she no longer seemed like the same being.

"And yet," she sighed, "how often he has told me that he loved me and no other! Can it be really true that there is no sincerity in man?"

With stern resolution she forced back the tears that came thronging to her eyes.

"How often he has assured me, in spite of my jealous doubts, that I was the first, as well as his only love, and yet, while telling me so, was all the time carrying the portrait of another woman—the portrait of his first love, of course. How glad I am that I found it out to-day!"

But in spite of her words, there were no signs of gladness visible. Truth to tell, she sat there feeling miserable enough, unconscious of all around and about her, until she was aroused by a shadow falling between her and the sunlight. Glancing up, she saw her lover standing smilingly before her. How she hated him for that false, deceitful smile!

"Dear girl!" said Robert, fondly, "why are you sitting here alone, looking so vexed and sad? It was too bad of me to fall asleep; but surely you can't be angry with me about that?"

"Angry? Oh, no—not at all!"

"Then what has happened to annoy you?"

"Nothing. That is, nothing that I need trouble you about, Mr. Ruiton."

And she drew away the hand which he would have taken in his own, rising at the same time and bowing coldly.

"I—I beg you will excuse me now, Mr. Ruiton; I wish to go indoors! Good afternoon!"

She tried very hard to keep her voice calm and steady, but only partially succeeded.

"Come, Carrie!" exclaimed Robert, "put off this strangeness—be more like yourself! I—ahem!"

He stopped short, drawing back a step, for he caught sight of one of the servants from the house advancing quickly toward them.

"Beg pardon, miss; but some visitors have called, and——"

"Do you know if Mrs. Ruiton is with them?" asked Robert, quickly.

"I think so, sir."

"My dear, kind, good mother!" he ejaculated, with a cry of joyous surprise. "Come, Carrie, be once more your dear old self. First impressions are everything, and of course I want you to be at your most charming best. But you will stand the ordeal bravely, I know you will! Mothers are proverbially hard to please in such a case; but she must like you, Carrie—I am sure she must!"

Carrie Claire felt by no means equal to the attempt of controlling the current of events. Her face looked apathetic, almost sullen; but she suffered her companion to lead her toward the house.

"My dear girl," he added, earnestly, "if anything I have said or done has caused this change in you, let me beg of you to lay it aside a little while. Don't forget your promise! Trust me!"

But Carrie marched on in silence, vouchsafing no reply. That hateful, pretty, painted face danced in the air before her. She could see little else.

"To tell you the truth," continued Robert, "I scarcely thought it possible that my mother could arrive to-day, though I had a letter this morning to say she had joined a party of friends homeward bound from Cannes, and that probably she would arrive a few hours after I received her letter. It shows how very anxious she is to see my choice—the dear girl who is so soon to become my happy wife—and who is to make me the happiest of men."

But not a word of response could he elicit from Carrie, and matters were in this unsatisfactory condition when they entered the drawing-room.

Of what was said and done on this occasion Carrie had only a dim and indistinct idea. Of course she was duly introduced to Mrs. Ruiton, and she had a hastly glimpse of a kindly looking, ruddy face, with a profusion of white hair about it, and having a strong resemblance to Robert's well-known features; then most perversely and unaccountably it assumed the horrid lineaments of the portrait in the locket. It was a most ridiculous idea she knew, and so she gladly sank down on a couch, happy to escape, if only for a moment, from taking any active part in what was going on.

She could hear Robert and his mother exchanging mutual felicitations. There existed between the two the closest bonds of affection; but all their tender speeches, to which a short time ago she would have listened with such rapt attention, now fell upon dulled ears.

Presently, however, a few rapidly-uttered words brought her back to the keenest consciousness; her listlessness vanished as if by magic, and she leaned forward, almost panting with anxiety.

Robert was speaking.

"I wished very much," she heard him say, "that I could prepare Carrie for your coming by showing her your portrait; but owing to your deep-seated dislike of sitting for your photograph, what would have been easy enough, where almost anyone else was concerned, was an impossibility with you. But to-day, while hunting for a ring which I had mislaid, I came across this old locket. You remember it of course?"

"Remember it, my dear boy! Why, it was one of your poor father's first gifts. The portrait it contains was painted by a most intimate friend of his. I was only 19 then!"

"I put it in my pocket," continued Robert, "with the intention of showing it to Carrie this afternoon, but forgot all about it, I am ashamed to say, until I sat down in the summer-house."

Long before he had finished speaking Carrie was standing beside him, peeping over his shoulder and gazing with the deepest interest at the portrait which had caused her such mental torture, and as animated as any one in pointing out the resemblance to the original, despite the changes wrought by the passage of so many years.

"Robert!" said Carrie, very softly and tenderly, as soon as she found herself alone with her lover, "I have behaved very badly to you to-day, and I want your pardon. Say you forgive me; though I know I don't deserve it!"

"Who could resist such a pleading voice, and such a pitiful little face?" asked Robert, merrily, drawing her fondly toward him.

"But you do forgive me?"

"Of course I do; freely and willingly; for the fact is I am under the necessity of asking forgiveness myself.

"From me?"

"Yes!"

"For what?"

"That you shall know presently; but you must first confess your fault."

"I mistrusted you to-day, Robert—I was wildly and foolishly jealous!"

"Really?"

"I was! I—I came into the summer-house and saw you asleep there. That locket was lying at your feet. I opened it, and—and——"

"Jumped to a most hasty and incorrect conclusion; running the risk of making us both miserable, perhaps for life. And after your promise, too, that you would always trust me!"

"Please say no more about it."

"Willingly! I will only ask that another time you will give me the opportunity of making an explanation."

"I will—I will!"

"And now for myself. My confession involves a disappointment."

"A disappointment—how?"

"Well, Carrie, the fact is I was—well, not quite fast asleep when you came into the summer-house! I kept still because I made sure you would——"

"Oh! you base, good-for-nothing, deceitful fellow," was her energetic interruption.

"Gently, Carrie—gently!"

"So you are! I am quite ashamed of you! I should never have thought you could be guilty of such meanness! And it was very cruel of you besides!"

"How so?"

"Because at least you might, when you saw the mistake I had fallen into, have told me of my error, and saved me all that—all that suffering!"

"My dear girl, the whole affair was so sudden and you popped out so quickly, that you were gone before I had time to think or could understand what it all meant."

"But when it did dawn upon you, sir?"

"Why, then I thought at once of the unsparing way you have of finding fault with people in novels for causing no end of misery, when a word of explanation would have put everything right, and yet there were you at the very first opportunity doing the very same thing."

"And so you thought I was deserving of some punishment?"

"No, darling, not that. I only wanted you to realize the truth of the assertion that, without perfect trust there can be neither perfect love nor perfect happiness."

"I will never doubt you again, Robert."

"But you must console me for my disappointment, now, Carrie—you know quite well what I mean—or some day I shall be obliged to relate how you were once jealous of my mother's portrait."

E.

STUDYING HABITS OF TIGERS.

A Naturalist Tells How He Got Intimate With Them.

At the Calcutta Zoological Gardens we had an abundant supply of tigers, for the private owner of a tiger soon gets tired of it, and as there is no regular market for tigers the owners gladly presented them to the Zoo, while their liberality was duly acknowledged on the tickets in front of the cages. As most people rise early in India, I used to drive to the Zoo nearly every morning in the week and walk about with our scientific member, Dr. Anderson, and our other colleagues to see the animals. The public never came till later in the day, so we had the beasts quietly to ourselves and saw them to the best advantage. The native keepers treated them very kindly. Each tiger seemed to have a special character of its own. They would usually eat from our hands the green dhoop grass, fresh with dew, which we gathered and gave them through the bars. One tiger was blind, but would let itself be handled and patted by us, and would also a beautiful tigress which had been brought up by hand, for it was a tiny cub when its mother was shot by me near Dacca. The others were more or less friendly, only it was safer to rub their backs with a stick than with the hand, for a tiger whips around very swiftly, and though it might mean no harm it might give an ugly bite.

We had two very fine man-eating tigers with which it was unsafe to play, though they would eat the fresh dewy grass greedily when put before them. They had killed many human beings before they had been caught alive in pitfalls, and they had not forgotten it. But the large male of this pair was a coward, and at the sight of a small tame elephant in front of his den he would run into his inner compartment and hide himself. He had never seen an elephant in his native wilds, but he did not like the look of it. So I remember the case of a tiger in the Burdwan Menagerie, which could not endure the sight of a white man, but hid itself in its den, though it was perfectly indifferent as to the dark-skinned natives if they went to look at it. But however familiar we became with our tigers in the early morning, when we were alone with them, we had to leave them to themselves when the public came to look at them. Some of the public seemed to think that it showed their spirit and courage to rattle at the bars of the cages with their umbrellas. Moreover, the public always crowded to see the animals at their feeding time, when of course they become excitable, so that it was not the right time for playing with them.—C. T. Buckland in Longman's Magazine.

Locomotive Telephones.

A test was made this afternoon of the electric railway signal of the Universal Electric Railway Signal Company of Richmond, Va. About three miles of the track on the Baltimore and Ohio has been provided with this signal system by way of experiment. The apparatus consists of an electric circuit formed by a single iron rod, which is laid between the tracks, and a wire brush attached to each engine in connection with an electric gong and telephone. Two engines approaching each other on the same track come into circuit at the distance of one mile and a half or more, according to the strength of the battery, and at once the telephone bells ring. This is a signal for the trains to stop, and the engineers may talk with each other on the telephone to discover the trouble, whatever it may be. Two trains were sent out on the Baltimore and Ohio this afternoon with a party, including several gentlemen from Washington and Virginia and correspondents of newspapers in different parts of the country. The tests were made and proved extremely satisfactory.—Washington Star, June 7th.

The split bamboo fishing rod, hitherto the very acme of perfection in that line, now steps down and out to make room for the hollow steel rod, which is much lighter and much stronger. Moreover, its admirable working will make it lose its shape. It remains true, however, that, if you know where the fish are and how to catch them, very superior sport may be had without any fancy outfit, whether bamboo or steel.

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