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TRIED BY FIRE.

"Marry Mr. Dysart? That old man? Mamma, you are jesting!"

She stood at the open window of the shaby little sitting-room—a tall, straight young figure in a clinging black gown. A girl with a fair, sweet face, brown eyes, and golden hair—Lucia Denelle.

At the other window—both of which opened upon great, straggling, unkept grounds—a delicate-looking woman was bending over a huge basket of darning.

All sorts and conditions of garments, all of a diminutive size, bespoke the occupation of the weary, toil-worn mother of small children.

Mrs. Denelle glanced up, with a pair of tiny, dilapidated socks in her hand, and her tired face grew more careworn, and she suppressed a weary sigh.

"Daughter, the very thought of your being forced into a loveless marriage breaks my heart. If you do not—cannot—learn to care for Mr. Dysart"—Lucia shrugged her graceful shoulders disdainfully—"then I will say no more. But he is good and kind. He offers to settle a handsome income upon me, so that the children can be properly educated. He offers to lift the mortgage from this place, and secure it to me free of all incumbrance; also to refurnish and beautify the house. Really, my dear, Woodlawn would be a lovely place, with some necessary improvements, and with means sufficient to keep the grounds in order. And when I reflect upon our forlorn condition since your poor father's death, and glance about me at the six little ones—all younger than you, to be fed and clothed and educated upon the mere pittance which is left me from your father's life insurance—it makes my heart stand still. And Mr. Dysart loves you. His elegant home is near enough, so that I would not have to lose you altogether. Oh, Lucia, darling, I would never consent for you to go far away."

"Not even to Italy, mamma?"

The girl's sweet face had grown tender and gentle. She came to her mother's side, and drew the unfinished mending from her hands.

"There! Let me do it, mamma. Truly I am not tired. I've only given a music lesson this morning. Now, mamma"—with a mischievous smile, which did not conceal the undercurrent of anxiety in her heart—"answer me! Mayn't I go to Italy as Stuart Harland's wife?"

"Good heavens!"

Mrs. Denelle started to her feet, pale and trembling like a leaf.

"Stuart Harland! A poor artist. Oh, Lucia, this is madness!"

"Mamma, I love him!"

"Madness—madness!" repeated the mother brokenly. "Lucia, I would rather see you dead. You are poor enough now."

"Mamma"—the girl's face was grave and resolute—"I cannot endure the thought of giving you pain, but I do not love Mark Dysart, and I have given my whole heart to Stuart Harland, and can never marry any one else."

Mrs. Denelle was wringing her hands in bitter sorrow. Neither of them observed the tall, dark figure in the overgrown grounds without, lying at full length upon the garden seat, his hat drawn over his eyes.

A man of middle age, with dark-brown hair and beard just touched with gray, keen gray eyes, and severe expression. The two women went on with the discussion, all unconscious of the listener without.

"I would not willingly grieve or cross you, Lucia," Mrs. Denelle was saying sadly, "but I shall never give my consent."

"Then" — rebelliously — "we shall either have to marry without it, or—forgive me, mamma"—with a little cry of pain at sight of her mother's distress. "No, I would never do that. But I would be doomed to a life of loneliness and unhappiness; and I know that would kill mamma, too, unhappy, too."

Mrs. Denelle made no reply, and Lucia went on with the task before her. All day long she worked, cooking, ironing, and mending for the noisy, mischievous six, filled the time of overflowing. But Lucia, pale and patient, worked away, and nothing was left undone.

When the sun had set and twilight had fallen over the green earth like a benediction, when the last youngster was tucked away in his little bed, then Lucia was at liberty. She threw a fleecy white wrap about her shoulders, and went out into the dusky grounds.

A little later Stuart Harland joined her. Tall and graceful was the young artist, with clear-cut features, large, luminous dark eyes, and a dark mustache; a face to attract any woman. And Lucia knew how good and true he was, and her whole heart was in the keeping of this man, whose only fault was poverty.

In golden silence the two paced on together down the tangled garden path. At last Stuart Harland turned, and his dark eyes met Lucia's with a silent question in their depths. She shook her golden head slowly sadly.

"It is useless, sweetheart," she said softly. "I have spoken to mother. I wished to prepare her for your intended interview to-morrow; but, Stuart, it is quite useless—quite. She will never consent to our marriage; and—I cannot blame her, poor little mother! It would be separation for us both, perhaps forever. Oh, Stuart, Stuart!"—the golden head went down upon his shoulder, and the sweet voice broke into sobs and tears—"I cannot give you up!"

"And you shall not," he murmured tenderly. "We will wait, dear love."

"I shall be old and grey and ugly," she was beginning.

But he stooped and kissed the sweet red lips.

"You may be as old as Methuselah, and grey as a badger—ugly you never can be under any circumstances, little woman!—but you shall be my wife just the same. I will never give you up."

And so their troth was plighted anew; and Stuart Harland went home through the silvery moonlight with a tender smile upon his lips, and his dark eyes shining with a happy light.

"I wonder who this fellow can be of whom Lucia told me to-night" he queried, as he walked along. "It is a new arrival here, she has purchased Beechwood—grand old place—and Lucia says she met him last summer while she was away in the West teaching school. A rich western merchant; and—by Jove! who is that?"

A tall, dark form loomed up before him in the moonlight, an elderly man, at sight of whom Stuart involuntarily halted.

"Mr. Harland is it not?" began the stranger, quietly. "I would like a few words with you, sir, if you please."

Stuart bowed.

"As many as you like, Mr. ——"

"Dysart. My name is Mark Dysart. Stuart Harland, did you ever hear that name before?"

"Never, to my knowledge, until tonight," the young man returned quietly. "Can I serve you in any way, Mr. Dysart?"

"Yes. I love Miss Lucia Denelle. If you were out of the way she might learn to care for me; and I am sure that once my wife she would love me. For I would be so kind and tender to her that I could not fail to win her in time. Mr. Stuart Harland, I understand that you are a struggling young artist, poor and proud. Oh, you need not get angry. I did not mean any insult; I was speaking for your good. I will make you this proposition: I agree to pay all your expenses to Italy, where you can perfect yourself in your art. I will make your name famous; for, no matter how fine an artist you may be, the world will never believe it until some rich and influential man says so. I will do all this for you; I will make you the richest and most famous artist of the day upon one condition."

"And that?"

Stuart Hartland's voice was trembling.

"Is—that you resign all pretensions to Lucia Denelle's hand! That you go away and leave the coast clear. What do you say?"

Trembling like a leaf, pale as marble, his great dark eyes blazing with indignation, Stuart turned with uplifted hand.

"Only your grey hairs deter me from chastising you as you deserve!"—he ground the words orth between his set teeth. "Out of my path, Mark Dysart, or I shall forget myself, and strike you down at my feet!"

"Softly, softly, young man!" cried the other, lightly. "I meant no harm. I was appealing to your worldly wisdom, but I see —— Young man, give me your hand! I have applied a severe test, and I find I was right in my belief. Come home with me, Stuart Harland. I have a story to tell you."

* * * *

Two days afterward Mrs. Denelle saw upon Lucia's white forefinger a magnificent diamond ring.

The red blood rushed to the widow's pale cheeks in a sudden flood.

Was Lucia going to be sensible, after all?

"My dear"—a dubious glance at the ring—"I think you ought not to conceal anything from your own mother! Is it all settled, Lucia?"

"Yes, mamma—all settled; and I am the very happiest girl alive."

And the white arms went around Mrs. Denelle's neck, and Lucia's lips were pressed against her mother's.

"Mamma, it is all so strange! I can scarcely believe it even yet. But"—she stopped short, blushing prettily—"they are coming."

"They" proved to be Stuart Harland and Mr. Dysart.

Mrs. Denelle looked profoundly surprised as the two men, arm in arm, entered the cool, airy room where she sat.

"My dear Mrs. Denelle," began Mark Dysart, at once. "I have wonderful news to tell you! This young man here, Mr. Stuart Harland, is my dead sister's only child, and, being next of kin, he will be sole heir to my possessions. I have proved his worth. I tempted him with everything in the human heart can crave—riches, fame, power—it would be impossible to tempt him upon your daughter's heart. But he spurned my every offer, and won! I have punished me for my audacity and I not been an old man, Mrs. Denelle, this has all been a piece of mine from the very first. I wanted to prove Stuart Harland's worth. I desired to make sure that he was the noble, honorable, upright man that Lucia believed him to be—a man who cannot be bought. I am satisfied. The wedding shall come off as soon as ready. I have made a deed which gives Beechwood to Stuart Harland, and the young people can move there as soon as the wedding is over. He has been tried, as gold is tested, by fire, and he is worthy even of Lucia. What higher praise than that? May they be happy for many years together."

And they all said "Amen."

The Steamer Knickerbocker in a Hurricane

Captain Sherwood says that this is the ninth hurricane he has experienced and that it was the worst of them all. The wind at one time blew with a velocity of at least 100 miles per hour. A passenger who has many times crossed the Atlantic says:

"It was not a storm, nor yet a hurricane; it was a cyclone, an Laterrible one at that. It was Thursday afternoon when the storm first broke over the vessel, which was then somewhere off the coast of North Carolina. The barometer fell to 28.20. The gale lasted in all about 48 hours and the vessel was driven 3 miles out of her course toward Europe. First she was blown north, and then east by south. For six hours steadily the wind shrieked and howled with indescribable force and without a lull. The seas broke over the vessel fore and aft, and as the mountainous waves struck the apparently doomed ship she would quiver as I shake as if going to pieces with each successive wave. Everybody on board felt that there was little hope for the ship, and it appeared as if the after cabin must be washed away, and that no human skill and mechanical ingenuity could have devised would prove of any avail to withstand the force of the seas.

"During all this time the chief engineer and his noble assistants, standing knee-deep in water, were performing their duty. The firemen continued shoveling in coal, standing up to their waists in the water, and, to add to the horrors of their situation, the water falling on the heated boilers caused a dense and suffocating cloud of steam to arise, which rendered it next to impossible to live. With throats and lips parched for want of a drink of water—for no one could bring them any—these men stood thus until the seas, washing aboard and through the skylights, so filled up the hold that the fires were extinguished and the engine stopped. The glasses in the skylights were shivered by the waves, and the furniture was thrown about the cabin in promiscuous confusion.

"For engines were not started again until 8 o'clock on Friday. Hopes were prolonged, and by means of them passengers retained their seats in chairs or sofas. The life-boat on the port side was blown from the davits, and the passengers all had life preservers near at hand ready to don them when the supreme moment arrived. The women among the passengers behaved admirably, inspiring all with courage and hope."

Strange Wedding Scene in Italy.

The Marquis Cantino, of Italy, recently fell in love with a young English millionaire, Miss Ada Rutland, and arrangements were made for the marriage on the pair. The day came, the guests were all gathered, the clergyman was ready. All at once the bride appeared. A thrill of excitement, mingled with admiration, ran through the party. The white dress wore by the lady was seen to be decorated with garlands of white doves too numerous to be counted. The face of the Marquis darkened as he asked: "Where did you get these?"

"Oh," was the quick response, "I hit upon this splendid idea myself, and I gave instructions to the farmers on my English estates to catch all the doves they could and send them to me."

"And you suppose," coldly said the Marquis, "that I can take you to my arms with that murderer's dress about you? Never! I despise you!" Thus speaking the horrified bridegroom darted from the room and took the next train for Paris.

HOW NECKTIES ARE MADE.

A Manufacturer Tells of the Trade and Its Peculiarities.

The designing of silks and satins for neckties is a profession in itself. "There are special grades and designs of silks and satins made exclusively for the necktie trade," said a manufacturer to a New York *Mail* reporter. "These materials are made from patterns designed by men who do nothing but study new things in this line. There are from fifty to seventy-five factories in the country and ten or twelve first-class makers. The latter usually secure exclusive rights to use certain styles of goods offered to the American market, or a large portion of it. But the success of making up such goods is just like a lottery. Perhaps one season I hit upon a design that will become so popular that all the other makers are forced to adopt it, but the next season some one in Boston or Philadelphia will make a hit, and I am forced to copy that. There's never any telling how a necktie is going to take until it is fairly on the market. Then it depends for success on who adopts it first. If he happens to be a swell, that particular kind of necktie will sell well."

"Are the styles of making up neckties originated abroad?"

"Not now. They were until about three years ago, but now our styles are superior to the European, and they are coming over here for patterns. However, there is a tendency toward English patterns for this season.

"There are more than 1,200 girls employed in this city alone. They work by the piece and make money more or less according to their experience. A good finisher can make $8 or $9 a week. She takes a necktie after it is put together and finishes each detail perfectly so that it is ready to box. Three different colors of the same design and same style are twisted together to give the dealer an assortment in the one make. The finisher must see that all of this kind are exactly alike in point of finish and make-up. We have one girl who does nothing but turn bands of neckties, and she makes 15 a week. She turns twenty-five or thirty dozen bands a day."

Wonderful Feats with a Gun.

I have often read of the wonderful feats performed by skilled workmen with tools, such as engraving the Lord's prayer on the back of a silver dime piece or making a steam engine that would stand on a silver quarter, but I saw some wonders performed the other night that surpassed them all. All the minute articles manufactured heretofore have been made with small tools, and in some cases with the aid of a microscope, but there is a man in the Sea Beach Palace exposition on Coney island, who works out the most delicate articles with a hand-saw nineteen feet long and revolving at the rate of over a mile a minute. Upon this immense machine the skilled operator in my presence sawed out four chairs, all complete with legs and backs, but so small that the four were placed on the end of a lead pencil at one time. Then a dozen knives and forks of the most diminutive size were made and placed around the lead pencil. So small were they that although the entire dozen were placed round the lead pencil not one of them touched the other. Then the operator trimmed his finger nails on the huge saw as cleverly and easily as one could do it with a penknife. Wetting his thumb, he pressed the ball of it into some sawdust and then sawed the sawdust off the thumb without scratching the skin, yet a single nervous twitch of the arm would have cost him a hand. All sorts of curious puzzles are turned out with astonishing rapidity from all sorts of misshapen blocks of wood. Even articles of clothing, as thin and flexible as cloth, are worked out by this magician from little pieces of wood with his big saw. The cap he works in was sawed out of over 1,000 pieces of wood, no two of which are the same size or shape.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Sleep of Death.

An interesting description of the "sleepy disease," peculiar to Africa, is given in the "Journal of an African Cruiser."

The persons attacked by this singular malady are those who take little exercise and live principally on vegetables, particularly cassada and rice. Some observers ascribe it to the cassada, which is supposed to be strongly narcotic. Not improbably the climate has much influence, the disease being most prevalent in low and marshy situation. Irresistible drowsiness continually weighs down the patient, who can be kept awake only for the few minutes needful to take a little food. When this lethargy has lasted three or four months death comes—with a tread that the patient cannot hear—and makes the slumber a little more sound.

I found the aspect of Queen Maumee's beautiful grand-daughter incomparably affecting. It was strange to see her so quiet, in a sleep that a touch might be sufficient to shake off for youthful life, and yet to know that this was no refreshing slumber, but a spell in which she was fading away from the eyes that loved her. This young girl was but fourteen years of age. With some difficulty she was aroused and awoke with a frightened cry—a strange and broken murmur—as if she were looking dimly out of her sleep and I knew not whether our figures were real or only the phantasies of a dream. Her eyes were wild and glassy and she seemed to be in pain. While awake there was a nervous twitching about her mouth and in her fingers, but being again extended on the mat at left to herself these symptoms of disquietude passed away and she almost immediately sunk again into the deep and heavy sleep in which we found her. This poor doomed girl had been suffering—no, not suffering, for, except when for fully aroused, there appears to be no uneasiness—but she had been lingering two months under this sleepy disease.

Russian Tea Drinking.

The Russians are a nation of tea-drinkers; coffee is rare; tea is universal, and universally good. The best tea I ever drank was in Russia; they drink it at all hours, and without regard to quantity—sometimes ten cups at a sitting, and yet, apparently, with impunity.

Brass urns, in which tea-water is boiled by means of a charcoal fire, are found over all the Empire. They are called samovars, and I found it important to include in my Russian vocabulary the word "samovar." Their method of making and drinking tea has been noticed by all travelers in their country.

They claim that water at the boiling point is destructive to the good qualities of tea, so they draw their tea with water just below that point. They use thin glass tumblers, with ordinary saucers; sometimes the women use cups, but the men never; the tea is poured into the saucers, which are held on the upturned ends of the thumb and fingers of the right hand; milk and cream are rarely used; a block of cut sugar is held in the left hand, from which they nibble pieces, as they slowly sip their delicious, wine-colored tea.

SEWING RAG CARPETS.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

It was a small unpainted house, stained an indescribable hue by the suns and rains of full a century, a row of stiff, Lombardy poplars in front, and beneath the window, in a narrow bed outlined by strips of board, blossomed four-o'clocks, youth and old age, and gaudy African marigolds, which seemed to hold up their orange torches with a distinctly defiant air. Green paper shades veiled the windows, and a knocker with an eagle's head, hung in the upper centre of the door.

Every one has seen such houses along the country roads where the Queen Anne craze has not yet penetrated, and orchids and Japanese foliage plants are unknown.

Miss Fossett and her niece, Mary Ann, sat in the little front room sewing rags for a carpet. A bright wood fire crackled and snapped in the air-tight stove, for, although the sun shone bright on the marigolds and four-o'clocks, there was a keen wind blowing, and the dead leaves were carried in all directions. The cat was asleep among the balsams which made a parti-colored mount in one corner of the room, and the wooden clock tick-tacked shrilly on a shelf alongside of a case of dried butterflies and a plaster of paris parlor with a broken ear.

Miss Fossett was elderly and spare, with a false "front," which did not in the least match her back hair, as I speedily discovered. Mary Ann was slight and gracefully rounded with dark, solemn eyes, and lips redder than wild raspberries.

To Miss Fossett everything in the world was satisfactory, just at present, to the housing of the carpet sewing. To Mary Ann there was nothing in all the world which was actually impossible. There is just this difference between sixty and sixteen.

"I was a calculatin'," Miss Fossett drawled, "to get this rag carpet work done somewhat, but I guess I'll be a close shave now. I didn't know, if I could get my front chamber carpeted, but the school-marm might come here to board; and three dollars a week is three dollars a week in these times."

"Yes, I know, aunty," said Mary Ann, "and why shouldn't she come? We shall have the carpet ready for the room, and in the meantime way should n't she be satisfied with a ring or two laid down by the bed and in front of the bureau?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Miss Fossett, stopping to regain her speed of thread. "Leastways I s'pose it will be married, and the new teacher, Hiram Riley, he boards to home. I don't believe he'd get along any better than Miss Marston did, if he is a man teacher."

Mary Ann's eyes lighted up.

"To be married!" said she.

"Yes," nodded Miss Fossett.

"Who is she going to marry, Aunt Fossett?"

"Our next neighbor," answered Miss Fossett, grimly.

"Mr. Fairweather?"

"Yes, Mr. Fairweather. It beats all!" Miss Fossett added, "to think you shouldn't a he'd it afore now. Why, she's going to have a dove-colored silk dress from Bridgeport, and a store hat, trimmed with stuffed birds and a real brochay shawl. Must have cost up a right smart of money, I s'pose I s'pose."

Mary Ann was silent. It was a question whether or not she heard the stream of idle chatter that flowed uninterruptedly from her aunt's lips.

For herself she sewed away, and utterly never a word.

John Fairweather to be married to Alda Marston! The news had fallen like a thunderbolt into the peaceful seclusion of her heart.

In novels she had read, many a time and oft, of the fickleness of man, but the fact had never come so near home before.

The two women sewed diligently at the carpet rags until dusk. Miss Fossett had no idea that any one could desire rest from so delightful an occupation, and Mary Ann scarcely knew what she was doing. A sort of stupor seemed to numb her senses.

"Guess we'd better stop a spell now," said the old lady. "Just run out to the well and fill the tea kettle, and I'll set up the supper table. Molly, nuts and fried bisquits. We won't have no regular meal, being there's such a hurry with the rags."

Mary Ann stuck her needle into one of the red flannel leaves of the housewife, which was fashioned like a miniature book, tripped for her bonnet into her pocket and vanished.

She did not go straight to the well, though. She stood up the winding wooden stairway first, into her own room, where the yellow glow of the sunset yet lingered, and took two or three dried rosemary and a sprig of scented geranium from a little box in the corner of the table drawer. Looking at them for a moment, she opened the window and flung them out into the grass below.

"I have been a fool long enough," said she to herself.

Then she went forth to the well and filled the tea kettle, seeming vaguely as she did so to hear the mocking "cheep, cheep" of the crickets in the moist walls.

"Mary Ann!" a voice uttered.

Mary Ann started so violently that she nearly dropped the tea kettle.

It was Miss Marston who had come unexpectedly up the path, with a bunch of colored maple leaves in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Alda, how you startled me."

"Took me for a ghost, eh?" said Alda Marston, laughing. "All I wanted to see you, Mary Ann. Goodness me! not my scrutinizing her face by the last faint gleams of daylight. "How pretty this color is growing. I don't blame Adam for being bewitched about her."

"Did you want anything?" said Mary Ann, trudging up a little.

"I want you, child," said Alda Marston, in the pretty, domineering manner which, being some time a "school-marm," she had naturally acquired. "Can you help me with my sewing a little this week?"

"I am afraid I cannot," said Mary Ann, with her face turned away.

"Oh, Mary Ann—am I had counted on you for a certainty?"

"I cannot!" frigidly repeated the girl.

Miss Marston stood silent a minute or two. Then she said coaxingly.—

"But you haven't congratulated me yet, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann withdrew herself spasmodically from the light touch of her hand.

"I'm sure I hope you will be very happy," said she. "No I don't either—I don't hope anything of that kind!"

Then she fled away, sobbing and holding tight to the tea-kettle, whose spout dropped all the way in a most lachrymatory fashion.

The kerosene lamp was lighted when she reached the room where the balls of carpet rags were piled up. John Fairweather himself was leaning against the woolen mantel-arch, with his elbow in dangerous proximity to the case of dried butterflies; but her aunt was nowhere to be seen.

"She has gone upstairs," the young man explained in answer to Mary Ann's look. Here I took "to get a bag of hops for old Mrs. Hubbard's neuralgia. Are you ill, Mary Ann? You look so white and weary?"

With gentle authority he took the tea-kettle from her hand, and set it on the stove, Mary Ann helplessly regarding him the while.

How tall and straight and handsome he was! How pleasant shone the light from his genial, hazel eyes! How dearly she had learned to love him! Now it must be all undone again. Was it not wicked to allow herself to think of him who belonged to Alda Marston, much less to look admiringly in his face. With these thoughts in her mind, it was no wonder that her expression grew frigid as an icicle. She paid no heed to his question.

"Miss Marston is out by the well; you will find her there," she said.

"Miss Marston, eh?" said Mr. Fairweather, with provoking equanimity. "That reminds me—you haven't told me what you think of our family arrangements. Were you surprised?"

Mary Ann looked at him in amazement almost in anger.

"Of course I was surprised," said she. "But," gathering all her presence of mind, "I don't know why—it is no business of mine."

"But it is though," said he. "It has only drawn me, a little sooner than otherwise anticipated, to ask you to listen to my suit. Miss Alda must not imagine that she is the only person in the world who can get married."

Mary Ann drew herself up.

"Mr. Fairweather," said she, "I must beg you to remember yourself. We are not Mormons here. Neither are you any relation to Bluebeard. In this country a man can have but one wife."

Mr. Fairweather looked puzzled.

"An indisputable fact," said he. "But I know of no one who is contradicting it."

"How dare you insult me by such words?" cried poor Mary Ann. "You who are engaged to Miss Marston!"

"But I am not engaged to Miss Marston!"

"Mr. Fairweather!"

"I am not indeed," he said. "Dear little Mary Ann, do not look at me with such incredulous eyes! Miss Alda Marston is engaged to my father. She is to be my stepmother next month, and as I would naturally, under the existing circumstances, prefer a home of my own, I want you to be its housekeeper."

Not another word was spoken. Mary Ann's soft eyes, brimming over with glad tears, were lifted to John's face. She stole toward him and laid her crimson cheek against his sleeve, as an agitated bird, in the most natural manner in the world, around her was at.

When Miss Fossett came down stairs with the bag of hops, the two were busily engaged in picking up the balls of carpet-rags which had rolled away in every direction.

"It was the cat, aunty" explained Mary Ann. "She was asleep in the very middle of the balls, and when she got up and stretched herself—"

"Cats are a deceitful brother when there's work around!" said Miss Fossett.

After John Fairweather had gone home with his step-mother-elect Mary Ann was the least but in the world jealous of Miss Alda Marston now, the girl crept out in the dew and sunlight to pick up the dried rosemary and the scented geranium leaves.

"Oh, what a fool I was!" she whispered softly to herself, "and how happy I am at last."

She helped Miss Marston with her dresses, after all, and when the rag carpet was sewn and woven in rainbow stripes, it occupied the place of honor on Mrs. John Fairweather's dainty little kitchen floor.

"Isn't it pretty, John?" she cried.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw in my life," said John, looking straight into his wife's face.

Mrs. Fairweather laughed and blushed, and said,—

"Now, John, don't be a goose!"

Trouting With Garden Hoe.

Ex-Judge M. was at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four an excellent Judge. He is now an able, level-headed lawyer, a terse writer, a lover of the beautiful in nature and art. He is on intimate terms with Mount Washington, The Slide and most mountain peaks in the Northern and Eastern States. No pretty landscape, moss-banked stream or sparkling cascade escapes his notice or fails to excite his admiration. Withal he is a humane and kind-hearted man. But he is not an angler. A few years since, while rusticating in the Catskills, he came upon a small trout stream—made smaller by a prevailing drought—in a pool of which he saw many fair-sized trout had gathered. He went to a house near by and borrowed a boy, a hoe and a tin pail. With the help of the two former he made a dam above the pool to divert from it the little water running into it, and another at the foot of the pool to prevent the fish from leaving it; then with the pail he dipped the water from it, and lastly picked up a half pailfull of from three to six-ounce trout. And the good Judge, with a shamefacedness in all accord with nature and character, boasted of his barbarous, if ingenious, exploit.

Frogs and Mice.

That frogs have a formidable enemy in the common mouse is evidenced by the following incident. Mr. W. August Carter, of South Norwood, England, states that he observed, a short time since, several mice pursuing some frogs in a shed which was overrun with these reptiles. The alacrity of the latter, however, rendered the attacks of the mice futile for a considerable period. Again and again the frogs escaped from the clutches of their foes, but only to be recaptured, severely shaken, and bitten. The energy put forth by these reptiles was so great that they actually swayed their captors to and fro in their efforts to wrest themselves from their grasp. At length the wounds inflicted upon them rendered the frogs incapable of further resistance, and they were easily overpowered by the mice, which devoured a certain part of them.

Tigers in the Bengal Forests.

Last year the output of timber and fuel in the Bengal forests considerably decreased; but the wonder seems to be that so much timber is annually cut in the Bengal Forests, seeing that last year no fewer than one hundred and sixteen woodcutters were killed by tigers, and several *pains* were abandoned in consequence of the number of the men carried away from them by tigers. From one *pain* on the Bhudder river no less than seventeen woodcutters were carried away, and the remainder, as was not unnatural, lost faith in the fakir who dwelt there specially to protect them by religious observances against the tigers, and deserted. Shooting in the dense jungle of the Sunderbunds is extremely difficult, and it is therefore not surprising to hear that only fifteen full-grown tigers, and one tiger-cub were killed during the year.

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS.

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