

LOVE AT THE GATE.

Love came a beggar to her gate, The night was dark, the hour was late, And through the gloom she heard his moan Where at the gate he stood alone.

His rounded form in rags was clad, His weeping eyes were wet and sad; But hid beneath his garb of woe He bore his arrows and his bow.

She wept to see the beggar weep, She bade him on her bosom sleep, His wretched plight allayed her fears, She kissed and bathed him with her tears.

The merry eyes began to glow, The rosy hand essayed the bow, The rough disguise was cast aside, And laughing, Love for mercy cried.

Love came a beggar to her gate, More wisely than with pomp and state, For who hath woman's pity won, May count love's siege and battle won.

NEVER LOVED BEFORE.

Miss Aurelia Hastings was five-and-twenty—maybe six-and-twenty—but still of an exceedingly romantic turn of mind. At that age, perhaps, we should pardon a girl a little anxiety on the score of getting a mate; and no doubt, Aurelia had felt that anxiety, but an unfortunate peculiarity had, so far, prevented her from realizing any matrimonial hopes she may have entertained.

This peculiarity grew out of her romantic nature, and was more noticeable than a desire to wed with a man who had never loved anybody, and who loved her entirely.

Now, considering that it is quite impossible to find a man of marriageable age who has not loved at least half a dozen girls, it cannot be at all surprising that Aurelia, at five or six-and-twenty, remained single.

But, on the occasion of a small and select party, at the house of a neighbor, she was much impressed with the beauty of a pair of dark and splendid eyes belonging to a gentleman whom she had never met before—a Mr. Dudley Shaw—a gentleman of limited means, limited brains, some taste and an inordinate amount of vanity.

He had seen a good deal of what people call "the world," but which I find means, in plain English, dissipation. In this festive party he had distinguished what little money he had started in life with, and at the age of three-and-forty found himself with a dozen gray hairs, plenty of elegant garments, and vulgarly speaking, "nary red."

As such an estate in life is not very hilarious, Mr. Dudley Shaw felt it to require some variety.

"Marriage," he reasoned, "imparteth respectability and position. If I marry, I may find a fat opening for remunerative business somewhere. But I rejoice not in the acquaintance of any heiress whatsoever, and my case demandeth immediate attention; therefore I will marry the first eligible maiden who presenteth herself, with just a little money, and then—well, I shall see."

It was with this conclusion fresh and firm in his mind that he went to Mrs. Bentley's party, and met Aurelia Hastings. She maneuvered a little, as young ladies of 26 can maneuver, and soon caught an opportunity for an introduction to the possessor of the splendid eyes.

He shrewdly knew rascal that he was, saw through her innocent little tactics at once, and commenced thereupon a counter-series. Very shortly, too, he discovered her penchant for a first love.

In conversation he endeavored to show her that he was very favorably impressed with her, and she did not conceal that she was—well, I will say, much interested in him.

But she observed that he seemed a little sad. He rolled his eyes, he sighed furtively, he bit his lips and evidently had "a secret sorrow" somewhere under his waistcoat. In short, he enlisted her sympathies, and thus laid the foundation of a stronger feeling than pity, though one akin to it.

As for her, she seemed on the straight path toward captivation. Mr. Shaw's necktie, his manner, his whiskers, and, above all, his eyes, had transfused themselves into her admiration in a wonderfully short time and to a wonderful extent.

The only thing she feared was, that he must have indulged in the tender passion before. And, as we have seen, she scorned the thought of accepting a heart that had been defaced by the image of another than herself.

When the party broke up that night after Aurelia and Shaw had been monopolizing each other to a scandalous extent, the gentleman offered her his arm, and they walked together to her home.

"Respectable-looking house," thought Mr. Shaw as the door closed upon Aurelia. "Speaks a respectable family. Got a little money, I fancy. I might do better, maybe, but it would be a blessed sight easier to do worse. I think I'll go in, by jingo!"

As Aurelia had invited him to call, he soon found occasion to enter this "respectable-looking" mansion, and to exhibit his "secret sorrow" once more to Aurelia, in the best parlor.

It is odd how fond people are of showing their private griefs. I knew a fellow who captivated three separate girls by a disappointment in early life, and he never got over—so he avers, indeed, I have made rather a good thing myself out of a "widowhood of the heart," before now.

For pity is akin to love. And love is akin to amusement. And people like amusement.

Wherefore, people like to get pity for their private little griefs. There you have them—the postulate, two middle terms and the deduction—in short, a complete syllogism. Q. E. D.

Dudley Shaw understood all this as well as could be. When he had become a little used to Aurelia's manner, he knew just what to do. He sighed more vehemently than ever. He turned up his eyes so that you would have thought he was trying to turn them clear over. He asked a good deal about love and

things; and, finally, seating himself on the sofa at the maiden's side, he placed his hand upon the left region of his waistcoat front (it was the purple velvet waistcoat with dark green sprigs), and spoke in mellifluous but mournful tones:

"Ah, heaven has it, then, come at last!" (Much as I exclaimed the other day when I received a bill for three months' piano hire.)

Aurelia trembled a little. She was dreadfully afraid that he was going to propose to her; and, likewise, that he had proposed to several other young ladies theretofore.

"What should she do? Could she withstand that necktie? Those whiskers? That voice?"

Feeling terribly confused and generally "mulothored," as the Irishmen say, she looked very calm and composed (one can do that at 26 if one is a female), and said, very arily and easily:

"What do you refer to, Mr. Shaw? Has what come?"

Dudley hesitated a moment, and cleared his throat with that clerical "ahem!" beloved of parsons. Then he turned up the whites of his eyes dreadfully again, and gave my word that only the sclerotics was visible—climbed his right hand, and fell gracefully upon one knee before her.

Excellent! well done, Dudley! But it was a pity that he opened his declaration with so stereotyped and hackneyed a form of expression. I suppose, though, that he had read this sort of thing in the "thrilling" style of romances, and thought it quite a fait. Anyhow, when he got comfortably settled on his knee, he began:

"Miss Hastings—Aurelia—my heart is a volcano under snow. For many weary years have I wandered to and fro, up and down the cold, hard world, seeking some light—some light—to be my lodestar on the path of existence. But we—they—that is, I—have not found in all the earth—in the bright galaxy that has shed its luster about me—no, I have not found one—not one—whom I could love—whom I could wish to call 'mine own' forevermore—till now."

Artful dog! But that wasn't all he said.

"This it is that has prematurely weighed me down. I have feared to find no partner to share my joys and sorrows—to wander with me on the path of existence—(he said that before)—to smile when I smiled, and to wipe away my tears when I wept."

Really! a pretty occupation for a wife.

"Aurelia, I love you! For the first time in my life I utter these words to a woman, for only now do they bear any meaning. Will you, O angel! will you be mine?"

He arose from his knee without any answer, for none was needed. Aurelia has been quite overpowered by the first burst of rhetoric, and when it came to the final clause, asserting that Mr. Shaw's love was now for the first time awakened, she gave in completely, and, bending her fair head upon his shoulder, she gave him her white hand—a mute but eloquent and satisfactory reply.

Tell me, my little dears—you girls who read this interesting tale—candidly would you like me to show up all the details of your affairs of the heart, in print, for the delectation of over 100,000 readers? I don't think it. No; I know you won't ask me to tell you all that followed. Let poor Aurelia have half an hour to herself, her Dudley and her happiness, and do not ask me to abuse the author's privilege of intrusion.

I'll tell you what I will do, though. I'll describe something that took place soon after—something that will interest—speak candidly—will interest every single lady who reads it—yes, and the married ones, too.

Now, then. One morning, not quite two months after the last scene related, there were several carriages standing in front of the respectable-looking house that had attracted Dudley Shaw's attention the night he walked home with Aurelia.

In the little front parlor the owners of these carriages were assembled, with some others. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings were there, comforting themselves a good deal. They were grim but "gentle" for the occasion, as they didn't fancy the match much. Susie Martyn, bosom friend and bridesmaid to Aurelia was there, with her lax betrothed, Harry Farley, who yawned much, and only wore one kid glove, because it was such a "blessed lot of trouble, you see, to put the confounded things on."

Then there was the Rev. John Biblebanger, who was to officiate, looking very solemnly funeral, with his "other coat" on, and a white neckcloth of protentous size.

There were others present too, though of less importance. Wilhelmus NoNab, who wrote acrostics and played the accordion. Mr. Bompon, who wore plaid trousers and diffused the odor of brandy (one of Shaw's friends) and others, equally interesting.

The principal actors in the affair, of course, were Dudley and Aurelia. They were in a most extraordinary condition of good clothes. It is of no use for me to try even a single dash at a description of their costumes—I know I shouldn't succeed.

To my mind, though, Susie Martyn looked as interesting as anybody. I suppose Harry Farley thought so, too, only he was too lazy to say it. Harry was to be groomsmen, but he came very near forgetting all about it; so Susie had to hunt him up just at the last moment. She found him lying on the lounge in the sitting room, with his eyes half shut and a cigar between his teeth. Being too lazy to smoke, however, the cigar had gone out.

Susie pulled him violently off the lounge and boxed his ears, thereby shaking the cigar ashes all over his shirt front, until his consciousness returned sufficiently to enable him to stand up with Dudley. I strongly suspect the only reason why Harry had not married Susie long ago (they had been three years betrothed) was that he could not serve himself up to the task of getting ready.

When all were ready the "happy pair" stood up, and, after a long, verisimile ceremony, the Rev. J. B. pronounced them man and wife, in the usual manner.

Aurelia was very happy, so she cried. Dudley was very happy, too, but he did not cry. He had made an arrangement for getting a comfortable little berth in the Ayrbubble Banking House, the only previous objection being his collar. The Directors desired none but steady, responsible married men. Now he was one of that sort, so he felt more like laughing than crying.

Why shouldn't Aurelia be happy now? She had found what she had so long waited for. Her "own dear Dudley" had never looked with love on any woman save her—at least he told her so. What more could she desire?

Nothing, to be sure; and Mrs. Shaw was in a beautiful state for some time—say two weeks. Maybe she would have continued so to-day had it not been for one little act in the drama, the closing act of our portion.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw sat at breakfast together. The eggs were done just right; the toast was deliciously crisp and brown; the steak was juicy as a peach, and the coffee was hot and strong. In short everything was just as it should be, and contentment hovered about the festive matrimonial board.

Dudley, who had been glancing over the morning paper, fresh from the city, tossed it across the table to his wife.

"Here, Aurelia, your time is not so short as mine—I must be early to the bank, and you can finish your egg when I'm gone—read the news. There's a dear."

Like a good, obedient wife, she took the paper and began to read; but commenced, woman-fashion, with:

MARRIED.—On the 17th inst., at St. Michael's Church—

"Pshaw!" said Dudley, smiling, "what's that to me? Don't read the marriages."

Aurelia began again:

PERSONAL.—If W. W. will call at the old post office he will find a note from L. C.

"Nonsense!" laughed Dudley. "My dear, I'm not at all interested in the affairs of W. W. and L. C."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aurelia, here is something interesting. Breach of promise suits—ever so many of them—all against one man. What a rascal he must have been! See here:

"A rich local sensation is on the tapis, a case in which a party who has recently been married is soon to be brought before the courts, presenting three suits for breaches of promise. The papers have been served, but the absence of defendant has prevented an answer from being filed as yet. We understand the title of the suits to be enforced as follows:

"Mary G. Peters agt. David Smith, alias Daniel Smiley, alias David Smiley. Plaintiff alleges that defendant did promise her marriage, etc., named divers days, etc.

"Jane Warden agt. David Stryker, alias Daniel Smiley, alias Daniel Smith. Promised to marry plaintiff in June last. Unfulfilled contract—want of money, etc.

"Lucy Baker agt. Daniel Stryker, alias David Smiley, alias David Shaw. 'Oh, Heaven! what does this mean? Oh! Dudley! Dudley!'"

And, clenching the paper very nervously in her hand, she fainted away.

As for Shaw, or whatever his name was—he had been growing paler and paler ever since he heard the name of Mary G. Peters. How proceedings could have been commenced against him and have gone so far without his knowledge he could not imagine.

He arose, dashed some ice-water in Aurelia's face, laid her on the sofa, and going to her parent's house near by told Mrs. Hastings that her daughter was unwell, and would like to see her.

He then started for the bank, and was hailed by a clerk as he reached his desk.

"Oh, Shaw! here are some papers that came for you two weeks ago. They were mislaid, and I only found them last night after you left."

They were legal documents; and Shaw knew then why he had not before heard of the proceedings of Mary Peters, Jane Warden and Lucy Baker against him.

He poked the papers, and going to the cashier drew his salary up to the end of the month.

"I have some notes to pay this morning," said he, "and am going out now, but will be back in half an hour."

He went; and I don't think the bank officers have as good an opinion of his veracity as formerly. They have been waiting for him ever since, and he hasn't come back yet.

Aurelia went quietly home to live with her parents, and she always gave her young-lady friends one sound piece of advice:

"Never, girls, be too anxious to marry a man who has never loved another woman."

Concert of Jumping Horses.

"Yes," said the reformed hostler to a reporter, "I had a horse once that jumped over two hundred feet on a straight road."

"Did he make it in one jump?" said the converted mule driver.

"Yes, he made it in one jump," said the reformed hostler, and he'd a jumped a thousand feet if they'd been there, as them was—pickled pig's feet in a barrel."

"I drove a horse once," said the honest stage driver, "that jumped through a wall four feet thick."

"Did it hurt the walls any?" said the reformed hostler, insinuatingly.

"No," said the honest stage driver, "but it killed the horse."

"Talking of horses jumping," said the reformed hostler, "we had a horse that jumped every fence on the farm, and wound up by trying to jump over his own tail."

The Old Holmes House.

Twelve years ago, a few months after what is now familiarly known as the 'Old Holmes House' in Cambridge, had become the property of Harvard College, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes commemorated the old homestead that had been in the possession of his family since 1807, in an article in the Atlantic Monthly, now forming the chief portion of the first chapter of the 'Poet at the Breakfast Table.' His prediction that 'by and by the stony feet of the great university would plant itself on this whole territory' is likely soon to be fulfilled.

When the stakes were driven plucking the new law school building where it stands, new old mansion was about the same as doomed. Now, since the scaffolds have been removed from the beautiful front of the new building and the ground raked off clean and smooth, the incongruity between the ancient structure and the two grand modern ones, the Hemenway gymnasium and the school, pressing close upon it from either side, is very striking.

The old house weathered the Revolutionary war, and had seen before that about 50 years of the colonial period. It is now so rickety, and its heavy oak frame is so much decayed that the authorities of the university have given notice that they do not consider it a safe habitation. It is understood that Mr. Austin, the giver of the new law school, which bears the Austin name, is quite ready to make it a pecuniary object for the corporation to get the old building away from the position which it occupies, effectually shutting off a fair view of the new one. The corporation have not formally decided to tear it down, but no doubt they will.

There has been talk of removing it to a new site, but besides the great loss in historic interest which this would cause, the frame is not strong enough to be handled. It would have to be built before the moving, and built still again on its new site; moreover, on account of the trees, it could not be got out of the lot it occupies except in sections. About all that could be preserved, therefore, would be the outward appearance.

There has been a good deal written about this old house, for among the many historic relics in Cambridge it is the most famous, or, at all events, may dispute that title with the Longfellow mansion. But no one seems to have found out just when it was built. There are records of the estate as early as 1638 or 1639 and in 1642 a description mentions 'one dwelling-house' thereon, though not, of course, the present one. From 1737 to 1742 the property, including then the gambrel-roofed house of the present was owned by Jonathan Hastings, who is said to have originated the word 'Yankee,' using it to express excellence, speaking of a 'Yankee good horse,' or 'Yankee good cider,' and the students are supposed to have disseminated the word. His son of the same name owned and lived in the house from 1762 to 1783, when he died. He was for a long time the college steward, was postmaster of Cambridge, and his son Jonathan, was postmaster of Boston. During his ownership it was that the house played a part in events whose importance make the smallest detail to be of absorbing interest. The committee of safety was quartered here in 1775. It was here that Captain Arnold reported with a company from Connecticut, and made the proposal for the attempt on Bunker's Hill. It was within doubt, says Drake, in the right hand room on the lower floor that Arnold received his first commission as colonel. General Artemus Ward was established here. Here also were the Provincial headquarters, and for three days those of Washington, and Joseph Warren passed the night here before proceeding in the morning to the action at Bunker Hill, on foot. Some of the military plans immediately before the battle of Bunker Hill were drawn up here, and perhaps those of that battle. From 1792 to 1807 the Rev. Elephanta Pearson, Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental languages in Harvard College, was the owner. 'His large personality,' says Dr. Holmes, 'swam into my ken when I was looking forward to my term.' The Honorable Oliver Wendell, Judge of the Probate Court, purchased the house in 1808, and it passed to his son-in-law, the Rev. Abel Holmes, whose home it was for the remainder of his long pastorate of the first Church. For nearly forty years he was pastor, until 1831. In this time a long controversy had raged among his flock, and a majority of the parish had stood out against a majority of the church, causing a split into two churches—the present First Parish and the Shepard Memorial. Of his children, Oliver Wendell and John were born in this old mansion. It was a tribute of affection for the old place that the former penned for the Atlantic as before mentioned. The 'wide chamber' in it was the room where he wrote the lines of 'Old Ironsides,' the first verses that made him known, with a pencil, *stans pede in uno*, pretty nearly.

"Since the University purchased the property, twelve years ago, it has been, first, the residence of Dr. William Everett, who restored and improved it at large expense, and made it once more the home of books and learned industry; and second, of Professor J. B. Thayer, who has now lived there for five years."

Prehistoric Californians.

All over the Pacific coast are to be found indelible traces of a long forgotten and prehistoric race. While the investigation has been of but comparative recent date, still enough has been discovered to show that an almost limitless field has been so far only dipped into in a few places most easy of access to the explorer. As yet these researches have been confined almost altogether to the immediate coast of Southern California and to the cluster of islands lying at a short distance therefrom. These islands—Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Anacapa, San Miguel, and San Nicolas—which are now almost or quite uninhabited, and are only used as ranges for sheep and half wild cattle, and have been known to have been densely populated in long ages past, as is shown by extensive remains in the

shape of burial places, and debris of former habitation. The exploration of these isolated spots has been confined almost exclusively to the agents of foreign societies, and large quantities of the most interesting relics have been exhumed and shipped to foreign colleges and museums at different times during the last decade. One of the largest of these islands, Santa Cruz, some 30 miles off the coast of Santa Barbara, is as yet comparatively unexplored, though it is known to abound with numerous traces of a former race. The scenery of this island is most beautiful, and although bearing evidence of having been inhabited in ages past, still it presents many traces of being much "younger" than the neighboring mainland, having been probably thrust up from the sea by some convulsion of nature long after the formation of the wild and desolate looking mountain chain which here approaches close to the shore of the California coast. Another of these islands, San Nicolas, some 70 miles off shore, has been rendered famous by having been the solitary home of a woman, who, having been accidentally abandoned thereon, existed on such miserable sustenance as was afforded by shell fish and wild roots for upward of 18 years, and until rescued by a sealing party in the early days of the American occupation of the coast.

Pet Dog Fashions.

"Do you know," said a little girl to a reporter, "that I have eight costumes for my little terrier Phinnie and he looks real well in all of them?"

"Why, what in the world do you want with so many and what do you mean by costumes for a dog?" asked the astonished reporter.

"Every girl that has a dog has costumes for them," said the little girl in an injured tone, "and costume means dress. I thought you were big enough to know that."

"Oh," said the reporter, "won't you describe the costumes to me?"

"Certainly," said the little girl. "His best one for Sunday afternoon walks is made of navy blue broadcloth, lined with scarlet satin, with straps of alligator skin and bows of crimson Ottoman ribbon—you know he wears a bow on his tail and collarette bangle of silver, with new five cent piece charms. On some of them is his name, on others a prayer or hymn. Then if it is nice and clean out I tie bows of scarlet ribbon on his front paws, but he isn't exactly trained good and he bites them. Well, then he has his reception costume that he wears on mamma's reception days, when he and I sit in the drawing room and help to receive the guests. That is perfectly lovely. It is made out of a piece of my sister's wedding dress, cream white satin, and is lined with pale blue silk. The edges are embroidered in silver and in the centre is my monogram in silver also. I had a train made on it first, but Phinnie would make himself dizzy turning round and round to catch it. So I had it removed. As ornaments he wears a gold chain with a clasp and pale blue ribbon on his front paws."

"He must look lovely!" said the reporter. "Does he catch rats?"

"How can you be so cruel as to mention such a thing?" said the little girl.

"You must have the handsomest dressed dog in the city," said the reporter.

"No, I haven't," she said reluctantly. "There's a young lady across the way who has a sealskin wrap for her spaniel, and I know another one that has a diamond collar."

"Oh, I forgot to ask—does your dog pat and powder?" asked the journalist.

"Well, I never!" said the little girl, in accents of astonishment.

George And Me.

There was to have been a suit for assault and battery before one of the justices in the temple yesterday. A farmer down in Springwells was charged with having slapped the jaws of his neighbor, and two wagon-loads of witnesses were on hand to swear to this and that. Both plaintiff and defendant seemed to be determined men, and their respective wives sat and glared at each other like two old cats. Some of the necessary formalities were being worked up when, all of a sudden, the wife of the complainant was taken with the toothache. It wasn't the kind which grows and mutters and foams around, but the old-fashioned, jumping ache, and in two minutes she was crying. Her tears at once affected the wife of the defendant, and after a little she slid over and whispered:

"Poor thing—I'm sorry!"

"Oh! such an ache!" sobbed the victim.

"I brought along some peppermint and here it is," said the first as she produced the phial.

"What's all this?" asked the plaintiff as he came up.

"Why, your poor wife is suffering terribly with the toothache, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

"Who's got the toothache?" inquired the defendant as he joined the group.

"My wife."

"Georgel but's that too bad! Shan't I go to the drug store for you?"

"At this the plaintiff turned about, held out his hand and replied:

"Say, George, I was a fool to bring this suit. I called you a liar and you hit me, and that was right."

"But I'm sorry, Jim."

"Then let's drop the whole business and ride home together and have a chicken dinner! Molly, get your cloak on."

And in spite of lawyers and spectators and the queer expression of his Honor's face the plaintiff paid all costs, slapped the defendant on the back, and headed the party out doors with the exclamation:

"Go to grass with your laws and lawyers, and you women folks stop here till George and me have a drink!"

Society Gossip.

A Cleveland paper sets off this satire on some of its contemporaries: A scene of more than unusual splendor and magnificence occurred last evening at the beautiful and palatial residence of Corporal Homer Cuyler De Truxton, corner of Howard and Burgess avenues. It was the occasion of the debut of Miss Lydia Phidora, eldest daughter of Corporal De Truxton. The brilliant assemblage appeared in grande parure, and were composed of the best ton and the very elite of Cleveland. It is seldom that such a display of rich and elegant toilettes is seen as was exhibited at this recherche reception.

The opening of what promises to be a season of unknown brilliance and gaiety afforded an opportunity for fashion and wealth that was taken advantage of to its fullest extent last evening. With the rarely accomplished Miss L. Phidora De Truxton were 17 other debutantes and an undeveloped child of 17. It was clearly Lydia's debut, but the other 17 took the occasion to debut, too. Mademoiselle Dordanie C. Burree, whose residence in ice cream satin, cut je ne sais pas court train, and brocaded ottoman front. Miss R. Willett Dobson, ninth daughter of Putnam R. Dobson, the eminent wholesale shingle manufacturer, appeared in a sweet Georgia crushed brocade. The side panels were of Maratton velvet. Her bouquet was perle de Jordan roses.

Miss Haughton Phillips Fodney, although not ranking as chief debutante, was conceded on all sides to be the belle of the evening. She looked most lovingly sweet in a white surah, three-room cut, with pompadour lace. She toyed with a bouquet of escocee pompanose roses, a rare exotic recently discovered by E. J. Estep, Esq. She fairly revelled in a throng of ardent admirers, and well she might, for she is the only daughter of Mr. Rudolph Randall Fodney, the retired ditcher, whose wealth is estimated at \$4,000,000. Tea table talk at the Fodney residence is carried on exclusively in the Belgian language, but at breakfast it is occasionally interspersed with quotations from French authors.

Miss Montane Sprague Finch, daughter of Professor J. Utah Finch, B. I. J. K. L. M., captivated every one present by her winning giggle. She is endowed with such a merry, low, gurgling laugh that all the young gentlemen immediately became her slaves. She was most gorgeously arrayed in an elegant costume of Cochocton silk, with beaded front, duchesse lace and diamonds the size of pullet's eggs. Montane was really lovely.

Miss T. Jackson Bobbons, whose espousal with Lord Moothin Chalk, a scion of a distinguished English family, was recently the theme of the best people of Pukeld avenue, honored the occasion with her sweet presence. She has been abroad. Her style of articulation and pronunciation is very much sought after and imitated. It is bruted about that she caught Lord Chalk by simply saying "Beg pardon, may I ask for a glass of watah for mamnah." He fell down and immediately worshipped her. Her father is an ex-member of the board of education and gets his coal direct from Massillon. He served through the Sioux campaign as a full sergeant in the Second U. S. cavalry.

Apple Lore.

The origin of the apple dates back beyond all historic record. How far beyond historic record the inhabitants of Swiss Lake dwellings cultivated apples it is impossible to say, but it was before the time of Tabal Cain and before the metals. Suffice it to say that they laid by stores of apples in what we should call their fruit rooms. Heer, the principal investigator of these ancient dwellings, so far as plants are concerned, mentions two varieties, differing in size, as being found; and he infers that they were cultivated, owing to the great numbers in which they exist. As a further proof of the great antiquity of the apple, philologists tell us that the root or germ of the world exists in all or most of the languages derived from a primitive Aryan stock. Botanists infer that the original home of the apple was in the district near Trebizond, whence it has spread throughout Europe, extending very far north even. With such an antiquity and such a wide dispersal, the variability of the apple is no matter of wonderment. The apple, like every other living thing, is acted on by a hereditary endowment, by virtue of which it remains an apple, and at the same time by a tendency to vary, which is the source of the difference we now meet with. These variations are increased and enhanced by hereditary descent.

Three Fine Gowns.

Some rich wedding toilets lately completed in a neighboring city are worthy of note by reason of their extreme beauty and novelty as models for brides. An exquisite robe, designed for a prospective bride in Washington, is made of heavy white velvet, trimmed with deep boucées of duchesse lace, headed by downy bands of white ostrich feather trimming. The effect of the fall of exquisite, delicate lace over the soft white velvet is exceedingly lovely, the whole dress proving much more becoming to ordinary complexions than opaque white satin.

A second bridal dress is made of white Ottoman silk, brocaded with tiny golden roses and leaves. The petticoat is of pale gold satin, hand-painted in clusters of white lilac and full-blown roses. The lower edge of the court train is battlemented—i. e., cut into square blocks and a ruffled of gold lace, falling over a second edge of killed skirt. The Josephine corsage is cut out very much in the neck in cament shape and trimmed to match the edge of the train.

Lastly for a very youthful bride is a charming toilet, composed of plain white Ottoman silk and made in regular Grecian style, the chaste and artistic arrangement of each softly draped fold and curve giving a most graceful and statuesque effect to the whole. The train-skirt is perfectly plain, but the lace drapery of the Grecian bolice is to be fastened with a magnificent diamond clasp, and the square neck and edges of the half-open sleeves are finished with rare old point lace.

—The semi-annual dividends payable in Boston in December aggregate \$4-138,851.