Listening, as from the far off marsh, Comes the shrill-voiced Hylas' chiru p and trills Floating through the dreamy twilight air, To the distant hills.

Slowly, the pasture, where the daisies spring. Where the dandelion's golden star doth

Come gently stepping and cropping the grass The meek-eyed kine.

And hush ! as the moon sails up the sky, And floods with glory, you ruined mill Sadly rise the mournful, far away notes,

Of the whip-poor-will.

Gently into my troubled heart, Like a mighty river, a tide of peace Flows, with the Summer evening's glory, With sweet increase.

As song of praise to my lips doth raise, To the giver of all these beauteous things.
The 'Lily of the Valley," fair, The "King of Kings."

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

We were sisters, Calla and I. We had been drawn together more than sisters usually are after marriage, by the sadness of our positions. orphans at an early age, a bachelor uncle had taken us to his home, and we thought to his heart until we were mar-

Calla, at the age of sixteen, had married a gay young man who led her a sad life. He seemed never to be happy unless at some low dancing party or among his drinking companions; if she remonstrated with him harsh words were sure to follow; and as her little home often lacked the necessaries of life, her lot had been a hard one. But he at length, poor fellow, died of his excesses, leaving Calla a sad young creature of only twenty summers.

Two years before poor Charlie's death I too had married, and my husband, too, was gay and bright. His worst fault was that he was a young sailor. But my uncle did not quite discard me, as he did my sister, perhaps because he would have lacked a housekeeper had he sent me away; yet many were the bitter words that I had to listen to after Harry's ship had sailed and he did not return, from my susp:cious Uncle

It was two years since I had heard from Harry, and the little stock of money he had left me had entirely given out, when I received a piteous letter from my sister, telling me that she was very ill, that her husband was dead, and that she needed everything, clothes, loving care, and money. I took this letter to my uncle's room, with the tears creeping down my cheeks, and I heard him grumble as I opened the

"Blamed hard lines on a man to have two girls natural born fools!" I laid the letter before him with some misgivings, remembering words Calla had addressed to him when the left with her husband four years age, and which I knew were not forgiven.

The stern lines on Unele Jacob's face deepened as he read. "Aha! she's got just what I told her she would get.'

"But, uncle, may I not go for her and her baby and bring them home?" "Here? A sick woman and a squalling brut? I did not think you were such a

"But, uncle," I urged, "it is Calla," "It's a foolf" he shouted. "Don't you think a crying grass widow is enough to have around without a drunkard's wife, with a brat thrown

"I shall go to her immediately," resurned 1, choking down my feelings. "Go if you wish to," he screamed. "But if you do, don't you ever come

inte my house again-don't you dare "Oh, uncle, I must go! It's my own sister; I never could rest again if I did

not go to her." "Yes, yes, that's always the way. Forsake those who give you bread to eat, and clothes to wear. Marry rascals, every girl of you, run through everything, then come coaxing back again to be supported! I told that girl what

kind of a bed she was making for herself, now let her lie in it." "But, uncle," I answered, sobbing, You have everything, a home, and servants to wait on you, thousands of dollars in money, You have been very kind to give me a home, but still poor Calia has nothing. I must, indeed I

must help her." "Help! Pretty help you'll be!" he eneered as I left the room.

But I sold some of my costly clothing and I went. I found my sister but the shadow of her former self, with a puny little babe in her arms. I nursed her back to health as carefully as I could, and then the struggle for existen e began, It was very hard, utterly is experienced as I was, but with God's meip we made our way.

Little Gertie, my namesake, graw into a very little cherub, the pride and joy of our two lonely hearts. Calla became rosy-cheeked and happy again, and I, though I had my own secret trouble, was happier than I had ever been while enduring the taunts of my irascible

I had learned from a correspondent at my oil home that our uncle had sold out his property and gone to New York to live with his sister, our Aunt Charity, as much worse a specimen of crabbedmess than Uncle Jacob as it was possible

During all this time I had not heard from Harry, and I accustomed myself to think of him as lying among the rocks and seaweed at the bottom of the

Calla's sympathy was very precious to me during my saddest hours, such a contrast as it was to Uncle Jacob's tannts and reproaches.

At length there came a telegram. The poor old man was dead. We went im-

She told us immediately that her brother | brown eyes that reminded me so forcihad left all his property to her, and ex- bly of Harry, sometimes, that I turned pressed her astonishment that we show no more feeling upon the subject. Just in my eyes. As I sat thinking of this as we were leaving her she said to us

"Now, if you girls had minded Jacob about marrying, he would have left you some of his property, I know.' "So you think, Aunt Charity," said Calla, lightly, "he would have liked us

better if we had been old maids." "Well, I guess old maids is as good as widders, especially them as don't know whether their men's alive or not," she retorted sharply. Poor Aunt Charity had taken Calla's

careless speech as a taunt of her own spinsterhood, and retatiated. "Oh, well, Aunt Caarity," I put in quickly, "we can support ourselves, and

I am real glad Uncle Jacob gave you the property, and I hope that you will en-For which masterly speech I was kissed and invited to visit her again;

but Calls, with her usual ill luck, had neither kiss nor invitation from our offended aunt. "Gertie," said Calla, as we were glid-

ing along in the train, "I had rather live in our own circumstances forever than to feel as Aunt Charity does, with all her wealth. See how suspicious she is. She has not one friend whom she trusts in the world."

Soon after this sorrow came again. Our little darling, our Gertie, breathed out her little life in her mother's arms, while I stood by, utterly powerless to ward off the grim destroyer. Calla was almost frantic, but the necessity for work saved her as it had done me, 1 procured for her work in the same factory where I was employed, and steady toil keeps one from thinking very

Aunt Charity did not come to us at the time of our bereavement, and it was not long before I received a letter from | pointed-oh! it would never do not to her which read:

"I am about to die, and I want you to come and take care of me. I shall not mind your being a grass widow, for you will not be trying to get married again. If you come will give you a good home.

"CHARITY BRIDGMAN, "P. S.-What a mercy that poor child died before it was old enough to imitate the errors of its poor mother." I cut off that cruel postscript before

the letter met Calla's eye. She was sufficiently indignant as it was, "Don't go near her, Gertie!" she

"She is 'old," 1 replied, "and has no one to care for her. I shall go." "But a grass widow! And she will treat you worse than a servant, and never give you anything, not as much as you are earning here.

"Never mind. I shall go," I replied. But there were times when I almost regretted my resolution, though I tried to bravely hold my own temper; and I am rejoiced now that I almost always

The first day she told me: "I sha'n't never give you nothing only a home, so if you have come here after money it won't do any good, for I've willed it all away.'

succeeded.

"Never mind, Aunt Charity; I did not come here for money." After that she was quiet for a time,

Then she called out: "What you got on that black dress for? I wouldn't wear mourning for a man that wouldn't live with me.'

"Oh, Aunt Charity, Harry is surely "Don't you believe it! He is living

all right somewhere with somebody else. And then I was silent, and after a little

she began again: "Mercy sakes, you are a perfect spendthrift! Two matches to build one fire with! You will certainly end up in

the almshouse,' But poor Aunt Charity's days were near their end, and I bore with her with what patience I could.

But after five anxious years of waiting, the true and full report of the loss of the "Ayero," Harry's ship, upon the far-off coast of Africa, came. One man had made his way home through the dark continent into Egypt' and thence to New York, and his account was published in all the papers. Aunt Charity only sniffed when I showed it to her,

saying: "You may be thankful that he had not left you. He never thought nothing of you, or he'd never went way off

there. And I wondered through my tears if Aunt Charity had ever cared a straw for any living being, or had any feelings of her own, that she cared so little for the feeling of others,

One day soon after this she was shut up all day with two or three lawyers. willing her property, as she afterward said, to "somebody who would have took care of me decent if I had given them the chance."

But all these unkind things were forgotten when, after poor Aunt Charity's death, that will was read, and I found myself the heiress of a hundred thousand dollars, provided I never married river Nile, and from thence I came

Calla, however, was forgotten, excepting a small gift in money and Aunt Charity's wardrobe; but she knew as well as I that as long as I had a dollar she would share it with me.

**** **** **** We had been in New York for five years, and Calla was now a beautiful woman of twenty-seven, and I, my darling sister told me, looked better than 1 ever looked before, although my next birthday would bring me to the maturity of thirty.

These years had been full of rest to me, and I had been able to gratify my love for the beautiful in a way that I had once little dreamed of.

We had mingled with society, sister and I, and Calia had enjoyed herself to the full, and regained all her girlhood's happiness; and I, too, would have been perfectly happy had not thoughts

of Harry's sad end ever been before me.

During this time we had made the acquaintance of a Mr. Winslow, a man that." "What makes you think so?" mediately to Aunt Charity, who appeared to think that all we came for of fine personal appearance, with a "Because men generally soon get over was to hear the contents of the will, dark, flowing beard, and a pair of sowing their wild dotes."

The Cure of Cucugnan.

my head for fear he would see the tears

resemblance, one morning, Calla

came to me with a flush on her cheek

and a happy light in her beautiful

married again," she said, and stopped,

"Can you not guess?" she asked.

blushing.

abruptly:

thing.

fondly, "who is it?"

"Gertie, darling, 1 am going to be

"Well, pet," I replied, kissing her

"Yes, dear," she said softly, "Will's

principles are as firm as your own.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

-which will you give up?"

all the morning.

tell him."

the property."

coming to-night."

and said:

said:

sun.

directly home

really love me.

reproachfully of Calia.

of the Day" for me.

him.

"Why, you gave up your home with

Uncle Jacob for me, and bore all man-

ner of hardships for pothing. Then there was Aunt Charity—and now there

is Mr. Winslow or Aunt Charity's money

I made her no answer, for the same

"Come, dearest, tell me," she coaxed.

"Yes," I replied, rousing myself.

'He asked me to be his wife last even-

ing, but I begged for a little time. I

could not bear to tell him of the

property, and yet it must be done;

for if he should be like uncle, or should

be expecting a fortune and be disap-

"Oh, he isn't! He loves you truly, I

know, sister, but still it is right to

let him know. I will get Will to tell

him, and it will be all right if you love

"Calla, I do not doubt that I love

when he is not here Harry seems to rise

nights in succession that he was not

"Why, Gertie," she cried in dismay,

"what a terribly morbid state you are

in! Of course poor Harry is dead, or

went on, "this beautiful home and all

shows himself superior to this test, you

done for me; so I would not care for

'Will has told him all, and he came out

"That he knew it before, and that he

I burst into tears; it seemed to me

Then she took me off up to my room,

"Now, go down stairs, say 'yes,' and

never think so sadly of poor Harry again. He would tell you to be happy

So I went slowly down stairs, Mr.

Winslow met me at the library door,

and passing his arm around my waist,

"Then you have driven all thoughts

of your boy husband entirely from your

mind?" he inquired sadly.
"Oh, no, no!" I cried, a great pain

breaking through all my happiness.

drawing me closer. "Don't you know

me? Can't you see that I am your own

And then all sensibility forsook me.

and when I came to myself it was two

days later, and Harry, my sister, and

Will Roberts, stood beside my couch,

Harry had shaved off his monstrous

beard in the interval, and looked almost

as he did when he sailed away, only

his fair skin was bronzed by the African

"Harry," I asked, "where have you been all these years?"

an African chief. Six months ago I

"I have been a slave, my darling, to

"But why didn't you tell me at once?"

for you, and found you in your new

home. Perhaps I felt something like

Enoch Arden, I did not wish you to

give up your property if you did not

"But," said Will Roberts, "we have

us that as long as you do not 'marry

"Not till you fainted. Then Mr. Thompson told us."

THE worst pun of the season: "So

"Oh, darling, darling!" he cried.

"Now I must have my answer."

"It is to be 'yes,' "I said softly. "Why?" he asked.

"Because I love you."

"Oh, Harry, Harry!"

husband, Harry?"

looking as happy as a child.

like gold from the crucible."

"What dil he say?" I asked.

moment than he had ever been,

in a very few moments,"

could he but see you.'

"Oh, you musu't!" said Calla,

thought had been running in my mind

'Has he said anything to you yet?"

Father Martin was the cure of Cucugnan. There was no better man, and he cherished for his Cucugnanese flock a paternal affection-in fine, Cucugnan would have been for him a perfect paradise had on'y its people been a little more solicitous about their souls. But, alas, the spider spun its web in the unfrequented confessional and the worthy priest's heart was almost broken. Nightly, however, he prayed to heaven that he might not be removed from earth until he had brought his strayed sheep back to the "Yes, Calla, I can," I answered. "It fold. You will see that his prayer was is Will Roberts, and I can rejoice with | heard.

you, for he is a man of ster ing integ-One Sunday, after reading the gospel rity and the firmest temperance princi-Father Martin entered the pulpit and

thus addressed his parishioners: "Dearly beloved brethren, the other night I found myself, miserable sinner though I am, at the gates of heaven. I Then I sat watching her idly as she knocked and Peter opened the gate at toyed with the bright new engageonce. 'Hello,' he said, 'is that you, my good Father Martin? To what am I inment ring upon her hand. Suddenly her brow clouded, and she exclaimed debted? What can I do for you?' 'Good Saint Peter, you who keep the books and "Gertie, it seems to me as if you the keys, could you tell me, if it is not an must always be giving up your hapimposition, how many Cucugnanese you piness, or your property, or some-

have up here?" "I can refuse you nothing, Father Martin. Sit down and we will run over the book together.' So the saint took God. down his big register, and put on his spectacles. 'Let us see! Cucugnan, I think you said-Cucugnan - Cucugnan - ah, here we are! My dear sir, the page is blank! Not one single, solitary soul! There are just as many Cucuganese in heaven as there are teeth in a hen!' What,' I exclaimed, 'not one! There must be some mistake about it. Perhaps you haven't posted your books up to date. Look again, 1 beg of you.' No mistake about it, worthy man,' replied Peter. 'Look for yourself if you think I am jest-

"Dearly beloved brethren, you can imagine my distress! 'Come, come!' said Peter, 'don't take on so, or you'll be ill. You are not responsible, anyway, and the probability is that your Cucugnanese are in quarantine down in purgatory.' 'For the love of heaven, then, good St. Peter, allow me to see them-to console them!' 'Willingly, my friend, but put on these sandais, for it is bad walking. Leep right down this lane until on the right hand you Mr. Winslow when in his company; but see a silver door all studded with black crosses. Knock, and you will be admit-

before me, and I have dreamed three ted. Good-byel Be good to yourself. "Dearly beloved brethren, I set out down the lane. And such a lane-the goosefiesh comes out all over me when I think of it. I was all paved with sharp flints, thorns and puff-adders. But at last he would have sought you ere this. It I reached the silver door, and knocked. will be a great deal to give up," she 'Wh 's there!' asked a grave voice. 'The cure of Cucugnan.' 'Come in!' I went your property; but still, if Mr. Winslow in, and there I saw a tall and splendid angel, with wing black as night ank a robe will know that he loves you truly; and as white as day, and a big diamond key as Will is very wealthy, I may be able hung at his waist, writing in a book ever sometime to repay you for what you have so much bigger than St. l'eter's. 'Fair angel of God, 'I said, 'if I am not too presumptuous, have you any Cucugnanese here? Any one from Cucugnan? 1 am

A week passed rapidly away, and one afternoon Calla came to me smiling and the parish priest." "Ah, Father Martin, I suppose?" 'The same, at your service.' "Well, Gertie," she cried gayly,

"Dearly beloved brethren, the angel wetted his finger and ran over the pages of his big book, and at last he said to me with a deep sigh, 'Father Martin, there is no resident of Cucugnan in purgatory. thought you had had time enough to 'No resident of Cucuanan in purgatory?' make up your mind, and that he was cried; 'then, for the love of heaven, where are they all?' 'Up in Paradise, my good man! Where else would you have that Harry was dearer to me at that them?' 'But I have just come from Paradise, and they are not there. At least, St. Peter told me so, and I don't will spoil your eyes, and he will be here think he would he to me. No! he can't have lied, for the cock did not crow. Mother of heaven, where is my congregation, then?' 'Well, sir, if your friends and arrayed me in a lovely amber silk are not in heaven, nor yet here, there is with black lace trimmings, arranged my only one place where they can be.' hair to suit her own fancy, kissed me

"Dearly beloved brethren. I burst out into such lamentations that the angel was moved 'My dear sir, he said, 'if you wish to be sure about it and to see for yourself, go down this road until you come to a door on the left, and inquire there. Bless youl' and he shut the door behind me. It was a long, steep path all paved with red-hot iron. I staggered as if I was grunk, the sweat poured from me, my hair stood up on end, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. But, thanks to the sandais Peter had given me, I neither stumbled nor was burned, and at last I came to a huge portal, wide open and glowing red like the mouth of a furnace,

"Dearly beloved brethren, they don't ask your name there! They keep no books there! You haven't to knock at the door there! It is always wide open like the tavern-door, and people go in in throngs, just as you go into the tavern on the holy Sabbath day. There was a horrible smell of burning flesh, like that which arises when Eloy, the blacksmith, burns out a donkey's boof before fitting on the shoe, only infinitely worse, and a terrible uproar of sighs, sobbings, yells, oathel 'Here, you; are you coming in?' howled a big-horned decton, making a grab at me with a long red-hot iron book. 'Il No. thank you, sir; I could not think of intruding-in fact, I belong up above!' 'You do? Weil, then, what are you doing down here?' 'I have traveled a long way, good Mr. Devil, to see if by any chance possibly you might happen to have any one here from Cucugnan? 'Any one from Cucugnani' yelled the flend, 'why, you black-frocked old fool, all Cucugnan is here! Step this way and I'll show you how we serve your precious Cucugnanese

"Darling, I do not know. I searched down here!' "Dearly beloved brethren, I looked, and there, in the midst of a great sheet of flame, I saw-whom did I see? I saw Coq-Galene, that great, hulking loafer that used to get so drunk and beat his wife. And Pascal Doigt-de-Poix, who made oil with his neighbor's olives. And old Crataken the will to a lawyer, and he tells again' the property is yours; and as Harry is your husband already, you will pasi, the usurer. And Tortillard, who, when he met me carrying the holy sacranot lose your property."
"Did you know all this?" I asked half ment to a dying man, walked past with his hat on his head and his pipe in his law, as proud as Artaxerxes, and paying no more attention to me than if I had been a dog. And Couleau, with his wife, and Zatte, and Jacques and his brothers, And since that time I have known no Pierre and Toni"sorrow. It was indeed "The Dawning

Shuddering with fear sat the congregation, each recognizing his father, his cases are very rare indeed." mexorable roll.

"Dearly beloved brethren," said the cure, more mildly, as he took off his glasses and mopped his face "you under-

save you from the abyss into which you are plunging headforemost. To-morrow I shall set about the business and do it systematically. To-morrow, Monday, I will hear the confessions of the old people. On Tuesday the children. On Wednesday the young folks-it may be late before I get through, but never mind! On Taursday the married women and on Friday their husbands. On Saturday the village miller-I will devote the whole day to well, we shall have entered upon a new order of things.

"Dearly beloved brethren, when the corn s ripe we must put in the sickle. When he wine has been poured out we must drink it. There is a great heap of dirty linen here and it has got to be washed, and washed at once and washed thoroughly, and I am going to do it!"

He did it.

From that memorable moment ever aferwards the sweet savor of the virtue of Cucugnan pervaded the surrounding country to a distance of ten leagues, and the good pastor, happy and light-hearled, dreamed every night when he went to sleep that in the midst of a halo of lighted tapers and a cloud of incense, with the choir chanting the Te Deum, he led his flock in resplendent procession up the starry road that conducts to the city of

Street Cars in Tokio.

The streets for the most part are narrow and teem from merning till night with humanity. There are no regulations, apparently, such as those embodied in the local ordinances of most American cities, whereby accidents may be prevented or the longevity of public improvements promoted. Heavy teams are driven at a terrific speed over shaky bridges, together with the rough usage, discourages the municipality from making proper repairs, and there are always a great many condemned and closed bridges in the city. There are apparently no sidewalk ordinances, and this is accounted for ordinarily by the fact that there are no sidewalks to regulate. Every manner of liberty is taken with the streets instead, when the sidewalks are thus wanting.

The most incongruous spectacle is that afforded by the presence of street cars here—a feature peculiar to the capital city alone. Like all the foreign improve ments here, the street-car lines are English in style; the cars having four or six wheels, and running upon tracks provided with a groove for the wheel flanger. The drivers and conductors are, of course, Japanese, dressed in European clothes, but never more than decently appareled. The conductors carry ancientlooking leather satchels strapped over their shoulders from which they sell tickets to all passengers, to be collected at the door as the passengers quit the car. There are no bells on the horses, but a horn hangs by the side of the driver and the latter energetically toots it as his horses dash along at a break-neck speed down the street. Although these Japanese ponies are abused shamefully in order to make them attain a speed satisfactory to the driver (there are no humane societies in Tokio), the cars will the day with a glorious carouse, setting stop sometimes for ten minutes at a cross- a cask of claret on the floor of his wasing while the conductor and driver wait for an imaginary load of passengers without the least concern or impatience.

It is a source of terror to the bravest person to ride by any mode of conveyance iown some of these narrow Tokio streets, Every coach and other vehicle carries a horn in order to keep people on the lookout, and the streets are an interminable crush of stages, cars, ginrikshas, and portable groceries. Blockades are frequent and sometimes disastrous. The street-car lines profess to have double tracks running to the suburbs of Hyzeno and Asakusa, but the streets are frequently so narrow that they have to reduce to one and even then run quite close to the

Cornets.

"Corsets are worn much shorter than formerly," said the amiable young lady in charge of the corset department of a leading Chicago dry godis store to a reporter. "And it is by drawing these lace-strings so tightly that so many ladies find an early

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind," answered the young lady, with an amused smile at the dense reportorial ignorance displayed. "Out of a hundred ladies who wear corsets probably not five lace at all. They simply adjust the strings so that the corset fits them neatly, and then clasp and unclasp it when putting it on or off. To say that a certain lady wears a corset does not necessarily imply that she laces. In my experience the majority of ladies only wear corsets to brace them up, so to speak; not so much to give them a certain shape about the waist as to keep them from stooping and becoming round-shouldered and lop-sided generally. This is the reason so many little girls as young as 8 or 10 years are kept in corsets."

"You don't mean to say that little children wear corsets?"

"Certainly; why not? So do men, I'm told, although they don't get them here." "But," protested the reporter, "is not this very injurious to the health of the

"Oh, no; on the contrary, the corsets we sell for children are very beneficial in helping them to grow up straight. It is only tight lacing that is injurious, and there is no opportunity or desire for anything of the kind in the case of children. It is not so much a corset as a contrivance to remind them when they do not carry themselves as they should, in an erect and graceful manner.

"What style of a woman is usually ad-

dicted to tight lacing?" "You may be surprised to learn," ans. wered the young lady, "that it is almost invariably the slender ady rather than the stout and unwieldy one who is usually the victim of such a habit, where it exists at atl. Large, fleshy women understand how hopeless would be any effort to reduce their waists to anything like symmetry. My father, who was in this business, used to tell of a girl who burst a blood-vessel one morning while attempting to draw up a new corset to the last notch. But such

VERY nice: "So you are engaged to Dr. B.; it must be very nice to be engaged to a doctor. Every time he calls, you know-and of course that must be stand as well as I do that this thing can not be allowed to go on any longer. I getting for nothing what anybody else ave charge of your souls and I wish to A Remarkable Duel.

In the latter half of the last century there flourished in Dunleckny, County Carlow, a "fine old Irish gentleman," famed Bagenal-"King Bagenal," he was called, from the fact that he was a veritable monarch over the circle in which he moved.

His possessions were extensive, his territory broad; he was wealthy, of an him. And by next Sunday, it all goes old Norman lineage: his manners, in some respects, polished; in others, almost wild.

He was fond of good living, of good horses, and of good company, and he tolerated no associates who could not honor his good wine, and who were not cheerfully ready on occasions to "burn powder at twelve paces."

He was an inveterate duelist, It was said that he never sat down to his dinner without a pair of loaded pistols by the side of his plate, and when the cork of a wine bottle proved refractory it was his custom to place the bottle away from the range of a guest, when he would pop off the head of it with a pistol ball.

During all his life "burning powder at twelve paces," as he always called it, had been his chief delight, One day after Bagenal had seen his four score years of life, a lot of pigs, the property of a gentleman who had then recently settled near bis estate, broke into one of his inclosures and roote i up a flower-

Now the gentleman who owned these pigs had not yet made himself known to the monarch, nor had he in any way manifested an interest in making the king's acquaintance, "Here was an opportunity. As soon as Bagenal had learned of the trespass he ordered his wooden bridges. The large number of men to secure the pigs, cut off their ears and tails, and pring them to him. This done, he made the dissevered parts into a package, and sent them to the owner of the swine, with the polite intimation that he, too, deserved to have his ears bedecked.

"Now," cried Bagenal, in high glee, as he gave the message to a trusty henchman, "if he's a gentleman he must burn powder at twelve paces after

And he was not to be disappointed. The owner of the pigs sent a challenge, which King Bagenal accepted with great avidity. "Only," he stipulated, "as I am in my eightieth year, and feeble with age, I shall be allowed to fight while sitting in my old arm chair; and further, as my infirmities render it inconvenient for me to rise early, the meeting shall take place in the afternoon. Ah! time was," the old man added with a sigh, "when I would have cheerfully left my bed before daylight for the sake of fighting a duel at sunrise. But we can't do these things st fourscore.

They fought at the established twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered by the other's ball, while he escaped unburt, And the chronicler adds that he ended sail-hall, and tapping it, as was his wont on such occasions, by firing a pistol ball through its head.

April.

The name is derived from aperio to open or set forth. The Saxons called it oster or Eastermonath, in which month the feast of the Saxon goddess Easter is said to have been celebrated. April is sometimes represented as a girl, holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiscal sign, Taurus, or the bull, into which constellation the sun enters during the month.

The Romans consecrated the first of April to Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces; and the Roman widows and virgins assembled m the temple of Virile Fortune, and disclosing their personal deformities, prayed the goddess to conceal them from their husbands.

In the ancient Alban calendar, in which the year was represented as consisting of ten months of irregular length, April stood first, with thirty-six days to its credit. In the calendar of Romulus it had the second place, and consisted of thirty days. Numa's twelve-month calendar assigned it the fourth place, with twenty-nine days, and so it remained until the time of Julius Casar, when thirty days were allotted to it, which it still retains. Among the weather proverbs associated with it are the following:

A cold April, The barn will fill. An April fiood Carries away the frog and his brood. April showers Make May flowers. When April blows his horn, It's good for both hay and corn.

Promotion

The handsomest girl in Sylvania county, Ga., became engaged, nearly forty years ago, to John Gross, the son of a wealthy planter. Shortly after the engagement was announced, Gross went to New Orleans on business, forgot his lady love, settled in Texas, and did not return home until two years later, Though the lady had not heard a word from him in all that time, she was still true. They renewed the engagement, then quarrelled, and Gross went off again. He remained away until a few days ago, when he returned to the old homestead to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. He found his flance still waiting, and promptly married her. She had refused many offers of marriage during his absence. Three men whom she had refused became respectively a Congressman, a Senator, and a Governor. Miss Mayo, a noted beauty of Virginia, who subsequently married Maj. Gen. Scott, used to say she refused Captain Scott, Major Scott, Brig. Gen. Scott, and married General Scott. He was promoted.

It is said that every human being is accompanied through life by a good and a bad angel, who strive for mastery over him. How lazy some persons' good angels seem to be.