Sends forth its lonely, long laments. Here Time has sown the peace of age To mingle with the hoary rust; Tradition tells of lord and page, And consecrates the lore of dusts

O, Time, thou healer of all ill, Bring to each crumbling life a balm; In every aged breast fulfil The blessing of thine ancient calm.

Let memory charm the world away; Bring music sweet to falling ears: Bring joy to thwart the sad decay, And ransom for the dying years.

About each silvered crest of age Weave there a crown of honor, meet; Let peace the pangs of earth assuage, And write a victory o'er defeat.

#### A GHOST STORY.

"I am going to be married, my dear. I can see the tears in your pretty eyes as you say to Harry, 'Poor Sibyl! she can never be as happy as we are.' Of without shadow. But I am going to live. marry what is more rare than first love -perfection. Absolutely he has not a fault, and the wonder of wonders is that he should desire the society through life of one who is so full of faults as I am. He is clever, rich, amiable, goodlooking, thirty-two, respected of all men, and (until within the past week) praised by all women. Can you wonder that dear manima, who has been a little anxious about me this last year or so, is as happy as a queen, and that my ac- I had never-never-" quaintances are all loud in their congratulations? But then, as they say, 'Sibyl Van Eyck has alwas been a lucky girl.' You and I, my Kate, might differ with them as to that, only it is not am not without a realizing sense of my mercies myself, for that a young woman | ture." facing her thirtieth birthday so nearly as I do, and who has played fast and loose with such good cards as kindly Fate has hitherto thrust into her hands -that such a young woman should become Mrs. Brian Chester is truly a wonderful favor of Fortune. It is not just a little too sure of himself." the first time that you have seen his riage, figuratively, that is, for we are not to be married until June, and this is only January, but it seems very near to me.

"Shall I whisper something to you, my Kate, so low that not even Harry shall hear it? (I know you keep my secrets even from him). 1 respect Brian his preference, and I feel safer and more at rest with him than I ever did in my life-yet, oh, Kate! Kate! it is not such a love as yours for Harry in the days of your love-making, nor like mine forthe knight who wood and rode away, If I were a jealous man (which, Is it because I am twenty-eight, and thank Heaven, I am not), I should enter thank Heaven, I am not it is the little of the little cheerful and matter-of-fact? He is evidently incapable of jealousy, and evinces a beautiful faith in me, which my past has scarcely justified. I ough to be immensely flattered, but I am not, for that perfect love which casteth out fear is divine, and far above poor, passionate, doubting humanity. Do not, however, imagine me so foolish as not to know that I am more nearly happy than I have been for years, and that I shall be a very contented woman as Mrs. Brian Chester. Kiss your small Violet for me, and give my love to Harry. I can trust him, whatever his criticisms may be, not to say, as Bob Lisle did when Mary Vincy was married last month, 'Another old landmark gone!'

"Always your loving SIBYL," With a taint smile at Mr. Lisle's very uncivil remark, Miss Van Eyck addresses her letter, and leaving her writing-table. seats herself in a low arm-chair near the fire.

"I will give it to him to post," she thinks, as she listlessly takes up the

evening paper.

For a second or two she glances indifferently over it, and then she reads earnestly while her face softens, her eyes fill, and two heavy tears fall on the paper as she drops it in her lap. Only a couple of verses with no beauty or power beyond their truth, and yet they can send her thoughts back over eight years-such a long, long time of one's youth!-and make her heart ache with pith for the difference between the woman of twenty-eight who is to marry Brian Chester and the girl of twenty who loved so foolishly and so tenderly that the ghost of a handsome, fond, false face can come between her and her future husband.

Sibyl Van Eyck is a young woman usually very appreciative of the advantage of becoming surroundings, but just now she is quite unconscious that her fair head and slender figure in its pale blue trailing dress make a picture very pleasing to a man's eyes as she lies back in a crimson chair in the soft warm glow of the fire. Her thoughts have gone so far and so fast that she does not hear the door open and close, nor a man's quick step on the thick carpet. She has forgotten that she ought to be expecting Mr. Chester, until he seats himself beside her and takes calm possession of one of her hands. She comes back to the present then with such a start that he laughs.

"You look as if you had forgotten all about me," and then gently kissing the hand he has taken, he lets it go, and leaning back in his chair, makes himself comfortable after the fashion, more easy than elegant, of our genera-

She colors like a school girl, though she is "twenty-eight and such a dreadful flirt," and the puts the paper out of sight under the train of her

"And if I had, sir," she asks, lightly, "I dare say you forget me, often enough, for much more than five min-

"Never," he says, rather shortly; and then, after an instant, "What were you crying for just now?"

for anything or nothing?"

"Not you; but do not tell me unless you wish to do so,'

"I assure you I have no such intention," she says, gayly. "Does your confessor?"

"Some day-yes," he answers, quietly, and looking not at her, but at the

Very quickly she lifts her eyes to his face-a very frank and pleasant face, with a look that shows its owner well just now a little graver than its wont. and she wonders, with a thrill of the same pity she had felt for herself, whether he too in the years which lie behind him has missed something of life's complete-

"You and I are too old and worldlywise for that," she says, rather sadly.

"Old-you child!" his eyes meeting hers with a smile half amused, half tender. "I am aware that you have reached the awful age of twenty-eight, Miss Van Eyck, and that you have had enough experience of the world to course I cannot. No woman can who make you wise, but, for all that, does not marry her first love, while her you are a child, and a child in some past is without regret and her future things you will remain as long as you

"Ah! you do not know how much nicer I was ten years ago," she says, laughing nervously.

"If I have the bad taste to be content with you as you are. I do not see that it is of any consequence," he says, taking her hand. "Besides, I do not believe it."

"I wish," she begins, wistfully, while tears stand in her eyes-"I wish that sult of all of which is that, after having we had known each other then, and that

"Never fancied you cared for some one else," he breaks in abruptly. "Look very much as he found them. An hour here, dear—here in my eyes," and he after his arrival he is walking up a puts one arm about her, while he keeps | familiar street on which the van Eycks her hand. "Tell me nothing yet; I worth while recalling such a very old am not a jealous man, nor afraid of I want, but your present and your fu-

> When he is gone she stands before one of the long mirrors, smiling at herself rather defiantly.

"You have found your master, Miss Van Eyck," she is thinking; "a good master, a tender and true master, but

When Brian Chester enters his rooms, name in my letters, and I dare say that the first thing he does after lighting with your usual sagacity you have had the gas is to find the evening paper, suspicions of what might come to pass, and glancing hastily over it, to read Behold me at length on the eve of mar- with sure instinct two verses in its columns.

"Very worldly-wise, indeed, my poor little girl," he says to himself, as he lays it down with half a smile and half a sigh; aad a very shabby thing of me to hunt up the cause of your tears after refusing to hear it; but you are more mine now than you think, and you shall Chester, I admire him, I am proud of be altogether mine yet, in spite of the

> But, for all that, his eyes have a troubled look not usual to them, and he smokes more cigars than are good for him before he goes to bed,

such a flirt, as people say, or because dure some exceedingly uncomfortable Mr. Chester's affection for me is so very hours," says Mr. Chester, smiling placidly, as he takes possession of Sibyl for a waltz, some six weeks later, at one of the last parties before Lent; "for upon my word these fellows seem to think that I have no right whatever to more than a stray dance.

"Being a philosopher (which, thank Heaven, you are), I suppose it makes no difference to you," she answers, as they waltz off.

"I admire their good taste, and am thankful for what I can get at present; also I have some faint idea that Mrs. Chester will give up round dancing." Sibyl pauses abruptly, and moves out of the circle of waltzers.

"Do not you mean to be a philosopher about-Mrs. Chester?" she asks, softly, looking up at him with radiant eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Do you think that I am always a philosopher now?"

Her color deepens, her eyes turn from his, and then, with a little cry, she puts her hand on his arm, growing suddenly at once, crouched in the corner of a white, and gazing fixedly at somebody behind him. He turns instinctively, and sees a tall, very handsome man staring at Sibyl with more fixity than politeness permits.

"Take me away-out of the roomsomewhere,,' she murmurs. Very much bewildered, he obeys, and presently hads a seat for her in a small,

almost deserted room. "You are tired," he says, tenderly. "Shall I get you a glass of wine?"

"No, no; stay with me. It is he. she says, looking up piteously in his face, which at those very enigmatical words grew rather pale. "Who?-the ghost?" he asks, unstead-

"Mr. Devereux, I have not seen him since I-since I- Oh, what will you think of me?" she cries, with a sudden burning blush at the change and trouble in his face. "Indeed, it is only the surprise," "Of course, he says, positively.

You will not mind, now that you know he is here, and when you are a little rested I shall steal somebody else's waltz instead of the one we have

But in spite of his positiveness and her efforts at composure an uncomfortable silence falls upon them, which she breaks by proposing to return to the ball-room, in the doorway they are met by their hostess and Mr. Devereux himself.

"Sibyl, dear," says the lady, hurriedly. "here is a gentleman who claims to be an old friend, but doubts whether your memory is so good as

his. "My memory is excellent," Sibyl answers, rather coldly, but with that utter self-possession which comes to most women in bitterest need. "I perfectly remember my acquaintance with Mr. Devereux.'

"Then that is all right, and I shall carry you off, Mr. Chester. "We shall go together, dear Mrs. Burns," Sibyl says, with her hand still on Brian's arm. "Mr. Chester is going

to take me to mamma.' "Will you not permit me?" says Mr. Devereux, speaking for the first

"Do you not know that we women cry time, and in a voice which falters per- upon his haggard face. "For Heaven's ceptibly.

"Thanks, no; I will not trouble you." "Then may I not have a waltz, or a square dance, for-for 'auld lang syne?' " The last words are very low lordship think that I shall make you my and eager, but Mr. Chester hears them as distinctly as if they had been spoken in his ear.

"My card is full, thanks," is the steady answer, and then all four enter the ball-room, where Mrs. Burns takes Mr. Devereux in one direction, while Sibyl and Mr. Chester go in another content with the world and himself, but to serch for Mrs. Van Eyek, and within half an hour they are driving

home. It cannot be denied though Miss Van Eyek's lover is not a man given to jealousy, that the next week is the longest and most uncomfortable which he can remember. Business compels him to go to Boston so early on the morning after Mrs. Burns' party that he does not see Sibyl again, and in spite of her dignified repulsion of Mr. Devereux he can not forget her pale face and piteous eyes when she had first seen the "ghost." He is convinced that Devereux will do everything possible for a reconciliation, and he calls himself an insane idiot for having refused to hear the story of her first love, which Siby! had seemed to wish to tell him, for his utter ignorance of the circumstances prevents him from being able to judge whether such a thing could come to pass. To add to his anxiety, during the four days that he is in Boston he does not receive even so much as a line from her, though she had promised, half laughingly, to write every day. The rebeen so absent-minded as to return to New York two days earlier than he had intended, leaving his affairs live, with a great deal of outward cheerfulness, and an odd mingling of selfhe will know his fate in another ten

minutes. "My fate, indeed!" he mutters, with rather a failure in the way of a smile. "If I were anybody else what a jealous fool I should call myself!"

Then he started as if he had been shot, for ascending the steps of the Van Eycks' house, with the confident manner of one who does not come for the first time, is Mr. Devereux. Very still stands Mr. Chester-very still and very pale for a man who is "not jealous nor afraid of ghosts"-until Mr. Devereux has rang and is admitted.

"I will wait until he leaves; he will not be long," he thinks, with a strong momentary desire to follow him and confront him and Sibyl together, though all his life he has had the true Anglo-Saxon horror of anything like a

He walks rapidly down to the end of the block, and returns slowly, with his eyes on the Van Eycks' door; but Devereux's visit bids fair to be a lengthy one, and he has time to repeat his manœuvre many times, to the great interest "If I were a jealous man (which, of a ccupie of school girls, who, from an opposite drawing-room window, are rious to the population to close medical speculating excitedly as to what "Miss Van Eyek's lover" can be about. It is also impossible to dispense with the sernot very fatiguing for a man to pace up vices of women as doctors. The supply and down a block for an hour, and yet, when that time has elapsed, Brian Chester's face has grown oddly worn and haggard-looking, God pity us all! We can most of us remember some such become doctors in sufficient numbers, hour, whose sixty minutes held an eter- recourse must be had to the women. nity of suspence, but let those of us That a certain number of these female render thanksgiving all our days who doctors should be nihilist missionaries a peculiar charm to the deserted city; o'clock, a pretty young lady was put feared in that hour only death, not is, no doubt very annoying to the Rusfaithlessness, for our heart's beloved. It sian government; still it is impossible is nearly six when the Van Eycks' door to refrain from doing something to opens and closes again on Mr. Devereux, who walks quickly down the street | even at the risk of adding a few recruits in an opposite direction from Chester, to the forces. The Novoje Vremya but the latter scarcely glaces at the seems to think that the prohibitive de-

"Miss Van Eyck is in the drawingroom," the servant tells him, and he passes in.

Outside it was nearly dark, and here it is quite so, except when the fire makes a blaze of light; but he sees her sofa by the chimney, and weeping-ah! weeping as even women given to tears weep only once or twice in their lives. At the sight of that drooping figure, and the sound of those strangled sobs, the strong heart of Brian Chester turns faint and sick, for he knows so well. with such wonderful, dreary conviction. just what she has done, and what he return to the woman he loves and suf-

"Sibyl!" he says, abruptly, in an odd, hoarse voice, which vaguely surprises him, it is so unlike his. "Don't | Christianity with phenomenal readiness. cry so terribly; there is no need."

She springs to her feet and faces him in the fire-light with a low cry, and a they have 24,000 communicants as look that changes instantly from surprise to pity and terror.

dear?-or has something dreadful happened?" It is the first time she has ever uttered his name, the first time those shy fingers have ever sought his, but she does not think of that in fear of the calamity which can have so changed calm, cheerful, philosophical

Brian Chester. At the frightened compassion in her eyes, he glances suddenly in the mirror over the chimney, and stares at himself with the dull wonder men feel when they are brought face to face with the change an hour's agony can work in

them. "I am a fool," he says, presently, with a miserable laugh, and dropping into the nearest chair, he draws his hands from hers and covers his face.

For an instant she is silent, and then the despair in every line of the bent figure gives her courage.

"Dear," she whispers, kneeling beside him, "surely I, who am to be your wife, may share your troubles, and-comfort you?" and with a rush of tenderness that sweeps her old doubts and fears away forever, she tried to araw his head against her shoulder.

But he springs to his feet, with a flush

sake do not make it harder for me to

give you up!" he gasps.
"Give me up?" she repeats, rising

too, and trembling very much. 'You never wrote me"-he begins, passionately. "Because I would rather tell you than

write," she interrupts quickly.

But he goes on, bitterly: "I saw that man leave the house after he had been here an hour, and I find you breaking your heart for him. What have I done that you should think I would accept such a sacrifice? Do you think I want your life without your love?" He pauses, with a struggle for the self-command that seems to have deserted him, while she stands silent, with down-bent head and clasped hands. "I see it all," he says, presently, in a very low voice, whose forced steadiness it takes all his resolute will to maintain. "You have loved only him always, and you sent him away to-day that you might keep your faith with me, like the brave, true woman you are; but he will be easy to recall, so -so God bless you!"-and he turns rather blindly toward the door.

But she stands swiftly before him with outstretched hands and tearful,

shining eyes. "Oh, Brian, I am no heroine, only a toolish woman to whom God is very good. Mr. Devereux will never again be even a ghost to me. And you-do you wonder that I was crying for those years when I fancied I cared for him, and which ought to have been yours, with all the rest of my life-my love?

#### Physicians Scarce in Russia.

There is great scarcity of physicians in Russia and a person may travel hundreds of miles without finding one. The result of this lamentable state of things is that infant mortality is something frightful. The children who arrive at the age of maturity are only 60 per cent and commonplace mishap. Indeed, I ghosts, and it is not your past contempt and anxiety at his heart, for of the births. It is calculated that of an average of 8,000,000 males born annually in Russia, only one-half attain the age of military service. It is for this reason that the late Emperor Alexander II did his utmost to encourage the study of medicine in Russia, not only on the part of men, but on the part of

the women also. As the present government, however, has discovered that female doctors add to their medical function that of nihilist preachers, an ukase has been issued forbidding women access to medical colleges in Russia. This decree does not appear to beto the taste of the Russian peasantry and the lower middle classes, nclusive of the village priesthood. Not only have petitions poured into the im perial chancery on all sides against the ukase, but a national subscription has been organized for the purpose of creating female colleges for the study of medicine. This subscription had already risen to a pretty round sum, when the Russian government determined to

make inquiry into the matter. been published in The Novoje Vremya, The committee of inquiry has given the decided opinion that it is not only injuschools against women, but that it is of male doctors is wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the nation for medi- have fallen into decay and only a few 10 in the party, who carried a little cal attendance. It is therefore conclusive that if the Russian men will not check the rate of infant mortality, receding figure as he springs up the cree will be rescinded and the universities reopened to female students.

# The Karens.

The Karens are one of the gentlest and most timid of all the Asiatic peoples. They are a jungle people, and even to this day when I go into their villages on the distant mountains, the people will desert their homes and rush away in the direst fear. Whole villages may thus be depopulated at the approach of a single white man. The converted Karens are now sending missionaries out among their fellow tribes on the mountains. They seem to bear some such relationship to the Burmese must do now. He casts one farewell as the American Indians do to us at look about the familiar room where he home. They are a subjugated aborigihas been so happy, and then his eyes nal race, no doubt. When the missionaries found them they had no written fers for, as only a man can to language and no religion, although whom neither love nor jealousy comes they cherished a good many religious traditions that were extraordinarily akin to the scriptural history of Christianity. Hence they have taken to Although this mission is ten years younger than that among the Burmese, against 2,000 Burmese. This, too, in spite of the fact that there are millions "Brian!" she says, tremulously, taking his hands in hers. "Are you ill, 400,000 Karens. The difference lies altogether in the recipiency of the people. When Buddhism once gains a foothold among a people it is very hard to unseat

# A Brilliant Singer.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the tenor singer, in an interview, declared that the sole cause of his frequent failures to fulfil engagements was gout flying to his throat. He calculated that during his career he had lost £80,000 from this cause. He said he lived quietly and ate and drank sparingly. The reports that he was a brandy drinker were lies. He drank only claret and water. Mrs. Reeves said that Sims had led the life of a hermit during the whole course of their married life. He had not gone to a dozen dinner parties. He was an abstemious liver, taking two light meals daily, with a supper after performances, the last consisting of only two eggs. He claimed that his voice was as per fect as ever, and he proposed making a tour of America as a triumphant close to his artistic career.

The greatest wealth is contentment

About the Rose.

An old legend tells us that Flora, having found the body of a beautiful nymph, resolved to immortalize her by transforming her into a plant which should surpass all others in its charms. Graces to assist at the ceremony.

The Zephyrs cleared the atmosphere the new flower; Bacchus contributed following perfectly true incident to be nectar to nourish it, and Vertumnus believed out of our own State: supplied its perfume, while Flora crowned it with a diagem which was of one of our best citizens was awaken-

politan, as it is found in almost every country, and is everywhere equally prized for its delicate perfume and useul properties.

Among the ancients it was highly valued, and from the earliest times its virtues and attractions have been appreciated, and its charms have caused it to be interwoven with the history, romance and poetry of all ages.

The Rose tree is supposed to be a native of the east, as the word Syria signifies "The Land of Roses," and one of its richest varieties bears the name of one of the world's oldest cities.

Chaplets of Roses were early worn on festive occasions, and Roses contributed | there with your auburn hair-just my largely to the adornment of the luxurious homes of the Greeks and

Romans. The first Rose ever seen is said to have been given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to preserve the secrets of the armours of his mother, Venus; hence, it became the symbol of silence among the ancients, and was carved on the ceilings of their banqueting halls, and as it was considered a breach of honor

their conviviailties, the expression, "sub rosa," was used to denote secresy, The island of Rhodes received its name, according to some authorities, from the abundance and sweetness of its roses, and many of its coins, still extant are said to bear the figure of this nothing in this love-in-a-cottage busiflower on the reverse, and now, as in ancient times, the breezes from that nursing babies in some stuffy back fertile isle are scented with delicious room for the next ten years, do you?"

to reveal whatever transpired during

perfume. The inhabitants of Sybaris were so effeminate in their habits of life that and take me? I'm pretty comfortably their couches were formed of the velvet fixed. Business has been pretty good petals of the Rose, and the luxurous this season, and our profits are large. Heliogabalus caused Roses to be strewn | Our firm is now running a tunnel under upon his guests until they formed a car- a bank, and I've got a fourth interest. pet many inches thick beneath their Besides, I'm Secretary of the Burglar's feet, and filled the air with their fra- Protective Association. What d'yer

The Rose is the national emblem of England; on the eve of the struggle be- mer?" asked the girl thoughtfully. tween the houses of York and Lancascommit themselves; whereupon Warwick plucked a white Rose, and Somer- received back his letters and photoset a red one, each inviting his parti- graph. The result of this inquiry has recently sans to follow his example and the innocent flowers thus became the badges of the contending armies in the romantic

'War of the Roses," which ensued.

Unlike many beautiful objects, the Rose possesses a utility which is won- the car, followed by the porter, and of Roses, which forms an article of ton perched on tiptoes on the wash-

The manufacture of this essence is expense that the cost of a single drop is | what she was saying, but I looked down, almost fabulous; but is so extremely and there was a nasty little green snake powerful that a vessel which has once coiled up in the middle of the floor and contained even the smallest portion of moving his head about from side to side, it, will retain the delicious odor many evidently ready for a fight. I wasn't years after the last drop has disappear- exactly afraid of the thing, but it did ed. As the poet beautifully expresses give me a creepy sort of feeling to see

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you kill it when I heard somebody behind

But the scent of the Rose, will linger there still. compounds and extracts, among which by dropping the cage, snake and all, are the ointment of roses, soothing out of the window. I felt like dropin cases of inflammation; vinegar of roses, a pleasant and refreshing remedy for headache : conserve of roses, which and when the porter was fishing out the was considered by the ancients a sover- boots he must have upset it and let the eign specific for a cold; honey and oil of roses, beside the many perfumes for the teilet, flavoring extracts and many other compounds, all equally popular and pleasant.

The green, leaves of the Sweet Brier can be dried and used as a substitute for tea; the fragrant petals of the for testing their skill. The isthmus of flower are reduced to a paste and formed into amulets, charms, and beads; the Isthmus of Panama is undergoing the rosaries used by some in devotional exercises are supposed to have been made originally in this way, and received their name accordingly.

# Winters in England.

There have been winters in England milder than this last, exceptional as that has been. In 1282 so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February. In 1538 the gardens were bright with flowers in January. Neither ice nor snow was visible in 1659, no fires were lit in 1692, and the softness of the weather in 1791, 1807 and 1822 was phenomenal. In 1820 white blossoms were to be seen on the trees in March and on the vines in April.

-War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swinging sign nuisance," just now. To hate excellence is to be at its

opposite pole.

A Burglar's Love Making.

A San Francisco correspondent writes, it has often been said that nothing save business success and money constitutes a claim to social recognition on this coast; as, even with such illus-She summoned Venus and each of the trations of that fact as the Sharon trial before them, our Eastern friends can hardly understand how absolute said to allow Apollo to bless with his beams | rule is here, we can hardly expect the

One night not long ago the daughter to distinguish it as the queen of flowers, ed by a noise in her room, and upon The Rose may truly be called cosmon-sitting up discovered a man disguised in a black mask standing beside her bed and calmly contemplating her features by the aid of a bull's eye lantern, "Don't be alarmed, miss," he said, 'I haven't taken anything yet."

"Bless me!" said the girl; "I do betieve it's a burglar." "Of course it is," said the housebreaker with an ungratifying smile as ne lit a cigarette, "and I'm proud of

"What do you want," demanded the

young lady. "Well, I did want to sample your jewelry case," said the robber, you looked so all-fired pretty lying style-and I couldn't help waking you to see if you also had dark eyes. I am terribly fond of light hair and dark eyes myself."

"Well, I have," said the young lady, glancing at the mirror, "But I must look like a fright in this-this dress," "On the contrary, white is becoming to you," said the disciple of Jimmy Hope, tenderly. "By the way, are you engaged?"

"That's telling," said the girl. "No, but are you-honest Injun?" "Well, yes I am-to a young lawyer; out I don't care for him so very much. "He's poor, isn't he?"

"Oh, awfully," "Exactly; I thought as much. Now, my dear girl, don't you know there is ness? You don't want to peg along

"N-o-o-o," murmured the girl. "Then why not let this fellow slide

"Couldu't we go abroad next sum-

"Why certainly. I expect to have to. ter, a dispute took place in the Temple Just think over the matter, and I'll Gardens, as to the rights of the rival drop in some night later in the week, factions; the heads of the factions, the I know how to get in." And, should-Dukes of Warwick and Somerset, apering his kit, the Secretary stepped out pealed to their friends to take sides in of the window and went off to open a the controversy, but they declined to jewelry store for an engagement ring. And the next day the young lawyer.

### A Snake in a Sleeping Car.

"The liveliest time I ever had on the The city of Pæstum, on the coast of "was one night when a snake got loose Italy, was celebrated, for its exquisite in my car, We were coming east from Roses, which were further remarkable St. Louis, and out at Effingham, Ill., for blooming twice a year, and even we took on a family of Pittsburghers now, when its three beautiful temples bound for home. There was a boy of scattered stones mark the site of its wicker cage in his hand, partly wrapped once noble edifices, here and there a up. I thought, of course, he had a struggling rose-bush is still to be seen bird in it and allowed him to take it surviving the general ruin and blossom- with him into the car. That night at ing each May and December, lending Dayton, which we reached at 9.30 and it may be partially due to these aboard and took a berth at the end of faithful sentinels which soften hard out- the car, near the ladies' dressing-room. lines, and cover with a living mantle About 10 o'clock I was at the other end the dull, inanimate stones, that the ruins of the car, looking at the porter blackof this once beautiful city still attract ing the boots, when suddenly there the attention of the tourist, and are con- came from the dressing-room some of sidered the most beautiful in the the shrillest screaming you ever heard -so keen that we heard it over the noise of the train. I rushed through From it is distilled the attar found the little lady who got on at Daycommerce in Syria, India and Persia. stand, frightened out of her wits, and pointing at something on the floor. She attended with so much difficulty and was so excited that I couldn't make out it in my car, and I was just about to me yelling: 'It's my snake! Don't kill it! Don't kill it!' and the boy who In Pharmacy it is used quite exten- had brought the cage into the car sively, whole fields of Roses being cul-vated for the apothecary's use alone. hands. But when the boy had put the from which he produces a variety of snake back in his cage I settled matters ping the boy out, too. The boy had put the cage under the berth on the floor; snake out."

The Isthmuses of the globe have long since received notice to quit. Engineers look upon every remaining neck of land as only affording a fine opportunity Suez was cut through long ago: the operation, and now an attack is to be made upon the Isthmus of Corinth. But the supply of isthmuses is growing short and engineering capacity and ambition are now turning to peninsulas for the exercise of these qualities. A project has been recently launched for igging a canal from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, converting Spain and the adjacent portions of France into an island. It would seem that engineers have laid down a principle that all ends of a continent mistook their vocation when they did not emerge in the shape of islands. Perhaps the birth of this modern idea is to be attributed to general Butler, who, during the war, cut a ship canal at Dutch Gap, on the James River, in the face of hostile batteries, thus shortening by many miles the navigation of that tortuous stream and conferring a lasting benefit upon all sorts of vessels that ply on its

-Brazil's navy consists of 3000 men