Between.

Between the sea sand and the sea, The yellow foam flakes lightly lie, A very dross of waves, till free Quick-kissing breezes surge and sigh, And all the laurels on the l-a Bend low to listen as bends the sky Where spaces throb with melody, Then form is wrought to gold, and I, Silent, find Heaven surrounding me-In gilded fringe-in breeze's sigh; Between the sea sind and the sea Where yellow foam dakes lightly lie; Where spaces throb with melody Between the skylark and the sky.

Between the sunset and the sun Night slumbers on the sleeping bars, And through its curtain, one by one, Gleam tender glances of the stars Petween the sunset and the sun. And so between my love's lips lies An untold message meant for me; Whether 'twill bring me sweet surprise Or dole or doubt or paradise Is known alone to destiny. Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears Between her eyelids and her eyes-

A mystery of mist-appears, That hints of hope and flatters fears, And on her lips a burst of sighs, And on her lids a red that dics To slumberous shadows that fall and rise

Till as I seek some sign to see, Between her eyelids and her eyes Love lights his lamp and laughs at me.

A WARNING OF DEATH.

No superstition is perhaps more widely spread, more universally believed, than that of the "warning" of approaching death. Not a royal house in Germany but has its familiar herald of the destroyer. The "White Lady" precedes misfortune in the palace of the Wittelsbach, while the legend of "the double" finds believers among the Scotch Highlanders, the Southern Irish and the peasants of Lower Brittany, and is always considered a harbinger of evil

Midway between Versailles and St. Cloud, half hidden by the luxuriant the morning as bright and gay as a boy road, are the ruins of a Summer house the hands of his valet, who tightened ry, the frivolous lady love of the selfish and profligate Louis XV.

One evening the Countess had gatherdistinguished guests, among them the his career; Montesquieu, who had embodied the "Spirit of the Laws," and Field Marshal the Prince of Soubise.

Several of them were firm believers in | less, pointed ears. the tricks and mummeries of the "Convalsionists," a sect that had achieved great success during the reign of the Regent of Orleans, but was now fading into insignificance before the wonderful manifestations of the mysterious German Mesmer.

These "Convulsionists" maintained the followers of . Voltaire, who were in the majority, ridiculed the idea as preposterous

y at every argument adduced by the Convulsionist believers. "Marshal," suddenly excl

pick without even turning around.

inscription: "Here lies, in the peace of our Heavcious Lord the King."

before his eyes, took shape, and he saw more before I leave him." before him the pleading face of a beloved daughter of his youth. It was of agony, the Baroness, in spite of my figure melted away in the darkness. The Baron was as white as a sheet and | in order. took his departure with all speed; nor did he draw bridle until he was out of | ing her at the brink of the grave, thinkthe clearing.

The sexton and his lantern had disappeared; the shadows of the great trees that lined the main avenue fell athwart the road, illuminated by the pale, cold | the army at once." light of the silver moon and the stars flickering in the blue vault overhead.

The sinister vision pursued Jehan de Ker' Lan to the gates of his chateau, his mother's death ' but once there the bright lights, crackboard, with its generous wines, sparkling hydromel and smoking viands, soon banished all thoughts of evil.

"By the body of our Lord," cried the Baron, "It was hunger that conjured up | tention of the guests he mastered his that ugly phantom. A plague on old agitation, semptied his glass of wine, men's fancies."

And as he took his seat at the table with his accustomed gayety, he play-Hohenzollern, the Zaehringen or the fully pinched the ear of the pretty serving maid, who placed an enormous haunch of venison before him.

About a month after all this the Baron, who had promised to grace on that day with his presence the wedding ant followed on horseback, the Breton of Yvonette, the pretty daughter of one of his farmers, sprang out of his bed in foliage, at but a short distance from the of twenty. After he had passed through

built by the famous Countess Du Bar- his sword belt and applied powder and pomatum liberally to his hair the Admiral emerged from the presence of his "own man," an old sailor of the Duned around the King's table a score of kirk fleet, to descend the massive stair- Louis XV. way into the great court-yard, where he Minister d'Argeneon; Frigonard the made his golden spurs ring as he stalked painter, then at the crowning point of over the flagstones to the beautiful black horse that awaited him-a superb brute, with arched neck and blood-red nostrils, eyes fuli of fire and little, rest-

And what a splendid looking old fellow is the Admiral, as, notwithstand ing his sixty years, he swings himself into the saddle at a bound, seeks and finds his stirrups and pulls his steed together, who, at a light touch of the spur, gives a great bound and is away. The groom who held him barely saves that death always gives warning of its himself. The Admiral is off at a swingapproach to them that heed it, while ing canter and whistles a huntsman's ballad of the Reine Margot.

The park gates are soon reached and as he flashes through them he increases The King was watching the Marshal- his pace. The fresh breeze seems to Prince, who nodded his head approving- irritate his horse. He gallops faster and faster; every now and then he gives a mighty bound and pants with excite-

vanced toward the old grave digger the service of your Majesty. All at with a gesture of impatience. The lat- | once Madame de Ker' Lan gave a pierter dropped his shovel and seized his | cing cry, her face became livid, a trembling seized her limbs. Look in the Then Jehu de Lo' Christ caught sight glass," said the poor lady in a broken of a marble slab all ready to be put in voice. "There are candles at my feet. its place. He bant over and read the Do you hear the bells? Do you see the shroud? Ah, it is the end of all. Don't you see the old Baron with his bloody enly Father, Almighty God, Jehan de face? Oh, what a ghastly wound in his

Ker' Lan, Baron of Lo' Christ, who temple. It is the warning of our faintwas Admiral in the Fleet of our Gra- ly. I have but a month more and I must die. Prince, do me one favor. As he finished his reading a mist rose Find my son. Let me see him once "On the following day, after a night

bathed in tears and a long drawn sigh expostulations, assembled her housebroke the stillness of the night as the hold, her farmers and her men of law, and proceeded to put her wordly affairs

"I took my departure for Paris, leaving of nothing now but the repose of her soul and her adored son. Not far from the capital I met a courier from your Majesty with orders for me to join

"Well?" said the King, anxiously. "When I returned I met Herve de Ker' Lang, who gave me an account of

There was silence for a few moments. ling fire, and more than all, the festive Then the King rose. As he did so his eyes fell on a Venetian mirror suspend-

ed above his head and remained riveted there, while his face turned deadly pale. Seeing that he had attracted the atand with a gesture of farewell to the

company retired to his apartment. Two months later Louis XV, died of small pox. That evening a hearse, improvised from an old hunting-van filled with straw, bore the King's body to the resting-place of his ancestors in the Church of St. Denis. A single attendpage, Herve de Ker' Lan.

The Prince de Soubise relates in his memoirs that when on the night of the supper at Madame Du Barry's he looked over the King's shoulder into the Venetian mirror he saw there Louis XIV, as he appeared in death, laid out in state upon his bier, and that it was this sight that blanched the cheeks of

Widowhood in Hindostan.

An illustration on a more extended scale of the favorite human art of selftormenting would be hard to find than the custom of enforced widowhood in Hindostan. When a Hindoo dies the a human being before or since. He enrelatives shave the widow's head and clothe her in coarse garments. Henceforward she may wear no silk, gold or silver. She takes her meals apart, and is put to the lowest household work. Her touch pollutes. Voluntary austeritles if she be conscientious and in- to him, while the chief and spectators voluntary degredation in all cases are her miserable lot. There is no refuge for her from her wretched and unbonored isolation without loss of honor. Her religion and social usages strictly forbid remarriage. Cast, not civil law, condemns her, and is more powerful than any imperial code. She and a thrown to the dogs. The man shricked second husband, if she venture end can | and shouted and tugged at his bonds, | discover a man with equal courage to but while so doing a s remarry, become outcasts. His and her families are often visited with the same penalty. To a woman of advenced middle age, with children to atone to her by their fondness in private for the public barbarity of superstition, the orde 1 must be severe. Multitudes of the sufferers are scarcely more than children themselves, and to them it is death in life. The Indian system of infant marriage does not necessarily imply the atrocious treatment of widows. It aggrivates the horrors infinitely. Wives of 10 have their subsequent half century or more of life blasted without a single gleam of hope. Hindoos commonly wed when far advanced in years or enfeebled by dissipation. They consign their poor young brides, after a brief interval, to what is a deeper grave than their own. Half the Hindoo race has this dreadful doom in prospect; and millions in reality undergo it. No one 15 the better, and countless hosts of lives are unspeakably, the worse for a rule which can assert no legal authority, yet it is a spiked chain about the

THE FIENDISH SIOUX.

The Terrible Manner in Which a Stalwart Soldier Was Tortured by Indians.

The chief sent for me aud gave me to inderstand that I might go and talk with the prisoner. At the time I took t as a gracious favor but later on I saw that it was only the first step on the programme of torture. They wanted to torture the poor fellow mentally as well as physically. I at once went over to him. He was dust-covered and blood stained, and evidently half-dead of Before speaking to him I thurst. brought him a gourd of water. The

vessel held a full quart and he drained it to the last drop before he looked up. "My God! You are a white man!" he exclaimed, as he saw my face.

"Yes, but a prisoner like yourself." "Oh! you will save me, won't you? These infernal devils are going to tor-

ture me!" I promised to interfere for his life, though holding out no hope that I could save it, and then asked:

"What command do you belong to?" "Gen. Sully's."

"Where is it?"

"I was captured about twenty miles from here, and we broke camp this morning." "Who was your captain?"

"Capt. Smith."

"What is your name?"

He promply replied to the query, but wardrobe. cannot now recall the name; it was like Saulsbury or Slaterly. He had the most direful forebodings of the imme-

diate future, and anxiety and ill-usage had almost driven him crazy. He was a large, stout man, with black hair and deep-black eyes, and had evidently been | remain unmolested. in the service for years. He might have been termed a game man, but the fear of torture made a child of him. At his earnest solicitation I went to seek the chief, but before I reached the tent a crowd of warriors seized the prisoner and hurried him to a stake driven in

the clear space in the center of the village. I saw that I was too late, and started for my lodge, but before I reached it I was seized by two bucks, and hurried to the stake and made to sit down on the grass beside a sub-chief. The head

chief had a seat a lew feet away, and his countenance expressed the great satisfaction he had anticipated. The soldier's arms were tied behind him to the stake, while his legs were left free. Such terror and anguish I never saw in treated me-he begged the chief-he appealed to the Indians to save him. He offered to be a slave-a dog-to join them and fight the whites-to do anything on earth to preserve his life. I was half wild, but dared not even reply mocked him.

At a sign from the chief the torture began. The soldier, as I had neglected to state, was sripped stark naked. The first move was to cut a great slice from his left arm just above the elbow. The piece was held up to view and then ostrich feathers trim these dresses. was cut from

FASHION NOTES.

-Double muffs, one for each hand, are found in the ends of the mantles.

-Lisle thread and silk gloves are shown with a fleece lining, making them desirable for winter wear. -The waists of mourning dresses are made to imitate a pentleman's Driving Park.

coat, a bright-colored material being set in vestwise where the shirt would be. -A great deal of applique work is

outlined and filled in with needlework, in which wide gold thread and tinsel 2 23, by Startie, will be trained for the are used.

-What are called hunting jackets are worn by young ladies at home. They are made of corduroy, and have huge ger, by Messengar Chief, valued at soup-plate-buttons made of horn. In \$3000

Paris they would probably be called chic.

proofs is surah with a rubber lining, Jarnette. but which is so light that it falls in as graceful folds as though the silk were

the only material used. -This season has not produced any- Gleneig, for \$750.

thing prettier than lace muffs, which are carried at the receptions and have natural flowers fastened to them by a gold or other ornamental pin.

-Jet bonnets, jet collars, jet belts, jet plastrons, jet buckles and jet on every imaginable part of the costume, and yet we wonder why women are tired when they carry such a weight of

-Velvet flowers are lovely, and now an imitation of the natural ones that it is to be hoped they may be adopted, and allow the little birds to go free and

-There are many varieties of lace caps for elderly ladies, and now that fashions for a month or two, many sugneglected by Dame Fashion.

-A very pretty effect is seen in the new dark velvets, the tiny brocade figures having the appearance of jewels. The latest novelty in Paris jewelry is a gold anvil with the smith's hammer ly-

ing upon it. It is called the "bljou maitre de forge," and is made in vari-ous sizes for brooches, clasps, sleeve buttons and earrings. -The Cromwell shoe holds its own

and a pretty make it is, with patent leather fronts and morocco back, having a simple buckle in front; it is most becoming to the foot. Embroidered shoes, boots and slippers are much worn, the more elaborate the embroidery the better, and the raised work in saddlers' silk is really beautiful.

-Effective dresses are made entirely

-Wanda is not likely to race again. She has a bad ringbone.

HORSE NOTES.

-Nathan Strauss, of New York gave \$2000 for Kelsie; record, 2 231.

Alden Goldsmith will assist Ed win Thorne in managing the Poughkeepsie

-The old gelding, Hopeful, (record 2.14², wagon record 2.16¹) is to be raffled for at New York on March G.

-The b. g. Alley Bonner, trial of coming season by C. S. Burr, at Comac.

-Hamilton Farreil, of Mount Moriah, has lost by death his stallion. Messen-

-W. H. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., has lost by death his much-prized year--They say that the latest in water- ling filly by Simmons, out of Lady de

> -George Work, of New York, has purchased from B. J. Tracey, Lexington, Ky., the b. g. Campbell, by 1mp.

-The trotter Willie F., that took part in the ice trotting at Poughkeepsie, on Thursday, was sold to W, F. Shay. of Athens, N. Y., for \$1000.

-Crit Davis, the well-known trainer and driver of trotters, of Harrodsburg, Ky., has recently purchased ten more acres of ground to add to his home.

-Matt Byrnes, the Rancocas trainer, is to open a public training stable near come velvet feathers, which are so true the Monmouth Park race course. He will have Olney and Rafferty as jockeys. Matt Feakes will be second trainer, and all the Rancocas Stable lads will remain m his stable.

-Benjamin R. Davis, who with his brother, D. D. Davis, owned the celethe young people are well cared for in brated old gelding Hickory Jim, accidentally took some morphine pills in gestions are coming for those thus far the place of vegetable pills, at Brighton Beach, on the 29th ult., and before assistance could be summoned he died, in great agony.

-George Nelson, Sr., who at one time trained horses at the old Hunting Park Course, had a stroke of paralysis at his home, in Baltimore, on January 13, from which he died, aged 66 years. He drove the old-timer Felix, and brought out Bashaw. Jr., and more recently Stonewall.

-Matthew Byrnes, the Rancocas trainer, in explaining why Mr. Lorillard sold Falsetto, sire of the now famous filly, Dew Drop, said : "We did not like him. If he covered a couple of mares close after each other he'd get off his feed; he acted like a horse of delicate constitution."

-The Pacific Coast Board of Appeals of plain tulle in several shades of the has suspended for one year J. R. Welsame color. If in pink, the first skirt | ler, George Bement and F. R. Burke, would be of deep pink, the second a the judges of the race that took place lighter, the third still lighter, while at San Jose, Cal., last fall, between the outer skirt would be the delicate Guy Wilkes, Adair, Marion and Nellie tint of a blush rose. The bodice would R. The case of Andy McDowell, who be of blush rose plush with the shaded was expelled at the Bay District track effect peculiar to the fabric. Shaded for pulling Thapsiu, was held under advisement.

-The richest gowns for afternoon -Wesley P. Balch, of Boston, was entertainments, call and home recep-tions during the daytime are made of \$90,260, the largest prices ever realized terie and beaded ornaments in many Fearnaught to Colonel H. S. Russell for of style for matrons, is but little worn Wallace, of New York, \$25,000 ; Parain comparison with those of dark rich na to Major Higginson for \$18,260; tints, such as maroon, green, copper Wedgewood to the same party for Then, at brief intervals, the prisoner's and tobacco brown. Skirts of velvet \$22,000. All of these horses passed -W. L. Jones arrived in New York recently from Tennessee with the b. m. Croxie, record 2.194 ; Tyrolean. an imported French carriage stallion, and Rosewood, 2 27, by Blackwood, for Mr. Harrison Durkee ; a 3-year-old colt from Woodburn for E. Snow, of Rome, N. Y. ; a 2 year-old colt. by Alcyone, dam Ericsson, for S. E. Rundell, of portion covered with a network of Danbury, Conn., another 2-year-old for N. Strauss. -Forty-eight horses that ran last beaver. Just in front, above the fur year won eight or more races, as foltrimming, are set three full pompons lows : Barnum, 21 ; Jim Douglas, 15 ; Tom Martin and Little Minch, 13 each ; Belle B. Colonel Sprague, Logan and the glittering crown face trimmings Hickory Jim, 12 each ; Hazaras, Kosclusko, Pearl Jennings and Ben. Thompson, 11 each ; Valley Forge, Monogram, Bob, Kirkman, Beaconsfield, Farewell, Leman, Bob Mites, Bersan, Tattler, Modesty and Deasel, 10 each ; Donald A., Captain Warren. Lord Cliftden, Strathspey, Whizgig, Favor, Ascoll and Bessie B., 9 each ; Olivette, Miss Goodrich, Binette, Mamie Hunt, Ned Cook, Tabitha, Joe Cotton, Quebec, Freeland, John A., Pontiac, Chantilly, Windsall, Jim McGowan, Punka and John Sullivan, 8 each. -Mr. P. Lorillard, who has contributed so much to the development of racing in America, has decided to retire the crown of the head in coils or soft from the turf and will sell his racing loops, these held in place by headpins stable under the hammer at Bancocas set with "electric" diamonds. With on February 27. It includes the sixevening dress blondes wear strings of year-old Drake Carter ; two five-yearolds, Pontiac and Emperor ; three fouryear-olds, among them Unrest; nine -Never before have flowers and rib- three-year-olds, one of which is the bons figured so extensively in evening flying Dew Drop, and twelve two-yearprobable that \$30.000,000 is not an ex- dresses and ball costumes. Separately olds, the get of Mortimer and Duke of travagant estimate. The estate of they have been ever in demand, but as Magenta. Wanda will not be offered, combination is all the style this winter, as she is retired for breeding purposes. and both natural and artificial flowers | Mr. Lorillard's career on the turf began are used, these groups of flowers, which in 1871, when he purchased the English are generally made up with long mares Girasol and Bluestocking from leaves, tendrils or clinging vines, are Sir Joseph Hawley. The first horse fastened on the folds of the drapery of Mr. Lorillard ran was a colt called the skirt or overdress, on the shoulder | Free Lance. in 1873. At that time his and on the bosom and in the hair. colors were "scarlet, with blue cap." Feathers are sometimes added to the Saxon won him the August Stakes of flowers worn in the hair in imitation of 1873, at Monmouth. In 1874 he adopthe English court costumes. Moire ted the since famous "cherry and and satin ribbons in light shades are black." Saxon won the Belmont, and generally used for these flower combi- what with Attila, James A., etc., nations. The ribbon is generally four | had a good year. In 1875 he had Parc or five inches in width, and long, un-equal ends are quite a characteristic of this new fashion. Velvet ribbon in James A., Courier, Pera, etc. In 1877 brilliant red is used in trimming black Parole was still at the front, and Zoo dresses for occasions of half ceremony. Zoo, Perfection, Bombast, Basil and IRON STAINS.-These may be re-moved with juice of lemon, or of sorrel front. In 1878 Garrick, Bayard, Bertha, leaves; but if these fail, moisten the Pique and Uncas did fairly well. In stain spots with water and rub on a lit- 1879 Mr. Lorillard began his venture the powdered oxalic acid. Wash the acid off thoroughly soon after it is put on, or it will cat the cloth. Also wash it from your hands and keep it away from children, for it is poisonous in the psouth. Ink stains may be taken out in this way. Acids had botter be used only on white goods.

King, "you look as if you could tell us something on the subject of these warndead; they have a place at the banquet

The guests rose to fill their glasses Venetian glass decanter by the Count-

"An't please your Majesty," said the Marshal Prince, after the guests had taken their seatc, "I will relate the

"Is that not the Keltic name of King. the old family of Ker' Lan?"

tany they are always called by their grave. older name. All the Breton legends earth to tell their nearest relatives of approaching death, and this is the case ancestors always appear a month before they pass away."

The King pushed his silver plate from him and leaned across the table while Soubise continued:

"Admiral Jehan Baron de Lo' Christ was returning from the chase, and had, as usual, dismissed his retinue of serleading through the forest to the park | tal?" The sturdy old fellow hummed gate. the chorus of a hunting song of Gaston de Faix's time, while his favorite hound, more tired than his master, abstained from beating around the bushes, and followed quietly in his wake.

'The road led through a little clearing, and as the Baron rode across it he glanced up at the silver crescent of the moon, hung above the tree tops in the perceived that he was not alone; at a away from the fire to the table again. little distance was a man hard at work at something or other, he could not tell of that unfortunate gentleman whose tern on the ground beside him.

"The Baron could scarely believe his virtue and nobility seemed to surround nized his old friend the village sexton hurriedly digging a grave."

you about? Speak!" The man did not seem to hear him, so after a pause the Admiral shouted

again: 'Allan, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

But the silent worker continued his dismal work and gave no heed. Baron ration broke out on his forehead as he asked again:

"Will you tell me why you are digging that grave?" The old sexton answered never a

the straggling gray locks at his temples. The Admiral by a mighty effort of the will, managed to control the emo-tion rapidly gaining on him. He ad-

His master strokes his neck and tries to soothe him with endearing words, ings, if you cared to. Countess, fill our but the brute does not seem to hear. glasses with Tokay, and let your own The rider tightens his hold on the reins; fair hands pour the wine. It will taste the horse, all foam-flecked and covered all the better. Let us drink to the with sweat, rises straight up in the air, pawing wildly with his fore feet, sinks down again and with a violent tug at the reins that loosens the Admiral's with the rosy liquid poured out of a grip on them is off like an arrow. He scours across hill and dale, meadow and

plowed field, in his frenzied course. After a hundred windings he reaches the woods and speeds into it like a whirlwind. All at once he stumbles on legend of the Lo' Christs of Brittany." a stone, falls to his knees and pitches "The Lo' Christs?" interrupted the his rider over his head. The Admiral remained there motionless. He had been killed on the spot. It was where "It 18, your Majesty. In lower Brit- he had seen the old sexton digging the

The King slightly knitting his brows, affirm the fact of the dead returning to turned his chair around so as to face the hearth, where the great oaken logs flamed and crackled. He gazed into in the Lo' Christ, to whom one of their the embers for a time without speaking. "Well, Marshal," said the young neck of every Hindoo woman. Duke de Richelieu, a notorious skeptic. "I for one must say that ghost or gob-

lin possesses no terrors for me." "But you believe in God," answered

the Marshal slowly. "He from whom no secrets are hid can certainly unseal your eyes if He sees fit and unveil the the founder of Pennsylvania. It was vants. Though he was fully sixty he future to whomsoever He pleases. A looked hale and hearty as ever as he soul that has been on earth, why should to Arch-bishop Harnsnett's school, at trotted his horse along the narrow path it not return to it, since it is immor-

The King, who was listening, made a gesture of impatience. The Marshal special visitation. It was in his twelfth cut and slashed and stabbed, until understood and added quickly:

you remember to have seen at court with an inward comfort; and, as he some years ago the Baroness de Ker' Lan. whose great beauty attracted some | wh ch gave rise to religious motions. attention?"

The King nodded. "I do. She was accompanied by her son, Herve, who dark blue sky, dotted here and there became a page of mine. Go on, Mar-with gluttering stars. All at once he shal, go on," and he turned his chair

"She was the daughter, your Majesty. what, but he pursued his labors with death I have just described. Was there energy by the flickering light of a lan- ever a more charming mother or more amiable son? At court an atmosphere of springing into life.

eyes when on nearer approach he recog- her, and she outshone all the famous after by his parents, who probab'y desbeauties of the capital. When she spake | tined him for public services. For some the slightest touch of Breton accentient | years he studied under a private tutor "Allan," said the Baron, "what are an additional charm to her words. When at his father's residence on Tower Hill. she sang the ballads of our native coun- It was not until after the Restoration try the sound plerced through our powdered periwigs and gold laced court

"I passed all last summer at Ker' Lan manor and felt for her the tenderthousand times, but now a cold perspi- future of her son were to me a precious notable preacher, Thomas Loe, a disciure.

"One evening I was in her boudoir. The cool evening air blowing through the open casement was heavy with fra- his teachings had taken root, and Wilword as he bent over the edge of the pit grance of flowers, and the plaintive liam Penn headed a little band of un-and flung out great shovelfuls of earth notes of a solitary nightingale in a bush dergraduates in resisting the new manat the foot of the lantern, while the near the park was borne to us on the dates against Non-conformityl Within moon shone full on his bald head and breeze sonorous and shrill. Everything the walls at Christ Church, Penn or-

William Penn.

It is pleasant to picture the childhood of this man who was afterwards to be spent chiefly in Wanstead. He went the neighboring village of Chigwell.

Before he left the school he believed himself to have been the subject of . a year, when he was alone in his room, he "Permit me, sir, to ask you whether tells us, "he was suddenly surprised thought, an external glory in the room, during which he had the strongest conviction of the being of God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying communication with Him." He seems to have looked npon this as a first call to a holy life. But his convictions cannot be dated from this event, which was probably nothing more than the waking dreams of a boy whose consciousness of high and holy things was

His education was carefully looked that he was entered as a gentleman. commoner at Christ Church, Oxford. dress to make our blood tingle with the memories of our beloved Brittany. Yet, soon after he commenced residence at the University, he came under Pariat the University, he came under Pari-tan influence. Perhaps of all sects, none were at this time more discredited ness of a father. Her almost filial af- than the Society of Friends. But at Jehan was brave; he had proved it a fection and pretty confidences about the Oxford their views were taught by a

boon, and gave me inconceivable pleas- ple of George Fox, who was destined to exercise the greatest influence over William Penn. Thomas Loe was imprisoned for his faith, but not before

so freely that I believed he would be a other arm and leg were sliced, and his calls for mercy were answered by sneers and laughter.

ears, nose and chin were cut off, his body cut and slashed, his toes severed from his foot, and brands of fire held against his legs and body that the sash. braves might see him squirm and dance. Even now, fifteen years after, I grow faint at the thought, and I shudder as I recall his groans and shrieks. As I sat there before him I neither turned my eyes away or fainted. There was a norrible fascination which I could not shake off, and then the feeling was strong upon me that I would be the next victim.

The torture continued for a full hour, during which time the man never fainted once, and there was scarcely an instant when he was not pleading and begging for mercy. He was dyed in blood after the first five minutes, and it ran down until the ground was saturated, but it was certainly a whole hour before he gave up. Along towards the last, when he showed signs of fainting, the knives where applied to a fresh part and the fire-brands thrust again him, when he would at once revive. At length he feil forward, almost gone, and a warrior stepped up and scarped him. This was a signal to about twenty boys in walting, and they at once rushed in, each armed with a knife, and what was left of the poor body resembled a piece of bloody beef.

Wealth of Some Americans.

Among the richest American estates ever gathered is that of the Astor fami-Efforts are made to conceal the ly. enormous figure that would express the worth of the property, but it is travagant estimate. The estate of William II. Vanderbilt was \$200,000.-000. A. T. Stewart was worth at the time of his death fully \$60,000.000, a large part of which has gone one way or the other, but mostly the former. Jay Gould may be credited with \$100,-000 000, and just as much more as he pleases to make, Armour, the Chicogo hog-packer, is worth \$15,000,000. Mackey, whose step-daughter, the child of a camp-barber, married the Prince of the ancient house of Colonna, is worth at least \$200,009,000, and Fair, his former partner, has fully that amount, D. O. Mills is worth at least \$7,000,000, and Elwin D. Morgan, the eir of the ex-Governor, has \$30,000,-000. James Gordon Bennett, one of the richest of the young men of America, has a fortune of \$15,000,000. Miss Catharine Wolfe, the wealthiest spinster in the country, has nearly \$15,-000,000, and is the last of her line.

WHEN the ground around a pigpen is as thoroughly underdrained, as it should be, bare earth makes the best and cert sinly the most desirable floor. A fresh supply of loose earth shoul 1 be thrown in twice a year and removed as manure whenever it becomes rich enough.

the calf of his right leg. Blood flowed velvet and trimmed in fur, passamen- by one man for the same number, viz. dead man in five minutes. Then his designs, Black velvet, which is never out \$25,000 ; Purity to the late Thomas P.

costumes are made very plain, there through Mr. Balch's hands. Leing drapery of moire or watered ribbon, which forms an elaborately looped

-A new winter head covering, called the "Bois de Boulogne" riding hood, is added to the list of those pretty and most comfortable of protectors now in fashion. The latest novelty is made of golden brown satin, the rounding head golden brown beads. The hood is lined with gray plush and edged with

very narraw bands of golden brown powdered with bronze dust. This little hood is very becoming of itself, and render it doubly so.

-For those to whom the stately style of coiffure is found most becoming, there are now a number of pretty and graceful modes of arranging the tresses. One is called the "Leah" style, in which the hair is all combed to the crown of the head and there tied. A very wide baske-tpleating is then made of the entire length of hair, and when completed this is laid in a high upright coil about the head and above the waved front. A large jeweled comb is set at the back just where the

hair is first tied. For another style, the hair is tied, then disposed all over

pearls intertwined with these coils; brunettes choose garnets.