Every pine and fir and hemlock Wore ermine too dear for an Earl. And the poorest twig on the elm tree

Was ridged inch deep with pearl. From sheds new roof'd with Carrara Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down,
And still flutter'd down the snow.

I stood and watch'd by the window The noiseless work of the sky, And the sudden flurries of snow birds, Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn Where a little headstone stood: How the flakes are folding it gently, As did robins the babes in the w

Up spoke our own little Mabel, Saying, "Father, who makes it snow!" And I toldef the good All-father Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow fall, And thought of the leaden sky That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience That fell from that cloud like snow, Flake by flake, healing and hiding The scar of our deep plung'd woe.

"The snow that husheth all, Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall!

And again to the child I whisper'd,

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her; And she, kissing back, could not know that my kiss was given to her sister, Folded close under deepening snow.

PLAYING A BULL.

The Hon, Gas Trenchark knew lifeat least he thought so, and it certainly looked like it; for he had managed to live sumptuously on next to nothing for some years. The fact of the matter was he was a hawk and preyed on gilded fledgeings with great dexterity. One good looking, keen witted and moder- Jack Ince. ately clever—has ten chances to one in his favor and the Hon. Gus had all of two faults, for he "plunged," and he would have to play in any new scheme had a habit of backing his fancy horse of his would not be an honorable one; time on the stool of repentance, and would look about for a rich stripling to teach life to, and to make pay dearly he would never go to "a header" again him and his banker's account was re- asked: spectable, to do exactly what he had sworn against.

The Hon, Gus had a sister-not very handsome and not very young; but a fine, tail, stylish girl, who dressed well is only to make love to Samuel Jones." and made the most of a good figure. She lived generally in chambers with she stopped, looking up at Gus with a her brother, and constant association frightened, nervous deprecatory expreswith him had given her an insight into | sion on her face that amused him. London life that few girls attain. at two consecutive meetings, and he that!" had not found any fledgeing willing to be plucked.

"They are getting so deuced smart; a lad of twenty knows as much now as I did at thirty," he murmured plaintively

to his sister. He felt aggrieved, and considered, like many another man not so clever as he was, that the times were sadly out of oint, and that with new-fashioned deas, education of the masses, unlet lands, and hard-up fathers, life was be-

soming every day more difficult. Then Constance did not go off, and though he was fond of her, and had grown accustomed to her companionship yet it would be, after all, much more comfortable if she married a rich, goodperhaps allow himself to be plucked

chambers, looking into the embers and Jove, Con, get him to put in twenty reviewing the situation. Evidently his | thousand for you." thoughts were not pleasant for he poked the fire savagely and muttered through his clenched teeth:

"Curse it all; I am tired of life!" cigar had no charms for him now, and differences or carry over. He will never he allowed it to burn out, and then ask you to deposit securities, if you threw it viciously into the grate. Con-stance lay on a sofa, pulled close to the that he drinks enough before I give you table, and was reading, or rather mak- your opportunity. ing pretence to read, a new novel; but every now and then she looked over the stupid. Am I to ask him to invest book at her brother, and when she twenty thousand pounds for me, and turned her eyes on the book they wan- to tell me in what he invests it?" dered listlessly over the opened pages. It is not pleasant for a woman to wit- isn't exactly that. Just find out if his ness in silence the misery of another, ring are going in for a big thing soon, particularly when that other is her own brother, Gus did not speak, but conhad evidently passed the savage stage, and was studying cooly the pros and cons of some new scheme.

With a sigh of relief-for he had made up his mind-he arose from the chair, you and, standing with his back against the

Constance, closing her book.
"Give up schooling those youngsters -they know as much as I do nowadays

-and going in for business,' "Going in for business!" she ejaculated, in intense astonishment,

"Yes, by Jove! I will go on the Stock Exchange. "On the Stock Exchange, Gus. You

must be dreaming. Why, they are all so sharp there.' "Bo much the better. You remember

Samuel Jones?" "That horrid looking Jew!"
"That horrid looking Jew, as you call him. But, by the by, he says he is a

"Christian or Jew, it is all the same. I wonder you are seen with him. He

does not play or lend money, does he?"
"He is as rich as Rothschild, and he
admires you, Con." 'Admires me-that fellow?" said the in approval.

Hon. Constance, tossing her head in high disdain.

"I will have him here to dinner tomorrow, and you must be attentive to him; put on that pretty smile and glass filled, and told him many little charming manner that you wear when stories of dukes and duchesses and royal you want to bowl a fellow over," con-

tinued her brother, calmly. The Hon, Constance Trenchard looked at her brother thoughtfully. She knew from old experience that she would have to do exactly as he liked, and she had a wonderful respect for his ability. Eight years before she could have been settled in the Shires with good-natured, middle aged man of years. But she liked Jack Ince, and Jack Ince liked

her, though he had no money. The fact of it was. Constance had her little romance-most women have, some time in their lives-but Gus, who even then had an eye to the main point, had urged her warmly not to lose the golden

opportunity. "Marry the fellow with the money, Con; do not be a silly fool! Five thousand a year cannot be caught every day." Her romance ended, as these unpractical romances generally end, in nothing; or rather, in Jack emigrating to Australia, and being completely forgotten, and in Constance being single at 27, and perfectly willing to marry any average man with sufficient to keep

She was clever and was taking; but busily occupied fleecing them, and she had little time or perhaps inclination for playing her own game, Invariably with the loss of their money they lost their love and shunned her brother's chambers.

Last season she heard a man, leaning. over the rails in the Row, asked another "Who is that fine girl. By Jove what a figure!"

"Gus Trenchard's sister; but no spooning there. Hawks, you know, and all that," replied his friend.

Cool as she was-and she wrs coolshe could not help flushing hotly, and of the best dressed men in town, and the intense pain and mortification she certainly one of the best looking, he suffered brought somehow visibly to had sailed charmingly through life. A her recollection the old days when she man with a cool head, a steady nerve | would stoop to no dishonor, and when and an easy conscience-if well bred, she loved that honest, good-looking

As she looked at her brother now she could not help feeling almost as she did these qualifications. He had one or that day, for she knew the part she for outrageously large amounts. After and though she submitted, and even each of those periodical fits of plunging, at times enjoyed the fun of fleecing a however, he would sit down for some youngster, yet her conscience would upbraid her afterwards.

However, though she was nervous and somewhat agitated at the prospect for being taught; but vow and swear as of having to again assist actively in the working-out of some dirty plot, she he was always sure, when luck was with looked at her brother calmly, as she

> "What do you wish me to do? Speak plainly, Gus. It's better that I should know the worst at once."

> "The worst is bad enough, though it "And-," she commenced; but here

"No. Con; not that, by Jove! Don't late the Hon. Gus had been decidedly think me such a brute. I'd sooner see unlucky, for he had lost a lot of money you dead than married to a fellow like

Constance said nothing, though she evidently was relieved; and her brother continued:

"Jones is on the Stock Exchange, and is the leading light of a dirty ring of rich speculators, who 'bull' and 'bear' one or two stocks, as it suits them.' His sister listened attentive, and Gus

went on: "Jones would give his eyes to get into our set, and he would jump like a hungry trout at a fly, at any girl, so long as she was one of us. If you play your cards well you will have him at

your feet in a week. "And then?" "Get him to put you on to a good ning. 'Mexican Ordinaries,' 'Brighton thing. natured fellow, who would help him A's, and a lot of other speculative over a difficulty on a settling day, or stocks are worked by rings, and Jones leads the dirtiest and heaviest rings in the house. Find out what he is going The Hon. Gus sat over the fire in his to do next, give me the tip, and by

"Twenty thousand pounds! ' she ejac-

ulated, in astonisoment. "You don't understand it, Con, and you needn't. He will, soon enough. Even the soothing influence of a good Just say you have enough money to pay

> "I am afraid, Gus, I must be very "It is pretty much like it, though it

what it is, and if they will be 'bulls' or 'bears.' Admire his cleverness, tell tinued to took steadily into the fire. He him you love speculation and want to make a lump of money with the couple of thousand you have idle at the bank. Just get him to promise to let you into 'the swim' and to put a big lot on for

"Do you think he will do it?" mentelpiece, said to his sister:

"Con, we must do something; it can't a certainly. I will then give the 'tip' go on; I have not two hundred at the to a fellow I know, who will put a pile on for me. But now, Con, I shall go "What do you propose doing?" asked to bed, he said, rising, "and you can think matters over."

When at the door he turned to his sister and said: 'Put the rose-colored shade on the lamps, Con. Have a rosring fire and sprinkle a lot perfume about. I will make him drink plenty of wine. Good-

night!" Samuel Jones was delighted to dine with the Hon. Gus Trenchard, and the dinner was excellent, Constance was charming and smiled and talked to him antil he felt that he had never met such a nice girl before. "She is a stunner! There is nothing like blood, after all," he muttered to himselt. All the time the valet kept his glass well filled, and before dinner was over the fair Constance had half her work done

As she left the dining room, her brother, who was highly pleased, opened the door for her to go out, and nodded

around the fire, and lighting their cigars talked in a desultory way about decisively.

things in general. Gus kept Jones's what can I do to repay you?" izingly, as if they were his bosom

friends and everyday companions. "They are a queer lot, Jones, when you know them well, as you will by and by," he said yarning.
"I have a high respect for our old

nobility," said Jones, "Just so-all rich men have. Bythe by, Jones, why don't you marry? You are not a chicken, you know." suppose I shall some day, soon.

I am only forty-two." "I know such a lot of nice girls," continued Gus. "There are Lady Maude Ott, and Violet Trenchard, and a heap of other friends of Con's dying for husbands."

"They would not have me, Gus." "You never know what a woman will or will not do. I will ask Con to intro-

duce you, if you like."
"No, no," interrupted Jones, hur riedly. "I'd rather you said nothing to riedly. her about it; I would, indeed!"

"Well, old man, just as you like. Let us go in now and get her to sing." Constance had a nice, soft voice, which was perfectly trained; and, as Samuel Jones turned over the leaves of somehow the men did not come forward. the music and glanced down on her Two or three youngsters had gone into ecstasies about her, but then Gus was sensation in his throat, and swore mentaily that he would "try all he knew" to make her the Hon. Mrs. Jones.

The room was warm, the fire burned brightly, and the rose-colored lamps threw a soft, tender light over her face, while the faint odor of perfumes mingled in Jones's brain with the fumes of the good Burgundy which he had imbibed freely. Constance sang love song after love song; tender. old-fashioned English ballads, and Jones thought she could never sing enough. The Hon. Gus stood with his back to them and his face to the fire, but he could see every expression on Jones's face in the opposite mirror,

"She is playing him splendidly," he muttered. "Egad, she could bowl him over to-night if she liked!"

Jones was "bowled over" completely, and he never felt so happy in his life as when Constance, having finished singing, sat on the sofa, and made room for him by her side.

They turned over the leaves of her album together, and every second photograph was that of a duke or duchess. "That is not a bad likeness of the Princess. She gave it to me herself," she said unblushingly.

"It is a very nice one indeed!" replied Jones, who had bought a similar one for two shillings. "She told me the same day," con-

tinued Constance, hesitatingly, "but I forgot-" and here she stopped short, "I suppose it is a State secret?" "No," she answered, laughing, "I suppose there is no harm in telling it.

She said she would come to my wedding, whoever I married." Jones was struck dumb with astonishment, If she would marry him! Fancy the Princess at his wedding! He

guishing glances set his blood on fire and his brain in a whirt. "When shall you ask her to fulfil her promise?" he stammered. "Some day, I suppose; but, Mr.

Jones, how stupid men are nowadays-I mean our set. I will never marry a amidst tremendous excitement man who has not brains and who does not work." "It is a wise decision," he said, softly,

for he knew he had brains and worked like a horse. "Oh, Mr. Jones, what a grand career a man has open to him if he has talent.

Fancy being a merchant prince or a gigantic speculator on the Stock Exchange!" "Do you really envy such men?

May 1 venture to say that I am a pretty big man myself on the Stock Exchange?" Constance looked at him in apparent

stonishment, "You," she exclaimed, on the Stock Exchange! Oh, Gus, fancy! Mr. Jones is on the btock Exchange.' Gus, who had been listening to every

words of the conversation, though making pretence to sleep, started, but he answered with an "umph," and fell back in the arm chair with then

"Such a frightful custom, Mr. Jones; fancy-he falls asleep every night after dinner, and leaves poor me all clone." "I wonder he has such bad taste, said Jones, galiantly.

"Now, do tell me all about the Stock Exchange and the bulls and the bears. Do you really have wild animals there?" "No, no," he laughed, "though the men are wild enough when they are 'cornered.' 'Bull' is a vulgar expression for fellows who want to force stocks up, and 'bear' for the lot who want to

force them down," "And you-are you a 'buil' or a 'bear'?'

"I am neither at the moment, but I shall be soon." "You said you were a big man on the

Stock Exchange, she murmured in a disappointed voice, "and I adore great ulators.

"I have cleared £10,000 on differences on settling day before now, and I expect to make a coup of twenty before the month is over." "What are differences?" she asked in bewilderment.

"The margin between the price I

buy or sell at and the price the stock is at on settling day," he explained.
"Oh, this is delightful? You must teach me what to do with some £2,000 I have idle at the bank, but don't tell

Gus. You must promise me. "I won't tell him if you don't wish me to, but I cannot do anything for you for a few days. The fact of it is, we are arranging a splendid 'buil' ring, and I will let you in with us, Miss Trenchard, but no one must know it; I should be ruined if it got out." Do tell "Oh, it will be so secret!

me when it will all come off! Oh, this is charming! "I will tell you before we operate," replied Jones, cautiously, though intensely gratified.

"Do promise me one thing; dine with us the night you operate, as you call it, I tion of a high official.

The two men now pulled their chairs and I will sing or do anything for you. Do promise, won't you?"

"Yes, with pleasure," said Jones, "Oh, thanks, how good it is of you!

"You can do a great deal," he said, softly. "Can I? Do tell me what it is?" If Jones intended to propose he had

no time now, for the Hon, Gus awoke at that moment with a start, and, stretching his legs, exclaimed: "Why I

colored lamps, Constance bade Jones good night, and, as she did so, she whispered: "Recollect your promise; write and tell me the day you will come to dine,"

As she said this she let her white hand rest in Jones's and he felt a soft pressure, and certainly saw, he thought, a look of unmistakable admiration in her eyes as she looked at him. Going down the street he exclaimed: "What a woman for a wife! and the Princess at the wedding! By Jove, I will win her!" Three days afterwards Constance re-

ceived the following letter: DEAR MISS TRENCHARD: 1 will accept your kind invitation to dinner to-morrow if you will allow me. Believe me, SAMURL JONES.

yours sincerely, The dinner and wine were all that could be wished, and Constance looked, if anything, more charming than on the previous night. Jones was excited bumptious. He drank heavily, and when he went into the drawing room after dinner and stood over Constance as she sang tenderly, plaintive, old love songs he felt that he would

give all the world to call her his wife. Gus left them alone for a few minutes, and in those few minutes she learned that Jones's ring was going a tremenduous 'bull' on Mexican Ordinaries, and that they were sure to send them up, as he said, "five to a bound."

"Five? What is that?" she asked. "Five per cent.; they are £100 stock. "Oh, then, Mr. Jones, my two thousand will buy forty thousand. Do buy

me at least twenty." Jones was somewhat staggered at tho request, but he could not refuse her, and he thought to himself, "I can slip out of them a little below the syndicate figure and be safe anyway," so he

promptly replied: "I will, and, Miss Trenchard, you will make a thousand pounds before three days, or my name is not Samuel Jones. At this moment Gas entered, but

somehow he was not sleepy that night, so Jones had no opportunity of saying anything soft or tender to his sister. "Now that you know our diggings, drop in often," he said, as he bade his

tender-hearted Jones good night at the hall door. That night Tom Smith, a shrewd broker, and the Hon. Gus Trenchard sat over the fire in Smith's study until

long past his hour for going to bed,

and, when going away, Gus said to him: "It's all settled. You put on thirty for me at first price in the morning." At mid-day the stir in Mexicans commenced. They went up rapidly, and looked at Constance, and her soft, lan- left off that night at 391; 3 per cent. fifty complaints every day. higher than at the opening. Next day the "bears" rallied and sold as they never sold before, but the "bulls" were too strong, and the stocks closed 2 per cent, higher still. On the third day the "bulls" had it all their own way, and can Ordinaries closed 5 per cent. higher, making a rise of 10 per cent, since the "bulls" had commenced to operate. Constance had cleared two thousand pounds and Gus three-if they "could

get out." Jones was triumphant, "We have cowed them completely," he said. "We will send them up another twenty this

week." "I would rather not run any more risk. I would sooner have the two thousand-I really would, Mr. Jones. I have not head for this tremendous speculation; I am only a woman-and, oh! Mr. Jones, how clever you are!" she

exclaimed. He did realize for her, and sent her a check for £2,000. Gus also made

sure of his profit. Next morning when the Hon. Constance came down to breakfast she found two letters lying on the table. One was from Jones, and to her intense surprise the other was from Jack Ince. The latter was opened first and read:

DEAREST CONSTANCE: 1 arrived in town last night from Australia. My Uncle Simon is dead and has left me all his property. I will call to-day, and you know what I shall call for. At last, darling, I can ask you to be my wise. JACK INCE. Yours lovingly,

Samuel Jones's letter read: DEAREST MISS TRENCHARD: May I have the pleasure of seeing you on Wednesday, say at 3 P. M., if I call. think you can guess why I wish to see you, and I earnestly pray that your answer to the question I intend to ask

vou may be favorable. Yours very sincerely, Samuel Jones. At 12 o'clock Constance went into the city and got Jones's check cashed; at 3 P. M., Jack called, and at 5 P. M. she wrote to Jones:

DEAR MR. JONES: I shall be at home, of course, on Wednesday, if you desire it, and am very curious to know what question you wish to ask me, Pray do not make any engagement for the 1st of next month, for I am to be married to Mr. John Ince on that day, and hope that you will assist at my wedding.

Believe me, yours truly. CONSTANCE TRENCHARD, The Czar's New Title.

It is reported that the Czar intends in

1887 to assume a title equivalent to that of Emperor over the whole of Central Asia. It is that his Imperial Majesty will make a state entry into Samarcand, and there formally assume the sovereignty over Central Asia in the presence of all the ameers and khans who are under the sway of Imperial Russia. This is no new design on the part of Russia, for this scheme was for a long time under consideration by the late Czar Alexander II, and has only

KNIGHTS OF THE BAR.

Students of Nature who Mix Drinks Behind the Bar.

classes," said a rather stylish-appearthe invitation of a friend," "When you first knew me ten years

fresh potation, the over-dressed indi- reason why the members of the Royal vidual went on: "If you don't believe Yacht Club find it so pleasant and conthe first-class barkeeper is a student, 'hang him up' for a drink. Come time. It is their bounteous patronage, around again, say a month afterward, indeed, which has made St. Heliers so and try to 'hang him up' again. It's thriving a place; for, whether it be the \$100 to a toothpick you will get the equable climate or the pretty girls or 'cold laugh.' This is convincing proof both, certain it is that my Lord Duke, that barkeepers take a mental photo- tarrying here from August to Decemgraph of faces. Barkeepers, as a general rule, are not over particular as regards the interest of their employers. self. Thus did that great and good In refusing drinks on credit, it is not man—the benefactor of London society, because the stuff they handle costs money. They hate to be 'stood up.'

Let a 'regular' get the better of a firstclass barkeeper, and everytning will go wrong with him the remainder of the stones and white shutters show dimly day. He is nervous and fretful. His customers think he is either suffering brageous trees. As I approached by from dyspepsia or billiousness. They the gravel path the front door opened try to console him. This is simply a and out came the Dean, very handsome process of rubbing it in, or, in other and distingue, indeed, as Madame at the words, of adding insult to injury. I hotel had said. If you will add two or knew of an instance where a barkeeper | three inches to Dan Dougherty's (of who is rated as A 1, lately attached to a Philadelphia,) height, thirty or forty well-known hotel, stopped short in his pounds to his weight, remodel his jaw work after being 'stood up.' He felt and lower lip upon the English plan, confident that he could not do justice and trim his whiskers, you will have the to his employers and himself that day. To use the man's own words, he was completely 'broke up.'

"besides being barkeepers, these knights of the bottle are compelled to assume the role of the physician and drug clerk. A man enters and says: something.' The barkeeper is supposed own conduct. She is old enough, don't to know just what to prescribe and pre- you think?" pare. Here is where the good barkeeper comes in again. With a smile he says: 'Why, certainly,' at the same few drops of ammonia in it. That will drinks the decoction without hesitation, pays his money and goes away feeling much relieved; at least he thinks he to be 60. does. Another man will walk up to the bar complaining of indigestion. The barkeeper listens to the tale of woe with sympathy depicted on his countenance. I know just exactly what you want, he murmurs musically. The bottom of a glass is covered with a solution of phosphates, whiskey is added, and then the mixture is carefully stirred. Imagination has a great deal to do with the cure. The dyspeptic thinks he is better, for the barkeeper's assuring air has had more to do with the effect than the drink itself. The barkeeper of the leading hotel or re- ter me in this respect, and I can only sort will tell you that he prescribes for pity, not chide her."
tifty complaints every day."

"Have you heard her play yet?"

Shot Through Jealousy.

Recently a sensation occurred in the dressed young man from New York, minds. But that time will come; we named Charles Y. Simonton, who has are sure of it, absolutely sure." frequently visited Reading on business, called upon the daughter of Mrs. Blankhorn, residing at No. 1009 North Eleventh street, to whom he has been paying his addresses for some time and visited her whenever he came to the and attention, and I can give but brief city. Apparently some young men consideration to Lily's. They were no here were jealous of the attentions of the stranger, and one of them, who saw him enter the house last night, gathered half a dozen of his friends and they surrounded the building at a late fitable, if not pleasant, employment, hour, Mrs. Blankhorn called upon the you know." Mayor this morning and asked that he instruct the police to keep a lookout for

the parties. She said: "We heard a noise in the yard, and I went up stairs and looked out of the window, when I saw three men in the yard and three others outside. They tried to get in through the is only about twelve inches long and its window, and one of them said, 'The scoundrel is there,' meaning that Simonton was in the house. They continued creating a disturbance until Simonton got a gun that was in the house, went up stairs and put a heavy charge of powder in it. He intended to fire into these doors fresh water shrimps out of the window into the air to and insects go as unsuspectingly as a frighten the men away, and when he fly into a spider's parlor. But they

"At the same time one of the parties outside fired a gun which was evidently aimed at Simonton, and he fell back-ward on the floor exclaiming, 'My God, I'm shot,' He lay there in an unconscious condition until myself and daughter and another woman got over our fright, picked him up, bathed his

wounds and bound them up.
"We found that a number of shot had penetrated his forehead from the gun outside, and that his hands were badly lacerated from the exploded gun. Two of us fainted at the sight of the blood." The police as yet have made no arrests. | the very earliest stage of infancy. The wounded man was removed to a

A Challenge to England.

M. de Freycinet has informed the Earl of Rosebery, minister of foreign affairs, England, that he has instructed M. Sannay, the French minister at Cairo, to support the demands of Moukhtar Pasha, the Turkish commissioner to Egypt, that the English evacuate Egypt and that the English force there be replaced by a Turko-Egyptian

The French Prime Minister has made overtures to Lord Rosebery, looking to an agreement between England and France on the Egyptian question. M. de Freycinet pledges that when the English occupation ceases, France will steel. The work, though constantly not intervene, but will co-operate with moist, does not rust, and bright nuts England to prevent any other power are immersed in it for days till wanted from interesting in Egyptian offairs.

Lily Langtry's Father.

St. Heliers is a clean little city, well paved and shaded. Its inhabitants are yes, I have handled the very proud of it, and, albeit they have never crossed to the Continent in their ing, but decidedly over-dressed man life, they tell you flatly that their shops of middle age, as he leaned against are much handsomer than any in Paris. the bar of a Fifth avenue saloon, New You really want to believe them, they York, and ordered up a 'cocktail' at lie so earnestly. Yet there is one thing the Jerseyman may brag about until he dislocates his jaw, and I am sure he will not succeed in overprassing—the stretching his legs, exclaimed: "Why I believe I have been asleep. Jones, old man, you must forgive me."

Later on, standing under the rose-colored lamps, Constance bade Jones

When you hist knew me ten years dislocates his jaw, and I am sure he will not succeed in overpraising—the beauty of the women. I have met everywhere on this lovely island a dozen of girls far handsomer than the Lily of Then, evidently warmed up by his which it boasts. This is, doubtless, the venient to linger here for months at a ber, contrives at once to enrich its citizens and have a "dem jolly time" himthe stage, and chiefly the Prince of Wales-His Grace, the Duke of Bed-

"There is something galling about it, ford, who discovered the Jersey Lily. The rectory stands in the heart of the town, a a rus in urbe. The clean granite through the thick hedge and tall, um-

Dean's double. Talking commonplace for a time, I finally brokethe ice with: "How do you regard your daughter's

entrance upon the stage ?" "Oh, I don't know," said he, smiling. "I really haven't thought much about I've got a splitting headache; fix me up it. She is the best judge now of her

"How old is she?" "I'm afraid Lily wouldn't wish me to tell. Not that she's much older than time grabbing the whiskey bottle, she looks, but age, you know, is a pouring out four fingers and squirting a woman's only secret. The finest Christian lady I ever knew would he about fix you all right," he says. The man her age to me-once vowed she was only 40 years old, with tears in her eyes, whereas the parish record showed her

"Have you ever heard of Mr. Gebbard?" The Dean looked wicked for an in-

stant, and then said coldly: "I think Mr. Gebbard is a fool. I am sure Lily has been misunderstood in this matter. You Americans doubtless believe her to be very shrewd and knowing in the ways of the world, but she is not. I have often cantioned her against permitting her inclination to repose implicit confidence in people to lead her into relations which would be misconstrued to her social hurt. She takes af-

'Only as an amateur. she has talent and will succeed. You see the great difficulty is that her old unfortunate fame as a 'beauty' predis-A note from Reading, Penna, says: posed the critics against her, and it must be some time before the real merit Thirteenth ward of this city, which created intense excitement. A stylishly eradicate this prejudice from their

> "Do you keep up any communication with Mr. Langtry?" "None whatever. But I have nothing harsh to say of him at all. Indeed, my own family affairs take up all my time doubt extravagant while in London. foolishly so, I believe, and are now engaged in the mortifying task of reaping the whirlwind. It is often a very pro-

A Fish-Eating Plant.

The common bladderwort found in ponds and stagnant pools all over England looks a harmless enough weed. It leaves are just like hairs. Yet it feeds on insects and fishes. Among its branches will be seen a number of small green bladders, from which the plant gets its name. These bladders have each a door that opens inward only, and pulled the trigger the weapon burst never come out again, for they are held with a loud report and a flash of flame. by the hairy coating of the bladder and become the weed's food. It was at first supposed that the creatures thus imprisoned entered the trap by accident, without the plant trying to catch them. But there is now very little doubt that the bladder doors open whenever prey approaches near enough to them, and that a distinct attempt is made to seize it. Professor Mczley of Oxford has seen the bladders with baby roaches caught in these snares, some by the head and others by the tail. As the bladder is hardly as large as a garden poppy seed, it is obvious that its victims must be in

Three Ways of Spelling It.

It is Allegheny in Pennsylvania, Alleghany in Virginia, and Allegany in New York. Recently the Postoffica Department being in doubt as to how the name should be spelled in Maryland, applied to the Historical Society of that State, which recommended Allegany, because that spelling accorded with the statute creating Allegany county, Maryland.

Soft soap, with half its weight or pearlash, one ounce of mixture in about one gallon boiling water. This is in everyday use in most engineers' shops in the dripcans used for turning long articles bright in wrought-iron and and retain their polish.