

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—At Indianapolis, on the 5th, Edward L. Palmer, a young man, was fatally injured by falling from a freight train in a fit. Frederick Kelch drove into the river to wash his wagon and was swept away by the current and drowned. J. D. Connor stepping out of the way of a moving train, was killed by a train going in the opposite direction, on the next track.

—A special to a Cincinnati paper says that at New Holland, Ohio, on the 6th, Mrs. Arnold was celebrating the 100th anniversary of her birth. It adds that she has two sisters living, one aged 106, the other 112.

—In Frederick, Maryland, on the 5th, Dr. Joseph A. Webb, a dentist of Baltimore, shot and wounded H. R. Besant in the arm. As the ball could not be extracted on the 6th, blood poisoning was feared. It is said that Besant, who is respectively connected with a young lady, sister-in-law of Webb, and that she is now in an insane asylum in consequence.

—A telegram from Atlanta says the result of the election in Georgia on the 6th insures the nomination of General Gordon for Governor. The Democratic Convention will meet in Atlanta on the 28th instant.

—Excessive heat and drought have been complained of throughout the Northwest and Northeast for several days past. In Dakota a temperature of 100 degrees in the shade was reached at various points on the 5th and at Pierre "a violent hot wind blew down several houses and drove the people to the cellars to avoid suffocation." At Des Moines, on the 6th the thermometer in the Signal Station registered 104 degrees. Similar complaints come from New Hampshire, where the streams in some places are drying up. At Hanover the temperature has ranged from 99 to 95 in the shade.

—A freight train on the New York City and Northern Railroad was thrown from the track near Amawak Station on the 6th, by a horse, and the engineer was killed.

—A blast was fired on the 6th on the new Pottsville and Mahanoy Railroad at a deep cut at Coal and Nicholas streets, in Pottsville, with serious results. The black Diamond Hotel and a saloon opposite were riddled by flying stones, and Joseph Miller, of Cressona, who was standing at the bar of the hotel, had his thigh broken. Several others were less seriously injured. Moses Levi, aged 25 years, and Michael Collins, aged 23, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the lake in Douglas Park, Chicago, on the 5th.

While four boys were playing on a lumber in Shenandoah, Penna., on the 5th, the lumber fell, injuring one of them, John W. Kreiger, so badly that he died in a few hours. Two others were dangerously injured.

—The steamer Oconto, of the Ogdenburg, Toronto and Cleveland Line, was sunk by striking a shoal in the St. Lawrence river, near Clayton, on the 7th. She is a new boat of 500 tons burden, and it was her first trip through the lakes. She had a cargo of silks, cottons, boots and shoes, valued at \$500,000, and, as she is partially submerged, the loss is estimated at \$150,000.

—During a display of fireworks at Peabody, Massachusetts, on the 5th, an old avian on which fifteen or twenty persons had gathered gave way and threw them upon the crowd below. Twenty men, women and children were injured severely. Some of them it is feared, will not recover. In Baltimore, on the 5th, a young man named Rotk-back, shot himself through the brain while examining a pistol, and died instantly. A colored girl was also dangerously shot in the head.

—The *Rural New Yorker* publishes its annual crop summary from more than 4000 reports from all parts of the United States. It concludes that the winter wheat crop is on the whole good, the probable yield being 295 million bushels, against 212 millions in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage. Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight; the yield will probably be 140 million bushels, against 145 millions last year. The total wheat crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 bushels last year.

In oats there has been a slight increase in acreage. The crop has been considerably injured by drought and insect pests, and will probably yield 600,000,000 bushels, against 620,000,000 bushels in 1885. Of rye and barley there will be excellent crops, on a slightly increased area. There is a good stand of corn, and the outlook is excellent for a fine crop. Of early potatoes the crop will be heavy, and late potatoes are promising, especially in the West.

—There was a terrible storm at Apalachicola, Florida on the 30th which destroyed \$40,000 worth of property. Six persons were drowned in the bay.

—E. J. Betzler, a merchant of Carrollton, Missouri, was accidentally shot dead by his brother, E. A. Betzler, in a target practicing game on the 5th. Walter Sims, 4 years of age, died on the 7th in Brooklyn from the effects of drinking carbolic acid, which he got hold of in a bottle on the 5th. Mrs. Oberly, wife of a farmer of Norfolk county, Virginia, on the 5th attempted to kindle a fire with kerosene, when the oil can exploded, and the burning fluid was scattered over herself and two children, and instantly the clothing of all three were in a blaze. The mother and one child died on the 5th; the other child, while horribly burned, may live. In Shirley township, Huntington county, Penna., on the 5th, a seven-year-old son of Adam Baird started a fire in a barn while playing with matches. The barn and dwelling were destroyed and the boy was burnt to death in the barn.

—The dry goods store of W. C. Trechtling & Co., in Hamilton, Ohio, was burned on the 6th. Loss \$50,000. There is an insurance of \$17,000 on the stock. The whole hamlet of Romeo, Wisconsin, was burned on the 7th, including the saw mill, planing mill, 5,000,000 feet of lumber, store, boarding house and dwelling of William Van Hooser. Loss, \$150,000; insurance, \$50,000. The woods around are on fire.

—John Werner, aged about 50 years, shot and killed his 14-year-old son and then committed suicide in an apartment house on West Fourth street, New York, on the 7th. Poverty is supposed to have caused the tragedy. A young man, named Robinson, was shot dead by a policeman named Foster in Holden, Missouri, on the 5th. Robinson had been arrested for a petty misdemeanor and tried to escape, when the policeman shot him through the heart. In Glendale, near Cincinnati, on the 7th, Jacob Alexander was assailed by two men. He managed to throw them off and fire upon them just as one was aiming at him. One of them fell and the other fled. Alexander gave himself up. It was found that he had killed two men and served terms in the workhouse and penitentiary.

—The latest particulars of the fire at Romeo, Wisconsin, show that 12 dwellings, two warehouses, a saw mill, a planing mill, 8,000,000 feet of lumber and 5,000,000 shingles were burned. The losses aggregate \$130,000, and the insurance about \$50,000. Sixty men are thrown out of work and 27 families left destitute. A fire at Muncie, Indiana, on the 7th, destroyed Thompson's livery stable, the National House and nearly a block of other buildings. Loss, \$40,000. Several persons were prostrated by the heat and are in a critical condition. A large ice house of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, with two engines and nearly 100,000 feet of lumber, four miles below Albany, were destroyed by fire on the 7th. The loss is estimated at \$100,000. The business portion of Deming, New Mexico, was destroyed by fire on the 5th. The loss is about \$35,000. Deming has a population of 2000. The Crollithon Manufacturing Company's celluloid works in Newburyport, Massachusetts, were burned on the 8th. Loss, \$30,000; insurance, \$8,000. The factory had been closed for several months, but was to resume in a few weeks. A fire at Helena, Montana, on the 7th destroyed the Montana Lumber Company's planing mill and the sampling works and assay office of the Silver Mines. Loss \$30,000; insurance, \$15,000. The Canadian Pacific Railway's coal shed, at Toronto Junction, and 15 cars were burned on the 8th. Loss \$20,000; insurance, \$5,000. The woods along the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad for miles are on fire, and many of the settlers are threatened with ruin. Gurnsey's restaurant and outbuildings at Whitman, Massachusetts, were burned on the 8th. Loss, \$26,500; insurance, \$20,500.

—Seven salmon fishermen were drowned in a gale off the entrance of the Columbia river, Oregon, on the 5th. John Kelly, driver, and Robert Limberg, pipeman of a chemical engine, in Chicago, were dangerously, if not fatally, injured on the 7th. In running to a fire the engine fell down an embankment. The men were caught under the machine, and the chemical fluid in the tank was scattered all over them. Besides being burned by the liquid, each had a number of bones broken, and Kelly's skull was fractured. Mrs. Sarah O'Rourke, a widow, her six children and four friends, were taken violently ill, with symptoms of poisoning, after eating breakfast, in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 8th. It is believed there was arsenic in the milk.

—Henry Young, aged 34 years, shot and killed Mary Discher, aged 18, in New Richmond, Minnesota, on the 7th, because she refused to marry him. He then committed suicide. Three brothers, Lewis V., Elmer and James Smith, were killed in Clay county, Texas, on the 7th, by fence builders, with whom they quarrelled, alleging that the fence was being put up on their property.

—The wife of Asa Turpen, a farmer, of Gibson county, Indiana, on the 8th, killed her infant and her seven-year-old daughter, and then committed suicide. Before doing the deed she sent away two children of her husband by a former wife.

—A violent storm of wind and hail, with thunder and lightning passed over Scranton, Penna., on the 7th. Several houses were unroofed.

—A telegram from Pittsburgh says the use of natural gas in the manufacturing of that city has done away with the consumption of 189,850 bushels of coal a day. "In 250 working days, which is considered a year by manufacturers, the whole amount of coal displaced would run up to 47,450,000 bushels. Calculating 100 bushels to be an average day's output for a coal miner, it would take 1890 coal miners to dig this coal, but altogether the use of natural gas has thrown about 5000 men out of work in this region. It required the use of 633 railroad cars to transport the coal. Each of these, 30 feet in length, would make a string more than three miles long."

—Six boilers at No. 3 colliery of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, at Plymouth, Penna., exploded on the 8th. The boiler house was blown to atoms and many buildings in the neighborhood were damaged. Edward Scott, the fireman, was fatally scalded, and Michael Gilligan, the engineer, was seriously injured.

—Typhoid fever is raging in the village of Waterford, Racine county, Wisconsin. Fifty persons are sick of the disease and four have died.

The disadvantages of riding in a horse car that is unheated is thus set forth. It is needless to add that at the present time Chicago is greatly exercised for the cheerless condition of the surface cars:

"I think a man who will smoke in a car with ladies is no gentleman," said one lady to another in a Madison street car, yesterday.

The man across the aisle paid no attention to the cutting remark, but sent whiff on whiff in direction of the ladies.

"Gracious!" remarked the other lady, coughing distressingly, "it is dreadful to breathe the nasty stuff into our lungs this way."

"Conductor!" called the first lady, "will you make that beast over there stop smoking?"

"Bless ye, ma'am, he ain't smoking. That's his breath ye see."

"Dear me! What difference would that make?"

"You know a kerosene lamp can't be turned down real low without smoking."

"Yes."

"Well, when I smell smoke I know it's time to saunter into the parlor."

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS, SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 2d the Legislative Appropriation bill was passed. The River and Harbor bill was considered. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d, the Naval Appropriation bill was reported, with amendments. The River and Harbor bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted appropriating one million dollars for improving New York harbor so as to secure a thirty-foot channel at the Sandy Hook entrance of the harbor, upon such plan as the Secretary of War may approve. Several other amendments were adopted, when the Senate went into executive session, and when the door were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 6th a bill was reported to regulate the pay of army and navy officers who refuse or neglect to provide for their families. Mr. Ingalls, at the request of the Social Purity Alliance, of the District of Columbia, introduced three bills "for the protection of women and children in the District of Columbia." The consideration of the River and Harbor bill was resumed. Pending action on an amendment appropriating \$150,000 for the purchase of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal and Harbor of Refuge, the Senate went into secret session and afterwards adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 7th, Mr. Plumb presented a petition from John A. Kirkpatrick, a pensioner in whose favor had been voted. The petition, which refers disrespectfully to the President, was read in full. It asks the Senate to do the petitioner "a small act of justice and pass the bill over the veto." The River and Harbor bill was resumed, the pending question being the amendment appropriating \$150,000 for the purchase of Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal and harbor of refuge. Mr. Spooner offered an amendment as a substitute appropriating \$150,000 for the purpose of making free of toll the commerce through the canal. The substitute was agreed to—39 to 10. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 8th, business on the calendar not objected to was disposed of. The Woman Suffrage resolution was objected to by Mr. Platt. The Senate went into secret session. When the doors were reopened the death of Representative Cole, of Maryland, was announced and the Senate, as a mark of respect, adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 1st, a message was received from the Senate announcing that that body had passed, over the President's veto, the bill to quiet the title of the settlers on the Des Moines river lands. Mr. Oates, of Alabama, moved to refer the bill and message to the Judiciary Committee. Lost—yeas 103, nays 149—and the Speaker announced that the question returned on the passage of the bill notwithstanding the objections of the President. The bill failed to pass for want of the required constitutional two-thirds in the affirmative, the yeas being 161, the nays 91. Adjourned.

In the House on the 2d, a conference committee was appointed on the bill to repeal the Pre-emption and Timber Culture acts. Reports were submitted on two of the President's vetoes of pension bills. They were ordered to be printed and lie over. The General Deficiency bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, and 43 of the 119 pages of the bill were disposed of. An evening session was held for the consideration of pension bills, but owing to a deadlock, nothing was done. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 3d, a message was received from the President vetoing another private pension bill. Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, presented a petition signed by 1000 Knights of Labor of the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, urging the passage of bills now pending before Congress calculated to protect the interests of labor. The consideration of the General Deficiency bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. After completing 68 of the 119 pages of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 7th, the Speaker presented the 21 veto messages sent by the President on the 5th. Several of the messages, after debate, were referred, while further proceedings were blocked by the Republicans abstaining from voting, and thus leaving the House without a quorum. "Fillibustering" was continued until 5 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 6th, petitions were presented by Messrs. Harmer and O'Neill, of Penna., from Knights of Labor in their respective districts, asking legislation for the labor interests. Mr. Taubee, of Kentucky, called up the report of the Committee on Invalid Pensions upon the veto message of the President on the bill granting a pension to Carter W. Filler. After some debate the matter was postponed—yeas, 117; nays, 113. The General Deficiency bill was finished in Committee of the Whole and reported to the House. Pending action the House adjourned.

In the House on the 8th, the death of W. R. Cole, Representative from the Third Maryland District, was announced. After the action customary in such cases the House, in respect to the memory of Mr. Cole, adjourned.

Mrs. Dobbs—"No indeed, the new craze for lamps has not affected me, and it won't either. I would not have a lamp in the parlor for the world."

Mrs. Hobbs—"How can you talk so? The lamps they make now are perfect works of art and everybody buys them."

"I know it; but I can't see what advantage they are."

"If you had a grown-up daughter, as I have, you would see the advantage quick enough."

"Dear me! What difference would that make?"

"You know a kerosene lamp can't be turned down real low without smoking."

"Yes."

"Well, when I smell smoke I know it's time to saunter into the parlor."

Dove Song.

White dove! that silences lightly
O'er yonder blooming spray;
My step shall not afflict thee,
Nor thought of mine betray.

My heart, which erst was troubled
Lest danger might appear,
Beats calmly now, untroubled,
The home-flight is so near.

Hast thou the gift of healing
Within thy fluttering breast?
My soul, to thee appealing,
Begs peace of mind—and rest.

Fly, fly unto that maiden,
As sweet and fair as thou!
Tell her my heart, care-laden,
Forgets no sacred vow;

That, in some far-off dreaming,
Our fates may be united,
When true love, yet earth's seeming
May wake in pure delight.

LEOLINE

"Oh, mother, I wish we were rich! I think it is a shame that we are obliged to live in this little hut, while my haughty cousin lives in a mansion and wears the diamonds that should have been mine."

"My dear, how can you call this pretty cottage a hut, and how can you complain when we are doing so well? Let May wear her diamonds, and please, dear, for my sake, if for nothing else, do try to be contented."

Florence Arleigh made no reply, but pressed a kiss on her mother's forehead and left the room.

As the door closed, Mrs. Arleigh leaned back in her chair and watched the last rays of the setting sun, while her thoughts flew far away to the home of her childhood. Her cheek was fanned by the soft South wind and no sound disturbed her musings of bygone days. She gazed into the blue sky, where the clouds floated and floated away in the distance, but she saw not the clouds, for her mind pictured the old home, where her infant footsteps had been guided by the tender hand of a mother. Then she saw herself, a lumpy maiden, in the shady, old forest, twining a wreath of flowers and crowning herself Queen of the May. She smiled as she thought how surprised she had been to learn that an artist had been sketching her while she addressed the trees as her subjects. How her young heart had leaped with delight as she saw the admiration expressed in the eyes of the stranger. Then she thought how she had been wooed and won by the artist and how he had taken her to the residence of his father. Then tear after tear fell from her eyes as she thought how she and her husband had been turned away from the home of her father-in-law, and how her husband's proud sister had said: "When I marry, I shall not disgrace my family by marrying the child of a poor farmer." Oh! the days that followed, the happy days, in which she tried to make their cottage a pleasant home for Leon, who worked early and late to paint the pictures which brought just enough money to support them. Bitterly she wept as she thought of the brilliant June day when death entered her home and her brave, handsome Leon was laid in the little parlor and her two children walked on tip-toe saying, over and over, "Papa is dead, and mamma is sick." Her reverie was interrupted by sounds of mirth, which came from the chamber of the little cottage which Mr. Arleigh had been pleased to will to his son's widow.

Upstairs is a cozy room in which Florence and Leoline Arleigh do the copying by which they earn their bread. They have been copying, but are not doing so now, for Leoline is laughing heartily while Florence stands before the mirror saying, in tragic tones, "How have the mighty fallen! An Arleigh must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow. Where is the poet who will immortalize the fair face reflected in your mirror? Where are the brave men who will gaze with admiration upon these golden tresses, these azure eyes? Where are they? Alas! they are here, but they are not the ones in whose pockets the gold dollars jingle merrily, for the men whose money would make them acceptable in my night pass my 'beauty unadorned' and bow at the shrine of my cousin."

Leoline leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, Florence," she said, "are you crazy or are you rehearsing for private theatricals?"

"Neither, but seriously Leo, I was not intended for this kind of existence. I was not born to spend my life daubing my fingers with ink. I was born to walk like this through rooms which art has done its most to beautify," and Florence raised herself to her full height and walk majestically across the room.

"Well, said Leoline, 'if you have finished, we will continue our work.'"

"Oh, dear! Work! Work! Nothing but work! I think our grandfather was too mean for anything or he not would have given all his property to Aunt Emma and left us without a cent."

"Florence," said Leoline gravely, "our grandfather is dead and whatever his faults may have been, we are not to judge him. He gave us this pretty cottage and we are doing nicely."

"There, you little saint; I take it all back. Let us have peace," said Florence, kissing Leoline and hurrying to a small table on which were scattered pens, ink, paper,

Not long after this, Florence and Leoline had been out for a walk and were returning home when they were met by one of Mrs. Leslie's servants.

"Oh, Miss Leoline," said the servant, "your cousin, Miss May, is very sick, and Mrs. Leslie sent me to inquire if you would assist in nursing her."

Leoline thought a moment and then said, "Tell Mrs. Leslie I will go if mother is willing."

"Oh!" exclaimed Florence, "you are a little idiot to think of going, and I hope mother will not permit you to go. The disease may be contagious, and you will come home sick and we'll have no end of trouble. Yes, and who is to do all the copying while you gone? Let Aunt Emma hire some one. I am sure she has enough money."

"You need not copy any more than usual. You know I have a little money which I saved for a rainy day, and we will manage some way. So don't look so cross, for I feel it my duty to go."

"Duty! Fiddlesticks! Aunt Emma did not think of duty when poor father died."

By this time they had reached home and Florence rushed in exclaiming, "Mother, May Leslie is sick and Aunt Emma wishes Leo to help take care of her, and Leo says she is going and I know she'll catch the small-pox or something dreadful," and Florence sat down out of breath, while Leoline knelt by her mother's chair and said, "May is very ill. May I go?"

Mrs. Arleigh kissed the little upturned face and, for a moment, she thought how cruelly she had been treated by this sister-in-law, who now asked that Leoline, sweet Leoline, whom everyone loved, should nurse the descendant of the Leslies. "She shall not go," but soon her better nature conquered and she said quickly, "You may go, darling, and may God bless you."

In the days that followed, May Leslie received the best of care and the doctor's directions were carefully followed by Leoline who, hour after hour, sat by the side of the sufferer and never complained of weariness.

At last the crisis was passed and May was quiet and rational and she no longer raved as she had done when the fever was at its height. She was surprised to learn that Leoline was the one whose hand had cooled her fevered brow, and whose soft voice had lulled her to rest, and she begged her to stay awhile.

One day Leoline and May were sitting in the latter's beautiful sitting-room, May lying on a couch, reading aloud an interesting story in a late magazine. Suddenly there was a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Dr. Deane, who said, cheerily, "Well, how is our patient to-day?"

While he talked to May, Leoline walked out quietly and, going to her room, threw herself upon her bed and wept bitterly. Anyone seeing her would be surprised, for quiet Leoline seldom shed tears. If it were Florence, one would not think it strange, for Florence often became so angry that the big tears coursed down her cheeks, but, a moment after, she would break out in a peal of laughter at something which excited the risibility in her nature. Florence was all clouds and sunshine and as changeful as the wind, but when Leoline wept it was not from anger, it was because something serious disturbed the serenity of her soul.

The cause of her present grief was this: unasked, she had given her heart to the handsome young doctor, whose skill had saved the life of her cousin.

"Ah," she mused, "what chance have I to win him? I, who have neither beauty nor fortune, can inspire no love in his breast; and even if I were as beautiful as Helen, of Troy, and possessed all the virtues of Penelope, I could not hope to win him, for I am certain that he loves my fair cousin. She, I know, returns his love, for when he calls, her black eyes sparkle with pleasure, and yesterday she told me that her heart had passed from her keeping and that she hoped to become the bride of one who is all that is good and true. I must carefully conceal my love for him, for mother and Florence must not know that I have lost my heart while under the roof of the Leslies. Gentle mother would be more sad than ever, and impulsive Florence would say she knew something would happen to me, and she would hate cousin May, who is the innocent cause of my sorrow."

The next day Leoline determined to go home, and in spite of May's entreaties, declared she must go that evening; for, said she, "You will soon be well, and mother and Florence need me."

"Well," said Mrs. Leslie, "if you must go, I suppose we cannot keep you; but here is a small sum as a return for your kindness in coming to help us;" and she passed a check to Leoline, who laid it on a table, saying she could not accept money as payment for her services. Mrs. Leslie liked Leoline, and she said, mentally, "I will give her a handsome present."

That evening Leoline returned home, and, as she left her aunt's house, she noticed how beautiful May looked in her white cashmere wrapper, and she murmured, "No wonder Dr. Deane loves her."

When she reached home her mother was out; but she was warmly greeted by Florence, who walked around in great glee. After awhile she seated herself by the side of Leoline, exclaiming, "Oh, Leo, I'm the happiest girl alive! Rich Mr. Way has returned from Europe, and he says he fell in love with me last year, and he has proposed, and I'm going to marry him, and I'll buy you and mother a lot of nice things, and, oh, I'm too happy to live!"

When Florence was excited she paid no attention to the repetition of conjunctions.

Leoline replied: "I am very glad to hear of your good luck; but are you sure that you love him?"

"Love him! Of course I love him. Wouldn't I love anyone who asked me to share a fortune of a million dollars? Mother is coming!" and she ran down the path that led to the street and met her mother ere she entered the yard.

"When Leoline retired to her room, she gazed in her mirror, but could see no beauty in the small, pale face, large, earnest gray eyes and brown hair brushed plainly back from her forehead. "Beautiful May," she said; "Heaven help me that I may not envy her happiness."

For two days Leoline was busy and did not go out at all, but on the third, which was her birthday, she and Florence went for a stroll. Florence was in the best of humor and talked incessantly of her approaching marriage, telling about the dresses she would have, the diamonds she would wear, etc. At first Leoline listened and tried to be interested, but, try as she would, she could not forget Dr. Deane. His face seemed ever before her and the more she tried to crush her love, the stronger that love became and wider grew the gulf between them. Florence chattered on, wholly unconscious that her sister was not listening. "It is a mystery to me how Mr. Way fell in love with me. I always knew that I was not born to work, but I did not expect to get out of it so soon. How the girls will envy me when I become Mrs. Theodore Way, and how May Leslie will stare. Say, Sis, you are twenty years old to-day, and I must look after you or you will be an old maid. Wait till I'm married and see if I don't find a rich husband for you."

The two girls were returning home when Florence thought of a letter she had forgotten to mail, and Leoline not wishing to return to Main street, walked slowly on, while Florence returned to the postoffice. Leoline had not gone far when she heard some one say, "Good evening, Miss Arleigh," and looking up, her eyes rested upon the handsome face of Dr. Deane. They walked on until they reached an arbor which was provided with rustic chairs. Dr. Deane suggested that they enter, but no sooner were they seated than Leoline's hands were clasped and she heard the Doctor saying "Oh, Leoline, can you not see how dear you are to me? Sweet Leoline, raise those beautiful gray eyes and tell me you will love me just a little. Tell me, Leo, is there no hope for me?" Leoline did not reply, but she offered no resistance when he took her slight form in his arms and showered passionate kisses upon her face, which had lost its wonted paleness and assumed the hue of the bright red rose. At first she was too much confused to speak, but at last she looked into the deep blue eyes so close to her own and said, "I thought you loved cousin May."

"Thought I loved cousin May! Why, how could I be charmed by May's black eyes when I was in love with her little nurse?" Here Leoline receives so many kisses that she begs for mercy and declares she will be smothered.

One day Mrs. Arleigh was greatly surprised to see, in the village paper, a notice to the effect that, through a dishonest agent, Mrs. Leslie had lost the greater part of her fortune. A few weeks later the same paper announced the marriage of Miss May Leslie and Mr. Richard Lee, the coal merchant, and stated that the happy couple had gone to Chicago, where they would reside. Leoline burst into tears when she heard of her cousin's marriage, for she still thought that May loved Dr. Deane. Florence remarked, "Serves her right. She liked you, but she always hated me, and now she has lost her fortune and has had to marry a baldheaded, cross-eyed, ill-natured old codger, whom she must already hate."

The days passed swiftly away. The paths were strewn with the leaves of Autumn, and the cold blasts of Winter were followed by the soft breath of Spring.

It is a bright June day. The interior of Mrs. Arleigh's cottage is picturesque in the extreme. Each room seems a bower, for beautiful June roses are here, there and everywhere. The inmates of the cottage are hastening to and fro as if preparing for some special event; but upon the faces of all, there is a look of happiness, for there is to be a double wedding, and the brides will be Florence and Leoline.

There is a ring at the door, and a small package is handed to Leoline. She sees that it is addressed in her cousin's own hand writing, and she hastily tears off the wrapper. All day she has been thinking of May and wondering if she has forgiven her for winning the heart of Dr. Deane. When she has torn the wrapper from the package, she finds a little box, and, upon opening it, she feels a thrill of delight, for she sees a beautiful diamond ring, on which is inscribed the word, "Leoline."

—Velvet flowers of the most gorgeous sorts appear on straw bouquets.