

Bereaved.

Do you know that my smiles are sadder far
Than a rain of heart-broken tears?
Do you know that my gay, bright greetings bear
The post-up sorrow of years?

You have laid on my heart the heavy stone
That closes youth's epulocher,
Yet I press your hand, and we lightly talk
Of the beautiful days that were.

You have stabled my soul yet I meet your eyes
With eyes that are meek and still.
How I long to caress and—would you, dear,
With the selfsame passionate thrill!

Oh, changed and lost! If I wept beside
Your grave, with deep grasses grown,
You could not be further away from me,
And—I could not be more alone!

A MATRIMONIAL SCHEMER.

It is a curious circumstance, that while the waiting-room at your dentist's is said to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your solicitor, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office, where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at least in a wretched little ante-room of unmitigated dullness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast, "I suppose it is because lawyers do not often have ladies to visit them, and never children." Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say Miss, but I shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about, and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her, and looked straight and composedly into his face.

She knew him by sight well enough; the small, untidy-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under lip, had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond these—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most insubstantial of men, and with a view to sustaining this character had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was the busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and taking her cue from him, straightened herself, and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Bayswater," she stated, "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment, in the event of its being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins, cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value; but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her by a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly, so as not to make a mess of it in the telling."

At this, Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumined his countenance.

"My dear young lady what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a notebook, and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £50,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality, by a certain Mr. Hugh Lorrain, of Queen's Gate, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He made a heavy law expense, and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are ever so many of us, and we want the money dreadfully. Why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man who has not a shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly; her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus Wiggins quite forgot his own pecuniary interests.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry. "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil in dismay. "Won't what I've told you, do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh, Mr. Wiggins! couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double, I mean, if he wins, and nothing at all if he loses?"

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some nature have been come to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest; the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit here."

Sybil finished pulling up the waists of her gloves, and then looked at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley Square, when you always took the side

of us children against our enemy the gardener."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest; "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the little stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"Ah, I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that, in a large family, is an ageing circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I am sure I don't know how to thank you."

"Now that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office.

As he passed outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped, but his cane to his nose and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley Square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy Bertie, who was at Eton. He must be six or seven now. Who was the king who planned a match to stave off the Thirty Years' War? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a lawsuit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he piqued himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient as—as Penelope."

The next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man, with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but full instruction to act for him.

The more Wiggins entered into the case, the more doubtful it became as to his client's chance of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil.

As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in Bloomsbury, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighborhood. Thither at lunch time the very next day old Wiggins betook himself, and then glancing around, he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand, and immediately possessed himself of the seat opposite to him.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across you," he observed, feigning what he considered just the right amount, and no more, of surprise.

"Mr. Wiggins, as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially; "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town, since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, engaged, or going to be?" asked Wiggins.

"None."

"Bravo! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I get some cash," he said.

"Pooh! Cash like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good, here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done, they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder! Now tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amicable conversation, the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of this dinner-party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest of the young people in one another. When Thursday came his two servants wandered at his fustian. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but on this occasion not only must he inspect the menu and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put so, the chess-table so, this little armchair here, that screen there, and so on all around the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his button-hole, and a pair of "pansknay" on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admirably dressed, and with the dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing, which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley Square?" the young man asked quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her; and as she

stepped in now, with soft folds of Indian muslin falling about her lissome figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding judgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unlearned, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley Square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins' part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, and Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his power as a strategist, and made surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very strange into the girl's face, and he "Thank you very much; good night," was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

During the next few weeks, the young man, really thoroughly in love, went ahead like a steam-engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines it is doing all the work—Wiggins, it need not be said, being the child.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent, but Mr. Lorrain always looked so very surprised to see her, that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time though both knew a lawsuit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them. Sybil had a reputation for plunging headlong into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim, and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

At last the day was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins' office, looking the picture of despair.

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side, and avoid that subject," said the lawyer severely.

"Oh, hang it!" said Lorrain, "I'm not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologize humbly for ever having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain impatiently. "You ought to see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you understand that I'm dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whichever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins, shortly.

"To her, do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared? Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word.

Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh, Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are! Esay, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question Mr. Lorrain is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave my office."

Lorrain walked out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cabman to Morley Square.

Once more luck favored him; Sybil was sauntering round the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—she found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct.

"Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for us, you will hate me; if for you, I can't play the part of a fortune-hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife, and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say.

"I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think—I think I do."

And therewith she glanced up again with a happy smile and told herself of course she did. Was he not everything a man should be?

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins's word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man acted partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legate, settled a large sum on the young people.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might have been expected. True, his great scheme had succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognized all round; but, on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the

case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim, that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not until the wedding-day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion his calm consciousness of sagacity, benevolence, and power over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with having been the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil, with the basest ingratitude, "You know, all old Wiggins really had to do with it was the original introduction. After that I didn't need any egg on my nose, I would have found the way anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life."

How the Sultan of Morocco Honors His Guests.

Dining with the Sultan of Morocco is more of an honor than a pleasure according to the account of a recent visitor connected with the French Embassy. The Sultan is even more of a spiritual than a temporal monarch, a sort of crowned saint ex officio and therefore it is beneath his sacred dignity to dine in person with his guests, and he deputed a representative from his suite. The palace, also, is too sacred a shrine to be the scene of such festivity, and the dinner is usually served in the garden of the harem palace, outside the town of Fez.

When the narrator dined in this second hand way with his sacred majesty the weather was hot, and the dinner was served in a town palace garden, beneath orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, where the buttercups, corn flowers and daisies grew so tall they mingled with the bougias, and the guests had hard work to fight their way on horseback to the table or rather tray.

A drum major, like a steward with a baton behind the procession of slaves bearing the food on trays of wood with deep borders and conical covers of straw. The removal of these covers disclosed a frightful spectacle of carcasses of sheep and chickens, prepared with honey, sugar, syrup and fruits and all imaginable and unimaginable horrors possible to cookery. The only dishes which a European could eat was one of mutton (which was terrible greasy) and the couscous. The slave who held this awkwardly spilled it into his sleeves and bosom and then conscientiously turned it out on the plate again. This upset the European stomachs and desire to indulge in it, though they found that the slave knew etiquette. The proper way to eat couscous is to take a quantity in the palm of the hand, eat it as best you may and return the remainder—for the whole will never quit the palm—into the common dish, lest the other guests should be deprived of even a crumb of the choice delicacy.

Daniel Webster's Brother.

Though overshadowed by his more eminent brother, Ezekiel Webster was still a very remarkable man. When a youth, preparing for college, he had learned all the essentials of Latin grammar in the time devoted by ordinary students to the declension of substantives, and in two terms had read a portion of the four Gospels in Greek, and in Latin the Fables of Aesop, Euripides' History, and the Aeneid, often taking three or four hundred lines of the latter at a lesson. As a lawyer he possessed high abilities, and, though he refrained from public speaking till Daniel had left the State, he became an orator of marked power, the court room being always crowded when he was to make a plea. He was nearly six feet in height, with clear-cut features, a princely head, a magnificent figure, and a commanding presence—"the very finest human form," declared Daniel only six years before his own death, "that ever I laid eyes on." He now sleeps in the graveyard in the lower end of the town of Boscowan, N. H. His death which occurred at the age of 49, was sudden and remarkable. He was addressing the court at Concord in a brilliant argument, holding the closest attention of the crowded assembly by his clear utterance, his vigor and his neatness, his convincing logic, his well-rounded periods, and the striking dignity of his presence. He had closed one division of his argument, even to the last word forming the cadence perfectly in a distinct voice, with eye clear and bright, and figure erect and seemingly full of life and energy; then, without a moan or a gasp, the movement of a muscle or the quiver of an eyelid, he fell back upon the floor—dead.

Women—Men.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A Comedy of the Customs.

A new use for cattle has been apparently found in Prussia, where a band of "smugglers" employed a cow in their attempts to avoid the tax on lace. A strong ten-months old cow was wrapped round with a quantity of lace valued at a thousand dollars. Over this was fitted a false skin so ingeniously constructed as to defy detection. They passed the cow quite easily at the customs office, the men there admiring her size and beauty, some of the excise officers even offering to feed her.

THE GAME OF "INDIAN."

A New and Popular Sport with the Young People of St. Joseph, Mo.

As the moon rose over the Eastern hills and flooded the valley with its soft, silvery light, a reporter left Dunford's lake house with the results of an afternoon's shooting—one duck and a brace of mud-hens. Perhaps a mile had been traversed when the mind wandered to his ear a faint shout. Again and again came the sound growing more and more distinct. Soon the ringing of horses' hoofs was heard approaching, and when the riders came into view a yell like that of a Comanche Indian rang out on the affrighted air. A horse bearing a lady dashed wildly by, followed closely by another steed, on which was seated a man.

Both horses swept along like the wind, the animals straining every nerve. Some time to time the horsemen let out one of his frightful yells, which seemed to increase, if possible, the speed of the gallant chargers. Finally the sound died away in the distance, and the reporter drove wondering on.

About half a mile down the road was stationed a party of young ladies and gentlemen, residents of this city. All of them were superbly mounted and seemed to be waiting, like Micawber, "for something to turn up." A convenient tree near the party cast a shadow on the roadway, enabling the reporter to stop unperceived, or at least the party paid no attention to his being so near.

The following fragmentary conversation was overheard:

"I do hope she will win," said one young lady.

"It's just like her, though," said another, "to lose on purpose."

"By Jove," said one of the cavaliers, "I wish I was the 'Indian.'"

"It's almost time for them to return," said another.

"Here they come now!" and in the distance was heard the same shout before described. In a few moments there could be seen in the moonlight two horses rapidly approaching. A lady's flowing habit denoted the leader, but scarcely a length behind came the man. About 100 feet ahead of where the waiting party stood the lady was overhauled and the gentleman reached down and grabbed the rein of the lady's horse.

From the assembled party went up the cry of "Caught! caught! Pay the forfeit!" and "Good boy, 'Indian!'" Then to the horror of the modest reporter the victorious horseman leaned over the pommel of my lady's saddle and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. This was greeted by clapping of hands and shouts of approval from the assembled party. Then another lady and gentleman left their position and drew out into the road. The lady cantered about 100 feet away, then some one shouted "Go," and off they went.

All of the foregoing may seem but a "fairy tale." Consequently an explanation is made necessary. In a nutshell the facts are these: Several young ladies and gentlemen of St. Joseph have originated a new amusement. It consists of this: A party of eight or ten ride out to the lake road. Two goals are decided upon and the game of "Indian," as they call it, is engaged in. The rules are that the gentleman is handicapped by the lady, she being given 100 feet the start. The distance is one-half mile. Then the race is made. If the gentleman catches her rein before she crosses the "wire" he, as a forfeit, is entitled to a kiss. Failing to do so, the gentleman is obliged to buy the lady a box of gloves.

As the ladies ride their own horses and their speed is known to the "Indians," the girls get decidedly the worst of it, for the boys scour the city and get runners they know can win.

The game of "Indian" is a noble amusement.

Spectacle of the Midnight Sun.

My deepest impressions from witnessing the sublime spectacle of the midnight sun were received at a point nearer the Arctic circle. It was one of those hushed evenings which occur with a falling barometer so still that the glassy surface of the undulating sea was unruined even by the breath of a zephyr. Southward, above a wall of cold, majestic mountains reared their snowy peaks. Far in the west floated a fleet of fishing rafts, and long lines of water fowl were winging their way to rocky resting places. Above the sun, which from my stand near the compass I watched swinging northward, lay several parallel strata of fleecy clouds. The water horizon rolled up higher and higher, until, like a great golden globe, the sun rested upon its rim. The lower cloud stratum became orange-tinted. The next was dyed with saffron shades, while the rosy reflection of the upper stratum painted with delicate pink the Kjoelen cliffs in the south. For several moments the motion of the earth seemed checked, the sun still resting on the ocean's rim, and then—most startling vision!—a line of light appears below the fiery orb—the horizon is retrograding. By thus forcing the mind to regard the sun as stationary in his true position, and centering the attention on our own planetary motion, an effect is produced far more amazing than that experienced by the startled Hezekiah when the shadow retreated on the great dial of Ahaz.

The "Devil's Leaf" of Java.

At Timor, near the island of Java, there is a plant called the devil's leaf, whose petals, being of a thorny nature, possess a fatal sting when penetrating the flesh. I once met a gentleman in Honolulu who had been stung by this plant and barely escaped death, and who had a great raw sore—like that sometimes made by the stingray of southern Pacific waters—on his left arm. He alluded to it facetiously as his strawberry mark, and said he thought he should pose as the long lost brother—a term often thrown at us with other "chestnuts" from the minstrel's stage.

Milk is good for chicks even in the how weather of Alaska. But do not set enough out at once to last two or three days.

THE SENSITIVE SERVANT.

A Picture Which Most Housewives Will Recognize.

I have had servants of all kinds. Honest, dishonest, sober, tipsy, good-natured, ill-tempered, Irish, German, black, white, polite, impudent, industrious, lazy, old, young, and red-headed. Some commenced well and ended badly; others commenced badly and grew better as they went along. But each and every one knew how to run the place better than I did, until I began to regard them as the real heads of the house, and generally kept on my guard lest I should offend them.

The humors of these creatures are amusing.

I had one girl who put watermelon and butter on a dry, dusty shelf, and a ball of cord on the ice in the refrigerator.

When she was leaving the dining room with the china, she invariably piled more dishes on her arm than she could safely carry, and on her way out would set a few down on the lounge or mantelpiece until she returned.

On one occasion she brought a watermelon in her arm and walked over to the pantry, the door of which was open, and, stooping, placed the melon on a dish about a foot back. Then she picked up the dish and brought the whole business out.

Another girl was very fond of the setter pup, and undertook to raise it. When the pup was half the size of a calf she would carry him up and down stairs in her arms, and when her work was done at night she would sit in the kitchen, in a rocking-chair, take the dog on her lap and sing lullabies to him until he fell asleep.

The dog's bed consisted of a soap box, with a piece of octagonal grating placed over it, and held down by a flatiron to keep the dog in. But the dog used to squeeze through any of the octagonal apertures. The servant learned how to keep him in. If he could only squeeze through when empty, so she always kept him so full that he looked like a balloon and was as hard as a rock. But suddenly the girl took a dislike to the pup and would have nothing more to do with him. One night she didn't feed him enough, and he wriggled out and devoured her shoes.

She was a very sensitive girl. If you told her she did anything wrong she would tell you she always did it that way, and you would have to apologize and tell her she was right, for fear she would become baffled and leave.

If you wanted your steak broiled and she saw fit to fry it, you would get it fried. She usually cooked the eggs hard and served the fish and chickens rare. She was an awful cook and cost me, on an average, a couple of dollars a week for indigestion medicine.

The dog would take nothing from her hand. He would turn away and go next door and work the garbage barrel. We could leave him in the kitchen with turkey or beef in the oven and the dog would never touch it.

The only way he could be induced to eat what she cooked was not to let him see her touch it. So I kept him tied just outside the window, beside which I sat at table.

When the cook brought in anything that I couldn't eat I poured it down the register into the cellar furnace if it was a liquid and threw it out to the dog if it was meat.

Frequently the girl came in, smiled with delight to see the platter almost empty, and thank her culinary art had been so keenly appreciated. But she little dreamed that at the very moment she was arrayed in the smile of triumph the poor dog was outside wringing with peritonsitis.

The dog that digested the cowhide shoes as though they had been tuberoses finally yielded up the ghost, for the girl had cooked his goose.

The dog having died, I had to dismiss the girl, for I knew that I could only stand her cooking on the Desert of Sahara, where I could moor an ostrich outside the window, or in Venice, where I could have a private shark chained in the canal just beneath the oriel.

Balls in Mode in Babylon.

Balls, of course, vary in size, the largest being those given by the duke of Westminster, the number of ladies and gentlemen present at Grosvenor house being about 2,000. The prince of Wales, as a rule, invites 1,000 and gets 500. He would have a larger number of acceptances if he were to give his balls earlier in the season. From 600 to 800 people is reckoned a good-sized large ball, and 300 is a fair assemblage; but there are numerous balls of seventy to 100—five or six every night of the season. Balls begin directly after Lent, and none are held later than the third week in July.

People who are in society are expected to give one ball at least in the course of a season. Occasionally they may give two, and sometimes they split them into two parts, taking place on successive nights. Very little trouble is entailed. The caterer undertakes everything. He removes all the furniture not required, warehouses it or keeps it in a box van for the night. If the house is inconvenient the plan now adopted is to hire an empty house. As much as £150 or £750 is paid for one day's rent under such circumstances, and rarely less than £50 is demanded. The ball contractor supplies chairs, tables linen, lighting, awnings, plate, china, glass, and every requisite including waiters, cooks, lackeys, policemen and linkmen, the last to light the guests to their carriages. Food and wine are likewise furnished, but very often the wine is out of the private cellars and is not over good then.

The cost of a supper without wine is 7 shillings to 10 shillings per head, and with wine 5 shillings extra. Besides soup, hot outlets are frequently served. The rest of the dishes, perhaps twenty in number, are of course cold. Dinner parties are likewise catered.

A Butter Saver: An invention by a Chicago man is said to increase the yield of butter from milk to twelve pounds per hundred-weight of milk. This is about three times the present yield.