

"Perhaps."

In woodland ways now strangled with the snow
The blue, sweet violets will soon be springing...

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne's but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out, so to speak, as far as anyone so repressed could come out...

the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death, Cedric had turned in the same year income from the estate for the family use...

of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been off all on the most miserable terms. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story, you thought right to tell him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should suffer of a heaven on earth than two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so, 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, Adrienne. We banded letters to and fro, canvassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still a dozen things happen to letters every day."

According to the German imperial statistics for 1878 of births, deaths and marriages, just published, the estimated population being 44,300,000, the marriages numbered 340,000, the births 1,785,000, and the deaths 1,225,000. In France, the number of births was 936,000, and of the deaths 639,000, so that the births exceeded the deaths by 297,000. In Germany the excess of births was 557,000—that is to say, that while in France the population increased in 1878 at the rate of .27 per cent., it increased in Germany at the rate of 1.25 per cent. The number of marriages in Germany has greatly fallen off since 1872, when 423,900 were registered.

Chewing Gum. Chewing gum is a substance well known to the youthful part of the community. The qualities which it possesses at the time that it comes from the confectioner are all familiar to the youngest of us. It certainly seems to be a very attractive edible. The reason for this is not so hard to find. Think how much eating there is in it in proportion to actual weight and cash value. But there is more in chewing gum than is dreamed of in juvenile philosophy. One can easily comprehend the main ingredients of candy, but who, without being told, would suspect that chewing gum is often only a refined product of petroleum? The time was when the fragrant spruce furnished the most common material for that purpose. But this is no longer the case. The reader familiar with the processes of refining coal oil is aware that the thick brown liquid which comes from the earth at one stage of its manufacture is strained through heavy linen cloths. The residuum left after this operation is a dirty, brownish-yellow wax, that smells abominably. That unpromising substance, melted, bleached, deodorized and prepared for commerce appears in masses that weigh about 100 pounds, resembling white blocks of clouded ice. It has no odor and no taste except what belongs to any wax in its pure state. It may be used for many purposes, but it is not necessary to describe them now.

Words Upon Dying Lips. Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid danger and difficulties that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming: "Ah, my possessions for a moment of time." George IV. met death with almost a just upon his lips. Turning to Sir Walter Waller, on whose arm he rested, he said: "Walter, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried: "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII., who altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims: "Monks! monks! monks!" Edward VI., the wan boy king, with his fading eyes, commended his soul to God, "Lord, take my spirit," and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said: "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.