

BUBBLES.

We blew two bubbles, one fair day, My love and I, my love and I, And gave them, as they sailed away, Our names, my love and I.

THEIR WEDDING DAY.

THE village of Tong looked fair enough this June morning. The sun was bright, the sky was cloudless.

There was also a string set across from the elm by the lych gate to the house of old Gumm, the sexton, and real bunting, pennons, union jacks, and so forth, hung from the string and fluttered gently in the summer breeze.

It was only with the gentry of the Great House that Mrs. Darling cared to associate. The Great House stood a mile from the church, across a spacious reach of undulating parkland, with a pond and a river in it, and some remarkably fine trees.

They were young men of very opposite character, the Dantins. It is always the case when there are but two in the family. Nature seems determined that the type shall then be varied as much as possible.

As for Jack Dantin, he was the very fellow to secure a girl like Eva. He cared nothing for insects and butterflies, but everything for athletic games, suits and pretty faces.

The girl's dark eyes could not see their secret; her cheek, too, told of it with a blush every time they met.

Three minutes to eleven, and still no bridegroom!

For an explanation of this unusually dramatic scene in Tong Church we must go back three days.

Meanwhile, though everything was quite ready for the bridal procession to leave the Retreat and cross the road there was delay. It was to be a quiet wedding.

Some one was caught whispering, "Will it not have to be postponed?"

"Do not fear," was Mrs. Darling's reply. "Of course he will be there. He will not dare." Then she stopped.

There had been a momentary flash in her eyes of a very pugnacious kind.

The lady tossed her head slightly and seemed disposed to be angry. "It is a most extraordinary thing," she exclaimed, looking at the clock in the west of the church.

"You have to come again another day, my dear Miss Eva," he said, "that is all. You must not fuss. It is the finest sweetness of expectation, long drawn out, that is all."

"But," and for once there was a touch of petulance in the girl's voice, as her eyes clouded with tears, "it is so unlike him. I fear something must have happened to him."

"How should I?" was the reply, as the elder Dantin shuffled away.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GERMAN HOLIDAY BREAD. The author of a celebrated cook book sends to the American Agriculturist this recipe: In the evening set a sponge as usual for bread.

OLD-FASHIONED CURRANT DUMPLINGS. Old-fashioned currant dumpling, boiled in a cloth, is seldom seen on our tables, and yet it is generally a favorite, and will be found just the thing to vary the desserts.

PAN DOWDY. Julian Hawthorne and his sister Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, from different sections of the country each sent us a recipe for this dish.

WISE WORDS. Work off in whispers your surplus words. Willful ignorance is an incurable ailment.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. A whisk broom is the best clothes sprinkler and the water should be hot. The thorough heating of the teapot is the first step towards making a nice cup of tea.

THE DECAY OF BOOKS. M. Delisle, the principal librarian at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, warns us that our modern literature is destined to perish.

SHE "SHOOK." Queen Victoria was an excellent pianist, with a remarkably correct ear.

An Expensive Trolley Experiment.

The attempt of the big Brooklyn syndicate to popularize the trolley in that town is becoming an expensive experiment. There seems to be a natural prejudice against the trolley as a means of motive power in the East.

After a year's experiment its success is equivocal. As a means of furnishing the City of Churches, which is also a city of homes, with rapid transit, it has justified the expectations of its promoters.

It is estimated that the Brooklyn syndicate has paid more than \$150,000 to settle claims, which fact in itself will do much to discourage the extensive use of the cars hooked to telegraph wires.

From fares received on its various lines the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company, New York City, is making a clean profit of \$15,000 per day.

Somebody's Good. To make our own troubles the means of helping the troubles of others is a noble effort for good.

Notary Public. Hall's Cataract Cure taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

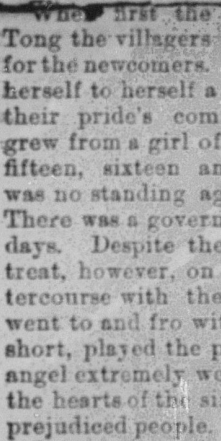
Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure. Should be in every medicine closet. It cures the worst of coughs and colds, and does not cause nausea.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

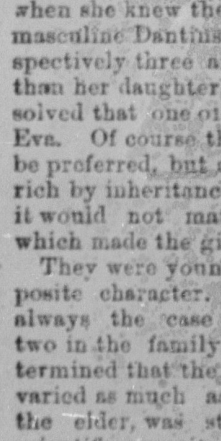
KNOWLEDGE. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used.



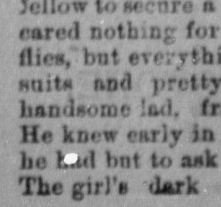
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