upon him that he had undertaken a task entirely beyond his knowledge. For example, he could purchase any quantity of crimse series but how or where was he going to get it made up into a coverlet, or counterpo or quilt, or whatever the thing was called? Then supposing he had the mirror and the lace, who was going to put the lace round the top of the mirror?—he could not do it himself. A little set of ornamental book shelves he could buy, certainly; but how was he going to ask for the bows of ribbon, or the silk drapery, or whatever it was that ought to adorn the brass rods at the head of the bed? The more he considered the matter the more clearly he saw that he must consult a woman, and the only woman he could con-sult in confidence was his aunt, Mrs. Ellison, who had now returned to Brighton. And perhaps he strove to conceal from him self what it was that so easily and naturally drew his thoughts to Brighton; perhaps e was hardly himself aware how this secret hunger of the soul was minute by minute and hour by hour increasing in its de-mands. Maisrie had not been so long away; but already he felt that one brief glimpse of her, no matter at what distance, would be a priceless thing. And then again it would not be breaking any compact. He would not seek to go near her, if there was this understanding that these two were for the present separated the one from the other. She And surely it would be a new and wonderfu experience lo look at Maisrie from afar off, as if she were a stranger. So instead of going to Regent street he

went to the nearest postoffice and tele-graphed to Mrs. Ellison, asking if she could take him in for a day or two. Then he walked on home, and by the time he had reached Grosvenor place the answer was there awaiting him; he was to go down at once. He put a few things in his bag, jumped into a hansom and drove to Vic-toria station, enught the 4:30 train, and eventually arrived at Brunswick terrace about 6. He guessed that his aunt's afternoon visitors would be gone, and he would have ample opportunity of a long talk with

er before dinner. His anticipations proved correct. When he was shown into the big drawing roomwhich looked very snug and warm amid its magnificence-he found the tall and brighteyed young widow in sole possession; and she came forward to welcome him with great "Very sensible of you, Vin. You know

I can always make room for you, no mat-ter who is in the house." "If I had gone to a hotel, aunt, you would have made an awful row, and I don't want to quarrel with you just at present; the fact

is, I have come to you for advice and help," said he. "But first—my congratulations! I was hardly surprised when I got your letter; and I am sure no one can wish you more happiness than I do——"
"Oh, be quiet," she said, and she took a sent at a little distance from the fire, by the side of a small table, and put a fan between her eyes and the crimson-shaded lamp, "Congratulations? Well, I suppose there are no fools like old fools. But if grown-up people will play at being children, and amuse themselves by writing things in the

sand—did I tell you how it all happened?—
they must take the consequences. And I,
who used to be so content! Haven't I often
told you? Perhaps I boasted too much—"
"Oh, yes, pretend you regret it!" said he.
"And you talk of your peing so old—you!— "And you talk of your being so old-you!why what girl of your acquaintance has half your life and spirit, or half your good Vincent Harris," said she, and she turned

round and faced him, "what do you want?" He laughed, "It is a very simple matter, aunt."

And then he began to tell her of the little predicament in which he was placed; and to beseech her help. Would she come and choose the things for him? There were plenty of bric-a-brac shops in Brighton; she would know what was most appropriate; her own house was evidence of her taste. But his ingenous flattery was of no avail. Mrs. Pillison's face grew more and more serious, u,,,, at length she exclaimed:

he had always looked forward to the forma-tion of a political salon when once he got married, and now he thought he could afford "Why, Vin, this is the very maddess of infatuation! And I had been hoping for far to have a much bigger house, which other things. I had imagined from the tone | would be necessary for that purpose, than his present one in Piccadilly. His place at Mendover had not been properly looked your last letter that perhaps there might he a change-that your eyes had been opened at last. So this is going on just the same as

"It is going on, as you call it, aunt; and is likely to go on-so long as I live." Then I, for one, wish to have nothing to do with it," she said, sharply, "And this last proposal is really too audscious, What business have you with that girl's room?what right have you to go into it? He was rather taken aback-for a mo-

"Business?-oh, none of course. None whatever—that is to say—oh, yes, I have, though!—I have a perfect right to go into it. The room is not hers. It is mine. I have paid for it. When she comes back it will be hers; and where is the harm of her finding it a little prettier?-that is all."

"I must say, Vio," she continued, in a very reserved tashion, "that the infatuation of a young man may excuse a good deal; but consider it quite nice-quite becoming? A satin counterpanel I wonder what the girl would think herself-if she has any refinement of seeling-if she has any delicacy-" His face grew very pale.

"'I' she has any refinement of feeling—if she has any delicacy,' " he repeated.

Theo he rose. "It is useless to say anything further, aunt; there is an end this time,"

But she had risen, too. He tried to pass her-and failed; nay, she went to the door, and stood with her back against it, and faced him. No, you shall not go," she said. "Why

should there be any dissension? You are my own dear boy; I would do anything for you-except in this one direction "Except in this one direction!" he repeated, scorn ully,

'Why cannot we remain friends?" she said, with appealing eyes, "good and true friends-and agree to leave this one subject

"This one subject-that is my life!" he said, vehemently. 'What folly you talk! You wish to cut away the very thing I live for, the very thing that is my life; and to continue your friendship with what remains a senseless stick or stone! And why? Because of your insensate prejudice, your cruel and baseless suspicions. Why do you talk to me as if I were a boy? I have seen these much of the world as you have; I have had better opportunities of learning how to judge strangers. But you-you live in a narrow groove-you have your maid to talk -your acquaintances call in the afternoon-your friends to dinner-and what be-sides? That is your world. What do you know of the human beings outside it? Must they all be dishonest-because they have not been heard of by your hand ul of a

have not been heard of by your handful of a sect? Must they all be thieves and swindlers—because they are not in the Court Directory? But it is little matter. It this sub-ject is debarred, then all is debarred, as between you and me. You can go your own way, and I mine. I did expect, now that you have your own becomes you have your own happiness secured, you might show some little generosity, some little sympathy; but I see it is different; and I will not allow one who is dearer to me than all the world to be treated with such enmity, while I am supposed to stand by and accept it as a natural condition of afficirs. I do not; I have had enough; and so here is an end, as between you and me; and I hope you will have more happiness than you seem to wish for other people." Well, Mrs. Ellison was not used to giving way; but she was very fond of this proud

and handsome boy; and she gave just one sob, and tears gathered in her eyes. "You are not very kind, Vin," she said. self in the throng on the opposite promen-ade. The dogcart would be coming by again; he would see who this new friend was. Could he not hide somewhere? He felt like a spy, like a traitor, with all those And what marvelous thing was this that instantaneously smote his heart? Why, Muisrie had made use of this very expression on the preceding afternoon! And all of a sudden he seemed to recognize that his adversary here was a woman; she was akin beloved-and there ore to be treated gently; Maisrie's voice and eyes seemed to not respect for age and white hair to bave placed the old man in front, instead of inviting all the world to witness the flatter-

be plending for her; surely that was enough? He hesitated for a moment: then he said-"Very well: let it be as you wish. We shall see how we get on, with the one thing that is of more importance to me than any-thing else shut out from mention. But I | well, even in his wildest and blackest sur-

must say this to you, aunt: I do not see I am doing anything that the most fastidious person can object to if I put a few pretty things into the room of the girl who is to be my wife." "How do you know that she is to be your

wife. Vin?" she said, rather sadly.

away. And what was it she had concealed

could not ever be his wife?

ness or billiards?"

an hour or two.

from him? And why had she declared she

could not ever be his wife?

The morning went by, and Vincent had caught no glimpse of Maisrie Bethune or

her grandfather; but indeed he had not ex-

pected that: the old man would be busy

with his books, and it was not likely that

Maisrie would come wandering by herself

through this fashionable throng. When at last the three friends got back to Brunswick

Terrace, it was close on luncheon time; though here Mrs. Ellison was much sur-

prised to learn that Lord Musselburgh had

"Neither," her fiance made answer. "I

only wanted to give you a little holiday for

"Not longer, then," she said. "For I am going out driving at 3, and I shall expect

Soon the two young men were seated at a

little window table in the spacious and cheerful coffee room; and again Vincent was

struck by the eminently practical manner in

which his companion spoke of his torthcom-

ing marriage. It was going to be, he frankly intimated, a very useful arrangement for both Mrs. Ellison and himself, and their combined fortunes would enable them to do

what hitherto had been impossible for either of them. Mrs. Ellison was fond of society;

after of iste; there would have to be some expenditure there; the chief reception rooms

wanted a thorough overhauling, and a wite's supervision would supplement the ad-

vice of a professional decorator. Then there were speculations as to whether he, Mussel-

burgh, ought to accept office—some subsidiary office, of course, as befitting his years—

when his party came into power again. You see, Vin Harris was being consulted now as

if he were a friend of the ramily. But as for Vincent's own affairs, not a word. Lord

Musselburgh had received a hint and he was

And yet, if ever in his life the younger of

those two friends had need of a confidant, it

was that afternoon, for something had hap

pened that seemed to strike at the very roots of his being. When it was about time for

them to go along to keep their appointment with Mrs. Ellison Vincent was stand-ing in the hall of the hotel, wait-ing for Lord Musselburgh, who had

gone upstairs to his room; and he was idly looking out upon the passing crowd. Idly

and absently: there was no one there to in-terest him; very different it would be (he

was saying to himseli) toward 6 or 7 o'clock, when perbaps Maisrie and her grandfather

would come out for a stroll before going to dine at one of the restaurants. At present

he had no sort of concern with all those peo

ple who went driving and walking-past, in the dull sunshine of this wintry afternoon. It was a pretty show; and that was all.

his startled vision beheld what seemed incred-

ible, and yet was there, and actual, and beyond any doubt. Ere he was aware, a ve-nicle had driven by—a tall dog-cart, with two figures in front and one behind; but another glance revealed to him that the one

behind was old George Bethune: who could mistake at any distance the powerful and

striking head, the shaggy eyebrows, the flow-

ing white hair? And the two in front?-one

was a young man, to Vincent unknown; the other—a terrible misgiving told him that was Maisrie, though they were now some way off. What did it all mean? He

had never heard of their knowing anyone in

Brighton. They had come down for seclu-

sion, for work: yet here they were in the midst of the fashionable crowd; and a

young man-a stranger-was making osten-

tatious display of his acquaintance with them. A thousand wild surmises, the off-

spring of a very madness of jealousy, sprang into his brain. Why had the old man so

clearly intimated to him that he was not wanted—that they wished to go to Brighton

by themselves? And who was this person who was making such open parade of his intimacy with them? Atas! there was no

answer to these burning and bewildering questions; and he stood there breathless,

larmed, yet not daring to ask the cause of

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Vin-"
"Oh, don't mind that," the young man

said, striving to conceal his agitation. "The fact is-I-I don't think I will go driving

this afternoon; will you make my excuses

regarding him. "You look as if you had

"Never mind-never mind-it is noth-

ing," Vin said, hastily. "I will see you later ou. Will you make my, excuses-

The hall porter swung the door open, and

before his astonished companion could re-monstrate he had passed out and down the

stone steps. He crossed over to lose him-

dire imaginings surging through his bran. And sudden wrath, too; he would demand

to know by what right any stranger was allowed to make Maisrie Bethune so con-

spicuous. Why, it was too public-it was a boast; and hardly decent, either; ought

"What's the matter?" said Musselburgh,

Lord Musselburgh came along the hall.

his alarm

to my aunt-

thanks!"

But of a sudden his heart stood still: and

wife, Vin?" she said, rather sadly.

"I know," he made answer.

"My poor boy!" she said; and then she took him by the hand and led him back to the little table at which they had been sitting; and there they had some further conversation about more or less indifferent things, with the one all-important subject carefully avoided. And then it was time for them to go away and dress tor dinner.

Lord Musselburgh dined with them that evening, and remained some time after the other guests had gone. To Vincent it seemed a puzzling thing that two betrothed people should make so merry. They aptype, with a small yellow mustache carefully waxed at the ends, and clear gray people should make so merry. They appeared so well content with their present eseyes. He wore a buff-colored coat, with a velvet collar of similar bue; he had a flower tate; they were so assured as to the future; no anxieties; no conflicting hopes and lears; they were in the happiest mood. Next morning, too, Lord Musselburgh again in his button-hole. Then, again, his turn-out was faultless—a neatly appointed cart a beautiful, high-stepping roan. All this was visible at a glance.

But it was on Maisrie Bethune that Vincent's gaze was bent; and as she drew morning, too, Lord Musselburgh again made his appearance; and the three of them went out for a stroll along the promenade. All the world was shining fair and clear; Mrs. Ellison was looking her best, and seemed to know it; her fiance was in a humor. Why, they were almost like the 'lover and his lass' of whom Thomas Morley sang nigh 300 years are—those 'pretiv country folks' who

near, his heart was smitten at once with re-morse and with gratitude. Had he expected, then, that she would be smirking and smiling and coquetting with this new acquaintance? On the contrary, Maisrie sat there grave and silent and reserved; her of whom Thomas Morley sang nigh 300 years ago—those 'pretty country folks' who lived in a perpetual spring time, with brids singing hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding to them through all the jocund hours. The tall and elegant young widow blushed and laughed like a maid; her eves were sarcastic, playful, amused, according to her varying mood; the sunlight touched her pretty brown hair. There was, indeed, a sort of audacity of comeliness about her, that set Vincent thinking of a very different kind of beauty—the beauty that seems to be dowered with a eyes were neither observant nor conscious; once or twice they were turned toward the sea. To Vincent she seemed so distinguished looking, so refined, and noble, and selfpossessed, as contrasted with that fresh-complexioned country clown who had the monstrous audacity to claim her as his com-panion. Then, as the dog cart went by, he caught sight of George Bethune. He was sitting rather sideways, to permit of his adbeauty that seems to be dowered with a divine and angelic sadness. He was walkdressing an occasional remark to the young gentleman who was driving; no doubt that ing with these two; but he did not take part in their frolic talk; nor did he pay much atwas why Maisrie was allowed to remain silent. Perhaps she was thinking—of sometention to the crowd of people, the butterflies of fashion, who had come out into the one whom she thought to be far away -Strangely enough, as soon as they had disappeared from view, his doubts and impleasant sunshine. He seemed to see before him a face that, with all its youth, and its touch of color and its grace of ontline, was strangely pensive and wistful. And again he asked himself, as many a time he had asked himself, as many a time he had asked himself, as many a time he had asked himself. aginings grew black again. For a moment that vision of Maisrie's sweet face had charmed him out of himself; but now these hideous questions rushed back upon him, demanding an answer where there was n what that expression meant; whether it had answer. He did not attempt to reason himbeen brought there by experience of the selfout of this paroxysm of jealousy; that many viscissitudes of life, or by loneliness, or whether it was not something more tragic would have been useless; he could but submit to this gnawing torture of anxiety and suspense, while walking up and down, and still—the shadow of an impending fate. There was more than that he could not unwaiting, and fearing to find them coming derstand; her curious resignation, her hope-lessness as to the future, her wish to get

within sight once more.

They did not return. Shortly after four the dusk began to fall; by half-past five black night had enveloped sky and sea, and the town was all ablaze with golden stars.

There were hardly any carriages now; the
people had betaken themselves to the other
side of the road, to look in at the glaring
shop-windows on their way home. Vincent found himself more alone than ever; and knew not what to do or which way to turn. In his present frame of mind he dared not go near the house in Brunswick Terrace; he could not submit to cross-examining eyes. It would drive him mad to talk, while those rankling conjectures were busy at his heart. He wanted to see Maisrie again; and yet dreaded to see her, lest he should find her Bed ord Hotel.
"What's the matter?" said she, "Busionce more in the society of that man.

But about 6:30 his aimless perambulations of the street became circumscribed. He drew nearer to the neighborhood of the restau-rants. If old George Bethune had brought his London habits down with him, as many people did, would not be soon make his appearance, along with his granddaughter? Here in East street, for example, were cafes, both French and Italian, where they could have a foreign dinner if they chose. Would he venture to address them? Would he confess he had seen them driving-in the hope they might volunteer information for which he dared not ask? He could not tell; his brain was in a bewilderment of anxiety and unreasoning misery; and this grew worse, indeed, as the slow minutes went by, and there was no sign of the figures for whom he

was so eagerly watching.

And then a sickening thought occurred to him. What if those two had been invited to dine at a hotel by the country clod—by the young man from the plow—by the rutic dan-dy with the velvet collar? At the Old Ship, most likely-a private room-a profusion o flowers-plenty of champagne-Honde Junior gay and festive. Cigarettes between the courses—Arry having learnt so much from the cheap society journals; and will not Miss Bethune be persuaded to join? Ah, well, perhaps after dinner, when the liquurs come to be handed round. There is a piano in the room; will Miss Bethune oblige with an nceompaniment?—here is a smart little thing—"Kiss Me on the Sly, Johnnie!"—

the latest draw at the music halls. Seven by the big clock over the stationer shop; and still no sign of them. Clearly they were not coming to any restaurant herebaout. So at length he left East street and went down to the King's road, and wandered slowly along, glancing furtively into this or that hotel—especially where into this or that hotel—especially where some coffee room window happened to have been left with the blind up. It was a vain quest, and he was aware of it; but something, he knew not what, drew him on. And meanwhile his mind was busy with pictures—of a private room, and flowers, and three figures seated at table. Ach wehl mein Liebehen war die Braut!

At a quarter to 8, Lord Musselburgh was shown into Mrs. Ellison's drawing roon "Haven't you seen anything of Vin?" said, with astonished eyes.

"No-nor you?" "Nothing at all-and now he won't have time to dress for dinner."
"I shouldn't wonder if he did not turn up for dinner," Musselburgh said. "Some-thing very peculiar happened to him to-day —I could not precisely gather what—but he

was obviously upset."
"Yes," said Mrs. Ellison, and her face was graver than its wont. "Something has indeed happened to him to-day—though he himself is not aware of it as vet. She went to a little cabinet, and took from it two letters.

"I thought you ought to see both of these," said she. "One is from my brotherin-law; I got it just a minute or two after you left. The other is my answer; I will have it posted as soon as you have read it."

He took the first letter, which was from Vincent's father, and read it carefully through, without a word of comment. Then

he took the other, which ran as follows: "DEAR HABLAND-It is very terrible but I half suspected as much, and terrible as it is there is nothing to bedone but to tell Vin the whole truth, and at once. Telegraph for him to-morrow morning—on busi-ness of importance; if he wants to come down again I shall be ready with such con-solation as I can think of. I fancy from one or two things that those people are here in Brighton just now; all the more reason why you should summon him home at once. Poor boy, it will be a sad awakening. But he is young; he will get over it, and perhaps be none the worse in the end for this cruel experience of the deceit and wickedness of the world. Let me know how he takes it. Yours affectionately, MADGE."
No, Vincent did not come in to dinner that evening. He was still walking up and down the King's road, glancing now and again, but with a sort of hopelessness at any

little group of people that might appear at the hall door of this or that hotel, and all the while there was a fire eating at his hear [To be Continued Next Sunday.] What He Would Say. New York World.]

again, but with a sort of hopele

Sunday morning, "what would your father say if he knew you were loitering here with "I dunno, but I guess he'd cuss me for not hurryin' up an catchin' some fish before the creek gets cleaned out by the Thomas boys."

"Ah, little boy," said the minister or

Gross Outrages Gross Ostrages

Upon the stomach and bowels are perpetrated by multitudes of injudicious people, who, upon experiencing the annoyance of constipation in a slight degree, 'infiltrate their bowels with drenching evacuants, which enfeeble the intestinal membrane to a serious extent, sometimes, even, superinducing dysentery or piles. Hosteter's Stomach Bitters is the true succedaneum for these nostrams, since it is at once invigorating, gentle and effectual. It also banishes dyspepsia, maiarial complaints, rhenmatism and kidney troubles.

mises he could think no serious harm of Maisrie; but she was too yielding; she was too generous with her favors; she ought to make distinctions; she ought not to permit this great, idle crowd to draw false conclusions. It was ill done of her—behind his back; had she so soon forgotten that he had pledged his life to her not so very many hours ago?

By and by he because that than saw that CA'LINY'S MOUNTAINS Odd Experiences of Our Bold Lady Traveler and Her Horse.

NAMES OF THINGS AND CHILDREN.

The Half-Civilized People Not Up in the Science of Living.

BRIDES THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE

COBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. 1 BULL MOUNTAIN, BUNCOMBE COUNTY, N. C.

N my way to this place I crossed the Toe river several times, and this excited in me a great currosity to know how the river came by its name. One young man told me glibly enough that the name came from the fields of tow along its banks. A distinguished person I afterward met laughed at this, and

declared the n a m e was merely an abridgment of the original Indian name, Estatoe. All the names are odd around here, and

neighborhoods are usually distinguished by the name of the creek upon which they are situated, and, apropos of this fact, I heard a funny dialogue the other day. There is a Hominy creek out west of here, and one gaunt, lack-luster mountaineer said to another in a very friendly tone: "Wasn't you raised on Hominy?" "Naw!" said the other, straightening up wrathfully, "I's raised on jes' ez good vittles ez yeu wuz!" A DISAPPOINTING HOME.

Phebe and I stopped for our dinner at a house which, in any of the Northern States, or in any more enlightened part of the country, one would have expected to contain plenty of the comforts of life, if not luxurious refinements—a good-sized frame house, surrounded by a large and quite prosperous looking farm. But it is not means alone (not, indeed, means so much) these people lack, as the science of living, and when they become able to buy or build a good comfort become able to buy or build a good comfortable house they live in it, not like owners and proprietors, who know and value the comforts and conveniences they have provided themselves with, and use them accordingly, but like robbers—base usurpers—who, having stolen or wrongfully seized a fine thing, know not how to enjoy it, but use it ignorantly and disrespectfully and have small gain of their theft.

The big rooms were bare and uninviting; three frowsy beds stood in the room where I

three fromsy beds stood in the room where I ate my dinner; drying apples were spread out over the porch floors and most of the rooms; there was not such a thing as a comfortable chair or a book in sight in the house; the windows were grimy, and everything about the place dingy and unappetizing to the last degree. The woman who waited upon me was a gentle, patient faded



- 1 - Mark 111/1/

Hendricks, Cleveland and Thurman, creature of about 19, who had been married at 13, and had three very pretty and phe-nomenally dirty children.

MORE ABOUT NAMES. These, according to a very prevalent tast hereabouts for the bizarre and striking in Christian names, she called respectively, Belva Lockwood, Delta Leonie and Nigary Aldecky. Belva (or Belvy) Lockwood, she helieved they had, some of them about the place, found in a book—she couldn't read herself. Nigary came out of some book, too—it was "the name of some big falls of water," they said; and a young wan travelin' through had pamed Delty. When travelin' through had named Delty. When I went to leave, the kind soul thought 20 cents ample remuneration for my dinner and Phebe's, and said she didn't feel right to charge a "lone woman" anything.

My head ached in a threatening sort of

way after dinner, and leaving Burnsville to my right I pushed on, intending to reach, if possible, the house of the Mount Mitcheli guide by evening. As I left the more open country and followed up toward the "head o' the waters," into the very heart of the mountains, the way became more rugged and anything like settlements smaller, fewer and further apart.

and further spart.

MUST HAVE TOBACCO.

Each miserable little cabin had, in addition to the small field of corn, some sweet potatoes and maybe a few truit trees, its patch of tobacco, one of the prime necessi-ties among these people here, who all c hew it, down to the little girls and boys of 6 and 7. The money spent among them for snuff and tobacco, or the time and labor expended in raising and preparing the homemade article would put them a long way on the road to comparative comfort.

The North Carolina mountaineers were quite unanimously Union in their sympa thies and are now generally good Repub-licans; but I rode past one household in my afternoon's trip that was certainly a striking exception to the general political complexion. Three picturesquely dirty little tow-headed brats-the two younger ones wearing copperss colored cotton dresses, the oldest, possibly six, simply and effectively clad in a red woolen undershirt that just escaped the ground, tied at the neck with a leather string, and having the sleeves gracefully fastened up by the same means—were playing, with all the pretty affectionateness. of tiger cubs or young hyenas, in front of a more than usually wretched but. Suddealy in the meelee, the youngest bit the man lemme 'lone!" "You Thurman! Stop pesterin' Cleve

land," responded a voice from the hut.
"I haint tetched' im," squeaked he of the
red shirt, "its Hendricks."

DOWN WITH THE HEADACHE.

As I rode on my head grew worse and worse. I missed the obscure and little-traveled road that leads to Big Tom Wilson's—the Mount Mitchell guide; there wasn't a house anywhere that looked at all promising for a night's comfortable lodg-ing—to say nothing of any remedies or nursing. But finally, when the whole world was reeling around me, and every step Phebe took rent the sky with jagged lightnings, and sent boits of agony tearing through my brain, I stopped at a house and called. A woman came out, and as in a dream I remember her helping me down and into the house. I got to had and and into the house. I got to bed, and and into the house. I got to bed, and sinally, after many hours, to sleep, and sleep off my headache. About 10 o'clock, I suppose, I suddenly started awake. There was a spot of dim, smoky light in the gloom, and within this circle a wizened, drawn face trembled, nodded, bobbed up and down with its dark eyes fixed earnestly and inquiringly upon me. quiringly upon me.

At this startling vision of nightmare

At this startling vision of nightmare I lay blinking for some moments, when the voice of the woman who had helped me in spoke: "How d're feel now?"

"Better," said I, dazedly,

"I jest come in t' see if ye'd like somethin' t' eat 'fore we all went to bed."

I said I didn't want anything, and as my

eyes became accustomed to the light I saw it was the same woman of the afternoon, only in my distracting pain I hadn't noticed that she had a shaking palsy. She recalled most vividly old Angels in "The Eve of St. Agnes," of Keats, and looked very much "A poor affrighted, trembling, churchyard thing" in the uncertain light of the smoking, chimneyless little brass lamp she carried.

Well, I was quite recovered in the morning, but it rained, in the style and manner generally known as "cats and dogs," all day long, and I was a prisoner. The floor of the room in which I slept—that part of it not occupied by three beds—was covered of the room in which I siept—that part of it not occupied by three beds—was covered with drying apples, spread out on sheets, counterpanes and old dress skirts. Here, of course, I was expected to comb my hair and make my entire toilet, and here I made it, thinking that if they could stand it, I—who never eat dried apples—ought to be able to. A YOUNG WIFE AT PLAY.

I heard loud romping and scuffling going on several times, and much squealing and giggling; and as I went out to breakfast, I saw a boy of 16, and an extremely hand-some girl of apparently 15, with black eyes and a mop of curling black hair, run out on the porch.

the porch.
"Zony! You Arizony!
"Sam! You Sam," called my "kindly crone," and added apologetically to me:
"Them chil'n's bad as two pet b'ars whenever they git together. Zony's been married a year or two an' they don't git to see each other often." I learned later that this term that he was an analyse mething in this femily. "pet b'ars" meant something in this family. There had hardly ever been a time when



A Wizen Face by Canale Light. hey were without one or two in the house, the father and older sons all being famous and inveterate hunters. There were shot guns all about the house, several hanging upon the loom where a piece of butternutolored jeans was in process of construction

WOMEN DO THE WORK. The women of the family seemed to do pretty much all the work, Sammie even re-fusing nonchalantly to get the cows for his favorite, Arizony, and sauntering off with his gun.

"G'way from here, you of rabbit huntin' thing," I heard her say to him, as she re-turned with two big buckets of milk and he came dodging about her with a couple of

At last I started out with Sammy as escort and arrived at the place after climbing over the worst trail I ever saw. But Phebe arrived fresh and frisky. She tackled every hardship, every obstacle, with the same fine dauntless air and carried me along where Sammie's heavier horse struggled and groaned. And she's such a dainty creature, so marvelously light and sure of foot and so fron to endure. When we came to a hor-ribly steep place—a regular jump-off—she would extend a tentative forefoot over the edge, then, after a moment's pause, drop it lightly down, then the other, drawing her bent hind legs far under her, thus carrying me on a nearly level saddle down the worst and steepest places.
ALICE MACGOWAN.

VOMITING IN CONSUMPTION. A Way to Cure the Trouble That Drage Down the Vitality.

New York Herald.] It is well known how obstinate vomiting ometime is in consumptive persons and how difficult it is to stop it; and a consumptive person who vomits can no longer keep up strength and loses from that very fact the greater part of his ability to struggle against

he action of the bacilli.

For the treatment of this vomiting Mr. Tison recommends pills containing one cen-tigramme of the hydrochlorate of cocaine, and one centigramme of extract of opium. The pills should be given ten minutes before food is taken, and five or six pills can be taken in the 24 hours. This treatment also ucceeds in other chronic diseases that are ecompanied by vomiting. This is a very simple treatment and one

like to youch for the fact that it will succeed every time, as the frequent failures of th numerous drugs that are recommended for he same purpose bave made me extremely skeptical.

The Aves Have It.

Detroit Free Press.] Moved and supported, that the first newspaper in America which makes the first fall eference to "golden-hued autumn," "soughing winds of fall," or "the embers of the dying year," be fixed the cost of two old-fashioned glue-and-molescer will ed glue-and-molasses rollers for a Washington hand-press.

AT THE OPERA.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.1 "The lights flashed and the music rang, And the stage was all aglow; But the real heart of the woman there Nobody cared to know."

A happy maid with dusky, drooping head; The rings of chestnut hair close 'gainst it laid; Above a creamy wrap whose linning red Caresses round gloved arms but half displayed. Her Spanish fan, all black, of matchless lace. Now cools, now coyly hides a glowing cheek, Where smile to prighter smile gives ready place, As youth's swift thought and swifter impulse

Ab, sunny child, whose blushes come and go,
Why does my heart your heart so long
to know? Out o'er the court, where mimic moonlight

falls,
From Minister casement leans fair "Elsa" there Her witching plaint is breathed. Above the Stalls
Throbs each foud note upon the perfumed air.
o listening maid, what is this soft delight, Stirring the chaste pulsations of her heart? She knows not why this love song in the night Seems to her life some newly wondrous part. Oh, mimic Elsa, loved and passing

Oh, dark-haired maid, who listers breathless there! There's one, who waching her has waited long, To see her child heart wake to woman's crown; He blesses with brave thanks the prima's song As shyly two soft eyes droop slowly down.
As shyly two soft eyes droop slowly down.
And when the Swan Knight gathers to his
heart
The sunny head of his Brabantian bride
The layer watches, not the singer's part.

The lover watches, not the singer's part.
But the far sweeter woman at his side.
Oh, mimic knight! Oh, maid with Oh, you who woo the dark-eyed girl, beware!

The music swings and swirls, the lights burn low; The music gasps and dies, the lights flash The music gaspe high.

The vast throng through the spacious foyer go.
Wrapped close, as car and carriage clatter by.
A dreamy light subdues the soft brown eyes,
Her stalwart lover's heart exuitant stirs;
She speaks—his carger soul in ambush lies—
"If bleached, my hair would be the shade of

MASCULINE FEMALES

The Fellow Who Gets Tied Up to One for Life is to be Pitied.

MEN ADMIRE WOMANLY WOMEN.

As Past Reforms Were Attended by Extremes so is it Just Now.

HAPPY MEDE THE TRUE POSITION

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) A rapidly advancing age is liable to progressive ideas, many of which happily reach no fruition. The modern cry of woman's rights and feminine equality has given us the masculine woman, a creature feared by sipid nonentity, whose ignorance is her chief attraction, and the know-all woman, who parts her hair like a man and strides along the street with Amazonian gusto, there is a

A simpering idiot, like Mrs. Henry Wood's Isabel, who didn't know whether or not to order a whole cow from the butcher,s at one time, is an object of pity, if not of scorn. The woman who presumes upon her too much boasted "intuition," (a theory which, like many others, is at times mythic-al) is just as obnoxious. To define wo-man's true position is no easy matter, because associations and circumstances have so much to do with it. Woman is a peculiar, and sometimes a very illogical and in-consistent piece of humanity. I know I am treading on very dangerous ground. I will be careful.

Flattered Into Insanity. The strong-minded, masculine woman have in view is to be found in many places. If it happens to be in the church, while it may not be the pastor's duty to pray that the Lord will take her out, such an event could hardly be looked upon in the light of serious calamity. It is not my misfortune at this time to be thus afflicted, but I have known cases of this kind, and can to some extent sympathize with those who have this to endure. The masculine woman presumes upon her "intuition," and without logic or thought decides all questions irrespective of other people's experience. A great deal of this nonsense is the result of what we men call "gallantry." The average male speak-er, seeking to gain the favor of the opposite sex by flattery, makes extravagant state-ments with regard to her "perceptive facul-ties," until she thinks it is really so, and acts recordingly.

I would accord to woman just as high r

phere in the intellectual world as it is pos sible for her to fill. Not for a momen should sex stand in the way of mental supe riority having its meed of honor. On the other hand, it is only equitable that sex should not be allowed to claim superiority because of the existence of some cheap, so called axiom about "intuition." Granted that woman has fine intuition, does it not, as a matter of course, depreciate with every stride she takes toward masculinity? If emininity is the source of this mysterious flow of perceptibility, surely it loses its power in proportion as she becomes manly.

Three Kinds of Egotists.

An anonymous writer says: "There are three sorts of egotists. Those who live themothers live." Save me from the two latter. An egotistical man is a sad sight, but a woman who can thus be justly catalogued is almost past redemption. Argument is to her like water on a duck's back. Logic is an absurdity. You cannot convince her. She has thought it all out, has in fact done all the thinking, and it is very little use for anybody else to trouble himself. She is one of those of whom it may justly be said:

When she will, she will, you may depend on't, And when she won't, she won't, and there's a

Happily this kind of a woman is a com parative rarity, but our boasted advance-ment may produce her with more luxuriance than is desirable. Time was when the American society

woman kept herself comparatively secluded. The sun was not allowed to shine upon her. Her sole aim in life seemed to be to preserve a complexion of face delicate in tint and contour, and this she did by taxing the system in all other respects. This was wrong, morally and physically. Of course it was followed by a revolution, and as all revolutions are apt by their very impetuosity to gain too much momentum, of course this did. The rosy-cheeked English woman, with her pink and white !ace, was pointed to as an example of what American women should be. And then our American women accepted the delusion that all that was necessary to gain this English complexion was to walk so many miles a day, and spend a goodly portion of their time in the open air. In moderation this is all very proper, but our climate is not suitable for such delicate our climate is not suitable for such delicate tints, if too much of it be used. It is too dry, too full of something which irritates the nerves and makes them do double duty. It is easier to walk ten miles in Eugland than five miles in the United States. Carried to extremes, physical exercise has a tendency to unhinge a frail woman and masculinize a strong one, and we men don't want it, so there!

. . . A Chance for Reform. With the last two words a woman, that is

some women, would consider the question settled, and that further argument was un necessary, but I have not done with the woman I am after yet. What with the craze for semi-nudity at the seaside, and nudity without much "semi" in the ballroom, coupled with the fact that some of the fair sex are anticipating riding horseback was called?

The vigorous and heroic words on this subject from a noble woman's pen, in a popular magazine, are very timely. No man in the lower or middle walks of life would care to see his mother, wife or sister in such positions as those mentioned. Why should aristocratic people presume to do things that are immodest, vulgar and sug-gestive? I don't believe in mock modesty or paritanic prudery, but anything which unsexes a woman should be condemned, and is discountenanced mentally, if not morally, by all thinking men. Man's better nature revolts against such exhibitions as have pre-vailed along the seashore the past summer. His baser nature may possibly have appreciated them, but it seems to me that fair woman's mission should be to stimulate the better and seek to minimize the baser.

A Sad Spectacl . The Lord pity the man with a masculine

wife. I once married a couple in New Jersey, and if ever I sympathized with any poor fellow it was this one. The woman made the arrangements, and the poor idiot made the arrangements, and the poor idiot came up to the scratch like a game chicken with a broken wing and an eye missing. When I asked him if he wanted to be married he said, "Yees, I reckon so," and then he edged himself forward and plighted his rows in the humblest possible manner. He promised to "love, cherish and support her transfer of Scots. Over it is a structure of the said of when rasked this it he wanted to be had ried he said, "Yees, I reckon so," and then he edged himself forward and plighted his rows in the humblest possible manner. He promised to "love, cherish and support her in sickness and health." She promised to

considerably enlarged when they got "settled." Like the restless, tossing ocean,
they have not settled yet, and it is many
years ago now. In all probability the poor
feilow is dead and buried long before this.
As he left my residence, led away by the
giant bride, in all the proud dignity of her
masculine womanhood, my warmest solicitude went out to the poor victim. I almost
hope he died young, like the Sunday school
library book hero, for if he didn't what a
tottering time he must have had of it! I
know of no fate more terrible than falling
into the outstretched arms of a manly into the outstretched arms of a manly woman, and if I had an enemy, and was by nature revengeful, this would be the fate I should desire for him.

A Hypnotized Nonentity. What a poor, shriveled-up mortal the henpecked husband is! He has no soul. duce incongruities. When the sesson is He is a hypnotized nonentity. His wife moist and warm rank weeds grow easily, and | may be a very small woman in stature, and it is extremely difficult for the farmer to he may be a very giant, but it makes no keep them down. Every reform in the difference. She will either have her way or world's history, has been productive of ab- the hysterics, or possibly both. If a woman normally developed and excessively pro- of this kind gets the upper hand the husband might almost as well commit suicide, if it were not contrary to the laws of both God and man. What a blessing that this species is a rara avis, and that so many of the masculine woman, a creature feared by our homes are charmed and warmed by the many and loved by few. Between the in-

Young woman, if you want a husbaud cul-tivate lemining graces. Athletic sports in moderation are all well enough, but there is very wide gulf. In the center of the chasm is a broad and beautiful platform, all decked with flowers and beauty, upon which I think woman ought to walk.

A simpering idiot, like Mrs. Henry home and make it a paradise on earth, he wants a woman. He doesn't care very much about her being a lady, that is to say, a lady in our modern idea of what constitutes one. He does not want a doll to dress and fool with, but a woman with a woman's heart and a woman's instinct. Many a brave and manly girl wonders why the boys pass her for more retiring and gentle maid-ens. She need not wonder long it she will only remember that of all things in this life the average man dislikes a masculine wo-THE COUNTRY PARSON.

A VERY SENSIBLE RACE.

Colored People Kill Whit s and Blacks but Never Kill Thomselves.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] There are pleuty of cases on record in the South in which colored people have been killed by members of their own race, but a negro seldom, if ever, commits suicide. I know of no nationality or race in which self-murder is so rare, and the reason is, of course, the extreme philosophy which charcourse, the extreme philosophy which char-terizes the colored man or woman's every

There may be a good deal of grumbling, but so long as the next meal ahead is pro-yided for, there is nothing so much as solicitude, let alone anxiety, and just where de-spair can be found in a colored man is hard to say. The negro may labor under a good many disadvantages, but he certainly is ahead of his white brother in the matter of enjoying himself heartily on the least possible provocation, and of never thinking of such a thing as meeting trouble hal:-way.

GENIUS FROM THE LOWLY.

Men Whose Names Are Fam liar Through out the World Had Humble Parents. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver, and also a weaver himself. Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry cook. Cervantes was a common soldier. Homer was the son of a farmer. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer. Howard was an apprentice to a gro-cer. Franklin was a journeyman printer and son of a tallow chandler and soap boiler.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier and son of a butcher. Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a three sorts of egotists. Those who live themselves and let others live; those who live themselves and don't let others live, and those who neither live themselves nor let the son of a shopkeeper. Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapier. Milton was the son of a money scrivener. Pope was the son of a merchant. Robert Burns was the son of a plowman in Ayr-

THE LATEST LIFE BOAT.

It Comists of Two Shells, the Inner One Pixed to Stay Right Side Us.

rated News of the World.] Boots to put on the feet for the purpose of walking upon the water, water trieycles and bicycles are already known. A surprising sort of life boat is made of two cylindrical shells, one inside of the other, and, no matter how often the outer shell may roll over, the passengers in the inner shell, which is hung like a pendulum, must always remain right side up. The great trouble about lifeboats at sea is that they are apt to turn bottom upward or get swamped in being launched; but this trouble is obviated by a eraft of the sort that has two air-tight cylinders for sides, and is right side up no matter, how it falls into the water which matter how it falls into the water, which automatically sets the boat into shape to receive its passengers and crew, the oars being ready fastened in their places for

rowing. THE UNFORTUNATE MARY

Tomb of the Secretary of the Queen of Sco

and its Story. The romantic history of the unfortunate but certainly not innocent, Queen of Scotland, who suffered 19 years' captivity as an enemy of our jealous Queen Elizabeth. and was finally beheaded at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, has long been



a theme of compassionate declamation and

controversial discussion, One of her confidential servants, who escaped to Flanders, and who probably knew many of her secrets, outlived his royal mistress many years, and his lest rection. eached, my hair would be the shade of reand, Tom, all sentiment was quite in yain
With Lohengrin's heel catching in his train!"

—CORA STUART WHELER.

Promised to "love, cherish and support her in sickness and health." She promised to "honor, love, etc." The fee was so small that I forget whether he or she paid it, but I think I forget whether he or she paid it, but I think I town the companied by a promise that it would be Xbre, 1624, age de 84."

MUSIC IN OUR ALLEY.

The Two Annies Forever on the Air in the Gladsome Retreat.

A BAND THAT IS PRIVILEGED.

Notes That Called Up Visions of Beauty Only to Disappoint.

THE PRAISES OF SIR PAT M'NALLY

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATORAL No. 4.

"She-s-e's my swee-ee-theart, I'm her-r-r benu!-Shee-e-e's my A-a-annie, I'm her-r-r Jo-o-o! Na-ow we'll ma-a-arry

Nayver-r-r to-oo par-rt; Li-ittle Annie Rooney-she is-My swee-ee-thearrrt." The above is an attempt to render on paper the singing of a popular refrain by Miss Maude Muldoon, of Our Alley. Miss Muldoon is one of the Alley musicians. She has a rival in the Cast Iron and Kaiser Wilhelm Brass Band, whose headquarters are a few doors below, and another in the solitary

concertina player, who resides on the first floor front in the house across the way. But Miss Muldoon, when she gets a fair chance, can beat either or both of her competitors. Give her ten minutes' practice on her mother's first-floor lady boarder's untuned pland, and she will silence any Teutonic trombone that ever roared. The firstloor boarder, however, does not wish Miss Maude to use her "darling instrument" for practicing purposes; and it is only when the owner of the piano is out that the fair girl dares to tinkle its keys. The first-floor boarder's husband was a music teacher, and he bequeathed his sole (undisputed) piece of property—the piano—to his beloved wife. She cannot play a note, but she keeps the instrument, partly in remembrance of Sig-nor Muldunio, and mainly because she can never find any dealer enterprising enough to purchase it.

SHE HAS TWO TUNES.

She objects to Maude's style of performance, but when her back is turned Maude has a splendid tune, and the aged piano a very bad quarter of an hour. Maude indulges in two tunes, and only two. They are "Annie Laurie" and "Annie Rooney." She tries both with perfect impartiality, and has often been heard to sing the former philosopher growlingly explains that the reason for this extraordinary exchange is the fear of Miss Muldoon that if she lays all her musical powers at the feet of one Annie, the other Annie will grow jealous after the old-time fashion of femininity.

So Annie of Maxwellton and Annie of

the Bowery cannot complain of unfair treatment at the hands or lips of Miss Maude Muldoon. Maude's rendition of "Annie Laurie" without a piano, for she sometimes spares us the additional infliction of that wretched instrument's "rum-tumtum"-ing, is superb. When she is washing in the back kitchen, it runs like this:

"Like doe on the gowing lyin' "-splash—thump-splash—"is the fall of her fairy feet" (bump, bump, as the fairy's elephantine pedal extremities kiss the floor; "and like winds in summer si-highing, her voice is low and swe-eet"-(which, it must be observed, the singer's is not); "her voice is low and swe-eet, and she's all the wor-reld to me-e"—(splash, splash, bang)— "and for little Annie Rooney wad I lay me down an' dee-will you lave go o' that basket, tye little divil, or I'll warm your ear for yez." This to her small brother, Michael.

A MAZE OF MELODY.

The Cast Iron and Kaiser Wilhelm band of our alley is a great institution. To hear it in the calm summer time, when darkness has overshadowed the land, or when the tragrant odors of the alley's (auna and flore permeate the atmosphere, to hear it at such a period is to remain awake all night. It is impossible to sleep and give all one's soul

to rapture when the band plays "Die Wacht Am Rhein" or "Vaterland." "Music hath charms to soothe," as we all know, and also "to soften;" but alack, it entirely fails to snothe the sleepless poet, or to soften the strident blasphemy of our friend, the philosopher. The alley has complained over and over again of the C. I. and K. W. Band; but the landlord gets good pay from the bandsmen, so he refuses all petitions for their eviction. "I like to patronize the arts an' sciences," he says, "so I'll let all them play all the music they want. See?"

As for the concertina player, he is harm-less. No one objects to him but the philosopher, who objects to everything on princi-ple. When he first came we all felt that he must have a terrible loud upon his heart. The airs he played were filled with such despairing melancholy, such passionate yearning, that every maiden in the alley knew at once that he must be at least a broken hearted corsair or expatriated Childe Harold in disguise. Even the philosopher was at first touched. "Poor thing," he growled,

NOT EXACTLY CHILDE HABOLD.

for months.'

'he plays as if he hadn't had a square meal

But one day we saw the concertina player. He was four feet one inch in height and very nearly three feet in width. Under his arm he carried a big parcel of steak and onions for cooking purposes, and behind trotted his fat and florid spouse, wheeling a case of lager beer in a baby's perambulator.

All the alley felt grieved, and even insulted, at the spectacle.

Of course, there are many other musicians

in the alley. Little Michael Muldoon plays the jews-harp-melody is deeply imbedded in the souls of the Muldoon family. Then the colored settlement are great banjo players, and the Italian colony possesses a barrel organ. There was a monkey attached to the organ some years ago, but he died of old age, and now the organ can appear in public no more. Mr. Timothy J. Flannigan has a "real Cremona" fiddle, and knows how to play the wailing melodies of "Ould Ireland" thereon, while the flute, which the young German bar-tender plays at No. 9, is a charming addition to the concert. Then there is a nution of sparrows in the alley, which lends its chirping to swell the tide of

melody. M'NALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

The following lyric was composed by one of the fairest maidens in the Alley, It commemorates the virtues of the Alley Apollo, certain Mr. Patrick McNally, six feet of stalwart manhood both Philosopher and Rhymster have the greatest possi-ble admiration and respect. Readers of Henry Carey's delightful old song will at once perceive the vast superiority of the new version, which is given below: I.

Of all the boys in love with me
There's none like Pat McNally;
He is the best of all my beaux.
And he boards down in our alley.
There's not a high-toned dude in to
Can match with Pat McNally; He is the best of all my beaux, And he boards down in our alley!

His father works in Mooney's mill, And sometimes gets a jag on:
While Pat himself for Bung & Co.,
Conducts a brew'ry wagon.
The politicians in the ward
have hopes of Pat McNally;
Oh! he's the best of all my beaux,
And he boards down in our alley!

And he boards down in our alley!

Of all the days within the week
We've only got one gay day:
And that's the day comes leat of all,
The 'Tellers' call it pay-day!
For on that day I see the play,
Along with Pat McNally:
He is the best of all my beaux,
And he boards down in our alley!

We like to sit, and peanuts eat,
While looking at the ballet:
There's not a "feller" in the gods
Can "cat-call" like McNally.
The neighbors jeer, but never fear
I'll marry Pat McNally,
And we will rent a second floor
And board down in our alley!

PHILOSOPHER AND RHYMSTER