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The World would be Better for It.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on love to guide—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernatural;
If men stood up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine—
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal;
If creeds, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone for truth alone—
The world would be better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings—
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strive together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight—
The world would be better for it.

FIVE YEARS AFTER."

"You are sure to like him, George; he is the best fellow I ever knew."

Bob and Georgie Jeffrey were sauntering arm in arm up and down the straight gravelled path in their garden, between the neat borders of ten-week stocks. It was a dear old garden, the very pride and delight of Georgie's heart. Strangers in Morne were always surprised to learn that Doctor Jeffrey's shabby-fronted house, with the yellow plaster crumbling off in all directions, the dusty green railings, the two funeral-looking shrubs standing up against the front windows, possessed such a garden. A great hoary old apple-tree stood in the centre of the grass-plot; and it was here that Georgie took tea on festive occasions such as this evening, when her brother's great friend Will Dymock, whose name had been a household word in her ears for many a day, was expected to arrive.

Georgie had donned her pretty new gown for the occasion—a dainty buff cambric with pale blue spots. Surely she was the sweetest little thing the June sun shone on that afternoon—a girl with a slim round figure, with soft dimpled cheeks tinted with the peach-bloom of her seventeen years, golden-brown innocent eyes, clouds of bronze-brown hair.

Bob looked at her approvingly. He was a big solid-looking young fellow three years older than his sister.

"Why, Georgie, you are a great swell this evening!" he said, putting his arm affectionately round her. "Is that all for Will?"

Georgie tossed her dainty head a little.

"You think so much of him," she replied, "I thought I ought to have everything nice for him. Do you like my dress?"

"It's awfully pretty; but you might have saved yourself the trouble, I think for Will never notices such things."

"How stupid he must be!" Georgie thought; but she wisely held her tongue.

"Of course I like everything nice for him," Bob added. "I want you and him to be great friends."

"I thought you said he would not notice me," said she with a little pout.

"Oh, he'll notice you, of course, but not your dress! He would have liked you just as well in that old blue thing you wear every morning."

"With the sleeves all but threadbare Thank you, Bob; but I dont want him to think we are quite paupers."

"Threadbare, are they? I thought the dress looked all right this morning."

"What on earth will he do all day long, Bob?" Georgie asked, ignoring her brother's remark. "We have no tennis-court, no amusements."

"Oh, he will be right enough!" her brother consoled her. "He'll do the same as I do."

"Is he not very clever?" asked Georgie, stooping to pick a bunch of dewy pinks.

"Very," answered Bob, with emphasis.

"—nd very well off?"

"Yes; that is just what I admire him for. He has gone into the medical profession simply for love of it; there was no need for him to take up any profession."

"How nice that must be!" observed the girl, with a little envious sigh. Look at father! I am sure he is as fond of his profession as any one could possibly be; but think how he has to slave! It's all very well for your Mr. Dymock—he has everything he wants."

"The governor ought to make his patients pay him," responded Bob; "it's absurd the way he attends them for nothing."

Bob was a very matter-of-fact young man; he was at that time walking the hospitals. All the Jeffreys were doctors; but, to his father's great disappointment, Bob showed not a spark of enthusiasm for his profession. He just plodded along, passing his examination but showing none of the genius he so admired in his friend.

Georgie had often pictured to herself what Will Dymock would be like, he would be a tall, fair, handsome man, conceited of course—all clever people were, the girl generalized in her ignorance—looking with contempt on the country doctor's shabby house, bored with the dullness of village society.

"Do you know, Georgie," went on Bob, "there is nothing in the world I should like so much as to see you two married. I could give you to old Will with a happy heart."

"Married! Give me!" Georgie fairly gasped with indignation, her soft cheeks flushing hotly.

"Yes; why not? I suppose you will marry some day; and Will is the best fellow in the world."

"I would not marry him for anything Bob!" Georgie declared emphatically.

"Wait until you are asked. You would be the luckiest girl in the world to get him," Bob said teasingly He was very fond and proud of his sister; but, brother-like, he enjoyed tormenting her a little.

Georgie stamped her foot with passion.

"I don't know how you can talk like that, Bob; I think it is horrid of you. I wish you had not invited him; I know I shall hate him."

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind."

But Bob saw he had gone too far, and devoted himself to restoring the girl's good humor; and very soon she was busy over the arrangement of her tea-table, chattering blithly all the time.

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"Well, this is my sister! Doctor Dymock—Miss Jeffrey." Bob introduced them to each other with laughing pride.

He had often told Will about his sister. Surely Will must acknowledge what a beauty she was! And Georgie looking up with her lovely liquid eyes, thought with a little secret amusement and triumph in her heart, that this paragon of Bob's was the very ugliest and awkwardest man she had ever seen.

Georgie was too young and too shallow to appreciate the keen kind eyes that looked out from under those heavy brows, the firm true mouth that one might feel could be trusted till death; and she was too childish to appreciate Will Dymock's clever conversation. Georgie liked compliments direct, and she liked to be taken notice of.

It was quite true as Bob had said—she might as well have worn her old blue cotton dress for all Will Dymock saw or cared. How stupid he was! How she wished that he had never come, or that he was gone, as the three strolled up and down the garden when tea was over!

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"Don't you like him, Georgie?" Bob Jeffrey asked his sister, with a radiant face. He had just seen his friend up to his own room to dress for dinner. Georgie was standing in the wide open window, absently pulling the leaves off one of the red roses looking in at her. "Don't you like him?" Bob repeated. "Isn't he an awfully nice fellow?"

"Like him! Nice! Oh, Bob, how can you say so? I think he is the very ugliest man I ever saw."

"Ugly!" Her brother's face fell a little. "What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. No one who is as ugly as he could be nice," the girl replied. "I hate ugly people!"

These were pleasant words for Will Dymock, leaning out of his window upstairs, to have wafted up to him. "I hate ugly people," and "the very ugliest man I ever saw," the girl had said in her fresh clear voice.

The young man's plain sallow face flushed. He drew away from the window softly, and went and looked at himself in the mirror closely and critically, as if studying another person.

Yes, it was quite true—she was right he was ugly, he told himself. He wondered it had never occurred to him how ugly he was.

"You are a nice one, Georgie, you are!" exclaimed Bob Jeffrey to his sister, in a horrified whisper. "I believe Dymock has heard every word you have been saying. I am sure I heard him move away from the window; and up there you can hear every word that is said here."

"Well, I cannot help it!" Georgie retorted defiently, though her cheeks reddened at the thought. "It is all your fault, Bob; you knew he was up there—why did you begin about him? And he is ugly; he must know he is."

"All the same, you need not insult the man in your own house."

"I am sure I do not want to insult him."

Georgie was on the verge of tears; Bob had never spoken to her so crossly in his life; it was all that man's fault. It was only another bad mark to be scored against him.

Had he heard her? she wondered, sitting at the head of the table, glancing up from under her lovely long eyelashes for a moment, to meet Will Dymock's eyes fixed upon her.

Georgie reddened furiously, and dropped her eyes upon her plate, never daring to look at the young man again all the dinner-time.

She was sure he had heard, the girl thought, as she went to bed that night. He had looked at her, not as if angry, but—— Georgie could not quite describe, even to herself, what that look of Will Dymock's meant.

Poor man—it must be very hard for him to be so ugly! She would be kind to him; and she would tell Bob that she was sorry.

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It was ten days later—a blazing afternoon at the end of June. The doctor's garden was a perfect bower of roses, and the cherries on the old red brick wall were ripe.

Georgie had picked a great dish of strawberries, and was dispensing them with her tea under her favorite apple-tree. The girl was wearing her blue cotton frock, the short shruken sleeves showing her plump white arms. After the first day or two, she had quite given up the idea of dressing herself for Will Dymock. It was true what Bob had said, that he would not notice what any one wore.

He did not like her, Georgie was fain to decide, with an odd little sensation of pique or wounded vanity rather new to her. She remembered how young Sandilands, when he was home at the Priory on leave, would make excuses to come down to the doctor's almost every evening—how he would walk home with her from church, wait for her at the choir practice. To be sure, Bob had said that young Sandilands was an idiot; but Georgie did not by any means share his opinion.

"This is like a new life to me," observed Will Dymock, in his slow serious way. He was sitting, his long legs stretched out on the grass, his back resting against the apple-tree, his shock of fair hair pushed back from his forehead.

"Do you like that?" asked Georgia, as she handed him his tea.

"Like it?" The young man looked at her with that odd gleam in his eyes which carried Georgie's memory back to the night that he come among them.

"I was afraid you might find it stupid here," she said hastily.

"No; I don't think any one could find it stupid here."

If Frank Sandilands had said that, Georgie knew the admiring glance he would have given her; but Will Dymock was not even looking at her, not thinking of her apparently, as he gazed dreamily up at the blue sky.

"I am glad if you are happy old fellow," interposed Bob, in his cheery voice.

Will Dymock started; he had almost forgotten his friends presence.

"I thought you were asleep," he said.

"So I was, almost; but I think it is high time that I woke up; you two find such a tremendous lot to say to each other if you are left to yourselves," Georgie reddened a little. "Why don't you make her talk, Will? She is the greatest chatterbox on earth when she is with me."

"One must be silent sometimes," laughed Georgie.

"I did not know we were not talking," remarked Will.

"Well, so long as you are happy its all right. By Jove, I don't know how any one can like town better than country! A hot summer day, nothing to do, plenty of strawberries and cream—that's the life for me!"

"That is because you are so lazy. It is very nice here," Georgie said, with a little sigh; "but I like town best."

"You do, do you?"—and Will Dymock brightened up. "So do I, to live in."

"Much you know about it!" cried Bob, with a laugh. "Georgie likes staring in at the shop-windows and that sort of thing. How would you like to live where Dymock does almost all the year round," he demanded—"in the very heart of the city, slaving away in dirty, filthy slums? You think father hard-worked here; Will's work is something different, I can tell you"

"I don't know; but I think, if I were a man, I should like it. I think there must be something grand in a life like that," Georgie returned, a graver expression than usual on her pretty face.

Will Dymock's sallow cheeks flushed and a bright light came into his eyes. Bob laughed scornfully.

"Grand! Of course it's grand; but it would not suit you, young woman," he said, with brotherly candor. "You would soon wish to be back again amongst your strawberries."

"Perhaps so," admitted Georgie. She was half ashamed of herself for her momentary outburst of enthusiasm and she was wholly angry with Bob for thinking her not fit for such a life.

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It was Will Dymock's last day, a pouring wet evening. Doctor Jeffrey had been called out early in the evening, and had taken Bob with him. Georgie was gazing disconsolately out of the rose-wreathed drawing-room window, Will Dymock, looking taller and lanker than ever, standing beside her.

"How glad you will be to be back again in town!" said Georgie.

"Shall I?" There was an odd sound in the young man's voice. "I think he added after a moments pause, "it would have been a good thing for me if I had never come at all."

Georgie looked up into his plain sallow face, which was now flushed.

"I know you will think me a fool Miss Jeffrey—perhaps you will laugh at me for my pains—but I can't help it. I love you so much, I cannot keep silence any longer. I cannot go back without knowing something for certain."

Georgie reddened furiously, then the lovely color faded, leaving her pale and agitated. She was frightened, surprised. She thought she was angry.

"The very first moment I saw you standing out there under the tree I loved you," went on Will Dymock dreamily. "I don't care how long I wait. If you will only tell me that at some future time you could care for me a little, you will make me the happiest fellow in England. Do you think you could?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Georgie. "I am sure I could not."

"Never? Not if I waited?"

"Never; I am sure of it."

There was a few moments' silence in the room, and it seemed to Georgie that she could hear the beating of her heart above the pattering of the rain.

"Ah, well, I ought to have known better! I know I am not the kind of a fellow ladies like. I heard what you said to your brother the night I came. I could not help it I was up stairs."

"Ah!"—and the red color flushed again into Georgie's face. "I am so sorry! I wanted to ask you —— You will forgive me for that?"

"It was nothing," he replied sadly; "it was only the truth, but it ought to have been a lesson to me I ought to have known that you could not care for any one like me. Your brother would have been pleased, I think—not that that is a reason."

"Of course not," Georgie promptly agreed.

"He has so often spoken to me of his sister."

"And to me of you," said the girl, her courage coming back to her.

"Miss Jeffrey, will you forgive me if I ask again? You are very young; perhaps you are not quite sure. Do you think you could never——"

Georgie looked up at him earnestly.

"I am sure, quite sure, that I could never love you," she replied.

"Then there is nothing more to be said," he remarked dolefully. "except this, that I shall never care for another woman, that as I love you now so shall I love you to my dying day. That cannot hurt you; you cannot be angry about that."

"I am very sorry," the girl faltered.

"You cannot help it, I suppose. Still if you are sorry, and if it is not too much to ask, will you give me that rose from your dress?"

And so it was all over and there was no more to be said.

Doctor Jeffrey and Bob came in wet and hungry, and full of loud lamentations at their guest's departure.

"You must run down at Christmas Dymock; you have quite brightened us up," said the doctor.

"I am afraid I cannot run down at Christmas," Will answered, in his grave quiet way; while Georgie sat silent behind her tea-tray, with down-cast lovely eyes and cheeks as red as the rose in Will Dymock's pocket.

"That idiot Sandilands is home," remarked Bob. "I saw him at the window as we came through the town."

Will Dymock, raising his eyes at that moment, saw a sudden light come into Georgie's face.

"So that was the cause of her refusal!" the poor fellow thought.

"I suppose we shall have him up at breakfast-time to-morrow," said the doctor crossly. "He seems to think this his home when he is down here."

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"Georgie, it is not possible, is it, that you have refused Will Dymock?"

Bob burst into his sister's room the next morning on his return from seeing Will off to the train. Georgie, who had been sitting over her work with rather pale cheeks, assumed the defensive at once. What business had he to complain of her? What affair was it of Bob's?

"Why should I not refuse him if I do not like him?" she asked.

"Not like him! I have no patience with you!" Bob burst out. "Why should you not like him? He's the best fellow in the world, the cleverest man, the truest gentleman I ever met; he's a great deal too good for you."

"Then it is so much the better I have refused him," retorted Georgie; "he will have a chance now of finding someone good enough for him."

"You'll live to be sorry for it some day, Georgie," prophesied Bob. "Poor old Will! I wish I had never asked him here; I would not have had it happen for anything."

"And I wish you never had," sobbed Georgie. "He has spoiled all my summer. I told you I should hate him."

Poor little wayward Georgie, sobbing herself to sleep that night, felt indeed that she hated this man who had come between her and Bob, who had made her quarrel with her brother for the first time in her life.

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A charming room in a fashionable London square, the firelight sparkling over pictures and china and every dainty trifle that money could buy or taste suggest. At the gipsy-table drawn up on the hearthrug sat Mrs. Fitzroy Farquhar, pouring out tea. Mrs. Farquhar was a handsome woman, fair and prosperous-looking; but at that moment there was a decidedly ill-tempered expression on her usually placid face.

"It is the most annoying thing I ever knew in my life; I never was more vexed. Just fancy—how dreadful if we were all to take it! Small-pox too—such a frightful thing—I am so afraid of it!"

Miss Farquhar shuddered as she listened to her mother, and glanced up at the young man standing on the hearth-rug. The five years that had passed had worked a wonderful change in Will Dymock. He carried himself erect, his lanky figure had filled out, and, with his great height and his broad shoulders and keen clever face, he was a man one could not pass unnoticed.

"Just think of the children, Doctor Dymock! What am I to do if they catch it—if she has left the infection with them?"

"Oh, we'll hope not! How long has she been with you?"

"Since Wednesday. On Friday she complained of not feeling well. Doctor Brown happened to be here at the time; and, when he said it was small-pox, I packed her off at once to the hospital. Of course I am ready to pay any reasonable expenses; but I really could not have her here. It is dreadfully annoying.

"Well, mamma, it is not poor Miss Jeffrey's fault; I don't suppose she would have had if she could have helped it."

"Miss Jeffrey, did you say?" There was an eager look in Doctor Dymock's face as he leaned forward in the firelight.

Justine Farquhar looked at him curiously.

"Yes. Do you know her?" she asked.

"A man named Jeffrey was the greatest friend I ever had," returned the doctor quietly. "It might be a sister of his."

"She is a nice-looking girl, with fair hair," went on Justine. "It seems dreadful; does it not? Of course it will make a fright of her."

Will was a rich man now, much respected, welcomed every where. There was hardly a mother who would not have been well content to give her daughter to him; but he had never given a thought to any one. "Until my dying day," he had sworn five years before, as he put a red rose into his pocket book; and now, though the rose was faded, the memory of the dear old days was as fresh as ever in Will's heart.

He had lost sight of the Jeffreys for years; Bob had never asked him down to Morne again—indeed Will would not have gone had he been asked. Then three years back, Doctor Jeffrey had died suddenly, and Bob, soon after that had gone as a ship's surgeon to Australia. Doctor Dymock had never heard what had become of Georgie. It was Greadful to him to think of her being compelled to act as a governess, to think of her sick and ailing in a hospital-ward—dainty, pretty little Georgie! As he strode away down the street in the wintry dusk, a sudden thought came to the young man which brought the color into his cheeks, the light to his eyes.

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The convalascent ward of an hospital. A girl sitting in a deep arm chair by the fire, her head laid wearily back against the pillows, her eyes closed; intense weariness and dejection in every line of the slim figure.

"You are getting strong now, Miss Jeffrey; we shall have you out in no time," said the nurse.

The girl opened her eyes as the woman spoke. All her pretty color was gone, the freshness of her sweet young beauty faded.

"Now don't you be down-hearted, miss," nurse Robins went on cheerily. The good woman had daughters of her own, and her motherly heart ached for this girl who seemed so friendless. "Take my word for it, Miss Jeffrey, there's good days in store for you yet."

But Georgie sighed wearily; she did not believe in any good days in store for her.

As the nurse hurried away to get tea, Georgie, sitting there in the gathering dusk, with sad weary eyes fixed on the fire, went back over all the story of her life. How happy she had been at Morne, though she had not known it—though she had even grumbled at shabby gowns, at want of pocket money at the dullness and quietness of her life! The tears came into the girl's eyes as she thought of her dead father's love and pride in her, of Bob, dear old Bob, who was so far away. And then Georgie's thoughts wandered to a kind ugly face, to true gray eyes looking into hers. "I shall never forget you until my dying day," he had said; but he had forgotten—he was like the rest

Poor Georgie! She looked a woeful picture as she sat there, with her hollow mournful eyes, the tears coursing down her thin cheeks.

The door suddenly opened and closed again; it was nurse Robins with the tea, Georgie thought. She did not look round; but she tried furtively to brush away the tears.

"Miss Jeffrey!" Had a voice from the dead sounded beside her, Georgie could not have been more startled; and yet had she not been thinking of him just now? "I have startled you," Will Dymock went on, gently taking the wasted little white hand into his big brown one. "Nurse Robins and I are great friends; she gave me leave to come in and see you. I heard some time ago, at Mrs. Farquhar's, that you were ill."

"It is very good of you to come and see me," Georgie responded. She was only too conscious of the great thrill of joy and gladness that went through her at the sound of Will's soft grave voice.

Had Will changed so much, or had she? She could not tell; but, looking at him as he sat before her, it seemed to the girl that this man whom she had mocked and flouted long before was the finest-looking, the noblest, the truest she had seen in all the five long years past.

"And you have not forgotten me?" he asked. "I was afraid you had"

"Ah, no, I have not forgotten you! You were Bob's friend she added," hastily.

"But not yours, Miss Jeffrey. I came here to day to ask you something again that I asked you five years ago. If you can only give me the same answer that you gave me then, I must know it at once. I could not bear to see you and know there was no hope for me." Will Dymock was leaning forward, the firelight shining on his grave earnest face.

Georgie stared at him, her cheeks paler, if possible, than they had been before; she scarcely realized yet what it was he was saying.

"I have frightened you, I have startled you!" Will said hurriedly. "Perhaps I ought not have come so soon; but I felt I could not wait any longer dear, I have loved you long and well; is it impossible now that you should care a little for me? If it is, say one word, and I will not trouble you any more"

But Georgie did not say that word; the face she raised to her lover was radiant with joy. There was no need for any words to let him know her answer. Will held out his arms, and she went to him, nestling close to his heart as a tired child might.

Only half an hour before she had been weary of her life; and now what joy life had in store for her!

"I was afraid you might be married by now; I could not hear. Bob told me something once about young Sandilands," said the doctor, when he had released her from his embrace.

"I will tell you, Will," returned Georgie, reddening a little. "I thought once I did care for him, and then I could not—not after I knew you."

"My darling why did you send me away then?"

"I don't know. I think I cared for you even when I sent you away."

"Even though I was the ugliest man you had ever seen?" whispered Will mischievously.

"Ah, you have not forgotten! Will, I was only a silly child. You do not know how sorry I was. Ah," she cried "it is not right that you should come back to me now, when you have everything and I have nothing. It is dark in here—you cannot see; you don't know how changed I am. You would not know me; it is I who am ugly now."

"I can see quite enough of you; and I will not have you call yourself names. I think you are prettier than ever—at at all events, you are the only woman in the world that I ever wanted or ever shall want to marry; so, if you can get over my appearance——"

"Will, you must not!" she interrupted.

"Very well; I won't. If you will not speak of yourself as being changed, we will agree to call each other the two handsomest people in the world; and then what matters what any one else thinks?"

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A fashionable "At Home" towards the end of the London season. A large company was present, for Mrs. Fitzroy Farquhar's "At homes" were very popular. A great Russian tenor, the lion of the day, had been singing "Once more." The last echoes of the rich passionate voice had died away, and the buzz of laughter, of criticism and conversation, had broken forth afresh. In one of the deep windows a knot of young men were gathered together.

"Who is that charming woman in the black and silver dress? Does any one know?" asked one. "I don't see her now; but you must know the one I mean—she came in rather late. By Jove, she is the nicest-looking woman in the room!"

"She is a Mrs. Dymock," drawled Captain Sandilands, pulling his moustache. "I knew her when she was a girl; but she's frightfully gone off."

"'Gone off,' is she? Well, all I can say is that, if she is gone off now, she must have been something worth looking at when she was a girl! I have not seen such a beauty for years."

Frank Sandilands shrugged his shoulders as he moved away.

"Conceited ass that Sandilands!" said Captain Hunt crossly. "Gone off indeed! Shouldn't be surprised if she had refused him!"

"Well, he has consoled himself anyhow. They say he is going to be married to Justine Farquhar."

"Some women would marry a hairdresser's dummy," remarked Captain Hunt. "Is that Mrs. Dymock's husband—the fellow with her," he asked presently—"the ugly fellow with a stoop?"

"Yes; but you had better not let his wife hear you. It's an awfully good joke, of course; but they say she thinks him very handsome."

"Ah, well, she has good looks enough for both!"

"He's a clever fellow too, I hear—certain to reach the top of the tree one of these days."

"Do you hear, Georgie?" said Doctor Dymock to his wife as the gossiping voices reached their ears. "Public opinion is against you; you will be the pretty woman with the ugly husband to the end of the chapter."

"The woman who can never be thankful enough for her ugly husband," said Georgie, looking up at her husband with such a light in her sweet eyes as made Frank Sandilands, looking on from the other end of the room, turn away with bitter jealousy in his heart.

A Russian Sect.

The Nest of the Godly People in the name of a Russian religious sect that has come into existence the last fifteen years at Bender in the government of Bessarabia. The name comes from the fact that the members of this sect, who are all peasants, dig a grave in the earthen floor of their habitations, or else in their gardens, and lie therein until overcome by hunger, in order, as they say, to commune with God, to confess to him their sins, and examine their past life. To enable them the better to do this the grave is covered with a wooden box-like lid or canopy, having a door in it for ingress and egress; so that they lie in a grave as in a coffin, and were it not for small apertures in the top part of it they would run the risk of being suffocated. When the grave or "nest" is in the garden it is thickly surrounded by bushes for the sake of greater privacy, and guarded by a savage watchdog to prevent curious or impertinent people going near it. These sectarians pretend that in their ecstatic moments, and when suffering extreme hunger, they see saints and devils, and some of them are subject to hallucinations. Another peculiarity of the members of this sect is that they hold as little conversation as possible with other people, or in fact with each other; so that the kind of life which they endeavor to lead is akin to that of uncloistered monks.

Friction cleans the bark and rubs down the knots.

He Guessed he'd Fight.

Politeness was born in him, and he couldn't help it. He drifted into a prominent town in the South soon after Johnston's surrender, and before anybody's temper had cooled down. He was after cotton, and he let the fact be known. He was from Connecticut, and he did not try to conceal it. He hadn't been in the town two hours before "an unregenerated" pulled his nose.

"Ah—yes!" said the man from Connecticut. "Was that accidental?"

"No, sir! No, sir!" was the fierce rejoinder.

"Did it a purpose, eh?"

"Of course I did!"

"Well, I shoulda't a-thought it of you! I'll pass it over as a case of temporary insanity."

An hour later, as he sat in the hotel, a fireeater approached him and spit on his boots and stood and glared at him

"You must have a wobble to your tongue if you can't spit straighter than that," said the man from Connecticut.

"I meant so sir—meant so!

"Wanted to get me mad, eh?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"You shouldn't do so. When I'm roused I'm a hard man to handle. I'll excuse this on the grounds that you don't know me."

In the afternoon he was given a hint that he had better leave town at once, and when he demurred a lawyer sent him a challenge.

"What's it fur?" asked the Yankee as he read the missive.

"You insulted him, and he demands satisfaction," explained the messenger.

"Can't I argy the case with him?"

"No, sir!"

"S'pose'n I give him five dollars to settle?"

"He wants to fight you sir. And you must either fight or he will horsewhip you!"

"Warm me up with a rawhide, eh?"

"He will!"

"Shoo! but who'd a thought it! Say, I'll gin him ten dollars."

"Sir! You likewise insult me!"

"Do, eh! I swan I didn't mean to! Then I've got to fight?"

"You have!"

"May get killed, or kill the other feller?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm kinder sorry. I never had but one fight in my life, and then I got licked. I don't want to be hurt, and I don't want to injure anybody else, and——" "You'll wait to be horsewhipped!"

"I rayther guess not. I guess I'll fight. I'll choose rifles at twenty paces, and you kin pick out your own ground. Jist let me know when it's to come off, and I'll try to be thar."

It came off next morning. He was thar'. They offered him an opportunity to apologize, but he wouldn't touch it. He stood up as stiff as a new barn door and bored a bullet through his man's shoulder, and came off without a scratch himself.

"Bein' as I'm out here now, and bein' as somebody else may want to horsewhip me to-morrer, wouldn't this be a good time for him to show up and save time?" he asked as he leaned on his rifle and looked around him.

No one showed up. The Yankee liked the town and sent for his family. The people liked the Yankee and mead him Postmaster, and he stuck there until five years ago.

An Old Church.

The church of Benton Parish, Williamsburgh, Va., while it is not the oldest among colonial churches of Virginia, is believed to be the oldest at which the services of the Episcopal Church are still maintained The Benton Parish Church has in its Communion service a gold piece which was a present from Queen Anne, and its silver service, consisting of three pieces, bears the mark and crown of George the Third, and was presented to the church by him. In the church and the graveyard surrounding it are many tablets and monumental inscriptions full of interest to all who love old things. Among the most striking inscriptions is one upon a marble tablet on the wall of the church, and is as follows:—

"Neare this marble Lyes ye Hon Ble Daniel Park of ye County of Essex Esq. who was one of his Maties Counsellers and sometimes Secretary of the Colony of Virga he Dyed ye 6H of March Anno 1679.

"His other Felicityes Ware Crowned by his happy Marridg with Rebbekca the daughter of George Evelyn of the County of Surry Esq. she dyed the 21 of January Anno 1672 at Long Ditton in ye County of Surry and left behind her a most hopeful Progeny."

The following is a copy of another inscription on marble upon the opposite side of the church from the above;—

"Inscribed to the Memory of Doctor William Cocke, An English Physician Born of reputable Parents, MDCLXXII, at Sudbury in Suffolk and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge.

"He was learned and polite, of undisputed Skill In his profession, of unbounded Generosity in his practice which multitudes yet alive, can testify.

"He was, many years, of the Council and Secretary of State, for this Colony In the Reign of Queen Anne & of King George.

"He died Suddenly, sitting a Judge upon the Bench of the General Court in the Capitol MDCCXX.

"His Hon. Friend Alexr Spottswood Esqr then Govr with the principal Gentlemen of the County attended his Funeral; and weeping, saw the Corps Interred at the West side of the Alter, In this Church."

Hop Growing.

The Duke of Edinburgh has had enough of hop-growing farming. For years past the Duke has been carrying on operations at Eastwell Park, his estate in Kent, but he now thinks that ploughing the watery main pays better than ploughing the Kentish wealds. Alfred has dropped a good deal of money over his hobby. Current report has it that the Queen has had to unloose her purse-strings to help him over his difficulties; but I venture to think that is all nonsense, because, first of all, her Majesty is none too fond of unloosening her purse-strings, and, secondly, the Duke is by far the richest of the Queen's children, and consequently the least likely to require pecuniary assistance. However, he gives up the estate at Christmas, and if any one wants a country mansion recently sanctified by the presence of a real Royal Duke, now is the chance.

Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

He Caught A Tartar

A couple of young folks who bore unmistakeable evidence of being from the country, and who were mistaken by a would-be smart clerk for greenhorns, called at a well-known house-furnishing store on Market street, Philadelphia, and unrolling a sheet of paper as long as a man's arm, began buying a large number of articles, the names of which they scratched from the paper as soon as the goods were put aside.

"Two wash boilers."

"Jimminy! You folks are going to have a lot of dirty clothes, seems to me," flippantly commented the clerk, as he set the boilers aside.

"Two of these wringers," said the man, indicating the kind he wanted.

"Ho, ho," patronizingly observed the clerk. "I guess you are going to start a laundry down at Squashville."

The lady looked indignant, but neither she nor her husband, for such it appeared that he was, paid any attention to the remarks of the clerk.

"Two sets of smoothing irons and two stands," was the next order.

"That settles the laundry business, sure as fate, buddy," chipped in the clerk as he picked up the irons. He was so pleased with the joke that he dropped one of the irons on his pet corn when the first smile that had been seen on either of his customers, drew two pretty dimples in the young lady's cheek

"Thunder! are you going to start a creamery, too?" he snarled, as the man ordered two butter ladles.

"No, we are not going to do anything of the kind," said the male half of the matrimonial pair of scissors, as for the first time he appeared to notice what the clerk was saying.

"What in sheol are you going to do then?" asked the clerk as he limped across the store with the butter ladles.

"Well, you see said the man, with an imitable drawl, "Maria and I got married last Wednesday, and we are getting in our things now and as we don't know yet but we may get a divorce by and by, we are buying double, so that in case we do conclude to part company there won't be any trouble to divide what we've got.

"One for you and one for Mariar," gleefully warbled the clerk each time he laid aside the couples after that. When the buying was completed the customer said: "Now, look here, freshy, I want you to divide those goods into two equal lots, without any duplicates in either lot and send one to Abner Sheldon, Spring City, and the other to Charles R. Gurney Birdsborough. Do you understand?"

"Yes," was the somewhat doubtful assent of the clerk.

"Well," continued the countryman "these goods are to be sent C. O. D., and if you get any of them mixed up, and I have to send any of my batch to my brother-in-law, or he has to send any to me, to correct any of your blunders, the cost of the freight will be deducted from the money remitted. Now there is just one more thing that I want to say to you before I go out. I will be obliged to you if you will tell your employer, that unless he finds a more civil clerk I shall find another place to do my buying."

As the countryman and his wife walked out, and the clerk tried to make up a satisfactory explanation to the old gentleman, who had stepped out of the back office just before the customer's parting shot, It is probable he resolved never to chaff a "greenhorn" again.

The Queen at Her Coronation.

The coronation seems to have been badly managed. Nobody knew what what was to be done, and the queen had no idea what she was to do next. She says to John Thynne: "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know;" and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?"

"Your majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand."

"Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy."

The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on, but it hurt her very much, and soon after the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey, everybody seemed scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the maids of honor. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who was between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise, and when afterward he came to do homage, she said:

"May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation.

Albumen in Cow's Milk.

Dr. Schmidt, Mulheim, has been investigating the nitrogenous bodies in cows' milk, about which so much diversity of opinion has hitherto prevailed. He says that three albuminoid substances are regularly present in the milk, viz: caseine, albumen and pepton. The average of seven analyses gave 2.43 per cent of caseine, 0.38 per cent of albumen, and 0.13 per cent of peptons. Under certain circumstances the amount of albumen may increase until it equals that of the albumen. The pepton is formed from the caseine by a fermentative process; this ferment is destroyed by a boiling temperature, but its activity is not destroyed by salicylic or carbolic acid, so that in this respect it resembles the ferment that digests the albuminoids. Since milk, on long standing, may lose 10 per cent or more of its caseine by its conversion into peptons, it should be made use of as fresh as possible when employed for making cheese.

"No," said a Vermont deacon, "I don't approve of horse racin'; and when another member of the church become so godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' home from meetin', I felt it my duty to the church to let out a leetle on the reins, just to keep him from puttin' his trust in earthly things."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—19,350 more emigrants left Irish ports in 1883 than in 1882.

—There are nearly 10,000 directors of companies in Great Britain.

—Seventy-two papers are published in Mexico.

—Four churches in Montreal now use the electric light.

—The United States half dime of 1802 is a valuable coin. It is worth $23.

—The farmers of Arkansas have a secret order called "The Agricultural Wheel."

—Eighteen colored teachers are employed in the Nashville, Tenn., public schools.

—The loss of property by the recent Ohio floods, is now estimated at some $12,000,000.

—Michigan is reported to produce about two-thirds of the peppermint crop of the world.

—In some parts of California gold is extracted from the ore by electricity. It is a French idea.

—Two canoe voyagers are on their way from the mouth of the Yellowstone to the Gulf of Mexico.

—A single chandelier in the mountain castle of that spendthrift, the King of Bavaria, cost £4,800.

—In 1882 the emigrants from England to the Australasian colonies were 37,000; in 1883, 71,000.

—Ireland had 32.32 per cent. of the population of Great Britain in 1832. She now has 14.81 per cent.

—A colony of wine-producers will leave France about the 1st of January to settle in Greenville county, S. C.

—A Victoria (Columbia) Chinaman, worth $200,000, is to marry a white girl, with the consent of her parents.

—"Cascadia" is suggested as the name of Washington Territory in the event of her being admitted as a State.

—Seasickness was the trouble of which a man on board the coastwise steamer San Antonio died a few days ago.

—In a roller skating contest at New York recently, Mr. Hoffman, of Columbia College, skated 3 miles in 11.25½ minutes.

—Mrs. Lawrence, of Chicago, mother of the late T. G. Lawrence, class of '84, has given Yale College $500,000 for a dormitory.

—Eleven thousand dollars' worth of ink was used by the Post-office Department last year in stamping and cancelling letters.

—Beatrice King, a 13 year-old girl, has just been sentenced to one month's imprisonment in London for stealing a pint of milk.

—The oldest man in Indiana died suddenly near Vincennes. His name was Pierre Colter, and his reputed age was 115 years.

—During the last ten years the French speaking population of Canada has increased at a much greater ratio than the English.

—From 1334 to 1831 sumptuary edicts as to dress were issued at Berlin. The last forbade women without rank to wear silk dresses.

—A white poodle, formerly owned by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, but latterly a pet of Mme. Janauschek, died recently. It was 17 years old.

—Pittsburg claims more rich men, in proportion to population, than any city in the Union. Seventy residents aggregate $189,000,000.

—The October term of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts was opened with prayer, the only instance of the kind in that State on record.

—Col. William P. Armstrong, formerly Prime Minister to King Kalakaua, is now in New Haven, and is studying Connecticut oyster culture.

—The Londoners are promised exhibitions of life on the American prairies by Buffalo Bill, with all his mustangs, buffaloes, cowboys and other live stock.

—Pine Valley, near Woodford, Vt., which has been a busy place for fourteen years past, is now deserted, the last family moving away a few days ago.

—Washington fash