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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE, of Dryburg Abbey, who is said to be the first woman that ever applied for such admission in the Church of Scotland, has been admitted to the office of deaconess by the Presbytery of Selkirk.

OF the little town of Brookline, Mass., the Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* says: It is valued for purposes of taxation at $407,454,028, which is more than one and a half times as much as the valuation of the whole State of New Hampshire. It is the wealthiest town of its size in America, and, mainly, because it has the reputation of being a taxpayer's paradise.

A NOVA SCOTIA paper gives an account of Malcolm McMillan, of Catolone, C. B., who is said to be 101 years of age. All his senses are good, and a few months ago he cut and sewed a pair of mill-cloth trousers for himself. Last autumn he mowed hay on the same field with his son, his grandson and his great-grandson, and his day's work, it was said, was equal to any of them. He has never lost a tooth and does not know what a headache or a toothache is.

A NEW ENGLAND exchange believes that "the establishment of the tobacco raising industry in Florida, on quite an extensive scale, promises to result in some injury to Northern tobacco growers within a few years. At present the product is not sufficient in quantity to severely affect the market, either as to quantity or prices, but the success of the initial enterprise in raising tobacco in Florida on a large scale warrant the belief that some disturbance may be anticipated from the Florida crop in the near future."

SAYS a Washington despatch of recent date: The United State Fish Commission is engaged in the greatest speculation on record. From an investment of $1.13 in four years it produces the equivalent of $4000. This is how it is done: Thus far this season, for example, 876 jars of whitefish eggs have been taken on Lake Erie. The average cost to the Government is $1.13 per jar. Each jar holds 150,000 eggs. In a good season 90 per cent. of this could be hatched out, but, allowing for a loss of 80 per cent., which would be phenomenal, the remaining 20 per cent. will produce in four years 80,000 pounds of fish, worth at a low estimate five cents per pound, or $4000.

SPEAKING of Boston's last election day and the "lady-vote," a contemporary says: "Hundreds of them came to the polls in elegant carriages, and gave a touch of style to the usual election-day scenes that was quite picturesque. The great mass of them, however, walked to the polling places through the driving storm, many with male escorts, and many again without them. It was observed throughout the city that the women voted early. In many precincts almost the entire number of registered women had cast their ballots before noon. This shows that the average woman is disposed to apply sound housekeeping principles to the business of voting, and do her work as a citizen bright and early, so as to have it all out of the way before dinner.

A SINGULAR LOSS OF MEMORY is reported in the Jamestown (N. Y.) *Journal*. A citizen of that place who had several strokes of paralysis a few months ago has so far recovered as to be able to go anywhere about the city at his pleasure. He can converse intelligently on any subject he was familiar with before his sickness and remembers all his old friends, but has not regained the faculty of recalling the names of his most intimate friends, although he knows perfectly well with whom he is conversing. He understands and appreciates what his friends read to him and can converse readily about the subjects read, but he cannot read a word himself nor tell one letter of the alphabet from another.

WE regret to see that the Belgian Court has decided that Mdlle. Popelin cannot be admitted to the bar. The Judges took the old stereotyped ground, namely, that woman has other social duties to perform, and that the law and the customs of the country did not allow a woman to exercise the profession of a barrister. The right of "the law and the customs of the country" to decide what are the social duties of any particular class of the community is an act of usurpation which is indefensible. The career open to all talents is a formula which should not be limited by the sex of those who possess the talents. "The tools to him who can use them"—or to her—and if women can plead effectually at the bar why, in the name of goodness, should they not do so?

AN idea of the density of London fogs can be had from the following, clipped from the "Tittle Tattle" column in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: Yesterday's fog was simply horrible in patches. At Queen's road, Bayswater, at half-past six, I had to hire a boy with a lantern to find me a hansom which was buried in fog in the middle of a roadway. My cabby had to walk, leading his horse with his lamp in his hand, close to the curbstone almost as far as the Marble Arch. Even then he often got on the pavement. The sound of the voices of those lost in the fog, the ghostly glare of the hansom lamps, which seemed strangely far apart, and the far-away shimmer of the gas lamps, made the frosty fog of last night a thing to dream of, not to tell.

A good name when deserved gives a strength and mild courage, quiet boldness and modest assurance which are worth all that they cost.

How To Conduct a Successful Horticultural Exhibit.

Mr. H. H. Battles, of Philadelphia, writes to *Garden and Forest* as follows:

Whenever I attend horticultural exhibitions in different cities, the question comes to my mind: Are they managed properly? Do we use the material to the best advantage, not only from an educational, but a financial point of view? I have before me a number of reports of horticultural societie. Turning to the lists of standing committees, I find the names of men who have made national reputations for themselves in the learned professions, in art, in science or in various branches of business. Turning to the list of exhibitors, I find many names equally famous. In both cases they are men of refined and cultivated tastes: men who have proved their ability by their success. Again, I turn to the treasurer's report, and, without going into details, it appears, as ever one knows, that the exhibitions rarely prove financially successful.

What are the causes of this failure, and what are the remedies? There are plenty of standing committees. Possibly they have been standing too long. There are plenty of good, pushing men on them who are successful in their own business. Why are they not successful here?

Is it because they are held back by some of the older members who cling to "the good old methods? If it is slack of money, this, I believe, could be overcome by personal subscription, if the members could show the public any advanced ideas that would be beneficial The wealthy gentlemen always seem very glad to do their part in contributing their specimen plants.

Allow me to suggest.

1. That the entire hall in which an exhibition is to be held be treated to a thorough cleaning.

2. That it be profusely decorated with laurel wreaths, laurel branches, evergreen trees and other greenery, from the entrance to the dome. In most cases I believe enough enthusiasm could be aroused among the members to contribute to this in the shape of labor, material or money.

3. That the tables, benches and staging, in every instance, be covered either with paint, moss or evergreens, instead of with bare, rough, broken, rough and age-stained boards.

4. That in front of these tables, instead of allowing the trestles and horses to show or attempting to hide them with paper I would suggest using some kind of cloth, with eyelet holes fastened with screw-eye hooks which could be used a number of years.

5. That proper vases be obtained in which to show cut flowers, and that these should be always kept clean, and particularly so if transparent.

6. That exhibitors of grapes be requested to hang all grapes, and that the amount of "bloom" be a strong point in judging, while those that have been carefully polished should be barred.

7. That if vegetables are to form a part of the exhibition, none but remarkable specimens be allowed.

8. That if enough social influence could be brought to bear, the first night be devoted to "Society," with lady patronesses and a banquet and bouquets for the patronesses only. Have no doubt but that the tickets or invitations could be disposed of at five dollars apiece. The day following should be open to all at fifty cents apiece. Every part of the house would have to be opened to accomodate the crowd.

9. That if "society" could not be induced to participate (which is hardly probable, as there are so many fashionable people connected with horticultural societies), a number of influential ladies be induced to interest themselves as a ladies' committee.

10. That a little money be expended upon the local papers, which are always very kind, even to inferior shows. Make the exhibitions worth illustrating, and they will give you hundreds of dollars' worth of advertising.

11. That two orchestras be engaged to give promenade concerts at fixed hours and music at frequent intervals. Sometimes barely enough money is realized to pay a single band. Have enough music to pay for itself.

12. That all plants be named properly with both botanical and common names. Mark the *Peristeria elata*, the Holy Ghost or Dove Plant; *Nepenthes*, the Pitcher Plant: *Platycerium Hilli*, the Stag-horn Fern. A little discription of these flowers would attract a great deal of attention. A child can see the resemblance, and it would interest all, while heretofore they have been passed by almost unnoticed.

13. That exhibitors of cut flowers should be required to have them renewed or freshened up from time to time, and that all watering of plants should be done early.

14. That few complimentary tickets should be given out.

15. That all exhibits, and especially those of cut flowers and designs, should be judged by "points." If one plant could be adopted all over the country, judges from other States would be preferable.

16. That premiums should be liberal, and awarded with the greatest care.

17. That if at any time during the exhibition the attendance is not too large, complimentary tickets be sent to different schools interested in botany, which would prove valuable from an educational standpoint.

18. That the managing editors of the city papers should be notified of the efforts that are being made to make this the grandest display of plants and flowers ever offered by this society; that the "society" people of the city are taking a more active part than formerly, and that it is expected to be one of the social events of the season. That a committee of well-informed men be appointed to receive all reporters, not only to repay them in a slight way for their kindness, but to aid them in their work, that a technically correct report may be given of the exhibition.

19. That for a chrysanthemum show the decoration should be most elaborate: Japanese vases, rugs, screens and lanterns would be very appropriate.

Swearing Tom of Basingstoke.

At Christmas, in the year 1800, Mr. Marsh was ordained to the curacy of St. Lawrence, Reading. As the church had to be closed for repairs before the following Sunday, his valued Christian friend, Dr. Ring, invited Mr. Marsh to spend that day with him at his mother's residence in Basingstoke, promising him the opportunity of preaching, as the curate of the parish church had offered the pulpit.

The rector had been for some time non-resident, but returned unexpectedly that week. On hearing of the arrangement that had been made, he said to his curate, "That evangelical young Marsh shall not preach in my church."

When this news was announced to him on his arrival, he received it with his usual serenity of temper, merely replying, "Then I am to be a listener instead of a preacher to-morrow. But I can pray as much as I wish—no man forbidding me!"

The Master in whom he implicitly trusted had otherwise planned that Sunday's work for him.

Early in the morning a messenger came from a clergyman, who had a small church in the suburbs of the town, to say that he had been seized with an attack of inflammation in the chest, and that he would be most grateful if Mr. Marsh would undertake his duty.

Gladly accepting this opportunity, he went forth to preach the Gospel of Christ, from these words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

At the conclusion of the sermon he offered to give the congregation an afternoon service. Between the services the news spread about the town that the young clergyman, who had been refused the pulpit of the large church, was to preach again in the small one. With the generous impulse of Englishmen to take the side of any one whom they fancy to be injured, the numbers who pressed to hear him were so great that the congregation overflowed until the churchyard was crowded. Even the choir deserted from the parish church, in order to testify their sympathy with the young clergyman who had fallen under the rector's ban.

Amongst the crowd in the centre aisle there stood a man so noted for his ungodliness and profane language as to be known in Basingstoke by the name of "Swearing Tom." He was a leader in sin and profanity, and for seventeen years he had never entered a church. It was only curiosity which brought him now.

The text was taken from Ezekiel: "I will put a new spirit within you." Toward the close of the sermon, the preacher quoted the words, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—remarking that, contrary to the conclusion which might have been expected, "the offer was not to children, but simply to those who asked. There was nothing, therefore, between the worst of men and this most blessed gift from Heaven, but to ask for it." He then added, "If the most wicked man in this church would go home and pray that God, for Christ's sake, would give him His Holy Spirit to change his heart, God would hear and answer that man's prayer."

These words went straight to the heart of "Swearing Tom." "I am the worst man here," he said to himself; "I will go home and pray." As he went, he had to pass by the familiar public-house, but, unmoved by the calls of his companions, he refused to join in.

On reaching his home, he threw himself upon his knees, and tried to pray in the words which he had heard from the pulpit. The prayer was answered. From that time he became a changed man, and his name of "Swearing Tom" was soon altered for that of "Praying Tom," by which he was known until the day of his death. He placed his leisure time at the disposal of his clergyman for visits to the sick and afflicted, and was made a great blessing, for upwards of half a bentury in his native town.

It was not until Mr. Marsh preached again in that church, after a lapse of thirty years, that he became aware of the blessed result of his first Sunday's sermon, when Tom himself asked leave to speak to him in the vestry, and told him the story of his conversion.

Many years later, as Dr. Marsh was going up the stairs of Exeter Hall for the last meeting there of the British and Foreign Bible Society at which he was able to be present, a stranger met him and asked if he was not Dr. Marsh; on receiving the reply, he said, "Ah! dear sir, 'Praying Tom' of Basingstoke is now 'Praising Tom' in Heaven." His last hours were blessed indeed, for he died as he had lived, rejoicing in his Saviour.

An Old Bell.

Among the hundreds of relics in the Washington Headquarters at Newburg, N. Y., is a historical bell that for many years called the old Knickerbockers to worship in the Lutheran Church in the city. The bell, which is small, weighing barely twenty-five pounds, is exceedingly sweet tonad. It was cast at Amsterdam in 1716. Three years later it was presented by Queen Anne to the settlers of Newburg. As they had no church edifice then, it was lent to the Lutheran Church on Manhatten Island, where it hung to 1733, when the Newburg pioneers built a church and removed the bell to it. It was the first one hung in that region. Its later career was one of vicissitude. In the process of time its original owners died or joined their brethren in the more fertile valley of the Genesee. English people supplied their places, and the bell then came into the possession of the Church of England, which succeeded the Lutheran as the State Church of the former Dutch Colony. But in 1776 the Church of England had fallen into bad odor in the Colonies, and about that time the bell was taken from its tower and hidden in a swamp, it is said, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Whigs. After the peace of 1783 it resumed duty in the church. In 1798 it was hung in the Academy and rang the village children to school, and also did duty as a court bell. From 1834 to 1874 it was used as a signal bell for the stables of one of the city hotels, and in 1884 became the property of a lady residing in Newburg, who in 1887 gave it to the trustees of the Washington Headquarters, to be preserved with the other treasures of that historic building.

Repent the day before thy death. (Consider every day as possibly your last, and be ever prepared through penitence.)

There is no such thing as getting to the top of the ladder in this world; if we reach the topmost round then we mourn because the ladder is not longer.

—The total production of the silk manufactories of America now amounts to $60,000,000 per annum.

To Phillis—Ten Months Old.

Baby Phillis, lady fair,
Fat and small of size,
With the sun's gold in your hair,
And the sea's blue in your eyes—
How I wonder what your will is
Winsome Phillis!

When you point with tiny hand
At your tiny toe,
How am I to understand
What you mean by doing so?
Prithee tell me what your will is,
Dainty Phillis!

When you, wide-mouthed, on the floor,
Like a birdling sit—
Twenty different notes try o'er
In a pretty talking fit—
Guess it, can I, what your will is,
Saucy Phillis!

When you suddenly, untaught,
Clap your hands amain,
Is it that some new sweet thought
Flashes through your baby-brain?
Come, unriddle what your will is,
Merry Phillis!

When you gravely fingering scan
Tiniest scatterings,
Studying the Atomic Plan
Are you, in these specks of things
Who can fathom what your will is,
Quaintest Phillis?

To the ceiling when you raise
Finger and rapt face,
Dear newcomer, do you gaze
Back toward your heavenly place
Half I fancy what your will is
Happy Phillis!

LOVE'S RETALIATION.

'Yes, my dear, I have given her an English education; I have spared no pains in bringing her up altogether l'Anglaise, and this is the result!'

And pretty little Madame Paritoff sighed heavily and turned up her fine eyes with a look of unutterable pathos. Her friend, the Vicomtesse de Revers, a stout, comfortable matron, fat and 40, but—like the majority of French women—by no means fair, also sighed and endeavored to look as sympathetic as her absolute ignorance of the matter in question would allow of. The couple were seated in one of the shady alleys at Spa, near enough to the bands for its strains to be distinctly audible, but not so near as to prevent them conversing freely. A stream of people passed constantly up and down, and Madame Paritoff was frequently obliged to break off in the recital of her woes to acknowledge the salutes of her friends, with a stately inclination or smiling nod, her numerous acquaintances and friends.

'You were saying, dear madam?' interrogated the Viscountess, after a pause.

'I was saying then how inconcelvably I have been disappointed in my plans for Anna. You know how I have brought her up—English nurses and governesses, riding, walking, cold water, independence, liberty—que, sais-je, moi? Everything that is most English. I wished her to marry an Englishman, and thought I could never again write a girl who had captivated him when just escaped from college. Real love this time, and all the more intense because, humble and devote himself as he might, her cool reserve was impenetrable.

Matters came to a crisis one day when Anna was sitting quite with a little apart from the talkative circle, where Madame Paritoff reigned supreme.

The band was playing an air which had been a favorite of the Paritoffs in old times, and to which a friend of theirs had set some words.

'On dit, mon ange, je le sais bien
Que l'amour change—Oh n'en crois rien!"

So it began, finishing with the assertion:

'L'amour qui change n'est point l'amour!'

Basil had heard Anna sing it many a time in those by-gone days, and somehow, at the sound, his prudence was flung to the winds, and almost before he knew what he was doing, he bent forward and was declaring his love. Anna just turned her eyes toward him, without changing either her attitude or the expression of her face—at first, that is to say. As Basil, however, losing his head more and more in his excitement, proceeded to aver that his love, though it had slumbered for a brief space, was nevertheless ardent and true, and had been reawakened at the very sight of her, a smile rippled over her face, which presently gave way to a low burst of ecstatic laughter.

'Pray excuse me,' she said, endeavoring to resume her gravity; 'I really can not help it—it is such a comedy!'

Basil looked at her reproachfully, his handsome Lebonaire face clouded over, a sudden pallor replacing the customary warm brown of his complexion.

'That there should be any talk of love between us—now,' pursued Anna, with an irrepressible quaver in her voice, and the corners of her mouth still dimpling with suppressed laughter. 'It is too ridiculous, you know!'

'Why should it be ridiculous?' cried Basil, goaded into passion. 'You loved me well enough once—'

'Ah, once!' she interrupted, her eyes flashing for a moment; then, quick to resume her former languid amusement, 'I did many things once I should not care to do now; I wore short skirts, and played with a doll, and trundled a hoop—I have outgrown all these enfantillages, you see!'

'Well, if the memory of the past can not touch you, at least I have a right to be heard at present,' said Basil, in a kind of subdued fury. 'If you, you seem to think that my love—our love of old—was but child's play, at least you must believe me when I say that, on my honor, I did not believe myself capable of the passionate affection I feel for you now.'

'I know,' he continued with newfound humility, 'that my behavior to you was disgraceful—unworthy of a gentleman—but I can only say that I will never cease to regret it, that if you will but forgive me, my whole life will be passed in the endeavor to atone for it. I know you distrust me now, I have deserved it, but upon my soul, if you give me another chance, you will find me a very different person."

'You remind me,' said Anna, playfully, 'of the youth who wrote to the object of his affections that the feelings of a man of 20 were very different to those of a boy of 19.'

'Anna, do not trifle with me any more,' said Basil, his agitation increasing as his hopes fell. 'Can not you forget the past and give me a straightforward answer as between man and woman? Can you, will you love me a little?'

She might have been touched by his humble, honest pleading, the intense love about which, this time at least, there could be no mistake, but she was not. He was under her heel, and she prepared to crush him.

'A straightforward answer as between man and woman?' she repeated, no shade of either hardness or triumph in her musical voice. 'Can I love you? Let me see—can I? No, I don't think I can. When I analyze my heart, Mr Twickenham, I find, where you are concerned, the most absolute indifference. Now, shall we change the subject?'

Basil rose, white to the lips, but with a certain dignity. 'I will detain you no longer,' he said; 'I did not think any woman could have shown herself so utterly heartless. Good-by, you will never be troubled by me again. I shall leave this—this hateful place at once.'

'Bon voyage!' returned Anna, with her most winning smile, and extended her hand, which Basil, however, was too angry to take.

'So the old score is wiped out at last!' she said to herself as she watched his retreating figure, and then, joining her mother's circle, entered with feverish eagerness into the conversation.

Never had she been so charming, so animated, as this afternoon; Madame Paritoff was quite amazed to find her so lively. But the time came all too soon for her to be alone, and that night sleep became impossible to her. Basil's voice still rang in her ears; 'Good-by; you will never be troubled by me again. I did not think any woman could have shown herself so utterly heartless.' And, gloat as she would over her triumphant retaliation, she could not feel that her day's work was altogether a subject for rejoicing.

She was up and dressed by 6 o'clock on the following morning, having tossed about until she could endure the feverish unrest no longer. Spa—the Spa she acknowledged—was still wrapped in slumber, but the birds were singing in the tress, the sun was high in the heavens, and the milk-carts, with their white-capped drivers and teams of dogs, were jingling in the promenade below.

'I shall go out,' said Anna, her English education enabling her to undertake without qualms what another girl in the same position would consider a dreadful breach of proprieties. Out she set accordingly, a fluffy muffler wrapped round her as a preservative against the morning air, and a shade that tilted well over her eyes, which bore unmistakable signs of tears Added to the pain of old memories, the soreness left by the old wrong, and, more unendurable than either, was the agony of self-reproach which had all at once taken possession of her. But this she was determined to subdue, and with characteristic energy proceeded to take what she considered the most efficient means of doing so. About half way up a certain wooded hill in the neighborhood was a rustic seat placed at a sudden turn in the path so as to be almost invisible to the passers-by, and here, five years ago, she had taken leave of Basil. The recollection of her own weakness and his perfidy would be a wholesome subject for her musings for awhile—or it would effectually remove the foolish regret at having inflicted just punishment where it had been so well deserved.

Her destination was soon reached, and, throwing herself upon the bench, she set herself about her appointed task. She would not spare herself; of that she was determined. She would go over the whole scene in her mind from the very beginning, and then she would think of the end of it all. If that did not thoroughly sicken her nothing else would.

He had reached the rendezvous first at that farewell meeting. Coming down the path in haste she had seen him standing by the beach eagerly on the lookout for her. He had run down to her, and, after the customary lover's blandishments, (pah!), they had slowly climbed the hill together.

Seated side by side, and hand in hand—her lip curled at the recollection—they had talked a great deal of nonsense, as young lovers will. He had told her how bitter was this parting to him, how hard he found it to obey his father, and how unnecessary and cruel the restriction laid upon him, and then he had begged her to love and trust him during the allotted period and always to remain true to him. Anna blushed hotly at the thought of how fervently she had answered him, of how, her voice quivering with eagerness, she had sworn to love him, and him only, all the days of her life. As the time drew near for separating, they had arranged to part there where no one could see them, and no unfeeling comments could be made. And so, after a last farewel, he had left her, but pausing a moment at the turn of the path and seeing her in tears he had made a step back, and then she had flown to meet him. Oh, heavens! how she loved then!

Unconsciously rising to her feet, Anna ran forward a little way, as she had done of old, her arms outstretched, the tears running down her face, her breast heaving with sobs—ran forward as far as the turn of the path—to come face to face with Basil himself, who, in very melancholy mood, was toiling upward.

Her first impulse was to fly past him before he had time to notice her, but Basil, looking up quickly and divining her intention, placed himself in the narrow pathway in such a manner as to bar her progress.

'How dare you?' she cried, shaking with sobs and her eyes flashing through her tears. 'Have you come to—to insult me?'

Basil was silent, his face a study of wonder and admiration, through which there appeared to struggle a certain dawning hope.

'Let me pass!' exclaimed Anna, furiously, making a step forward, and then Basil stretched forth his hand, and, taking hers, said authoritatively—

'You must wait a little—you can not go down in the town like that.'

She suffered him to lead her back to the bench, where, being seated, she endeavored with all her might to obtain her self-control. But this was at first impossible, the strain which had so long upheld her having relaxed, and the violent emotion of a little while ago, together with her present sense of humiliation, causing her to break down altogether.

'What are you doing here?' she sobbed. 'How dare you be here? You said you were leaving yesterday.'

'I meant to,' he said, 'and then I thought I would wait and say a quiet good-bye to the old place before having done with it, and all belonging to it, forever.'

'Why don't you go now then?' she cried, vehemently. 'How can you bear to stop and see me like this? Go—if you had a spark of gentlemanly feeling you would not require to be told to do so.'

But Basil did nothing of the sort, on the contrary, he deliberately drew near the bench, and sat down beside her, while the hope in his face grew and brightened till it became positive triumph. Anna gazed at him for a moment, one hand at her throat, in the fruitless endeavor to save her sobs, then a fiery blush swept over brow and cheeks.

'Do you think,' she said, bitterly, 'that I am crying for you, that I regret what I said to you yesterday—do you dare to think so? Oh! surely nothing is wanting to complete my humiliation! Oh!— in a passion of shame and anger. Oh, why can not I control myself better than to lead you to suppose such a thing! Listen, do you know why I came here? I came that, by remembering your baseness and treachery, I might despise you more, loathe and detest you even more than I did already—'

She broke off suddenly, for, quivering under Basil's mustache, she caught sight of a tender, triumphant, but distinctly amused smile.

Furious at the sight she tried to speak, to express her scorn and indignation more fully, but conflicting emotions choked her utterance.

Basil waited quietly; he could afford to wait now, for, after what he had seen, he felt himself master of the situation.

At last she grew calmer, and then he spoke.

'Anna,' he said, 'I thank heaven that I was prompted to come here this morning; had I gone as I intended yesterday I should all my life have remembered you as a sort of iceberg—and now—'

'Now?' she repeated, drawing up her head in the endeavor to regain her old stateliness.

'Now I have found you—a very womanly woman; you deceived me once, Anna—you can never do so again.'

'It is like you to twit me so,' she replied, quickly. 'Only you would be unmanly enough to take advantage of a weakness for which I shall despise myself all my life. Do you suppose I am breaking my heart because I love you—you? No; I am crying because I have no heart to break—I am crying for myself, for my youth which you spoilt, for that power of loving which I once possessed and which is now gone for ever. Yes, I lied yesterday when I said my love for you had been child's play; it was as true and deep and tender a love as woman ever had for man. But it is all gone—gone! and I shall never love anyone any more.

Again upon her voice quivered and tears stood on the long dark lashes, and then Basil rose and stood in front of her, speaking slowly and deliberately.

'Anna, I do not believe you. I believe you love me still.'

She gazed at him, too much insulted and astonished for the moment to reply.

'I do,' asseverated Basil; 'no woman could ever love like that and then get over it. If you spoke untruly yesterday, so did I. I said my love had been real love only it wavered for a moment—now I say it wavered—or it couldn't have wavered at all—but I agree with you that yours is. My belief is, Anna, that you love me now, only you will not own it.'

She looked at him, mastered by his tone, but still endeavoring to fight against him and herself.

'This is the most prepostorous'—she began, and then stopped short as Basil took her hand and looked fixedly at her.

Well, in some inexplicable fashion an unexpected ally came to Basil's assistance; neither more nor less than the very heart the existence of which had been so stoutly denied. It backed up Basil so vigorously, and so cordially endorsed the truth of what he said, that poor Anna found herself quite powerless between them. And so it came to pass that Anna, suddenly abandoning his calm argumentive tone, he fell to pleading earnestly, appealing to the memory of the love that had once been—that was still—so strong within her, all her stern resolves melted away.

'If I cannot love you, Basil,' she said, at least—I can love nobody else.'

The Dog Saved the Train.

"It was about six years ago this month," said the major to a reporter of the New York *Sun*, 'I was in the cab with Tommy Burns and our run was between Jersey City and Philadelphia. We left Jersey City at 9 o'clock one Saturday evening. The cars were all full and we had the right of way, making no stops except at Newark and Trenton. We had struck the plain at Princeton Junction, when Burns, who was looking out of the cab window, says to me: "Look-a-here, Jack! there is a white dog running alongside what's been followin' us for five minutes, and blamed if he ain't keepin' up to the inline. Look at him." In the glare from the window the dog could be plainly seen, then he would get out in the line of the darkness and we would lose sight of him. But he would be sure to show up again in a few minutes. Ditches, cuts and sharp bends, it was all the same, that white dog stuck beside the cab as steady as its shadow. First we thought our eyesight was deceiving us, for the awful heat from the furnace, the sharp wind or something else, or all of these things put together, is terribly trying on one's eyes who has to use them in an engine cab. Mile after mile that white dog was alongside.

"'Jack,' says Burns all at once, 'this is more'n I kin stand. If our eyes ain't mussed up, there's something wrong somewhere. I am a-goin' to stop her.'

'Sure enough, he stopped, and we both got off the cab. The conductor came running up and wanted to know what in the blue blazes was the matter. We told him about the white dog running alongside the engine, and we looked about to show him the blamed animal. But there was no dog to be seen, and hunt high and low, we could not find him. The conductor laughed at us, and Burns and I got aboard again, thinking that after all our eyes might have fooled us. Fifty yards from it, before the wheels had fairly began to revolve good, the headlight flashing on the track before us showed us a rock that must have weighed two tons on the track. We stopped the engine with the cow-catcher not twelve inched from the stone, which loosened by rains, had rolled down from the the bank. Had we not stopped on account of the white dog, we would have struck it on full headway, and you can see what that would have meant."

The city of Caracas was destroyed with 10,000 lives in about half a minute. Lisbon was overthrown in five or six minutes. There is thus a great variation in the number of shocks of earthquakes and in the intervals between them.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The largest organ in the world is now being built in London for Sydney. It will cost about $75,000.

—General Lew Wallace is accredited with having received $60,000 in royalties from his "Ben Hur."

—Thread, from the fibre of the nettle, is now spun so fine that 60 miles of it only weigh about two and a half pounds.

—According to Indian linguists, "schemlendamourtchwager" is the noble red man's word for love. Hiawatha then was in "schemlendamourtchwager" with Minnehaha.

—A pine tree recently cut on the line of the Tilton and Belmont Railroad, in New Hampshire, was four feet four inches in diameter, and its rings indicated an age of 228 years.

—Mrs. Amelia E Barr, the authoress, has a novel scheme to protect her rights. When about to bring out a new book she goes to England and lives there for the time necessary for securing an English copyright.

—A New York wedding custom of the season is that of inviting men to act as ushers. The grooms prefer to ask the services of old friends who have preceded them to the altar rather than to fall back upon boyish acquaintances.

—The wife of a banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of which she has sold to a San Francisco firm for $25,000 cash and a royalty. The way she came to this was from a device she used to twist her worsted.

—A number of leading Republicans of East Tennessee have purchased and shipped to Washington a beautiful span of blooded horses, which are to be presented to Hon. M. S. Quay in recognition of his services to the party in the campaign.

—There is one town in Alabama which has not a negro within its borders. It is the town of Cullman, which is named after a rich German who wished to found a colony of his own race in the Alabama fruit-growing region. It has a population of 2,500.

—Thirty-one shares of the Chemical Bank, of New York, of the par value of $100, were recently sold at from $3,800 to $3,805 each. These shares pay about 150 per cent. per annum on their par value. The New York Importers' and Traders' Bank stock par $100, sold for $469.

—There is said to be nothing in all Europe to equal the extent and beauty of the flower gardens and fruit orchards surrounding the new Hotel del Monte, at Monterey, Cal., which are said to have cost the railroad company owning the establishment $150,000.

—One of the queerest hauls was made by a Cincinnati thief, and comprised a canal boat with its contents, mules, harness, towline, etc. Finding the ownership of his property slightly troublesome, however, the thief sold the boat for $65, traded the mules for a horse and $20 "boot" and then skipped out.

—Nine Indiana White Caps, some of them "prominent citizens," have been arrested and indicted. If Governor Gray can secure their conviction, as he is trying to do, and make an example of them, it may tend to suppress this particular form of outlawry, which has already depreciated the value of real estate in the counties where it prevails.

—The Paris *Figaro* has discovered—or invented—an inventor who is the proud author of a new means of electrical locomotion, capable of conveying passengers at a speed of 250 miles an hour. He guarantees the absolute safety of his system and is now waiting for an experimental passenger, willing to be whisked from Paris to Marseilles in two hours.

—The life of a soldier is thought to be the consummation of valor and bravery. There is poetry in the tramp of an army, the boom of artillery, and the mortal hand-to-hand combat. The life of a fireman, though not entirely wrapped in so much that is poetical, is surely just as brave. The 4,000 fire departments of this country constitute a mighty standing army for the preservation of life.

—Of the forty-eight national societies of women in this country the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with a membership of 210,000, is the largest. Then follow the missionary, the peace, the suffrage organizations and philanthropic and educational societies, numbering in all nearly three hundred thousand members. Twelve of these organizations have joined with the National Council, an association which unites all the women societies of the nation into one great league.

—Some physicians have warmly indorsed the suggestion that "massage," as an employment is peculiarly suited to the capabilities of the blind, in whom the tactile sense is so strongly developed. Indeed, in Japan massage has, for a long period of time, been practiced by blind men, who go about the streets with a flageolet, drawing attention to themselves and their occupation. It is thought that superintendents of blind asylums will find this a possible avenue to employment for their pupils.

—Arrangements are being made at the White House for the gayest social season ever known at that mansion. The Clevelands are to go out into private life in a swirl of social glamour, beginning with a grand reception to personal and official friends. Mrs. Cleveland was in Philadelphia for several days of shopping. She will lay in a large supply of new goods. A huge reception and ball is talked of for President and Mrs. Cleveland by Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and other friends, to take place just before the families of the present Cabinet officers separate. It is stated that the Whitneys will be with the Clevelands if a European trip is taken this year.

—A funny thing happened just before Pak Chung Yung, Corean Minister, left Washington a few days ago. He had been unwell for some time before his departure and had been taking quinine. He had reached the station, attended by the members of the Legation and a few friends, when he discovered that he had left his quinine pellets behind him. He lost control of himself and nearly went into a state of collapse on making the discovery. One of his secretaries hurried back to the Legation to obtain the medicine, but the train which Pak was to take had to be delayed nearly fifteen minutes on account of the incident. Pak would not go off without his quinine.