PALLY PEACE

A log won't burn alone !

The flame grows less, the bearth is dark, Low sings the sap in crooning tone ; The room grows chill, and cold, and stark, One', heart holds back, as if to hark For ghostly sobs and cerie moan -A log can't burn, alone !

A life can't glow, alone te The smile seems and, the senses start, The will lies uscless, limp and prone ; Unchallenged and uncheered the heart ; And one by one the stars depart From all one's sky, to darkness grown-A life is death, alone !

-Bose H. Lathrop, in Independent.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY JENNY WREN. GREAT many

people who

began to won-



them of some new suitor being dismissed, and finally, as times went on, to become convinced in their own minds that there was some mystery in the case, some unexplained cause why offers so constant and so worthy should ever meet with the same cold disdain. But to the subject of all this gossip it mat-tered little. An only child, the mis-tress of her father's luxurious home. she smiled sweetly upon one and all, and then when came the inevitable end and she saw her adorers at her feet, she had but one answer for them, a quick, calm refusal.

"Young Mr. Bonsart dines with us to-day, Mabel, my dear. Have an ex-tra cover laid, "said her father one morning.

"Certainly, papa," was her reply, but as she left the room the blood mounted to her face in a crimson flush, such as was rarely seen there. Phil Bonsart had returned then to take possession of his goodly acres, the rich estate of which he was sole heir and which his foot had not trodden since a boy. He had been a trav-eler in foreign lands for years. Oc-casionally, they had heard of him at some distant point, and now suddenly and unexpectedly he appeared in their midst, come to claim his own. In those early days he and Mabel had been inseparable. Then there had been a childish quarrel, and they had separated now to meet again after all this lapse of years, she a woman of twenty-and-four, he a man of thirty. Would he find her changed, she wondered, as in the afternoon she wan dered down to the drawing-room to wait her guest's arrival. Busy with her thoughts, she scarcely raised her eyes until she had crossed the room, where she might watch the carriagedrive and so prepare herself for his coming; and then, for the first time, she saw her foresight was in vain. Mr. Bonsart stood before her. A faint start was all the outward sign she gave before she gracefully extended her hand and bade her enter. "I am afraid I startled you; but I

was very unfashionably early, and so told the servant not to tell you of my presence. I have been wondering, Miss Sewell, during these few mo-ments, If I should find you changed; but only as the bud develops into the flower do I see a difference. I knew there was great promise. I scarcely hoped to see such perfect fulfillment. Come, tell me something of my old home. I shall expect to hear all its gossip from you."

"I was so impatient, I feared you

were not coming to-day." "Aunt always is delayed, yon know; but I did not mean to be disappoint-ed. Who are here, Philip?" a sweet, musical voice replied, then the stately figure on the stairs rustled down, recognized their presence with a cold, contracted bow, and swept past them into the drawing-room. "She calls him 'Philip!' Doubtless

it is all arranged. How well matched they will be! How bright they will make the old house! And I-well-I have kept my secret too many years

to let it escape me now." But a look of pain crept into the beautiful eyes, a change in her man-ner, a coldness, a dignity which be-came Miss Sewell well, who was unlike the Mabel who had met and welcomed the traveler on his return. Later in the evening he brought her, leaning on his arm, to be presented. "Miss Laurence-Miss Sewell." Lillie Lau-rence bolked emprised at the and in nothing rence looked suprised at the cold, icy way in which the other acknowledged the introduction, but something in the beautiful face attracted her, and she determined they should be friends. The day of the ball drew nigh.

There were to be tableaux, followed heads in silent by dancing, and the performers were displeasure as busy studying dress and attitude. Volumes of old engravings were dragged down from their shelves, the rumor often . reached studied and restudied; chests, un molested for years, ransacked to the bottom, and brocades and velvets dragged therefrom for the important even. Miss Sewell was constantly in demand, so that she ever had an excuse when her host would have detained her by his side, and he wondered what the strange barrier

could mean between them. Not so could she escape the little white-robed figure which crept, night after night, to her door, which would nestle before the fire at her feet and claim admission to her heart, whether she would have it so or not.

A singular fascination drew her to this girl, who had robbed life of its sweetness, whom her coldness could not repel or anger.

"You must love me, Miss Sewell, whether you want to or not. In the first place, I learned to love you long ago, through Philip. Besides, I have a little secret I want to tell you. I am

engaged, and, oh, I am so happy!" A hand of ice clutched the listener's heart at this confirmation strong ; but she answered calmly :

"Perhaps it is not such a secret as vou suppose.

"Indeed it is; unless Philip-and he promised- No, it could not be he

"He has not betrayed it, I assure you. But come, if you want any roses left for to-morrow, you must bid me good-night."

Yet, when her guest had left her. she stirred not, moved not, until the dawn was beginning to break and the fire had died down and out. Then she crept, shivering, into bed, worn and wan

At length the long-expected evening came. The guests were assembled, the tableaux fairly under way. In vain they had pleaded with Mabel to take some part. She would assist them in any way but that. And as, one by one, the beautiful living pictures drew forth enthusiastic applause, their perfect success was mostly owing to ber taste and skill. In one of them, the last upon the list, Philip appeared alone with Lillie in that touching picture of "The Huguenots." Brave, resolute and unspeakably handsome he looked as he held her to him, while she tied round his arm the white signal which should protect him. The picture was perfect, and one pair of eyes watched it from behind the scenes with a jealous intentness which

been crime. Philip still was beside her, and at the memory of his words a burning flush, half pain, half joy, rose to her face.

"Mabel, are you better?" he whis-"Mabel, are you better?" he whis-pered. "I have been so anxious, dar-ling. I have longed so, Mabel, to tell you of my love, but you seemed so cold, so changed, I dared not hazard all. What have I done to offend you? Forgive me for taking advantage of your weakness, but I dare not wait un-til you are the set to assume as "

til you are strong to escape me." Was she dreaming? If so, might she never waken! Then she remembered Lillie.

"You are forgetting Miss Laurence"

claims upon you, Mr. Bonsart." "Claims upon me! I know of none, save that she is an old playfellow and engaged to my nearest and dearest friend, at present on service abroad. I thought you knew that, Mabel." What a poor fool she had been ! Now

she remembered Lillie had not told the name of her betrothed, but she had taken all for granted.

"Now that we have disposed of Miss Laurence, Mabel," he continued, "is there no other claim you can make?" "None but my own, Philip." And

then she told him of all that she had suffered.

"Ah, Mabel, did you not know there was but one Queen Rose in all the world's garden for me, and now that I have plucked it-how royally I will guard it-how proudly wear it, all the world shall see !" So the curtain fell upon a tableau

for which there was no audience, and in which Miss Sewell was forced to take part after all. - The Ledger.

Relics of a Lost Race Discovered.

A lady whose home is in the south of France writes of a visit she made recently to an island on the coast of Brittany. Those of you who have read the story of King Arthur and his knights will remember that they started out over the sea in pursuit of the dragon. In this-the Morbihan Sea-is a little island which can be reached from the mainland only when the water is smooth. The sole in-habitant is a Breton shepherd, who lives in a little hut and spends his time in caring for his sheep. The party landed and were met by the kind-faced old man, who led them over the grassy slope where his flock was feeding, and showed them the way around a hill, on the east side of which they found the entrance to a tunnel.

This extended some distance, and its floor, sides and roof were made of immense flat pieces of stone, covered with hieroglyphs and figures "looking somewhat little wreaths, and again like coiled serpents." At the end of this tunnel was a hall, also floored, roofed and walled with the same curious stones, and in the center was an altar and a stone upon which it is thought that human sacrifices have been offered. The strangest part of all is that no stones or roofs like those used in this tunnel can be found on the island, and at no place nearer than 100 miles inland. Who brought them? How did they come? There is no record left-at least none has been found, to tell who these people were, or anything about them.

They must have lived many centuries ago, but have vanished entirely. yet their work is asperfect apparently

as when first built. It is thought that they may have been Druids, who came here when they left Great Britain; others, again, think that they were worshipers of the serpent god called Hoa. But it is conjecture. All we know is that the stones are here, strangely carved, skilfully put together, but of their builders there is no trace. -Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.



"LONGCHAMPS."

The above represent two entirely novel costs, and one of those delight-In scarfs which are just now the rage in Paris, and which (with the two costs) ire among the latest novelties. The "Longchamps" is an exceedingly smart cost, made in black mirror moire, the fronts turned back with Lyons velvet, and cuffs of the same, both being edged with fine-cut jet. The sleeves are entirely novel in design, and wonderfully effective, lined with rich black imagonal silk. The white moirs rest is samplied expected in the sleeves of the liagonal silk. The white moire vest is supplied separately if required. The "Phaeton" is a useful tailor-made cost, in black cheviot cloth, cut in the imartest fashion possible, with a fitting back, and very full skirts. The coat is edged all around with military braid, and worn with a smart Tatt ersall vest The coat

Fashion in Hair Dressing.

There have not been for years so many charming ways of arranging feminine locks as to-day. With a skil-ful maid even a homely woman who has a reasonably good complexion can be made to look almost handsome, so exquisitely and picturesquely is it possible to dress the hair. With the modern methods every strand of hair is made available and made the most of; and it is doubtful if any quantity of false additions will be worn for many a year to come. Art has really invaded, in these days, the dress-maker's rooms and the hairdresser's shop, and a woman's natural defects and beauties are studied with a view to remedying or developing them. If her forehead is too high and round, surly locks are allowed to fall over it and soften the outlines; if the head is too high and round on the crown for wmmetry, the hair is dressed low to rive balance and grace to its shape.



HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

HOW TO BUY BIRDS.

How to BUT BINDS. Purchasers of dressed fowls should slways insist on having birds with the feet on. An old gobbler or gander can be made to renew his apparent youth by cutting off his head and feet and carefully dressing the body, but if the feet are left on they at once tell the store of his are. The feet of an It the feet are left on they at once tell the story of his age. The feet of an old bird are always rough, in time they become horny, while those of a youth-ful specimen are as tender as any other part of the body. The webs between the toes of a young duck or goose can be torn by the fingers almost as easily as a bird more while those of a solution as a bit of paper, while those of an old bird are as tough as leather. If buyers would purchase no fowls from which the feet have been cut, complaints of tough turkey and unestable chicken would be few. - New York Journal.

IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER.

That it is true economy to save strength.

That to this end women should have in their kitchens every convenience to make work light and save steps.

That a high chair to sit in com-fortably at the table, a footstool to rest the feet on when apples are to be

peeled is economy. That a low chair made by sawing off the legs of a common kitchen chair until it is low enough to suit one, with a cushion of dark calico, is a useful adjunct to the work, to sit in while waiting a few minutes for the biscuit or cake to bake. One can open the oven door without stooping to examine the articles cooking. That a table a yard or so in size, on

stout castors, is a help when frying food like griddle cakes, doughnuts or fish.

That all things needed, placed or this table, can be trundled near the

stove, so saving steps. That paper bags from the grocer's parcels should be saved.

A PECULIAR CLEANSING FLUID.

Two solid bodies-one of them yellow, sulphur, and the other black, carbon-unite under certain circumstances and form a colorless and very volatile liquid called bisulphide of sarbon, that must be handled with great precaution, on account of its being so inflammable.

The solvent properties of bisulphide of carbon render it valuable for removing grease spots. Although its odor is more disagreeable than that of benzine or spirits of turpentine, it ins at least the advantage of dis-appearing rapidly, in consequence of the quick evaporation of the liquid.

It removes paint from garments with the greatest facility, but not without causing considerable agitation of the mind in those who use it for the first time. At the point rubbed -at the very place where they, to their greatest satisfaction, saw the paint disappear, they see a large white spot appear, of the nature of which is difficult to form an idea. The more they brush it the more prominent the spot becomes. Has

the garment been cleaned, then, only to be ruined? Fortunately, such is not the case. In a few instants the spot will have disappeared, never more to return, melted by the heat of the body. The alleged spot, in fact, was nothing else but snow.

The bisnlphide of carbon, in order to evaporate, absorbed heat from the garment and from the surrounding air, an a there resulted a depression of temperature sufficient to congeal the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere .---New York Advertiser.

RECIPES.

Horse Radish Sauce-Two tea-



A Boy That Weighs 282 Pounds.

Wentzville, Mo., has a curiosity in the shape of a boy twelve years old,

AGE, 12 YEARS; WEIGHT, 282 POUNDS.

and weighs 282 pounds. The boy's name is Johnny Wade, and he is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Wade. Mr. and Mrs. Wade have a family of seven children, five boys and two girls, but with the exception of Johnny none are above the

who is five feet seven inches in height,

average in height or weight. A peculiar theory is advanced to ac-count for Johnny Wade's enormous size. It is said that from the time he was able to walk it has been his habit to follow his father, who is a butcher, to the slaughter pen and there to drink quantities of the blood of beeves just slaughtered. It is believed that this practice is what gave him his phe-nomenal growth. His relatives on both sides are small people, or below the average in size and weight. When Johnny feels like working he

busies himself helping his father in the butcher shop. He is still growing.

Chere is really no profile, there is no expression which has not its ap-

"There is none to give you. We are stagnating absolutely, and depend upon you to give us fresh enthusi-

"I am afraid I shall have to run away again if so onerous a task devolves upon me. However, I expect a houseful of friends next month. we shall doubtless have our hands full during that time, at least. Your old friend, Mrs. Leonard, is to chaperon the party, with her haughters, two or three more young ladies and half a dozen men. I shall count upon you as my old ally in the art of entertaining them.'

And so in pleasant chat and many recollections of that bygone time, the dinner and evening passed rapidiy AWAY.

During the month that followed, those olden times seemed to have come again. Every day, on some pretext, Phil found his way to Mr. Sewell's-now to ask Mabel to ride, to consult her in regard to some of the preparations for his guests and a grand ball he was to give in their honor, and finally to seek and obtain Mr. Sewell's consent to be his guest and help him greet his friends. The gossips began to revive hope in their breasts, and to think Miss Sewell had done wisely after all. Certainly she never looked more beautiful or seemed more perfectly con tent than when she took possession of the pretty suite of rooms Mr. Bonsart assigned her. It was late in the afternoon. Many guests had already arrived, the house was full of cheerful bustle, merry voices echoed through the grand old halls, as Mabel left her rooms to join her friends below. Would she find Philip Bonsert waiting for her? Yes, he was there, at the foot of the stairway; but as ahe reached the bend, she saw him turn away, go hastily forward with out-stretched hands and a radiant smile to ot a newcomer, a young girl in om even the eyes upon the stairs ald find no flow, whose beauty was deniable. The little hand he hold his long after its first greeting or i warm, eager welcome.

saw it all, and a look almost of hate crept over her beautiful face as she watched them.

Slowly the curtain was descending when her eyes caught what none other had seen, a spark of red, which any motion might fan into flames, and which showed with a lurid glare on Lillie Laurence's closely clinging dress. Fascinated, she watched it deepen and glow. As in a vision she saw the beautiful face distorted and ruined. Who would care for it then? Was she mad? Could she harbor for one moment such a thought? And a wild shrick escaped her lips, and was echoed by Lillie as the flames rush out and she found herself enveloped in them. Yet before she had time actually to realize the danger, or the awe-struck people to make a move toward her rescue, she

felt herself elsped to Miss Sewell's breast ; another moment, and with her own dress was she beating them down. with her own hands fighting their progress. It was a short struggle, but it cost the victor dear. Not a burn was on Lillie Laurence's fair, white skin, but Miss Sewell rose, white almost fainting.

"You are hurt, Mabel!" an anxious voice said. "My darling, how brave, how noble you were."

Was it Philip who spoke thus? She would not yield to this weakness. She would cross the room, and gain the hall. She made two or three steps, feebly but resolutely, vaguely wonder-ing what had made her flesh so heavy, or gave her this anguished pain in her

hand, then she seemed to step and denly down into blackish darkness. "I am dying," she thought. "What will he think?" and it seemed to her she called aloud with her last breath, "Philip ! Oh, Philip !"

In reality the words were but a whisper, but they found their way to the cars of him whom she called, who bent over her with a world of anxious bent over her with a world of auxious love, whose strong arms raised and carried her where she might have air and rest and silence. The hands which had done their work so bravely were tenderly bandaged, and when she opened her eyes and came back to the world, she felt her hands and soul were cleaneed of a thought which had The Ordinary Vocabulary,

How many words are included in Tribune. the vocabulary of ordinary persons? Professor Max Muller thinks a farm laborer would not have more than 200 words in actual use, and the same writer declares that a well-educated man, who has been at the university, and who reads the Bible, Shakespeare, and the daily papers, together with circulating library books, seldom uses more than three or four hundred words in actual conversation. A contributor to Cassell's Saturday Journal has been at considerable pains to check these theories, and the conclusion he arrives at is that the figures given are too small. Farm hands, he finds, are able to name all the common objects of the farm, and to do this involves the use of more than the entire number of 300 words allotted to them. Then, by going through a dictionary, and excluding compound words, or words not in pretty constant use, he found that there were under the letter "s" alone 1018 words that are to be found in ordinary people's vocabulary. It would be nearer the truth, we are told, to say that the agricultural laborer uses 1500 words, and knows or can guess the meaning of 1500 more and that intelligent farm hands and artisans command 4000 words, while educated people have at call from 8000 to 10,000. Journalists are credited with 12,000. -- London News.

A Disappearing Peak.

The mountain of lebel Naibo, near Bons, Algeria, is an object of great geological interest. Its height is rap-idly diminishing, a cavity has formed entirely around its base, and the great peak appears to be settling back to the general level. A similar sink-ing seems to have taken place within the very limits of Bons. Lake Fezthe very limits of Bons. Lake Fez-zaro, occupying an area of some thou-sands of acres between the mountains and the city, is believed to have had no existence in the time of the Roman Empire, and recent observations in-dicate that the remains of a large fortified city are now covered by the water. -- Trenton (N. J.) American.

propriate hair dressing. - New York

Native tiold of Lreland.

"It is not generally known," said William O'Brien, of Armsgh, Ireland, said n the lobby of the Lindell, "that there is native gold in Ireland in coniderable quantity. It is a fact that in nany of the counties the precious netal has been mined for a good many aundred years, and that it will con-sinue to be produced for a long time to come. Of course, there is no such excitement over it as there was in this country in the time of the California excitement, and there never has been. but the industry goes forward steadly. The gold mines of Wicklow proince more gold I believe, than all the cest of the United Kingdom. All over the island there are indications that the mining of gold has been carried on in Ireland before the present races were thought of. The museums have many indications that such mining is ancient as well as modern. I saw a aewspaper notice the other day in which it was stated that all of the sounties of Ireland produced silver, but I think that this is a mistake. I know of only one or two besides Wicklow that have a trace of the precious

metal."-St. Louis Republic Found Diamonds in a Bale of Rags. Miss Bridget O'Neal is a pretty girl

who sorts rags at the Knowlton Broth irs' paper mill in this city. The oth-ir day she found two rings, which she out in her pocket and went on about her work. Thinking that they might be valuable, she told a male employe of the mill, and he took them to a ewelry store. The jeweler said one sas a cluster of fifteen diamonds and ralued at \$150, and the other contained one diamond, a garnet and a turquoise. No person has yet claimed the rings. --Utics (N. Y.) Herald.

Nebraska suffered from a terrible and storm recently. The air was so full of the flying sand and dost that one could not see a block away. Much ismage was done to property.

An Extraordinary Egg.

The purchase of the Great Auk's egg by Sir Vauncey Crewe, for \$1500, has created much interest. Once on a time the bird was so plentiful that sailors used to be fed on it. The last bird shot in the British islands, says an English paper, was in 1834, near Wat-erford, and the Great Auk is believed to have been extinct since 1844. At



present, all we have left of this fine bird are seventy-nine or eighty-one skins, ten skeletons, and detached bones of from 121 to 131 birds, and sixty-eight eggs, of which forty-six are in this country, nine belonging to Mr. Chumpley, of Scarborough, whose sketch of the egg just sold is here reproduced. It once balonged



to Yarrell, the great ornithologist, who bought it from a Bologne fisher-man for two france. It was sold, on Yarrell's death, to Mr. Bond, the nat-uralist, and passed with his collection, in 1875. to Baron Louis d'Hamonville.

spoonsful of made mustard, two teaspoonsful powdered sugar, half a teamoonful of sait, one gill of vinegar. Mix and pour over grated horse-rad-This makes an excellent sauce ish. for roast beef.

Carolina Dabs-Scald one pint of corn meal, and rub in while hot a des-sertspoonful of butter. When cool, add two well-beaten eggs, a wineglass of milk and a little salt. Drop the mixture from a spoon upon a tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

Cookies-Three pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of sugar, threefourths pounds of butter, five eggs, one cup of milk, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda. Roll out about onefourth of an inch thick and cut into rounds. These cookies are not rich. but are very good and keep well.

Smoked Salmon-Wash and lay it in a dish of cold water with the flesh side down for five or six hours. Wipe dry and lay on a gridiron over a moderate fire ; turn it after a little while Be sure it is thoroughly cooked. When done lay it on a hot platter and cover with shavings of butter. A little hot cream poured over it is a great improvement.

Italian Cream-Take three pints of cream or milk, sweeten it to taste with sugar, and flavor with vanilla, and add one ounce of gelatine. Stir constantly till it boils, and let it boil ten or fifteen minutes. Strain, and add the beaten yolks of eight eggs, and the whites of four beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into moulds, and set it on the ice for five or six hours. Serve with sugar and cream.

Lamb Steak-Cut some nice steaks from a loin of lamb. Dip them into the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and meason them with a sprig of parsiey, minced fine, the grated peel of half s lemon and a little salt, pepper and nutmeg. Fry the steaks a nice light brown in hot butter. Thicken a large cupful of rich gravy with about an ounce of butter, rolled in flour; add a dosen ovsters. Let the gravy boil up, put in the steaks and let them get thoroughly hot, and serve with force-ment balls or plain.

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