FINETTE AND HER PET.

- Gi idy Pinette, grave Pinette, I saw Finette one marning.
 And pretty Finette she was nursing her pet,
 With airs of robuhe and warning;
 She carried her pot in her gathered gown,
 And scolded at puss with finger and frown—
 "Ah, would you, pussy? Lie down, lie down!"
 How pretty she looked that morning!
- How pretty she looked, the young Finette,
 Her well-set limbs how lissome!
 The arm and hand that nursed the pet,
 What would one give to kiss 'em?
 But Finette looked cross, and this was the cause:
 Puss, the pet, was airing her claws—
 And then I thought of some old men's saws—
 How lucky I did not miss 'em!
- I looked at Finette, soft, amooth Pinette,
 As soft as down of eider,
 And I saw that Finette had claws like her pet;
 And yet, could I ever child her?
 To a creature as soft as the eider down,
 I never could bear, with inner and frown,
 To say, "Ah, would you? I lie down, lie down!
 Or watch her about like a spider.
- But if I married the plump Finette,
 That soon would be my duty;
 For pretty Finnette can sulk and fret,
 And then what comes of beauty?
 "Ah! beauty is only skin deep, you know,
 And does not last long (never mind L'Enclos)
 Remember Delliah, Xantippe, and, oh,
 Don't marry a girl for her beauty."

These saws are wise, these saws are pat, But he went and married the girl for all that; And she very scon aired her claws, the cat! And he grew thin as Finette grew fat— Don't marry a girl for her beauty.

SAVED BY A RING.

He had heard the boat's keel grate on the sand half an hour before, and he knew his ship but waited for him in the harbor below to lift her anchor and away; and when before had he been last on board? Standing in the deep embrasure of a window, a glance without parture?" now and then showed him the two sailors

great, deep, baby-blue eyes, a skin white as milk, a mouth like a ripe cherry, and Virginia felt one minute as if she were hair, not gold nor flax, but just yellow, with not a straight inch in one of its curling threads. Capt. Grayson looked at this pretty creature, and asked himself if it wasn't all a dream that that cherry mouth had kissed him only the night be fore; that the yellow curls had floated tears for his going. She hadn't missed a dance that evening, but never once had the North Pole, that he had breathed more than once, it wasn't to be compared and to spare, he thought, for everybody

ginia Lawton was the veriest flirt in their engagement. 'hristendom ? He couldn't-he wouldn't believe it. Well, the stars were growing pale in the skies, and he must be gone. But he must speak with her first, if he had to interrupt her in the midst of a dance. Did she think he could vow everlasting love to a woman one night and leave her the next for a voyage half round the world without a word?

Fortune favored him a little, for just then, for the first time since he had entered the ball-room, Virginia stood a little apart and alone between the dances. Capt. Grayson crossed the room, and said, almost imperatively, "Come out into the garden a minute, Genie. I mustbe gone in five minutes.

nor my dress good, I fancy. Since you

are going, good-by!"
And, quick as a flash, she slipped a ring from her finger; and as she gave him her hand, as if in farewell, she left the ring—the ring that had been the token of betrothal—in his hand as she

withdrew her own.

Then the music began again. Somebody came up, and claimed Virginia for the dance, and Capt. Grayson found himself out in the garden about a moment afterward, without the slightest recolarity with the slightest recolarity with the slightest recolarity with the slightest recolari lection of coming thither. The ring was still in his hand. Should he cast it away! Somehow he could hardly do it. She had worn it on her little white hand, and he

the ring.

Basil French laid his hand on his

friend's shoulder.
"I didn't think you were so hard hit, Charley. She has served you better than most," he added, a little grimly. "I think her jewel-box must be quite well

At that, the ring sped out of Capt.

At that, the ring sped out of Capt.
Grayson's hand with emphasis.
"Good-by, Basil," he said. "My men down at the boat have waited long enough for this fool's play!"
Basil French remained a while longer in the garden after Grayson's departure, pacing up and down the walks with a could step and smiling open in a while as quick step, and smiling once in a while as the moonlight falling full on his face, scarcely showed a pleasant smile. Once he stooped, and picked up something, and put it in his pocket.

"Who knows but it may save me buying creat he said in a low undertone.

"Two engagement rings exactly alike would be a romantic coincidence, and all women love romance—pretty fools!"

"You've had a merry night of it, haven't you, child?" said Mr. Lawton, as haven't you, child?" said Mr. Lawton, as the carriage whirled them homewards at last, just as the gray dawn was peeping over the hills. "I was such an old fool, seeing you so gay, that I couldn't bear to take you away, and here's daylight close at our heels. Come, your old father is at our heels. Come, your old father is at our heels. Come, your old father is at our heels. Charles to himself. "Why, it seemed

Grayson had told her that he should not be able to come early to the ball—he was so busy getting ready to sail; but come he certainly would, to dance at least one dance with the "sweetest lass in all the round world," to whisper some in all the round world," to whisper some in all the round world," to whisper some in all the round world, to whisper some in all the round world, but the should it turned to ashes.

"What stuff a man like that will write fair crimson as she said, "Father, you fair crimson as she said, "Father, you cannot despise Captain Grayson more cannot despise Captain Grayson more cannot despise Captain Grayson may tell Basil French if you like, that if he still cares for such regards as I can give him, he is at liberty to tell me so."

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved in the crimson as she said, "Father, you wrote? And in an agony of pride and remove, the night went by.

Two more congenial friends, you would have thought, were seldom met together than Basil French and Charley Grayson, as they sat together in a snug of the case and precision with which it grayson, as they sat together in a snug of the ease and precision with which it for such removes, the night went of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of more than study of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of the influence of age upon suicide is a study of more than study of the in in all the round world," to whisper something besides "good-by" in "the ear that no sea-shell of any shore he ever that no sea-shell of any shore he ever that any more letters for Miss Law-

trod matched." Perhaps some memory of words like these haunted her brain, for her cheeks and wrote, in the middle of a long letter.

owed his life to her gallant lover?

He was a handsome, frank, openhearted-looking fellow, you would have ished, she broke into one of her musical said. His forehead was broad and laughs—you know how sweet her

white, with brown hair waving back from laugh is, sometimes. 'Dear me,' it, his nose straight and shapely, and his she said, 'what an absurdly in earnest mouth smiling. If there was any fault to be found with his face, it was with his eyes. Perhaps it was their being so very light that made them seem cold. At any count of the myster of the mile of the myster of the mile of the myster of the mile of the myster of the my good-tempered, Basil French was a uni- speaking lightly of what I'm afraid is versal favorite.

said French. "I'm as much in the was. Forget her, old boy; she isn't dumps about Charley Grayson's going as worth a thought."

if I were Laura Rice herself."

It can't be denied that a little sudden ter. It can't be denied that a little sudden ter. "If she should become my wife, pallor came over Virginia's cheek at these words, and a strange feeling of that of women, and married them afterconstriction seemed around her heart. wards; and so I should tell Captain But she answered lightly, "And who is Grayson, and, of course, there would Laura Rice?' and why should she be never be any explanation between them. disconsolate about Capt. Grayson's de- If I don't marry her, it's likely he'll

mow and then showed him the two sailors walking impatiently up and down the beach; but still he lingered, watching a little figure that danced as lightly as if Capt. Charley Grayson were no more to her than any other sailor that came and went from Rockport.

The least bit of a figure it was, with great doep haby-blue eves a skin white

ice, and the next fire. Basil French that she was less gay—rather that she "No, no," she said; "but where did you get that ring?" suredly, and she knew very well that if uneasy unless her life were a whirl of "I ordered it from Emmanuel's, in suredly, and she knew very well that if Charley Grayson had a friend in whom he confided it was Basil French. But thing in her—the old, childish way she had of being pleased at nothing; and She looked keenly at him; but his eyes fore; that the yellow curls had floated to him, for French's manner hadn't a over his aboulder while the baby-blue shade of meaning in it. She couldn't eyes had looked up in his dark ones, with think he lied; for even if he had the disposition, which had never been attributed to him, where was the motive? Then danced with him; and as for the air at came little memories that stung like scorpion bites. How often Charley Grayson rode over to Eltington, a town with the atmosphere that surrounded her for him, though there were smiles enough, went. Laura Rice! Yes, she had heard of a young lady by that name there, said What did it all mean? Was it true to be very beautiful. How willing Gray-what Basil French said of her, that Virson was not to speak to her father of

> "His first, his only love," he had called her. "A love in every port," had said Basil French.

'What does a woman know of men? she thought, bitterly; and then Virginia Lawton, flery and impulsive, made up her mind that her name at least should be off this gay gallant's list. And all the while these thoughts rankled in her heart she danced and smiled as if she hadn't a care in the world. Capt. Grayson was late, very late-

"quite a ride to Eltington," thought Genie, scornfully—but when he did come "Indeed, Grayson," she answered, coldly, "the dew would do neither me just the least toss of a word and her card

was full to the very last dance.

This was a bold game Basil French was playing, but he had planned it well.

Virginia Lawton was high-spirited, he knew-it would not take much to rouse her; and at this late moment Grayson would have hardly time for inquiry or explanation; and as for letters hereafter, never seemed much more than politely

indifferent.

worn it on her little white hand, and he was one that was slow at unloving. And as he held it, feeling more bewildered than angry yet, Basil French, his old friend, came up the gravel walk.

"You here, Charley?" he said. "Why, I thought you out of sight of land by this time. What's up, old fellow?"

"Everything," said Grayson, impulsively, opening his hand, and disclosing the ring. gratitude gracefully, to say the least; and, indeed, so long as Grayson did not stand in his way in the slightest, he doubtless liked him as well as he could anybody.

She trembled like a lear, for she knew up her mind that there was no such thing for her as loving any managain. She might have many friends, but hers was a nature that admitted of but one love.

But one evening there came a sad blow the door, and said that her father was anybody.

to the shore. He had never loved a woman before, never had even a passing fancy; and he had disclosed all the passion of his heart to add to the triumphs of this jilting girl. He wondered if many women were such adepts in simulating love.

There was a rough sea running for a day or two after Capt. Grayson sailed.

To the shore. He had never loved a woman before, never had even a passing ful, and tender, and kind—so good to Genie! She could never forget it, she thought.

When Mr. Lawton rallied somewhat from his illness, he appeared much broken and shattered, and a little childish. He manifested a great affection for Basil, and was very anxious about Genie, being constantly tormented by the sail once, for her father didn't like waiting for anything now.

The ship news was always the first thing that Mr. Lawton desired read; and here again fate thrust memory before her as she read, "Arrived—Bristol—ship Ariel, Grayson."

Well, she read on, parliamentary and general news, anything, everything being constantly tormented by the sail once, for her father didn't like waiting for anything now.

The ship news was always the first thing that Mr. Lawton desired read; and here again fate thrust memory before her as she read, "Arrived—Bristol—ship anything of the sail once, for her father didn't like waiting for anything now.

Well, she read on, parliamentary and general news, anything, everything it all might have.

day or two after Capt. Grayson sailed, but he was more tossed about in mind

that in body.

As the first heat of Grayson's anger subsided, the face of Genie Lawton, so innocent in its childlike loveliness, seemed ever before him. What if there were some mistake—some misunder-standing? If he only had the chance to ask an explanation! But Basil had said he was only one of her numerous vic-tims. He never thought of doubting Basil's word—why should he? But per-

seeing you say, that I couldn't bear of the seed of th

ton. He drew his writing-desk toward him, rather a serious matter with you. I "Do try to console me, Miss Lawton," thought it best to tell it to you just as it "There," said Basil, sealing the let-

her tears, Genie laughed, and said she and strove to forget?

"fancied she cried because she was too But she must, she thought, wearily,

happy—people did, sometimes."
Perhaps that was the reason si like guns of distress, on the beach. ugly ghost that refused to be laid, but rose and walked before her if ever she had a thought that she might have been look at it and speak naturally.

The moment Basil French had given Virginia Lawton the ring, he repented it, hasty. Laura Rice might have been a and inwardly cursed himself

early, and everybody in Rockport knew "Hang it!" said Basil; "who knows that Genie dearly loved her father, whose if I don't go where he is, but he'll be vening fence while Mr. Lawton was inspecting the flower-beds, his favorite oc-

upation. When Mr. Lawton began to suspect that Genie might be the magnet that drew Basil so often to his nouse, the idea was not unpleasing to him. To be sure he had once thought that Captain Grayson and Genie were going to make Grayson and Genie were going to make the had been mistaken.

Then a sense of the strangeness of the strangeness of the strangeness of the strangeness of the strangeness. that drew Basil so often to his house, the He was getting old; and if he should die, Genie would be left alone in the world. Basil's father had left him a handsome Charley Grayson's, nor a baser, more treacherous one than that of Basil French. How two such could be friends for years, without the true distribution of the greater portion in Paris, but Mr. Lawton didn't know that); and, in fact, Mr. Lawton didn't know of anybody he would scoper truet Great Research property (of which Basil had squandered

As for poor Capt. Grayson himself, on the particular evening when our story opens, anger and mortified pride swallowed up every other feeling within him as he turned his steps from the garden to the shore. He had never loved a woman before, never had even a passing fancy; and he had never a passing fancy and he had never a passing fancy; and he had never a passing fancy and he had never a pa

she would die sooner than live with the possibility existing of ever listening again to such words as those her father

loved him—indeed, she had honestly thoug told him that she had consented to marry him for her father's sake—but he didn't know whether it wasn't almost as steel.

rate, the smile of his lip never crept terious dispensations of Providence, I Why is it that so often a criminal, up to them. Of easy address, notably think. But forgive me, Charley, for after having laid some admirably and that he must furnish an engagement fingers." fingers."
ring; and then he remembered his little speech to himself in the garden. He unlocked a box, and took the ring Grayson, "for I believe you are a treachfrom it.

"It must have cost a pretty sum said. "I cannot afford such a one in the present reduced state of my funds." isconsolate about Capt. Grayson's dearture!"

If I don't marry her, it's likely he'll he examined it carefully. There was no mark by which it could be identified, posed of, I think it is about time to be and Basil French decided to give Genie Lawton the ring Capt. Grayson had

given her.

When he presented it to Genie, a sudden pallor came over her face.
"Where did you get that ring?" she

"Are you faint, Genie?" said Basil, was really anything the matter with her, or was it all his imagination? It wasn't that she was less gay—rather that she "No, no," she said; "but where did

had of being pleased at nothing; and once or twice she had burst into sudden tears when he had stroked her She looked keenly at him; but his eyes unflinchingly met her own, and there was upon his face only a puzzled, anxious hair, and called her his "yellow-haired expression. It must be only a cruel colassie"—the very name Grayson had incidence, the similarity of the two rings; called her more than once. But when but how could she wear it, to be a con-her father asked anxiously the cause of stant reminder of that which she prayed

for least of all could she bear any ques Perhaps that was the reason she cried sometimes in the night, when the wind raved and tore, and the big waves tumbled in the harbor and broke, booming are not quite well to-night, I think, bled in the harbor and broke, booming are reasons to reason the touched ever so unwittingly upon this subject so painful to her heart. "I am not quite well to-night, I think, bled in the harbor and broke, booming him to place the ring upon it. "I fancied Why couldn't she forget him—him who that I had seen a ring like this before. had his love in every port? That was the It is very beautiful," forcing herself to

mistake; but, of course, Basil French for doing it. He went home uneasy and knew his friend's character. Then Genie would vow to herself, as she had a hundred times before, never to think of Charles Grayson again.

To doing it. He went none theasy and taking up the evening paper, the first thing his eyes fell upon was not at all calculated to dispel these feelings. It was the ship list, headed by Charles Grayson again.

Charles Grayson again.

There were only these two—Genie and the arrival, at Bristol, of the Ariel, Capt. her father—for Mrs. Lawton had died

Grayson.

("Hang it!" said Basil: "who knows "Hang it!" said Basil; "who knows

heart was bound up in her. Basil thought coming here, and that won't do just now. Genie, scornfully—but when he did come Genie never gave so much as a look his way, and when he did come up to her, just the least toss of a word and her card was full to the very last dance.

This was a bold game Basil French he's on shore this time."

When Genie Lawton escaped to her

own room, after her trying interview with Basil, she tore the ring from her finger and threw it upon her table. It seemed to burn her hand like a flame.

"Will nothing allow me to forget that man?" she said. "I will hide it, lose

two rings being so alike struck her, and she took up the ring, and examined it closely. It was a perfect fac simile, she thought. She opened a drawer to put it in a box. A small microscope, a favorite toy of hers, caught her eye in the drawer. She remembered that she had looked at the first ring through this, for years, without the true discerning the false, is hard to explain.

Some three years before, Grayson had rescued French from drowning, he having been seized with cramp while bathing been seized with cramp while bathing been seized with cramp who simulated the false of the fa

> waiting for her to read the evening paper to him. She had no time to think or wonder now. She must go down at once, for her father didn't like waiting

ish. He manifested a great affection for Basil, and was very anxious about Genie, being constantly tormented by a fear of dying, and leaving her alone. "What will she do when I am gone, Basil?" he said, one day—"my poor lamb, all alone in the world; and her laws fortune will be world; and a fittle emild general news, anything, everything; but it all might have been so much Greek or Hebrew, so far as the words conveyed any sense to her; for, though her mind was not left free enough to conjecture in the world; and a fittle emild.

ey would from the few words of the letter, read yle. He convicted treachery and deceit written in thought his friend. He strode to be but he with fingers that felt like the grip of almost as

well satisfied.

Why is it that so often a criminal, after having laid some admirably and carefully concocted plot and carried it out almost to the end, at the very last does something absurdly rash and foolish? Basil French bethought himself the most function of the carefully concocted plot and carried it out almost to the end, at the very last does something absurdly rash and foolish? Basil French bethought himself the most function of the carefully concocted plot and carried it only managed to say, with rather a poor show of calmness, "Why, I picked it up, to be sure, Charley; you know I never let anything slip through my that he wast functions and the carefully concocted plot and carried it of the carefully concocted

erous villain.' Grayson was fairly trembling with rage, but he controlled himself with a

mighty effort. He opened the door of "Basil French," he said, "if you do not go out of that door in one instant of your own accord, you will by my help. Go!" he said as French hesi-

He looked at him, and went without a word. In the evening of the most wretched day Virginia Lawton ever spent, a knock

at the door was followed by the footman's announcement to his mistress that a gentleman wished to see her. Genie went down listlessly. Probably somebody on business; for Genie's father

dream. Then somebody came up, and and, contrariwise, the lower of the fetaking both her hands, turned her full male is the higher of the male. These down into her face.

"Virginia Lawton," he said, "do you love me?" kisses a moment afterwards in the most

unaccountable manner.

Then it all came out, of course; and as the story of each was told, it would have been quite touching to have heard the soft sigh, "My poor Genie!" "My poor Charley!", if anybody had been

there to hear it.
But "all's well that ends well," and Genie and Captain Grayson soon forgot past sorrow in present joy. As for Basil French, he never troubled his friend Charley Grayson with his presence again, and I think it was quite as well for his dainty body that he didn't, after Grayson

Love and Lucre. Miss Ross is thirty-one years old, and lives in Chicago. Either of these facts is to the bystanders as if he were pulling in trou sufficient in the minds of some evil-disposed persons to debar any wish for further acquaintance. But Miss Ross has not lived long enough in that city of posed persons to debar any wish for further acquaintance. But Miss Ross has not lived long enough in that city of palaces and dens to have her maden purity tainted, and Ninon de l'Enclos was far older than thirty-one when she brought princes to her feet by the spell of her strange beauty. Miss Ross formerly basked in the ripening suns of the Pacific coast. There she met Fancher. Fancher was a man. He was a man of good figure, a good eye, and a good \$300,000. He at once won the young affections of Miss Ross, and the a man of good figure, a good eye, and a good \$300,000. He at once won the young affections of Miss Ross, and the lady had every reason to believe that she had complete sway over the love of Fancher. They decided to bind them selves still more closely together by the holy ties of wedlock. Fancher said lovingly to Ross: "Ross, come feast with me; come to the great city of Chicago, and you shall be my wife, and I shall be your husband forever; and we shall live in a brown-stone, and have shall live in a brown-stone, and have silver, and servanta, and horses, and per-fect happiness." Confiding Ross! She should have known better than to trust a man, especially Fancher, a gay old de-ceiver. They came to Chicago. Fancher refused to marry the too trusty damsel, and she applied balm to her wounded af-fections by instituting a suit for breach of promise. The suit has been in the Chicago courts for months, and finally, after innumerable quips, and quirks, and verdicts, and appeals, and new trials enough to discourage any heart but that of an orphan of thirty-one, a final decision was reached a few days ago, which re-quires Fancher to pay Ross ten thousand dollars. Both parties are to be congrat-ulated—Fancher that he escaped matri-mony so cheaply, Ross that she got what she really deserved, in view of that trip from the Pacific coast to Chicago.—

dying, and leaving her alone. "What was not left free enough to con, while said, one day—"my poor lamb, all alone in the world; and her large fortune will attract all kinds of adventurers!"

"My dear sir," said the saintly Basil, "It is the same."

Before the paper was finished, Basil French came in again.

"I am called to Bristol, suddenly," he said; "and as the train goes early tomorrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly," said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly," said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the old morrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the sainty Basil, said the sainty Basil, said; and as the train goes early tomorrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly, said the sainty Basil, said the sainty Basil, said; and as the train goes early tomorrow, I must say good-by this evening."

Lade so quickly fitting trowsers will be substituted, or a warm material for winter and a lighter material for summer. I suppose we shall not be asked mer. I suppose we shall not be asked mer. I suppose with these?—

Lade so quickly fitting trowsers will be substituted, or a warm material for winter and a lighter material for winter and clasp.

Armed with this "good-speed," Basil sought Genie, and urged his suit with the same quiet tenderness that had marked his manner all along.

But Genie would give him no encour
Genie did not follow him to the door to say farewell, as lovers have a fashion of doing when others are present.

"Good-by," she said, simply, giving him her hand, coldly, he fancied; and, as she did so, he noticed that the ring balcony, one warm summer eve, in a saled a lighter material for summer. I suppose we shall not be asked to wear mushin dresses with these!—

the same quiet tenderness that had marked his manner all along.

But Genie would give him no encour-

room at Grayson's hotel, when a servant entered, with a letter.

Surely Grayson knew that delicate hand. He opened the letter. What was this?

Basil French too saw the ring, and these haunted her brain, for her cheeks were like rose-leaves, and her mouth smiled as if some one were speaking to her as she stood by a widow alone.

It was but for a moment; then some one came up. Of course she had a bright smile for Besil French. Wasn't he Charley's best friend—the man who owed his life to her gallant lover?

And now, Charley, I dare say you've aking to such words as those her lather had spoken of Capt. Grayson.

Now Basil French, too, saw the ring, and, for once, his face played him false. The smile and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking up from the few words of the letter, read the ages of 25 and 55. Previously to the ages of 5 and 10 and words as those her lather had spoken of Capt. Grayson.

Now Basil French, too, saw the ring, and, for once, his face played him false. The smile and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking up from the few words of the letter. What was this?

Basil French, too, saw the ring, and, for once, his face played him false. The smile and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking to physiological, mental, and sociological for once, his face played him false. The smile and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking to physiological, mental, and sociological for once, his face played him false. The swished to hasten the gent and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking to physiological, mental, and special for once, his face played him false. The swished to hasten the gent and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking to physiological, mental, and special for once, his face played him false. The swished to hasten the gent and color both forsook his light and cheek, and Capt. Grayson, looking to physiological, mental, and special for once, his face played him false. The swished to hasten the gent and color both forsook his light and color both forsook his light and color both forsook his light and color both fo 25th year there is a sudden increase from 2 suicides between the ages of 5 and 10 to 136 between 20 and 25. After 55 the

to 136 between 20 and 25. After 55 the tendency to suicides declines, but more gradually than it rose, except to 65, where the number increases from 81 to 83—a rise so slight, however, as to be little worth considering.

There are, therefore, three suicidal periods in life: those of organic and mental growth, of organic and mental completion, and of organic and mental decline. In the first the chart shows 80; in the second 942 and in the third 311 in the second, 942, and in the third, 311. Comparing the periods in round num-bers, it may be said that they are as 1 for childhood and adolescence to 12 for adult life, and to 4 for the years of bodily

and mental decay.

The influence of sex and its attendant circumstances upon suicides at the differ-ent periods of life is shown upon the charts. With females, as among males, there is a sudden and abrupt- rise until the 25th year is reached. This rise is continued to the 35th year, at which the maximum of suicides occur among women. The period from the 25th to the 35th year corresponds to that of the greatest pressure from domestic troubles and responsibilities, and also with the greatest activity of the maternal functions. The line thence descends abruptly to the 45th year, whence it rises to the 50th, the critical period of mature female life, and then goes down, down, until it reaches the level from which it

started. There are, therefore, two culminating points, and while the line on the male was too feeble to bear much, and so any-thing of that kind fell on her.

She opened the door, and, looking in, walked a step or two forward, as if in a nating points is the higher of the female, towards the light, so that he might look charts do not show the relative frequency of suicides among the two sexes. The ratio of suicides to population in the United States is (for the period cov-She trembled, blushed, and ended with a shower of tears, that Captain 100,000 among males, and 3 to 100,000 Grayson found himself wiping away with among females. The only periods at which suicides are nearly equal for both sexes is from 15 to 20 years, during which the number of boy suicides was 34, of girl suicides 32. After this the number of suicides among males is much greater than among females.

Painful Walking for a Wager.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican thinks that if there is one occupation more wickedly foolish than another, it is that of the professional walker, as shown on the stage of Goodrich Hall, in Pitts-field, last week. Waters, it says, literal-ly dragged out his apparently useless exup a hundred pounds with each effort.

During the day, Saturday, he frequently The difference between an ice ho came upon them he declared was worse than the most violent toothache. If the most desperate criminal in our prisons were obliged to perform this feat as a punishment it would stir the sympathies of every heart in the land, and it is a ment. This would load eighteen ships question whether a man ought be al lowed to do it voluntarily. If it is true, as Waters said, that he was walking on a wager of \$500 with a private citizen of Pittsfield, then the private citizen of Pittsfield is out of pocket, for the young man braved it out and finished his 100 hours Saturday night at 11 o'clock, hav-ing been steadily on foot since Tuesday evening at 7, amid the cheers of the crowd gathered in the hall to witness the close of the performance. As soon as he had finished he was treated in the usual way; finished he was treated in the usual way; being taken to his room, he was thoroughly rubbed and put to bed near a hot fire. After sleeping fifteen minutes, he was awakened by main force, rubbed again, and allowed to sleep half an hour. The process was continued, giving him a quarter of an hour more sleep each time until all danger was passed. He had not sleep a minute during the previous four days and nights. days and nights.

Enterprising Journalism. The London Echo of Jan. 9 has the

The London Echo of Jan. 9 has the following: "In old times, when etiquette ruled all things, the rule was that no one should speak to the King until the King had first addressed him. But this is quite changed now, and before a King is well seated upon his throne, and almost before he is a King, an 'interviewer' pounces with him and gross warmings. had first addressed him. But this is well seated upon his throne, and almost before he is a King, an 'interviewer' pounces upon him, and cross-examines him as if he were a doubtful witness in a court of justice. The new King of Spain's crown, though ordered, has not as yet, we believe, been sent home by the maker, before an emissary of the New York Herald called at the Hotel Basilewsky and said to the porter, 'King Alfonso at home?' 'Well, sir,' said the porter, 'he is at home, but—'Justin be afraid,' A few minutes afterward in comes the King, trying to look as old as he can. 'Please to answer a few questions, and be good enough to speak alowly, as I've got to take down the asswers,' says the emissary of the New York Herald. 'Now, then, are you prepared to negotiate in respect to Gibralia at?' 'Yes,' replies the King, not quite understanding the question, but thinking that his interlocutor expects 'yes.' Good. Would you like to settle the Caban difficulty? 'Of course I would, says the King,' but it isn't so easy,' says the interviewer, encouragingly the sort of thing that Kings seem glato the strength of that.' This is nearly the sort of thing that Kings seem glato put up with nowadays."

I saw Gen. Fremost.

All Sorts

GLADSTONE is 65. YALE has turned out 200 Congress

APOLLO CONHLING is said to be grow

ing homely. EUGENIE is wasting away with con sumption.

An Indiana badger whistles "Home Sweet Home."

CLANDLES went to the Senate from Michigan in '57.

SENATOR JONES is forty-four; his new

In Detroit several women have applied; for positions as street-car conductors. BILLIARD tables have been introduced

into the gymnasium at Princeton College. ATLANTA, Ga., has two widows, sisters, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen

Mas. Prem, aged CIV. years, and the mother of twenty-three children, died at Essex, Vt., recently.

MARK Tware, they say, has been of-fered the Turkish mission because he is a harem-searem sort of a fellow. In Montana and Idaho, and son

parts of California, they use Schenck's book on "Poker" in administering the oath. 3 J. S. C. Abborr includes Capt. Kidds among his sketches of "The Pioneers of America." The Captain was a lively

"I neven knew what a good thing re-ligion was until I was chased by a bear," remarked a LaCrosse descon the other

Thursday night.

Ar a ball given at St. Albans, Vt.,... last week, by the Brotherhood of Loco-motive Engineers, the sets were formed at the sound of a steam whistle. SAM SINCLAIR, formerly publisher of the New York Tribune, has a \$1,500 position in the New York Custom House.

Real estate speculation did it. An American eagle and Canadian recet er being matched to fight at Hamilton. Ont., the other day, we mourn to say: that the eagle was thrashed in one min-

MRS. ELEABETH ETHERIDGE, the ven-

erable mother of the Hon. Emerson Etheridge, died at Dresden, Tenn., on the 17th of last month, at the advanced age of 102 years. "WHERE is Chicago?" plaintively asks the Rochester Democrat. "Ask theinsurance companies," unfeelingly replies the Brooklyn Argus; "they bury.

their dead there. Sam Ramball's leadership of the op-position during the recent dead-lock in the House brought him to the front as a leader, and he is now prominently named in connection with the next

Speakership. This revenue of the German Empire turned into the imperial exchequer from Jan. 1 to Nov. 30, 1874, was 117,454,-972 thalers a diminution of 1,601,384 thalers for the corresponding period of

ly dragged out his apparently useless existence, during the last two or three days of his 100 hours' walk without rest, lifting his tired and swollen feet with such difficulty and mo leration that it seemed to the bystanders as if he were pulling

An old backelor says: "When I remember all the girls I've met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall exposed to every weather; I feel like one who treads alone some barn-yard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, or all I to market started." DR. HUGH J. GLENN, of Colusa coun-

of 10,000 tons, or 300 canal-boats. WHEN an Indianapolis man had lost \$300 of his employer's money at faro-his spunky wife, pistol in hand, made-the proprietor refund, saved her hus-band's place, and got one for herself in the same establishment, besides being generally and admiringly talked about.

COMMODORS VANDERBILT, they say, goes to church about once a month at least, feels partly like a father and partly like a son to his friend Dr. Deems, cher-ishes the deepest respect for true relig-ion and true Christians, and has a sort of

Mrs. Lover, of Springfield, Mass., has forced her husband and three grown up sons to take board at a neighbor's, as she finds it impossible to spare time for housework while the Tilton-Beecher trial is going on. She is a slow reader, and THE widows of fifty-four Generals draw-pensions from the United States govern-

pensions from the United States govern-ment. It is stated that when the pensions paid to the widows of Brigadier Generals, \$50 a month, was offered to the widow of General Meade, she emphatically declined to receive it because it was less than that paid to Mrs. President Lincoln.