

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Florence Bevere Pendar in N. Y. Mercury. It was at one of New England's pretty towns that Nina Walters first joined our show...

had persuaded Louis to take the leap instead of herself. Only for that I should have been branded as a murderer.

Crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. Pearce, the builder of the Alaska, the Oregon and other fast steamers, has proclaimed his belief that the voyage across the Atlantic will ere long be accomplished in six days.

Dismantling the Guns.

Springfield Republican: About 120 old-style muzzle-loading 58 caliber Springfield rifles are now dismantled at the armory daily, and such parts as fit the new breech-loading model are reused.

Lord and Lady Exmouth.

Long Branch Letter. One of the most plainly dressed women in the room was Lady Exmouth. She wore a black lace dress over a canary-colored silk, cut very décolleté, and exposing a beautiful neck and sloping shoulders.

Eloquent.

There are those who are blind to the eloquence of a gesture or to the pathos of a look. They see the armless sleeve, but unless the poor soldier appeals to them with words, they do not feel the charity that beareth another's burden.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds, And rarer of the bad ones, And sing about our happy days, And none about the sad ones.

A QUEER STORY.

From the London Truth.

Mr. Adderley Benyon Byng was nearly if not quite, the richest commoner in England. He was about 35 years of age, tall and slight, with a pale interesting face and a faded yellow mustache.

He liked to talk to women about pictures, about poetry, love, transcendental philosophy and matters generally mystical and ethereal. He found them so much more tolerant than men, and so much less apt to detect his utter and ghastly ignorance of nearly every subject upon which he conversed.

"Why the deuce don't you marry, Adderley?" remarked Captain Tom Carbury one day.

Tom Carbury was Byng's man-of-all-work and devoted adherent. He had lived upon him for some years, and it was only when his eccentricity and vanity became utterly wearisome to the practical henchman that he hinted at matrimony.

"My dear Tom," answered the transcendentalist, "where can I find a woman with a kindred spirit; with a soul above the common things of earth; one who can really sympathize with my own idiosyncrasy?"

"Blessed if I know," answered the Captain, "I'm puzzled by his patron's words; but, if I were in your shoes, I should get rather sick of being hunted about by all the old dowagers of London and ogled by every girl who comes out. I should marry one of them just to spite the rest."

"I certainly cannot marry them all," mused Byng, languidly. "Well, Carbury, I'll think about it."

The Captain also determined to think it over, as stated, he was getting a little tired of his position. He was a thick-set, bull-necked man two or three and forty, very fond of good living, and devoted to London and Paris.

"What a deuced pretty girl your daughter is!" said the Captain one evening to that young lady's father, as they sat in the smoking-room of the Lawn Club.

"Think so?" inquired the other, who knew that Carbury was not likely to make such a remark out of pure good nature.

do happen all the same. I should be very glad myself to see Byng married to a nice girl," he added, significantly; "it would do him a lot of good."

Laxington drew his chair closer to Carbury, and the two became engaged in a conversation apparently of the most absorbing nature. After half an hour or so, Carbury arose to go.

"I suppose I must agree," remarked Laxington; "but you are a terrible fellow to deal with."

"All right," answered the other; "half when she's engaged and the other on the wedding-day. Man alive it will be the making of you!"

A couple of days later Captain Carbury contrived that Miss Laxington, chaperoned by her aunt, Lady Carraway, should be introduced to the philosophical Byng at a house in Grosvenor Square.

"You might do worse than marry that Laxington girl," remarked the Captain to his patron the next morning; "young and lovely, and all that; got no inconvenient brothers; and you wouldn't be plagued with a mother-in-law. Not much money, but that doesn't matter to you."

"She seems a nice girl," said Byng, in his usual languid manner; "But how about the father?"

"Oh, Laxington's all right; gambles and races a bit, but he always settles, and has never been caught cheating. What more can you expect nowadays?"

Byng was obviously impressed by the probity of his father-in-law in posse. "I'll call on Lady Carraway," he answered; and the subject dropped.

Byng duly visited her Ladyship, who was naturally delighted to see him, and he made himself exceedingly agreeable to the fair Constance. The young lady heightened the favorable impression she had already made on him, for, although inexperienced, she was a clever girl, and very soon discovered the pet weakness of her admirer.

"By the way, old man," began Carbury, as a plan of action occurred to him, "I want to ask you a favor."

"What the deuce do you mean? Didn't you promise me a thousand on the day your daughter got engaged to Byng?"

ly came to the conclusion that he had made a fool of himself over night, for he called on the Captain and explained to him that he did not mean what he said.

"That day Mr. Byng and his factum lunched together, alone, and the latter turned his conversation upon Miss Constance.

"Have you settled matters in that quarter yet?" he inquired.

"Not yet," said his patron, dreamily; "but I am thinking of taking the plunge."

"What are you waiting for? Charming girl—no nonsense about her; likes good food, too—saw her eat three platefuls of lobster salad on the Cup day."

"The season wore on, but Miss Laxington's engagement was not announced. People began to think that it would not come off after all.

The day came. Lady Carraway and her charge had been instructed to be on the ground in good time for lunch, so they made their appearance shortly after 1 o'clock.

A footman was accordingly dispatched for him, and in a few minutes he clambered up to a seat next to Miss Constance. He was somewhat preoccupied and silent, but this was easily accounted for by the absorbing interest which he evinced in the fortunes of the game.

"Please forgive me if I leave you," said her host to Miss Laxington; "I shall be back after the interval, and, in the meantime, Captain Carbury will, I am sure, look after your wants."

Miss Laxington graciously assented, and the air was soon filled with the clatter of plates and the popping of champagne corks. Throughout the progress of the orgie Carbury kept his eye upon the proceedings of the butler.

"What are you up to?" he asked. Carbury was momentarily confused, but he answered with dignity.

"I'm making a hinventory, sir."

together too lovely! Here, I'll keep it for a bit. Won't he open his eyes when he sees it!"

Byng did not reappear until very shortly before stumps were drawn for the day, and he made a lame excuse for his long absence. Carbury, as it happened, did not see him again till late in the evening, when he found him in a state of great mental perturbation, poring over a small sheet of paper, on which certain hieroglyphics were scrawled in pencil.

"What's the matter?" cried the Captain; "you look awfully bad."

"My hopes are shattered," said Byng, in a dismal voice; "my fondest illusions have been rudely dissipated; the dream is over."

"What are you talking about?" "Look at this," answered the philosopher in his most tragical tones, Carbury took the paper and read:

Two platefuls mayonnaise, 2 ditto Perigord pic, 1 ditto lobster salad, 2 quails in aspic, 3 meringues glazed, 6 glasses champagne, 3 helpings strawberries and cream, 2 ices, 1 glass of liquor brandy.

"Well, what is it? It reads like a menu." "It is the disgusting record of the guzzling propensities of Miss Laxington. I ordered Corker to keep count, for after what you saw at Ascot I suspected her of materialism—even of sensuality—and my worst fears are confirmed!"

"And you mean to say you won't marry her because she likes a good lunch?" "Never would I link my fate to one so wedded to the grossest pleasures! I shall start for Palatine to-morrow morning. You must come, so get ready. Good night!"

The Names of Nations.

These are derived principally from some peculiar cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Caesar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Erin, or the country of the West.

Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called Calenonia, which means a mountainous country—forest and lands.

Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the River Douro called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto or Oporto. And when the country was recovered from the Moors the inhabitants combined the words and called it the Kingdom of Portucale—hence Portugal!

Spain, the ancient Iberia, from the River Iberus or Hispania, from the Phœnician Spania, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country—hence Spain.