Bella, the eldest of her three marriage able daughters, and the dark-eyed beauty of the family, sank back in her seat in elegant resignation, while Marcha. the second child, remained nervously beating the bowl of her spoon upon the delicate China coffee cup.

She was remarkable for nothing but

firtations and a fine figure, and had insisted upon spending the summer at Saratoga, while Bella had plead for a cottage at Long Branch or Cape May. Fannie, the youngest and fairest, the violet-eyed, sunny-haired idol of her father, had talked of the hills and the

cool, green country.

The discussion had waxed warm, and

of Pennsylvania where the foot of city is the resting place of the sulphorous pilgrims never trod, or where tourists king, or, better still, that of his spouse, really pitch my tent." "If I can find a place among the hills ically, pitch my tent."
"Oh! the hills of Pennsylvania!"

gasped Marcha.
"And the horrid farm-houses, with their rag carpets, family groups of photographs and wheezy melodeon," sneered

"To say nothing of their home-talent pictures and butter-crock pottery," sneered Marcha.

"And all the green woods and sweetscented meadows," exclaimed the delighted Fannie, springing up and hugging her papa, who had dropped his eye-glasses and newspaper and was laughing at the discomfited Bella and Marcha. 'You have the best of 'em, eh, kitten, as you always do?" said he.

I wish you would all reserve your comments until I have concluded the programme for the summer," interrupted Mrs. Grovenor. "As I was saying, we will go to the country during June and a portion of July. The re-mainder of the time we will divide between Long Branch and Saratoga. So make your preparations accordingly, and let me hear no more about it," and she arose and left the room.

Consequently, in due time, and to the infinite delight of Fannie, she awoke one her, or the dismal croaking of her sisters, who declared over and over again that they should certainly die in such a wild with confusion of the brain, as they were constantly forgetting that it was possible to assume an upright position in their bedroom save in its center.

For Fannie there was a world of space and a wilderness of bloom out of doors, and only six weeks to explore the whole, and so the dear child of nature was always up with the lark and out in the tangled dew-laden grass.

One morning her mother and sisters came down to find, as usual, that Fannie was out and off, after having broken her fast with Farmer Hobbs and his wife.

"She's gone a-fishing, and wanted me to tell you she wouldn't be back to dinner," returned their landlady to an inquiry of the family.

"It's dreadful, mamma," yawned Bel"I do believe she will be devoured,

or something terrible happen to her.' "she'll be back all right. Has only gone ap the creek, and there hain't no place in it deep enough to drown her, except the Devil's Churn, and that's three mile and better away, and nobody would think dreds of blyth song-birds had vied with of going there, it's so wild and tangled-

"I hope she'll get enough of the country, with its wet grass and snakes and lizards," said Marcha, helping herself to lizards," said Marcha, helping herself to a liberal portion of the fresh, golden yet clearer swelled the notes until the butter,

"Never!" asserted Mrs. Hobbs, coming out upon the broad veranda where they usually breakfasted, with an armful of bright milk-pans, which she placed in a row by the bee-hives in the sun. "Never! She is one of them as is natural-born artists, and she can't no more live without nature than a humming-bird without posies.'

Meanwhile Fannie, clad in a pretty, dark flannel suit, neatly braided in a paler cotor, a jaunty sailor hat, stout shoes, an alpenstock, which by an ingenious device could be turned into a fishing-rod, a little tourist's basket containing lunch and tackle, and fastened by a strap across her shoulders, had passed the garden paths, up the lane and over the fields into the woods, until she came to a little brook that went dancing over its pebbly channel and by moss-fringed and fern-edged banks, now glancing and singing through sunny glades or whispering and sighing beneath thickly matted foliage and dark shades.

Flushed with exercise, the young girl paused to now and then make little stores of treasures, to be taken up on her return. There were leaves, trailing vines, feathery mosses, a branch of the shelllike blooming laurel, with a bunch of delicate ferns; and she had whispered to

"I suppose I shall have an awful time to get there, but I mean to explore those tangled depths Mr. Hobbs was telling about, wherein lies that wonderful pool called by the expressive name of 'Devil's

Churn. After lunching in a grapevine arbor and trying her little white hands at fishing, she gathered up her possessions and entered the wildest and darkest part of the glen, and began a climbing ascent over brambles and huge boulders and through interlaced branches that at times almost defied her strength. But she scrambled on into damp, gloomy labyrinths, where rarely a ray of sunlight penetrated even at noon. Presently the brook grew more and more turbulent, the gloom more and more impenetrable, the way more and more difficult, and, but for the dash and song of a waterfall that proclaimed itself near, Fannie would

have turned back. But with a last effort she forced her way through a perfect portcullis of green, and with an exclamation half of fear and half of delight, paused, panting and breathless, upon the brink of a circular pool of deep green water, which seemed to be the heart out of which glided the little stream which had guided her thither.

Into this pool from a rocky height fell a waterfall of foaming whiteness, like the veil of a bride, broken into little to gain safety we must go through this threads or ribbons here and there by jut-sliding sheet of water. You must lock

ting rocks. Almost inadvertently Fannie started back with an exclamation of dread as she glanced down into the pit of fathomless waters. Then as she stood regarding the scene it grew upon her in beauty and grandeur until she clapped her hands with great delight and whis pered:

"Oh! was there anything so lovely and yet so terrible?"

Up the rocky sides of the precipice, curved as a bowl, over which came the waterfall, grew mosses and trailing vines, gnarled knotted, and winding in and out of the broken ledges in fantastic twistings and turnings. Low down at the brinks of the pool ran a narrow pathway, formed by a slight, shelly projection of the rock and terminating in an out-jut-ting platform, upon which the parasite creepers had fastened their roots and by a freak of nature fashioned themselves would have doubtless become torrid but into a rude chair, and which Mr. Hobbs for the timely decision of madame, who had described as that of his satanic maj-

"And so," she whispered in awe, "this

Then she fell to wondering if she would dare traverse the little shelf and seat herself in the inviting resting place. The suggestion nerved her to try and to do so, and with the help of deliverer attempting to restore her to are you?" "Hurrah for "76!" her alpenstock, and clinging to the roots and tendrils of the vines, she slowly ac-complished her desire and sat upon the curious rustic chair. Looking down into the green water over which she was literally suspended, awe-stricken, and then glancing upward she saw the sunlight dancing amid the thick foliage far above and wondered if even a chance ray ever penetrated these depths.

As these thoughts flitted through her mind a single arrow-like beam of golden light shot downward to her feet and gleamed in the water beneath as a dazzling ruby in an emerald setting. With one hand clinging to her stout staff and one white arm linked into the vine, she sat and rested until chilled and dampened by the spray of the vaters. Then she determined to retreat from the dangerous position and return home. But upon regaining her feet, still clinging to her support, a low rumbling, cracking sound broke upon her ear, mingling with that of the leaping waters, and the next instant the entire ledge gave way lovely crystalline morning in June in a and the affrighted girl found herself susquaint old farm-house. The sloping pended above that awful gulf without a roof of her chamber mattered nothing to foothold, save the smallest possible

Involuntarily she shrieked for aid; but the noise of the rushing, foaming waters drowned her voice as completely as if her white lips had remained closed and mute.

Thoughts of loved ones, the shelter and safety of home, and the fearful death that awaited her-perhaps that when she could hold on no longer and ones would never have an answer to the question as to the mystery of her fate. forced themselves upon her.

Like a torrent the flood-gates of her tears broke forth and so exhausted her that she came near falling, but nerving herself she clung to her sweet young life as long as she could. Her sobbing ceased, and with uplifted gaze toward the calm, blue strip of summer sky, she breathed a prayer for help or strength to "Never fear, miss," replied Mrs. Hobbs; | die, if such was the will of the Creator. Then as if inspired by faith she sang a leaping, dancing waterfall, though huneach other in anthems of praise to the Divine Architect of the grand old rocks

and hills. Softly rose the trembling voice filled very air vibrated with the rhythm of vocal

"Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helples soul on Thee,"

and the full lips and pure young face grew transcendently beautiful with its conceptions of the Almighty and His love and tender care of all His creatures. Then, even as voice and clinging limbs were losing all their strength

something came falling down from above with the boiling foam and arifted out with the black waters of the pool. Venturing one downward glance she saw a hat of rough straw floating upon the water, and glancing swiftly upward with terror and joy caught a glimpse of a man slowly climbing down the face of the terrible cliff, clinging, slipping, trusting to strong hands, heroically coming to her rescue or to share death with her. But everything swam before her eyes, and as the blackness of night settled down upon her, her head fell forward upon the cold, wet rock to which she was clinging, and in an instant more she would have fainted and fallen.

"Hold on!" shouted a voice, "just

moment." With a great effort she raised herself from the swoon that was death and waited with closed eyes until she felt a hand grasping her own and heard a voice

shouting: "Now let go. Trust entirely to me. I must draw you up to where I have a foot-

hold." Slowly, and with difficulty, Fannie extricated her slender, bruised white arm from the coil of the vine and felt herself elevated until her feet rested upon a little projection by the side of him who was venturing his life for hers. "You should not have come, sir," fal-

tered Fannie, glancing up into a pair of dark eyes. "It was better I should die alone than that you should also perish, for we can never-

whispered the stranger "Hush!" Only be calm and do as I bid you. Here, he continued, stooping a little, while still clinging to the face of the rock, "place your foot in my hand and then reach up to yonder sapling, and, with my assistance, pull yourself up. Everything depends upon your coolness and bravery. But for your life do not

look downward.' With closed lips and set teeth Fannie did as she was bidden, and presently stood in a position where she could find support, and waited with closed lips and misty eyes until the gentleman had placed himself by her side.

your arms about my neck and trust yourself entirely to me. I think we shall be waved the flag, inspiring them on a successful, but in any event you must march that involved some of the most resign your fate into my hands and keep

yourself cool and calm." "I will try. But it is terrible. I mean the thought that I am periling another buman life by my insane rashness," 1eturned Fannie, with tears flooding her

blue eyes. "You must not think at all now Nerve yourself, for it is growing late, and life, and all it means, is awaiting us on yonder summit."

"Yes, but what a death below." she gasped.
"But I shall make a desperate struggle

for the former. Are you ready? As he spoke he wound his left arm about her slender waist, and instantly Fannie twined hers about his neck as if he were a brother, and a moment later she felt the dash of water in her face and over her form. Fighting inch by inch, in the water, out of it, clinging to the swaying loops of vines, they suddenly passed into a broad belt of sunlightwere ushered, as it were, headlong into

When Fannie recovered from the al most deathly swoon into which she had fallen, the instant she comprehended and when they had talked over how she attracted by the sweetness of the voice and came to her rescue. He continued:

"Born and matured in the neighborhood, I know every foot of the ground, and in boyhood often made the descent

and ascent." When Fannie had fully recovered she learned more of the history of her rescuer ence Cameron, that he was home from college upon a summer vacation, and that a large white mansion, to be seen they entered, even in her wretched con-

dition. That night, after a moonlight ride with house in great commotion, and when all her adventures and perils had been recounted again and again, Bella and Marcha tormented her with questions about the gallant knight whom fate had

sent to her rescue. she had fallen into that inky pool, nothing would be left to tell that there she had found a grave, and searching splendid strawberries and real cream! help it, he would have it. I didn't to give it, but he was a gentleman,' she had found a grave, and searching splendid strawberries and real cream! drying and repairing process.'

"Was there ever such a madcap?" exclaimed Bella. "It is shocking! I am certain I shall

not sleep a wink all night," groaned

Clarence Cameron must have deemed her.

On the contrary, that young gentleman could not sleep for thinking of the little maid he had fished out of the "Devil's Churn." Over and over again declared to himself that she was the loveliest, most heroic little thing he had ever met -in short, had fallen madly in love with the girl, and when, at last nature asserted itself and he slept in the wee sma' hours he dreamed of the tender white arms that twined themselves so closely around his neck, of the soft, yielding form he was forced to clasp to his heart in that awful struggle for life.

"She is so young," exclaimed Bella, one day, when talking of the matter, "that if I were you, mamma, I would forbid Fannie's tramping all over the country with that Clarence Cameron."

"He is a splendid catch," was answered, "and, while I wish it might have been one of my elder daughters, yet I am very much pleased that Fan has drawn such a prize.

caught a whaley they tell me? I shall have to look into the matter," he laughed, as his favorite ran out of the room, with her face like a garden of roses, and ran right into the arms of a young gentleman who was coming up the walk in the shadows of evening.

"By the way," continued the old man to Bella and Marcha, "what kind of a vine was it that saved the dear child?"

"A grapevine, papa."
"Ha! And it bore sweet fruit for her went out laughing at their indignant

The next morning Mr. Grovenor and young Cameron made a pilgrimage to the 'Devil's Churn," and when the former which his child had been and the heroism with water and sodium silicate. turned suddenly away from the black, ing with tears, said:

'Heaven bless you, my boy. How can I ever thank you as I ought?" "By giving Fannie to me, sir!" was

promptly answered. "You saved her life, and it shall be yours," responded the old man, and together they returned homeward.

That evening Clarence Cameron had moonlight among the flowers, and the promise given was sealed by a kiss and period with the snowy veil and orange blossoms that usher in wifehood.

A Saratoga correspondent says placed himself by her side.

American loaier was never matched for Again his strong arm held her until they had rested, and then he said:

The correspondent is mourning observed on that occasion as mourning observed on that occasion as mourning observed as the death of the Czar.

The correspondent is mourning observed on that occasion as mourning observed as the death of the Czar.

They take the Chicago papers down bless it!—[Cruise of the Corwin.]

Barbara Fritchie's True Story.

It was to her own troops that Barbara intense suffering of the war. The days were oppressive, the roads sunny and dust, and any moment might bring the contending forces face to face. It was the day before the South Mountain battle. South Mountain lies twelve miles west of Frederick, and to this point General Reno, under Burnside, was pressing when he passed Dame

Barbara's door. "They were passing all day," Mrs. H. went on to say, "but in the morning I said to my daughter, 'Julia, there are so many soldiers around, go over and bring aunt across the bridge; she is alone, and perhaps may feel afraid.

"And did you bring her back?" said I. "Oh, no," laughed Aunt Julia, "Aunt Fritchie was standing at the window, nodding and smiling at the troops, who were gathered all about her, and when I came she said, 'Child, hand me my flag; you'll find it in my Bible!"

In between the pages that Barbara read daily the "silken scarf" was folded; a little flag of twisted silk, not two feet long. It was not on a staff, so Barbara waved it like a handkerchief. The throng increased, the men would not move on: safety was found, she was lying above but, breaking ranks, were crowding the waterfall upon a dry mound, and her around her with, "Why, mother, how consciousness by dashing cool water in shake hands, grandmother," etc. At her face. She sat up, sobbed her thanks, this moment General Reno came up at the head of his brigade; the picture met came suspended over the "Devil's his eye; the crowded artillery, the ban-Churn," and how he, coming from a ners, horses, swords, muskets and men neighboring field to a famous spring of and in the midst, the veritable "old ice cold water just at the head of the grey head," with its smooth, white cap, falls, heard her singing, and at first was the folded muslin over the breast now tempted to believe it spirit music, but beating with young heart-throbs, the attracted by the sweetness of the voice bent figure in the black gown. He reined had leaned over the chasm, discovered in his horse before her. "And how old and came to her rescue. He continued: is grandmother?" said he. Some one replied, "Ninety-six." "Ninety-six! Halt! Three cheers for the loyal grandmother!" A shout went up that had some sound in it: the General dismounted, entered the little house with one of his aids, shook hands with Barbara, was seated, and in -that he bore the musical name of Clar- a few moments the old lady was pouring him out a glass of wine of her own making. Good-bye was spoken and the troops passed on; but nearly all that day from where they were conversing, was the aged figure could be seen cheering his residence, and which shortly after, the passing soldiers by her enthusiasm. The next day came the word "a flower on the Union side has fallen." The brave Reno respected by both sides alike, was her rescuer, she found the Hobbs farm killed at South Mountain, in an engagement whose details of flerce contest will

never be fully known.
"The next day," Mrs.H—— continued, we were over at aunt's and went into the garden to attend to the flowers, charging her not to open the door if any one rapped while we were down there, "Such elegant people," concluded Fan-nie, "such a lovely house, such exquisite for the town was full of strangers. When grounds, such a flowery garden, and just think of it, a genuine Landseer over the mantel, and Rosa Bonheur on the walls help it, he would have it. I didn't want said she, 'and had things on his shoulders splendid strawberries and real cream! and wore a gold watch and chain.' I And think of my eating them in one of was hard to draw from the old lady that Mrs. Cameron's best dresses, a mile too she had opened the door at once, when large for me, while my own was under a an officer entered and pleaded so persistently for the little cotton flag she had then about her, that the woman-will gave way. 'He would have it, but it

wasn't the one, she said, appealingly." In passing to and from her house to her niece, Barbara would often find her "And, of course, notwithstanding the steps filled by soldiers, for a clear spring politeness you received, the young gen-tleman must think you a downright fool, Fan," interlarded Marcha.

Poor little Fannie went to bed very "her own" soldiers, her tumbler and verse of the "Rock of Ages," and never Poor little Fannie went to bed very "her own" soldiers, her tumbler and were sweeter notes blended with that thankful, but humble, and cried herself dipper were freely given, but if it hapto sleep, while thinking how very silly pened that an array of grey uniforms Clarence Cameron must have deemed were there, her staff would stir in among them as though they were dead leaves, and they would scatter in every direction amused at the way she addressed them in language not at all disguised by superfluous rhetorical flourish.

Washington's Market Cart.

On the 20th of April, Braddock left Alexandria. On the 9th of July he fell. Washington filled the mountain passes with troops, and kept off the French and Indians from the town that trembled and grew. When the French power was broken in Virginia, he married, and "society" was chagrined at its early experitells us that "Alexandria, though small, was lovely, but had no charms for the palate. By tobacco its neighbors had made money. They then began to look down on the poorer sort, and to talk about famililies. Of course such great people could not run market carts. Hence the Belhavenites often sat down to a dinner of salt meat and johnny cake. "So!" exclaimed her father, when a But when Washington brought the few weeks later he came to take them | wealthy widow Curtis to Mount Vernon, home, "so you went a fishing, Fan, and a market cart was constructed, and twice a week sent to Belhaven with fat things that amazed the lean market. Country gentlemen dining in town wondered at the change of fare, and thus it was discovered, to the mortification of some of the little great ones, that 'Colonel Washington ran a market cart.' 'Society' then, if proud, was often plain; for Washington writes in his diary of a ball in Alexandria in 1760, where pocket handker-chiefs served as tablecloths, that bread and butter and tea, 'which the drinkers and only sour grapes for you," and he could not distinguish from hot water sweetened,' made the bill of fare, and in his disgust he writes it down a 'breadand-butter ball.""

Some experiments have lately been comprehended the awful situation in msde in London in extinguishing fires Two of the man who had saved her life, he piles of lumber, each nine feet long, seven feet high and four feet deep, were sullen pool, and, grasping the young filled in with straw, well saturated with man by the hand, and with his eyes fill-petroleum and benzine in equal quantities and ignited. After burning for five minutes operations were commenced by throwing water on one and sodium silicate on the other. In the course of about one minute the fire treated with the silicate was extinguished, while that treated with water did not give in till about four minutes. And it was further found that about 12 gallons of silicate very much to tell Fannie out in the and 22 gallons of water had been used.

A foreign correspondent writes to a to be further strengthened at a later German paper that the order to close the saloons of St. Petersburg on the morning and evening of the day on which five Nihilists were executed, was a clever forgery of Loris Melikoff Minister of the Interior. It was a concoction of the

Table Etiquette.

There are a great many people who behave well otherwise, but at table they do things that, if not absolutely outre and ensemble, are at least pianissimo and sine die.

It is with a view to elevate the popular taste and etherealize, so to speak, the manners and customs of our readers, that we give below a few hints upon table etiquette.

If, by writing an article of this kind, we can induce one man who now wipes his hands on the tablecloth to come up and take higher ground and wipe them on his pants, we shall teel amply repaid. If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner, do not write your regrets on the back of a pool-check with a blue pencil.

This is not regarded as ricochet. A simple note to your host, informing him that your washer-woman refuses to

relent, is sufficient. On seating yourself at the table, draw off your gloves and put them in your lap under your napkin. Do not put them into the gravy, as it would ruin the gloves and cast a gloom over the gravy. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine, you will leave them out in the front vard.

If you happen to drop gravy on your knife-blade near the handle, do not run the blade down your throat to remove the gravy, as it might injure your epiglottis, and it's not embonpoint, anyway. When you are at dinner do not take up a raw oyster on your fork and playfully ask your host if it is dead. Remarks

about death are in very poor taste.

Pears should be held by the stem and peeled gently, but firmly, not as though you were skinning a dead horse. It is not bon ton.

Oranges are to be held on a fork while being pulled, and the facetions style of squirting the juice in the eyes of the ostess is now "au revoir."

Stones in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the table-cloth, but slid quietly and unostentatiously into the pocket of your neighbor, or tossed under If you strike a worm in your fruit do

conth, but it is regarded in the best society as "blaze" and exceedingly vice chine and the "Tangent" bicycle, by versa.

Macaroni should be cut up into short the wheel. Regarding the bicycle as

pieces, and should be eaten with an even, graceful motion, and absorbed by the vard. In drinking wine, when you get to the bottom of your glass do not throw your

head back and draw in your breath like the exhaust of a bath tub in order to get the last drop, as it engenders a feeling of the most depressing melancholy among the guests. After eating a considerable amount, do not rise and unbuckle your vest strap in

order to get a little more room, as it is not exactly "au fait" and "deshabille."

If, by mistake, you drink out of your finger-bowl, laugh heartily, and make some facetious remark which will change the course of conversation and renew the friendly feeling among the members of

the party.

Ladies should take but one glass of wine at dinner; otherwise there might be difficulty in steering the male portion of the procession home.

Do not make remarks about the amount your companion has eaten. If the lady who is your company at table, whether she be your wife or the wife of some one else, should eat quite heartily, do not offer to new your host for his low. fer to pay your host for his loss, or say gance. to her, "Great Scott! I hope you will not kill yourself because you have the oppor-tunity," but be polite and gentlemanly, even though the food supply be cut off for a week.

If one of the gentleman should drop a raw oyster into his bosom, and he should have trouble in fishing it out, do not make facetious remarks about it, but help him to find it, laughing heartily all the time.- [Boomerang.

Amenities of High Life in Great Britain.

From time to time the members of the British aristocracy amused themselves by washing their dirty linen in public. In 1872 the Marchioness Townsend, wife of the eccentric nobleman who spent most of his time in arresting street beggars, traveled to Paris under the protection of ences of his married life. Parson Weens Edward Thynne, a gay lothario of 62, tells us that "Alexandria, though small, and brother of the late Marquis of Bath. The fugitives were followed by the brother of the lady, the Earl of Fite, who inflicted a thrashing on Lord Edward and took his sister back to England and restored her to her husband, Lord Town send, who was willing to receive her. During the nine years which have passed since then, the scandal had apparently been forgotten by the public, and probably would have remained so had not time at last roused the dormant lion in the beggar hunting Marquis' breast. A short while ago he met Lord Edward driving out in a pony carriage accompanied by his young daughter and her governess. The Marquis, who was accompanied by two other gentlemen of position, caught the pony's reins and stopping the carriage proceeded to belabor the head of Lord Edward with a series of heavy blows with the butt end of a whip. As soon as he could escape from his assailant, which was not until his head and face were covered with blood, Lord Edward hastened to a police station and caused the Marquis to be arrested. The trial created much sensation, and it ended in the Court sentencing the Marquis to pay a fine of £500, or, in default, three months' imprisonment. The aristocratic prisoner characterized the decision of the Magistrate as a disgrace to justice and refused to pay the fine, but after a four hours' sojourn in a dungeon he changed his mind and gave a check for the money. Noblesse oblige.

THE Kansas Supreme Court has sustained the constutionality of the high license law for liquor sellers, will have to forego his beer, or put to one class, any way; the larger and oly of the business.

A young lad of Providence hanged himself after reading adime novel. The Boston Post asks: "What would me have done after reading a Chicago paper?"

Career of the Bicycle Inventor.

A very remarkable career has just closed. Mr. James Starley, the inventor of the modern bicycle and tricycle, has

this week been laid in his last resting

place in the Coventry cemetery. Born about fifty years ago in the village of Albourn, Sussex—the son of a poor farmer, he received but little education, and, while still a lad, he left home to seek his fortune in London. For some years he followed the occupation of a gardner, and in that capacity was employed by the late Mr. Penn, the proprietor of large ma-chine works at Greenwich. His mechanical genius first showed itself by the invention of an adjustable candlestick, the one-string window blind and the magic baseinet, which will probably be remembered by anxious mothers of that date as warranted to soothe and full the most tiresome of infants. His active mind was ever bent on inventions, and he produced many varieties of sewingmachines, some of which are in the market under names which he himself could not have recognized. Twelve years ago a French bicycle was brought under the notice of the Coventry Machinist's Company, who took up the manufacture of it for a Paris firm. The "bone-shaker" is a machine which the rider of to-day. would more than disdain; it bears the same relation to the modern bicycle as a cart-horse does to the winner of the Derby. But the rude contrivance contained an idea which fell upon a fruitful soil. Mr. Starley first improved it, and then he improved it out of existence, by inventing a machine of an entirely nove construction. He first gave to the world the "spider" wheel, which has wrought a complete revolution in the wheel world, and which marks the commencement of the present era of 'cycles. The first of the new style of machines was the "spring and step machine, or the Coventry model." The superiority of this machine was self-evident, the old coach-like wooden wheels being superceded by wire spokes and shaped rim and India rubber tires, a curved spring and a small hind wheel near to the driving wheel. The "Ariel" afterwards followed embodying not call attention to it by mashing it with the important improvement of pivot-the nut cracker. This is not only uncenter steering. Mr. Starley's next tri-umphs were the "Europa" sewing mapractically perfected, he now began the study of the tricycle, the machines of this name hitherto in use not being particularly remarkable for lightness or beauty. The "Coventry" tricycle was the first fruit of this application; in due time came the "Salvo-Quadricycle," which Mr. Starley regarded as his magwhich Mr. Starley regarded as his mag-num opus. He improved the "Salvo," till he considered it as nearly perfect, and the principal of its construction is regarded by experienced judges as not likely to be superceded. Early this year, the queen having ordered one of these

> this time he was suffering from a hope-less disease, although the malady had not developed so as greatly to impair his power, or at least his desire to work. Mr. Starley patented a number of his inven-tions; but he had little commercial keenness, and, speaking broadly, his inventive genius was freely given to the world.

machines for the princesses, it was taken

to Osborne by the inventor himself. At

An Unlovely Picture of Oulda.

An English critic draws this unlovely portrait of the novelist "Ouida:" Some years ago visitors to the Langham Hotel, London, used often to notice in the reading room a lady whose evident object was to attract attention. She was of uncertain age, apparently in the forties. but affected a very young-ladyish sort of costume. She had a mass of curiouslydressed yellow hair, which seemed to be cooked up in a different fashion every day, now being fluffed over her forehead, doggy-wise, now being allowed to fly out in wild wisps like horse hair. This lady was by no means pretty, and her apparel was more ostentatious than careful. She wholly lacked the French art of good taste in dress. She had no idea of assorting her colors, nor could she ever attain to that original eccentricity which, being ahead of the fashions of today, sometimes sets those for to-morrow. All this would have been immaterial if the lady in question had not, as above said, been so evidently desirous of being stared at. Her stupid posture, her intent way of gazing at people through a double eye-glass as if she had met them all before, but could not remember where, and her tripping gait when she crossed the room to fetch a newspaper or speak to a waiter, often induced other visitors to wonder who she was. Many took her for an actress, but when a man had stayed a few days in the hotel, he always learned that the fair oddity was a Miss de la Remee, better known as "Onida."

An Esquimau Baby.

Several canoe loads of Esquimaux came aboard while we lay here, some of the women bringing their little boys and girls and babies, without seeming to heed the weather. One little thing that the proud mother held up for our admiration smiled delightfully, exposing her two precious teeth. No happier baby could be found in warm parlors, with all that the looms in the world can afford in the way of soft fabrics and with loving attendants to anticipate every want. She looked gayly out at the strange colors about her from her bit of a fur bag, and when she fell asleep her mother laid her upon three oars that were set side by side across the cance, the snowflakes falling on her face, yet she slept soundly for hours while I watched her, and she never high license law for liquor sellers, cried. All the youngsters had to get a and the average grasshopper fighter little bread, which both fathers and will have to forego his beer, or put mothers begged for them saving, "He up more than his usual five cents little fellow, little fellow." These peoper glass. The law will be a benefit ple interest me greatly, and it is worth while coming far to know them, however wealther sellers will enjoy a monop-slightly. The smile, or rather broad, small grin of that Esquimau baby goes direct to one's heart, and is not likely to be forgotten. When the features had subsided into perfect repose, the laugh gone from its eyes and the lips closed over its two teeth, I could make its sweet