I stood one night in front of the Lycoum, while a drizzling rain was falling, and the cold canopy of fog and mist seemed settling down closer every minute. I had left Oxford that morning, and in ordinary costume was comfortably surveying the confused sights before walking to my hotel. The eagerness of those who were still within pushed the first who had left the theater beyond the scanty limits of the awning, and many stood in the street waiting for cab or carriage. Suddenly my eye fell on a fam-iliar face. It was Buchanan of St. Vitus' (my own college), who in full evening costume, with a breadth of shirt-front that the rain was already discomposing, stood outside the awning with a young lady on his arm. They had no umbrella, and evidently would have to wait some minutes yet. The rain fell piteously on his companion's pretty headdress, but she did not seem to mind it much. I pressed up to them and said, "Here, Buchanan; I can't bear to see your friend getting so wet. Take my umbrella till your carriage comes,"

"What, you here, Robinson? how kind of you! The very thing, isn't it?" (this to his companion.) "Let me hold it well over you. There!" and having ended his petits soins, he suddenly remem-bered: "Oh! Miss Frere, Mr. Robinson! but where have you sprung from, old boy, eh? Shall I see you to-night at the cluo? No, by the way, I shan't be able to come up to-night; hope to see you though to-morrow. Here, John, here!" and in less time than I take to write it the carriage dashed up, Buchanan hand-ed in the young lady, who had only time to thank me with a word and a still more gracious smile, an elderly lady and gen-tleman hurriedly got in, Buchanan dropped the wet umbrella into my arms, with a "Ta, ta! old boy; many thanks," and they were whirled away, leaving me with as little ceremony, I reflected, as if I had been engaged by the theater to stand at the door and provide ladies with umbrellas. However, Buchanan doubtless meant nothing by it. I thought he looked very much in love with his fair companion, and probably had not many ideas for any one else at present. Small blame to him, for she was very pretty what eyes she had, and what a smile Happy Buchanan! and here I must walk solitary home to my hotel. So I lit my cigar and strode on through the dripping crowds.

It was long before I fell asleep, and even in dreams the winning smile, the graceful figure, the dainty lace that was crully besmirched by the rain, and which formed the head-dress of Miss Frere, constantly intruded themselves. Her face was one which derived much of its charms from beauty of expression, and few faces so provokingly fix themselves in the memory as these. Next morning at breakfast my thought recurred to her, then the paper came; I finished my chop, bustled off into the city on business, and forgot her. The examination for the Indian Civil Service was beginning in a few days, and work put everything else out of my head. In due time I was appointed to one of the vacancies, and (it was before the presen system) received orders to be reasy to sail in three months.

Oue levely afternoon that August, I had rambled from Penzance, where I was bidding farewell to friends, down to the stern granite cliffs which, hung with a waving fringe of gray lichen, hurl back defiance on the surges that so frequently assaulted the Land's End. It was a glorious scene that I surveyed, looking over the broken water that runs so swiftly among the black reefs off the headland on to the Longships Light house, and then to the illimitable Atlantic beyond, like the vast unknown future which lays before my life-voyage. Suddenly laughter and voices struck on my ears. Turning around I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen, followed by servants with baskets and cloaks. Evidently it was a picnic party, so I went on with my meditations, while they passed round a shoulder of rock, whence occasional bursts of merriment floated

At length, a lady, in a light, gauzy muslin dress, girt with a broad pink sash "a la fronde," accompanied by a man who was earnestly chatting to her, passed between me and the sea, clam-bering over the rocks. As he passed by he looked up; it was Buchanan. He uttered a cry of sarprise, whereat his partner, the fair Frondeure, raised her head, and once more I beheld the face that had burned itself into my memory the night after the theater. It was fresh, gay and lively as the glittering waves before us, while, as with them, slumbered under its arch expression an undercurrent not to be fathomed or understood all at once. "What! Robinson! where have you

dropped from, old fellow?" said Buch-"I remember you well, Mr.Robinson," added the l dy. "What a romantic place

to meet in?" "I could not forget you, Miss Frere, I observed in all seriousness, for such was the thought that at once passed through my mind; then adopting a lighter tone for Buchanan's benefit, I said, "haven't you brought a parasol to

need at present?" "No; but we have plenty of champagne and ice to cool you. Come along round the rock!"

shade me from the sun in my time of

"Do come, Mr. Robinson! it will please papa to be introduced to you-and a family picnic," she added with archness, "is generally so dull."

There is no need to describe the charm of the picnic, to me at least, heightened as it was by the pleasure of watching the varied expressions that swept over Miss Frere's face, to die out (as Wordsworth says) in her eyes, and by the singular tock-scenery amongst which we feasted. Buchanan was very attentive to Miss Frere, and I had not a doubt that a few more months would see them married. Declining a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Frere that evening, as I had to leave Penzance for town, I once more lost sight of the face that possessed such

strong attraction for me. Shortly afterwards I started for India, and after five years' service, during which I had heard nothing either of her or Buchanau, I returned home for a year's rest.

Ritherto my story has dealt in sud-dealy changed kaleidoscopic combina tions; it will now become more steady. That summer I spent with my brother

July night, from a cricket-match at Aldershott. Suddenly there was a violent lurch, then the carriage seemed to friend; my mother knitted in silence; our ing there by the last train on a lovely side, and after plowing up the ground for a few yards, subsided, along with all behind it, into a general wreck, covered with clouds of dust. The engine had gone on, and the carriage I was in, having run off the line, had carried con-fusion and ruin into all behind it. To my utter amazement, beyond a good shaking I was not hurt; so having extricated myself from the smashed carriage, I proceeded to help the other passengers. There were very few of these, and none were seriously hurt, though contusions and broken heads abounded. Loud was their wrath and dire their threats of actions, and of the compensation they would exact from the company. I left them to their grumblings, and passed to a first class which had not been overthrown. By the aid of the guard's lamp we saw a lady sitting with clasped hands, apparently paralyzed with terror; while to add to the confusion a thunder storm now broke forth in a deluge of rain. It was out of the question to leave the lady where she was. "Madame," said the guard, anxiously,

'I trust you are not hurt." . The lady did not stir or speak. "Madame," I said, coming to the res-cue of the guard, "suffer me to help you out; you must not stay here; pardon and I took her arm and tried to me!"

She burst into a torrent of tears, with her hands before her face, but without uttering a word or rising. I saw that she was utterly unhinged in her mind, though it seemed fortunately not in person.

raise her.

What was to be done. Guard and I looked at each other in doubt; still she could not be suffered to remain; so I took up dressing-bag and cloak which lay on the opposite side, and handed them to the guard. On doing so, a name caught my eye, which was engraven on the lock of the former article, "Ellen Frere." It touched an old key-note within me, but that was all, and I applied myself again to remove the lady.

"Thank God!" at last she said, devontly, and I started at her accents. Once such tones had viberated in my mind, but that was all gone-still, could it-could it be? Swifter than thought I siezed the guard's lamp, and in the rudest but most eager way held it up to the lady's face. There were the wellremembered violet eyes, suffused now with tears, the fair cheek blanched with terror, the half-opened lips that had twice before so powerfully attracted my

"Now, then, sir, look alive!" said the guard roughly. I awoke from my amazement.

"Miss Frere! how very fortunate! am thankful indeed that you are not injured. You remember me? Robinson, whom you met at the Land's End? Now von must let me take you out, and I will see to you, and not leave you till I have safely handed you to your friends.'

"Mr. Robinson!" she said, dreamily; "ah, yes; I will leave this now," and she took my arm, while I hurried her out of the train. Luckily the accident had happened a hundred yards from a little station, and we were soon under its shed, she trembling convulsively still, and clasping my arm tightly. I let her remain silent for a few minutes, I then poured out some sherry for her from my tlask. This revived her, and she said in the rain yesterday, and stopped to let with a sweet resumption of her own his umbrella drip upon him under the graceful manner: "Mr. Robinson, how can I thank you enough? but what shall S-, and my luggage lost, and I with

such a headache! so shaken with it all?" "The first thing is to telegraph to your friends at S- that you are safe. To whom were you going?

"To the Lamberts. "They are friends of ours, oddly enough. You must let me telegraph to them that you cannot go further to-night. Then stay with us, only a few miles onwith my mother and sister. They will although your evident anxiety have rested."

home till a few carriages were got accompanied me, and much to my mother's amazement I took her home. than once before I got her safely housed for the night. Nor could she leave her

room for three days. It was impossible for the above events to have happened without my having old feelings strongly recalled to my heart. I was miserably anxious and distrait until she was able to be brought into the drawing-room. I was decidedly in love

with Miss Frere. I could not, however, do more than worship my goddess assiduously, as if that did aught but heap fuel on the fire! She was a rich man's daughter-nay, his only child. Mr. Frere had been down to see her while she was ill, but had been obliged to hurry off, and gratefully commend her to our further care. What right had I to interfere with his

plans? Another consideration had still more weight with me. She never named Buchanan, which I had magnified into an acknowledgement that they were engaged-especially when I remembered the familiar terms on which they had been on the only two occasions when I had previously met Miss Frere. How could I be so treasonable to my friend as to undermine him in his absence? Clearly I could not make love to his fiancee. But I was nettled all the same; and I, too, never mentioned his

name. Our talks became longer and more confidential. Sometimes I even read to her. Then there were always little cares to be attended to, flowers to be put near her couch, her shawl to be arranged over her feet, and so forth. It was a sweet yet a terribly dangerous thing to be thus brought into such close relations with a lovely and loveable girl. Perhaps she felt it too, for she was in no lively mood the last two days of her

The end must come to the sweetest dreams. Miss Frere was now well enough house' for a week."

and sister at Guilford, and was return- to leave on the morrow; I was to depart spring into the air, turned over on one talk at the sofa had gradually died also York Sun, is undoubtedly to be found in Still, how could I speak of love? Be base to Buchanan, and abuse his trust?

At length Miss Frere rose and went to the piano. She had a light touch, and a voice as full of expression as her face. After a few soft bars, she broke into the dreamy music of "Faust," and sang with the utmost pathos. I listened, leaning on the back of my chair with rapture. Presently she stopped, and remained seated at the instrument as if in deep thought. I had never till then noticed that my mother had been called out of the room.

After a pause I rose. "Miss Frere. to morrow will end the sweetest week of lotted occupation. my whole life."

Will it, indeed?" "Can you doubt it? And next week I go to India. I positively hate India."

"Yes; no doubt." "I hope, Miss Frere, that you will be very happy. I am sure that you de-

"Do I? but thank you all the same!" and still she remained pensive. At last I said, desperately: "Well, I shall sometimes—often—think of you. When is the happy day to be? Excuse my asking, but I feel quite an old friend,

you know." "To-morrow." "To-morrow! Good gracious! Miss

Frere, what do you mean?" She looked up startled. "To morrow. Did you say when was the anhappy day?

"No; I said when was the happy day?" "What happy day!"
"What happy day? Why-whenwhen-you know-well-when you are

to be married?" ever said I was to be married! What do you mean?"

I remained silent a moment. looked into each other's faces, and then loudly inughed. "Why, of course," I said, feeling very much relieved, "I thought you

were going to marry my old friend Buchanan. "Marry my cousin Dick, whom I have

known from his cradle? thought of such a thing?" "Then if you are not going to be mar ried, I--I-"I am not going to be married at all, I

tell you," she said, archly. "But, Miss Frere-Ellen-don't let us make our lives a waste for want of a word. If I asked you to be married for the sake of a very old, old love that I have cherished for you, and because -well, because of our preservation the other night-and I drew near and took

her hands-eh, Ellen?" "Well, if you asked, perhaps I might possibly consent to change my mind-" that was all she said, for in another mo-

ment she was at my heart.' After a moment more I said: "Well, when is the happy day to be now?"
"When you like."

Squeiching a Weather Frend.

"Is this wet enough for you?" inquired a man who met an acquaintance pretense of engaging in conversation.
"Thank you," said the other, "for the

I do? I have forty miles yet to travel to high compliment which is implied in your question, but which I must reject as quite undeserved.

"Eh! What!" replied the first speaker, not understanding the remark, "I don't know what you mean by 'compliment.' "Well," replied the other, "I don't know that I ever met you in my life without your asking me whether it was hot, cold, wet or dry enough for me, and, the case might and you can go to-morrow, when you with the condition of the weather is extremely touching, I must confess to you At this moment the station-master's that I am not, as you seem to think, the wife came to beg Miss Frere to enter her director of the elements and ruler of the seasons. No, I am not consulted as to ready to proceed, and I devoted myself the proper amount of heat or cold, to helping the wounded, and doing moisture or dryness that is to be put into what could be done to aleviate their the air at any given time, and, while what could be done to aleviate their the air at any given time, and, while sufferings. In an hour the road was your kind inquiries fill me with pardonsufficiently clear for an engine to take able pride that I am regarded in the three or four carriages on. Miss Frere eyes of even one man with a species of reverential awe, I am compelled to inform you-of course in confidence-that It was quite clear that she could not there is a higher power in universe than proceed, however, for she fainted more mine. But let us go no farther"-and, wringing his friend's hand with an appearance of great emotion, he walked rapidly away, leaving the weather fiend staring blankly after him.

# In Case of Emergency

"Here's that yeast," said a little girl to the lady of a family who had recently moved into the neighborhood. "Why, couldn't your mother use

inquired the lady.
"Oh, we buys all our bread at baker's,'

"Buy all your bread? Then what did you want with my yeast?"
"Oh, ma said she couldn't think of depended on in an emergency, so she

tried you on the yeast." STYLE IN Does .- The prevailing style of dogs for this season will not be changed in any marked degree. The window brush dog still continues in favor among the young women who have been crossed in love and have the dyspepsia. A favorite style of a dog has a princess nose and is trimmed with an ostrich-plume tail curled tightly over the polonaise. The Prince Albert cutaway sausage dog is not used to warm weather. City dogs that undertake to depopulate the country fields of the ornate festive bull will be gored. Shaggy dogs will be worn with the hair "bouffant" around the neck, plain about the waist, and polonaise and pompadour tail.- Brooklyn Eagle.

Oscoda (Mich.) News: "A Bay City young lady, recently married, sent a friend here one of her stockings filled with wedding cake. The balmoral was emptied, and its contents filled a sixgallon churn, and enough was left for the girls of the family to play 'keep

### The lafe of a Prince.

No one has solved the problem of per petual motion, but the nearest approach to it, says a correspondent of the New n silence. Twilight crept in and brought the life of the Prince of Wales. While the store of sad memories. We were to part for a long term of years to-morrow.

Still, how could I speak of love? Be Winsor, or the simple pleasures of Balmoral, the heir apparent fulfills the duties his mother shirks, and contrives with almost superhuman energy, to at-tend to them without foregoing his own

With almost incredible ubiquity, the prince is seen in the remotest parts of his future kingdom apparently at one and the same moment. No place is too distant, no ceremony too protracted, no claim too contemptible, but that he is present, smiting urbane, a speech ready, an answer at hand; cool, collected, as if he were not hard pressed for time, and every minute cut in quarters, with its al-

The long summer day hardly dawns when his royal highness is hurried into a special train, destination unknown and immaterial to him; he is whirted along sixty-five miles an hour to Birmingham or Liverpool, receives a deputation with an appropriate address at the station breakfasts with the mayor, on his way opens a fish market, lays the foundation of an asylum for decayed gentlewomen, receives a bouquet from the least decayed of the future inmates, hears a second address, unveils a statute, generally his father's; christens a bell, lunches at Lady Blank's fifteen miles off; gets back to town to wing a dozen or so of pigeons at Hurlingham, attend a fancy pazaar, listen to a report of the commissioners of sewers, have a cup of tea with the reigning balle of the day, dine at a prime minister's, look in at the opera, stop an hour at a theater to hear a screaming farce, go to a ball or two, play high at the Marlborough club, sup-anywhere-and return to Marlborough house to find it time to start by "Married!" and she jumped up and another express, which he catches by opened her eyes widely; "married! who that miraculous interposition of providence, which delays trains when royal passengers are late. Then he has to dress in the train, sleep, perhaps, skim over fresh speeches and fresh addresses, and land himself to inaugurate more work-houses, meeting-houses, music

#### The Home of the Cod.

Stretching for hundreds of miles southward and southeastward of this island, and sixty miles from shore at the nearest point is the grand bank of Newfoundland, that mystic tableland of the sea, whose limit and nature are still undefined. A little way oceanward from its slopes the sea reaches some of its greatest depths, and within its boundaries are depressions where the fisherman's anchor never touches botton. Old fishermen say that the grand bank is steadily rising, and that a few centuries will find it jutting above the surface. The grand bank, with its adjuncts, is some six hundred miles long, and from two to three hundred miles wide. The shallows over it vary from ninety to four hundred feet in depth. The grand bank is, without comparison, the finest fishing ground in the world. For cen-turies the fishermen have visited it, and millions on millions of tons of codfish have been taken there, but still the yield is undiminished. Sometimes for two or three years the fish will be scarce, and the report will spread that the bank is "fished out," when suddenly a year of unprecedented catches will give the lie to the notion. For about six months in the year, beginning with May, the codfish swarms, not only over the grand bank, but in lesser size and numbers, along the whole North American coast, from the latitude of New York to an unknown distance northward. They are found from the eastern waters of Long Island to the further extremities of Labrador, and even up to the regions of eternal ice. What lures the cod from the ocean depths to which he goes in winter is not certainly known, but it is surmised that he either follows up the small shore fish or seeks the sea cherry-a small red berry that often grows on the bottoms where the cod is found. It is also pretty well established that during the visit shoreward the female fish spawns. The immense race of cod, far outnumbering all the other great fish of the sea, is accounted for by its fecundity. Nine millions of eggs have been computed as the roe of a large specimen, and all the codfish caught by man are a mere cipher compared with the billions, large and small, swallowed by sharks and other fish of prey .- [N. Y. Post.

# Overloading Cows' blomachs.

When cows are changed from scanty to flash feed it often happens that the benefit of the more liberal supply is neutralized for some time by allowing them to gorge themselves to the extent of uncomfortable fullness. An excessive distension of the stomach produces imflammatory action and impedes digestion. and tends to diminish the flow of milk and to impair its quality. Overloading a c ow's stomach invariably gives a strong and disagreeable odor to her milk that injures it for butter or for cheesemaking, and also its healthfulness for anything she needed to borrow just then food. Such an overloading is always and she wanted to see if you could be indicative of a double loss-a loss from failing to utilize as fully as might be the flush feed, and a previous loss from a supply of food insufficient to enable the cows to give as much milk as they are capable of giving. When cows are fed with a liberality that develops a full flow of milk, they will not overload with a food so little concentrated as gree ngrass. The fact that they do overload is an evidence that their previous food was too scants for profit, and con-sequently that loss has been endured on account of it. But when such a course of feeding has existed, and a change is to be made to a better one, loss from overeating may be prevented by admitting the herd gradually to the new feed and supplying them with all the salt and water they desire. The increase in the new ration should never be so great as to change the flavor of the milk .-National Live Stock Journal.

A confirmed vegetarian who recently invited an omniverous friend to dine with him escaped criticism by providing kidney beans, oyster plant, egg plant, cow peas, crab apples, beefsteak toma-toes and ex-heart cherries, and by decorating the table with fish geraniu

#### SHORT BITS.

The Lady Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett has arranged for the dispatch to Egypt of small staff of nurses.

A "blind pool" is one where you cannot see how it is going to affect your chances for a re-nomination.

Cardinal Newman was a skillful violin player in his earlier years, and even now, when he is more than 80, he sometimes draws the how.

Ex President Brown, of Hamilton Colege, has been engaged to fill a chair of instruction in Dartmouth College during the fall term now approaching. The creameries of Iowa now aggregate

upward of 500, while the high price of dairy products this year will cause an increase in the number for another sea-The Troy Times says: "United States

Justice Field is quite Democratic in his manner, and wears clear down to his ears a big silk hat which needs blocking. It is a phase of divine providence, which men regard as singularly severe,

are least able to endure it .- [Rev. S. B There is no harm in making a mistake, but great harm in making none. Show me a man who makes no mistakes, and I

will show you a man who has done nothing.-Liebig. The latest freak of an enthusiastic member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is to cut his horse's tail that the animal may not an-

noy the poor flies. "Young man, aim high," says Emerson. "Aim low," said General Jackson. Which is right? Depends on whether you are aiming at the moon or at a melon thief crawling off on his hands and knees.

The youngest insane patient who ever entered Bellvue Hospital, New York, is Willie White, aged ten years. His deplorable mental condition is due to a physical malady that has partially paravzed him.

Sin brought its own punishment in the case of the Peoria Irishman who bit a red-pepper which he had stolen. He,however, has something else to atone for in the exclamation: "Be jazes, they've poisoned the tomatys.'

The often heard-of but seldom-encountered step-mother has been found at last. She lives in Peoria, and has had her husband's daughter arrested for taking away with her a haudkerchief that did not be long to her.

A Syracuse dog tried to walk through a \$200 plate glass window one fourth of an inch thick. Finding that no easy thing, he "took a start" of twenty feet and with a terriffic bound went clean through and scampered away uninjured.

It nevey pays for two young men to fight about a girl. Nine girls out of ten invariably nurse and marry the one who gets whipped, while the victor always finds that no other girl wants a fellow who has made such a fool of himself over that "horrid Miss---

An Omaha paper says that the Marquis of Lorne wore "a loose blue sack coat but so high in the neck as just to show a suspicion of a travelor's giay shirt, trousers and a traveler's soft hat. When any man, be he marquis or peasant, wear a coat that is cut so high in the neck as just to show a suspicion of light trousers, it is time for that mants friends to buy him a shirt and a bosomconcealing scarf, and then admonish him to take a reef in his "galluses."

The most candid young man in Austin is Nicodemus Murphy. He called at the office of a wealthy citizen and came right out and said: "I want to marry your daughter. I can't live without 'Are you acquainted with my daughter?" "Not in the least." "How, then,do you know you can't live without her?"
"Well, I heard you were going to give her lots of money when she married, and my personal expenses are so heavy that I can't live without her—or some other woman who has got lots of money to support a husband."—Texas Siftings.

### FABRION NOTES. Astracan cloth with tufted surface is

revived. Shrimp pink, strawberry red and blue velvet bows are worn at the neck with linen collars.

The fashionable linen collar is a standing military band, with a vine, of embroidery near the edge.

The newest contrasts of color for walking dresses are moss green with straw-berry red, seal brown with cerise, garnet with copper color, and black with ruby.

Plaques of braid made of row atter row of sontache wound around to form a solid spot three inches across, are placed all around the skirts of cloth dresses; also on the collar, cuffs and edge of the basque.

Hussar jackets of cloth trimmed with braid or with narrow soutache are the wraps to be worn by young girls during the autumn. Shorter cadet basques with high military collar will be worn as parts of house dresses.

The newest cloth suits have a ridinghabit basque with a kilt skirt and long overskirt that is caught up almost to the waist on the left side, beneath a large buckle of dark oxidized silver.

Toques, caps or turbans of what is called velv-t felt will be worn with cloth dresses. The brims are covered with gathered velvet, and the crowns are covered with the head, breast and tail feathers of a bird of colors kindred to that of

Among the handsomest garments for evening wear are casaquins of crepe de chine, or silk gauze, trimmed with ten or twelve frills of lace and many long loops of ribbon. Sometimes a hundred yards of lace are required for a casaquin and skirt.

In summer the daughters of the Prince of Wales wear wash prints (calicoes) for morning and white muslin for evening toil t. American girls would not think of dressing in that way. They fear that they might be mistaken for common princesses.

Flowers are banished from millinery. and feathers of every kind are to be worn. Cock's feathers will be made to serve in ornamental ways, both for hats and bonnets, while tropical plumage of scarlet, yellow and bluish green will re-lieve the sombre brown shades of the stylish partridge and pheasant feathers.

### FRMININE BREVITIES.

The New Orleans Picavune states that point-lace stockings are both fashionable and expensive, but doesn't tell just how high they come.

A north country fishwife went to buy a dress. "None of your gaudy colors for me," she said at once to the man at the counter; "give me plain red and valler."

A young man recently married, said: "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me.' A strong-minded woman of Woodstock

Ont , built a fire and deliberately stood over it until she was horribly and fatally burned. Her last words were: "I am going to Jesus," By long custom everybody in Bethlehem is expected to congratulate ac-quaintances on every birthday. Imagine a whole town congratulating a kittenish maiden lady on having entered her 47th

vear. A young lady residing in a neighboring village, says an exchange, wrote that affliction is made to fall where they from Saratoga as follows: "We're just as gay as a cockatoo's top-knot down here, and you just bet I'm a hummer with my duds."

When Hood wrote, "There is a hap-piness that makes the heart afraid," he was probably thinking of one evening when he sat up very late with his girl, and did not know what minute the old man might come thumping down stairs.

At a small gathering the other even-ing the host kindly said. "Would the ladies like to have a little sherry?" Everybody looked at each other for a moment as if in doubt whether to accept or decline, when one lady, with characteristic frankness, exclaimed: "Well, I should hate to say I didn't like it!" The ice was broken, and the glasses clinked merrily as the host was toasted.

An Iowa paper says: "A young and voluptuous couple in the gallery of the opera house one night were so overcome by the beautiful forms on the stage that they sank into each other's arms with a kiss and a hug. The young man wore an immense wide-brimmed hat, which the young lady worked vigorously as a fan to keep him cool. A rural rooster, who saw the performance, yelped with envy.'

A daughter of Brigham Young, a bride of four months, when asked by a visitor, "How will you regard the taking of another wife by your husband, which, according to your code, is not only his right, but his duty, and which sooner or later you expect him to do?" replied, "Of course it is a painful thought and "Of course it is a painful thought, and I try to put it away from me until the time comes; but I shall accept it as a duty to my husband, and because the church requires it."

## NEWS NOTES AND COMMENTS

Baron Rothschild traveled to Bayreuth in his palace car to attend the first per-formance of Parsifal, and while there not only dined but slept under his own

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the wellknown writer upon art, has received a decoration from the French government on the recommendation of the directorgeneral of fine arts.

Louis Rubio, an Italian painter, who has just died at the age of eighty-five, was distinguished at twenty-five, and gained a European reputation by many considerable pictures of historical symbolic subjects.

Charles O'Conor is described as rambling daily about the town and cliffs of Nantucket, with his hat on the back of his head, and both hands in his pockets, happy, contented, hale and hearty, bearing lightly the weight of his seventyeight years.

It is not generally known, says the Philadelphia Press, that Joseph Sailer, who has recently retired from the finan-cial editorship of the Philadelphia Ledger, was not only the oldest editor in that position in this country, but the first to write a regular money article for any daily paper, as the Ledger was the first in this country to print a money ar-

Concerning the death of his wife, Frederick Douglass recently wrote to a friend in the west: "The main pillar of my house has fallen. Four and forty years have passed away since our union. Life cannot hold much for me, now that she has gone. Still, I feel that the lesson taught by this death, as by all such, is silence, resignation, humility and hope. We are all strangers and so-journers." iourners.

# SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

A large proportion of the 5,000,000 of beer glasses used annually in Berlin come from this country.

One of the problems of the times is to obtain silk direct from the worms. If it is solved a grand industrial triumph will have been chronicled. Our silk-worms, whose cocoons can be unwound, will then be valuable. Dr. Denker, of St. Petersburg, treats

diphtheria by first giving the patient a laxitive, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drinks acidulated with hydrochloric acid and then a gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours. His method has been very successful.

During the late investigation of the distribution of heat in the obscure re-gion of the solar spectrum, M. P. De-sains obtained data which enables him to construct the curves which represent the distribution of heat in the dark and he promises soon to publish some valuable comparative results

The meeting of the French Association for the Progress of Science this year has for the Progress of Science this year has not been so successful as could have been wished. The body convened at La Rochelle the same day as the British As-sociation met at Southampton. The ad-dress of the President, M. Janssen, was admirable, and called forth applause.

Professor A. A. Michelson has nearly completed his preparations for a reinvestigation of the velocity of light at the Cass school of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, O. In 1879 he found that light traveled at the rate of 186,380 miles a second—a result which differs slightly from those obtained within late years by M. Coron and Professor Newcomb. Professor A. A. Michelson has nearly