

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

SEE WOOD DAYS.

The schoolmaster was weary, Was weary, old and gray; And heaviness came o'er him Upon that weary day—

The merry days of childhood Returned; he saw again The faces of old playmates, Who were now white-haired men.

And then he saw his scholars An air of study bring; He heard the buzz of insects Against the window pane.

The drowsy school-room murmur He heard, and, in his trance, He saw the Urbins watching His face with stealthy glance.

He saw, and for a moment, He roused his dreamy brain To loose the sluggish fetters Of snorer's leaden chain.

In vain, for with the effort, His head dropped on his breast, His breath came faint and fainter, And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar! And boundless was the glee Among those little scholars The schoolmaster to see.

Their youthful, wad ward spirits Took many a merry freak; They boldly rolled their marbles Or rumped at hide-and-seek.

The study-hour was over, And still the master slept; And greater grew the tumult These thoughtless scholars kept.

Until a little maiden, Who watched the jollid face, With grave concern and wonder, Stole softly from her place—

Stole softly to the master, And gently touched his head. And started little in terror— The schoolmaster was dead!

A COUNTRY LASS.

"Land sakes! There goes the door-bell, ruth. Who can it be?" exclaimed good Mrs. Robbins, as the far-away tinkle reached the precincts of the kitchen.

And Ruth, as the quickest way of solving the question, put down the cake that she was stirring, and answered the call.

Two young men in stylish summer suits, with linen dusters and umbrellas in their hands, each took off a dainty straw hat.

"Does Mrs. Robbins live here?" asked the taller one.

"Yes," said Ruth. "Will you walk in?" ushering them into a low-ceiled room. An old-fashioned, large flowered carpet covered the floor, and heavy, striped-backed furniture stood up stiffly against the wall.

Crisp muslin curtains draped the windows, through which branches of honeysuckle tossed, sending their fragrance through the room.

"Boards, I guess," said Mrs. Robbins, laconically, when Ruth's message was delivered. And so they proved to be.

"Such nice spoken young fellows—New Yorkers," she reported, when she came back from the interview, producing two cards on which were written John Bliss and Ralph Ely. "I had to take 'em, though I don't know how we'll get along, with no chance of getting a girl far nor near. This one," indicating the latter, "wants to stay a couple of months, but the other only a few days. I don't know what father'll say to it."

But Ruth knew that the hard-working farmer usually left his "wimmen folks" to exercise their own judgment about such matters. "Oh, we will manage some way, auntie, never fear," she answered brightly, vigorously stirring the cake by way of emphasis. An hour later found her shelling peas on the wide piazza which ran across the side of the house.

"Rather jolly old place, isn't it, Ralph?" The words seemed to drift lazily down through the air to where she sat. "I wouldn't mind spending a month or two here myself if it wasn't for the attraction elsewhere. I'm determined to see her."

"Julia Palmer you mean? They say she has deserted Saratoga for the season, and gone off rustication somewhere."

"Yes, but such a girl will not long waste her beauty on unappreciative people."

"By the way, the young miss here is not a bad specimen of a country lass."

"I don't admire your taste," responded Ralph. "I shall be satisfied with no beauty until I have seen Julia Palmer."

Then, without waiting to hear more, Ruth, with a peculiar smile directed toward the windows above her, softly entered the house and set the peas cooking for dinner.

"My niece, Ruth, Mr. Ely and Mr. Bliss," was Mrs. Robbins' characteristic mode of introduction at the dinner table, and the young lady very quietly acknowledged it, scarcely lifting her brown eyes, thereby at once establishing a reputation for shyness which was not easily dispelled.

That evening, as the friends sauntered slowly home from a walk, subdued sounds of music greeted them, and, as a nearer approach proved it to be one of Beethoven's grand sonatas, executed in a masterly manner. They looked at each other in surprise.

"Wonder who that is," said Jack.

"A lady boarder, p'rhaps. Probably an invalid who takes her meals alone. Hope she will make her appearance after you are gone. I'm afraid I shall be fearfully ennuied in this dull old place," returned Ralph.

"A person who plays like that certainly ought to be worth talking to."

But no glimpse of the pianist was vouchsafed the young men, either that evening or until Jack's departure, which occurred a few days later.

"It's going to be duced lonesome, here," mentally grumbled Ralph, as he returned from the depot one stormy morning, carefully picking his way along the narrow path with its drooping fringe of wet grass. "Wonder if there is anything interesting in that box of a parlor?"

The furniture stood up just as firmly as on the day of its arrival; the gorgeous carpet still flaunted its beauties before his unaccustomed eyes. Mrs. Robbins' marriage certificate occupied an honored place over the high mantel, while on either side of the room hung a framed funeral scene of a tomb, sur-

rounded by weeping friends, in memory of the death of her children, Abijah and Truelove. Not an ornament of any kind nor a book was visible, with the exception of an immense bible resting in stately state upon a bare mahogany stand. Ralph sat down upon one of the slippery chairs and looked disconsolately out between the dimity curtains.

No chance for riding or walking, and no amusement of any kind indoors.

Just as he was meditating a retreat to his room for a lonely morning with cigar and book, Ruth came in. Ralph turned with a smile, glad of an interruption to his solitude, and noticed for the first time how very pretty she was, although scarcely in the toilet in which he was accustomed to see his young lady acquaintances. A long linen apron enveloped her figure, nearly hiding the blue morning dress, beneath which small slippers glanced out and in. A coquettish sweeping cap almost covered her dark hair, leaving a few stray little waves creeping about her forehead. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone from exercise.

She carried a broom and dust-pan. "I am sorry to disturb you Mr. Ely," she said, "but it is necessary for me to sweep this room. In the meantime you may find something to amuse you here," throwing open the door of an adjoining apartment. "Of course you are at liberty to return when I have finished."

Ralph gave a surprised look beyond the door, then with a comical grimace and shrug at the parlor replied: "Thanks, with your permission, I don't think I shall return."

"As you please," she said, smilingly. "I am glad to have our nookery appreciated."

The contrast between the two rooms could scarcely have been greater. In one was the absence, and in the other the concentration of that refined taste which, with a few touches of its magic wand, beautifies the most humble home.

Ralph's look of surprise deepened as he became familiar with his surroundings. A fine piano stood at one end of the room, and near it a bookcase filled with works from the most gifted English, French and German authors. Easy-chairs were scattered about in natural positions, a few choice pictures adorned the walls, and statuettes and bric-a-brac of many kinds gave the place an added charm.

That evening as Ruth sat watching from the piazza the glorious sunset which was succeeding the day of clouds and storm, Ralph joined her.

"I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed my morning, Miss—" he said, and then paused inquiringly.

"Pardon me, but have you relatives in New York?" he asked with sudden interest. "A Miss Julia Palmer?"

"I have seen her," she replied.

"And I suppose you agree with the rest of the world concerning her beauty?"

Ruth blushed a little. "Tastes differ. I have seen much prettier faces," she answered, so quietly as to pique Ralph's enthusiasm, and then he thought what an odd thing he was doing to discuss Julia Palmer's brilliant beauty with this quiet little country lass, and yet the belle herself could scarcely have looked lovelier than did Ruth in her afternoon dress of sheer white muslin, her rather short sleeves showing to advantage the shapely hands and arms. Her only ornaments were a bunch of scarlet geraniums at her throat, and another among the dark tresses of her hair.

"To return to our first subject," Ralph said at length. "You do not know what a pleasant morning I passed in that delightful room."

"Auntie and I think it a cozy place," she replied. "Please consider yourself at liberty to use it whenever you wish."

"Thank you," Ralph said. "I shall often avail myself of the privilege."

"Perhaps you will wish to be excused to-night?" she said. "For I usually devote my evenings to music, as household interferes with my practice by day. Auntie does not mind my drumming!"

"And I will promise to be even a more patient martyr than she, if you will let me," he replied, laughingly.

"Then you must not murmur at your punishment," she returned.

And when Ruth's "drumming" began, Ralph, who was a great lover and fair judge of music, realized that he was in the presence of an artist, who interpreted the great composers more finely than he had ever deemed it possible.

"Do you not sing?" he asked, when at last Ruth paused.

"Sing! well, I reckon she does," proudly interpolated Mrs. Robbins, who had sat quietly knitting through it all.

"Some of her pieces are too much open style to suit me, but there ain't nobody can sing them good, old-fashioned tunes sweeter than Ruth."

The girl's face flushed at the old lady's warm praises.

"I'm afraid you are rather partial, auntie," she said.

"Will you kindly allow me an opportunity to judge?" suggested Ralph.

"If you will join me," she said, and he did so in several popular ballads, then listened until the old lady begged him to join in "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne."

At last as Ralph bade them good-night he said to Ruth in a low tone:

"Mrs. Robbins was right. This is an evening which I shall never forget!"

Then as he went to his room he wondered vaguely why he felt so wonderfully happy, and if Ruth would think him quite a fool if she knew that he held in his hand a flower which had fallen from her hair. Before many days had passed Ralph solved the problem, and discovered that Ruth Palmer was dearer to him than any other woman ever would be, and told her so one day out under the trees of the great orchard.

"But what of my rival?" she asked, mischievously.

"Whom?" he returned in surprise.

"Miss Julia Palmer, of course. You didn't know that the 'country lass' was on the piazza, and unwittingly heard the conversation between yourself and friend the day you came here?"

Ralph colored and looked annoyed, then laughed.

"Nonsense. She was only an ideal, for I have never seen her, and don't care to, now," he added fondly. "But Ruth, is it yes or no?"

"Whichever you please, sir," she answered demurely.

Just then, to their annoyance, merry voices were heard, and several young

ladies came toward them from the direction of the house.

"Why, Julia Palmer, what a runaway you are!"

"Mrs. Robbins told us where to find you."

"Such a time as we had getting up from that poky station!" the gay voices chimed in.

Ralph started and looked at Ruth strangely.

"I will explain all at the first opportunity," she managed to whisper, "only wait patiently." Then introduced him to her city friends. In an hour's time she found him walking excitedly up and down the piazza, looking so agitated that she was frightened. "Ralph, dear," she said, putting her hand upon his arm, "don't blame me. It was only a little harmless deception."

"Then it is true. You are Julia Palmer?"

"Yes, Julia Ruth Palmer. But you need not look so dismayed, Ralph. I will always be Ruth to you. I was tired of the fashionable summer resorts, and ran anywhere to be quiet, and brighten up my household accomplishments, bringing along some of my comforts with me. Auntie is good, but things are not just the same here, you know. You said this afternoon that you never wished to see Julia Palmer. Is it so, Ralph?"

And what could he do but take the tease in his arms, and tell her he would try to make the best of a bad bargain.

Unpublished Page from the Life of George Washington.

It is the merry summer time. To him the mother of the father of his country:

"George, dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?"

"Hain't been nowhere, ma."

"Did you come straight home from school, George?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But school is dismissed at 3 o'clock, and it is now half-past six. How does that come?"

"Got kept in."

"What for?"

"Miss'n joggafy less'n."

"But your teacher was here not an hour ago, and said you hadn't been to school all day."

"Got kep' in yesterday, then."

"George, why were you not at school all day?"

"Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday."

"Don't stand on one side of your foot in that manner. Come to me. George, you have been in swimming."

"No'me."

"Yes, you have, George. Haven't you?"

"No o'ap."

"Tell your mother, George."

"N u c k."

"Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?"

"Sweat. I run so fast comin' from school."

"But your shirt is wrong side out."

"Put it on that way when I got up this morning for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt is on wrong side out."

"And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George, and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?"

"Bill Fairfax tied it there when I wasn't lookin'."

"But what were you doin with your coat off?"

"Didn't have it off. He jes took an' tied that knot when it was on me."

"George!"

"That's the honest truth, he did."

About that time the noble Bushrod came along with a skate strap, and we drew a veil over the dreadful scene, merely remarking that boys do not seem to change so much as men.—Hawkeye.

Tom Moore's Wife.

Tom Moore married a young actress, much to the disappointment of his parents, who expected that so brilliant a man would certainly marry a fortune. Bessy Dyke, the poet's bride, on the other hand, was not only poor, but she never won even a name in her profession. She was a charming creature, however, and the poet had learned by experience that

There's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.

Bessie and he lived in great harmony, and Moore makes frequent mention of her in his letters, always speaking of her in the tenderest manner. She, however, went into society, and feeling sensitively the difference between the rank her husband's talents claimed and her own lower caste, she passed her life in retirement. Moore speaks in one of his letters to his mother of "Bessie's democratic pride." She would not be "patronized," and fell back on the dignity of her own character. Moore was a general favorite in the highest circles, and as his wife wished him to enjoy the best social advantages, he mingled among a class into which she never entered. She ministered faithfully to his declining years, and eventually received that honor as the widow of Thomas Moore, which had been withheld when he was his wife.

THE LONGEST FAST ON RECORD.—News comes of the death of the fasting negro, Perry Cooley, who was confined in the county jail for six weeks without eating. This is a strange case. There is no doubt about this man having lived six weeks, while confined in jail, without food. He positively refused to take food. The only reason that he gave was that he did not want it, after much effort Sheriff King induced him to take ice and wine. He would dip a lump of ice into the wine and suck it. After six weeks he was persuaded, by the promise of a milk punch, to take a bite of beefsteak. Then his appetite could not be controlled as it had been, and he ate. His stomach was so disordered by his long fast, however, that he could not eat and digest as he needed to do, and hence he continued sick until his sickness terminated fatally a few days since. His was certainly the longest fast on record.

Card stories.

On one occasion, when Washington Irving, Bancroft and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the latter told how after he and the Neapolitan ambassador had been presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game at whist with the Duchess of Kent. "I play but a very poor game myself," said Melbourne; "in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it." "And I," said the Neapolitan to Everett, "am a very bad player, and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance; to which the American envoy replied that he knew very little of the game himself. As he put it, three dignified personages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game they imperfectly understood, and for which none of them cared in the least. Upon reaching the Duchess's apartments the ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation sat down to play. As soon as the cards were dealt, a lady-in-waiting placed herself at the back of the Duchess, and the latter said:

"Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am really a very poor player."

This was almost too much for Everett's gravity; a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work.

Bold as he could be when the game was worth the candle, Lord Beaconsfield would never have been tempted to risk so much on the cards; for, knowing the weakness of his play, he carefully eschewed anything like high stakes. One evening, at the time when parliament was agitating itself about the Emperess of India, Lord Beaconsfield sat down to whist with the Prince of Wales, and asked the latter: "What points, sir?"

"Oh, sovereign, if you please," was the answer.

Seeing the premier's look of annoyance, Mr. Bernal Osborne observed: "I think, sir, the premier would rather have 'crown' points!" The prince, taking the joke and the hint, altered the stakes accordingly.

Marlborough was not above playing for smaller stakes, though perhaps the great captain did not play high out of fear of his loving Sarah, who had a tongue and knew how to use it; like the lady whose liege lord contrived that she should not more than suspect the secret of his bad hours, until, coming home at six in the morning tired out with "attending on a sick friend," he dozed at the breakfast table, and, solemnly passing the bread, said, "Cut!" "That's your sick friend, is it?" exclaimed the wife; and what followed may be imagined.

A card playing wife can upon occasion, set her scruples aside. Soon after the close of the Secession war, General Forrest and his wife stopped at a hotel in Memphis, and upon examining their purses, found the sum-total of their wealth amounted to seven dollars and thirty cents. The general being due that evening at a house where poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise; but he felt she was for him, and knew how it would be. Let him tell the rest himself.

"They had three tables—one was a quarter dollar table, one a half, and one a dollar-and-a-half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could make it, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose, until high upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and it made me cool. I set my hat on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there till day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and went home. When I got to my room, there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown, and then we sat down and counted it. Just fifteen hundred dollars even, and that gave me a start."

The wife of Bishop Beadon loved whist so well, that when the prelate told one of his clergy if he was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the Bath Rooms, he must be well enough to do duty at home, the invalid one silenced him wife: "My lord, Mrs. Beadon would tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves." The Bishop's better-half would have sympathized with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass the time away, and, after winning all his money, had just proposed to play for her funeral charges, when she expired.

There have been stranger stakes still. In 1735, Henry and James Trotter sat down at the Salmon Inn, Chester-le-Street, to play a game of cards against Robert Thoms and Thomas Dilson, the latter pair staking five shillings, and the former a child, the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Leesh, who gave up their boy to the winners. A traveler in New Zealand, spending a night in a squatter's hut, was invited to cut in for a rubber of whist. As he took his seat, he inquired: "What points?" His partner responded in a tone significant of surprise at such a question: "Why, the usual game, of course—sheep points, and a ballock on the rubber."

Even the sharpest of sharpers may meet more than his match. Robert Houdin happening to saunter into a continental casino where a Greek was reaping a rare harvest at "ecarte," looked on quietly until a seat became vacant, and then dropped into it. The Greek, dealing dexterously, turned a king from the bottom of the pack. When the deal came to Houdin, he observed: "When I turn kings from the bottom of the pack, I always do it with one hand instead of two; it is quite as easy and much more elegant. See, here comes his majesty of diamonds," and up came the card. The cheat stared at the conjurer for a moment, and then rushed from the place, without waiting to possess himself of his hat, coat or stakes.

Another of the fraternity, after winning ten games at "ecarte" in succession tried his fortune against a new opponent; and still his luck held. He had made four points, and dealing, turned up a king and won. "My luck is wonderful," said he. "Yes," said his adversary; "and all the more wonderful since I have the four kings of the pack in my pocket!" and the professor of the legerdemain laid them on the table.

"I remember," said a gentleman who had traveled in Russia, "being at a ball given by the empress to the late emperor, on his birthday. I was playing at ecarte, when the emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. 'Now,' said the emperor, 'let us see whether you can turn up the king.' I dealt, and then held up the turn-up card, observing: 'Your orders, sir, have been obeyed.' A dozen times afterward, the emperor asked me how I managed it; and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard, and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king."

The czar was as much astonished at the result of his remark as the young gentleman who, looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it, if you want it," murmured she; and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.—[Chambers' Journal.

Kat: Chase Sprague's Washington Residence.

Prominent among the notable women in Washington at the present time is Katherine Chase Sprague, who resides on her large and beautiful estate of Edgewood, about two and a half miles from the capitol, with her daughters Ethel, Portia and Katherine, whose several ages are twelve, nine and seven years. Her residence is situated on the brow of a hill, within a short ride from Glenwood Cemetery and a few rods from a by-road which leads from North Capitol street in an easterly direction. It is an ancient structure, having been erected in the early part of the present century by Colonel Berry, one of the original settlers upon the land which now comprises the city of Washington. It stands in the midst of a fertile and beautiful domain of about fifty acres, on which it was once proposed to erect a summer residence for the President of the United States. In 1827 Mr. Chase was a student at law in the office of William Wirt, attorney-general of the United States. Mr. Wirt was the father of two accomplished daughters, who seemed to have excited the admiration of the young student, which admiration found expression in a poem written in blank verse and entitled "The Sisters." According to his own confession, he found the delightful family circle of Mr. Wirt very attractive, and he was ever welcomed to it with cordial kindness, but a stronger attraction existed elsewhere, and this was the old mansion of Edgewood, in which resided Colonel Berry, who was blessed with an only daughter, whose presence formed the light of his household. Colonel Berry was a gentleman of the old school, naturally aristocratic, and not inclined to encourage the visits of young men to whom the presence of this only daughter was doubtless a strong attraction; but having conceived a strong liking for young Chase, he always gave him a cordial welcome, and, aided by his daughter, did all in his power to render his visits a source of pleasure. Hence, Edgewood became the favorite resort of the young student, and here were passed some of his happiest hours during the period of his study of law. It does not appear that Miss Berry inspired any tender emotion in the heart of the young student than that of a deep and lasting friendship; but the kindness with which he was treated by the household of Edgewood made a permanent impression upon his mind, and caused the house and its inmates to be associated with the most pleasant memories of this period of his existence, and he was often heard to remark that if in after life it should become his good fortune to acquire means sufficient to purchase an estate in the country, he should endeavor to become the owner of Edgewood. In 1838 Edgewood was offered for sale, and Judge Chase became its purchaser. The old mansion seemed to have been planned to meet his tastes, and from the day he first crossed its threshold as the guest of its original proprietor until he took up his permanent abode therein, he was never so happy as when permitted to retire from the busy world and seek repose of body and mind within its spacious walls.—[Washington Star.

An Incubator for Infants.

Mr. Tarnier, the surgeon of the Maternity hospital in Paris, struck by the great mortality among infants prematurely born, and those which are very sickly after birth, has conceived the ingenious idea of constructing a box which is almost exactly similar to the incubators used for poultry. This box is divided into two compartments, the lower one being used as a reservoir for hot water, while the infant is placed in the upper one, which is well stuffed at the sides and fitted with a sliding glass cover. The temperature is maintained at 86 deg. Fahr., and M. Tarnier has found that by keeping infants in the incubator for a period of from two to six weeks, their vitality is enormously improved. He has made experiments upon five six-months children, six seven-months and thirteen eight-months children, and he has only lost two of them, whereas, according to his statement, three-fourths of them would have died but for this adventurous aid to vitality.—[London Lancet.

DUST-ESS.

"Widder Jenkins," said an Ohio farmer as he bustled into her house one morning. "I am a man of business. I'm worth \$10,000 and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes in which to answer."

"I don't want ten seconds, old man!" she replied as she shook out the dish-cloth. "I'm a woman of business, worth \$16,000, and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you a minute and a half to git!"

He got.—[Wall Street News.

Cheap Preventative.

To prevent hair falling out, wet it thoroughly once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water.

No es About Women.

A considerable number of young women have connected themselves with the newspaper press during the past year. Among the last ones is a daughter of Lucy Stone, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, who has now the entire charge of the Women's Journal, and she is filling the place ably. One of the best writers in certain departments in the Evening Traveler is Lillian Whiting, who is also correspondent for several southern and western papers. Mrs. Mary Clemmer expects to return to Washington some time next month. Sarah K. Bolton, one of the editors of the Congressionalist, has arrived here from an European trip. Among the ideal works of women is that of "Applied Christianity," as demonstrated by the work of the Women's Union, suggestive of liberality of thought, practical good, intellectual aspiration and spiritual inspiration. Its rooms are pleasantly located on Tremont street, overlooking the beautiful common. The Women's Union reaches poor women, and raises them to a higher level, making them think, and awakening them to a sense of their responsibilities and possibilities, its protective department meeting a want of workingwomen which unaided they could not reach. The classes for study are always full, and most excellent teachers, who give their time, are employed. The industrial part of the union is one of its strongest features. I believe the institution is the only thing of the kind in any large city in the country. One of the ablest journalists, Mrs. Snattuck, is at present in Nebraska, stumping the state for female suffrage. Women in Boston who own real estate registering to vote (for School Committee) in larger number than they have for several years past. The recent Women's Congress at Portland, Me., was a rare and notable occasion. All true Boston women attended it and had their say—and they said much. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the president, presided, and, as usual, was dignified and graceful. Mrs. Howe is a rare woman in her way. She is very gifted, and can speak many languages fluently. She has a fine, classic face, and looks like the ideal American woman. Mme. Modjeska has drawn immense houses during her three weeks' engagement. She is a profitable "star," and herself makes about \$6000 a month. Boston female admirers regret that Miss Anna Dickinson has publicly declared herself in opposition to woman suffrage; but some people say that Anna has a strong prejudice against her own sex. Miss Dickinson, however, believes in intelligent voting; that intelligent women as well as intelligent gentlemen should vote, and that while venal men sell their votes, venal women also should have the same privilege. But Anna, upon the whole, don't think much of woman suffrage. Nor does Mrs. Mary Livermore claim that privilege very strongly; what she wants the most is to see women equal with men before the law.

Please Pass the Salt.

A real romance occurred lately in a hotel in Montreal. In the hotel the road agent of a respectable company boarded while in the city. In the same hotel an American young lady was domiciled. The lady was pleasant and accomplished. The young gentleman at first viewed the lady admiringly at a distance, but was too timid to approach. Day by day his interest grew stronger. He had never spoken to her, nor she to him, and, so far as he was concerned, this was what he most earnestly desired she might do. In this dilemma, he applied to a friend for advice. "Do you eat at the same table?" asked the friend. "Yes," was the reply. "Then I would advise you the next time you dine to ask the lady to pass the salt."

"All right," sighed the love-sick hero. The following day he intended to put his friend's advice into operation, but was most delightfully balked by the lady asking him to "please pass the salt." From that moment the ice was broken, till at last the lady asked for the gentleman's card, in order that she might know whom she was conversing with. The gentleman at once handed the lady his business card. Matters then went on smoothly, all the while the couple enjoying each other's company at concerts, operas, etc. At length this state of matters was brought to a crisis. The lady was about to return to the States. The lover was perplexed and again applied to his friend for advice, who at once advised him to pop the question and thus settle anxiety. She was willing to become one with him. The question then came when the happy day would be. She replied "to-morrow." To this the gentleman demurred, as he had certain business matters to fix. She told him to leave them alone and write to his employers resigning his position and leave the rest to her. He