A TOWN GARDEN.

A plot of ground-the merret scrap-Deep, like a dry forgotten well, A parten esughtin a brick built trap. Where men make monor, buy and well; And srugging through the singment haze Dim forectre, with sapless leaf and siem. Look up with something of the gase That homesick eyes have cast on them.

There is a rose against the wall, With scanty, similar incrusted leaves: Fair showers in happier roves fall – On this foul droppings from the caves, It plans, but you need hardly note: It dies by inches in the gloom: Shoots in the spring-time, as if by rotes Long has forgotten to dream of bloom.

The phorest blossom, and it were classed Will color and mane—but never a flower! It blooms with the roses whose bloom is part. Of trent hue, and place, and hout. They live before me as 1,00K -The damask buils thet breache and glow. Flok wild roses, down by a brook. Lavian clusters of airy show.

Could one transplant you-(far on high A murity summer lights the they -And set you 'coath the arching say, And set you reach the straing say. If the given country, maky mile, Would you a rike deep and suck up strangth, Washed with rain and hung with pearly. Using to the trills, a leafy length. Sweet with blossom for June and girls?

Yet not Who needs you in those bowers Yet for W to neces you in those obvious Who prime uffs that all can give? Bentow your life instead of flowers. At d slowir die that dreams may live, Prisoned and periabling your do'e Of lingering leaves shall not be sain-Worthy to wreaths the homlock yow!. Or twitte about the cross of pain!

THE SERJEANT'S WILL.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe?" Simple words and true as far as that I am Mr. Warrington; but this I can assert, that never had words so taken me by surprise, nor had my name ever been put to me under more singular circumstances. 'That this may be clear, I must explain. As shortly as I can I will do so, for I dislike explanation, and would have my judge, when I am moving the court, know beforehand, if possible, what my point is.

80.1

I am a barrister, as you guess, and my chambers are in Hare Court; it is the most ancient, quiet and retired place in the Temple. just on your right if you come in by the archway at the bottom of Chancery Lane. My number is of no importance; in fact, abundant reasons will appear why I should be reticent as to it. One reason, which will not appear, but a very cogent one nevertheless, being that solicitors are not fond of counsel who rash into print, unless their lucubrations are bound in calf. I have one room in which I sit myself, and the undivided half of a clerk's room and a passage; the rest of the set are occupied (I am talking of a time six months back) by Serjeant Greathead, Q. C., of the western circuit, whose large room in the rear is the only comfortable and well furnished one, my rooms being as dingy and cheerless as most ground-floor apartments in the Temple. A couple of doors shut us in, but the oak is only sported when the clerks leave at seven. Then our chambers, not very lively during the day time, are abandoned to darkness, ai-Jence and the mice. In a word, they are merely offices.

Well, about the time I have mentioned, I was obliged, no matter whyperhaps because over my dinner at the Suffolk Street Club I discovered a fallacy in the opinion to be sent out the next morning-I found myself obliged, for the first time in certainly a year, to go to my chambers after dinner. The clock at St. Clement Danes was striking the half hour after nine as I turned into the lonesome and echoing Temple. I opened my outer door with my key, after ascertaining that 1 had some matches in my pocket, and did the same to the inner door, drawing the oak to behind me, and shutting it. Then I stood still. It was very odd!-all should have been in darkness, but from the key hole of the serjeant's room a bright ray of light shone steadily, and from within came the familiar sound of the rustling of papers. It was very odd. I had known the serjeant to say he never worked at night, and cortainly I had never heard of him coming to his chambers in the evening. Very singular that we should both be there on this particular night! At any rate, I would see if it was all right. I opened his door and walked in quietly. an apology on my lips. The room, as I have said, a spcious one, was brilliantly lighted, the table was covered with papers and books; but no Serjeant Great-head was there! Some one was, though, with a vengeance.

lit a candle and drew some water from the filter. There was a flavor of romance about this, and yet, handsome as she was, and singular as were the circumstances, something repelled me. I had not got over the start she caused me perhaps. "Are you sure that you have got what

you want?" She had replaced the papers and cleared the table with wonderful deftness while I was away. She was standing now by the fireplace, evidently ready to go.

"I have, thank you," she answered rather thoughtfully; "perhaps you would be good enough to escort me to my cab, my nerves have hardly recovered yet."

She smiled bewitchingly as she spoke what I took for badinage, but the next instant I saw that it was true enough. We were moving toward the door, and I had just said, "With pleasure," when a heavy footstep, coming along the passage couple of seconds as if going no further, then it proceeded on and up the stairs. Well, just during the second or two that it halted at the door, I saw my companion's face-it had turned white again and had the same nervous, expectant expression I had first observed. Her nerves had not recovered the surprise of my sudden entrance.

"It would hardly do for any one to find me here," she said, with a forced laugh, finding my eyes fixed upon her

face "No? but that was so like your uncle footstep that it did not alarm me." She did not smile as I expected. the contrary, she helped to unfasten the outer door with almost petulant eagerness. Once in the open air she breathed

more freely, but she hardly spoke again except to thank me when I pat her into the cab. "I hope the Serjeant will sleep to-

night and not need his papers," were my last words, which she only acknowledged by a bow, as she threw herself back. But had cause, as will be seen, to remember them.

I did not get much work done that night, quiet as it was; my visitor had ansettled me, I suppose. Twice I thought I heard someone in the Sergeant's room, and was foolish enough to take a light and go and see. Of course there was no one there ; so after a short time I gave it up and went home to bed.

The next day, be it observed, was Sunday. I pass on as briefly as I can ; at breakfast on the Monday I received a more serious shock. Among the items of intelligence in the morning Post appeared this paragraph (it will save me much explanation): "We regret to have to announce the sudden death, at his residence, Gloucester Road, of Mr. Sergeant Greathead, Q. C., of the West-ern Circuit, Recorder of Diddleham. His decease, which took place very suddenly on Saturday evening, was caused by a heart complaint from which the learned gentleman had for some time suffered.

"Umph," I said to myself, and being lawyer, began to think and to put two and two together, not without now and again a little eerie feeling down the small of my back. Mr. Sergeant Greathead died on Saturday evening. On Saturday evening, before or after the event, is not proved, a lady is occupied all alone among Mr. Sergeant Greathead's papers in his chambers, and, though this I was not quite sure about, among the drawers of his writing table. "Umph !" well, I as never on very intimate terms with the old gentleman, who was thirty years my senior, and it is no particular busi ness of mine. It's all right, or will come so in the end, doubtless. And I put on my boots and coat and went down to chambers and discussed the old gentleman's death, with the due amount of sympathy, with his clerk, and forwarded letter of condolence to the family, of whom I knew nothing, applied to the treasurer of the Inner Tomple to take on the Sergeant's chambers, and did my usual work and lived my usual life for four days. Then something happened. Thomas, my boy, showed in to me "our Mr. Ford," of Ford, Ford & Bittle, of Staple's Inn, whom I knew to be the late Sergeant's solicitors. "A new client," said I to myself, with much excitement. With a judicious mixture of courtesy and dignity I waved him to a seat; which was all thrown away. "Now, perhaps you can tell me, Mr. Warrington, he said after a few preliminary observations, which sufficiently en-lightened me. "Have you any idea lightened me. "Have you any idea where our poor friend is likely to have put his will. "Not the slightest. We were not on very intimate terms, though the best of friends. Have you searched his cupboard and books?' "Carefally. Yet I feel sure that it is here. The day he signed it he said to me, 'Here you'll find it when you want it Ford,' and he tapped the table, so that I took it for granted he meant to lock it up there." "What family has he left, Mr. Ford?" "He was never married. His nicce, a remarkably nice girl, has lived with him for over a year. Except a distant cousin who acted as a kind of housekeeper, she was his only connection.

I told him all that had occurred on the Saturday night, just as I have related it If my readers feel a tithe of the above. wonder he expressed, I am satisfied with my powers of description.

'If you had not told me face to face, sir, I would not have believed a syllable of it!" he said emphatically, "not a syllable!"

"Could you"-after I had thought a minute or two-'could you procure me a glimpse of Miss Greathead, or of her photogra h?" Our Mr. Ford actually blushed.

"Well, I could. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory if you saw herself." "Not at all." What in the world made the man fidget so?

"Then I think-I have-somewhere if I've not left it, the very thing you want. Oh, yes, here it is." And after fumbling in all his other pockets, from his breast pocket Mr. Ford, a little red ontside, made itself clearly heard even in the face, produced a neat little Ras-through the closed doors. It halted a sia leather case. He opened this and hold the portrait within for my inspection.

"Well?" he uttered impatiently, while with a critical eye I was examining a very pretty, very youthful, wholly good

"Nose a little, just a little, too retrousso," I murmured.

"Eh?" shutting it up with an angry

"But, however, that is not the lady who was occupied here on Saturday night. That is one point clear, Mr. Ford. Now, who would profit by the destruction of this will? Is there any earlier one in existence?"

"Yes. There is a former will discov ered in the sergeant's desk at home. was made before Olive-I mean Miss Greathead-came to live with him."

"Its date?"

"January, 1879."

"Well?" "It leaves two thirds of the estate to the cousin who then kept house for him.

"A tall, pale, dark eyed womau, deeidedly good-looking."

"Yes. By Jove, I see! She was your visitor, and with instinctive caution, gave Olive's name, or rather description," ne cried.

"And has destroyed the last will?" "I don't know so much about that,

he answered, slowly wiping his forehead. "She did not burn it here, as you say the fire was out. She might keep it to see how things would turn out. It gives her £5,000, too.'

"Ah, doos it? Wait a moment. Does it really? Well, then, we can get it back by a bold stroke. I'm with you in this, Mr. Ford. It gets interesting. The first will, which must be proved if the last be not found, gives the housekeeping cousin two-thirds, about £50,090, say; the later and missing will gives her £5,000. But suppose one were-only suppose-one were to turn up between the two and give her nothing, eh?"

"No chance!" said the lawyer; don't think I quite follow you." "I can explain in two words. You

But as the two words lengthened themselves to two hundred, as two words always do, I need not go through any more of our conversation. Its drift will be guessed by the sagacious reader.

At parting, "Its rather a serious thing, you know," said the lawyer ruefully. "Yes," I answered mischlevously; "its

five years.' We were assembled in the dead man's

dying room in Gloucester road to hear

Thus Mr. Ford, in a low, apologetic tone, busy with the paper.

Miss "Oh, Edith, I am very sorry!" Greathead had risen, too, and put her hand upon the older woman's shoulder. The servants were filing out. Miss Chilling pushed the other aside, not cruelly, but as if she were in the way.

"The will! show me the will!" she said, in hoarse, low tones, holding out one white hand imperatively. Mr. Ford handed it to her without a word. She took it to the window and examined it carefully. Wonderful as under the circumstances was her self-command, one could hear the paper rustle in her shaking hands. In a moment she faced us. "You did not draw this will?"

"No," Mr. Ford answered nervously, he took, I suppose, other advice. The attesting witnesses are Mr. Warrington, who, you may be aware, has chambershad, I should say-with the serjeant, and the laundress, who died some months ago. So it is evident that it was made at chambers."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Then Miss Chilling crossed the room and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Humphreys still here?" she said to the servant.

"Yes, Miss." "Ask him to come to me, if you

please?" "My clerk shall fetch him," cried Mr. Ford, hastily, with a glance at the ser-vant and then at his unpreposessing follower.

"No," said Miss Chilling, imperative-ly. We all stood still and listened to the clock ticking solemly, till the old clerk appeared.

'Humphreys," she said, with a strange yearning in her voice, a sudden softening, as it were, "please to examine this signature, and tell me if it is your late masters.'

He was her last hope.

The old man slowly drew out and put on his glasses. Miss Greathead, nerv ous and frightened, cowered in the win dow seat. Mr. Ford looked steadily into the fire. I fancy he saw there a law report headed, "In the matter of Charles Henry Ford, gentleman, one, etc.," or it might be more shortly, "In the matter of a solicitor." As for his clerk, I can answer for it, that no heart in the room was going pit-a-pat like his. How long Humphreys was pouring over it! At last he spoke, and then with torturing slowness:

"Ah, that's his writing, sure enough. God bless him."

Then two of us drew such a sigh of relief, as, well I am at a loss for a metaphor sufficiently strong, but at any rate, it was a very deep one.

Mr. Ford murmured a few words of condolence to the one lady and congratulations to the other; and he and his clerk got themselvos out of the room as well as they could. The last seen of Miss Chilling, she was brooding over the fire, with a face over so much elder, as it seemed to us, than that which had shone in the dusk hehind her fluttering fan.

"Upon my honor," Ford whispered to his confidential clerk, as the door closed behind them, "I am afraid to leave them together.

"Pooh, your young woman hasn't made a will."

"Why? what! you don't think she-? He stood still.

"The serjeant? No, I don't. I have scen his doctor. She was first on the scene, that's all; a couple of hours be-

fore any one else, I expect."

opened the drawers, cast my eye over them, felt behind them; as I expected, nothing. Then I procured a chair and a candle, and with a minuteness that butter from the two milkings would worth \$14, and from the till to a light butter from the till worth \$14, and from the till to a light butter from the till butter looked along the top of row after row of the half-bound books that on three sides concealed the walls from floor to ceiling. Two sides had been examined before I found what I had expected. Low down between the fireplace and one of the windows it was, almost within reach of the writing table. Then I sat down on the floor, put the candle beside me and

took out my watch. Seven minutes passed before Thomas returned and some one with him. I did not move, but sung out:

"Ford! here I am; come in and shut the door.'

"There has been a lady here, your boy talls me?"

"Yes, the lady. She wished to see her uncle's room once more. Sweetly ap-

propriate, wasn't it?" Yes, yes.

feelings-

"Bother her feelings!"

"I left her alone-and look here." He was on his knees in the twinkling of an eye, and had both eyes glued on the top of the eleventh and twelfth volumes of Bevan's Reports of the Court of Chancery. The layer of dust, which elsewhere lay in uniform smoothness, was here disturbed.

"The will is in Chancery, you may dopend upon it." I said, airily. At a sign from me Ford gingerly removed the books, and opened first one and shook it-nothing. I won't swear that our faces did not flush as he opened the other and shook it -- nothing! Then he got up and used a naughty word. I examined the volume closely, with the same result. We looked at one another.

"Nothing wrong with our calculations, is there?"

"No; under the missing will she gets £5,000. That will disappears, that she may get two-thirds of the whole estate under the first; when, lo, up starts an intermediate will-a devilich odd willleaving her only £500, and good, as far as she knows, until the missing one turns up. She's no fool; therefore it will turn

up." "If she has not destroyed it." "Exactly. How much time did you

give her? 'Five minutes at least; and some one has been at these books. Wait a minute, what fools we have been !" Two volumes of Bevan's reports still lay upon the floor side by side. I plunged my hand into the ortice caused by their absence from

the shelf. I groped. Ford's eyes grew perceptably bigger. "What's this?" I cried, and brought out a paper. "Right!" he shouted, as he hastily glanced at it outside. The lost will !

We've won !" "No chance of 'five years with-,' eh,

now, Ford?"

"No, but upon my honor, at one time things looked awkward."

The five thousand pounds were promptly paid to Mrs. Chilling, and she has passed from our sight with that modest independence. She was a very clever woman, and most certainly will get on in the world. I am glad she never learned how she was clowimated. Olive Great-houd is now the wife of "our Mr. Ford," a cozy, pleasant resort is their house in Grenville place. So much of the business of Ford, Ford & Bittle comes to my chambers in Hure Court, that I also am thinking of setting up a little double establishment at the West End. Ford and I sometimes chat over the Sergeant's three wills, and the last time I dined with him I heard him say, with singular emphasis, to his guest on the right: "You never forged a will, now, I sup-

would be lost under other practice, one experiment reported, if the be were worth thirty cents a pound worth \$14, and from the three mills \$18, according to the percentage of found to be secured by the extra a ing. The question arises in this insta Is the extra money value secured w the labor expended in securing it? will, of course, depend very must how the cows are kept. If they a pasture, the trouble of driving the and milking them, and driving s back again, is not altogether may by the labor expended, but the la the cows from pasture. Also the is ruption of men and women from a regular daily labor are serious main a farm where long distances se the hands from the cattle. again, on the dairy farms of country, the great bugbear a want of good milkage. Few may succeed in dairying who have to de on hired help outside their own for "Well, out of consideration for her or connections. Men hate to milk women cannot do it where large r bers of cows are to be handled in at sonably short time. In the old cor where hands are numerous and are b had for the asking, the burden of milkings a day may be imposed with creating a riot, but in this coust would not do. The chances also that such frequent milkings would to dry up the cows for want of dist of the udder. This of course applie cows in the usual condition. cow is fresh and produces a yield th threatens the udder and is evid painful to the cow, it is well to relieve udder by one or two extra milkin day, and even then it is scarcely while to draw the udder to the last sh pings. Under the ordinary condiof American farm life, we are quites that the extra per cent. of fat savel one additional milking, in view d inconvenience attached to its peria ance would not pay the dairyman practice it. In view of the effect out cow, we would be slow to recom the practice, even if it did pay .- And can Dairyman.

A Baby on the Battlefield.

The Martinsburg correspondent the Wheeling Intelligencer relater the following story: Almost every famil here has some bit of romance a nected with the late war. To-day # musicale, at which I was kindly invite I met a lady whose talents as a mu cian and whose remarkable ben had attracted my attention. She m sessed that rare type of prettines is wholly nouthern. Great, deep eyes, the face perfect in every feature hair rich in its abundance, and world ful in its tint. This is her siz Twenty years ago, when the tide battle in long, bloody waves sw over the terrible field of Manasen baby girl was left an orphan on the h tle ground. During the changes of fateful day, the home of the blues girl was at one time directly between fire of both armies. As the first si whistled above the house, the pare started to flee for a place of refuge. dozen yards from the door both w shot down, and the baby, an orpi without sister or brother, was alone the world. The flattle raged on d end dying were everywhere, but baby was unharmed. The day w away, and just as the sun's last m half hidden in the curling smoke, m d the earth good night, Ge Jubal Early, riding by, heard the ba cries. He dismounted, and taking little waif up, cared for it until he co place it under the care of his siste They watched it through its infant years, giving it an education and a wo of love, and now that baby, grown womanhood, lovely and accomplish the pet of a wide circle of friends, t call her "Waif," is the sole support these two women, sisters of the re general. Over these she sits direct musical offering, every inch a wom ncble and true. She talked to mem estly, and her beantiful eyes filled w tears as she spoke of her two old fries If I should write her name it would be a strange one here, for all the knows Miss Ida Henry.

"Mr. Warrington, I believe."

1.22

With one hand resting upon the table and pressing some among the many papers which littered it, stood the speaker, a lady! Apparently about fiveand-thirty, she was tall and of a good figure, her dress handsome though simplo. A veil obscured much of her face, which was toward me as I entered. Either her complexion was naturally colorless, or agitation had driven the blood from her cheeks; the latter, I conjectured, since her left hand was pressed to her side. I stood dumbfounded, and at least twice this unexpected apparition repeated the words I have set down. Who was she, and what on earth was she doing alone and at this time of the night in our chambers? As far as I remember I

said at last in a bewildered tone, still holding the door-handle:

"Yes, certainly, I am Mr. Warrington.

"You must be surprised to find me here. I am Serjeant Greathead's niece.

"Ob, yes!" I answered, with a bow and a vain attempt to indicate by my tone that I thought this a perfectly satisfactory explanation of her presence at 9:30 in his chambers; 'Oh, yes.

"He is rather unwell this evening, and thought he would like to have some papers to read, in case he should not sleep. I have volunteered to fetch them -was it not bold of me?-and my cab is waiting in Fleet street."

"The serjeant not well! I am very sorry. Can I give you any assistance? From the appearance of the table she must have undone most of the bundles in search of the right papers, such was the litter upon it. She really was a very good looking woman.

"You can undo the harm you have innecently caused, Mr. Warrington, by gotting me a glass of water, if you will be so kind. You startled me not a little. I was prepared to find darkness and loneliness, but not to must any one.'

"If I have frightened you I do wish had stayed away-which is unselfish," I added gallantly; "but it is curious that ould have led me here to night for fate sh the first time this year.'

"Yes; not only curious, Mr. Warringson, provoking also." I laughed and hastened to my room,

such a thing to you?"

"Was his niece a very great favorite of his?"

"Yes, of late, very much so. Her mother and the sergeant did not get on; ayear ago the mother died, and Mr. Greenhead, who was a good man at bottom, took the girl home. I don't mind telling you that the missing will leaves

her nearly everything." "What!" I cried, in astonishment, leaves her nearly everything?"

Why "Yos; and very naturally, too. not?"

Up to this moment I had had, since the lawyer opened his business to me, but one idea which was, that on the night the old man died, his niece, "this very nice girl," had come to his chambers, searched for the will, and, for her own advantage, abstracted and destroyed

it. Had done that, and had into the 1 a gain, startled me first, and fooled me afterward. But how about this theory now? "Cui bono."

"I can't make it out?" I said, slowly aursing my chin.

"Nor can I!" cried the other briskly. "Is the niece, Miss-Miss Greathead of a very Quixotic spirit at all likely to burn up the will to benefit somebody foale

"She's not so mad as to throw away seventy-thousand pounds, if you mean that. Good heavens! what suggested

the will read. It may seem odd that I should have been present at this merely family matter, but the fact is that I, John Warrington, of the inner temple, barrister-at-law, was not. A silent and glasses, with also a seedy coat and boots to match, and a habit of taking snuff surreptitionsly yet with a certain amount of ostentation, was present. But he was merely Mr. Ford's clerk, and if his figure and face were not familiar sights in the offices of Messrs, Ford, Ford & Bittle, why Mr. Ford had a right to engage a special clerk for business of so confidential a nature as this. There were not many present. The tall, gracious, almost queenly woman sitting near the fire with her back to the light and a large black fan in her hand is Miss Chilling, 'third cousin to the deceased,' as the newspapers would say. The fair,

nervous girl by the table is Miss Olive Greathead; observe that her pale face flushes a little as she shakes hands with 'our Mr. Ford.' In the back-ground are old Humphreys, the clerk, and several servants.

"I have two wills here which I think I ought to read," says the lawyer, softly, taking his seat at the end of the table. 'The first is dated 1879, the second about a year back. A third will was made within the last six months, but I regret to say that our poor friend must have destroyed it, intending, of this I have no doubt, to make another in its place. In the midst of life, we are-yes, indeed.

Having uttered this in low but clear tones he takes from me-I mean from the clerk, who produces them from his black bag, some papers, and proceeds in more business like tones to read the 'last will and testament of Jonathan Greathead, of Gloucester road, in the county of Middlesex; and of Havre court, the temple, at the city of London, barristerat law.

"The purport is this," said he, after the usual flood of verbiage had passed for the most part harmoniously over our heads, "that the bulk of the testator's estate would go to his cousin, Miss Chill ing, and a share, very much smaller, but still considerable, to Miss Greathead. In one respect I very much regret that my task does not end with this will."

Then we will listen to another last will and testament, and a fresh current of conveyancer's English, much shorter than the last, however, is let loose upon us. One person in the room, I can safely assert, feels on the rack, and Miss Chilling's fan never stays, but flutters, now slowly, now with a sudden impetus. And no wonder, her fortune of \$45,000 swept away by a stroke of the pen, and a miserable £500 all that is giv n her instead. Of the residue, after payment of certain legacies to the servants, clerks and others, the whole is given to Miss Greathcad. When he ceased the woman at the fire rose grandly to her full height.

What if our plan doesn't work? How long are we to keep it up?"

"A week won't do us harm; then if nothing turns up we must find out something wrong with our previous document. humble gentleman, with a beard and But I don't think she is inclined to fight." And the confidential clerk of Ford, Ford & Bittle linked his arm with that of "our Mr. Ford" with astonishing freedom, and an utter forgetfulness of his seedy hat and boots.

"A lady to see you, sir." I was greatly surprisod.

"Show her in. Good gracious! How do you do? Please to take a seat, missah, yes, Miss Greathead. Very sad things have happened since I saw you last." It was my former visitor, the Serjeant's niece.

"Yes, indeed; they are too fresh to be spoken of. I have called to ask you a question, Mr. Warrington, and I am sure I may trust to your discretion."

"Absolutely," I assented, warmly.

"Please do not think it an odd one. have a reason. Do you remember witnessing my uncle's signature about a year ago?

"Well, I remember this much, that I did so, but I don't think I can tell you much about it; as far as I can recall the matter, Mrs. Coil was there. No one else. I think. If I can help you any further, I will think it out.

"Thank you," she said, with a halfaudible sigh, drumming softly on my "That is table with her gloved fingers. all, I think, that I wanted to ask. Now I am here, I should like to see my uncle's room for-for the last time, Mr. Warrington, if you please."

"Most certainly. Nothing has been disturbed since you were here." I led the way into the room; she stood in the middle, and looked round with a steady serutinizing gaze.

"I will leave you for a moment," said I. considerately, and half closing the door, stepped into my own room, and sat down-to finish the Statement of Claim in Davey v. Davey?-nothing of the kind, but executed upon my hearthrug a silent dance of triumph that would have gained for me a lucrative engage ment at the Aquarium. After five minutes of this, I composed my face, and went back to the old gentleman's room, stumbling carelessly over the mat as I did so. She was still apparently standing exactly where I left her. It cost me all my self-command to avoid glancing round the room.

"Thank you," she said, sweetly. "I am so much obliged to you. I am very glad I came. You will not mention my visit?

"You may depend upon my reticence," I said, with a bow, in which I flatter myself that a sincere personal devotion and an overflowing appreciation of her affection for her uncle appeared to mingle. The moment, however, that I had got her out of the chambers and the door closed behind her, I sent Thomas off with a note and darted back into the Ser-This is not the final arrangement our friend intended to make; so much I know; it is a sad lesson of the danger of procrastination even in the wisest of us." | choly tidiness everywhere. Quickly I

pose, Sir John?" "I, sir!" cried the Alderman, with portentious dignity.

"Oh, no, of course not; but, do you know, I dare say you have dined at the same table with people who have. The worthy merchant swelled and

swelled with indignation until I quite feared for him. And yet, do you know, I think Ford was right.

Description of a Cowboy.

A genuine cowboy is worth describing, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. In many respects he is a wonderful creature. He endures hardships that would take the lives of most men, and is, therefore, a perfect type of physical manhood. He is the finest horseman in the world, and excels in all the rude sports of the field. He aims to be a dead shot, and universally is. Constantly during the herding season he rides seventy miles a day, and a majority of the year sleeps in the open air. His life in the saddle makes him worship his horse, and it, with a rifle and a sixshooter, complete his happiness. Of vice in the ordinary sense he knows nothing. He is a rough, uncouth, brave and generous creature, who never lies or cheats. It is a mistake to imagine that they are a daugerous set. Any one is as safe with them as with any people in the world, unless he steals a horse or is hunting for a fight. In their eyes death is a mild punishment for horse-stealing. Indeed, it is the highest crime known to the unwritten law of the ranch. Their life, habits, education and necessities breed this feeling in them. But with all this disregard of human life there are less murderers and entthroats graduated from the cowboys than from among the

better educated classes of the east who come out here for venture or gain. They delight in appearing rougher than they are. To a tender-foot, as they call an eastern man, they love to tell bloodcurdling stories and impress him with the dangers on the frontier. But no man gets harmed unless he commits some crime. They very often own an interest in the herd they are watching, and very frequently become owners of ranches. The slang of the range they always use to perfection, and in season and out of season. Unless you want to insult him, never offer a cowboy pay for any little kindness he has done, or for a share of his rude meal. If the changes that are coming to stock raising should take the

Milking Three Times a Day.

cowboy from the ranch, its most inter-

esting feature will be gone.

Messrs. Muller and Jones, of Germany, have been making some quite extensive experiments in milking cows you?" more than the usual number of times a day. By milking three times a day a slight percentage of fat is secured that

HER CONDUCT EXPLAINED.-The co duct of Lillian Russell will not be much wondered at when the follow extract from an interview with mother is read: "My children and bright," continued Mrs. Leonard, " ceedingly self-helpful and self-reint They can all do for themselves. I in had eight children in all, five dauging surviving; three of them have been ried and all are seperated from husbands. This, including my owned does not argue strongly in favor di institution of marriage, which you h I condemn. About that my print are well known. I believe in prop tion on purely scientific principles, marriage in my family has certainly been a very successful institution."

The next great artistic event will the opening of the triennial exhibits organized by the French governme. The choicest works of the great Fre and foreign masters produced since will form a valuable collection, will attract crowds to Paris from 15th of September until the 31st of tober.

"I should think it would make! nervous to have ladies stare at your so," said a sympathizing friend young clergyman in a street car. does not at all," replied the clerging "Christmas is near, and those lais long to my congregation."

"So you are married at last, Charle I hear your wife is an energetic wat and keeps things stirred up. Of com "No. you married her for love?' the husband, bracing him up. ried her to cure my dyspepsis.

Bulgarian linen scarf, with gay Tu ish embroidery in each end are P into the milliner's service, and are to form entire hats, or else merely the rough straw round hats, and adorn the smallest capote.

"May I ask you why you left your place?" innocently inquired a chara young bride of a showy looking who offered herself as a cook. "Main who offered herself as a cook. may I inquire why your last coel

A trade dollar saved is eighty frees earned.-Philadelphia Press.