IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret or growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom;
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride,
And squander wealth in show;
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want or woe.
The noble worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe
Or cater to a friend,
To fawn and whine much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe.
For friends and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble lot,
A cozy cot,
Have tempted even kings.
For station high
That wealth will buy,
Naught of contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain,
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth—
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success.
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was the evening of the 2d of May, in 185—, that I went to hear the Russian Princess Strainervoyce, who at that time attracted the fashionable world to her concerts. I went to hear the Princess partly to kill time and partly from a desire to see and hear for myself the marvelous foreigner whose name was in everybody's mouth. When I reached her Majesty's concert-room it was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was so closely wedged that one could have studied anatomy, after a fashion, merely from the impression of one's neighbor's bones. At the close of the concert I was borne along with the crowd, and jammed through the doorway at the risk of breaking every rib in my body. Ere I could escape from the throng, and while I was shrugging my shoulders to assure myself that my collar-bone was in its proper position, I felt a hand clasping my arm, and a musical voice exclaimed:

"You good for nothing! I though I had lost you! What a frightful crush! I do believe my arm is broken, and my dress ruined, and all for the sake of hearing this Strainervoyce!"

I wes on the point of replying that I agreed with her, but restrained myself, laughing inwardly at the novel position in which I was placed, and wondering who my fair companion could be. Evidently she took me for her brother, or, possibly, her husband, judging from the familiarity of her manner, for she added, in a sympathizing tone:

"Forgive me, Ralph—your poor head! I am sorry I made you come."

"Pardon me, madam," said I; "but——"

"Oh, nonsense, Ralph!" she interrupted me. "You have become half barbarian since you went to the Crimea, to permit me to seat myself, while you stand there as if I were your wife, and you ten years married, instead of your sister, whose ready assistant and attendant—in place of a better—you should be."

"Excuse me," said I, "but——"

"Ralph, I shall catch my death of cold standing here, and such a long ride, too." Here the lady gave a peculiar shiver. "Do jump in and sit down, or I will——"

What she would have done I did not wait to hear; but, taking my place beside her in the brougham, we were driven off, whither I knew not.

"I won't ask you to talk to me, with that headache, but I want you to listen to me," began my companion the moment we started. "I wanted to talk to you coming in, but that little chatterbox, Maggie, prevented me from saying a word to you. You remember poor little Lucy Walters, Ralph. Her mother died about two months ago, and the poor girl has gone to live with the Deans. Mr. and Mrs. Dean have been very kind to her, but it is impossible for them to more than shelter her. How any one can have the heart to wound Lucy's feelings is a mystery to me, and yet every occasion that presents itself is seized upon by the Wares and Kings to insult her, even to commenting upon the poor girl's father's actions, as if she could have prevented that which occurred twenty years ago, and I have seen Sarah Ware imitating her walk, regardless of poor Lucy's tears."

I could not restrain an exclamation of disgust as I listened to this.

"I knew it would disgust you, Ralph," continued my companion. "Well, the doctor says now that Lucy will always be lame—there can be nothing done for her. I have been thinking, ever since her mother died, that if she had a good teacher she might not only in time be independent, but achieve a name as an artist. You should see some of her attempts. She is a genius, Ralph. But that would require money, and where is the money to come from? You know I haven't much, Ralph, but I have determined to do something for our old playmate. I can save out of my allowance at least thirty pounds, and now if you will double it, what will that not do for Lucy? I was counting it up the other day, and if I am correct it will enable her to attend the School of Design and take private lessons in art for a year; and at the end of that time, if Lucy is alive, she will show the world what a woman can do. When I look at that poor girl, with her rare mind and her craving for knowledge, I cannot help thinking how superior she is to me—a mere idler; and I sometimes think that if she had my place and I hers, there would be more justice in the distribution of the world's goods and comforts. Don't say I'm silly and sentimental, Ralph. I know you will give your share of the sum like a good, brother, as you are. I have been talking to her about it, and I know I can manage it so as to overrule any scruples she may have against receiving anything from us."

Here my companion became quiet and the question presented itself to my mind, "How am I to escape from this awkward position honorably? Here I have been guilty of listening to a communication intended for the ear of another—have been guilty of an inexcusable deception practiced upon a stranger and a lady knowingly. Perhaps the honest way would be to acquaint her at once with the mistake and solicit her pardon."

I had at last summoned sufficient courage to clear my throat and was about to commence my well studied speech, when my companion gave a litle laugh, as she said:

"Really, Ralph, you are very entertaining in your own peculiar way, but if you are as dumb when in the presence of Miss Vernon as you have been to night she is to be pitied rather than envied. You are little better than a barbarian! But here we are at uncle's, and you know I promised to stop with Carrie to-night, so you will have no one to bother you the remainder of the road. How singular you do act to-night, Ralph! Well, I won't tease you any more."

Suddenly the driver drew up before an elegant residence, and imagining I perceived a loop-hole whereby I might escape from my awkward predicament, I sprang out of the brougham and assisted the lady to alight.

"Is your head still aching, Ralph? Good night. Why, you forgot to kiss me!"

As the fair face was upturned to mine, with its tempting lips awaiting the kiss, I pressed my shawl down from my mouth suddenly, and as suddenly felt my head drawn down to receive the most delicious kiss that ever was bestowed by maiden.

"You need not wait; the door is open, and there stands Carrie, bless her!" said my companion, as she tripped up the steps, while I stood irresolutely beside the brougham.

"Then, my dear fellow," I mentally ejaculated, "it is time you were off." And, seating myself in the brougham once more, I was again driven off, but whither I knew not. I only knew that I had lost a charming companion, whose lips a moment since were pressed against my own, and whom, in all probability, I might never meet again. And when I recalled her generous offer, her sympathy for the poor lame girl and her self-accusing spirit, so unlike that of my acquaintance in general, I longed to know more of her. Then again my cheeks tingled when I remembered the deception I had practiced. And what would she think of me when she ascertained—as she most certainly would, sooner or later—the truth.

My speculations were, however, cut short by the abrupt stoppage of the brougham, whereupon I stepped out leisurely, picking up from the bottom of the carriage as I did so, an exquisitely embroidered handkerchief. Upon examining it closely I perceived the initials "C. W." in one of the corners. I was reminded of my situation at that moment by the driver's inquiry "if Mr. Ralph would want him any more to-night;" so I merely shook my head, and without vouchsafing a word of explanation, I turned away from him and walked homeward.

Evidently I bore a very strong resemblance to Mr. Ralph, whoever he was. When his own sister and the servant were deceived by the resemblance, it must be very great. True, my cap was drawn down firmly, almost concealing my eyes, and the lower part of my face was muffled up in a heavy shawl, still, taking everything into consideration, I said to myself, the similarity of dress, feature and manner must be wonderful to deceive one's relatives.

It was late in the spring, and the frosts in May cut off most of the fruit around London. The night was in that communicative mood termed "nipping," and remembering that a walk of four miles lay between me and the Albany, I walked forward briskly, revolving in my mind the different aspects of my adventure as they presented themselves, one after another, and resolving to keep my own counsel. I had walked perhaps a mile, when I observed a gentleman approaching at a walk as rapid as my own. As he drew nearer I was struck with his resemblance to me—hight, size, manner and dress, even to the wraps around his neck, and the buttons upon his coat were the exact counterpart of my own. I think the resemblance must have struck him at the same time, for, as we were passing each other, we involuntarily paused, scanning each other closely and curiously, then strode on. "Mr. Ralph," I said to myself as I turned to look at him. Singularly enough, Mr. Ralph was at that moment looking at me; but the instant he was detected he wheeled around and resumed his walk. Ere I reached my chambers I resolved to ascertain, if it was possible; who the person was who dwelt in the large house on the Common, and who had arrived from the Crimea so recently, that I might thereby assure myself to whom I was indebted for a delicious kiss, and whose acquaintance I was very desirous of making.

Early upon the following morning, I sat down and wrote a few lines to Miss Lucy Walters, the lame girl, and inclosing three ten-pound notes, sealed the letter and depositing it in my pocket, sallied forth in quest of the information I so much desired. Wending my way to a friend's chambers, I encountered a young articled clerk, who was at that moment entering the door.

"George," said I, affecting a careless manner, "I wish to ask you a question;" and I then inquired if he was acquainted with the neighborhood in which I had been on the previous evening.

"Yes, sir, very well," he replied.

"Can you tell me who lives in the large house with the two eagles on the gate posts, on the left hand side of the Common? The house stands back from the road."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Wright's," said he; "but its more than four miles out there, sir."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"About four miles and a half; may be no more."

"Thank you. That is all I want," I replied, as I passed into the house, where I addressed my note to "Miss Lucy Walters, care of Miss C. Wright;" then sauntering out slowly, I called the lad to me.

"By the way, George," said I, "I have a letter to deliver out there. Do you think you could do it for me? If you would call a cab—any way that you could get there soon; and when you deliver it, don't stay a moment. I don't care about having you questioned."

He was a shrewd lad, and, as he listened to me, I knew by the expression of his face that he guessed my motive.

"You don't want them to know where it came from, if you can help it," said he.

"You understand me, I see," said I.

"Well, I can manage it for you, Mr. Clark," said the lad. "My Uncle Dean lives out there."

"Is Mr. Dean your uncle?" I asked hastily.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"There is a young girl living with him?" I continued.

"Yes, Miss Walters," he replied.

"Can I trust you, George?" I inquired.

"You may, sir, If you want to help Miss Walters without her knowing who is doing it," said he.

"Well," said I, "this letter is intended for Miss Walters, as you will perceive. It is a money letter, and if you can convey it to her that is all that is required. You will keep the matter to yourself?" I added, as I endeavored to place a sovereign in his hand.

"No, sir; not that, Mr. Clark. I only wish I could do twice as much for Miss Walters," exclaimed the fine fellow. "I shall put the letter where she will get it, and she will never know where it came from. I am going there to-night."

"Very well, George," I replied, as I left him, feeling satisfied that the note was in safe hands.

* * * * * *

"That lady in blue?" said my cousin.

"No," said I, "the lady beside her."

"Have you not made her acquaintance? That is Miss Wright."

"Any relation of Miss Emma Wright?"

"No; they are quite intimate, however. Let me present you."

I fancied Miss Wright bestowed a look of more than ordinary curiosity upon me as my cousin presented me; but I—I had the effrontery to meet her inquiring look as if unconcious of the fact that I had met those eyes before, and had received from those lips a sisterly kiss. As I seated myself by her I overheard the words. "Taking everything into consideration, I think very little blame can be attached to the gentleman," uttered in a merry tone by a person who was at my elbow, but whose face was turned from me.

"Pray, have done, Ralph," said Miss Wright, as she tapped his shoulder with her fan, a faint blush suffusing her cheek.

"But the coolness of the whole proceeding," continued the party addressed as Ralph, heedless of her remonstrances. "The fellow even gave her a brotherly kiss."

"Ralph!" exclaimed Miss Wright, energetically, as the blood mounted to her forehead, dying her face and neck crimson.

"Come, come, Wright, don't ask us to believe that!" exclaimed one of the group.

"Well, she cannot deny having complained to me the next day that he was exceedingly stupid—thinking I was the offender all the while—and scarcely uttered a word; that, in fact, she had to do all the talking."

"We will take that with considerable allowance, too," replied one of the listeners.

"I met the fellow on the road," resumed the gentleman; "and I must say I never encountered a man so like myself in all my life."

"In truth, you are a barbarian, Mr. Wright, to tell such things about your sister," exclaimed our hostess, with a merry laugh.

"As if I did not owe her ten times as much," said the young man. "Ever since that evening she has been teasing me in every conceivable manner," he added, turning round suddenly toward her, and in doing so encountering my steady gaze, he ejaculated, with a perceptible start, upon facing me, "There he is!"

Miss Wright flashed a meaning glance upon him, then suddenly turned toward me, as if to observe the effect his exclamation and manner would produce upon me; but I was equal to the emergency, and maintained an unruffled composure.

"I did not hear the first of that, Miss Wright," I said, as I cast a careless glance over the wondering group, and another of pretended astonishment upon Mr. Wright, who evidently felt no little annoyance.

"Perhaps it was just as well," was the repiy, as she glanced at her brother. "Ralph really is unmerciful when he begins. I am glad you did not hear the whole; but now that it is out, I may as well give a correct version of the affair. Like an attentive brother he permitted the crowd to separate us at the close of the Princess Strainervoyce's concert on Tuesday, and I was so unfortunate as to mistake a stranger for him, who accompanied me home without acquainting me with my error. Thinking that it was Ralph, and that his headache prevented him from talking, I did permit my tongue to perform rather more than a fair share."

"Then all the blame must be laid upon Mr. Wright. He should be the last to mention it. His want of proper feeling is very much to be deprecated; but let us hope that he will change for the better," said our hostess. "I think even now he exhibits signs of repentance."

"And have you no idea who the gentleman was, Miss Wright?" I inquired.

"Until lately," she replied, placing an emphasis on the word, "I had not the slightest clue to the gentleman."

"Does she know the truth?" I asked myself. "Have I betrayed myself? I might have known that her woman's instinct would detect me."

While these and similar thoughts occupied my mind I became engaged in an interesting conversation with Miss Wright. In the course of it allusion was made to the Princess Strainervoyce."

"Did I attend her last concert?"

"Really, was it the last, or the one preceding it, or the second? Certainly I attended one of them, but which of them? My memory was so treacherous. Perhaps it was the last; at least there was a suffocating crush."

And the conversation went on as before. The digression removed all doubts from her mind. I at least had known nothing of her adventure prior to that evening, when her mischief-loving brother had made it public.

I do not think I was romantic at that time, and yet I must confess that, from the beginning of our acquaintance, I entertained the hope that Miss Wright would one day become my wife. I was not disappointed.

* * * * *

It was perhaps six months after we were married that I carried home in my pocket a newspaper containing a flattering notice of Lucy Walters. As Mrs. Clark employed herself with her work, I drew forth the paper and read to her the notice. Lucy was pursuing her studies, and had carried off the prize medal. As she listened to the flattering comments paid to her protege, my wife's face lit up with a glow of pleasure.

"Ralph used to laugh at me when I told him that Lucy would one day make a name for herself," she said, musingly. "I have so often wondered," she continued, as she resumed her work, "who it was that gave her that money."

"You mean the person who accompanied you to your Uncle Graham's from the concert?" said I.

"Yes," she replied: "it was very singular, his giving the money in the way he did."

"Doubtless he did it to secure your good opinion," said I.

"Then he has never had the satisfaction of knowing how it was received," said my wife.

"Of course he has, though," said I.

"How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Clark, looking up from her work. "He may be dead."

"But he is living," I said.

"Who is living?" she asked.

"The person you so often think about, who sent Lucy Walters thirty pounds, and whom you kissed."

"Mr. Clark!" exclaimed my wife, as the work fell from her hands into her lap.

"Mrs. Clark!" I retorted.

"You don't think! How can you say such a thing!" And a puzzled expression rested on my wife's face, that in spite of all my powers of resistance, forced me to laugh loud.

"Oh! I remember now," she said. "Ralph said something like that once when you were present."

"Then, Mrs. Clark, you deny having kissed him?"

She threw her work to one side and arose. "Harry, is possible that it was you?"

"Very probable, certainly."

"And you have concealed it all this time! You are the most deceptive of all men!" she exclaimed.

"Don't blame me for doing what neither you nor any other woman can do," said I, "and that is, keep a secret—unless it be her age."

"I will not believe it!" said Mrs. Clark.

"Because you tried to surprise me into a confession and failed," I replied. "Then let this be the proof."

I was prepared for this scene, and I drew from my pocket the embroidered handkerchief and pointed out to her her initials, whereupon we mutually agreed that she had made a "Fortunate Mistake."

A Wife's Tact.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind, to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the fault that each discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin. He was somewhat reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and, as he was the head of the house, it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults that I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the tinware. My mother always took great pride in her tinware, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spot on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have always observed," said the husband, that you use your dish rags a long time without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish rags when she was done using them, and then hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more worthy of mention.

"Now, my dear," he said, "you begin and tell me all the faults you have discovered in me since we have been married."

The wife sat in silence. Her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have discovered in me; spare none."

Arising suddenly from her seat the little wife burst into tears and throwing both arms around her husband's neck, cried:

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world. If you have one, my eyes have been so blinded by my love for you that so long as we have been married I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to be done in the best manner and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face reddening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "just think, I have gone and found all manner of fault with you. Now do tell me some of my faults; I know I have many—ten times as many as you ever had or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. Whatever you do seems right in my eyes, and now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin my work of reform and try to make myself worthy of you."

"Nonsense, my dear, you know that sometimes I go away and leave you without any wood cut. I stay up town when I ought to be at home. I spend money for drink and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you. I——"

"No, you don't," cried his wife, "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, wife," cried the now subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world. Indeed, you never had a fault; I was joking; don't remember a word I said;" and he kissed away the tears that still trembled in the little woman's eyes.

Never again did the husband scrutinize tinware nor examine the dishrag; never so much as mentioned one of the faults he had enumerated; out soon after the neighbor women were wont to say:

"It is wonderful how neat Mrs. —— keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe that she not only washes but irons her dishrags." And the neighbor men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow —— has got to be of late. He don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and never can be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."—Baltimore Sun.

Mackerel Catching Off Cape Ann.

The mackerel catchers are vessels of the same rig, tonnage, and lading as the cod-fisher, except that in them the seine takes the place of the trawl. The scene of their operations is rather wider, too, as they meet the mackerel on their appearance in the spring as far south as Virginia, and follow them to the shores of Greenland and Iceland. George's Bank, in the open sea about 150 miles off Cape Ann, and the Dominion waters are, however, the favorite fishing grounds. When one of these vessels reaches the spot where her prey may be taken, a sharp watch is kept for the schools, which may be seen playing about on the surface; old salts aver that they can smell a school of mackerel as well as menhaden. When one is sighted, the listlessness of the crew gives way to animation. The purse-seine, coiled on the after-hatch, is hastily thrown into the seine-boat, which has been towing astern since the vessel left port. Two dories are let down, and, in company with the seine boat, row out toward the school. At the proper time the seine-boss gives the word, the two dories take each an end of the seine, some 150 fathoms in length, and in three minutes inclose the school. Then the seine is "passed," and the schooner is signaled to come alongside. There are 500 barrels of large, fat mackerel in the "purse." The method of transferring them to the vessel is much like that practiced by the Menhaden steamers. A large dip net, with long handle, worked by tackling, is let down into the struggling mass, and throws them on the vessel's deck by the half barrel. This done, the operation of "dressing down" begins by throwing the catch into a square trough; twelve men of the crew of fourteer then attack them with knives, dexterously open them by a slit down the back, and clean them at a stroke; they are then washed, assorted into various grades according to size and fatness, and packed in barrels, one barrel of Liverpool salt being required for four barrels of fish. So rapidly do they work that forty-seven barrels have been cleaned and packed in two hours and a half. Meantime two men have been overhauling the seine, repairing it where a shark or blue fish had made a rent, and the men are ready for another haul—perhaps to work for hours without securing a barrel.—Corr. N. Y. Post.

An Audacious Snake.

Miss Brooks, a respectable young lady, and daughter of a truck farmer at Sheridan, Pa., on the Lebanon Valley railroad, met with a startling adventure while out walking in the woods with a female companion. The story of their wonderful escape is vouched for by the best citizens in the place. While the two ladies were promenading in a secluded spot in the forest, Miss Brooks suddenly experienced a heavy pressure around her waist, which increased to such an extent as to almost deprive her of breath. She cried out from pain, and her companion sprang to one side. Then Miss Brooks put her hand to her waist and she discovered a thick and heavy roll under the light evening costume. Immediately thereafter the two were horrified beyond description upon seeing the head of a snake protruding from the folds of the dress, its horrible fangs darting in every direction. With rare presence of mind Miss Brooks' companion seized hold of the former's dress and pulled the skirt from her body. A huge black snake was found coiled round her waist. It immediately dropped to the ground and disappeared in some dense underbrush. The ladies say it must have been fully six feet in length. It must have been lying in their path, and as they passed along worked itself up the young lady's underclothing and found a comfortable resting place around her waist.

Sparrows Build a Raft.

Dr. H. Chatfield, the coal-dealer, has on his coalshed for protection against fire two buckets which are at all times filled with water. The pigeons in the neighborhood, sparrows and other birds flock there in numbers to quench their thirst, and much fighting and chirping are the consequence. In many instances some of the small birds, while sitting on the rim of the buckets fighting, are percipitated headlong into the water, and, not being web-footed, have a hard time of it getting out. Recently a young sparrow—which breed seems to be endowed from birth with fighting qualities—fell into one of the pails and could not get out. Its loud chirping soon brought its parent, while alighted on the pail, and, seeing the scrape her offspring had gotten itself into, began to all appearances, to scold it. Presently it flew away and brought back with it several more birds, and, with the combined efforts, the little half drowned fighter was fished out. The mode of rescue taken by the elder sparrows was to pick up sticks, straws and other particles that would float. When a sufficient quantity was in the bucket, the drowning sparrow grasped the now completed life raft and was saved, when it hobbled on the shed, its plumage all bedraggled, and the fight seemed to have left it entirely.—Elizabeth (N. J.) Herald.

"Wake up and pay your lodging," said the good deacon, as he nudged the sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

NEWS NOTES.

Yellow fever is raging at Guaymas and Hermosillo, Mexico.

Watermelon cuts are a variety of social festivity enjoyed by temperance folks in New England.

The Canada Pacific railroad is now completed a distance of 1400 miles west of Lake Superior.

A Minnesota photographer's tent has been pulled down by some of his customers whom he had not made handsome enough.

A hotel at the Delaware Water Gap had 208 guests to dinner recently. Of these, 200 were ladies and eight were gentlemen.

George Saunders, vouched for as trustworthy, reports the discovery of a sea serpent sixty feet long in Lake Michigan on the Wisconsin shore.

It is claimed as one of the advantages possessed by Florida that it is south of the tornado belt. And California lies a good distance west of it.

Ex-Governor Hubbard of Connecticut lost his daughter some years ago by her marriage with his coachman. Now he has lost his fortune.

It is said that portraits of reputable citizens are kept in the Rogue's Gallery in New York, and are exhibited to strangers as pictures of thieves.

The University of Chatauqua has permanently organized not a cooking school, but a cooking college, which will, probably prove a benefit on a large scale.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of gold in Cherry creek will be celebrated with a banquet at Denver on September 13th by the early settlers of Colorado.

The city of New York borrowed half a million for sixty days week before last, at three per cent. a year. Bids not accepted were for three and nine-tenths and four per cent.

Moody and Sankey have never taken a dollar of the $400,000 profits on their hymn book. The money has been paid over to a committee and devoted to charity.

Eight hundred head of Jersey cattle and a number of ponies, sheep and hogs, valued at $75,000, were landed at Chester, Pa., August 29th from Hull. The animals were quarantined.

Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field now have a chance to see how they like it in the contemplation of unsightly telegraph poles set on their estates by the New York Water Commissioners.

The new system of inspection of hogs which has begun in Chicago, with the view of determining the existence of trichinæ in pork, is one good result of Germany's outcry and embargo.

Mr. Edison has armed each of the ballet girls in Kiralfy's new play of "Excelsior" with a little battery, and at a signal each one will flash out upon the stage with an electric light upon her forehead.

"We know whereof we speak" says the Boston Journal, "when we say the republicans of Boston have to-day a better working organization than they have ever had so early in the campaign.

The Wyoming people believe that the real significance of all this summer's excursions to the Yellowstone park will be found in an effort to induce the next congress to transfer the park to Montana control.

A well posted treasury official gives it as his opinion that there are at least 15,000,000 trade dollras in the New York banks and depositories, and that before congress meets the amount will be increased to 20,000,000.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the west is to send a petition to the queen of England and empress of India, petitioning her to abolish child marriage in India. The petition will have many thousand signatures.

The ladies' tricycle record has again been lowered, this time by Mrs. Allen, who, accompanied by her husband, succeeded in riding a distance of 125 miles within twenty-four hours. The previous best record for twenty-four hours was made by Miss Jessie Choice.

The queen of Italy is very fond of children, and seldom takes a walk without stopping to chat with one or two of her youthful subjects, especially little girls. In former days she would often ask a protege: "And what is your father, my dear?" But since the haughty reply of a mite of seven—"My father is a republican!"—Her Majesty studiously avoids this question.

The Emperor William's annual three weeks' visit to Gastein, which closed recently, has been paid regularly for twenty years, excepting during the wars of 1866 and 1870. The emperor occupies fifty-four apartments with his suite, and his daily existence follows a uniform routine. Rising at 8:30 he bathes and breakfasts, and at 10 o'clock takes an hour's walk on the promenade, returning home to lunch, where his favorite dish of boiled crabs is served daily. State affairs occupy the emperor till 3 P. M., and after a short rest he dines at 4 o'clock off eight courses. His suite always dine with his majesty, and any prominent person in Gastein is generally invited, the number never exceeding fifteen. Dinner lasts an hour, coffee and cigars follow, and at 6 o'clock the emperor takes an hour's drive. The evening is generally finished at the house of the adjutant general—the Solitude—where a number of guests assemble, and music and acting are provided. At 10 P. M. the emperor goes home to bed.

HAND SHAKING.—Hand-shaking is British. The lounger in society, in his glass of fashion, enumerates its various styles as indicative of character. These are aggressive, supercilious, lymphatic, imperative, suspicious, sympathetic, emotional, but none of these are required by etiquette. Still, to shake, or, rather, to take or give a hand in mere conventional greeting, is a cultivated art of society. A gentleman cannot take a lady's hand unless she offers it, and an American authority on etiquette reminds him that he must not "pinch or retain it." A young lady must not offer hers first, or shake that given her, unless she is the gentleman's friend. A lady should always rise to give her hand, and in her own house she should always offer it in greeting strangers and friends alike.—Second Century.