The fates that sow select the plough
That cuts the cleanest furrow;
That man is only all a man
Whese work is clean and thorough;
And the fates that reap for the harvest sweep
Aye choose the keep est sickle;
That man is only half a man
Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who doem life's busy stream
But meant for craft of power,
No housest work's so cheap and mean
But hath its solemn bour;
For the lowly poor in walks obscure
Have still their human duty,
As well as those whose statelier ways
Move on in light and beauty.

Do well your work, as porter, clerk, Long-storeman groom or carter—
Long-storeman groom or carter—
The crowns of toil are worn as oft
In awast of brow as barter;
Blutt days takes all sort of tracks,
broad, narrow, dry or middy.

A much of conscience may be thrown
In worship as in study.

Werk without flaws the costom draws From hands that slur and blunder;
The chiefest cause for making laws
'(almst false pretance and blunder)
springs ont of sloth and folly, both
sylin hanght out scorn before them.
All housest wages scorn unless
Yen give good labor for them.

The full you used in pegging shoes, are wielding pick and shovel.

It much as that if pen and brain.

Say gorify a hovel;

And mean and base to all his race.

It alien and to neighbor,

It he who in his heart denies

The diguity of labor.

Then, though you told acove me soil,
Or underneath it burrow
in mines and tunnels, always let
Your work be clean and thorough.
Humsnity's a family tree,
Requiring homes duty
Or little twigs, as well as bough;
Inst wave in strength and beauty.

LOVED AND LOST.

如此此

They walked along in silence together. They could hear the gay voices of the people of their party in the distance; a snatch of song reached them now and then, and seemed to their troubled minds like discord. Darkness was gathering quickly around them; shadows were creeping up among the trees, the long branches looked like black arms stretched into the softer blackness of the leaves, and, here and there, there was a break and a glimpse of the gay evening

sky. "How dark it is," murmured Mary Temple.

"Does the darkness make you ner vons?" asked her companion.
"No," she answered shortly; "but it

reminds me that it is getting late, and we must not keep so far behind our friends. I wonder they have not waited for un. "They have not missed us," rejoined

her companion, "and they would not be anxious about you if they did, since you are with me, and they know what old friend we are. But we will hasten on and overtake them, if you like." She did not answer, but accelerated

her pace, and walked so fast at last that her companion had some difficulty in keeping up with her; but presently she stopped short.
"You must be tired; won't you rest a

little?" he pleaded, "No. Richard," she said, "I must

not rest here in the forest alone with you. It would not be right for me. I ought not to have lingered behind our friends, but I had no idea how late it was, and the darkness came on so quick-And now you see they are not within hearing, evidently, for we cannot distinguish their voices any longer,'

It was true, the sounds of laughter and of singing had died away, and listen as intently as they might, they could not hear anything beyond the nameless sounds of the forest itself-the indiscribable whir and rustle and flutter of the woods at night.

"It was very inconsiderate of them to hasten on without waiting for us," murmured Mary Temple, standing perfectly still, and speaking in a low voice. "But the best thing to be done now is to hasten on after them."

"I am afraid you will be exhausted if yho walk along at such a rate," said Richard, as they resumed their hurried

On they went, the shadows creeping closer, the strange, weird sounds in creasing around them, the trees growing blacker, the sky growing darker, and over everything the soft white mist rising and spreading itself out like a huge

"Why, Dick, I do believe I see a glowworm!" exclaimed Mary Temple suddenly, in a voice as different from that in which she had spoken before as sorrow is different from joy, as tears are different from smiles.

The man's heart beat almost to suffocation, as he heard the old familiar name, but he controlled himself sufficiently to answer briskly and naturally. "Haven't you seen them before?" he said. "There are numbers in the forest,

I believe." "Don't you remember how we used to hant for them in the wood and in the hedges at home?" said Mary, speaking still in the altered voice—such a bright, sweet, gay voice it was. "And you used tricks upon me, and make me run all down the garden at night to see them; and, of course, when I got there found any out in the woods in those days, did we? I wonder why that was, Dick?"

"I dare say because those little Kentsh woods are, as a rule, so overrun with people that the glowworms are all taken. You know there is nothing delights a Cockney so much," answered Richard

Level. "What a tease you were then!" con tinued Mary Temple; "what a worry you were to me! Do you remember perthe old oak tree down the garden, when I was a child; and, directly I had got up, as you could, and ran away with it, leaving me literally 'up a tree;' and you would not bring the ladder back until the dinner-bell rang, and I was scolded for being late? Then that time when I went or a visit to your home; and the night you were to come back from the boarding school, your father and brothers insisted on hiding me in the cupboard in the school room? Then when you came into the room I heard them were you not?"

Sons introduction State

presently, "you have forgotten all thece little incidents of childhood, but I have passed such a quiet time that I have been apt to go over all those pleasant merry days again and again."

"An "Did

"The wild life you speak of has not made me forget a single small event," said Lovel, in a low voice. "Through America I never forgot you. The thought of 'little Moll' was my guiding it fired my spirit; and when sometimes we were in danger, I used to say to my-self that I must make a proud figure, for if I did. I should like 'little Moil' to hear awoke one night and found myself in a room hedged in with fire on every sideyou heard of it, you told me this mornwas, oh, if I could only let 'little Moli' know that I had loved her since I was a boy!"

the kind to me, and for me to listen.

"Am I to go away from you then, still bearing all the load of my disappoint-ment and sorrow?" said Lovel, bitterly. "May I not have the miserable satisfaction of knowing that some one knows of my trouble? Will you deny me that?"

"But nothing you can say can mend matters." Mary expostulated; "in fact, everything is tending to make matters worse. See how late it is; and, although we are hurrying on so fast, we do not seem to be getting any nearer. If I do not reach home soon after our party go through the village they will grow anxious about me; and I myself am getting more nervous every moment.'

"Moll," he said passionately, "I am going to leave this place to morrow, and do not believe you will ever see me again! I came home only a month ago, and went down to Fairfield to find you, and there they told me the bitter truth. I bore it, however, and I determined to come and take a look at you in your Hampshire home before going away again. I reached your village last night. I broke in upon you this morning. I have spent the day with you; and when all your merry friends called upon you and asked you to join in their evening atroll in the forest, I must confess I was anxious to accompany you. I did not think of saying a word of this to you then, but I only felt that it would be comparative happiness to walk beside you, to know that you were near without being forced by the exigencies of society and conventionality to laugh and joke and talk platitudes. I have been through hardships of a kind that would make your woman's heart bleed. I have lain out is the open air, night after night, in the vast solitude of those American prairies. I have been, I can say literally, through fire and water; and I went through all with a light heart-with a happy heart ever. I thought of you day after day, morning after morning, night after night, an indefinable instinct seemed to tell me that my 'little Moll,'

perhaps it would have been better so." faintly, and clasping her hands tightly again, and she felt instinctively that it as if in agony. "All these things you was true. What should she do to-moras if in agony. "All these things you was true. What should she do to morare saying sink into my heart and make row and the day after to morrow and all

done.'

He was silent for a few moments; and presently they emerged from under the trees into the open plain, dotted here and there with mith masses of bush and fern and bounded on all sides by vast plantations of pine and beech and asi trees. As they stopped out from the underwood they came into comparative light, and they could see the dim out-line of each other's face, and see the gentle undulation of the land in front of

them. Mary looked about her in dismay. "I don't remember crossing this place as we came from home," she said. But Lovel did not answer her remark

He stopped short in front of her, and, seizing her hands to prevent her walking on, he said, his voice faltering with emotion:

"Moll, you must and shall hear me and answer me. Considering all that you have done for me, considering how you have spoilt the rest of my life, it is only fair that you should at least let me speak to you. You say it is wrong in you to listen to me. It may be so; but the principal wrong, the foundation of all wrong, is in the feeling itself, which lies at my heart, which, right or wrong, will lie there as long as I live, I fancy. You knew what I felt. If you did not know it before you have, must have known it to-day; you must have seen it none were to be seen. And we never in my face. Is it not as bad, as wrong, to know that I love you as to hear my poor weak words?"

He paused for a reply, but she only shivered and breathed a deep sigh. "You know why I left home," he con-

tinued, passionately, "because my father married again and put a frivolous, flippant woman in my dear dead mother's place. I had always been a wild fellow. they said; and I went out to America to work off my wildness, determined to fall on my feet somehow and then come back studing me to climb up the ladder into to you, Moll, to tell you how I had loved you ever since those boyish days when I used to save up my pocket money to buy you scampered down the ladder as fast you presents. Simple, trifling presents they were but they came from my young heart. I did not seek to bind you to any promise; it seemed to me unfair to attempt to tie you to a worthless fellow such as I was, without home or prespects, and for whom you might have to wait for years; but at the bottom of my heart there was a firm belief in you, a hope that you had understood me and that you would feel the instinct that I might be cold, in spite of the fact that it felt, the natural, ineradicable love that tell you that a present had come for you during the week; and you said it was not true, and that they were trying to 'take you in' and you were such a long time before you would come and that I should have felt all I felt, and that I should open the cupboard; and you were so angry when you did open it and found it was 'only Moli' inside. Poor Dick! ling, I have come back to you! and take

And she laughed heartily at the recol- I entirely mistaken? Did those pretty he was not trying to frighten me. lection, and Lovel tried to laugh too.

"However, I suppose in the wild life ing? Have I deceived myself throughyou have led abroad," she continued out?"

By this time Mary had disengaged her hands and had covered her face with

"Answer me, Moll!" Lovel cried. "Did you not guess that I loved you-

did not you know it?" "I used to fancy you did," she answered, with something like a sob stopall my adventures and peril in South ping her every now and then, "but you were so long away, and I heard nothing of you, I came to think at last it was star; it kept me from harm many a time; only boyish liking, that it was merely because we had grown up together as playmates. Then my father and mother fell into such sudden difficulties, as you have been told; and in a good account of my end. When I all their trials and troubles Mr. Temple was so good and kind; he helped them in so many ways; and at last, when my father on his death-bed told me that our irg-I swear to you that my first thought faithful friend wanted me to be his wife, when my father told me how contented and happy he should die if I only consented-how could I refuse? You had "Hush, hush!" whispered Mary, her voice trembling as she whispered. "You must not say this to me now; it is terribly wrong for you to say anything of And so my dear father died in peace, and I was married to Mr. Temple. I have not been unhappy with him; he has been so good to me always; he has trusted me so fully, and has tried to please me in every way. I have attempted, in return, to be a good wife to him. I have resolutely put aside all my old hopes and dreams, and have-

"Your hopes, Moll! Did you say your hopes?" said Lovel, passionately. 'Yes; they were hopes-once!"

answered. "So you loved me, Moll, after all!" he ied. "Tell me that you did love me? Answer me, if only for the sake of the happy years we passed together as children; give me that shred of consolation; tell me that you did love me?"

"I never knew myself how much until this morning," she replied, simply.

He caught her hands in his and pressed his lips upon them as if he were beside himself, and she heard him muttering some impassioned words as if he were hardly conscious of what he was saying. She submitted; she let him kiss her hands and press them in his. It seemed to her like a dream, from which she would awake suddenly and find herself in the sunny home in the picturesque New Forest village.

'You are shivering. Are you cold, my darling?" were the words that roused her at last.

She put her hands to her ears wildly, as if to shut out the sound of the words. "You must not say that to me, Dick," she said. "You must not say any more to me, but take me home as quickly as possible. I am cold-and ill-and mis-

erable. Let us walk on." And she started forward with a rapid and determined step, as if resolved that there should be no more conversation, Her mind was in a whirl, and above all her self-reproaches the tender tone of that word of endearment was ever recurring. She was no longer over-whelmed by auxiety as to the concern of her husband and her friends. Those feelings had been entirely dispelled by the emotions of the last few moments, by as I have so often called you, was really Lovel's passionate words, by her own mine, that she loved me in heart, that sensations of utter, hopeless misery; and she would not have forgotten me. If I if she longed to be at home it was that had known the truth I should never she might shut herself up and think over have come back to England; you would the incidents of the day undisturbed. are coming to look for us. They are never have heard of me again, Moll; and And then she remembered that he had singing 'O hills and vales of pleasure.' said he should be gone to morrow; he With a bitter cry, he drew his arms "Oh, hush Dick" she said again, had said that she would not see him me cold at the thought of what I have the days through which she would have to live? How could she ever be happy again? How could she ever even appear to be happy for her quiet home? Hither to she had had no excessive feeling one way or the other. She had not been very happy, and she certainly had not been very unhappy; but this one day had altered everything. From the moment in that morning when her old friend and playmate had come to her in the garden. sent by her husband to give her a wel-come surprise, she had felt as if she were a different person. She had dropped all the flowers that she had picked and had stood before him unable to speak; and at the first sound of his voice she had burst into tears. That she had afterwards attempted to account for by saying that he reminded her of her home, her dead parents, her childhood.

"What should she do? she asked herself over and over again. How should she live on? She knew now that her heart had been with Dick all along, and she felt that those girlish hopes and dreams of hers, those undefined thoughts and scruples which had made her delay her marriage to the utmost limit, were all for him.

They had nearly crossed the plain when Mary turned round to Lovel, who had been walking silently beside her. and stopping suddenly, said:

"I do not remember crossing this broad expanse of land, do you?"

"To speak frankly, I do not," answered Lovel. "But there are conditions of mind in which field and forest are much alike, and I must own that I was not observing the beauties of nature as I came along. I certainly do not remember this plain, however."

Mary looked about her in dismay Everything appeared unfamiliar. She was convinced that they had never passed that sombre line of pine trees that stood easier to reach the station to-morrow out against the sky on the summit of morning. It is a matter of life and death out against the sky on the summit of the easy hill they were climbing.

"We must turn back," she said decisively. "We have missed our way; and all we can do is to retrace our steps until we get into the right road.'

"But are you sure of that?" said Lovel. "It seems to me that it will be very diffi-cult to retrace our footsteps under the In the general confusion an trees, to say nothing of finding the path part of the forest this is? Do you not know in what direction we are going? I feel very unwilling to go back beneath the trees; it is so damp there, and you is August. See how misty it all is."

"I must go back through the cold, and the mist and the damp, however," said Mary, and back she went, resolutely,

walking side by side, in utter silence.
"Dick, this is dreadful!" Mary ex-claimed, at last. "I do not know where we are, or where we are going, and the forest is bewildering. I heard Mr. Tem-ple say that he lost himself in it once for

I can understand it. Still I think we are going in the right direction; yet, after all, the trees do not seem so thick

or the grass and ferns so high. "What will your friends do?" asked Lovel. "Will they start off to find you, do you think? What will Mr. Temple do?

"I dare say he will guess what has happened, and will wait at home for me, for some time at least," answered Mary "I have often heard him speak of the folly of searching parties starting too soon. Then they will all tell him that you are with me; and he trusts me so fully that he will fear nothing."

"There is one thing that I will make you do," said Lovel, "and that is, rest yourself a little while. You will be ill after all this fatigue."

Mary thought, too, that she should be ill; but she said nothing. "If you will consent to rest a few mo-

ments," Lovel continued, "I will make up a fire here. This furze will burn splendidly; and I have some matches in my pocket." "That will be capital," said Mary brightly; "and if any of them come back to look for us, the light of the fire will

attract them." Quick as thought he made a pile of furze and dried leaves, and set fire to it. The flames did not grow rapidly, because of the damp; but Mary drew near gratefully, and held her slender hands towards

the burning pile. "How cheerful it looks!" she said, as Lovel banked it up on all sides. "I suppose you have often made a fire like this before. Just think how delighed we should have been at this adventure if we had been children.'

He laughed, and sighed too, and stood still beside her, looking with melancholy eye at the crackling leaves and branches Mary glanced round with something like awe; the trees seemed bigger and blacker than ever; innumerable shadows appeared to be grouped in the background; it looked as if every inch of the ground was moving in a ghastly, ghostly fashion; and, as she raised her eyes to the canopy of leaves and boughs over her head, she fancied she saw endless varieties of faces and forms peering down at her, the faces laughing maliciously, the long arms pointing to her. With a beating, throbbing heart she turned quickly to her companion, and putting her hand on his arm, said

hurridly. "I am almost frightened, Dick; the trees are so full of shadows!"

"You need not be frightened; I will take care of you," he answered; he drew her cold, trembling hand within his arm, and held it firmly.

She let him do it. She dared not trust herself to remenstrate; and they stood together, ner arms in his, her hand in his, in the light of the fire, afraid to speak to each other, afraid to look at each other. Suddenly, in the dead silence-a stlence so intense that they almost seemed to hear each other's heart beating-there arose a far, far distart sound. It was so faint that though they both heard it, they both thought it was fancy. They listened, and heard it again, and presently again-a little more distinet this time.

"Did you hear that sound, Dick?" asked Mary, raising her eyes to his face. 'What does it sound like to you? Is it not singing? Hark! There! It is more distinct now! Yes, it is singing! They

round her and clasped her to him. "My little Moll, they are coming to take you from me!" he murmured, as he bent his head over the pale face on his shoulder.

The sound of the gay singing came nearer and nearer, and presently there was a loud "Halloo!" that echoed round and round them.

"God only knows why this agony should have been reserved for me," said Lovel, speaking in a low, quick voice. "It will serve some purpose of His, I must suppose. I cannot see why I should not have been allowed to have you for my very own; but I can only try to be lieve there is some reason. No one, however, can control one's thoughts and hopes; and in that world to which we are going, in that life that follows after death, surely we shall meet there at last, and I shall hold out my arms to you, and be free to clasp you in them forever!" "Dick, this is worse than death!" she

said, faintly. "They are calling again. answer. Kiss me once, my little Moll, if only for the sake of my long love, my wasted hopes! Kiss me once!" he said, passionately. And she raised her white face and kissed him.

"Halloo!" cried Lovel, walking hurriedly in the direction where the sounds of music had come; and "Halloo!" rang through the woods around, and in a few moments he was surrounded by the bois-

terously merry party of young people. "Where is Mrs. Temple?" was the cry. "She is still crouching by the fire I made for her,"answered Lovel, speaking as unconcernedly as he could. "You see, we lost our way. Of course I knew nothing about it, and Mrs. Temple has been nervous and cold. She ought to get home as soon as possible. To tell you the truth," he added confidentially to one of the party, "I am exceedingly glad that you have come up; for you will be able to see her home, and I wanted to go to the next village, from which it will be to me to catch that first train.'

Hereupon one of the men volunteered to show him "a bit of the way," and Lovel started off, determined to find his road across the forest in some way and to leave England and to end his life on

In the general confusion and laughter and acclamations of Mary's friends, no we have missed. Do you not know what one noticed Lovel's curiously abrupt departure. The young man who volunteered walked about half a mile with him, and did not find him particularly entertaining.
As for Mary, her friends took her

home; and as they were afraid, from her excessive cold, that the damp had given her a touch of that ague and fever often consequent upon exposure in the even-ing mists of the forest, they did not tease her with questions or jocularities, but left her to her own miserable and remorseful thoughts.

In a letter Lovel received some months

"You will be sorry to hear that poor which supports her during the Mary Temple-Mary Vane that was, you know-is dead. it appears that she caught a cold, some time in the summer, by walking in the forest at night, and she never recovered from the effects of it. She had a bad attack of fever, and regularly wasted and pined away. What a blow this would have been to you when you were a boy!"-New York Mercury.

Dress vs. Drama.

Among the many arguments put for-

ward by the ingenious advocates of dress

reform it has never occurred to them to lay stress upon the artistic advantages of simplicity of attire on the slage. At present, according to the singularly interesting and characteristic letter which M. Alexandre Dumas has addressed to M. Francisque Sarcey, irrational dress is eating the heart out of the Parisian ti eater-"If the theater is to attain its ancient standard of lofty morality the costumes must at least be brought into costumes must at least be brought of harmony with the spirit which of have experienced the torment which necessity must prevail in a school of have experienced the torment which feature of the ancient drama, and costumes and masks were indispensable necessities. But where is that simplicity now? "Not to be found, though sought." The toilets worn on the stage are only the opposite of simple suitable, but, what is far worse, they preoccupy the mind of the actress to such a degree that the act of acting is neglected, and all her attention is directed foward the best display, not of her talent, but of her gorgeous robes. 'It no longer matters.' says M. Dumas, 'whether the actress plays her part well or ill; it only matters to her whether she is wearing a rich robe, such as has never been seen be-She only watches for the effect fore.' created by her dress; the genius of the author is forgotten in the art of the mil-

liner. The dress, which often arrives

only at the last minute, is a constant

source of upeasiness. The actors have

to remain at a respectful distance in or-

der to avoid the long train which is ad-

justed during the representation by little

'coups de pled en arriers,' ungraceful

kicks, without which, however, she would

break her nose by treading on her train. "Formerly the question about dress did not exist, it was not secondary. And now suddenly it has become of greatest importance with the ladies; it has been the cause of much secret annoyance, sometimes of great scandal. This unlucky, ridiculous and immoral revolution in dress is by no means due to talented actresses; they would never think of covering themselves with such ruinous tinsel of a fashion 'just out,' or even not yet 'out.' In the middle of a scene deserving the close attention of an audience, a female appears on the stage. She has only to say a few words and these she generally says badly, but her noisy 'herness' coming in contact with every piece of furniture on the stage diverts the thoughts of all from the drama. 'I' is one of the features of our time,' say its apologies; 'it is a correct representa-tion of our customs.' But does the public, asks M. Dumas, the real public, demand such unwholesome luxury? It is but disgusted by it, and learns to regard all actresses with contempt. There is, however, one section of the public, which, indeed, takes deep interest in these details. The moment one of these glitturing, strutting personages appears on the scene, the opera glass of the "femme du monde" is fixed on her rich apparel interrupted by such murmurs throughout the house as 'it is hand embroidered.' 'it is English,' 'it has at least cost £300,' 'I came on purpose for this.' Women of resources and who wish for nothing but to display their talent, are hopelessly

The Mosquito.

There is a little lady whom you have regaled at your expense, and very unwillingly withal. She generally heralds her coming with a song that is anything but soothing, and she is so persevering that even the strong "bars" with which you protect yourself are not proof against her persecutions. You have all, no doubt, exercised a little strategy with the mosquito, and when the little torment was fairly settled, made a dexter-ous movement of the hand and, with a slap, exclaimed: "I've got him this No such thing; you rever got him in your life, but probably have often succeeded in crushing her, for the male mosquito is a considerate gentleman. In lieu of the piercer of the female, he is decorated with a beautiful plume, and has such a love of home that he seldom sallies forth from the home where he was born, but contents himself with vegetable rather than auimal juices. The mosquito was not born a winged fly, and if you will ex-amine a tub of rain water that has stood uncovered and unmolested for a week or more during any of the summer months, you may see it in all its various stages. You may see the female supporting herself in the water with her four front legs crossing the hinder pair like the letter X. In this support made by the legs she is depositing her eggs, which are just perceptible to the naked eye. By the aid of a lense they are seen to be glued so as to form a little boat, which knocks about on the water until the young hatch. What hatches with them? Why, those very wrigglers which jerk away every time you touch the water. They are destined to live a certain period in this watery element, and cannot take wing and join their parent in her war song and house invasions, till, after throwing off the skin a few times, they have become full grown, and then with another moult are changed to what are technically known as papes. In this state they are no longer able do anything but patiently float with their humped backs at the surface of the water, or to swim by jerks of the tail beneath, after the fashion of a shrimp or lobster. At the end of about three days they stretch out on the surface like a boat, it was 'only Moll' inside. Poor Dick! ling, I have come back to you and and you were thoroughy disappointed then, you to my arms forever. Did you unple say that he lost himself in it once for later, in America, from his brother in the mosquito bursts the skin and over the entire stock of a doze gradually works out of the shell stores without money as with it.

ical operation. She rests with ical operation. She reats with he long legs on the surface for a few moments till the wings had expanded and become dry, and then flies away to full the reason, a totally different and fill her mission, a totally different and to what she was a few hours before, no more able to live in the water as the did then, than are any of us! Is it did then, than are any or as: Is it but wonderful that such profound changes should take place in so short a time Even the bird has to learn to ass in the bird has practice and slow degrees by wings by practice and slow degrees, the mosquito uses her newly-acquired organs of flight to perfection from the start! In this transformation from a aquatic to an serial life, the mosquito be first breathed from a long tube tail, next through two tubular home near the head, and finally, through a series of spiracles along the whole boly. From a calculation, made by Be Latour, the mosquito in flight vibrates its wings 3000 times a minute—a rapidity of motion hardly conceivable. These who have traveled a summer on the Noble simplicity was a striking these frail flies can inflict; at times the drive everyone from the boat, and trains can sometimes only be run with comfain on the Northern Pacific by keeping a smudge in the baggage car and the don of all the coaches open to the funes. The bravest man on the fleetest horse day not cross some of the more rack and dank prairies of northern Minnesotain June.

Jefferson's Saw Mill.

The following story is told of Presdent Jefferson, and it has a good point Jefferson was a good man, but was far

from practical in some things. When he was in France he was very much struck with the utility of windmills. He thought they were wonderful institutions and cost so little to run. He owned a large quantity of timber on a mountain much higher than Monticello, about a mile off. He purchased in Frances windmill at the cost of \$13,000, and had it taken to the top of the mountain. He had for a neighbor a bluff old fellow named Cole. One day Cole came to see him, and Jefferson took him up to where he was having his mill built. It was a much as they could do to climb the steep ascent. When Cole recovered the breath he had lost in getting up the mountain, he said: "Mr. Jefferson, you have a splendid saw mill, and it is in a splendid place to catch the wind, but how are you going to get the logs up to it to saw from?" The author of the "Declaration of Independence" started like a man suddenly awakened from a delightful dream, and quickly said "Here, Cole, how! What!" And then, "Here, Cole, how! What!" And then, relapsing into abstraction, led the way down the mountain toward Monticelle. The wind mill was never completed, and years after the machinery was sold for old iron.

Oval Versus Round Waists.

The more closely a woman can get her bust to approximate to the shape of a peg-top, the prouder and happier she is. Why the peg-top has attained to the high distinction of serving as a molel for woman, is one of the many puzzles connected with dress. The Greeks-who certainly know something about the human form-assigned to their ideal waist dimensions quite intolerable to an English woman of to-day. Moreover, du monde" is fixed on her rich apparel as the sportsman's gun is fixed on the rising pheasant. The piece is usually fact that there is about an oval waist a delightful suppleness and elasticity, while the round waist so common at the present day is hard, rigid and unsympathetic. The fact is that some women are real artistic worth, who have no other blessed with waists naturally small, and oval as every waist naturally is, while other women less favored by nature, are handicapped. Nor is it only from an ardetermined to outdo the smallness at no tistic point of view that the dominance matter what cost. But no discriminatof dress is to be lamented. Morally it is ing critic can ever fail to perceive the even more deplorable. It is impossible difference between natural and artificial that on an income which is large only in smallness. Perhaps if this were better exceptional cases such luxury can be undersood; women would cease to ruin afforded. How the money is obtained is their health and weaken the muscles of notorious. Nor is the practice less detheir back, by going out in a tight fitting plorable because it is almost universal." cuirass, even at the risk of appearing to depart conspicuoesly from weman's ordinary dress. They would then find that some other problems, such as dis-tribution of weight, would settle them-selves without much difficulty.—London

Times. Hid in an Old Dog House.

Among the arrivals by the steamship Virginia of Boston, was a young man who came across as a stowaway. He gave his name as James Walsh, and his residence as Liquid street, Liverpool. While the vessel was loading at Liverpool Walsh managed to secrete himself in an old dog house in the forward part of the ship, where he remained until the arrival of the vessel at this port. The voyage lasted two days, during which time the boy's clothing, shoes and feet were badly bitten by rats. His supply of food gave out on the fourth day, but being afraid of being thrown overboard, he remained until the vessel touched the wharf. When leaving his kennel he was seen by a sailor, who, learning of the boy's adventure and seeing his destitute condition, generously furnished him with some food and a suit of clothes. The boy left the vessel and after wander ing about Charleston a few days was taken by a Mrs. Kerr, who resides on Chamber street in Charleston, where he is at present being kindly cared for. Walsh is a bright, intelligent, good looking lad, but has never attended a school, and while at home his occupation was that of a dancer and serio comic singer in a public house. He says that his mother is dead, and on account of the hashness of his father, and learning of the many advantages of earning a living in this country he was induced to come. He is a very clever dancer and intends, if possible, to go upon the stage as a means of obtaining a livelihood.

The rage for painting plaques and flower pieces among the ladies is still at its height. If you cannot learn to paint decently go to a more accommodating teacher who will do your painting for you. Then all you will have to do is to sign your pame.

This is the season for shopping. Thirly cents for luncheon is enough capital to work on, as a lady can have just as too dreadfully awfully good a time pulling over the entire stock of a dozen or so